Appendix: Transcript of the Diary of Anna Clift Smith

CHAPTER I

The Storm
December 29, 1904

Was it real - or was it a dream?
The lamp burned dim in its shaded hood
And the cottage rocked in the gale’s fierce clasp,
Moaned and creaked with the fearful strain,
And frozen spray on the window stood.
Was it real - or was it a dream?
You stood by my side in the storm-tossed night,
Your eyes alight with the old sweet smile
And I felt your arms as they drew me close,
And woke - to see but the shaded light.

It all began with the storm. Never, in all my ten summers and two and a half winters at Van Buren have I witnessed such a storm as that of the 29th of December. It grew gradually worse as night shut down, and at 7:30 the spray was dashing against my windows in sheets. Every few minutes a sweep of spray clattered against the glass with a sound of hailstones. Before that night I had always felt secure in the cottage, but I cheerfully confess that as the gale increased in fury I became more and more nervous. The creaking and moaning of the straining walls became worse and worse. At last a loud snap and crack startled me so that I half rose to my feet. I gathered my few valuables and, putting my sheep pelt-lined coat on, I stuffed them into the pockets and with hat on I sat down to await the going over - or in - of the walls.
I wrote three letters, and that helped to make me forget
a little. But they were soon finished and my restlessness
returned. About 10:30 I became too sleepy to endure it
any longer, and extinguishing all lights save one in the
dining room, I shaded that, turned it low, and crept under
a blanket on the cot in the sitting room and fell into an
uneasy sleep. Trying to sleep in all my clothes - added
to the howling of wind and water, and creak and moan of
straining timbers - made me wake every little while.
About 12:30 I could endure the discomfort no longer,
so I arose and undressed, crept back to bed, and slept the
sleep of exhaustion.

In the morning the gale had died down a little and
I then saw what I never expect to see again. The bluff,
for yards back from its edge, was sheathed in ice - every
blade and spear of grass stood up round and stiff in its
coating of ice. The smaller bushes were so heavily laden
that most of them were bent to the ground, and twigs
no larger than a small pencil were covered with ice often
over three inches in diameter. The larger trees were
coated on the windward side with ice three and four inches
thick for about ten feet above their roots. The surface
of the cliffs was so sheathed with the creamy armor that
not a rock was to be seen. Creamy? Yes, for that was
the most startling part of it. All the ice was a light cream
color, caused, I suppose, by the muddy water after our
recent thaw and rain.

I never want to witness another such storm! Today
the 30th - Mrs. Holtz came down here to see if I were
alive or not. She worried about me during the storm.
Their pasture, where the Jackways’ fish shanty stands, was
half under water (so she said) during the storm, and she
feared my cottage had been blown over. But not a cottage
on the Point was blown down. Wasn’t it strange? Tonight
the gale is rising again, but it is from the south-southwest
and does not touch my cottage. I only hope it won’t veer
to the west. I’ve had enough of storms for the present.

It was on the night of the 29th that I dreamed the
dream that caused me to write what I did at the beginning
of this chapter. The dream was so vivid, so real,
that it has haunted me ever since. I’ve often had dreams, but unless they were nightmares and champed the bit too loudly, I’ve paid no attention to them. But this dream was different from any I can ever remember having had before. Perhaps living alone so long has turned my brain, and I am beginning to see things, but I’ll let you judge after you’ve read the dream. I only know this - that when I awoke your voice was still ringing in my ears as plainly, as clearly, as if you’d just spoken. I would like to tell it to you, for writing cannot describe it fully, so I shall only give you the general outline of it and some day, perhaps - if I ever see you again for a long talk I will tell it in detail. I always distrust letters anyway. They are constantly conveying the wrong idea and are getting me into - or - rather have gotten me into - such scrapes that at times I have vowed never to write another one save on business.

But it’s now 9:35 - past my bed hour - so I must stop writing and turn in. I am writing this in book form because the little incidents of my life here that would interest you are so disconnected that I can think of no other way to join them save by “chapters.” If you care enough to keep up the correspondence for a while, I would like to feel that my letters are for your eyes and yours alone. But that, of course, rests with you, dear. I never could address a crowd, but when I am speaking to one person alone I can concentrate my thoughts upon what I am saying because I can usually feel in touch with that one person. Do I make my meaning clear? And now I’ll say good night and leave you and my dream alone with one another.

CHAPTER II

The Dream

The storm was still holding sway - yet it was like a storm on a stage. I saw, yet did not feel it. People passed around me on the grounds, yet they were like spirits, though I knew they were real. I felt that I was looking
for someone, someone who I knew would be there, although I did not know who they were. Then came a blank space of which I remember nothing much.

The next that I remember clearly is this: I had found the person for whom I had sought, and it was you.

We stood on one of the cliff edges, looking at the huge waves below. I looked up at you and asked you a question, and you, with lips serious but smiling eyes, looked down at me and answered the question. Then I knew that I must return to the waking land, and begged you to wait for me, as I would surely return. I awoke, half expecting to see you, but instead, the dim light and roar of wind and wave. I must have been more than half asleep even then, for I knew that I must hurry back to dream-land and you. But though I quickly returned to sleep, it was only to wander during the remainder of the night in search of you, for I never found you.

And now comes the strange part of it all. The question I asked you was one I wanted to ask you last summer when you were lying on the beach, that last day before you left. But I did not suppose I’d ever see you again, and so let the subject drop. Some day, perhaps, I’ll ask it.

When I awoke, your voice sounded as clearly in my ears as though you had just spoken. It was the most vivid dream I’ve ever had. You were taller than I, and when you answered me you had to stoop slightly, as you would really have had to do, in order to make me hear above the roar of waves and wind. And the answer? No, I won’t satisfy your curiosity, dear. Some day - perhaps

CHAPTER III

Difficulties of Leaving Van Buren

In the latter part of November I had an order come in. It was quite a large order, considering that it came from Fredonia, and as I had no time in which to fill it by Christmas, I offered Miss B. the choice of two that I had
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on hand. She chose one of these and I waited for a favorable
day in which to drive to Fredonia with it. I dared not
trust it to the mail and didn’t like to trust it to the express
company. Days went by, and the weather still kept up its
fiendish actions. So at last I went to Mr. Jackway’s and
asked for Nell. Fortunately Mr. Jackway was at home.
He usually drove to Dunkirk every day to go out on his boat,
but that day, being in charge of a full-sized blizzard,
he was at home. It was about 2 p.m. when I clambered
into the box, and Mr. Jackway wished me good luck as he
pitched a shovel into the box behind me.

