The important systematic notes are copied into "Systematic Notes, Vols.1-68." I copied the notes checked. Walter Deane, June 11, 1898.

William Brewster

1888 East Watertown, Mass.

Feb. 13 Clear, perfectly still and warm for a winter day.

Over the E. Watertown ground this morning starting at 10.30, and getting back at 1 P.M.

Shortly after entering the woods behind the Cemetery I saw two Creepers playing about the trunk of a pine flying round and round as they ascended in a cork-screw course. A Nuthatch was calling a little beyond, Sitta Crows cawing in the distance. No other birds in these Carolinensis woods.

[illegible] in the fields

Seiophaga ruticilla O.
Junco hiemalis C. & O.

[illegible] w a gray

[illegible] hill I

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In the belt of cedars to the westward I found numerous traces of a small Owl which from the size of the ejected pellets I think must have been ~~as~~ M. acadica. These pellets were compound wholly of the hair & bones of mice; yet a single mouse track that dotted the snow under these cedars was the only mouse sign that I saw to-day. Perhaps the Owl was only waiting to capture him before changing his hunting grounds! Small Owl

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The snow was nearly a foot deep, crusted in the fields but among the trees loose and powdery. Saw a gray squirrels track in the cemetery woods.

Crossing the road and climbing French's Hill I found a number of birds assembled in this favorite haunt of theirs. In the row of cedars just below the pines were about a dozen Juncos twittering and flitting Juncos along the wall one or two occasionally practising the trills & warbling notes so often heard in March. In the old oaks near the crest of the ridge two Creepers were calling Certhia to one another. I shot them and they proved to be a pair; the ♂ sang once or twice in low tones.

In the belt of cedars to the westward I found numerous traces of a Small Owl which from the size of the ejected pellets I think must have been M. acadica. These pellets were compound wholly of the hair & bones of mice; yet a single mouse track that dotted the snow under these cedars was the only mouse sign that I saw to-day. Perhaps the Owl was only waiting to capture him before changing his hunting grounds! Small Owl

Pausing a moment on the warm, sunny edge of this grove I thought, sadly enough, of the many many times years ago that I had stood in this

Feb. 13 same spot and looked off over the woods, villages and distant hills that make the view to the south. This view has changed very little in all these years. The ugly hotel, to be sure, mars the foreground badly and the asparagus bed and orchard at the foot of the hill are gone, but otherwise it is much the same; the pitch pine woods beyond the brook, the snow covered hills beyond, puffs of steam from the railroad & distant factories rising in the still air and the general effect of peace and seclusion. I heard a Flicker calling below me.

Finished my morning with a tramp through the Arsenal woods. No birds save a Chickadee or two and a second Flicker but very many squirrel tracks (red squirrels, all of them) and one of the squirrels squeaking somewhere in the oaks.

Chadbourne saw a large flock of Crossbills in these woods on Jan'y 31st. I do not understand what attracted them for there are no cones on the pitch pines. There are also no cedar berries so the prospect is poor for Robins and Cedar birds this year.

English Sparrows were scattered about everywhere over the ground covered to-day. — English Sparrows.

Before starting this morning I saw two Juncos in the street in front of my house. Doubtless there is already a slight influx of migrants that have been wintering further south; Certainly I have seen no Juncos in Cambridge since November and there Crupers is a larger number than I should have been likely to find in the Waterhouse wood in January. — Slight influx of birds from the south

1888 Revere Beach, Massachusetts.

March 20 Cloudy with occasional light showers; warm.

To Revere Beach with Chadbourne by 9 A. M. train. Left the cars at Point of Pines and first inspected the pines behind the Cage hotel in hopes of finding Crossbills there. There were English Sparrows in abundance and four Tree Sparrows (S. monticola) but nothing else save a single Robin. In the bushy thickets around the outskirts of the grove Song Sparrows swarming as usual at this season and, despite the gloomy weather, singing freely. We saw none elsewhere along the beach although they used to be numerous during migration time at several places, especially Oak Island. S. monticola

Near the extreme end of the Point we came on a flock of about 15 Pine Buntings feeding among weeds on the side of a dyke embankment. Firing two barrels into them we killed eight. Chaetomitis

Retracing our steps to the station & crossing the railroad we next tried the marshes. There were no small birds there but we saw a flock of about 30 Crows (evidently migrants), about as many Golden eye Duck feeding in the river, and numerous Herring Gulls.

The rest of the way to Oak Island we kept along the Beach ridge. The Buntings were exceedingly numerous the entire distance, in flocks of from 15 birds each. We shot nine more specimens. I made one capital shot at a single bird passing very swiftly before the strong S. E. wind.

Besides the Buntings we saw a single Snow Bunting, many English Sparrows, the latter feeding on the wet beach in flocks. Returned to the city

1888 Waltham & Belmont, Massachusetts.

March 22 Clear, with warm sun and high, cold wind.

Took the 7.00 horse car to Mt. Auburn and spent about two hours going over the usual ground. The cemetery woods and French's hill yielded absolutely nothing save a number of English Sparrows. Just beyond the cedars I heard the first Bluebird, warbling blithely as he glitted over the open fields. Near the Arsenal a brushy hollow contained a small band of Kinglets and three or four Song Sparrows in full song. On the ridge beyond were two Cuthia americana both of which I shot. Hearing the crack of a pistol at the north end of this ridge I went to the spot and found Chadbourne in the act of aiming at a Cuthia on one of the century old white oaks. I shot at the bird over his head he firing at exactly the same instant. He had killed another & we shortly found a third near the same spot.

Crossing the railroad we proceeded through the oak woods & came to the main road in front of Frazar's where George met us with the buggy. On the way near the brook Chadbourne shot a pair of Boxia americana which came flying overhead and alighted in a low willow.

We went down to Belmont seeing by the way a pair of Bluebirds, a Cuthia, and adult Pipilo lineatus in an apple orchard & a large flock of Pine Buntings feeding among some weeds. In the Arsenal woods (I forgot to mention) we saw two flocks of Rusty Grackles, a Flicker, and heard a Blue Jay.

Climbing the big hill by way of Prospect St. we left the buggy at the delta and entered the cedar woods. For some time we could find nothing but at length heard a Crossbill piping among

(March 22) the pitch pines. Looking closely I at length discovered three of these birds feeding among the cones & shot them all in quick succession & also a goldie which flew into the tree just after the third bird fell.

During the next half hour we repeatedly heard & saw Crossbills flying about in & over the woods but could find none in the trees. Crossing the road we explored the cedars & pines to the south seeing a single Crossbill only. Returning we shot three Tree Sparrows in the bushes along the road & in the cedars near the delta found a large flock of Purple Finches & Pine Grosbeaks & with them four Crossbills. Several of the Purple Finches were singing. The Crossbills were in the top of a red cedar apparently feeding on its berries. I shot three of them, two at one shot. One lodged in the top of a tall cedar giving me a hard and dirty (for the trunk was wet) climb before I could secure it.

We saw no Robins, Fox Sparrows, nor Red wings. Robins were seen by Bolles in great numbers on the same ground March 18th.

In a sunny hillside I started a butterfly Vanessa antiopa. Saw no Hyla, or heard of any Hylas or Wood Frogs yet.

The country presented a typical March aspect to-day about two-thirds bare and brown, the other third dirty white with washed brown drifts & patches or blue gray with sodden snow in. The roads were where in a horrible condition, the frost coming out. The pines & cedars very bright fresh green

1888 Belmont, Massachusetts.

March 24 Clear and cold with high W. wind.

Off at 8 A.M. driving to Prospect St. where George waited for me during the entire forenoon at the delta. The drive to Belmont against the cutting wind was a severe experience and we were both chilled through before we reached the shelter of the great hill. On the eastern side of this hill it was very pleasant warm enough in the sun but the crest & western slope was uncomfortably wind-swept even as late as noon. Everything was frozen hard in the early morning.

Starting from the delta I first descended the eastern slope finding a flock of big Bluebirds in an orchard & a large flock of Cedar Birds & Purple Finches in cedar woods. I also saw a fine ♂ Pieris rubescens. The Purple Finches were singing in an undertone & with them were a number of Juncos singing the summer song without the additional liquid notes often heard at this season.

Returning to the delta & crossing the road I suddenly heard in the distance the superb song of a Fox Sparrow. Hurrying to the spot I found two of these birds with a large flock of Purple Finches. The Sparrows like the Finches were not singing their full song but still the sweet of rich music that came from the whole throng was worth going a long distance to hear. There must have been upwards of fifty Purple Finches in this flock & nearly half of them were red males. They were feeding on the ground under the cedars on a sunny eastern slope sheltered from the wind.

In the yellow pine woods I found no Crossbills & only two Pine Grosbeaks but there was a large flock of Cedar Birds and a little troop of Titmice evidently the same seen there on the 22nd for one of them was again whistling the double phe-be or te-dee-yu-ta

(March 24) I next visited the Owl hole and found a large number of Robin's feathers in the bottom but no owl. Chadbourne removed some pellets from the ground beneath on the 22nd.

In the birch run to the westward I started a Rusty Grackle & saw more Titmice.

Retracing my steps I crossed Prospect St. & on the meadow near the maple swamp lot found about 25 Robins & as many Rusty Grackles feeding on the bare ground along the open brook.

Another large flock of Cedar Birds and a small one of Purple Finches in the cedars to the south of this meadow. Also flushed two Grouse in some hazel & andromeda bushes near a spring run at the east end of these cedar woods.

In an orchard below I heard Red Crossbills calling & soon made out a flock of about a dozen sitting in the top of an apple tree, their feathers ruffled so that they looked nearly as large as Robins. I shot one when the others took wing & once and keeping over the open fields to the south disappeared in the distance.

Despite the cold blustering weather I saw this morning at least four times as many birds as on the 22nd over the same ground. They were also, as a rule, singing more freely although the Bluebirds to-day were wholly silent & Song Sparrows nearly so.

1888 Ipswich, Massachusetts.

March 30 Cloudless with a warm sun & cold but not strong N. wind.

With Denton took the 7.30 train for Ipswich. Hiring a skiff at the wharves we were soon on our way down river. The tide was turning up as we started but the strong spring freshet swept us down swiftly nearly to the Neck before we began to feel its influence.

There were no birds along the banks except Crows of which dozen were constantly in sight. As usual they were very tame and I soon had a good shot at one that was passing the boat. It flew to an elm & alighted but soon dropped dead. Landing to get it I saw three Pine Linnets & a Tree Sparrow. Song Sparrows singing.

We next landed at the mouth of the river & beat the sand hills carefully. Found only one P. princeps at which I fired four unsuccessful shots. It rose wild each time & finally escaped. While searching for it after the second rise D. flushed a Short-eared Owl. He fired a charge of dust without dislodging it, then we both fired #10 at the same instant, bringing it down. It rose within ten yards of the spot where I once started & shot one in the autumn; rise at the west end of the fresh-water meadow. P. princeps. Ass. accip. venus

On the beach I saw a Snow Bunting rise & alight on a huge cake of ice at high-water mark. Approaching I made out a dozen or more feeding about a pool at the base of the ice. I could not get two together so finally shot one sitting and another when the flock rose. Denton afterwards shot a single bird that had an old, partially healed wound on a broken leg. Snow Buntings

Climbing the great hill we descended to the large sand dunes at its southern base. All the morning we had seen Crows passing steadily north at intervals but over the great sand hills they were

(March 30) pouring almost in a steady stream flock quickly succeeding flock, some of the flocks numbering at least 200 birds but the majority from 10 to 50 birds. Concealing ourselves I got several shots each, D. killing two & I one bird. I was just packing my specimen for wrapping when a rustle of wings attracted my attention & looking up I saw a fine old ♂ Marsh Hawk within 20 yds. beating the air frantically in his efforts to get out of range. In this he succeeded for before I could turn & cock my gun he was 80 yards away. Migrating Crows. Circus

He did not explore the great sand-hills being obliged to cut our stay short & return to get up river before the tide ebbed too strongly. Passing the spot where we shot the Owl D. flushed & shot a P. principes probably the same bird seen early in the day.

On the way up river I made a long shot at a Crow that attempted to pass over us.

During the day we heard & saw Horned Larks at intervals, perhaps 15 in all, the largest flock containing six birds only. All were flying north. Otocoris

At the station (where we just missed the 4 P.M. train & had to wait until 6 P.M.) we found Bradford Torrey and the Faxons (two brothers & their father). They had spent the day on the great sand-hills where, near the light-house, they saw about eight P. principes & heard what they took to be one singing a strain similar to that of P. savannae but louder. They could not find this bird. They also saw 15 to 20 Horned Larks along the beach among the drift & very tame. Also some snow buntings. Bradford Torrey & family. P. principes singing

We saw two Herring Gulls & about 20 Ducks mostly M. dissoluta & Bucephala americana, some gunners had for Black Duck. Duck & Gulls

Concord Massachusetts

1886. "Fast Day"
April 8

Morning clear and still. As the day advanced the sky clouded and the wind began to come in puffs [illegible] remainder of the afternoon it fairly poured.

With Spelman took the 6.30 train to Concord. After a slight delay at the Manse we launched my boat and started down river. The water was so high that we had to crouch as the boat shot under Flint's bridge and the meadows and woods were all flowed. Great Meadows was a lake, smooth as a mirror, set in a frame of woods and hills. We followed the river down to get the advantage of its swift current. It was a perfect morning, absolutely calm, with bright, warm sunshine but withal a suspicion of haze in the heavens that foretold the coming storm. Birds were singing on every side. Near the Manse Robins, Song Sparrows, and Fox Sparrows; on the river below the bridge Song Sparrows, Red-wings, Flickers, Tree Sparrows, and one Savanna Sparrow. Passerella

Opposite Ball's Hill we saw the first ducks, a pair of Whistlers which pitched down from the skies and alighted, striking the water heavily and cutting a long sharp line that glistened on the brassy surface like the reflection of a piece of looking-glass. A few moments later they rose again, their wings sounding distinctly at the distance of half a mile & making a noise not unlike that of a humming top. Bucephala americana

We landed at Ball's Hill to walk off from its top. A fine expanse of water on three sides, on the fourth brown fields, gray woods, and dark green pines. A few patches of snow dotting the north sides of the hills. No ice whatever left in the river. The wind just

(April 5) beginning to come in puffs from the east rustling the oak leaves, roughing among the pines, and ruffling the great lake to the westward. Blowing & very cold, bringing the notes of wren the nearest sounding subdued & distant. No hylas or frogs as yet.

Below the next bend we set one sail and sped on our way, from a light S.E. wind, [illegible] to the ridge, leaving every one well in the water a fine adult ♂ redwaxwing which, at a distance, resembled a cake of floating ice. A Norwegian whom in company with two others, we found lying in wait for Duells behind a bushy island told us that he had shot a fine large Duell the evening before. It flew nearly half a mile, then dropped dead into the water. Approaching the spot he found a "blue hawk" trying to rise and carry it off. He finally consented to sell it to us & we rowed over to his landing to get it. It proved, as I expected, a ♂ Muldrake, one of the finest I have ever been. It was shot through the left breast.

We next landed at the field where we got the ♀ Marsh Hawk a year ago. As on that occasion there were many birds in the wood fast & and stubble, chiefly long sparrows & juncos with a few ♂ sparrows, two pairs of finches, a pair of Bluebirds, one Phebe, and a robin or two. Redpolls (Acanthis) and Red-shoulders heard & seen flying over but none alighted. Several little bands of swallows (T. bicolor) — or the same band several times — passed through the opening. Spelman shot one of them. Under the scaps tail was a little pellet out no scaps within.

Returning to the river we heard the honk of a Canada Goose and looking up saw a large flock of these birds flying northward at a great height, in

Continued: Concord, Massachusetts,

5: [illegible] of June. [illegible] (i.e. [illegible] us) sailing about over the river one delightful [illegible] for a moment. In the distance on the [illegible] side of the meadow a Red-tailed Hawk was sailing over a cluster of tall white pines. We resolved to explore those pines for a nest [illegible]. The sky had clouded over, the wind was blowing fast & the day from a bright sunny one had changed to a gloomy threatening one.

As we approached the pines, passing through some belts of brush and crossing a circular bit of flooded meadow we met two boats coming out. Both parties had seen numerous Ducks among the brush but neither had shot any. One of the men told us of a flooded meadow beyond the pines and we pushed our way into this through the intervening belts of maples & birches finding a pretty little oblong pond sheltered on every side by dense woods.

Returning Spelman shot at a Fox Sparrow near the tall pines when immediately a pair of Red-tailed Hawks started out among them & began flying around us uttering a peculiar gasping cry & frequently alighting on the topmost slender twigs of the pines. It was evident that they had a nest so landing we made a close search for it. We found no less than four large nests there in the pines one in an oak. Under one was the tail of a Blue Jay. We did not climb to any of them thinking it too early for eggs although the birds made a great fuss [illegible]

Buteo borealis

April 5 vicinity.

Just as we reached the boat and were preparing to embark it began to rain and the wind rapidly increased to almost a gale. At the same moment Duells began to appear in some numbers, evidently driven to the shelter of the timber by the storm. First came three Wood Duells, ~~then~~ a flock of six Shelldrake, then a pair of Black Duells and finally a flock of a dozen or more Black Duck. None came within shot although several came very near it.

Air of uso
Mergus sum.
Anas obscura

Pushing off we started up river in the teeth of a furious gale of wind and driving rain, hugging the east shore. In the midst of this shower I heard a long Sparrow & several Red-wings singing. As we were passing a stubble field a small flock of Redpolls pitched down into it. I landed and shot two at one discharge.

Acgiothus

A little above Ball's Hill three Wood Duells passed nearly within range. In the brush we found a black bass that would have weighed at least three pounds. It was floating belly up, dead.

Setting sail we crossed the Great Meadow easily and swiftly and landed at the east side of Ripley's Hill. There was a large flock of Rusty Grackles in the maple swamp. Among the pines we saw a Grouse which flew out of a tree & skimmed off down hill into the swamp. Reached the House at 5 P. M, pretty thoroughly wet and chilled.

Saw a single Osprey during the day but no other Hawk except the Red-tails. [illegible]

Concord, Massachusetts.

1888

April 9 Cloudless and cold all day with high N. W. wind.

To Concord by 6.30 A.M. train with Cradbourne. Taking boat at the Manse we set sail just below Flint's bridge and had an exciting, swift run to Ball's Hill following the river most of the way. At Ball's Hill we landed to get warm for the wind was simply piercing and the air so cold that our sail was frozen stiff and the boat more or less incased in ice.

Below Ball's Hill we paddled hugging the western shore and landing just below Lee Davis's hill. Going inland to the large sandy field we found a few Tree Sparrows and started three Carolina Doves. The latter took to the woods where I tried in vain to get a shot. They were very shy but flew only a few rods at a time alighting chiefly in pines. One of them cooed repeatedly.

Returning to the boat we paddled on lunching under the lee of the pine clad hill and afterwards landing at the stubble field where we found a few Grass Finches, two Juncos, and plenty of Tree Sparrows.

At about 2 P.M. we crossed the river to the pine swamp in Bedford starting several small flocks of Mallards and a few Bluebills all of which were from near the middle of the meadows. Reaching the pines we attempted to paddle through into the duck pond but the water had fallen and we could hardly force our way through. The noise we made started a number of Black Ducks (at least 15) from the pond. After reaching it C. took several photographs and shot a [illegible] and

[illegible] Martin hyperbrugna. The latter was singing. There were also several Fox Sparrows about this pond. Heard one hylas there.

While in this pond our talking etc. started the Red-tails from the pines and both birds sailed over and past us many times screaming occasionally. We visited all the nests and C. tried to climb to one of them but gave it up after getting up half way.

Started up river at 4 P.M. Sailing to Ball's Hill before a furious wind the entire meadows being covered with white caps. Above Ball's Hill paddled a little way, C. showing ~~three~~ Red wings and a Pewee. Then ~~getting~~ the sail again we ran, down-hauled, nearly to Flint's bridge.

At sunset the wind lulled and the air grew warmer. Red-wings were singing on every side. A Kingfisher (we saw several earlier in the day) rattled as he passed high overhead. Many town Robins were singing in the tops of the elms and maples.

Below Ball's Hill we saw two or three Ospreys — or perhaps the same bird two or three times — noble birds easy and graceful of wing, nearly white beneath but with a dark bar on the under side of each wing near the carpal joint. One of them whistled several times.

Concord, Massachusetts.

1888

April 12 Morning clear and delightful with strong but not cold N.W. wind. Cloudy all the afternoon with frequent light showers. A superb sunset.

To Concord with Denton by 8 a.m. train. Reaching the Manse we launched my boat and paddling to the head of the meadows set the sail and ran easily and swiftly to Ball's Hill and thence "close hauled" and more slowly to the pine swamp in Bedford.

At the head of the meadows a large flock of Red-wings were singing in a maple making a confused yet musical, and essentially spring-like, medley of sound. Some Rusty Blackbirds were twittering in the maple swamp behind Ripley's Hill, a few Fox Sparrows singing near the Manse and Flickers and Robins in the distance. Only a few Song Sparrows were heard and no scattered Red-wings.

On the broad open lake that covered the Great Meadows we ran quickly down on a pair of Shieldrake, the ♂ a superb old fellow. They were comparatively tame not flying until we were within less than 100 yds. Mergus merg.

Just below Ball's Hill we started four Golden-eyes and still further down ten others. They were especially shy rising at least half a mile off. As they passed to the windward we distinctly heard their wings. Fuligula clangula

Reaching the pine swamp I landed and crept in to ~~the~~ duck pond. Although I used the utmost care and made ~~almost~~ no noise three Black Ducks which were feeding near the outlet ~~either~~ saw or heard me and rose before I was nearly within range. I then crept quietly into the pines hoping to surprise the Red-tail on her nest.

about midway between the three nests that promised best I shouted and thumped the trees but started nothing. Returning to the edge of the water I shouted for Denton when a shadow glided past my feet and looking up I saw one of the Hawks darting high overhead. At the time I suspected that she had flown from the large nest in the tall pine just behind me and this was doubtless the case for after climbing to the other nests and finding them empty Denton found in this nest a set of two eggs one of them much incubated. While he was in the tree a Carolina Dove passed giving me a long shot which I missed. I also saw here a Marsh Hawk & a Great Blue Heron and shot a pair of Brown Creepers.

Nest of Buteo borealis

Turtle dove

Crossing the river we next landed near the stubble field. It was alive with Birds Toy Sparrows about the outskirts, Song Sparrows and Tree Sparrows along the walls and fences, Grass Finches Savanna Sparrows and Juncos feeding near the middle. Of Juncos we saw at least 300 in a single flock. There were also a few Redpolls with the Juncos & a single Goldfinch. Denton also found a Creeper in some neighboring pines. In the heavy pine woods on the hill to the south we started a Cooper's Hawk & saw a Pine Warbler. During most of the time we were here it rained more or less heavily.