I knew that the roads were drifting fast, but as I had
walked down the beach I didn’t realize how fast. My one
hope was to get to Fredonia and back before they became
impassable. Maybe you remember the two hollows on
the Lake Road just before you turn into Van Buren?
It was in the first one that Nell went down. I got out and,
calming her, I shoveled her out. I got in again and started
her up. At the next hollow where the drift began, she
again went down. Again I got out and shoveled her out,
and again got in and started her up. She went about four
or five yards and down again! By that time she was trembling
violently from the effort of plowing her way, bellydeep,
through the drifts, and was rapidly becoming
nervous. I had to talk to her constantly to keep her from
plunging into me as I stood in front of her and shoveled
her out. The drift stretched ahead of me to the top of the
hill, and after getting in and trying to turn her across it
into the fairly clear pasture at one side - only to have her
half down again - I gave up and, unhitching her, I tried
to drive her home. Drive! Ye tears!! She pulled me
through that snow until my footprints were two yards
apart. I could get no purchase for my feet, so couldn’t
brace myself enough to stop her. At last onto my knees
I went, sliding, wallowing, plunging. She pulled me until,
with an effort, I threw all my weight backward with
a sudden yell and jerk and she stopped. Then I tied the
lines so that they wouldn’t trip her, and let her go home
alone.

At the barn door she waited for me, and after putting
her in, I went in and told Mr. Jackway about it, asking
him to drive me to Fredonia. He consented and I walked home to get dinner and dress. But after arriving there I saw how late it was and decided to risk sending the picture by express. So back to the Jackways I once more trudged, gave him the picture (packed) and went home. Now, this doesn’t sound very hard, but when you remember that a howling gale was waltzing over Erie from the west, carrying with it a driving, blinding mass of stinging snow-flakes, and that the beach was rough and almost impassable owing to the huge mass of ice hills and cakes, the four afternoon trips to the Jackways’ will seem a little more trying.

But my misery was not at an end by any means, for a few days later I received word that the picture was damaged in transit and had been returned for repair, if it was not beyond repair. Again, delay until Mr. Jackway could get it for me from Dunkirk. I repaired it and again sent it to the Dunkirk express office. But this time, thank goodness, it was for the last time, for it got through all right and proved satisfactory to Miss B.

I’d often helped Mr. Jackway shovel out last winter when he was hauling wood for me and Nell went down, but never before have I been alone when such a thing happened, and I never want to be again. To me it is an awful thing to see a horse down and struggling to rise. I never can get used to it. It is pitiful and horrible at the same time, but doubly so when you are alone on a blizzard-swept road, out of sight of anyone. If Nell hadn’t been the best of horses I’d have had my neck broken, for I had to go under her and in front and behind her as I dug her legs out. I was deeply thankful, also, that I had my high boots and trousers on, for there was scarcely a time when my feet could touch a solid substance. It was almost as bad as treading water. Never again, no never again will I take little pleasure trips outside of Van Buren when winter reigns.
CHAPTER IV

Water

One scarcely thinks of water when they live in town. It is taken as a matter of course that water should be in a house along with the stove and other necessary things. But you may remember your own experience when you were camping here - how each bucket of water had to be wearily hauled up the bank from the lake.

Last winter and the winter before I always had water hauled for me. This winter, also, I intended to do it, but it all came about in this manner: Mr. Jackway was busy fishing and couldn’t do it for weeks. So I went to Mine Chousine and offered to pay him the usual price of 25¢ per barrel. But he, while not absolutely refusing, didn’t seem to be breaking his heart at the prospect of losing it. So in disgust I went home and lugged about 20 pails of water up the cliff. This filled one barrel.

The next morning I filled the other in the same manner. When fresh snow falls I fill a barrel with that as fast as I remove the water, and so the one in the kitchen is constantly full. Those outside catch the rain and melting snow from the roof, and when a cold wave comes and they begin to freeze solid, I empty them to keep them from bursting. At other times I merely chip a hole in the ice every morning, and so keep them from bursting. It isn’t much work, and yet all these little things help to fill my days to the brim.

The drinking water I get from the lake and use after boiling and straining it. Now that the shore is being rapidly filled with icebergs, I will have to dig a well through the ice. It is more work, but the water is perfectly clear in an ice well, and much cleaner than when the waves roll in.

Later

The above sounds easy, but since then I’ve tried to chip an ice well as Mr. Jackway did for me last winter when he hauled the water. I had to cut steps in the ice down the
cliffside. Then I began wandering over the icebergs and floes, uphill and down I trudged, chipping two or three wells only to find the ice extended to the lake bottom. At last I had to give up in disgust after about three hours’ useless effort.

I am now growing tipsy on boiled rain water. You’ve no idea, Joe, how intoxicating a drink it is. And charming! I feel that at last I’ve found what my soul (stomach) has yearned for all these weary years!

CHAPTER V

Provision

I wish those people who wonder how I live and how I manage to get my food here in winter could see what I have on hand, and a few of my meals. At the risk of tiring you, I will give a list of all I can remember of my eatables, asking you to remember that they are in dozens, not single cans, and the meats and pickles etc. in bulk, not quarts or pints or one or two pounds.

Meats: Canned salmon, oysters. 45 pounds corned beef. Six pounds dried beef. Five pounds salt mackerel. Salt pork, salt blue pike. 20 pounds fresh beef (frozen), herring.

Vegetables: Peas, string beans, red kidney beans, navy beans, lima beans, corn, squash, canned and fresh; cabbage, turnips, tomatoes, spinach, beets, onions, potatoes, rice, sauerkraut.

Fruits and Preserves, etc.: Apples, cranberries, pineapple, strawberry jam, blackberry jam, quince jelly, quince and apple jelly, apple jelly, crabapple jelly, grape jelly, grape juice (unfermented), tomato jam, plum preserves, spiced sickle pears, preserved quinces, peaches, pears, currant jelly, peach butter.

Sours: Chili sauce, tomato catsup, gherkins, olives, horse radish, Yorkshire sauce.
Miscellaneous: Macaroni, cheese, tea, cocoa, chocolate, coffee, lemon juice, condensed milk and cream.

That isn't all by any means, but all I can remember without looking them over. The other day I had for dinner chicken and dumplings, squash, potatoes, pickles and baked apples and cream for dessert. Yet people seem to think I starve all winter, or else live on the most scant, bare fare possible. I have enough to last me until May, when I expect to leave, with the exception of eggs, chickens, butter and potatoes. These I get from Mrs. Holtz and as soon as her cows come in I will again get milk from her. I put up most of the preserves, jellies and pickles myself and am astonished at my success, for they are keeping splendidly.

CHAPTER VI

Painting in Winter

Once in a great while I have a streak of energy. In those rare moments I hastily grab my painting kit and sally forth in quest of a picture - I don't always get it, but sometimes I do. The other morning as I sat by the sitting room window, I happened to glance out and saw the following. The sun was just rising and its first level rays touched the shifting fog bank that waved and undulated across the still surface of the lake. I say still, and yet a low smooth swell rose and fell in glassy lines. Near shore the water could be seen, but only a short distance out, the fog began, at first in stringy, soft veils that rose like spots of steam from the water and yet farther out it deepened gradually into the dense bank of mist. It was turned to pure gold by the sunlight, and the water was gold and palest of sea greens. Above, the sky was deepest cerulean blue softening to green, then pale salmon and at last melting into the low bank of yellow mist. One point stood out darkly, and around it shifted, coiled and broke the fog. It was a dream, and I hastily grabbed pastels
and took a color note. Later I took a pencil note
of the wave action around the base of the cliff, and began
the picture. I expect to finish it before long, and have
great hopes for it.

It is extremely difficult to work in winter. Water colors
freeze out of doors, so I have to work in pastels, and
either finish them in the open or in the house. Sometimes
I do them all over again in water color. It all depends
upon the subject and what medium I think is best suited
to it. Winter painting is no cinch - the cold stiffens
the fingers so that after half an hour I scarcely feel the chalk
between them, and often it drops to the ground. I cannot
wear gloves, they bother me so. And sometimes I come
into the house with hands that are red as blood
and aching, stiff and cracked from cold. But it’s all in the
day’s work so I don’t mind.

With the exception of the grip - the grippe or La
Grippe (You pays your money and you takes your choice)
Thanksgiving week, I have not had a cold this winter.
Not bad, is it?

CHAPTER VII

Wood
The question of wood is one that is bothering me less this
winter than ever before.
You may remember that the day we had our talk on
the road to FredoniaI spoke of having two men at work
cutting wood. Well, they loafed and fooled over the job
in spite of my constantly urging them to hurry. The best
wood was at the other end of the Van Buren woods near
Days’ cottage. There was only one way to get it out when
cut, and that was by a road that had been used so long
that it was constantly soft, even in the driest weather. The
first rain would make it impassable. After I had endured
the men’s fooling for one week and saw that they didn’t
intend to hurry, I paid them and dismissed them with the
remark that I could do it faster myself.

That was on Monday morning. Monday afternoon
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I went at it with ax and saw and Tuesday morning and afternoon also. Wednesday morning I got Nell and the wagon and worked from about ten until five. During that time I hauled seven loads, big ones. Five loads were cut wood, logs and limb wood, and two were planks for kindling. The logs were anywhere from six to ten feet long, and from four to ten inches in diameter.

I was pretty hot and tired when I drove Nell home and went for the milk after dark. But the sight of that wood pile more than repaid me. It was the next evening, I think, that I was sitting by the lamp reading. I happened to scratch my neck just by the trapezius muscle when, to my horror, I discovered a large lump there. I worried over it for about a week and then, drawing a sketch of the muscles of the neck and indicating the location of the lump by a dot, I sent that and a description to Mama and asked her to see a doctor for me. To my great relief, Dr. Moore said it was nothing but an enlargement of a minor tendon caused by over-straining and a too rapid chilling after some exertion. It must have happened the day I drew the wood, for the logs were - several of them at least - very heavy, and as I lifted most of them in the middle and then with a swing of the other hand on the end, threw them several feet to the wood pile, the strain was rather severe.

But that wasn’t the end of it by any means. Mama became worried and told Dr. Dods about it and that she hadn’t heard from me for a long time (it was really three days and I was too busy to write then) so he promised to drive out and see whether I was a corpse or a kicker. So one evening about six I heard sleigh bells and upon going to the door saw an unknown man step out of the dusk and roar, Well you’re a nice young lady, you are, scaring your mother half to death! It was Dr. Dods and after assuring himself that I was really alive and only suffering (!) from an enlarged tendon, he took his departure.

A day or so ago, Mr. Jackway came over with Nell and together we hauled four more loads of planking, and now I believe I am fixed for the winter. I am as far as wood and food are concerned, anyway. Today (January 4th)
I finished papering the sitting room, and tomorrow
I hope to do the dining room also, and cut a lot of kindling
and wood for the sitting room stove. That one is
a small chunk stove and has to have very small pieces of
wood as the firepot is only 1 foot long.

The wood that I hauled was over half a cord - what
I’d cut by myself. The wood cut by the men, I helped
a farmer haul. He overcharged me, so I bounced him also.

CHAPTER VIII

Just Odds and Ends

I wonder whether you remember a certain remark you
made last summer. It was when we were all walking over
to take that boat ride, and in crossing a small creek on
the beach you caught your skirt and half fell. I just hate
skirts! you exclaimed, or words to that effect.

My present costume is not as graceful, certainly,
but far more comfy than if I wore skirts: sweater above
and trousers - bicycle trousers - below, ending
in felt stockings when the weather is cold, and low shoes
when it is warm. In the house I wear a skirt, but when
going out I put on either a rubber or canvas coat falling
below the knees. High hip boots rubber complete
this novel garb, of which I herewith give an illustration
trusting you will recover from the shock.

During the deep snow I wore skis. At first the long
wooden runners bothered me. But gradually, I became
accustomed to them and could travel much faster than
I could without them. It is much like skating save that
the feet always point straight ahead. It was such fun
to slide over the huge drifts, sinking only an inch or so,
when, if I’d been without the skis, I’d have gone in
over my knees.

January 6th

It is warm tonight, and the melting snow is softly drip
dripping on the roof above me. I wish I could give you
even a dim idea how warm and comfy the cottage is in winter. The popular impression seems to be that I am a mass of frozen ears, toes, noses and fingers, that I constantly hug the stove in order to get even a vague suggestion of warmth into my cold, stiff person. But the truth is that never, while I was boarding in Buffalo or New York, going to the League, have I been as comfy as I am here. The thermometer is hung on the inside near the outer wall, and near the floor, as that is where it is coolest, yet I seldom have it below 65. It is only on the zero days with a gale blowing that it does not reach 60. And even on those days I can make it rise to 65 by careful attention to the stoves. There are practically no draughts as I have caulked all cracks with cotton. I often have to open the doors before going to bed, in order to cool the house off. In the morning, of course, it is usually 32 or below, but I’ve always liked a cold room to sleep in and even when at home kept the thermometer at that in winter. Sometimes my evening bath wakes me up so that I don’t want to go to bed. So I take a book and, throwing my steamer rug over me, I lie on the cot and read until sleepy. That doesn’t sound like a cold house, does it? There are many furnace-heated houses that are not nearly as comfortable as my little thin summer cottage.