Sparrows in

Started up river at 4 P.M. rowing slowly & keeping near shore. Red-wings singing on the maples & willows, scattered about. Shot several. Saw a large flock flying high apparently migrating. Higher up they were very numerous, singing on every side. As we reached the Manor the clouds rolled up from the western horizon and the sunlight poured a flood of warm, strong yellow light over the hills, woods, [illegible]

Cambridge, Massachusetts.

1888
April 18 Cloudy with heavy showers at intervals.

To the Fresh Pond marshes at 9 A.M., driving up, and walking back after spending the forenoon there. The weather was wild and windy and birds, albeit numerous, were not singing freely. Nevertheless I heard many Swamp Sparrows and one Fox Sparrow, a Fish Hawk, a Red-wing (only two seen) and numerous Song Sparrows.

I first explored the maple swamp finding a Robin or two, several Song Sparrows and a Swamp Sparrow or two. A Sharp-shinned flew overhead but did not alight. A single Red-wing singing on a maple. Two Rusty Blackbirds and five Cow Birds seen flying. Spent nearly an hour without getting a shot at anything. A few hylas and marsh frogs piping.

Passing through the middle of the swamp I next entered the meadows that separates it on the north from the F. R. R. Several Swamp Sparrows here. Also a Shore Red-poll (hyjoolygos), and started a Snipe twice, the latter bird very wild.

In a brisky thicket along a ditch shot two Virginia Rails. One wounded by my first shot gave me a long chase running like a mouse from tussuck to root. Shot at it four times in all before killing it. Both Rails silent, one perched in bushes a few inches over the water.

As we were leaving this meadow three gunners coursed it working a spaniel & evidently looking for Snipe. I afterwards heard them fire four or five shot in the meadows to the westward. All these meadows were in excellent condition for Snipe, the frost all out, the water about right, the grass already green in places.

Following the railroad back I entered the swamp

swamp on the westerly side & crossed it shooting scared birds on the way. This swamp has changed sadly since my last visit. An Alder Brook has been made wide ditch from its eastern side and more than half of the original swamp has been replaced by an unsightly clay pit. The untouched portion is drained nearly dry and fire has killed most of the Button Bushes as well as much of the meadow grass. Dense and tall weeds have sprung up everywhere and the place has become a perfect paradise for seed eating birds. It fairly swarmed with Sparrows to say, chiefly Song and Tree Sparrows. Of the latter I saw not less than fifty. They were in full song and their wild, sweet, plaintive notes were almost incessantly heard on every side. There were also many Pine Buntings, one flock of about twenty, scared up five or six, & a few single birds. No Fox Sparrows or Goldfinches and not a single Red-wing.

As I crossed the fields on my way homeward I heard a Flicker laughing in the oak grove at the foot of Vassals Lane. What crowding memories of days long past that sound invoked! days when Meadow larks whistled on the surrounding fields, when Snipe sprang by dozens from the wet runs and hollows, when Red-wings were singing on every scattered tree top. All are gone now from these fields but the Flicker still calls from his favorite grove, has once scare heard over the din of the English Sparrows. How much longer will he stay?

In the dress of Sparks Bk. in Mr. Deane's enclosure saw a Regulus Satrapa and a Certhia. Winter Birds are staying late this spring. The Juncos nearly all gone, however; have only two to-day.

1888

April 24 Cloudy and cold with occasional flurries of snow. Wind N.

To the Fresh Pond swamps at 9 a. M. spending the forenoon. Used my double 22-32 pistol for the first time & killed sixteen birds with it, mostly Swamp & Tree Sparrows.

Upon first entering the swamp heard a Ruby crowned Kinglet singing & chattering. He was so restless & active that I could not get a shot at or even overtake him. But I afterwards killed a ♂, probably the same bird, in the north part of the swamp.

Within a few rods of the spot where I killed the pair of Rails on the 18th, in fact in the very same thicket, I found another pair to-day. I shot the ♂ easily enough although he dodged cunningly behind a cluster of stems moving as I moved so as to keep his body covered but peeping out at me from time to time. The ♀ was slyer & eluded me by running out into the grass & taking wing. Rallus virginianus

In one of the dryer of these thickets I found two ♂♂ Sparrows scratching among the leaves making as much noise as a brace of chipmunks. There were also a few Swamp Sparrows in this swamp.

Kept around the maple swamp without entering it and then turned homeward through the Birdyard swamp. This tangled, now nearly dry and weed grown place was to-day, as on the 18th, fairly alive with Sparrows chiefly Tree and Swamp with a few Song. I followed them about for an hour or more.

In neither swamp did I see a Blackbird or Swallow of any kind. Have they quite deserted this old town haunt or is it too early yet?

Taking a short cut through the Thompson orchard I was surprised to hear a Pine Warbler singing near me

and shortly afterward to see him hopping about in the lower branches of an apple tree. There were also a pair of Bluebirds in this orchard, tame & silent, the first I have seen perched in Cambridge this Spring, although I have heard a few warbling in the air over our place. There are positively no Song Sparrows in our part of Cambridge this season although plenty in the swamps of course.

In Dr. Wyman's hollow I noticed as I passed five Juncos and two Fox Sparrows hopping about on the ground in a bit of thicket.

Waltham, Massachusetts,

1888

April 25 Cloudless but cool with sultry strong N. W. wind.

Off in the buggy at 7 A. M. driving to the "Warren Woods" in Waltham where I spent the morning starting at 8 P. M. Birds were everywhere scarce and silent. During the drive to and from Waltham I heard only a few Song Sparrows, saw ten or a dozen Blue Birds (all silent), a few Robins, and a large flock (30 or more) of Juncos the latter feeding in a stubble.

My tramp began at the old reservoir by the roadside, led up over the cedar-clad hill to its eastern extremity near the Warren Place and ended in and about the Warren Woods proper.

For sometime I neither saw nor heard a bird of any kind. The pastures about me were brown and lifeless as in midwinter. But near the eastern end of the ridge I heard some Pine Grosbeaks first, then Red Crossbills and finally a low medley of chirps & twittering which proved to come from a small mixed flock containing two Chickadees, a Regulus satrapa & a R. calendula, a Pine Warbler & several Pine Grosbeaks. There were also a pair of Crows here very busy about their nest in the top of a slender pitch pine. I was surprised to observe this lack of discretion on their part.

In three different places I found Hermit Thrushes, four or five together, silent, tame and doggish as usual at this season. It is strange that they are so much less alert and shy than their congeners were in spring and yet so very wary and elusive when on their breeding grounds.

On the sunny slope of a knoll among cedars I came suddenly on a cluster of gentle Fringilla to

Fringillas

squeezed [illegible] together that it took me some time to disentangle them after waiting several minutes to give them an opportunity to do this themselves. They tried hard enough but their frantic efforts seemed to result in only greater confusion. They made a mass that would have filled a large hat. I counted them carefully, as one by one they gained off & being liberated, and made the number seven. They were all of nearly equal and about medium size. Near the spot was a ledge with crevices into which most of them retreated.

Wood frogs and Pickerel frogs in full cry, hylas also piping but not freely. The croaking of the former heard at a distance reminded me of the gabble of Brant although it does not perhaps resemble it closely. Antiopa butterflies out in great numbers to-day. They made me think of Brooks's mess & I searched a little for one in the mess but did not visit the spot where I found the nest in 1875. Saw no droppings or borings.

As I was watching a Buteo lineatus soaring at a great height it suddenly closed its wings and shot down headlong fully 1000 ft. & rising upward slightly, at the top then falling again to the ground apparently. I think it swooped on some animal or reptile. The sound was a sharp [illegible].

On the way home saw a Falco sparverius near Bird's Pond. It crossed the road just ahead & passed within gun-shot flying very like a Wild Pigeon.

Saw two White Bellied & one Barn Swallow flying over the meadows.

Veratrum viride about a foot high in swamps in clumps. Light green only conspicuous, about the only really green thing in the woods

Michigan.

Grand Rapids to Cadillac

1888

May 8 Cloudy with occasional light showers. Cool.

Left Grand Rapids by the 11.30 a.m. train and reached Cadillac at 4.20 P.M. The country for about twenty miles north of Grand Rapids is very like that of Massachusetts, varied, broken and hilly, well watered by brooks and small rivers, with green, fertile fields in the valleys and most of the hill tops and steeper slopes heavily timbered with second growth white pines and hemlocks and various hardwoods among which I recognized the white oak, beech, red maple, & elm. Most of the streams were rapid and several of them very beautiful with the trees along their banks handing out over the water.

Gradually as we sped northward the scene changed. In the swamps spruces (A. nigra), larches, and arbor vitae became the characteristic evergreens and yellow birches and red maples the hardwoods. The dryer levels and hillsides had evidently borne, not long since, a heavy growth of white pines of which only the charred stumps and tops remained. The lumbermen & fires had made such clean work that scarcely a living tree could be seen for miles. As we approached our destination the ruin became more universal and painful until we became tired of looking out on a country that was desolate and unsightly to the last degree.

Of birds we saw many from the car window & heard a few others at the stations where the train stopped. The ranger in the following list was seen at a station near Red City.

jumped up from marshy places by the side of the track and after flitting a few yds alighted again. In one of the stretches of wooded river we saw a small flock of ducks which rose as the train passed and skimmed off low over the water.

Cadillac, Michigan.

1888
May 9 Cloudy and cool with a few light showers. Thr. 52 at noon.

Dwight went out a mile or two in the forenoon and shot nine or ten birds. Immediately after dinner we started off together taking a buggy and driving to a lumber camp three miles S. of town. For the first mile the road led through the usual open waste of charred stumps and prostrate logs over a hill of no great elevation. Saw Juncos, Pears Finches, a D. palmarum and a pair of Troglodytes aëdon. Then we reached the woods, the first primeval forest of white pine that I have ever seen. It was a revelation - wholly unlike what I had imagined. The trees were crowded together, almost as closely it seemed to the eye but of course not nearly so much in reality, as corn stalks in a cornfield. Nine tenths of them were pines, the remaining tenth red maples and hemlocks. Of the pines perhaps one third were P. resinosa, the remaining two thirds P. strobus. The needles of both were much shorter than in the east than of P. resinosa not longer than eastern P. strobus. Their average height was certainly fully 100 ft. & there were very many trees that must have been 150 ft. Few of them had any branches whatever less than 50 ft. above the ground. The maximum spread of their tops was not over 20 ft., and the average probably not more than 12 to 15 ft. Their branches tapered very little, rarely at all perceptibly, to the lowest branches. Their bark was rough & deeply furrowed. Few trees expanded their feet in diameter at the base. There was little undergrowth & usually none but the ground was ~~encumbered by~~

logs in various stages of decay. The eye failed to penetrate more than 50 yards into the woods for at that distance the trunks became merged into a brown or dark gray mass so thickly did the trees grow. The trunks of the P. resinosa were strongly reddish & more slender than those of P. strobus.

The woods extended along the roadside about a mile. In them we heard or saw many birds. A Grosbeak (H. ludoviciana) and Robin singing, a Hermit Thrush calling, and several Woodpeckers tapping were the most prominent. Besides these a Red. eyed Vireo, Winter Wrens, Junc. albicollis, Parus atricapillus, Anthus americana, and along the roadside Song Sparrows. In two places heard Sitta carolinensis & S. canadensis at the same moment. A few Pine Grosbeaks flying overhead. A Grouse (B. umbella) drumming. Juncos everywhere both on the edges of the woods & in their depths. Chewinks singing & calling, the song as in the East, the chewink note shorter & hoarser, usually only one syllable (wink).

In a hollow where some beeches bordered a pool in which hylas (H. pickeringii) were peeping a pair of Wild Pigeons started from the ground and alighted in a beech sapling. D. walked up to within about 18 yds. (we had only a 32 cal. pistol) when they flew the ♂ clapping his wings sharply like a tame Pigeon for the first few yards. On our return saw a ♀ fly across the road in the same place.

Crossing the open near town we saw an Otocoris alight on the fence. D. got out & shot it. It proved to be praticola. On the edge of the big pines a Wood Thrush was singing. In the fields a Meadow Lark. The song of the latter as in Mass.

Cadillac, Michigan.

1888

May 10 Clear and warm. Thr 70° at m. 6 P.M. Snow in P.M.

Starting at 9.30 A.M. we drove to the lumber camp three miles S of town and just up over hill. The "boss" invited us to dinner which was served in one of the buildings at 11 A.M. We sat down with about thirty choppers mostly Swedes. The table was not nearly as good as at a Maine camp but there was more variety—canned things, pies, etc. The beans were wretched!

After dinner we went in search of Pigeons. I soon lost Dwight and kept on alone beating the woods carefully for nearly two hours & refusing all shots at small birds of which I saw a good many, but finding no Pigeons. I finally began to shoot Warblers, Bunting etc. Much of the time I was in a woods composed almost wholly of Pinus resinosa, enormously tall, rather slender trees, the ground beneath perfectly free of underbrush & very level. Pine Warblers and D. virens both abundant & in full song. Saw two pairs of Juncos building & traced one to the nest which was in a hole in the level ground at least 12 in. below the surface the entrance not over 2 in. in diameter. Brown creeper was numerous and in full song. A Grouse drumming but I could not find him. A Picoides arcticus chucking. A pair of Crossbills feeding in the tops of the tall red pines. A Chickadee nest in a low beech stub the birds taking away chips and dropping them a few yards off. Juncos & L. albicollis singing on every side. Zonotrichia canadensis whining. Blue Jays screaming everywhere, a Winter Wren singing.

Crossed to the main road and walked along it west. Heard a Grouse drum near the road and stalked him carefully. The sound came from a spot where there were several huge prostate pine logs. I canned them all

[illegible] I could see nothing of the bird. It had a [illegible] beak [illegible] to me and as I stood within ten feet of this the grouse drummed evidently close to the root at the base of the log on the other side. I saw the dead leaves on the ground to one side whirled about as by an eddying gust of wind. The closing part of the drum was less confused than at a distance. Retreating I made a half circle & finally saw the bird standing erect as a post his body apparently no thicker than his neck. He looked for all the world like an upright, grayish stick. I waited a moment but he would not drum again and I shot him.

Next went to the small forest pool where we saw the Pigeons yesterday. As I was crossing the inlet brook on a log the ♀ flew from a branch overhead & alighted within fair range on a dead bough, oscillating her head & neck. I shot #10 at her but she went off followed by the ♂ leaving, however, a stream of feathers behind.

From the pond struck over the ridge to the camps. Dense hemlocks mixed with pines & beeches all noble old trees. Snow lying in wasted drifts in the hollows. Cuthia am. & the Canadensis very numerous. Saw three pairs of Cuthias at one time, one of them building. Near the camps in dead pines shot a pair of Picoides arcticus. Heard P. villosus cackling & squeaking. A Cooper's Hawk skimming close over the ground passed within ten yards of me. A Brown Thrasher singing near the camps.

Dwight returned & we drove out to the wood. On the way a ♀ Pigeon started among some beeches & alighted again allowing us to drive nearly under her. I got out and shot her.

Hylocichla fuscescens very common & singing gloriously the song echoing in the arches of the woods. Home at sunset.

Cadillac, Michigan

1888

May 12 Cloudy and cold. Thm. 36° at 4 P.M. Frequent light showers, the change in temperature began about midnight last night. Wind W all day. To [illegible] [illegible] of [illegible]

To the pine woods near Cusamer's lumber camps at 10 A.M. having the team return for us at 2 P.M.

I spent the whole morning in a limited area between the main road, the path in to the lumber camps and the camps. The woods were dreary and for the most part silent save for the soughing of the wind in the pines but occasionally a D. virens sang or a Peabody bird whistled. Grosbeaks (H. ludoviciana) were singing freely much of the time one of them a superb performer. Heard only one Winter Wren and but one Creeper. Saw a great many small birds, however. They were collected in small flocks which moved so rapidly through the woods that it was difficult to overtake them. I made a fair bag, nevertheless, killing twenty-four. Got one Warbler which looked very like Helotes. It was badly wounded and I nearly caught it but it fluttered off into a log heap where it was useless to look for it. Killed a pair of Sitta canadensis at one shot. The ♀ was incubating and had laid all her eggs.

Dwight left me early in the morning and went over most of the ground which we covered on the 12th. He met three large flocks of Warblers one containing at least 25 D. blackburniae. These flocks moved so rapidly from tree to tree that he found it impossible to do anything with them. In one of these flocks he saw two D. palmarum. Neither he nor I saw any Pigeons. The foreman of the choppers saw two yesterday, but none to-day. No Grouse drumming this morning.

On the drive out we saw an Otocoris peatheola

the Bluff near the top of the first hill and a Melanerpes erythrocephalus on a stump in the burnt Lands.

On the return drive we passed a pair of Tanagers (P. erythromelas) which flitted along by the roadside alighting on stumps.

Size of pines.

The foreman at the lumber camps tells me that both red and white pines have average over 100 ft. tall. The tallest trees attain a height of 150 ft. There are very many 125 ft. There are a few white pines in his section that measure 21 ft. in circumference at the base. All the large trees are sawed off at the base with a cross-cut saw, chipped in a little on one side, then thrown by driving in wedges.

Logging

Logging is carried on the entire year, most easily and profitably in summer. The logs are "yarded" by horses and carried along on two wheeled trucks the wheels about 10 ft high. From the yards they are usually carried to the mills by railroads of very narrow gauge and light rails. Many are also driven wherever there are suitable streams.

Cadillac, Michigan

1888

May 14 Cloudy & cold; wind N.W. About 2 inches of snow fell last night.

To Cummer's Camps at 7.30 leaving the wagon return for us at 1.30 P.M. On the drive out we saw less than a dozen birds, mostly Sparrows & Juncos. Returning passed a Jamaica which was several hundred yards from the woods, among stumps sighting on the ground. He looked chilled and half-starved as well he might for it snow hard last night and snowed at intervals through the morning.

Upon reaching our ground we separated Dwight taking to the woods while I penetrated into the open burnt lands. I found there several mixed flocks of Warblers & Sparrows feeding on the ground among the stumps and logs. In one there were several Grass Finches and a D. palmarum; in another about twenty D. palmarum, two D. virginica, several Grass Finches, and a Chipping Sparrow; in a third two D. palmarum and a D. blackburniae besides some Grass Finches. It was interesting to see the Wood Warblers in such company & surroundings. I shot both the D. virginica on the ground.

In this open land I found a nest of Pipis odbonus in a beach stub not over ten feet above the ground. The ♀ entered and emerged from it. I shot her and in dissection found that she had laid all but one or two eggs. There were chips scattered over the ground under the nest over a space of a rod square.

Late in the forenoon I entered the heavy timber where I shot on the 12th. These woods were silent and nearly deserted to-day. I found one small flock of Warblers, however, containing several D. maculosa, 2 D. caerulescens, several D. coronata and a Mniotilta varia.

Hearing a Grouse drum I crept silently towards the

spot and finally stopping to look around my eye caught the flick of his wings just as he began to drum again. I saw the wings through this performance but not the bird himself until after he stopped. Then I made him out sitting in a slouchy attitude yet rather erect, but not with his head & neck stretched up. After about five minutes of inaction he erected his body perfectly straight, settled down on his ~~abdomen~~ and extended his wings holding them motionless for a moment. Then he struck the air three or four times in the usual manner when, supposing him to be engrossed in his performance, I moved slightly and he instantly stopped and folded his wings without finishing. After another pause of about five minutes he drummed again. I saw him distinctly through it all. His back was towards me each time. The entire performance was as I described it in the "Sportsman" years ago. After it was over I moved slightly intending to shoot the bird but he heard me and at once flew.

Oden, Michigan.

1888

May 16 Clear and cold. Thr. only 44° at noon. Water from last night.

I awoke at daylight this morning and heard a loon calling on the lake; also a Gull (L. argentatus). A Song Sparrow was the only singing bird. Probably it was too cold for the Robins of which I saw several about the house later in the day.

After breakfast Dwight went to Petoskey leaving me alone through the day. He took the train out to Harbor Springs and on the way saw several Scarlet Tanagers along the beach. One, startled by the train, flew upward when it was instantly seized in mid air by a small Hawk probably A. fuscus.

Not being able to get my hands and having a bad cold I kept in or near the house all day & did not shoot at all. Took several short walks and saw several D. pedunculata, one D. tigrina, a yellowside P. erythromelas, which I finally shot), several Hel. peregrina and a number of D. coronata. The Tanager and most of the Warblers were in the open on the ground. The Tanager late in the afternoon spent over an hour in a ploughed field in front of the house. He hopped almost precisely like a Robin.

The woods are perfectly leafless, the maples blossoms just ~~flattening~~, ~~opening~~ beauty, arbutus, and dog-tooth violets in bloom, willows hung with pussies, a shrub like an alder the only thing showing green leaves.

On the edge of the clearing I stacked a house from some blackberry bushes. Several nests have been already found here, we are told, one, yesterday, containing five eggs.

A man saw about 25 Pigeons this morning in some

[illegible] woods about a mile from [illegible].

After supper [illegible] walk along the railroad track. Winter frogs and peepers singing. Hylas H. pickeringii and toads singing. Normal mice (Sorex?) [illegible] [illegible] across in and out of holes on the edge of a field.

[illegible]

[illegible]

Nov 18 Cloudy with frequent showers. Wind N.E. [illegible]
but still not at all a chilly or raw day.

Stand work of the day in the house [illegible]
a short walk in the morning along the drive past the bath house, a lovely long tramp late in the afternoon through the upland clearing [illegible]
and a heavy flight of migrants left the [illegible]
the flight of yesterday had passed on and no [illegible]
[illegible] in the woods [illegible]
resident summer species such as D. virens, D. maculosa, D. vulnera etc. were only two D. pals.

[illegible] in some numbers. [illegible] in full song late in [illegible] in an arbor vitae hound near the station. [illegible] still in the [illegible] fields. The combination of Lincolns, Tree sparrows, Yellow warblers, juncos, Hermit thrushes, and Blue bird [illegible] in [illegible] in the woods on the farm [illegible] certainly a strange jumble as compared with usual, floral, & seasonal conditions in the east.