I saw a funny sight the other day. Two ice floes were drifting past the point and on them were a lot of seagulls taking a free ride. They were squawking away to each other and every once in a while two or more would swap places, No. 1 going to No. 2’s ice floe and No. 2 going to No. 1’s. I couldn’t help laughing, they acted so like a lot of kids, playing at grownups.

CHAPTER IX

Ends and Odds

Dear Joe,

Today I made a pie.
It was a wond’rous pie!
(Now you must take my word for it, 
It really is no lie).
The filling first I stirred around, 
With sugar and with spice. 
(The recipe it called for milk, 
I substituted ice). 
Clove, cinnamon and salt I put 
In it, and allspice too, 
If I’d had more I’d added them, 
For those I had seemed few. 
Of crusts I’m always scary, 
But I tackled it with vim, 
And stirred and prodded, 
Rolled and cut it in a pancake thin. 
I pulled it out so brown and crisp 
And nibbled up the filling, 
The cats they nibbled down the crust 
(It really was most thrilling!) 
Though all the stuff I dumped in it 
Were wond’rous quite b’gosh, 
Yet it was good, most passing good, 
this pumpkin pie - of squash!

No, dear, I must plead not guilty, my Lord to the charge of composing The Canadian Twilight. I found the poem in a newspaper lying on the beach one summer, I think it was 1895. I at first intended to illustrate it and copy the music also. In fact I had most of the illustrations and cover done, and then, growing dissatisfied with my work, sent you only the words. The music is in minor and I think you would like it. You like minor, don’t you? I don’t know who wrote it, as the author’s name was not given.

I received some news today (January 10th) that may upset all my plans. If I ever write again I may have some startling news to impart.

By the way, I’ve taken up plumbing. One day the sink got on a spree, and threatened to run away. So I got on my knees and pleaded with the trap for about an hour. 
It responded nobly and the sink became its old quiet self once more. Later I turned my attention to the rear
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CHAPTER X

veranda. In an alcove I built in a dainty(!) wee woodshed (looking like a cross between a drunken woodpile and a crazy henhouse). This I now keep stocked with large and small cut wood, and kindling, so that on stormy days I have a reserve supply at hand.

Mama is rooming at the Dentons’ in Fredonia, a beautiful little home, yet they have trouble keeping the house warm these cold windy days. And yet I, in my little thin boarded cottage, am warm as toast and envy no one their furnace-heated house (as long as the aforesaid cottage doesn’t blow over).

Odds

I wonder, now that this letter is drawing to a close, why I am writing to you. I will probably see you once more, when I say good-bye, and then, a memory ...

My life is so vastly different from yours that I doubt whether you will be interested in it, dear. I have tried to select the few little incidents that perhaps may hold something of interest for you. If I have conveyed the feeling of freedom, out-of-door life, and wild, happy loveliness, I have done all I could. I have written this usually in the evening, after the day’s work was finished, so if it has a jerky, incomplete sound, you may know the reason.

I will leave here in May. If what I really believe is true, this place will be one that no decent, self-respecting person will even enter, by the first of July. Isn’t it pitiful horrible! I love this old place more than any other spot on Earth, and no one can feel as I do, for it has been my home, virtually, for the past ten years. Year after year I have returned to it, year after year I have seen my work improve here, and year after year I have sold my pictures of Van Buren. Is it any wonder, then, that I love the place as no one else can? And can any one else feel the horror as deeply as I, the awful, sickening horror of seeing a beautiful home turned into a sinkhole of iniquity?
For such I believe it will become by the end of July. Its end will probably be a grazing ground for cattle and live stock. Better that at once than what threatens, for as a Scotchwoman friend of mine tersely puts it, Beasts, aye, worse than beasts, for the beasts of the field are as God made them, but the mon is as he has made himsel’. I wish you could meet her. She is so good and honest, but with a tongue that is worse than vitriol when she doesn’t like a thing. To hear her talk you would imagine you were reading one of Crockite’s novels, her Scotch is so broad. She looks like Ellen Terry, and is tall and strong, fairly radiating health and life. If she were speaking, this is how she would ask the question that I am going to ask you: Sin’ wee’re gooing to drop a haandles to oor names, I’d like to aask you this favor. Whan A was a wee bairn, A niver knowd wha ma reel name was. A was cad by ma nickname and ‘twas not until ma eighth year that A heard ma reel name o’ Anna. ‘Twas a feersome blow, aand on that day A stopped growing.

So, an’ you have in your heart a kind thought for me, fair maid, I do pray thee to think of some other thing by which to call me. Aye, even if it’s nought else than Toodles or Odds Bodkins!

CHAPTER XI

The End

Perhaps, when you at last arrive at the end of this ramble, I will be forced to say with the unremembered author,

“I never had a fond gazelle
To glad me with its dappled hide
But when it got to know me well
It fell upon the buttered side!”

I sincerely hope you won’t fall upon your buttered side. It would indeed be a tragic and lamentable fate to try to bear up and I’ll promise never to do it no more.
Last year at this time a person could have walked out
on the frozen lake for miles (if they’d been idiot enough
and hadn’t fallen through on the way out). But today,
the calm pale blue open water comes to within a few
yards of the shore. There the icebergs begin, some of them
over 25 feet high. The Point lies asleep in a soft haze of
sunlight, the brown earth bare save for a few long low
streaks of snow that once were huge snow banks. Dovecolored
birds with olive-green and black wings are
hopping around the house singing a happy, low crooning
song of contentment. You, house-prisoned, have no
conception of the glory of all this, dear. The thrill of
unexpected pleasure at a bird’s song. The sudden joy,
as on an evening walk home you catch sight of a tall,
dull green pine rearing its silent silhouette against a soft
pink cloud. The dreamy nights, filled with mist of moon
and snowlight or the wild dash of spray high-thrown against
a copper-hued sunset sky. I love it, I love it all,
from the glitter of new-fallen snow on a clear morning
to the wild, windswept grey days. And now with the
afternoon sunlight sifting through bared branches to my
paper, as I sit here in the sitting room I will write one
more word, and with it my love:

Finis

I dreamed I was alone,
alone,
And Oh! It was so sad away from home,
from home,
My eyes upon the sand I bent,
I bent,
My head upon my hand I leant,
I leant,
I dreamed of days gone by, and things
and things,
And simple childish joys, and strings,
and strings.