[illegible] again struck by the silence of birds this day with its mild, soft air, gentle showers and [illegible] a [illegible]

Glen, Connecticut

May 21 Previous cloudy, wind N.W. at night, then [illegible]
a tremendous influx of birds to-day. Mostly [illegible]
in every [illegible] place in small [illegible] numbers. I
must have seen my total hundred individuals
of the same species alone. Most abundant were
D. maculosa and D. coronata then D. blackburniae, [illegible]
D. virens, D. pensylvanica D. aestiva
D. vigorsii, D. pennsylvanica D. aestiva
D. castanea, D. fusca, D. striata
W. vieillotii excessively abundant, W. pusilla fairly so,
spent the entire day shooting coming in out
in drizzle, although I was on my feet nearly the
whole day and probably walked six or eight miles
did not once get three hundred yards away
from the house. The most of my birds were shot
near the bath house and behind the barn.
Warblers came in large mixed flocks precisely as in
autumn. Several flocks contained at least 100
birds each. All the species were engaged most of
the time in catching flying Diptera. They kept much
in the tops of the tallest deciduous trees yellow
birds & warblers especially.

Late the spring heard a grouse drumming &
following the path I walked by within ten yards
of him. He was sitting on a mossy log when I
first saw him his head turned so that his bill
was laid back over his back, his general attitude
crouching, his feathers ruffled. I sat down in full
sight of him & he remained this attitude without
the slightest motion for many two minutes. Then
he stretched up his neck & began to preen & smooth
his ruffs. Then he dropped down on the ground
& there kept quite still for [illegible]

Illinois

we went down to the bath house given after breakfast we found the trees there literally swarming with Warblers and birds. After shooting a number I crossed the railroad to the swampy thickets opposite the station and there proved to be also filled with hundreds of birds chiefly Warblers. Their numbers were fairly confusing. I have never seen anything to equal it before. A list of the different species would include almost every thing that we have thus far found here besides several new arrivals but most numerous & conspicuous were D. maculosa, D. caerulescens, H. peregrina D. coronata, D. blackburniae, My. canadensis M. pusilla, Setophaga, and Ves. olivaceus. H. ruficapilla had decreased markedly since yesterday and I saw only a few D. palmarum. There were several Mourning Warblers singing and during the day D. shot a pair of D. tigrina.

We spent the entire day shooting coming in only for dinner. I did not even go over three hundred yards from the house.

Odessa, Michigan

will summer here.

After spending two hours or so in the grove by the bath house and in the thicket opposite the station I started back into the heavy timber to the north in search of Pigeons. Penetrating in about 500 yds. I came to a picturesque ravine shaded by noble old hemlocks with a brook flowing swiftly beneath. There were many small birds here but nothing of special interest except a Thrush which I took to be T. mustelinus but which I could not find although I shot it down.

I was following up the brook and had nearly reached its source in a springy swamp when a ♀ Pigeon started from the ground and alighted in a sapling about 15 ft. up. I crept cautiously within range and shot her getting a fine specimen (which I afterwards gave to Dwight in exchange for a ♂ which I shot next day at a nest which he found to-day.)

As I came out of the woods on my return a Contopus borealis was sitting on the top of a dead hemlock at least 150 ft. above the ground.

Olin, Michigan.

1888

May 24 Clear and hot. Wind S.E. but light. Thm. 78°

Started out at 7.30 as usual and spent about two hours in the woods and thickets near the house, most of this time in the woods to the south along the Lake shore. The great flight is about over although there were a few small flocks of migrants in most of the covers. Dwight got a ♀ Vireo philadelphicus in the grove by the bath house and I saw very low ♂ Sciurus aestivus in the woods to the south. In these woods I shot two ♂ Dend. tigrina and a Hel. peregrina. Wilson's Black-caps and Canada Warblers were comparatively scarce. Migrating D. maculosa still numerous but nearly all were ♀.

There has been a marked change in the vegetation since yesterday, many of the deciduous trees in the woods showing a decided tinge of green this morning. The birches and poplars are still hung thickly with catkins. The white trilliums are in their fullest perfection. Some purple violets out to-day. The dog-tooth violet still in bloom.

About 10 a.m. started with D. to visit the Pigeon's nest which he found yesterday. It was on the stout horizontal branch of a hemlock about 12 ft. out & perhaps 50 above the ground. There was no bird on but as D. was preparing to climb the tree a ♂ Pigeon started out of the nest tree, a hemlock also. He flew a few rods and alighted high up on a horizontal hemlock branch where I shot him. He flew nearly thirty yards before coming to the ground & when he finally reached it struck against an upright dead prong tearing open his breast, or rather crop which was filled with sprouting beech nuts.

Upon reaching the nest D. found it empty & fouled with dung. At about the same time a young Pigeon

Oden, Michigan.

1888

May 25 Cloudy most of the day with occasional intervals of sunshine. Wind N. E. Rather cool.

After inspecting the coves about the house this morning and finding them nearly deserted we took boat and started for a day on the lake. Crossed first to the great island. A Pine Warbler singing there; also many D. virens, Parula am., Lanius ludovicianus & Vireo olivaceus. On the further side we started a flock of Hooded (M. serrator) which came past us down wind at great speed. I selected a drake which started off at my shot and finally fell dead 100 yds. or more to leeward. He proved a rather ragged & worthless specimen not in full plumage.

Crossing to the mainland on the least show I shot a Red-wing among some willows. It is the only bird of the species that we have seen here. A Swamp Sparrow was singing in these willows.

Further east we landed at a log cabin and went back a little way into the woods. No birds of any interest saw fresh deer tracks. Just before landing I saw a mink peep out among some logs & draw back again.

Skirting the shore a mile or more further we heard many Water Thrushes, Canada Warblers, Parulas, an Olive-back & several Hermit Thrushes & many Red eyed Vireos. Reaching the mouth of Pickerel River we rowed through to Pickerel Lake. It proved very like Crooked Lake but wilder, nothing but woods ~~on~~ every side the trees along the shores chiefly arbor vitae, larches with a few spruces, further back on the higher ground beeches, maples & white pines. We had lunch here sitting in the boat. Loons, Rana pickeringii & Hylas singing on every side. A Swamp Sparrow trilling & numerous Water Thrushes

warbling. A Myiarchus calling among some ash stubs; Jays screaming in the distance. In the water minnows small minnows coming to swim the crumbs we threw to them. A gray fish or two crawling on the bottom under the boat. Several Arden herodias fanning their slow way across the lake above. A Butes pennsylvanicus screaming.

Hearing a Crow drum several times apparently near at hand I landed and went in search of him, supposing him to be not over 50 yds. off. I went nearly 200 yards through the worst arbor vitae swamp I ever saw before I finally discovered him sitting on a large pine log. He was about midway of the log and sat so still that I looked at him for several seconds before I could be sure that he was really a Crow or indeed a bird of any kind. Finally I shot him. There was a great quantity of droppings in two places on the log. I had a hard task to get back to the boat carrying both gun and bird and more than once I slipped off a ~~slippery~~ slimy log & into the ice cold water beneath.

On the way home we saw only a very few birds, a Crow, five Golden-eyes, and a Broad wing Hawk. The latter I saw pounce down into the log heap behind the bath house. As we got opposite the spot he flew up & alighted on a stub where I shot him. His legs & feet were gummed over with a black, sticky substance which I took to be pitch mixed with crock from burnt stubs.

In the shallow water near shore we saw a large dead salamander & a live fish which I took to be a wall-eyed pike. The latter was only about six inches long.

Odin, Michigan

1888.

May 26 A.M. cloudy with dense fog. Afternoon cloudless the air very clear and sparkling. Weather cool.

After breakfast took a turn about the clearing and shot a pair of Wood Thrushes in the woods near the battle house. Also a Mourning Warbler which I gave to D.

At 9.30 started by boat for the Conway shore. The fog was so thick that we could see only a few rods ahead but a brisk wind from the S.W. gave us the direction and after a tedious pull a high, heavily timbered ridge loomed up ahead and we found that we had made the very spot for which we had aimed. The shore was steep with beeches and hemlocks reaching out over the water, above and behind them a grand old forest of maples, elms, beeches & basswoods many of the trees over 100 ft in height and 3 to 5 ft. in diameter, their trunks rising without a branch for 50 to 70 ft. their tops spreading & umbrella shaped. The ground beneath was perfectly free from undergrowth & but little encumbered with logs or fallen trees. The general character of these woods was closely similar to that of the forests of western N. Carolina. They were literally alive with birds which, for the most part, were in flocks in the tops of the tallest trees from which our heaviest 12g. charges often failed to bring them down, so high indeed were they, that it was impossible to distinguish the different species with any certainty & we were forced to

ness at most of them need shoot them at random. By shooting freely and hearing their songs we found that there were numerous Pine Warblers, Parula and D. Blackburniae, D. virens, D. striata and D. caerulescens with a fair sprinkling of D. castanea, D. striata, Helm. peregrina & Myiodioctes canadensis. (the latter in the highest tops at times).

Wood Thrushes were very numerous here. We must have seen & heard at least a dozen. We also saw three Sitta carolinensis, two Certhiidae Cymbalis a pair of Certhia americana, a few Sphyrapicus & Picus villosus and a ♀ Hylotomus (which D. shot). Jungos and Chickadees were hugely on every side.

After lunch we explored a low-lying rather swampy portion of these woods. There were more hemlocks here and many gigantic elms. In one of the latter in a fork about 70 ft. up I discovered the nest of a Buteo borealis. As we approached the spot one of the birds began utering its curious gasping cry which D. compared to the neighing of a horse. It flitted from tree to tree keeping out of shot. The other bird was on the nest from which it started when D. struck the base. It alighted within thirty yards & seemed to have little fear of us. We could not climb to the nest.

In a swampy place at the very foot of a large hemlock I found the nest of a Crow. The bird flew from it as I brushed past alighting a few rods off & mewing. When I returned later she flew at 15 yds. distance and sped away until lost to sight among the trees. 10 eggs - one cracked by the bird's hurried flight probably. On the way home about sunset I shot at & missed a Buteo pennsyl. which was sitting on a stump by the shore.

Oden, Michigan

1888
May 28

Cloudy all day with W. wind. Cool; ther. 50°.

Off at 8.30 by boat, rowing directly across the lake past the island and into the cove at the mouth of the Shiawassee River. This cove we found to be nearly a mile long by perhaps 50 rods wide. Most of it was really flooded meadow bordering the river which winds through it. Rising above the water were beds of cat tails most of them crushed and water-logged. One shore of the cove was low, swampy land covered sparsely with stunted larches & arbor vitae; the other was more abruptly with a belt of alders fringing the water's edge & behind and above these a grand old forest of elms, beeches, and rock maples. The larch swamp was flooded for some distance back among the trees. Rising above the water in places were beds of Cassandra calyculata & Andromeda polyfolia, the former hung with its white bells, the latter lighted with purplish blossoms. There were several floating bogs or islands most of them grassy but one having a few larches & alders and resembling closely the floating island in Umbagog.

Upon first entering this cove we found it alive with birds. A Cat Bird singing at the entrance, Red-wings scattered about singing on the tops of the bushes or walking on beds of floating vegetation, Swamp Sparrows building on the islands, Brewer's Grackles and Tree Swallows among the larches and Barn Swallows, Tree Swallows & Chimney Swifts in a great swarm hunting insects over the water. A shot fired

at a Gradle was immediately followed by an outcry from several Carolina Rails scattered about on the different islands. I landed and tried to find them but in vain.

We spent most of the forenoon shooting Blackbirds and Swallows & during this time made two interesting observations. The first was the identification of a strange cry which we heard at frequent intervals in several directions. It was very like a Yellow-billed Cuckoo's but hoarser a loud coo-coo-coo-coo, cooa, cooa, coo-a. the final syllables guttural & long drawn. This cry we traced to a pair of Thick-billed Grebes which were doubtless preparing to breed in the floating beds of dead cat tails. The other observation was as follows: We saw a ♂ Lanius ludovicianus fly to its nest in a small Larch & spreading its wings strike downward with its bill. In the nest we could see another bird which we took to be the ♀ Gradle. On approaching nearer, however, we startled it out when we saw that it was a Crow. I climbed to the nest & found in it a single Gradle's egg broken in two with most of its contents gone. We also saw here an Eagle & an Osprey. The nest of either one or the other occupied the top of a dead tree near the shore.

After lunch landed on the high shore & took a long tramp through the woods. Many small birds singing nearly the same kinds as on the 26th. Wood Thrushes very numerous. One which I wing tipped was pursued & caught by a Chipmunk who cut a large hole in the back of its neck & practically killed it. I had to throw a stick at him to make him let go. On the way out of the cove it rained. I shot 4 G. Teal in alders over the water.

Odessa, Michigan

1888

May 29 Clear and cool with strong W. wind.

After breakfast I took a short walk with my gun and shot three small birds a My. canadensis & D. coronata by the bath house and a Ô. ♀ plicatd. in the upland clearing opposite the station.

Shortly after I had returned Wright came rushing in after his gun he having seen a pair of Pigeons in the swamp near the bath house. We started after them at once and found them just where he had left them (although a train had passed within 50 yds. of them in the interim) sitting in the topmost branches of a tall maple. Each selecting a bird we fired together. Both Pigeons went off in different directions, each severely wounded, Wright's bird crossed the railroad & was lost to sight in the swamp beyond but following its course we quickly found it, a beautiful ♂ stone dead and without a blood spot or missing feather. My Pigeon went only about 100 yards and then fell apparently ~~stone~~ dead on the edge of the wind fall but although we spent the entire forenoon searching the ground inch by inch we failed to find it. While thus engaged we saw a pair of Brown Thrashers the first observed here. Later in the day the ♂ was in full song in the thickets opposite the station.

At sunset Night-hawks came about the house swooping through the dooryard close to the ground just as they do in Maine.

Oden, Michigan.

1888

May 30 Clear and rather cool. Wind W.

Spent the forenoon in a fruitless quest for Pigeons. Entering the old woods beyond the hillside clearing we penetrated through them coming out on the state road.

Dwight found the nest of a Hermit Thrush with four fresh eggs one distinctly spotted with brown. I shot one of the birds.

In some hardwood timber near the State Road I found a nest of Hydemeles indoviciana in a remarkable position viz in the extreme top of a leafless beech fully 40 ft. above the ground. I took it, at first, for a Pigeon's nest but as I was looking at it the ♂ Grosbeak entered it with a twig in his bill which he proceeded to put in place.

Heard a Turdus fuscescens singing in hard wood growth near a wood path but failed to get a shot or even a fair sight at him.

In the afternoon as we were packing a Coniopus borealis appeared in the clearing within a few rods of the house. I heard him calling and at once went in pursuit finally killing him on the telegraph wire over the railroad and with my second barrel shooting a ♂ Scotthypis philadelphia that started up from the ground and alighted in a fallen tree top.

Note We left Oden early in the morning of May 31st and went directly through to New York without stopping. Thus my journal of one trip in Michigan ends with the above date.

# Birds noted in Michigan May 1888 by W. B. & J. D. Jr.

C = Cadillac May 8 14
O = Oden " 16 - 30

1. Turdus fuscescens. O.
2. [illegible] mi[illegible] C. & O.
3. [illegible] C. & O.
4. " [illegible] C. & O.
5. " [illegible]soni C. & O.
6. Mimus carolinensis C. & O.
7. Harporhynchus rufus C. & O.
8. [illegible] C. & O.
9. [illegible] C. & O.
10. [illegible] americana C. & O.
11. Certhia americana C. & O.
12. Sitta canadensis C. & O.
13. " carolinensis C. & O.
14. Parus atricapillus C. & O.
15. Troglodytes aëdon C. & O.
16. [illegible] hiemalis C. & O.
17. Mniotilta varia C. & O.
18. Helminthophila ruficapilla C. & O.
19. " peregrina O.
20. " celata O.
21. Parula americana C. & O.
22. Dendroica coronata C. & O.
23. virens C. & O.
24. [illegible] C. & O.
25. [illegible] C. & O.
26. [illegible] O.
27. [illegible] O.
28. [illegible] O.
29. [illegible] C. & O.
30. [illegible] C. & O.
31. tigrina C. & O.
32. pinus C. & O.
33. Dendroica palmarum C. & O.
34. Seiurus aurocapillus C. & O.
35. " noveboracensis O.
36. Geothlypis philadelphia O.
37. " trichas occidentalis C.
38. Sylvania canadensis O.
39. " pusilla O.
40. Hirundo horreorum C. & O.
41. Tachycineta bicolor C. & O.
42. Cotile riparia O.
43. Progne subis C.
44. Piranga erythromelas C. & O.
45. Vireo olivaceus C. & O.
46. " solitarius C. & O.
47. " philadelphia O
48. Ampelis cedrorum O.
49. Carpodacus purpureus C. & O.
50. Loxia americana C. & O.
51. Chrysomitris tristis C. & O.
52. " pinus C. & O.
53. Passerculus savanna O.
54. Poöcætes gramineus C. & O.
55. Melospiza melodia C. & O.
56. " palustris O.
57. " lincolni O
58. Zonotrichia albicollis C. & O.
59. " leucophrys
60. Spizella monticola O.
61. " socialis C. & O.
62. Pipilo erythrophthalmus C.
63. Cyanospiza cyanea C. & O.

64. Hesperiphona vespertina C & O.
65 Molothrus pecoris C. May 4th
66 Agelaius phoeniceus C. & O.
67 Sturnella magna C. Nov 18-15th
68 Icterus spurius C. & O.
69 Icterus americanus C. & O.
70 Corvus corax principalis O.
71 Corvus ossifragus O.
72 Quiscalus quiscula O.
73 Cyanocitta cristata O.
74 Perisoreus canadensis O.
75 Corvus corax sinuatus C.
76 Empidonax traillii C.
77 " minimus O.
78 " flaviventris O.
79 Otocoris alpestris praticola C.
80 Trochilus colubris O.
81 Chaetura pelasgica C. & O.
82 Otocoris virginianus O.
83 Ceryle alcyon C. & O.
84 Xylotomus pileatus O.
85 Sphyrapicus varius C. & O.
86 Picoides arcticus C. & O.
87 Picus villosus C. & O.
88 " pubescens O.
89 Sphyrapicus varius C. & O.
90 Melanerpes erythrocephalus C. & O.
91 Syrnium nebulosum O.
92 Bandion carolinensis O.
93 Buteo borealis O
94 " pennsylvanicus O
95 Haliaetus leucocephalus O.
96. Falco sparverius O.
97 Accipiter cooperi O.
98. " fuscus O
99. Tonasa umbella C. & O.
100 Ectopistes migratoria C. & O.
101 Zenaidura carolinensis O.
102 Gallinago wilsonii N. of Grand Rapids, common
103 Ereunetes pusillus O.
104 Rhyacophilus solitarius O.
105 Porzana carolina O.
106 Ardea herodias C. & O.
107 Tringoides macularius O.
108. Mergus americanus O.
109 " serrator C. & O.
110 Bojphrodytes cucullatus
111 Bucephala americana O.
112. Larus argentatus smithsonianus O.
113. " philadelphia O.
114 Colymbus torquatus O.
115 Nycticorax nycticorax hoactli O.
116 Podilymbus podiceps O.

1888 Nesting May 7 - 15 Cadillac, Michigan
" 15 - 3 Eden "

Certhia am. May 10 - bird lining nest. - 30 - bird building. - May 30, nest found 21st held 2 eggs.
Turdus pallasi " 30. nest 4 fresh eggs, one conspicuously & densely spotted with reddish brown
Sitta canadn. May 12 - ♀ shot incubat. all eggs laid.
Parus atricap May 10 birds excavating - May 26 - bird lining nest
Mimula nig May 12 - building nest 125 ft. top of red pine - " " " 25th eggs hatched

Junco hyemalis May 10 - two nests nearly finished one in hole in ground. May 30, nest 5, one egg.

Ectopistes mig May 10 - ♀ shot sold laid in 10 days.

Picoides arc May 10 - ♀ shot all eggs laid - May 24 nest 5 eggs.

Pinus virens May 14 ♀ shot, ~~had~~ laying. 19 ♀ shot incubating

Cyanocitta cris May 12 - ♀ shot all eggs laid & inc.

" " " 25th same nest eggs hatched.

Dendroica aest. May 17 - nest 5 eggs. - May 25 same nest 12 eggs. - May 26 nest 16 eggs.

Vireo solitarius May 20 - 2 building

Parula amer May 30. Nest ~~nearly~~ finished.

Hylocichla fusc. May 30. Nest nearly finished; in top of beech 40 ft. above ground in open woods.
Sialia sialis May 25, nest 1 egg.

Sphyrapicus May 26 pair copulating.

Buteo bor. May 26 - nest ♀ sitting - nest examined.

Concord, Massachusetts.

1888
June 8 Clear and hot; wind strong from S. W.

To Concord by noon train with Dexter, our object being to find some Bobolinks' nests. Getting my boat at the Manse we started down river at 1 P. M. Just below the bathing place found a Kingbird's nest which held one egg on which the bird was sitting. A little further on D. discovered a Yellow Warbler's nest at least 25 ft. up in a maple. It was finished but empty.

Opposite "the tent" a Warbling Vireo was singing in the cluster of maples & poplars where there has been one for the past two seasons (although in 1886 I shot either one or both birds), and we landed to search for its nest which D. finally found by climbing to the top of a maple into which I saw the ♀ fly several times. It could not be seen from the ground. It held only one egg which we left.

Upon first landing and before finding this nest we saw a ♀ Bobolink alight on a tall weed and after looking about a moment pitch down into the dense grass of a mowing field. D. ran to the spot & flushed her under his feet and I, following him more slowly, found the nest which contained a full set of six eggs.

We next landed at the rock where I shot the Prothonotary in 1886 and searched the neighboring thickets for nests finding only a Cat-bird with 4 fresh eggs. a Wood Pewee and Yellow-billed Cuckoo singing besides numerous Yellow Warblers. D. killed a black snake which we cut open finding in his stomach a young Song Sparrow, feathered & but barely large enough to fly.

Our next landing was opposite "Hunts pond". We first beat the meadows down river seeing several Bobolinks but finding no nests. Returning D. flushed

a ♀ from her nest which was within 30 yds. of the boat & less than ten yards of the spot where I found a nest with young last year. Doubtless it was the same bird. This nest was in a very open situation & was in no way concealed. It held five eggs.

After this we beat the high bank ridge up to the oak island without finding a nest but on the return I stumbled on two on the inner side of the ridge, one a little way out in the meadow (but still on dry ground) among short fine grass, the other on the edge of the ridge among royal ferns. The ♀ of the latter was within two feet of me.

All the time we were on this meadow a Bittern was pumping at frequent intervals. We saw few swallows or swifts. There were several pairs of Orioles & we found two nests in the river maples. Yellow Warblers more numerous than last year. A single Spotted Sandpiper. Several Flickers.

At the Manse Vireo flavifrons (no V. gilvus heard there) Empidonax minimus, Tyrannus carolinensis, Sialia sialis, Mimus migratorius and Melospiza melodia. The Phebes and Cat-birds apparently missing. Upon looking at the apple tree where the Red-start's nest was last season I was surprised to see a new nest in the same fork of the same branch. I was still more surprised on starting the bird off to find that it was not a Redstart but, on the contrary, a Least Flycatcher. The nest looked rather weather worn & was perhaps the old Redstart's nest made over.

Red wings rather scarce than last year along the river. Houstonia and white violets in perfect masses in places on the meadows

Belmont, Massachusetts.

1888

June 9 Clear and hot; wind S. W. To Prospect St.

At 11.30 A. M. started by buggy for Prospect St. with Dunton our chief object being to search for nests of the Prairie Warbler. At the foot of Vassal Lane heard a Red-eye a Least Flycatcher & a Yellow Warbler singing in the oak woods, a Maryland Yellow-throat & several Swamp Sparrow in the swamps. From Fresh Pond to Belmont heard several Vireo gilvus, two V. flavifrons, several Wood Peewees & a Redstart. Barn Swallows entering the barn at the cross roads just beyond Black's. The neighboring sand bank a pepper box of Sand Swallows' holes but none of the birds about. No Bobolinks or Meadow Larks on the Belmont meadows.

Reaching the crest of the hill we tied the horse at the big apple tree in Prospect St. A Ministitta & a Nashville Warbler & a Cuckoo singing. Soon heard two Prairie Warblers & began to search for their nests. I soon found one in a barberry just over the wall on the south side of the road. It was a beauty but empty. D. found what was apparently the beginning of one on the north side and within ten yards a last year's nest, both in barberries. I shot a young Brown Thrasher here.

We lunched at the cold spring and then entered the cedar woods. Several D. virens & an Indigo Bird singing. Also a Pine Warbler whom mate, by great good luck, I almost immediately saw fly to the nest on which she was busily at work (at about 2 P. M.) Nice. It was in the very top of a tall, slender pitch pine very near the spot where I found a nest with young some ten or twelve years ago. Perhaps it was by the same birds. The ♀ of this nest was apparently as bright yellow beneath as the average ♂. I [illegible]

her nest into a field where she descended to the ground in search of building material. While watching her heard a House Wren singing in a neighboring orchard.

Returning to the buggy drove on nearly through the street and tied again near the lone pine. Two Prairie Warblers singing here, one in the spring glen to the south. Searched for their nests in vain for nearly two hours and finally after losing all hope dead where on our way back to the buggy I found one in a low barberry clump just north of the lane opposite the pine. The ♀ was sitting on a fine set of five nearly fresh eggs.

Within 20 ft. of the buggy I found a nest of Dend. pennsylvanica with two eggs. It was in a poplar sapling but in a clump of hazel.

Drove home by way of the mill-pond road and Waverley. On the hillside below the engine house heard a Meadow Lark whistling. One was seen there last year. Warbling Vireos and Orioles heard rather frequently as far down as [illegible]. Denton heard a Bobolink near Brown's at the Willows [illegible].

Winchendon, Massachusetts

1888

June 11 Clear & cool with strong N. W. wind

With H. M. Spelman took the 3.05 P.M. train for Winchendon. At Concord we were joined by J. W. Brandon who had gone up by an earlier train to get some nests which I found there on the 8th.

Reaching Winchendon and taking tea at the hotel we hired a double-seated wagon and started for Bailey's. Martins & Night-hawks were hawking about over the town as we left it. Reaching the woods we found them silent & apparently deserted. In fact during the entire distance we heard nothing but a Robin & Song Sparrow or two. The trouble probably was that the evening was too cold for most of the smaller birds.

1 mile or so behind Bailey's we met him on the road & taking him in proceeded to his house. He has done little collecting this year but showed us a Myiarchus in the flesh, shot this morning.

After arranging to go out to his place to-morrow we returned to town. A Whippoorwill singing near the roadside. No Hermit Thrushes. Mosquitos numerous. Azalea nudiflora coming into bloom & very conspicuous & beautiful

one of them, [illegible]
[illegible] not see.
[illegible] Canada Workers [illegible]

June 14 Rained hard most of the day. Late in the afternoon I took a walk down the lane that passes the house. A pair of Knights in the Sparrow swamp by the brook. A Swamp Sparrow singing in the meadow. Mosquitos very numerous and furious.

Winchendon, Massachusetts.

1888

June 15 Morning clear and warm. Afternoon cloudy with heavy thunder shower about 5 o'clock and a superb sunset later.

Off at 9 a.m. following the lane through the swamp and spending most of the forenoon in the wood path beyond. The day was still and birds sang very freely. The woods were everywhere alive with them D. virens, D. blackburniæ, and Turdus pallasi being especially numerous. Of D. blackburniæ we must have heard at least 20 males in one piece of spruce woods, - that along the wood-path. At the entrance to this path a D. maculosa was singing and Denton quickly found its nest in a spruce sapling near the path. The ♀ was sitting on four eggs.

Among the tall spruces we searched long for a nest of D. blackburniæ but in vain. Bailey, however, found the nest of what must be D. virens in a hemlock, not over 12 ft up and built directly against the trunk resting on small lateral twigs. It was evidently just begun - the merest framework of slender twigs & fibres outlining its intended shape. He saw the bird go to it twice but could not make her out satisfactorily.

I noticed today that Warblers of several species, especially D. virens, D. blackburniæ & Parula had their favorite singing stations; that is each ♂ had. A Parula was singing in a certain hemlock all the forenoon.

Bailey & Denton went out again in the afternoon but I felt too ill to accompany them. They got in just before the shower, having found nothing. In the evening I shot a Night-hawk that was passing by the house.

Winchendon, Massachusetts.

1888

June 16 Clear and cooler with high N. W. wind.

Started rather early and made a long day in the woods not getting in until sunset. Went through the lane, then south along the road with which it connects, then into a spruce swamp and home across country through one almost unbroken & for the most part very dense woods.

In the spruce swamp heard Blackburnians & a Knight but after spending a least two hours searching we had to leave the place without having found a nest of any kind. In some tall paper birches saw a pair of Hairy Woodpeckers which, as we approached, set up a great clamor. After searching for their nest I finally saw one of them feed a young bird which was perched on one of the upper branches of the tree. I heard other young calling but could not find them. The mosquitos were very troublesome in this place & we had to build smudges whenever we halted for any length of time.

Penetrating through a grove of young white pines & crossing a pasture we entered a dense spruce woods where the trees stood so thickly as to shut out nearly every ray of sunlight. The ground beneath was smooth & carpeted with brown needles. Here we hunted and looked carefully for nests. Hearing a Knight sing we went in pursuit & found a pair the ♀ of which was collecting material for her nest. In a very few minutes we traced her to it. It was some 40 ft. up in a large, dense spruce near the extremity of a branch under which it hung not unlike a Vireo's nest. Bailey climbed to it & found it nearly finished. Both birds darted into & out of it as soon as he descended. In this same woods

Nest of Regulus satrapa

we found the nest of a flying squirrel. The ♀ came running out when Bailey shook the branches and darting down the trunk at the foot of a spruce running quickly up, keeping on the further side but peeping around the trunk at us every time she stopped. Her nest was a round ball of strips of fine, inner bark, about as large as one's head. It was built on a horizontal branch of a spruce 20 ft. up & 8 ft. out. It was empty so I shot the owner for a specimen. Flying Squirrel

After another straight-away tramp over a stiff ridge and across a swamp through which flowed a large brook we came to the base of a steep and very picturesque hill heavily timbered with old growth hemlocks & spruces. Along its base were several huge moss grown boulders & some fine ledges covered with rock ferns. The trees were fairly alive with birds among which I quickly distinguished by their songs Vireo solitarius, Dendroica coronata, D. virens, D. blackburniæ, Parula amer., Regulus satrapa, Hel. ruficapilla, Junco hyemalis, and Carpodacus purpureus. Hermit Thrushes and Robins were also numerous here. In the swamp below a Tanager and Canada Warbler were singing.

In Kinglets were a pair the ♂ singing in an undertone, the ♀ gathering material for her nest. We watched them for nearly an hour but could not discover the nest although the ♀ must have gone to it several times. She was very quick in her movements and it was difficult to keep sight of her without following her too closely. I saw her go twice into a spruce & thought she had the nest there but W. climbed the tree & examined every branch without discovering anything. If the nest really is in this spruce the ♀ went only to this nest tree (a hemlock) for her material.

Winchendon, Massachusetts.

1888

June 17 Clear and hot with light S.W. wind. A perfect June day.

Rising early we got off about 7 a.m. while the grass was still drenched with dew, the thickets cool with the damp night air, the birds in full song. It was a wonderfully beautiful morning, the sky without a cloud, the air clear and with almost no haze on the distant mountains.

Crossing the "mowing" we made directly for the hemlock-clad hillside where we visited yesterday. On its steep slopes we quickly found all the birds left there last evening (except the finches) and in addition a D. [illegible] singing in white pines thickly sprinkled with young spruces. We searched for the nest but could not find it and then went directly to the spot where we left the Kinglets last evening. They were both in the same hemlock but the ♀ was not building. We had not watched them over two minutes however when the ♂ flew into the spruce that D. climbed yesterday and hopping nimbly out along a branch went directly to the nest which was suspended under a dense cluster of terminal twigs. It was lined and covered beautifully with feathers.

Our next find was the nest of a D. virens containing four young. It was placed low down (about 15 ft.) directly against the trunk of a hemlock (of about 60 inches diameter at this point) supported on a few dead twigs & in no way concealed save by its general resemblance in color to the bark & twigs. The young were only just hatched. The ♀ was feeding them & betrayed the nest by flying to it as we were watching her. In a similar manner & not 30 yds. away we found the nest of a Solitary Vireo with four newly hatched young. It was [illegible] the extremity of a long, slender, hemlock branch at least [illegible] ft. [illegible]

Nest of D. virens

Nest of Vireo

(June 17) the ground. The ♂ was in full song about 50 yds. away. Another ♂ was singing about 100 yds. off both yesterday & this morning. D. found a newly finished by empty bird's nest which may belong to this bird. It was about 7 ft. up at the extremity of a hemlock branch. In this connection I should also say that we visited, early this morning the nest of V. solitarius found June 12. It held two eggs. ♀ not seen to-day; ♂ singing about 30 yds. away.

At about 11 a.m. we decided to leave these woods & go to those visited on the 15th. Striking across the swamp we climbed a hillside beyond and traversed for a quarter-of-a-mile or more a comparatively level, dry plateau covered with dense woods of young white pines interspersed with occasional spruces. Throughout these woods D. virens was everywhere so abundant that two or three ♂♂ were constantly in hearing. We noted also one D. coronata & one D. blackburniae. The former I followed for a long distance. It roved straight on through the trees singing once or twice in each & taking flights of 50 to 100 yds. At length I got a fair shot but missed.

Reaching our destination we first visited the nest found by Bailey on the 16th. It was apparently finished - a remarkably rapid piece of work. There were no birds near it but I am very sure it is the nest of D. virens. The kinglets were soon discovered by the song of the ♂. The ♀ was with him & was building but I failed to discover the nest although I think I located the tree.

In a cluster of hemlocks on the south side of the path a D. caerulescens was in full song. I shot him & then looked for the nest but failed to find it. There was absolutely no yew near the spot only small hemlock shrubs & thickets of raspberry. We reached the house about 4 P.M. & moved our things to Winchendon in the evening hearing 3 Bluebirds on the way

Winchendon, Massachusetts,

1888

June 18 clear and very hot.

At 9 A.M. took a horse & buggy & drove to Wellington's Reservoir distant five miles from town to the N. As we passed through the main street of Winchendon heard an Oriole (I. baltimore), a Warbling Vireo, several Least Flycatchers, and numerous Robins. Out side the town the road led through a comparatively level country with pastures alternating with woodland, the latter largely of deciduous trees with occasional groves of pines & now & then a dense body of black spruces & hemlocks. At length we reached the Reservoir a long narrow winding sheet of water evidently formed by damming a river. Near the outlet it was shallow & sprinkled with floating islands & bristling stumps & stubs, further up broader & clear water, perhaps here originally, as now, a pond. A farmer told us that Loons bred there every season. He thought there were at least four pairs this year. He hears them "squalling" every night. They fly back & forth from & to neighboring ponds. He also sees flocks of Ducks through the summer. Thinks most of them are "Dipper-ducks". [illegible] small & dark colored. He saw a few Swallows over the pond & I took them to be Tree Swallows but they were too far off to be surely determined.

During our drive out & back I heard only one D. Blackburnian & one Solitary Vireo. D. searched for the nest of the latter & quickly found it, 6 ft. up in a hemlock, not quite finished. Indigo Birds were apparently numerous We saw three ♂♂ & one ♀. Heard a Cat-bird & numerous D. pennsylvanica. A fine cock Grouse sitting on a log by the roadside allowed us to drive past without flying. When we stopped he shook his ruff a few times &

(June 18) Then flew going off rather slowly & silently keeping his tail wide spread.

Reaching town at 11 a.m. we took the 11.25 train for Cambridge.

Lake Umbagog, Maine

Sept 1 [illegible] "Bost" [illegible] 6 o'clock. Bethel to Lakeside. Roadside flowers.

In the town green Bethel saw no birds of any special interest. The roadsides were bands of blue, purple, white and yellow from the goldenrods and asters ~~[illegible]~~ which were in unusual profusion. I saw also Eupatorium, a few thistles, and a white flower (in the Notch) new to me. It grew in clusters at the head of tall stalks and was very showy & beautiful. In the Notch saw a single maple wholly crimson but for the most of the way the woods were wholly green.

Last night was still, dark & misty. Thrushes are flying in extraordinary numbers all the morning. I heard them for next two hours as I lay in bed and their calls at times were almost incessant. [illegible] Heavy mig of Thrushes. (T. fuscescens)

Them were T. swainsoni. (I now feel sure they were Veeries) 1907

At daybreak this morning I heard Golden Plover whistling. They were evidently flying about and they must have passed near the house several times. Golden Plover.

[illegible] the day [illegible] the morn [illegible] many other birds, saw the Eagle & an Osprey fishing off the landing, a pair of very large Ducks with apparently creamy white crowns & backs flying about the river's mouth & finally alighting well out from shore & swimming about for some time. They looked very like Eiders. Two Strange Ducks

Of small birds noted Crossbills (Red), Pine Grosbeaks & many common species. A Vireo olivaceus Small bird

(Sept 1) [illegible] at intervals near the house. On the Lake large pickerel were jumping incessantly. We

Pickerel could hear them plash in the water half a mile or more a[illegible]. I noticed many [illegible]

Pickerel floating dead or dying on the surface.

Sept [illegible] [illegible] to the [illegible] they

Cambridge River marsh [illegible] [illegible] 1 to 1½ inches in Ryerson's pond. [illegible] whistling [illegible] flapping slowly athwart the sunset sky. [illegible] very high & most of the meadows flooded. At the Lake House learned that Mr. Betton killed seven Woodcock in the Morse [illegible] yesterday.

Sept 3 Clear and warm. Wind S. W.

Not feeling well I spent most of the day in the house. Went in the afternoon beat the Woodcock covers within walking distance to the eastward. No birds or conclusive signs. A few [illegible] [illegible] through the [illegible] but no [illegible] to be seen. The brooks are still perfectly [illegible] rank this year, in places as tall as one's head.

Lake Umbagog, Maine

Sept. 4 Clear and warm with light S. wind. To Upton Hill

[illegible] to Upton [illegible] the sun could be [illegible] through it and before I reached the post office it came out clear and warm. In the deep hollow I passed a mixed flock of Warblers & Titmice among them were some Kinglets (R. satrapa) [illegible] which sang several times. Along the fences [illegible] a few Sparrows. The asters are superb this season. The road was lined with dense beds [illegible] them and about them throwing white and purple shades [illegible] a small species [illegible] of rows.

Reaching Frost's I tied the horse there & descended to the run behind Morse's. As I neared the alders I heard the pip of a Traill's Flycatcher. After following him about for some time I discovered a brood of young barely able to fly and shot one of them as well as the parent. I also shot an E. minimus. There was a large mixed flock of Warblers in these alders & with them a brood of Indigo Birds. Alder Flycatcher; Least Flycatcher

In the alders on the hillside above Don found & pointed two Woodcock. The first rose strong & whistled, the second fluttered out feebly like a young grouse. I fired at both but missed having only poor chances both times. Woodcock Shooting

Recrossing the road I went beat the pasture with Frost flushing three Woodcock of which I killed two. Don worked finely & got steady points on all three birds. Two were

among alders in the wet run, the third among brakes & spruces on a dry knoll.

Hawks

On the drive home saw three Hawks, a Cooper's, a Sharp shin & a Broad-wing. The latter, a young bird in golden brown plumage, sat on a stake by the roadside & when I was within 20 yds. or so flapped up into a spruce [illegible] not to fly without flying again.

Sail on Lake

In the afternoon had a pleasant paddle nearly to the Bath House one way and to the head of Sargent's cove the other. [illegible] probably a Dabchick in Sargent's cove a young Whistler with unfledged wings. The latter was very tame at first allowing me to sail within 30 yds. I shot at & probably missed him for he dove & doubled on me. After reappearing he uttered a curious feeble, strident call as he swam away from me. I chased him for some time but he had learned wisdom and eluded me by the most adroit diving.

Whistler

The air this afternoon was singularly soft and fragrant with a quality that reminded me of the southern woods. The woods are nearly as green & luxuriant as in midsummer.

1888

Sept 5 Clear & cool with a high N. W. wind.

Spent the morning beating the covers about the Sargent clearing. At his very first cast Don ran in on a Woodcock which went off unseen by me but whistling shrilly. I searched long & vainly for him. North of the road we found only one more bird which Don pointed twice & which I got at the second rise by a very hard snap shot. I think I hit him the first rise but not at all hard. Woodcock shooting on Sargent opening.

On the edge of the hillside spruces south of the road Don found & pointed another Cock which I walked up going in ahead of the dog. This bird was moulting badly & did not whistle but he went off like a bullet, zigzagging until my charge stopped him just as he was disappearing. In these spruces Don also roaded an old cock Grouse which finally rose wild & got off unshot at.

I saw few birds this morning, a thrush or two flying up ahead of the dog, several Robins in a pasture, a Red-tailed Hawk sitting on a stump & a few Warblers, Kinglets etc.

In the afternoon had a long sail on the lake. Saw no birds of any interest.

Lake Umbagog, Maine

1883

Sept 6 Clear & cool with high N. wind. Water from last night.

Just the entire day in shooting Woodcock with Mr. Dougjoy. In the morning drove to the Pond Pitch farm and after spending half hour there came away without a single bird. We started out one Woodcock in Perkins swamp. We each shot once at him. On the way back we tried the Sargent farm cover and B. shot the Woodcock I left there yesterday. Don made a very fine point on this bird.

Woodcock, shooting with Mr. Dougjoy

In the afternoon we beat the alders behind Morse's on Upton hill. Found only one Woodcock which Don pointed three times. B. shot twice at this bird but missed both times.

In alders I saw two Black billed Cuckoos one on the White farm, the other on Upton hill. One was silent, the other attracted my attention by a low guttural coo-oo-oo which he uttered many times in succession.

Black billed Cuckoos

Of other small birds I saw a few Fly Cts and two Flickers.

Lake Umbagog, Maine

1888 Clear & warm. Wind S. a perfect day.

Sept 7 Took the steamer at 7.30 A.M. and left her off Standevant Cove where I embarked in my Canoe. The early morning was very foggy but before we reached the Outlet the mists were dissolved by the sun and the rest of the day was cloudless with an unusually clear, sparkling atmosphere. There was no wind until near noon and when I started to paddle indown to Crocker's camp I found the sun very hot and the light from the calm polished surface of the lake most dazzling. On the way in I saw three Phalaropus which I took to be P. hyperboreus skimming about, occasionally alighting.

Trip to head of lake

Phalaropus

I spent about two hours at the camp there with Crocker & the rest of his party, paddled over to the opposite sand beach to inspect some tracks which proved to be unlike any I have ever seen before. They most resembled Caribou's but the hoofs were unusually narrow & sharp for that animal. I should have taken them for the tracks of a cow moose were it not for the fact that the dew claws showed their impressions at every step even where the sand was hard. The hoofs also spread too widely for a Moose's. Of course they must have been made by one or the other of these animals as they certainly were not deer tracks. In one place the animal had taken several successive leaps of fifteen feet each. Everywhere the

Caribou?

these tracks had miniature duplicates evidently made by a very young animal of the same kind. Probably a female Caribou and her calf had passed along the beach the previous night.

Leaving Crocker I crossed to a rocky point and hunted there. After this I put up my jack and beat down the beach tacking each time nearly from shore to shore. The entire afternoon was passed pleasantly in this way for the breeze was strong & steady and it was such a perfect day that I never for a moment tired of the superb sweep of mountains, forest clad shores, and blue waters that surrounded me.

Pintail Ducks

I saw very few Ducks & no small birds. Off Moll's Rock well out in the bay I suddenly discovered four Ducks swimming about two hundred yards ahead. I had barely time to get my gun ready (for I was sailing very fast) when I was within long range. Up to this time they did not seem to notice me but just as I felt sure of getting a good shot they stretched up their necks & plows, rising very like Black Ducks. I fired on board & dropped one at fully 60 yds. It proved to be a ♂ Pintail & the other three were certainly the same. This was the only shot I fired all day.

Young Goosander

In Black Island Cove I sailed down on a swarm of young Shelldrake not larger than Pigeons. I took them at first for Teal. They swam in a close cluster & finally "raced" off along the surface. Saw several Ospreys, Eagles, & Great Blue Herons. The steamer picked me up at sunset off Hayward's

1888

Sept 9. Out sailing on the lake in the late P.M. very calm. Blue Jays flycatching over a grove of aspens. A Whistler calling cr r-ruck very like a wood frog.

1888

Sept 11. Clear and hot, wind W. strong in P.M. Started at 8 A.M. for the Sluice. Spent nearly an hour at landing on Cambridge waiting for tide. Heards alive with birds a Picoides, a Sphyrapicus varius Sitta canadensis. Warblers Turdus swainsoni Red Squirrels. Barking snickering and chasing one another. Finally started. Paddled carefully to forks saw no large birds saw a pair of C. borealis. One or two kingfishers. Scattered Warblers and Vireos many Kinglets, Two Parus hudsonicus. Lunched at forks. Tried vainly for a Woodcock which Sumner started there yesterday. Then on through the meadows. Nothing but a few Sparrows rustling in grass. Then through green weeds to Sluice. Nothing but Robins and Thrushes T. swainsoni feeding on berries of V. opulus, and one large mixed flock of Warblers among them 2 H. peregrina 2 H. ruficapilla and 1 My. canadensis. Fished below dam at sunset Took 5 trout, one 3/4 lb. and lost a 1½ lb. fish. At twilight a Woodcock passed the tent uttering its twittering whistle. As soon as it became dark a heavy flight of Thrushes and Warblers started and continued all night. I heard many T. aliciae among the former flight still, clear warm.