What is it? Who will rightly guess
If it be naught but nothingness
That dribbles from a wayward pen
To spatter in the eyes of men!
-J.W. Riley
Figure 1.
Figure 2.

Dose -
Two lines in half a pint of water. Taken three times a day (until exorcised)
Figure 3.
Chapter I.

The Storm - Dec. 29th, 1904.

W asn't it real - was it a dream?
The lamp burned dim in its shaded hood.
And the cottage rocked in the gales fierce clasp -
Moaned and crept with the fearful strain.
And frozen spray on the window stood.

Was it real - was it a dream?
You stood by my side in the storm tossed night.
Your eyes alight with the old sentiment's smile.
And I felt your arms as they drew me close.
And woke - to see but the shaded light.
Appendix: Transcript of the Diary of Anna Clift Smith

Figure 6.

It all began with the storm—never, in all my ten summers and two and a half winters at B.B., have I witnessed such a storm as that of the 29th of December. It grew gradually worse as night set in, and at 9:30 the spray was dashing against my windows in sheets. Every few minutes a torrent of spray clattered against the glass with a sound of hailstones. Before that night I had always felt secure in the cottage, but I cheerfully confess that as the gale increased in fury I became more and more nervous. The creaking and cracking of the strain ing walls became worse and worse. At last a loud snap and crack startled me so that I half rose to my feet. I gathered my few valuables and putting my sheepskin lined coat on I stuffed these in to the pockets and with hat on, I sat down to await the quiet end of one of the walls.
I wrote three letters, and that helped to make me forget a little.

But they were soon finished, and my restlessness returned.

About 10.30 I became too sleepy to endure it any longer and extinguishing all lights save one in the sitting room, I shaded that, turned it low, and crept under a blanket on the cot in the sitting room and fell into an uneasy sleep. Trying to sleep in all my clothes added to the howling of wind and waves and cracks and moans of straining timbers made me wake every little while.

About 12.30 I could endure this discomfort no longer. So I arose and undressed. Crept back to bed and slept the sleep of exhaustion.

In the morning the cold had died down a little and I then saw what I never expected to see again. The bluff in yards back from the edge was sheathed in ice - every blade and spear of grass
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Figure 8.

stood up round and stiff in its coating of ice. The smaller branches were so heavily laden that most of them were near to the ground and twigs no larger than a small pencil were covered with ice often over three inches in diameter. The larger trees were coated on the windward side with ice 5 and 4 inches thick in about ten feet above their roots. The surface of the cliffs were as sheathed with the creamy animal heat with a rock was in the scene. Creamy? Yes for that was the most startling part of it. All the ice was a light cream color. Caused no perceptible by the windly weather after an recent plain and rain.
There was a storm today. I was in bed when the storm started. Holly came down here to see if I was awake or not. She was worried about me during the storm. Their pasture, where the horses usually stand, was half under water (as she said) during the storm and she had feared my cottage had been blown over. But not; a cottage on the point was blown down.

Wasn't it strange? Tonight the gale is rising again, but it is from the south south west and does not touch my cottage. I only hope it won't reach the point. They had enough storms for the present. It was on the night of the 29th that I dreamed the dream that caused me to write this. This is the beginning of this "chapter."

The dream was so vivid — so real — that it has haunted me ever since. None of us had dreams but —
unless they were right nears
and champed tho
longly. We paid no attention to
them. But this dream was
different from any I can ever
remember having had before.
Perhaps living alone so long has
turned my brain— and I am
beginning to see things,” but I’ll
let you judge after you’ve read
the dream. I only know this
that when I awoke my voice
was still ringing in my ears
as plainly as clearly as if you’d
just spoken. I would like to tell
it to you for writing cannot
describe it fully— so I shall only
give you the general outline of it
and some day— perhaps— if ever
see you again for a long talk I will
tell it in detail— I always
distress letters anyway— they are
costantly conveying the wrong
idea and are getting me into
trouble more often now and every
scrapes that at times I have promised
people to write another one same as
business,

Figure 10.
But it is now 9.35 - past my
bed hour & I must stop writing
and turn in. I am writing
this in book form because
these little bits of my life here that
would interest you do so
disconnected that I can think
of no other way to put them
into 'chapters'.
If you care enough to keep up
the correspondence for awhile
I would like to feel that my
letters are in your eyes - and yours
alone. But that of course rests
with you dear. I never could
address a crowd but when
speaking to one person
alone I can concentrate
my energy into what I am saying
because I can usually feel in
touch with that one person.
Do I make my meaning clear?
And now I'll say good night
and leave you and my dreams
alone with each other.
Chapter II.

The Dream.

The dream was still holding away - yet it was like a dream on a stage - a semi-act did not feel it. People passed around me on the ground - yet they were like spirits though I knew they were real - I felt that I was looking for someone - some one welcome I knew would be there although I did not know who they were. There came a bluish space of which I remember nothing much.

This may be that somehow clearly it is this. I had crossed the person I had wanted
and it was you.

We stood on one of the cliff edges, looking at the huge waves below. I looked up at you

and asked you a question. And

you, with lips serious but

smiling eyes, looked down at me and answered that

question. Then I knew that

I must return to the waiting

land. And begged you to wait

for me as I would surely

return. I awoke—half expecting

to see you; but instead, the

dim light and roar of wind

and wave—It must have

been more than half asleep.
Figure 16.

[Handwritten text describing a dream, mentioning a return to the land and the speaker's realization of the dearth of dreams since leaving. The passage reflects on the nature of dreams and the speaker's awareness of their absence.]
Figure 17.
Figure 18.

Sounded as clearly in my ear as though you had just spoken. It was the most weird dream I've ever had. You were Talley. Then Q. and unless you answered and you had to always slightly as you would really have had to do in order to make me hear about the roar of noises and wind. And the answer? No.

A won’t satisfy your curiosity clear. Some day—

Perhaps—
Appendix: Transcript of the Diary of Anna Clift Smith

Figure 19.
Figure 20.

Chapter III.
Difficulties of Leaving New Denver.

In the latter part of November I
had an order come in-
It was quite a large order, considering
that it came from Fredericia, and
as I had no time in which to fill
it by Christmas, I offered Miss B.
the choice of two that I had on
hand. She chose one of them
and I waited for a favorable
day in which to drive to
Fredericia with it.
I dared not hurt
it in the mail
and did not
like to lose
the express Co.

Deeply, and
the
weather
still
bitter.