Trip up Cambridge River to Sluice

Woodcock at Forks

Warblers

Woodcock at Sluice

Heavy migration

1888

Sept. 11 Clear, hot, very hot. Rise at daylight and take a plunge in the river. Breakfast 7 and caught nothing. Then started for C. Pond. Walk down and one of a pair of young A. herodias that came flying over. Then heads up, came on 7 Shelduke nearly full grown but pinioned. Shot both barrels and missed. Waiter on came up with them again. Shot one at 40 yds. The others scuttled around the bend and disappeared. A mile above I took to the road on S. dragging the boat. "Don" came to point in long grass. 5 Spruce Grouse rose all together with a grand rush and roar of wings. I killed with 1st missed with 2nd barrel. Another bird rose and I dropped it. One bird wing broken. Got on it and stuck it. In grass heads (spruce and fir) I shot three more one on log over point, two in trees. One of latter allowed a resting shot to. All young well grown. One mangled by wad. Back to camp by noon. On way "Don" started five of the young Shelduke from grass and I shot two. He also started a woodcock which I dropped. On rush back of tree and one I dropped on sand bar. The Sandpipers left yesterday or today. Heard Killdeer sand at daybreak, also a Whippoorwill. Jim Bernier went to Yoho for sand bar and bird and I saw an Crossbill breaking off his beak. Crossbill (Red) Pine Siskins and Picoides arcticus. Whippoorwill sang at evening.

Young Sparrow Hawk

Young Spruce Grouse

Spruce Grouse in long grass in open [illegible] meadows

Young Spruce Grouse

Tracks of Fox & Deer

Whippoorwill

Spruce Grouse

Pine Siskins

Whippoorwill

Sept. 12. Rained heavily all A.M. cleared late in P.M. Spent the morning in the tent. A wasp from horned with white bands around abdomen, (the paper nest maker I think) came into the tent about once every 5 minutes caught a house fly, bit off his wings and legs rolled his body around many times until he had compressed it into a small round bundle then flew off holding it under his throat. The flies were very vexed and yet the hornet missed many before actually capturing one. Visited N. p. 1 in the early afternoon catching his small trout. Late in P.M. had for Woodcock in the alders just south of the Sluice, killed one, in the brakes just north of camp another. Fired at the first bird twice and put it up three times killed the second at first rise, first barrel. Dan made fine points on both. Saw a Cat Bird in the alders. On the opposite side a Sparrow Hawk chasing two kingbirds in play and uttering his chattering cry. The forests are turning from the birches yellow but asters still blue in masses along the river bank.

In the Sluice.

Dan's distinct point

Missing

Woodcock in the alders

Cat bird at the Sluice

Sparrow Hawk

Autumn coloring

1888.

Sept. 13 Cloudy morning clear afternoon clouds and light showers. To Pond starting at 7 A.M. first at the Sluice. I landed Mr. Stoddard from a punt in the bushes and shot it and this was the only shot fired before reaching the pond. The water was high and suggests rapid and easy canoeing last year. Saw nothing but common small birds. On reaching the pond discovered two Wood Ducks near the outlet feeding among the lily pads. They finally came towards and flew dropping into a clump of lily pads. I tried to shoot there but failed and they flew back towards the Sluice. We then landed and lunched in a wood path. A flock of four or five Tanus hudsonicus with a Bethrid about us. After lunch paddled on and the pond. Saw a Kingfisher and a mixed flock of Warblers. Returning to outlet spied three Wood Ducks, all old drakes. Paddled up to them under cover of tall bulrushes. I shot one on water and missed another as it rose. The third did not fly at all but swam up to the dead bird and itself fell a victim to its folly. The two young Ducks rose at the shot from some distance and flew down river. We started back once or twice returning. About a mile above Sluice flushed a Black Duck which I fired at and shot at just as it was going over. A large cloud of feathers came from the Duck as it flew barely able to fly kept on up the river until lost to sight.

Wood Ducks

Hudsonian Titmice.

Three Wood Ducks Together.

Sept. 14. Cloudy an day dawning at sunset; wind N.N.W. very strong. Early in the morning the gentle saw six Black Ducks pass the camp flying up river and hovering so decidedly above the Sluice that we felt sure of finding them within a mile. After breakfast Simon paddled me up at least two miles and we saw nothing. Landed on S. bank and hunted some spruce knolls for Grouse, "Don" pointed a single bird which flew from a tree over my head. I fired a snap shot and missed. Following it "Don" again made a steady point among the young trees I saw a Grouse in one of them and shot its head off. About a dozen others rose at the report. Three weighing all of which I shot as most will not eat. Bear signs amazingly numerous among the blueberry patches. In a small bracket of spruce and cedar we found 25 of their piles of dung within a radius of ten yards. Simon says they always have special places to which they resort for this purpose. Across the opposite side of the river, it was evident that several bears at least had made them. Returned to camp to dinner. Late in P.M. I saw 3 Black Ducks go up river and apparently lower their flight to alight. We again paddled up after them but found nothing. Saw a Belted Kingfisher.

the Sluice

Black Ducks.

Grouse shooting

Bear signs

Black Ducks

Sept. 15 Cloudless, cold at sunrise ice forming last night. Middle of day hot. Left Bangor at 7 A.M. and it proved a brilliant perfect day. At daybreak a Whippoorwill sang once uttering his note 5 times. A Blue Jay mimicking Baltimore Oriole sphrancous exactly as I was taking my bath in the river. Broke camp after breakfast and started down river. Never have I seen this or any other stream more beautiful. The air was still and sparkling, hour first still lay in sheltered places, the sunlight played and gambled through the alders and lighted the broad pools with strong light. Many summer birds among the alders and in the spruces, Nuthatches, Titmice, and various Warblers. Heard a pair of Canada Jays and saw one of them. Saw two large turtles, also two snakes one of which a Zaphis hudsonius ran nimbly across the river skipping over the surface as if on land although the water was deep and clear. In R. meadows shot a Bittern which rose as we turned a bend in the stream. Lunched at the Works. Thence up Swift Canbridge to Teasles farm walking most of way. Saw nothing of interest. Down river late in P.M. A pair of Wood Ducks passed us wide going up stream as we neared the Works. A little above we flushed a Blue-winged Teal and I shot it. Baker found three above the Great Sugan earlier in the day and shot two of them. As I paddled across to Lakeside in the evening heard a Bubo calling.

The "Sluice"

Whippoorwill

Blue Jay

Return trip down river

Swallows

Kangaroo mouse

Bittern

Wood Ducks

Blue-winged Teal in wooded reach of Cambridge River

Bubo calling

Sept. 17. A.M. cloudy; rooms clear and intensely hot. Head of Lake
Lake P.M. Cloudy with strong S.E. wind. Left
Lakeside at 10 A.M. Just going [illegible] and
to pitch camp at Mills Rock. Lumen [illegible]
paddled [illegible] up the Cambridge Cove. Lumen's D. palmarum
point I shot three D. palmarum. They were
among scrubby growth and alive. Dr.
Wilsons [illegible] and [illegible] is [illegible] Wilsons
Lumen started them while I lay in wait
near the outlet. They passed well but I
knocked down the b, one wounded which
went ashore and hid in the grass
where I found it. Passing B. Point I Wilsons
discovered [illegible] by the rocks
and waded it for some time [illegible]
my grass. Lunched on the sand beach
at B. Point. Thence across and around
Great Island. Two Snipe rose from mud Wilsons
flats and dropped in grass. Landed Snipes on
but they rose wild and flew out of mud flats.
sight! Shooting [illegible] a
a moment later two Black Ducks rose Black Ducks
from grass within 20 yds. I gave them both
barrels (of #12) and it dropped, but on
yds off. It is cooked our shooting. Reached
Mills Rock at 5 P.M. A Bubo hooting Bub
at night behind the tent.

1888

Sept. 18 Cloudy with heavy rain all A.M. wind S.E. [illegible]
Started at 8 A.M. Skilling's King and Hall were ahead of us but they passed a brown N. hudsonicus which stood on a mud flat. I fired both barrels at it and after flying 100 yds. it dropped dead on the far shore. Hall & Beetle had and I Ed. shore passed I called them in their barge and shot both barrels but missed. They afterwards came back (one with a broken oar) and I shot both sitting. Skilling and Hall killed two Tzalti Yellow-legs on Moose Pond. Brockers sons shot two Red Phalaropes in the Lake off Moose Pond and gave me one of them. In P.M. cruised under sail [illegible] for Phalaropes but found none.

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

Red Phalaropes

1888

Lake Umbagog, Maine.

Sept. 19 Cloudy with a few gleams of sunshine. Lake calm all day. To Grassy cove in A.M. While creeping up to the pond hole looking for Ducks I started a heron among the long grass. I shot at it as it rose and used after running about 100 yds. An hour later I shot three more. I finished them with a thread wound cartridge in the long back to the first shot. A fine Pigeon Hawk. It chased a Kingfisher in flies then alighted on a bell shot. It utterd a clattering cry. Skirting the shore to the south came upon two Pileated Woodpeckers and shot a thread wound at one but missed. Landed at the pond north of the cove and Simon made a long circuit into the cove with the boat. First four Sheldrake came passing within 25 yds. I made a clean double killing both birds stone dead. Next a single Red drake which fell broken-winged and gave us a long chase out into the lake. Searched in the sand beach at Black Island. Nothing in the cove. At first Herons circling over. Returning in P.M. Simon paddled me within long range of a pair of Whistlers. They flew and I dropped one broken winged. We had a long pursuit but finally shot it again!

Head of Lake

Pond

Pigeon Hawk

Pileated Woodpeckers

Hooded Merganser

Great Blue Herons

Whistlers

1888.

Sept 20. Heavy rain all day. Wind S.E. followed in P.M. I beat the marshes for Snipe but started nothing. A large flock of Killdarks flying northward. Savanna Sparrows numerous. Did not fire a shot all day. Saw a S. varius near the tent.

Heard of Doller

1885
Sept. 21 Cloudy with heavy rain all P.M. Head of [illegible]
Wind strong from the east. Lake rather
rough, air hazy, mountains obscured
by clouds. To Rapid River in A.M. with To Rapid River
Skillings and Hill. Old entrance started with Hill & Skillings
a Sheldrake. Saw Pines a pair of Whist- Whistlers
lers. Yellow cedar Swamp five black Ducks Black Ducks
and several Sheldrake. The former passed Sheldrakes
over, I and H. and they killed one
which "Don" found in the woods. We
got within strong shot of the Sheldrake
and found them as they rose had failed
to get them. After breakfast started back in
a pouring rain. Saw flock of Sheldrake at [illegible]
Pine Point cove. A flock of 20 Black Ducks [illegible]
in Moose Point proper but did not get
shot at either. Saw six Snipe flying in Wilson's Snipe
a bunch like Plover. They dropped in
Moose Point marsh. We followed them
about there for an hour or two and
killed every bird & bagged four of
the six. I also shot a Virginia Rail Virginia Rail shot
which "Don" pointed. at Moose Pt.

1888

Sept. 22. [illegible] the drizzling rain in the
afternoon [illegible] Hill & and the Lake
nearly [illegible] at times very misty and
[illegible] obscured. Left at 8 A.M.
staying for [illegible] more we saw
a flock of Sea Ducks alight early in the
morning. Found them just above
Moose Ck. Long neck resting at 100 yds.
apparently all more young (gray) birds
probably Butter Bills. The flock [illegible]
[illegible] Lake. Tried several
drake on Whale-back Cove. Tried to
drive them but failed. Returned to
Moose Pt. and meeting Dr. Hill and Mr.
Chillings, had the robusts with them
to Sign. [illegible] passes all over the
marsh "moving" as in early spring. It
was raining at the time. Leaving the
Point I shot a Mallard that lived to
[illegible] and [illegible] Lake the [illegible] flew
and I shot a young Heron [illegible]
and an adult Zenaida [illegible] The other
four were all Terns probably S. hirundo
[illegible] Tadorna (Bernicla) canadensis
[illegible] Scaups and Mergansers saw the latter
[illegible] the latter [illegible] Grass
Bird at [illegible] Red Heron [illegible]
About 10 P.M. there was a loud Catamount-

Head of Lake

Flock Scaups

Long Neck "moving"

young Zenaida

Tadorna

Panther ???

image, instead of one of the tents. Opinions differed as to its nature, it was a panther or an Ocelot. It was like the brown cats seen made bad remote London.

Sept 23. Clear and cool with high N.W. wind. The first clear day for a week. Started at 8 A.M. with [illegible] & Skillings for the Megalloway. At [illegible] Neck a Pigeon Hawk passed me at long range. I fired both barrels [illegible] [illegible] it with the first [illegible] it went [illegible] over the [illegible]. At [illegible] Camp heard a Sparrow calling which sounded like a Least Flycatcher. Shot it and found it to be a juv. Zon. leucophrys. Ascending the Megalloway saw nothing save a Kingfisher or two. [illegible] till every point [illegible] and found nothing until we reached Little Bottle [illegible] in which was about 20 Black Ducks. Skillings and I took stands, and Hill started the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]. They flew over [illegible] missed. While eating lunch on the [illegible] we saw [illegible] Black Ducks [illegible] the pond [illegible] them till they swam towards [illegible] stand. He fired [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] passed [illegible] with [illegible] I missed with both barrels. Got another shot just [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] finally [illegible] [illegible] that we did not [illegible] [illegible] at [illegible] and [illegible] dark [illegible] [illegible] night [illegible]

Trip up Megalloway R. with Hill & Skillings

Pigeon Hawk

White crown Sparrow

Bottle Brook Pond

Black Ducks

more [illegible]

Sept. 24. Cloudy & cool. [illegible] Heard of [illegible]
[illegible] Wind [illegible]
[illegible] after
[illegible] [illegible] days
[illegible] Black Duck
shooting at
Moose Point
[illegible] Marsh Hawks
[illegible] saw 1 Sp.
Loon.
[illegible] calling out on the
Lake. A superb twilight the mountains
very distinct. Two Bubo hooting. Bub

1883

Sept 25 A dense fog up to 9 AM. afterwards a wonderfully beautiful morning. We are clear and glad to [illegible] Megallowa [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] The fog [illegible]

[illegible] Little [illegible]

[illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

[illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

[illegible]

Steamer passed out [illegible] [illegible]

Ducks rise and fly out. Coasting [illegible]

[illegible] [illegible]

[illegible] [illegible]

[illegible] [illegible]

[illegible] [illegible]

[illegible] [illegible]

calling in the distance. There must

After the Geese Jimmy found two and I shot both sitting. Returned to pond and spent the day there. No Ducks came in. Go Moose Point for the night shooting. No Ducks seen. Shot a Yellow Legged Sandpiper. Moved to Hillbrooks in one flock. Heard a Snipe in the twilight.

Evening at Moose Point Letter

1888.

Sept. 27 Clear and warm, [illegible] S.W. light [illegible] after breakfast [illegible] on the [illegible] [illegible] started [illegible] to [illegible] meadows [illegible] found three Black Ducks but they [illegible] us and rose wild. Thence into [illegible] Island. About 20 Black Ducks scattered about some feeding there on mud banks [illegible]. Stalked three and getting them together [illegible] a bird [illegible] rising out of the grass that they had been [illegible] far off. Others came [illegible] I dropped one [illegible] at head of meadow. [illegible] a large flock of Black Ducks rose from the grass. I shot [illegible] them and dropped one fully [illegible] yds. off. Thence [illegible] Long [illegible]. About a dozen Black Ducks feeding in the grass. Stalked them and stopped [illegible] firing only [illegible] both birds got into the grass where "Don" quickly found them.

Duck shooting in Great Meadows

[illegible]

Sept. 28. Clear and colder with high N.W. wind. Started early for the Androscoggin River. Just below the Magalloway had a good shot at a fine adult Broad-winged Hawk sitting on a dead pine with full forks. Ordered boy to hold on. Hawk and Dogs left during the Election. They found about 100 Black Ducks there and bagged two. He did not get a good all day good. I had only one shot at a Black Duck which was in a tree in a dead. I wounded her badly and she dropped in the woods but the dog did not follow her. We saw less than a dozen Black Ducks in all. Spent most of the day in a brush stand which we improvised to shield us and the boat. The water has risen about two feet since the last rains. Autumnal tints very superb.

Head of Lake

in net

in Curtis M.

Note on following

1885

Sept. 29. Hair with intervals of sunshine and [illegible] and took a [illegible] small Duck if scared from the [illegible] to whistling opposite and Brees. Wind N.N. [illegible] Sun [illegible] all day. Off at 7.30 AM going first to Moose Point. Windows at Outlet a foot under water. Three Headed Mergansers [illegible] Head of Lake

Sm. [illegible]

[illegible] Sutter Mills

Horned Mer.

[illegible] Hawk

Sweet Mead

Black [illegible]

[illegible] 50 of Black Ducks scattered [illegible] the grass. [illegible] within shot we [illegible] three guns after us and all the Ducks flew. Three guns [illegible] and after us and spoiled our chance. We [illegible] to stay all day and our [illegible] stay left. We [illegible] back in the woods. [illegible] started a Grouse. [illegible] Canada Jays came about allured by our fire. After lunch saw three Black Ducks flight in the grass [illegible] dog [illegible] and I had a fair chance for a single shot as they rose [illegible] with [illegible] Later several [illegible] of Ducks came in but [illegible] weighted till nearly dark when [illegible] Black Ducks was surprised by a Green winged Teal pitched down behind some bushes. He paddled to the bushes and

Canada Jays

Pied Duck

Teal

I paddled over the Black Ducks saw me and flew, but the Teal and forced
Wood Ducks a couple of sev. Wood Ducks and the
latter stayed. Lumen paddled me
down to them across open water a
fog hiding us and helping our
chances tremendously. I got within
five inches touched wind shot into
them at 30 yds. stopped three and
sat down breathless as the survivors
rose. One of my birds, afterwards
got up and off, picked up four
Wood Ducks and a Teal! Swamp
Sparrows singing all over the
marsh in the twilight although the Evening was
Swamp Sparrows singing
very cold. I was fairly numbed
when we started for home.

1888

Lak

Sept 30 A cloudy gloomy day with an N.E. breeze. Left off shooting at Long Point Lake for a few hours to take breakfast on board. The lake was so much frozen that we killed no birds. A large flock of about 8 Black Bellies. They presented a superb appearance swimming about 40 yards from us in broad daylight. About four or six Ducks accompanied them. Their yellow shoes were very conspicuous. I shot my gun at them as they rose & killed 20 birds. More left on the water about 7 dead & the others variously wounded. I kept on shooting at the wounded birds & chased several a mile or more. We secured in all 14 Black Bellies & 6 Ducks. Landed at foot of Great Island. Thence to Sagegeet Cove where we saw a flock of 8 Surf Scoters. I shot three of them & also a ♀ Am. Scoter & also a Red Phalarope swimming in the Cove. As we were going from the landing to the hotel in the village we heard and saw the big flock of Surf Scoters circling round & round & finally pitching on the water in the sea. The conglomerate clamour of their cries was exactly like sleigh bells.

Head of Snake

Long Shooting

Black Bellies

I stop 20 birds with the assistance of two squirts & bag 14 of them.

Surf Scoters

Red Phalarope

(The remarkable shot into the flock of Black Bellied Plovers described above was made with my 12 g. Fox gun weighing only 7½ lbs.)

1888

Oct. 1. A clear, still frosty morning. Rowing over by 10 A.M. and rowing back at 1 P.M. Returned by camp by steamer at 7.30 A.M. Shot moorhens shooting birds. Out P.M. rowed over to Moose Point for the evening shooting. Eight white bellied Sandpipers shooting over the water in the twilight. Got one and was glad. The only shot fired. Thousands of Black Ducks drop into the marsh but neither came within range. Unfortunately there were no Sea Birds in the Lake today. Yesterday there were at least three and probably four flocks. The Keeper hands also saw five Phalaropes yesterday near Metallic Island.

Hour of [illegible]

[illegible]

White bellied [illegible]

Black Ducks

[illegible]

Phalarope

Oct 2. Cloudy and cold. Lake calm during
AM. Our S.W. began N.W. ended with
heavy showers of hail with snow
squalls after dark. At Corbet at 7.30
A.M. saw two Red Phalaropes alight on the flooded meadow and feed them swimming. [illegible] Red Phalarope
[illegible] alighting
[illegible] Saw a Duck [illegible] Ring-necked Duck
[illegible] neck flying
[illegible] [illegible] at
[illegible] it rose [illegible]
[illegible] White-breasted Nuthatch
[illegible] meadows
[illegible] Duck Hawk
[illegible] Duck Hawk at Moose Point
[illegible] Am. Widgeon
[illegible] Hagen feeding in a patch of
grass [illegible] stopping three times got off [illegible]
badly missed [illegible] second
barrel [illegible] another it settled and
in the [illegible] range and hit it again as it rose
but it got off. [illegible] Yellow Leg
on a floating [illegible] rose about at Moose Point
evening. Shooting men about 50 blacks on coming

Moose Pt. Ducks came in. Got only one shot a
arive. long double at a point. killed the
first missed the second, a Barn Swal-
A late low flitting about finally going to
Barn roost in bushes.
Swallow.

Oct. 5 [illegible] Hunting Lake

[illegible] at 12 [illegible]
over the flooded meadows to the
[illegible] where we [illegible] the
[illegible] Sweat Meadow. After attract-
ing a good [illegible] to the bows of the
boat we [illegible] this meadow. Near
the [illegible] we saw three Black Ducks
[illegible] paddled nearly within [illegible] Black Duck (wood).
of them [illegible] they suddenly rose. Two
[illegible] fast within less than 40 ft.
but the [illegible] were [illegible]
from either [illegible] the [illegible] Mallard
[illegible] Killed in
[illegible] Mallard [illegible] Milk Meadow
[illegible] from the long grass [illegible] Ewe, N.H.
knocked overboard. [illegible]
the [illegible] a great
fire and [illegible] saw a pair of Canada
Canada Jays at the entrance to Jays.
Meadow. Back to the lake at 3 P.M.
Paddled over the grounds along the Outlet
but saw nothing but four White bellied Tree Swallows
Swallows hovering over a patch of flood
[illegible] 155. [illegible] saw a
Barn Swallow about [illegible] the same bird Barn Swallow
seen last night at [illegible]. Reached
Moose Pond at about 5 P.M. and
[illegible] the [illegible] the outer edge of the

Moose Pt. Marsh Shortly afterwards four Black
Duck Ducks [illegible] if [illegible] feed [illegible]
shooting at [illegible] alighted. Then a single Black
evening Duck came in. Then a pair of Widgeon
Am Widgeon [illegible] waddled me to the lighter and
[illegible] within ten yards. I missed
[illegible] and killed the second
[illegible] in her dive. Finally a large
flock of Black Ducks came in a single
bird swinging past within long
range and dropped hard into the
lake with a broken wing, but he
got into the grass and escaped.

Oct. 4. Clear with a gale of wind from the N.W. Head of Lake
Spent the day about camp as it was
impossible to do any shooting on account
of the wind. In the afternoon
[illegible] Marshes
[illegible] and we started out, but the
marshes near the Outlet saw nothing but a
white old Marsh Hawk. Leonard's Pond also Marsh Hawk
proved blank. Just inside Moose Point we
saw our first Duck, a Teal, and a good Teal. Teal in Pond on
It was swimming in a pool in the grass Moose Point
and we fetched 80 yards away. Spring-
ing straight up about 20 ft and
flying very swiftly. I fired both barrels
at him and missed. Shortly after a sin-
gle Black Duck rose from the middle
of the marsh. We then took shards for
the evening shooting. Sunset beaming Evening at Moose Point
very fine on this occasion. First
came four Black Ducks from Rapid
River. They passed me nearly 100 yds.
off and I fired my two shots with
[illegible] feet of about
a dozen Black Ducks. Then [illegible] first
one [illegible] yds and deadly behind
me I turned about as quick as I could
and saw [illegible] Black Ducks
and that at the end of the flock
He was hard hit and before I passing
my Duncan who killed him. Finally
when it was nearly dark a single
Black Duck swung in to come over
me flying very fast by. The wind is

very glad she learned her flight rough
together and quarter of an hour. Towards
the darkness of the lake. I then fired
my gun twice, bared at her, bread and
filled her. Besides these birds we
saw two large flocks of Black Ducks
which passed over Hogg and two
Caffle Heads (seen by Hymen) which
soared over the end of the point. In
the evening heard the Wilson's Snipe
flying over the meadow.

Oct. 5. Cloudy with steady rain all the forenoon. Left Lake Winnipeg at early dawn. Started morning at early working on 4th rifle after dinner we paddled over the lake and got 4 fish from Fence to Fence. Good passing. Pretty wet, we started a strong. Paddling and tracking there on the woods over a few acres she started no less than fifty. I shot two one sitting on a log another on a maple and missed a fair shot at a third which flew from 8 bbls. by. Here was a large flock of Geese. Yellowlegs etc in these maples behind the fence we saw a fence and Mr Stephens got lost out of range. Shortly afterwards a Black Duck passed and turned into a cove to the east-ward he paddled in the reed bounded with grass. Hard Geese splashing among the grass at the head of the cove. Finally three Black Ducks came in and one going off directly out the north. The first turned two flyers rose and came close past us within 30 yds. I caught them as they drew together and killed both with one barrel. Thence to Fence. First a single Duck passed out of range then four. Finally a single Black Duck circled around and turned back over me. I killed her as she was going off. The evening was perfectly still. or I could have a Duck

Fence to Fence

Yellowlegs

a fine lot

Lost in fall at

Black Duck

Single Duck

Single Black Duck

wings 200 yds. or more away. A flock
having taken northward made a
hissing sound as of escaping steam.
I could also hear Ducks splashing
in the water both in the Marsh and
on the Lake. Swamp Sparrows sing-
ing on every side. Saw 9 White bellied
Swallows.

1881

Oct. 6 Cloudy all day with steady rain most of [illegible]
the day. Wind [illegible]
& [illegible] all day. Weather
rather warm. Off at 8 A.M. to marshes Outlet marshes
about Outlet. A flock of about a dozen Tree Swallows
Swallows, one H. horreorum the rest T. Barn Swallow.
bicolor. A perfect cloud of Titlarks at Titlarks
least 200 circling over the marshes
alighting and rising again. Down the
river Stone [illegible] came upon two Tringa Pectorals
maculata sitting on a mat of floating
grass [illegible] of. There was
a Red Phalarope [illegible] swimming Red Phalarope
sometimes walking on the grass. Shot
the Phalarope. The Grass Birds flew off [illegible]
and pitched down near the Outlet.
Going to the [illegible] we flushed a flock
of [illegible] killed eight of them in a
few minutes several singly flying. They
were all smaller [illegible]
Near Moose Point came on three Greater Greater Scaups
Scaup Ducks. They were in the grass
until rose and [illegible] going [illegible]
Leonards Pond. Followed them but failed
to find them. [illegible] a Green winged Green-winged
Teal, however, behind the island and Teal
paddling within 30 yds. shot it as it
sat on a snag preening its feathers.
Our boat [illegible] at the time.
When the Scaup Ducks rose a Snipe [illegible]
also started near us and I shot it.
Afterward saw three at Moose Point [illegible]

rise from the grass where the water was a foot deep. Found a Black Duck dead on the bank where I had a persimmed one a few evenings ago. Thence to Whale Back Cove. Saw a few Shelldrake. Inspected all Cormorants Branch found. Shot Bittern. Through nothing more worse. Returning to Camp saw a Duck Hawk perched on a dead only ten feet above water, very wild. Got flew and passed me at 75 yds. Shot both barrels without effect. Saw a flock of about 30 Black Coots off rock and went in pursuit but failed to get a shot. Saw a White winged Coots in North Bay.

Duck Hawk

Butterbiu

Coots

Coots

Oct. 7. Cloudy; wind N.W. light; pouring rain all day. At daybreak Benjamin discovered four Sea Ducks in the lake off the B. Brook shore. He waited for them until 7 and then came [illegible] praised them. They proved to be Hooded Mergansers. [illegible] that we could not get within [illegible] to get the [illegible] at least. Finally they came in the large pieces of wood which [illegible] the grass. Crossing the lake we saw three white bellied Swallows. Returning we stopped for the mergansers at the Outlet. A very heavy thunder shower we left Dr. [illegible] came a roof upwise step as the season proved. We had crossed the marsh land were paddling down the river when I saw Mrs. Dudley first over the bank. She was in an [illegible] mood when I [illegible] and I had to shoot more fully [illegible] I fired over on [illegible] Stopped [illegible] Dudley at once made for the [illegible] and although we searched long for them we lost them. One showed from a bunch of grass near us but at once flown and I was not able again. I think these Ducks were the female Hooded Mergansers. They were either Hooded or Red Breasted Mergansers. [illegible] Hooded. While fishing [illegible] we heard a Golden Winged Woodpecker whistle. I called him down and shot at him break-

Head of Bolt

White wing Coots

Hooded Mergansers

Three Swallows

Female Merganser or Red Breasted Merganser

Dudley

White Bellied Swallows

[illegible] legs and wounding him other
[illegible] so fell on the other side of the river
[illegible] on road for home we missed
the right [illegible] behind us
[illegible] this time by the
[illegible] to the place but failed
[illegible] again White Cock
[illegible] Pigeon Hawk
[illegible] a long plant
[illegible] the
[illegible] after firing
[illegible] the usual
[illegible] we fell a little wounded. Gran
[illegible] necessarily for several days
[illegible] Snipe in Pine Timber
[illegible] a great racket
calling ca-ra-ruck and ob-ob by turns. All
the while the [illegible] was [illegible] deep
[illegible] we got enough of it
[illegible] to camp. Along the branch
[illegible] Sawing Stump Ducks
[illegible] Ducks
They had blackheads and white bellies.
[illegible] headless Border Ranger at 4
p.m. We [illegible] came in with the
steamer which made us a call. Summer
left us [illegible] she returned. At 4.30 I
started alone for Moose Point to the
[illegible] shooting. On the way I flushed
a [illegible] fowl from under the
[illegible] It dove and disappeared.
[illegible] Duck. I shot
[illegible] As I neared the Point

three Hooded Mergansers passed and dropped into the pond. They rose wild as I approached and I shot both hurriedly in pairs. Saw about 30 Black Ducks one flock alighted in the lake and after sitting awhile flew into the marsh. I did not get a single shot. Swamp Sparrows singing at sunset.

Hooded Mergansers

Black Ducks

Swamp Sparrows singing

1888 [illegible] Maine

Oct. 8. Cloudy all day with raging N.W. wind and [illegible] occasional light showers. Off at 7 A.M. Had a very [illegible] passage for 8 miles [illegible] ing of good wind. Here we met a large flock of Blackbirds which rose right [illegible] One of them left the [illegible] and alighted [illegible] Leonards Island. We had forgotten it and was rowing carelessly along when it rose only about 20 yds. ahead. It alighted in Leonards Island. Going in after it we again got within 30 yds. before seeing it. It then rose and I shot it. We left Great Meadow & rowing this side from Black Duck Island in towards a point he was getting ready to fling himself down several birds were exploded at first. Dave Ogier Dugan rose at once and from the west side of the pond a perfect cloud went up fully 100 birds, all Black Ducks. They made off to the East. We pushed on cautiously however and soon discovered about 15 Black Ducks on the edge of the grass. Jim pushed the canoe up within about 40 yds when a Duck raised its head. They were well bunched so I fired at once stopping four with the first barrel and dropping down a single bird with the second. One of the wounded soon rose and I shot for them again at very long range. Dave found three of the wounded in the grass. We then landed and [illegible]

Black Ducks

Great Meadow.

Black Ducks

I bag 5 Black Ducks with two barrels, the last two killed in this way

a fine. I hunted for Grouse. Went round
Partridge and flushed one at which I missed
a third flying shot. Soon after again either
the same or another bird on the ground
again shot at, a fine plumaged adult
♂. While eating lunch a flock of Pinus
Pinus Pudsonicus came about. After lunch
Pudsonicus watched all the afternoon for Ducks
but curiously enough only one came
in sight and that we failed to get a
shot at. Just at evening heard a
Grouse Partridge behind us and rising
saw it walking leisurely along and shot
it. A fine adult Marsh Hawk crossed
Marsh Hawk over the marsh late in the day
Tree Swallows There were three White bellied Swallows
here also and some Titlarks. Saw a
Picoides arcticus in Leonards' Pond.

1888

Lake Umbagog, Maine.

Oct 4 Cloudy all day with high N.W. wind and almost incessant snow squalls. At day light it was snowing steadily and the ground and trees were as white as on winter. On walking across I sank all day to the depth of two feet or more. The autumn foliage still at near its brightest. In afternoon it was very fine, frosted with the snow. Off at 8 A.M. by the Cutter. Water very high and over the high cover bank, ultimately only the grass showing. A Herring Gull floating near the bank. Tried to paddle ashore shot when we started a flock of about 20 Black Ducks accompanied by some Widgeon. A single Widgeon alighted after the others. Got it a fine adult ♂. Next a Goldeneye passed near and I shot both barrels at it. It fell out in the lake where we picked it up. Had to wade to get it, rushes there. Then up Longwood Brook a flock of about 15 Black Ducks in the grass behind the island. Got within 60 yards when one put up its head and they all flew. Shot both barrels without effect. Had a Buffle head come up and alighted. We paddled within short range and I killed it sitting. Hundreds of Warblers, Sparrows and Redwing Blackbirds along the shores also about 30 Rusty Blackbirds, six Bluebirds and a Phoebe. Next out into river. Saw six Widgeon alight near

Heavy Snow

Snowstorm

Autumn foliage.

Herring Gull

Black Ducks

Widgeon

Goldeneye

Ducks

Buffle-head

Small birds in snowstorm on shores of lake.

Phoebe

Widgeon

in swim. They came into the grass and
we paddled within 40 yds. They were well
bunched when I fired and my first bar-
rel stopped four. With my second I knock-
ed over a fifth and one besides. One of the
wounded flew as we approached and [illegible]
Scaup Ducks to be spent over. [illegible] [illegible] two [illegible] Ducks
with these Widgeon but they both escaped.
Warblers hundreds of Warblers and Sparrows at any
D. palmarum [illegible] chiefly D. palmarum and Spiz-
Wht. cr. Sp. monticola and saw a young Zon. leucophrys.
Titlarks At least 200 Titlarks over the meadows. A
Pigeon Hawk Pigeon Hawk chased one for about 600 yds and
made at least 12 swoops at it but missed
every one, the bird finally escaping. The
Titlark Hawk then alighted on a stub but flew as we
approached. Returned to camp for dinner. On
Pectorals the way saw [illegible] Grass Birds at Great Meadow in
[illegible] B. M. Bay 5 Black Ducks at the usual place. Wa-
Black Duck ter so high we could not approach them. Near
Buffle-head the head of the brook found a Buffle-head but
he rose wild. I shot both barrels but failed to stop
Marsh H. him. Of fine at 5 Marsh Hawk beating over the mea-
Titlarks dow. At least 200 Titlarks in this meadow. In Moose
Black D. Point at evening saw about 30 Black Ducks. A pair came
[illegible] me. I killed the first and missed the second.
Then four came directly over me. Missed with both
barrels quite unaccountably for they were near
enough. Heard a Snipe. Water now over every
Hermit [illegible] [illegible] and [illegible] but marsh a [illegible] [illegible] of
Flocks of Warblers [illegible] Sparrows and Titlarks to day simply
Sp. Titlarks amazing. Thousands of small birds everywhere.

1885

Oct. 11 Cloudy with light N.W. wind and frequent snow squalls, near in a duplicate of yesterday but rather good less snow falling. Ponds were frozen in places opposite the woods, Ground in woods covered with white frost. Snow. Off at 8 A.M. going first to Outlet Meadows entirely under water and no birds. Thence to Moose Point. Started about 20 Black Ducks out of range. Saw two Marsh Hawks (one adult ♂) and a Pigeon Hawk all feasting about over an acre so at once. Next saw two Black Ducks feeding. They discovered me and flew but one alighted again in a pool among the tall grass. One of the Marsh Hawks dashed down at it at least a dozen times. We could not see the Duck but at each swoop of the Hawk she emerged badly bewildered. On reaching the tent we found the Duck gone. I put Don into the grass and he soon started her and I shot for as she rose. Went to Howards Point. Dog flushed Sheldon and went out there a Black Duck. We then hastened home. I collected and a Green winged Teal. I expected and stalked them but could only find the Teal which swam repeatedly past me within a few yards quacking incessantly in alarm. Quacked long almost like the scaipe of a Snipe. At length he put his head under his wing and went to sleep. Trailing to get a sight at the Wood Ducks I finally shot the Teal and quickly replaced the

Head of lake more Sand

Moose Point

Black Ducks

Pigeon Hawk

Stopped at a Black Duck

Scaup Ducks

Wood Ducks

Teal

Leonard's Pond

unexploded shell. The Wood Ducks flew from the shore beyond, swept past out of range, then turned and came back within 40 yds. as I proposed one with each barrel. While stalking these Ducks I heard a Woodpecker sing six call times. There were

Tree Sparrows

Hundreds

Warblers

Thousands on ponds along edge of water

Swamp Sparrows

many flocks of small birds, chiefly Horned Larks and Yellow-rumped. In many flocks above the shore they rose in clouds as we passed. There were Rusty Blackbirds and seven Bluebirds and I

Yellow Palm Thrush

stopped a Yellow-breasted Chat, the first for this locality, also saw a ♀ Black-throated Blue

Swamp Sparrows

in the swamp and Song Sparrows swarming. All these small birds kept near the water especially among fallen tree tops. Thence to Great Meadow marsh, a long cross shot at a Shelldrake on the way.

Meadow

Frosty

Ducks

On the meadow started about 50 Black Ducks. They all went off unshot at, the nearest was too high for any chance at a shot. Saw a Sharp-shinned Hawk

Wounded Pigeon Hawk

Taken by Red Squirrel

while about to cross of a Pigeon Hawk dashed past me. I missed with the first but brought him down with the second barrel. He fell through the branches of a leafless maple. He lay down fifteen minutes or so feeling sure of him then going to the spot could find no trace of him at first. Finally I found where he struck the ground and there clambered up in a low shrub. The snow all bloody

Leading to this stub was the track of a
Red Squirrel. Leading away from it the
same track with a spot of blood some
two inches in front of each mark of the
fore paws. No evidence is plain. A
Squirrel saw the Hawk fall seized him
and carried him off. I followed the track
into a tangle of alders and fallen trees and
finally had to abandon it. Don" failed
to show any signs of scent. My wicked prog
that the Hawk was taken off while
roosting on the squirrel stub. Woods filled
with Yellow rumps. Thrushes over the meadows
in swarms. Chewing cedar berries. Meadow
on Yellow rumps in flock of 50 or more
out among the grass perching on the
floating stems. A flock of Red Tailed Hawks
amongst the spots. Another Pigeon Hawk.
Three Black Ducks came in and alighted
ed. They rose wild and came down
past us about 50 yds. off. They turned
and came past again at about 40 yds
I shot both barrels at the first fully
wounded one, which flew out of sight
near the outlet of the inlet & that
drake stopped. I shot at one at out to
yds and missed another passed over
high on the river and I missed a
green winged teal to towards Cuck.
Two Wood Ducks where I shot the two
this morning. It was too late to shoot
them and they rose out of range as we

small birds
morning
Curtis Meadows
Red Tailed
Hawks.
Pigeon Hawk
Black Ducks
Mallards
Leonards Pond
Wood Ducks.

Pigeon Hawk

Moon Pt.

Black Ducks

I killed two weeks ago another Pigeon Hawk seen here. Went to Moose Point a flock of at least 50 Black Ducks feeding in the flooded meadow. Gave let the merge drift before the wind and we got within about 100 yds. before they took up their necks. I shot into a solid mass of them with #4 and mighty lucky one which we got easily. It took as long a shot as I ever saw made with a close charge. Took the same stand as last night. About 20 Black Ducks came in but I got only three shots all long ones and all misses. I did not miss a fair shot all day but had a surprising run of cripples at 70 to 80 yds. and all but the flock shot misses. The flight of small birds these last two days has been simply amazing. Saw at least 500 Yellow Rumps today. Among the Black Ducks at Indian Meadow were four Widgeon.

Autumn Small Birds

Widgeon

1885

Oct 11. cider and got right along N.N.W. mind. The first song sparrow for a long time. Saw Towards Pond left S.S.W. Whole matching a flock of chippy, Chickadees & fence robbed & Pigeon Hawk flitted past and alighted on a stub where I shot it. Ten minutes later saw a flock of Black Ducks might [illegible] the island. Circled and made a circuit of about half a mile through the woods coming out at the big pines. No Black Ducks. Then had presently a pair of Wood Ducks alighted and swam in gently with the sight when they caught sight of me and swam out again finally taking wing. Shot a fox. While circuit Sparrow and a Tilla caudacensis the latter one of a pair. Saw a Sharp-shinned Hawk fly over the pond. Many small birds in the woods. A red squirrel came about and finally smelled in my boat, now and then darting off in a frenzied jump finally approached coming through the woods. The Black Ducks had passed me somewhere and appeared near the boat where I left them. I returned with them by land but found them gone. On the pond shot a Grouse which started from a rotted pine log and alighted in the pond. Near the outlet of the pond saw a Pied billed Grebe (identified him post)

Towards P.

Circuit & Pigeon Hawk shot.

Black's nest

Wood Ducks

White cr. Spar.

Red Squirrel

Ruffed Grouse shot.

Pied-billed Grebe.

Return to Wakasiu

Horned Grebes

lively. Broke camp at 4 P.M. and went down by steamer off Great Island saw three ducks which I took to be Pintails. left steamer and Jim paddled me to them. They proved to be Horned Grebes i.e. dove and two flew. I missed a fair cross shot at each of the latter. At 5 Point missed a Sheldrake with both barrels saw a flock of about 15 Coots.

1888

Lake Umbagog, Maine.

Oct. 12 Left lakeside at 4 A.M. and went down to Gilead to Cambridge before dark. Day rainy and dark with S.E. wind. On the Gilead road saw two "muse" or a fine old "dismmer" walked deliberately across the road his tail raised and spread like a fan his ruffs twitching, shaking his head as if he were trying to dislocate his neck. When the horses were within ten feet of him he stopped and stood erect and still looking like a bunch of withered leaves. After we passed he began picking at some berries. Saw very few small birds during the drive.

Return to Cambridge

Cartridge in the mail

Revere Beach, Massachusetts.

1888

Oct. 23 Cloudy and warm wind S. W. threatening rain (which came heavily during the following night and day).

To Revere Beach with Mr. J. Dwight Jr. by 9 A. M. train. Left the cars at Point of Pines and spent the first two hours in the hotel grounds which were swarming with birds a heavy flight having evidently settled the the previous night. There were about 200 D. coronata, a number of Turdus fuscescens, many Sparrows, chiefly Juncos & White throat with a few Field & Swamp Sparrows, some Kinglets (R. calendula) and a single Dendroica p. hypochrysea. I shot the latter, a ♂ Junco, and a fine adult ♂ Swamp Sparrow.

We next crossed the railroad and began to beat the salt marshes. Dwight started a Passerculus princeps which flew past me. I missed a long cross shot at it but soon afterwards flushed it again & killed it

The tide was nearly at full flood and we began searching for Sharp-tailed Finches in the beds of long salt grass that fringed the river and its tributary creeks. In nearly every bed of any extent we flushed one or two of these birds and in the course of the next two hours killed twelve - all that we saw. We shot them all flying. They invariably rose wild at first but after the first rise lay rather closely. They looked very blue and small & flew with a slightly undulating motion. Dwight got seven of the twelve. He also shot a Cistothorus palustris. There were a few Lit Larks flying about over the marshes.

Chadbourne joined us at noon. After lunch I shot another P. princeps which the train started from the railroad embankment and which settled in the marsh where I flushed & killed it

At the "Narrow Gauge Hotel" we hired an old and very

leaky dory in which it some risk we crossed the river to the marsh on the Eastern R.R. side. As we landed a Yellow-leg (T. melanoleuca) rose and circled around us keeping just beyond gun range. On this marsh I failed to start any of the Finches but D. & C. found two one of which they bagged. We saw a Cormorant (P. dilophus) flying over the bay. Off the beach there was the usual great bed of Herring Gulls. No Ducks were observed.

The salt marshes are very beautiful at this season when the grass has been left uncut. Its color varies from russet to deep wine red. There is an Erigeron, very abundant in places, of a brilliant coral color.

Concord & Wayland, Mass.

1888

Oct. 26 Clear and warm for the season; clouds gathering in P.M. Wind N. E., a storm threatening late in the day. Trip up the Sudbury River from Concord to Wayland.

With Chadbourne took 6.30 A.M. train for Concord. Found my coat (which was not even used since June) all safe and launching it started up the river. Found the water nearly as high as in April and most of the meadows flooded. A light N.E. wind ruffled the surface and helped us on our way when we chose to use the sail. Just above the town in the alders at the spring by the Cattle Fair grounds, we found a flock of big Rusty Blackbirds with which was a young & Red-wing. Failed to get a shot at them. Just above Fenn's bend saw a Bittern, probably B. lentiginosus. Opposite the Cliffs landed & beat for Quail. On the edge of some tall scrub "Don" found & pointed a bevy of about twelve. They rose wild and the result of three barrels fired after them was only one broken winged bird. Followed them into the scrub, a perfect tangle with most of the oaks still in full leaf. Fired a number of shots, most of them on points, but got only one more bird. Flushed a brown thrasher. Left the place at 2 P.M. & kept on up river. Started a Heron (A. herodias) at the place where we landed.