Fisherman's Hollow.
Figure 21.
pensive actions. So at last
I went to her backwoods and
asked for help. Fortunately
she was at home. He usually
stood in Dr. every day to go
out on his boat. But that day
being in charge of a field sized
boat and he was at home-
It was about 2 o’clock
I clambered into the boy and
Mrs. wished me good luck
as he pitched a shower into
the toy behind me.
I knew that the roads were shifting
fast. But as I had walked down
the beach I didn’t realize how
fast. They are trying to get
to F. and back before they become
impossible. Maybe you
remembered the two hollows
on the lake road just before you
Turn into Van Buren?
It was in the first one that fell
march dawn. The rest and
calming was a scramble was out.
I got in again and started her up. At the deep hollow where the drift hogs, she again went down. Again I got out and shoveled her out and again got in and started her up. She went about four or five yards and down again.

By that time she was traveling violently from the effort of ploughing her way, bulging deep through the drift and was rapidly becoming nervous. I had to talk to her constantly to keep her from plunging into me as I stood in front of her and shovelled her out. The drift stretched ahead of me to the top of the hill and after getting in and trying to turn her across it and into the fairly pleasant pasture at one side only to have her half down again.

I gave up and unhitching her I tried to drive her home. Drive! Oye tears!! She pulled and through that snow until very
First priests were two yards apart.
I could get no purchase in my feet, so couldn't brace myself
enough to stop her. At last
out my knees I bent; sliding
wall, she flung her
pulled me until with one
thrown all my weight backward
with a sudden yell and jerk,
and she stopped. Then tied
the lines so that they wouldn't
trip her, and let her go home alone.
At the barn door she waited for
me, and after putting her in
a meet ice and told me to
ask him to drive me to
the corner and I walked
home to get dinner and dress.
But after arriving there
wasn't any time. It was and decided
to wait reading the picture by
express. So back to the
his was
picture (scared) and went home.
Now this doesn't sound very
hard; but where you remember
that a bowling game was waiting.
Once trie from the west, carrying with it a driving blinding mass of streaking snow flakes — and when the thunle was simple and almost impossible owing to the large mass of ice hills and peaks. The four afternoon trips to the will seem a little more trying. But my weal was not amased and by any means. For a few days later I received word that the picture was damaged in transit and had been returned for repair. If it was not beyond repair, again delay until they could yet it. For one more day. I repaired it and again sent it to the Dr express office. But this third shipment, it was for the least time. For it got through all right and proved satisfactory to Mrs. B. We often helper one another well not last winter when we were handling wood for Mrs. and well slept down last season before have the clear above us.
such a thing happened - and
I never want to be again.
To me it is an awful thing
to see a horse down and
struggling to rise. Never can
I get used to it.
It is pitiful and horrible
at the present time.

But doubly so when you
are alone on a blizzard sweep.
Most not of right of any one.
If I hadnt been the keen
of horses I'd have had my
neck broken - for I had 30
seconds his head in front and
behind his as I chasse legs are.
I was deeply thankful also.
that I had my leg up and
terners are. For there was
scarcely a twist before my
feet could touch a solid
substance - it was almost
as bad as well - I chasse
shame again - but shame again.
Now take little pleasure trips
out side of N.B. and multieques.
Figure 27.
Chapter IV - Water

One scarcely thinks of water when they live in towns. It is taken as a matter of course that water should be in a house along with the stove and other necessary things. But you may well remember that we were always experiencing water when we were camping here. How each bucket of water had to be carefully hauled up the bank from the lake.

Just before we left the winter, I always had water hauled for us. This was also when I intended to quit - but it all came about in this manner. The Jack-o-way was busy fishing and couldn't do it for weeks - so I went to "when Charlie" and offered to pay him the usual price of 25 cents per barrel.
Figure 29.
Appendix: Transcript of the Diary of Anna Clift Smith

Figure 30.

But he wishes not absolutely refusing: didn’t occur to the breaking his heart at the prospect of losing it. So in despair
I went home and begged about 20 pails of water up the cliff.
This filled one barrel.
The next morning filled the other in the same manner.

While fresh snow fell I filled a barrel with that as fast as I
removed the water and so the one in the kiln room is constantly full. There are side cotes the
parks and melting snow from the roof and unless a cold 2nd
comes and they begin to freeze
solid a new cave to the flame
from breasting - at other times
usually deep a hole in the
ice every morning and do keep
them from breasting. It isn’t much
work and yet all these little
things help to fill very days
to the times. The breaking water
I get from the lake and use of the
boilers and straining it.
Now that the shore is being rapidly filled with icebergs I will have to dig a well through the ice. It is more work but the water is perfectly clear in an ice well, and uncle cleaner than under the waves over ice.

So did I do last winter when he hauled the water. I had to cut out ice from the ice down the cliffsides. Then I began wandering over the icebergs and floes, uphill and down. I trudged, chopping two or three wells only to find the ice extended to the lake bottom. At last I had to give up in disgust after three hours useless effort.

I am now growing tipsy on boiled rain water. Yon ice no idea. Joe how intoxicating a drink it is. And charming! I feel that at least I've found what my soul (eternally) has yearned for all these years!
Chapter X.
Provision

I wish these people would wonder how I lived here, how I manage to get any food here, as no one could ask what I have on hand and a few of my meals. At the risk of boating, I will give a list of all I can remember of what I was able to suggest that is not to remember that they are in casks. Simple because and the meats and pickles etc in blood, and quarts in pints or one or two pounds.

Meat
- Canned beans
- Salmon, oysters
- Skein, beef
- Dried beef, salt pork
- 20 lb fresh beef (properly hanged)

Vegetables
- Peas, beans, red kidney beans
- Lima beans
- Corn, quails, cabbage, fresh vegetables
- Spinach, turnips, turnips
- Beets, carrots, potatoes
- Rice, parsnips

Miscellaneous
- Sour meat
Figure 33.

Appendix: Transcript of the Diary of Anna Clift Smith

Fruits and preserves -
apples - cranberries - pineapple -
strawberry jam - blackberry jam -
guava jelly - pineapple and apple jelly -
apple jelly - cranberry jelly - grape jelly -
grape juice - preserved tomatoes -
peaches - nectarines - pears - currant jelly - peach nectar -

Chili sauce - tomato catsup -
green beans - olives - home radish -
horseradish sauce -

Cheese -
macaroni - cheese tea - cocoa -
chocolate - coffee - doing juice -
condensed milk - and cream -

That isn't all by any means -
but all I can remember -
what are looking through well -
the other day I had for dinner -
chicken and cream peas -
squash - potatoes - pickles -
and baked apples and cream -
for dessert. Yet people seem -
to think I scarce all service -

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else time on the next—where I can be possible.
More to last me until longer. I expect to
leave—until the remains of
egg, chickens, and better potatoes.
Those I left from now fully
and as soon as he was done in.
I'll agree to another winter.
I put up most of the preserves
bottles and preserves myself
and am satisfied of any
success. For them as keeping
pleasingly.
Chapter VI. Painting in Winter.