Just beyond Martha's Point saw a Shrike, a very brown one. It alighted in a thicket near the bank & Chadbourne fired at it from the boat but missed.

Sailed from Fairhaven nearly to the bridge at the head of Sudbury Meadows. The water was about three feet deep over the marshes & disregarding the river channel we steered a straight course west

Quail shooting

Ardea herodias

Lanius borealis

(Oct. 26) of the way often passing through beds of reeds which rattled musically against the sides. The boat sailed was a rather dull one but the scene was very rather with the great expanse of water hemmed in by russet woodland and dark green pines.

Near the middle of the Sudbury Marshes saw a flock of seven Scaup Ducks (A. marila?) flying irregularly over the marsh many times now rising against the sky now pitching down & skimming close over the water. Also saw four Red-winged Blackbirds, two flying high, two rising from a bed of tall reeds scared by our boat.

Just above the lower Wayland bridge three Ducks which looked very like Widgeon flew swiftly past us nearly within range. It was nearly dark at this time and quite so when we reached our destination. The water was so very high that we paddled up the brook nearly to the hotel where we spent the night.

Wayland to Concord, Mass.

1888

Oct. 27 Cloudy and misty with occasional showers of fine rain and heavy rain in the early evening. Wind S. & light. Warm.

Left the hotel at about 8 a.m. and paddled down the brook towards the river. Saw a Shrike alight on a tall, bare maple and passing within range I shot at it but missed it. Chadbourne landed and pursued it but failed to get a shot. He started a Meadow Lark, however, and had three good flying shots but missed them all. This bird was in a meadow where it lay rather closely rising within 30 yds. each time.

In the meadow below the railroad bridge we saw a single Duck flying, a small bird, perhaps a Hooded Merganser, but too far off to be surely recognized.

In the Sudbury Marshes proper we started three Black Ducks from the grass and saw the flock of Scaups observed yesterday evening. They were flying about but did not alight.

Landed at the foot of this meadow and lunched in a pine grove on the crest of a knoll. Some Chickadees, three D. virens and a Cuthia feeding about us. Jays screaming in the distance. A flock of seven Crows came into the pines and alighted directly over us. We won & they flew when we both fired at the same bird bringing it down. It proved a superb specimen. All this time it had been raining hard but the rain ceased as we reembarked. Landed next at the hill below the bridge and took a long tramp back into the woods following a deep valley between two oak clad ridges. On one of these "Don" found a Grouse which he pointed so staunchly that I made a circuit getting above the bird which C.

Kingfisher

Barring

Sturnella

Anas obscura

Grouse shooting

(Oct. 27) remained below. Finally the Goose started and came out past me over an open field. I missed with my first but killed with the second barrel. Saw nothing more at this place except a few Jays, Sparrows &c.

Landed right about half a mile below Pantry Brook and made a short search for a Hairy Woodpecker which we heard calling in some oak woods. Failed to find anything but some Jays. Picus villosus

When we crossed Fairhaven it was beginning to get dark but we landed opposite the Cliffs and beat a wood field in the hope of finding the Lapland Bun yesterday. In this we failed but I shot a Shrike in an apple tree on the crest of a knoll. It was a very brown specimen and, I think, the same bird seen on the 26th near Martin's Point. Lanius borealis

While at this place we saw three large flocks of Blackbirds flying up river to the old town roost in the button bushes at the Bay. There must have been over a hundred birds in all. Blackbirds flying to roost at Fairhaven

The remainder of our voyage was uneventful but very pleasant despite the rain which poured down nearly most of the time. At the Manor the trees were dripping incessantly into the just river in which the lights of the houses & bridges were reflected on every side. It was one of those soft, peaceful rainy nights peculiar to this season and very good to be out in

Ipswich, Massachusetts

1888

Oct. 30 Cloudless & cool with N.W. wind blowing nearly a gale at times. A radiant Indian day with bracing air as pure and transparent as possible.

To Ipswich with Chadbourne by 7.30 a.M. train. Took a boat at Stone's and started down river with a strong ebb tide in our favor but the wind more or less ahead & an ugly chop sea running in the tide rips. Landed first on a marshy island opposite the Neck & beat the sedge for Ammodrami. Flushed only A. caudacutus one which I shot - a typical caudacutus.

Landed next at the sand hills. A flock of Horned Larks swept ~~passed~~ past and I dropped one. Spent an hour or two beating the beach grass for Sparrows. I shot in succession a Savanna, two Ipswich, and one Fox Sparrow making, with the Sharp-tail & Lark, six birds killed flying in six shots & this with the wind blowing nearly a gale. We saw several Savannas but only the two Ipswich Sparrows.

Lunched in a sheltered, sunny nook on one of the highest points of the sand hills where they merge into the great pasture hill. Looking off over the channel to Plum Island and beyond the ocean was unusually fine with white capped waves rolling and heaving as far as the eye could reach and the sand hills of the Island gleaming in the sunlight nearly as white as snow. In mid channel a large sand spit was crowded with Herring Gulls, over 100 birds at the very least. There were many Duells, also, mostly Old Squaws I think. Three or four miles out to sea I saw an immense flock of birds which I took to be young Scoters. [illegible]

the water for a mile or more flying in a wide band or ribbon which was apparently two or three hundred feet long and ten or twelve feet broad. This ribbon looked muddy brown in color.

After lunch we climbed the great hill and descended to the southern side. Here we found a ploughed field of perhaps ten acres fairly swarming with Horned Larks. There must have been at least 200 assembled there scattered over the entire field. Whenever the eye rested for a moment several could be discerned creeping like mice along the furrows or crossing their intervening ridges with here & there a single bird standing erect and still on a prominent clod or rock his yellow throat and black cravat conspicuous in the strong light. After we had fired a few shots at them they all left this field and scattered over the grassy hill tops where we followed them about for two or three hours killing about a dozen each. Most of my shots were at single birds, flying, and I missed very few. After returning to the boat I added eight more larks to my bag. These were killed on the flat near the landing. To this place they came in great numbers alighting on the beds of coarse pebbles where it was more difficult to see them. Chadbourne killed a pair & I another single bird on a strip of salt marsh on the way up river. We reached town about dark (5 P.M.).

Besides the birds above mentioned we saw a few Crows (not above a dozen) but no Hawks or Owls. I had expected Snow Buntings but not one was either seen or heard.

Wellesley, Mass.



NOV 2 Clear and warm (Ther. 70° at noon) with strong S. W. wind.

To Wellesley by 1.10 train meeting Dr. Brown at the station. He had a horse & carriage waiting and we started at once, driving about two miles out of town and, leaving the horse tied by the roadside, began the days hunt by beating a range of birch swamps & runs. In them we found two Ruffed Grouse. [illegible] shot at the first which went out by Dr. who thought it badly wounded. It flew through an orchard, past a barn, & when last seen was skimming, low down, over an open field in which it probably fell dead. The second rose behind me on the edge of some scrub. Wheeling & cocking one barrel I killed this bird within thirty yards. In some oaks beyond the Baker pond we flushed a third Grouse which rose very wild & went off unshot at.

Next entered an extensive woods of white pines, fine old trees with many bad butts & fallen logs, altogether a remarkably primitive, shaggy forest for this part of the State. Saw no grouse here but the woods were alive with small birds, at least 50 Fox Sparrows, half as many Juncos several Hermit Thrushes, Chickadees & Creepers, two Knights R. Satrapa, [illegible] Sitta canadensis, and a Picus villosus. I shot at the latter & hit it hard but it "towered" high over the woods and drifted off out of sight.

Small birds.

Sitta canadensis

Picus villosus

Lunched near the bank of the river on the edge of a large field where I found Dwaid "dustings" in the side of an ant-hill [illegible] the

(Nov. 2) Sunset. We flushed a Grouse, however, within 50 yds. of the spot where we lunched and I shot it. It was a very red bird (skin preserved), another, equally red apparently, was flushed twice in the same woods. Denton shot at but missed it.

On our way to the next cover we started a solitary Snow Bunting from the roadside & I shot it. Plec. nivalis

We next left the horses near the expansion of the river locally known as the "Duck Roost" and finished the day by a long hunt up several birch & alder runs. In one a Grouse rose above the trees. I dropped it with a broken wing and a moment later D. seeing it running in a path shot it again killing it. In another we found many old and a few perfectly fresh Woodcock signs, and D. finally flushed the bird, a small ♂, on the edge of the cover. He shot at it but missed when it swung by me about 50 yds. off and I killed it. My bag for the day was three Grouse & a Woodcock killed in five shots. Woodcock

After leaving this cover we drove to the Hunnewell place where the gardener told me that Crossbills are found throughout the year. A flock was seen by him this morning. He is very sure they breed on the place, which has many large Norway spruces. Loxia americana

Saw numbers of Robins, one Bluebird & several Downy Woodpeckers.

The fields are still as green as in summer. Most of the leaves in the woods have fal—

Belmont & Lexington, Mass.

1888
Nov. 6

Cloudy morning clearing at 10 A.M. Afternoon partly cloudy partly clear. Very warm - Thr. 70°. Strong S.W. wind.

With Spelman started at 9 A.M. for the Bryant farm in Lexington where according to popular rumor many birds have been seen of late. We set off in a covered buggy taking "Don" of course. Near the further end of the Willows saw a fine adult Buteo lineatus sailing over the road. Nothing else - save a few Crows - was observed on this drive.

Reaching the Bryant farm we stabled our horse and crossing the fields to the South began to beat the range of brushes, alders & weed fields where, on my last visit with Robert Nesbitt ten or twelve years ago, we shot several Grouse in a bog meadow among hummocks of tall grass.

Scarcely had we entered this meadow to-day when "Don" drew to a doubtful point holding his head high, a puzzled expression about his face & attitude. I was working out to him over some very soft ground when a large fox started about 20 yds. to windward of him & galloped quietly out of sight. Fox

This entire cover with its bordering fields proved blank as far as game birds were concerned but in the borders we found a large flock of Robins and in a maple swamp I shot a ♀ Picus villosus. Don made some fine points at a flock of pigeons in a grain field and S. took several photographs of him. Picus villosus

Crossing the road to the North side we spent the afternoon beating the birch swamps and runs lying in that direction. We saw several flocks of Robins, some Blue Jays etc. but no game birds until we reached the edge of the meadow where "Shot" made several points on Grouse years ago. Here in a belt of alders "Don" came to a stand. I stepped in ahead

and flushed two Grouse getting a fair shot at one but missing it. Shortly afterwards the pointer found one of them birds a second time and stood it staunchly among scrub oaks on a hillside. I flushed and shot it. We could find nothing more so returned to the barn, harnessed the horse, & started homewards. Ruffed Grouse

Reaching Prospect St. & finding that there was still a big piece of daylight we tied the horse & beat the birch runs. Found no game but saw some "dusting" of snail among oak scrub. There was an immense flock of Robins here, in birches, fully one hundred birds. They passed over us on their way to a roost on Rock Meadow. I shot one as it went over me. We saw many going in the same direction from other quarters. Saw, also, five Field Sparrows among some bushes. Merula mig. Spiz. pusilla

The day's adventures closed here on ride home being in the twilight.

Ipswich, Massachusetts

1888

Nov. 8 Cloudy; wind N.E. a storm gathering all day & breaking at nightfall.

To Ipswich with Spelman & Denton by 7.30 train. Took a boat of Stone as usual and pulled down to the mouth of the river. The tide was low with the young flood coming in strongly, and we had a hard row before we reached the Neck where we landed Denton who spent the day on the great hills to the south of the river. Spelman and I crossed the river and landed at the sand hills. Flight of Crows. Crows were flying south in considerable numbers. We saw them all down the river, at its mouth, and over the great sand hills, perhaps 200 birds in all. Spelman got a shot at one but missed. He also had a shot at a pair of Shoveller which flew over the boat but missed them also.

Most of the forenoon was spent beating the sand-hills for Sparrows. They were more numerous there than I have ever seen them before and I killed twelve, eleven of them, including one double shot, flying. I did not miss a single bird but had to shoot one wounded one over again. One I killed on the salt marsh flushing it from a ditch. The beach grass is unusually luxuriant this year and afforded such perfect concealment that nearly all the birds seem lay close and were hard to start. P. princeps

Shortly after lunch we climbed the big hill south of the Sparrow ground and north of the lighthouse. We saw and heard Shore larks and Snow Buntings at frequent intervals during

(Nov. 5)

in afternoon, most of them "trading" between the Neck and this big hill so that we expected to find the latter thronged with them. In this we were disappointed for there were fewer birds there than at my last visit. Still the number was large probably over a hundred Horned Larks & perhaps fifty Snow Buntings. They were all in the ploughed field at first but after we had fired a few shots they scattered over the neighboring grassy slopes. I shot twelve or fifteen, nearly all single birds flying. I neither saw nor heard any Longspurs to-day.

There was a heavy sea running off shore & breaking on the bar. Many Gulls seating about. A seal at the base of the hill. Coots and Shoveler flying in small numbers. Two geese on the hill, perhaps Swannas but I could not make sure. A single Hawk. Six Golaptes in a bushy hollow, all exceedingly wild. A single Cormorant (P. dilophus) flying high following the shore. Golaptes

Returning through the sand hills I shot three Sparrows (included in the twelve previously mentioned) my last shot being the double.

Started up river at 4 P.M. picking up Dowlow at the Neck. He had bagged a dozen birds, ten Horned Larks, one Snow Buntings, & one Ereunetes pusillus. The latter was accompanied by another Sandpiper which D. took to be of the same species. Both were very shy. Ereunetes

We had a delightful row up river in the twilight. The tide was very high but falling fast & hence against us but by taking advantage of the eddies we made rapid progress. Near the second bend of the river we saw a Bittern flapping low over the marsh. Botaurus

Grantville (Wellesley Hills) Mass.

1888

Nov. 13 Clear, still, frosty. Thm. 25° at sunrise. Ground frozen and pool skimmed over all day in the shade.

To Grantville by 7.45 train with Spelman. The depot carriage took us out on the turnpike to the swamp behind Henshaw's and returned for us there late in the afternoon. Our days beat was over nearly the same ground that Henshaw and I traversed last year leaving out that behind Hedges.

In the first swamp by the turnpike a Snipe started behind me. It was forty yds. off before I could wheel and fire. My shot brought a cloud of feathers but the bird kept on and we could not find it again.

The second bird, a very red one, started from a brushy hollow where Henshaw shot a Woodcock last year. I fired and it fell in a curious way coming down lightly and gradually with its wings spread. It then spun about among the leaves making a great fluttering. When I got to it however its head was raised & it acted as if it might fly again but I caught it easily! Apparently its legs were wholly, its wings partially, paralyzed. It was a beautiful specimen without a stain or a feather missing.

My third shot was among low scattered pitch pines in an old pasture. I saw this bird start from under a bush and run several yards before flying its tail, wide spread, catching my eyes once. When it rose I fired bringing it down stone dead. It proved a gray bird, like the first a ♂

(Nov. 13) After this we started four more Grouse but had only one good shot which I missed with both barrels. The bird started within ten yards among some scrub oaks and made so much noise that it startled me and I fired wildly.

All the Grouse seen to-day took very long flights and were hard to follow and find a second time.

The country we traversed was almost destitute of small birds. We saw a few Jays, Chickadees and Tree Sparrows, one Creeper, a Hairy Woodpecker and two or three Crows but no Robins, Juncos, Fox sparrows or Thrushes.

Ipswich, Massachusetts.

1888

Nov. 15 Warm (thm 57°) and cloudy with heavy rain storm beginning about 10 a. M. and lasting into the night. Wind S.W., moderate.

Go Ipswich with Spelman & Denton by 7.30 a. M. train. Took a boat of Stone as usual and pulled down to the sand-hills making the distance very quickly as the tide was ebbing strongly in our favor.

Found many Horned Larks on the pebble banks and shot eight or ten. Then began beating the sand-hills for Sparrows. Started seven or eight and killed all but one. Later in the day shot three more on the same ground being two of them come in over the sea. I killed seven in nine shots, all flying.

Very soon after we entered the sand hills it began to rain and during the remainder of the day showers followed showers in quick succession. At times it fairly poured but having rubber boots & coats we kept on until three o'clock when we started back for town.

After leaving the sand hills we visited the great hill to the South. The ploughed field held a few Horned Larks but not above twenty were seen altogether on all parts of the hill. On the eastern ridge there was an immense flock of Snow Buntings feeding on the green turf—fully two hundred birds. Several of them looked like adult males in breeding plumage but I could not shoot one of these for the scattered birds forming the outer circle would rise and give the alarm. I shot three young birds when the flock departed. Shortly afterwards I came on a smaller flock. As they rose and wheeled once close over the turf I distinctly made out a single Lapland Longspur among them. Keeping my eye on him after they flock alighted again

P. nivalis

P. lapponicus

(Nov. 15) I walked rapidly towards him but when I was still at least 40 yds. away the flock rose again. I instantly fired a snap shot at the Long Spur and, although he had gained ten or fifteen yards by his flight, killed him.

Denton had gone P. principes and a few Snow Buntings & Horned Larks. He saw many Snow Buntings on the beach just above high-water mark. In all we probably saw 300 Snow Buntings, 50 Horned Larks and about 13 Ipswich Sparrows. I shot nearly as well as during my last trip making one double at Horned Larks and missing only few fair single shots.

Crows were migrating all day in small numbers straggling along over the marshes and sand hills. There were fully 200 Herring Gulls in the river. At high tide they collected in a snowy "bed" on the marshes, at low water they were sprinkled over the flats. On the Revere Marshes just north of Oak Island we saw a solid mass of these Gulls sitting at high tide on an elevated part of the marsh within 100 yds. of the railroad tracks. They covered about half an acre and presented a beautiful appearance. Larus argentatus

While we were eating lunch a Tree Sparrow sang several times in a bushy hollow on the edge of the sand hills. There was a flock of about a dozen of them. I killed two of them at a shot. One was the darkest I have ever seen. Spiz. monticola singing

The Snow Buntings were much tamer than usual. Several times I got within ten or fifteen yards of the outsiders of a flock. The great flock presented a fine appearance as they wheeled low over the green turf. P. nivalis

There were many Coots in the Plum Island channel & a pair of Shelldrake in the river.

Found a plant of the sea rocket (Kakile americana) in flower

Grantville (Wellesley Hills) Mass.

1888
Nov. 17

Clear and cold wind N.W. - moderate all day.

To Grantville with Spelman by 10.15 A.M. train. Reaching the station we again employed the depot carriage to take us out a mile or two on the "Brook" road. Our beat to-day began at about the point where it ended during our last visit and we covered nearly the same ground. In all we saw about ten Ruffed Grouse and a bevy of three Quail. Six of the Grouse were in the westernmost piece of woods, one by the aqueduct bridge, and three in dense oak scrub on the great hill south of the turnpike.

I shot three Grouse and two Quail. My first Grouse started among dense oaks & birches & skimmed off low over the ground. It fell wing-tipped ran about 20 yds. and hid in a hollow among oak leaves, merely squatting. "Don" found it easily but ruined it for a specimen when he caught it by pulling out all but one tail feather. My second Grouse lay closely in dense oak scrub on the high hill and when flushed over Don's point rose straight up like a Black Duck giving me an easy and nearly open shot. The third bird, a ♀, after being started and shot at twice lay as closely as a Quail on a steep hillside, open underneath, but with rather densely growing oaks interlacing their branches above. "Don" pointed this bird very staunchly and, when I stepped in ahead of him it rose within five feet of me. There was absolutely no ground cover and it must have merely squatted among the oak leaves. Like the second bird it fell dead or nearly so, at

(Nov. 17) my shot.

I did not miss a really fair shot all day but fired a number of ineffectual ones at long range or through dense brush. In one place "Don" came to a point among barberry bushes on the edge of a meadow and three grouse went out in different directions but all in such a way that they were covered by the bushes until nearly out of range despite the fact that the place was very open with nothing much higher than one's head.

"Don" found the Quail in a weed field. I shot one as they rose (firing only one barrel) and the other among thick scrub on the hillside to which they retreated.

In all "Don" made probably a dozen staunch points on grouse. The scent was evidently very strong all day owing, probably, to the fact that the leaves were soaked by yesterday's rain.

We saw almost no small birds. A few Blue jays and Chickadees, a flock of about 20 Chrysomitris tristis, a Tomotichia albicollis, and a Woodpecker not identified but probably a P. villosus.

Grantville (Wellesley Hills), Mass.

1888

Nov. 28 Clear and for the season mild with soft S. W. wind.

To Grantville, alone, by 10.07 train, returning by 5.10 P. M. train.

Spent the day hunting Grouse going over nearly the same ground covered during my last visit with the addition of a large tract of open chestnut woods which I have not previously explored. Ruffed Grouse Not plenty

In the first cover started a Grouse among thick young oaks and fired a fruitless snap shot at him. At the western extremity of the same woods "Don" put him up again, running in on him. I was out of shot most unfortunately for he towered straight up to the tops of the trees. Crossing a wide field he disappeared in some chestnut woods beyond. Following on we found him again the dog pointing him this time. I had a fairly open but rather long cross shot and missed.

In the edge of a run beyond I put up two fresh birds. Both were rather wild and my shots at both proved misses. Following up this bird "Don" found one among some oak scrub and I killed it on a staunch point. The other I flushed from a fallen beech top but failed to get a shot at it. It went only about 200 yds. and "Don" flushed it among some upturned stumps. I had an open but long cross shot and missed. The bird crossed a wide stretch of mowing fields and I failed to find it again in the woods beyond.

During the remainder of the day I tramped steadily through various kinds of cover but with such poor success that I did not see another

(Nov. 28) Grouse until near sunset when Don found two on the edge of the dwarf oak scrub where we saw a Cat Bird late last autumn. I did not get a shot at either of these birds.

Bunched on the bridge over the large brook that flows through the western ground. Met two men there who were searching for a bevy of about a dozen birds which they have been, they said, several times this season. They were armed with muzzle-loaders, a rare sight in these days.

During my tramp I saw one Jay, a small flock of Chickadees and three Tree Sparrows. Small birds are certainly very scarce at Hardwich this season.

Scarcity of small birds.

Great Island Hyannis, Massachusetts.