One morning while there was a streak of sunlight the sun was just rising and its rose color touched the shifting fog banks. They seemed to glide and undulate across the still surface of the lake. I say, still, and yet a low seething, current and fell in glassy lines, near above the water.

Sometimes I do. The other evening as I sat at the window the evening dew was falling. It happened to be a moonlight night and the moon was shining. The sun was just rising and its first light ray touched the shifting fog banks.
Figure 37.
could be seen— but only a short distance near the fog began. At first in strings of soft veils that rose like spots of foam from the water and yet further out it deepened gradually into blue dense bank of mist— It was turned to pastel by the new light, and the water was gold and palette of sea queens. Above, the sky was deepest cerulean blue softening to queer, trim pale salmon and at last melting into the low bank of yellow mist. One point stood out darkly and around it shifted— cooled—and broke the fog— It was a dream— and I hastily gathered pastels and took a color note. Then I took a special note of the wave action around the base of the cliff, and began the picture. I expected to finish it before long, and have great hopes for it. It is extremely difficult to work in
Figure 39.

Winter- water colors freeze out of doors, so I have to work in pastels and either finish them in the open air in the house. Sometimes I do have all once again in water color. It all depends upon the weather and what accustomed feeling is best painted to. Winter painting is no circle. The cold stiffens the fingers so that often half an hour I scarcely feel the colors between them, and often it drops to the ground, I cannot wear gloves-they freeze and crack. Sometimes I come into the house with hands that are red as blood and oozing stuff and cracked from cold. 

That's "All in the day's work," so I don't mind. 

With the exception of the grip-the grip-a strange grip (as we poor 

Your money and you take your choice) Thanksgiving week.

I have not had a cold this winter. That bad, is it?
The question of wood is one that is bittering sore less than the others. There was a fear.

You may remember that the day we had our talk on the road to Frederick, in the house of having two men at work cutting wood. Well, they toiled and toiled once the job was started by the very constant urging from the man to hurry. The best wood was

at the other end of the D. B. woods near Pam's cottage. There was only one way to get it out where cut, and that was by a "road" that had been used so long that it was constantly soft, even in the driest weather.

The first young would make it impossible. After I had gathered the news, looking for one week and saw that they didn't need to hurry, I paid them and dismissed them with the respect, heat.
I could do it faster myself.

That was on Monday morning. Tuesday afternoon
I went at it with ox and saw
and Tuesday A.M. and P.M.
also, Wednesday day A.M. I got
well and the wagon and
worked from about nine until
five. During that time I
shipped 9 loads big wood.
One loads were cut wood.
logs and kind wood.
and 2 were places for kindling.
The logs were any length from
6 to 10 ft long and from
4 to 12 in diameter.

I was pretty hot and tired
when I came and home and
went after the milk after dark.
Not the sight of that wood
pile more than expect and
It was the next day thinking
that I was nothing by
lamp reading. I happened
To scratch my neck year
by the lamping wood.
Appendix: Transcript of the Diary of Anna Clift Smith

Figure 42.

where to my horror I discovered
a large lump there.
I worried over it for about a
week and then drew up a
sketch of the muscles of the
neck and indicating the
location of the lump by a dot
I met that and a description
toamma and asked her to
see a doctor for me. To my
great relief Dr. Moore said it was
nothing but an enlargemen
t of the a minor lymph
caused by over strain and
a too rapid climbing of the mountain.
It wasn’t there.

happened that day I drew the
wood - for the logs were some
of them that could not
be cut

my heart
and the
rather

But that wasn’t the kind of
if by any means - Mamma became worried and told Dr. Pope about it and then she hadn't heard from us for a long time (it was really three days and I was too busy to write them) so he promised to arrive out and see whether I was on target or a kicker. So one evening about six o'clock sleigh bells and upon going to the door saw our well-known scene step upon the deck and hear "Well you're a nice young lady you are, dearing - you nearly had me half to death!" It was Dr. Pope and after exclaiming himself that I was really alive and only suffering (?) from an enlarged bladder he took his departure. A day or so ago Mr. J. came over with Well and together we handled four more loads of planking and some I believe have stayed in the miner.
Figure 44.

I am as far as wood and
food are concerned — anyway.
Today (the 4th) I finished
papering the sitting room — and
tomorrow I hope to elect
driving more nails — and put
some wood on east of Radiator for the
sitting room stairs. That one is
a small elbow stone and
has to have many small
pieces of wood as the first post is
only 1 foot long.
The wood that I hauled was
3 and 1/2 cord — what it ever
by myself. The wood cut by
the man I helped a farmer
hard. He once charged me
so I bounced him also.
Figure 45.
Figure 48.
Chapter
Just Odd and Ends.

Wouldn’t you recollect a certain remark you made last summer. It was when we were all walking over to take that boat ride, and I crossed a small creek on the beach, and caught your skirt and half fell. “I just hate skirts,” you exclaimed in words to that effect.

Any present costume is more graceful—certainly—but far more "streamer-like." Since it was in—

3 trousers, bicycle

2 stockings volume-

Lady is in:

1. The weather is cold, and low shoes where it is possible. In the house I wear as short—very volume giving

4. I am either a rubber or canvas coat falling below the knees. High hip boots (rubber)

Complete this word game, of which

There with you will illustrate

Trust you will recover from the

1/5
During the early snows I wore skins. At first the long wooden runners bothered me. But gradually I became accustomed to them and could travel much faster than I could without them.

It is much like skating save that the feet always point straight ahead. It was much fun to slide over the rough drifts, steering only one inch in so-where. If I'd been without the skins I'd have gone in over my knees.

Jan. 6th

It is warmer tonight and the melting snows is softly drip-dropping in the roof alone not. I wish I could give you more of this like how warm and cozy the cottage is in winter. The peculiar impression seems to be that I see a mass of fingers ears toes.

Figure 51.
constantly keep the stove in order to get even a vague suggestion of warmth with only stiff person. But the truth is that in winter while we were boarding in Buffalo a New York party to the league danced in a steam as soon as we got here. The furnace is hung on the inside near the notice wall and near the floor at that unless it is cool - yet I seldom have it below 65. It is only in the very days with a full blizzard that it does not reach 60 and even on those days I can make it rise to 65 by careful attention to the stove. There are no draughts as I have camouflaged all ones with cotton. I will have to open the doors before going to bed in order to cool the house up. In the morning of course it is usually 32 or below but I've always liked a cold room to sleep in and never worried.
when at home kept the fire
at that it melted.
Sometimes my feeling came
wakes me up so that I don’t want
to go back - so take a book
and reading generally over me
lie in the cot and read until
sleepy. There doesn’t sound
like a cold house, does it?

There are many furnace heated
houses that are not nearly
as comfortable as my little
three summer cottage.

I saw a funny sight the other
day. Two ice floes were drifting
past the point and in them
were a lot of seagulls taking a
friewade. They were squawking
away to each other and every
once in a while two or more
would swap places. No. 1.
going to No. 2. ice floe, and No. 2-
going to No. 1. I couldn’t help
laughing. They acted so like a
bunch of kids playing at swimming.
Figure 54.

Chapter: Ends and Odes.

Dear Joe,

Today I made a pie.

It was a wonderful pie!

(Now you must take my word for it - it really is real.)

The filling first simmered around

with sugar and spice

(The recipe is called for mild - I substituted ice.)

Close, cinnamon, and salt I put in it - and allspice too. If I'd had more I'd added them for

Those I had seemed few.

I cooked them alway slow - but

Tucked in with nice - and

Plated them with love and

Cut it in a passage plane.

I pulled it out to brown and

Crisp - and cooked up the filling.

The crust that melted down the crust - it really was

Most thrilling!
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Figure 55.

Though all the stuff I described
in it were wonderful.

Yet it was good—\textit{that part and
this presumptuous idea of squalls!}

We dear—bless you, my lord—is the charge of

equally The Canadian

Twilight. I found the poem in

a newspaper lying on the beach

one summer. I think it was

1893—A at first intended to

illustrate it and copy the

music also. In fact had made

of the illustrations and lyrics

done and these I was

guesses feel entirely stuck.

Dear—no only these words. The

music is in minor and I

think you would like it.

If you like minor music, please?

I don’t know what to write, so

the author’s name was not

given. I received some news

from you today, but may expect all my

planned visits. If I hear write again?
May

have more artillery near us in

Beg the way - we take up

plumbing. One day the river

got on a spree and threatened to

run away. So I got on my knees

and pleaded with the trap for

stop an hour. It responded

merely and the river became

its old quiet self once more.

Later I turned my attention

in the rear veranda - an all

abreast - I built me a chimney (!)

made woodshed (looking like

a cross between a drunken

woodpile and a crazy hen house)

Thus I have kept stocked with

large and small cut wood, and

kindling, so that we burning

chapel have a reserve peepultry

on hand. Nowra is coming

at the Doctor's in Frederica

a beautiful little house - yet

they have trouble in keeping

the house warm - these cold

windy days. And yet there

little their boarders take

are warm as toast and seem


their furnished house.
(as long as the as fore said cottage
doesn't blow over!)
Figure 58.

Chapter

I wonder - now that
his letter is drawing
in a close - why am
written to you?
I will probably
see you once
more -
when I say
good-bye - and
then -

Any life is so vastly different
from yours that I doubt
whether you will be interested
in it - dear. I have tried to
select the few little incidents
that perhaps may hold some-
thing of interest for you.
If I have ventured the
feeling of freedom, out of close life
and wild - happy loneliness
none can all I could.
I have written this casually
in the evening of the day's
work was finished, so if it has
Figure 59.
Appendix: Transcript of the Diary of Anna Clift Smith

Figure 60.

a Jerry--in complete studied
now you may know the reason
I will leave here in May
You know I really believe instead
this place will be one place we
cannot--self respecting person
will ever settle by the first of
July. Think it pitiful--wretched.

Here this old place more than
any other part of earth need we
ever come feel as I do--for it has
been my home--virtually for
the past five years. Year after
year I have returned
to it--year after year.
I have come many work
improve here, and
year after year I have
sold my pictures
of your Phoenix.
No it any
wonder then
that I love the
place as nowhere
else can? And can
any one else feel the
mood so simply as I do
now feel.
Figure 61.
Appendix: Transcript of the Diary of Anna Clift Smith

Figure 62.

Content of the image is not legible due to the quality of the image.
Figure 63.

If she were speaking—this
is how she would ask
her questions that I am
going to ask you
first, meaning you're
to chew a
handful to our names.
I'd like to ask you this
question. Where was a
man named A miner named
who was real named was,
A was called by my nickname
and I was not until the
eightieth year that a heard my
real name, O'Leary.

Two a person below
sawed on that day a stopped
growling.

So are you here in your
hearth a kind thought in
my face, maid. Your prayer
is to thank if some other thing
be wonderful to call me.

Are they at the corner
else place Toodles, a
Wells-Bodie!
Chapter

The End.

Perhaps when you at least arrive at the end of this narrative
I will be forced to say with the unremembered author.
"I never had a fond gazelle
To glad me with its chipped hide.
But, unless it got too near me well
It fell upon the butchered side!"

Sincerely hope you won't fall upon your butchered side.
It would indeed be a tragic
and lamentable fate nothy
To hear you'll promise never
To do so more.

Last year at this time a person could have walked out on the
lakes twenty five miles (if they'd been idiots enough and hadn't
fallen through in the way out)
But today the orien pale bluer open
water comes to within a few
yards of the shore. There the ice-
forms keep in some places
over 25 ft. high. The Point lies
asleep in a soft haze of moonlight.
The brown earth bore some for a few long hours, teases of snow that once were huge snow banks. Damp colored birds with olive green and black wings are hopping around the house ringing a happy low crowing song of contentment. You, four-winged, have no conception of the glory of all this - dear. The thrill of unexpected pleasure at a birds song.

This sudden joy as, in the evening we're walking, a tall still green pine near by is silent, and here and there a soft pine cloaked. The dreamy nights, filled with west of moon, need no light - on the wild dusk of spray, high臥於 against a copper heated sunset sky. I love it. Love it all. From the glitters of met fallen seen on a clear morning is the wild wind accept gray sleep. And now with the afternoon sun light, rising through bored branches to my paper as I sit here in the writing room I will write out more words, and walk with it, my love.
Figure 66.
Figure 67.
Appendix: Transcript of the Diary of Anna Clift Smith

Figure 68.
"I dreamed I was alone-
alone.
And oh! it was passed away
from home -
from home -
my eyes upon the loved ones
I leaned.
My head upon my loved ones
I leaned.
I dreamed of days gone by - an't<br>
And simpler childish joys and strings -
and strings."
Appendix: Transcript of the Diary of Anna Clift Smith

Figure 70.
“What is it? Who will rightly guess
If it be caught but nothingness
That dribbles from a wayward pen
To spatter in the eyes of men!”

P. W. Riley