1888
Dec. 14 Clear and very cold. Thermometer 0° at sunrise (Cambridge), 12° at sunset (Great Island). Wind N.W., very strong all day. Started for Great Island at 8.10 with Mr. & Mrs. Cox. Reached Hyannis about 11 A.M. and drove over to the island at once. Down near the pond below the [illegible] came on a Killdeer Plover by the roadside. It was sitting still with its head drawn in and looked as doubtless it did, half frozen. Saw also some Meadow larks.

After lunch started out in search of Plover. It was bitterly cold with the creeks, marshes and even most of the bay north of the island frozen. The sand dunes also were stiff with frost and as hard as pavement. With the cutting wind, the broad areas of white shining ice, and the Gulls beating along the shores the scene was as wintry as possible and suggestive of Snow Buntings & Snow Owls rather than of Killdeer. Nevertheless we quickly came upon five of the latter feeding on the sheltered side of a hill in a pasture. They rose very wild but turned and scaled over C. who fired two shots and brought down one bird. At the report of his gun a flock of fully fifty Killdeer rose from a hollow and skimmed off close to the ground flying in a compact bunch like Finches. Shortly afterwards I saw seven more flitting about in a salt marsh where I could not get at them as a tidal creek intervened.

As I was returning to Cory a single Killdeer came in over the hills and swept down past him. He shot it and gave me the specimen.

Shortly after this Cory returned to the house but I kept on. Shortly after sunset I flushed a flock of Killdeer from a bit of ploughed land in a hollow. They

rose within twenty yards but before I could get off my gloves, cock the gun etc. were nearly out of range. I fired one barrel only and that without success. The birds alighted again in the marshes but rose the moment I appeared over the ridge although they were fully 200 yards away.

I also fired a long and fruitless shot at a Meadow Lark of which bird I saw at least a dozen. Horned Larks were numerous in all the ploughed fields but I did not shoot at them to-day.

Reached the house at dark after a long and very pleasant walk in the bracing wind.

During the early part of the afternoon we drove around the park. On the east side saw a bird which we took to be a Podiceps holbölli sitting or rather lying on the top of a kale-covered rock several rods from shore. It raised its long, slender neck and watched us shyly but did not start although we passed within seventy yards or less.

Red-necked Grebe lying on top of a rock

Great Island, Hyannis, Massachusetts

1888
Dec. 12

Clear and warmer but still sharp & frosty. Thr. 20° at 8. a.m. Strong N.W. wind through forenoon. Dead calm in P.M. Sun warm and pleasant.

After breakfast went first to the place where we saw the Killdeer yesterday. Found three there this morning feeding along the base of a steep ridge. I made a long circuit and came upon them from behind. The moment I showed my head over the ridge they started with shrill cries of alarm (Killdee - killdee killdee, kill-deee killdeee). Although they were within fifteen yards they doubled & twisted so that I succeeded in firing only one barrel but that was effectual the bird dropping stone dead on the sward at the base of the hill where it lay with its beautiful tail spread out like a fan.

We then drove to the Sea forest through which we walked starting about fifteen deer among them three fine bucks. Seven started in one herd in the great opening presenting a most beautiful sight as they bounded off. In some dense pine (P. rigida) woods at the east end of the park we came upon a mixed flock of small birds, about ten Chickadees, several Kinglets & Nuthatches (S. canadensis) and two Chrysomitris tristis. The latter I killed at one shot. Hearing the Nuthatches whining in peculiar low excited tones and mewing, I went in search of them and found them dancing about among the branches of a bushy pine. I suspected an Owl and looking closely soon discovered one sitting erect and still on a horizontal branch. It looked gray and rugged like a weather-beaten piece of bark. I took it for a gray hawk but on shooting it found I had a Nyctale acadica. I gave the specimen to Cory. (over).

Sitta canadensis

Nyctale acadica

(Dec. 15) Returning to the house I began shooting Horned Larks. My first four shots were two successful doubles. The second bird of the second double proved to be a fine young ♂ O. a. praticola. I killed it at fully twenty yards range and directly in front of the house in a ploughed field where these birds come to feed at all hours of the day.

Encouraged by this prize I set off again driving to the peninsula called the "Cow-pasture". Here over some extensive grassy flats Horned Larks proved to be numerous and I shot ten in the course of an hour all but two being killed flying. The tenth bird was another praticola, a beautiful adult ♂.

After lunch we drove to the duck boxes, where C. had had holes cut in the ice. In these openings some wooden decoys were placed and retiring into the two-like boxes we sat patiently for upwards of two hours. Not a Duck came within sight of either of us during this time. Through my loophole I saw only an occasional distant Gull or a flock of Horned Larks skimming over the sand hills.

Just before sunset we left the boxes and went across the marsh to the beach ridge. Here I flushed a Meadow Lark from the beach grass and shot it, ♂ in fine plumage. As it had now become chilly we started back for the house on foot and walked as far as the bridge before the carriage met and took us the rest of the way.

On reaching the house as there was still a little daylight I started out into the sand hills to the south hoping to find a Meadow Lark. In a hollow filled with dense beach grass I flushed two firing a barrel at each and killing the first a large fine ♂.

Great Island, Hyannis, Massachusetts

1888

Dec. 16 Clear and warm with strong S. wind. Bath in the P.M. The wind hauled into the S.E. the sky clouded over and the day closed chilly gloomy and threatening a storm to-morrow.

Spent most of the morning hunting Horned larks using a Scott 20 g. gun which C. has from Reads on trial. In the fields near the house I got eight or ten shots beginning rather badly with several misses. In the "Cow-pasture" I found only one flock of birds at which I shot seven or eight times killing nearly every shot and making one double. In all I took about twelve birds all typical O. alpestris. I gave them all to Cory.

Returning C. joined me and we drove to the Sea forest through which we took another long and very interesting walk starting many deer (all does) but seeing nothing to shoot at. The foxes have played havoc with the small game in the park and there are but few Pheasants & White Hares left. We saw none of either.

At 11 A.M. C. went back to the house while I crossed the sand dunes to the beach near the boat landing where I lay for an hour or more concealed behind a pile of boards hoping for a shot at a Gull. There were many L. argentatus beating up and down along the line of breakers within easy shot of the shore but all of them kept off out of range as they passed my ambush. How they discovered my presence I am at a loss to imagine for I was perfectly concealed. Six or seven Crows came along finally beating the beach like Harriers. I had a good double shot at them but missed my first bird. The other fell into

(Dec. 16) the water but the strong wind soon brought it ashore.

As I lay in this ambush it was interesting to watch the Ducks diving off shore. In one flock there must have been fully two hundred Whistlers and small bunches of Whistlers and little groups of Old Squaws flushed the water in every direction. Some of the latter came within twenty yards or less of me.

On my way back to the house I flushed a Passerculus princeps from the crest of a ridge covered sparingly with beach grass and Hudsonia. It flew over the crest of an adjoining ridge and I failed to start it again although I searched long and closely for it.

In the afternoon we tried the Duck boxes again. There were large openings in the ice to-day and about one of them fully two hundred Black Ducks sat huddled closely together. Four others were standing well out in the marsh. The latter allowed us to drive past them and slipping out I crept to the crest of a knoll and fired a shot at them from C's 8 gauge single barrel at about 150 yds. range. All four went off, however, as did the big flock on the ice. We then took to the boxes and spent two frosty and very stupid hours without getting a shot.

Late in P.M. we crossed the marsh to the beach ridge C. killing a Killdeer Plover by the way. On the ridge we concealed ourselves in some open boxes and watched the bay side for an expected evening flight of Whistlers. Four flocks passed us, two out of range, one nearly over my stand but very high, one over C. I missed my flock with both barrels. C. killed one bird from his flock dropping it with the 8 gauge at about 80 yds. It was a ♂. The flock that passed over me was composed wholly of adult ♂s.

[We returned to Boston by the 7 a.m. train on the 17th]

Washington, D.C., to Richmond, Va.

1889
Jany 19 Clear and cool.

Left Washington at 11 A.M. for Charleston S.C. The country between Washington and Richmond along the line of the railroad is similar, in general appearance, to Massachusetts being very broken and hilly with deep ravines. Pinus mops seems to be the most numerous and characteristic tree. There are many oaks of various species, all leafless of course. The fields are brown and bare but in some of the towns the grass was faintly green on sunny banks. I saw few birds. Two large flocks of Agelaïus phoeniceus and a single Zenaidura near Quantico. In places immense flocks of crows flying blackening the fields. Cathartes aura almost constantly in sight. Not a single duck or other water fowl off the fifteen miles or more of Potomac shore which the railroad skirts.

After passing Petersburg, Va. I saw a few barks (Hirundinidae) and innumerable sparrows which rose from cornfields and stubble as the train passed. I took them to be Poecetes but could not make sure.

Charleston, S. C. to Sanford, Fla.

1889

January 30 Clear and rather warm.

Left Charleston at 7 A.M. joining Coy on the train by appointment. We reached Savannah about 5 noon. South of Savannah saw palmetto became abundant but it was of low growth, not over 2 ft. high as a rule. South of Jacksonville it became higher (4 to 8 ft). The tree palmetto became numerous at Jacksonville; also water lily leaves ("bonnets") very green and attractive to the eye. Near Green Cove Springs saw in bloom a few wild blackberries and an elder which looked like ones having similar large showy cymes of whitish flowers. In the swamps the cypresses and large deciduous trees were perfectly bare but many of the sapling sweet gums were scantily covered with young foliage, the leaves perhaps 1/3 grown. At Drismore, a place north of Jacksonville we found Bartonia in bloom, a pretty little flower very like Houstonia.

During the day I saw about 50 Black Vultures (not one C. aura) a pair of Killdeer (at Drismore) and one Crow - absolutely nothing else.

We reached Enterprise Junction at 6:40 and I got off to wait for the baggage (which was expected by the next train and take it over to Enterprise. After waiting three hours (during which I had a long and very interesting talk with a "plume hunter" of the region) the train came but neither baggage nor dogs did it bring. Accordingly I took it and went to Sanford for the night, Coy having gone on to the same place by the earlier train

Sanford, Florida.

1889

January 31 Cloudy and mild with light S.W. wind.

Spent last night at the Sanford House and had about two hours to wait this morning before the steamer arrived to take us across to Enterprise. All the birds recorded in my field list under the above date were seen near the hotel, most of them along the lake shore in a belt of palmettos or about the garden. In these palmettos were fully 75 Quiscalus major, very noisy making the corn stalk fiddle cry and flapping from tree to tree. Apparently they make this place their rendezvous of they do not breed in it.

There were two Mocking Birds and perhaps a dozen Yellow-rumped (D. coronata) in the garden, the Mockers silent of course. A Kite (Ictinus) flew over the hotel several times and when we went down to take the steamer I saw him alight on a shed near the end of the long wharf.

Enterprise, Florida.

1889
Feb. 1 Clear and cool with N. wind.

Off at 8.30 A.M. getting back by 3.30 P.M. Drove about 18 miles, most of the way through open pine woods, much of the time working the dogs, a black Gordon and a black & white "field trial" from the wagon. They ranged superbly and found two bevies of bobwhite, pointing both. Coy shot two from the first bevy but lost both in palmetto scrub. I fired three shots and missed all of them. From the second bevy I shot two and C. two. I also shot a Snipe which I lost from a wood fence in the palmetto scrub. As we drove through the pines, following no path, we started several P. caesiaceus and large flocks of Sturnella m. magna. Blue birds were numerous in the trees and we saw a pair of Picus borealis but very few other birds & to my surprise, only three or four Sitta pusilla.

We next drove to Thorn Hill Prairie a large expanse of marsh, partly flooded, partly dry or rather only muddy. Here we began to beat for Snipe of which we started 14. Of these I killed eight missing only one bird I lost C. from. They were well scattered and lay like stones. At the first report of our guns clouds of birds rose all over the marsh. There were fully 200 Bobwhites, 3 or 4 Ardea egretta, about 8 A. ludoviciana and perhaps a dozen Rail due. Besides these there were some 25 Tachycineta bicolor and a single Sit carol. We also started a Bittern and a dark billed Marsh Hen. Meadow Larks

were scattered all over the marsh in large flocks. As usual they were absurdly tame.

In the afternoon we hunted Quail starting two bevies, one of four birds only (killed them all) in pine woods, the other of about 18 in tall broom grass. From the latter we shot four birds.

On the way home saw two Buteos l. alleni sitting in low pines by the roadside. One, a young bird, allowed us to pass within 20yds.

We also saw Boreal Arden wardi and one A. egretta, about ponds in the woods.

On the drive out in the morning saw my first Florida Jays, two, in oak scrub by the roadside. They were very tame and I easily secured both of them.

Enterprise, Florida.

1889
Feb. 2

Clear, cool in the morning, warm at noon.

Spent the entire day hunting south along the road to Orange City, starting out about 8 a. M. and getting in before sunset. We started nine bevies and shot down thirty-five birds of which we each shot fifteen independently, five falling to both guns fired simultaneously. Of these however, big were lost as neither of the dogs is a sure retriever. On two occasions we both made a double shot but two birds were lost of the first and one of the second. The dogs worked superbly in the forenoon but were nearly useless in the afternoon as both became very tired. They pointed every bevy, however, and shot all the single birds. The black dog found all but one bevy but "Robin" backed him staunchly on each occasion. When we stopped for lunch we discovered three fine setters pointing a bevy of birds within ten yards of the house stones in the dense ground palmettos. The black dog usually drops at point.

I shot poorly at bevies in the morning but missed only two single birds. In the afternoon I had only two chances, both at bevies, both times killed my pair of birds. We saw many small birds. Heard Florida Jays in oak scrub, Flickers (one singing) among the pines, a few Ground & Turtle Doves, about fifty Meadow Larks, a pair of Centurus and about fifty Robins.

An old field grown up to weeds and broom sedge was fairly alive with Sparrows. Most of them were C. passerinus but I saw fully a dozen Peucæa æstivalis. One was so tame that I thought it wounded and nearly caught it in my hand. Heard a Pine Warbler and a Flicker singing. Nothing else in song yet, not even Cardinals.

Most of the country covered to-day was open pine woods with but little ground laurels. We found four bevies of bobwhite in the space of eight or ten acres. They are tame when they have not been hunted, and often fly only thirty or forty yards before alighting again.

I shot a fine adult Ardea cærulea from the wagon. It was sitting on the top of a tall dead pine by the roadside near a pool of water.

We passed many small ponds in two of which numerous Grebes (P. podiceps) were scattered about.

Enterprise, Florida

1889
Feb. 3 Clear and cool with N. wind.

Did not hunt to day but spent the afternoon driving. C. taking a 22 cal. Colledge pistol with which he shot one and 2 two Florida frogs in an old field grown up to oak scrub. We saw fully eight of them here. They were very tame, alighting on fence posts & the tops of the oaks where they sat erect and still. There were also many Towhees (P. allenii) in this field.

In a hollow by the edge of a swampy hard hole we saw a fine Sarcoscetta with apparently long plumes. It was within 80 yds. of a barn from behind which C. shot at it with a revolver but missed.

In some burnt scrub we saw a bright adult ♂ Geothlypis trichas

Along the roadside saw many common birds and one Wood. Hyporhynchus among many Turdus palmarum

On the way back visited a famous Indian Shell mound. Saw Horse Mans and Cardinals near it.

Huckleberries (Vac. virgatum) in full bloom everywhere by the roadside; also yellow jasmine

In some burnt woods (pines) Ceratiola ericoides a curious yew-like shrub (allied to Empetrum nigrum) formed a dense undergrowth two to six feet high. I collected specimens of Andromeda ferruginea which was common in moist places along the roadside.

Corte Madera  Feb. 4th

1889
Feb. 4

Clear and warm. Ther. 70° at noon.

Spent the day Snipe shooting having the dog with me. Drove first to Thorn Hill Prairie where we started in by ourselves Snipe getting from 4 of them. Thence to Dago Prairie a long drive through the pine woods, most of the way following no road. Reaching the "prairie" we beat down over a wide southward stretching a bird then winded in a isolated patch of palmettos. After hunting heard heavy firing on the other side of the prairie and going over there found Mr. Cossens working a brace of red setters and flushing up Snipe in small numbers. He was down in the middle of them and in the space of a half hour bagged nine or ten birds each. Moving on a few hundred yards we struck a fresh lot and repeated the experience. All the birds were scattered about and lay very closely. Later in the afternoon, however, as we were on our way out of the prairie we started a perfect cloud of Snipe which acted very oddly, flushing at long range and flitting on ahead a few rods at a time. Occasionally one or two would lie more closely and after we had fired a few shots and scattered the birds we had fine shooting. I made two double shots in succession and missed but few birds all day. Our total bag was 44 Snipe of which I killed 21 and 4 ducks of [illegible]

shot two. We started the trail as we were leaving through the pine woods and shot down it but having no dog lost two. Took only one snipe all day.

On the drive out I made a very long shot fully thirty yards if not more at a duck which was standing in a pond among weeds near the roadside. I also shot two Col. heads in one Dago and saw another there. The most interesting birds seen were five Sandhill Cranes two in one bunch, three in another, which we started while driving across Dago. They rose at fully 300 yds. and flew out of sight, carrying their necks stretched out to the full length.

The morning was very beautiful, the sky cloudless, the evergreen foliage of the oaks, myrtles etc. glistening, as if wet, in the sunlight. It was so warm and summer like that it seemed strange not to hear birds singing but the woods were silent everywhere.

On the drive home just at dusk a Kingfisher flew out of some scrub and alighted in the middle of the road just in front of the horses. I saw the white on the tail distinctly and thus made sure that it was a male.

Mr. Cossens shooting wholly on Dago bagged 47 Snipe to-day. Thus our three guns bagged in all 91 birds the least of which the Cossens killed twelve snipe or

1885
Feb. 6

[illegible] to hunt Quail [illegible]
[illegible] brought two, [illegible] pointer, [illegible] setters.

[illegible] first day [illegible] and [illegible] This disgusted C. who at once took up his [illegible] and started for the landing. [illegible] finding fowl there is [illegible] bag of thirteen birds.

I left [illegible] also found four coveys from which I killed nineteen and my companion two Quail; I made two doubles and missed only three birds. The dogs worked so well especially the pointer but neither was staunch or well broken. Four Quail during the day took to trees, one slightly in a tall pine near the top the other three in low black jack oaks. At the first bird I fired three shots aiming about three feet to one side hoping to make him fly but in vain for we had to finally beat him there. The other three we started by throwing up sticks and I shot two, missing the third.

We saw one White Heron (Ardea egretta), [illegible] single Hybotonus [illegible] (said to be [illegible] now) and [illegible] large flocks of Ciris mag[illegible]

Enterprise, Florida

1887
Feb. 7 Clear and [illegible] for [illegible] with strong [illegible] wind. [illegible] with [illegible] [illegible] taking the Orange City road. I [illegible] with me the [illegible] "Vixy" which I think [illegible] which I have [illegible] for [illegible]. [illegible] in the wagon [illegible] the [illegible] too. [illegible] his [illegible] a [illegible] several miles of good ground [illegible] finding a single [illegible] although the dogs [illegible] in one spot. Most of the way was through open pine woods the ground grassy with occasional patches of [illegible] sedge. In a hollow among this grass the [illegible] and finally [illegible] an odd looking bird which proved to be an Owl (Scops a floridana). It rose directly from the ground and alighted on a low stub where I shot it.

Scops a. floridana

In an old field among weeds I came on a [illegible] which was so tame that I very nearly put my cap over it after looking at it for some time from a distance of not over three feet. As it flew a Loggerhead Shrike darted down from a tree top and pounced into the grass after it [illegible] it, however.

As we approached the place where [illegible] on our last trip to this locality the [illegible] found a [illegible] in the [illegible]. [illegible] both [illegible] the first bird that was [illegible]

Second barrels. Following these birds he killed one & I missed another. He marked it closely, and

[illegible]ached the spot where Robin pointed. A bird rose and I killed it when a bevy of at least a dozen birds flushed. C. killed one and I missed with the second barrel. We flushed only one of them [illegible] a second time C. missing it.

After lunch I started out on foot taking the pointer. First hunted some low scrub where I saw the [illegible] jump. [illegible] dog [illegible] field the bitch drew and pointed. A moment later she flushed the birds thirty yards off. I shot at one only & marked it down wounded. The bitch found it made a pretty point which she held allowing [illegible] go in and pick up the bird. I could find only one of this bevy in the oak scrub where they settled but killed this one.

Drove a mile or more through pine woods when the bitch struck the scent of a running bevy leading them some distance and finally pointing staunchly. C. killed a brace I only one missing with my second barrel.

We then took up the pointer & put down the setter. "Pointer" soon found a bevy among palmetto. They rose highly like scattered birds. C. shot a brace and I three singles missing one. My last bird flew about 100 yds. and dropped dead in oak scrub where we found him after some trouble. [illegible]

In nearly all of the successes [illegible] pounds that we passed were from one to eight or ten Snipe (Gallinago). We saw only one Heron an adult A. cærulea. Sparrow Hawks were rather numerous. Saw several large flocks of Carolina Doves. Only one Meadow Lark seen to-day.

Kissimmee, Florida.

1889
Feb. 8

Clear and warm with occasional intervals of cloudiness.

Started at 8 a. M. for Drago Prairie Mrs. Coy going with us. The drive out was pleasant but uneventful. We passed a Rabbo alleni sitting on a tall stub by the roadside and saw three Florida jays in some oak scrub. We reached the prairie safely but as the wagon struck the railroad track at the last crossing both whiffletrees broke. There was nothing to do but send the driver back to Osteen with one horse to have the broken parts mended or replaced. This had used up the day and left us "stranded" meanwhile. Fortunately we were at the beginning of the Snipe ground and by beating the ground closely over the space of twenty or thirty acres we flushed up about forty Snipe of which I killed eighteen and Coy twelve. I hunted the pointer Velly. She worked beautifully and made a number of staunch points but the report of a gun sent her off like a shot. I accordingly attached a long check cord to her collar and tying the other end about my waist had no further difficulty. She found all my dead birds except one. Shot rather poorly missing fully eight shots but several of them were very long ones and others wounded the birds slightly.

At noon it was very warm in the sun and Pine Warblers, Bluebirds and Finches were in full song for an hour or more. Meadow larks were also singing all over the prairie. Out a half mile or more over the open marsh I saw a flock of about twenty gray birds which I took to be Sandhill Cranes with an equally large

snow white bird which may have been a Whooping Crane leading the van. This flock quickly alighted in the marsh.

In a cypress swamp thickly hung with Tillandsia a Barred Owl hooted repeatedly in the early afternoon.

We started for home about four o'clock but had gone only a little way when the setters struck the trail of a running bevy of Quail. Before they could work it out, however, Anderson, the guide, rode into the midst of the bevy flushing it. There were some ten birds only and all pitched into low palmetto scrub after flying about 100 yds. The dogs came to a point together and ~~seven~~ or eight Quail rose in quick succession. C. shot down five without a miss, but only three were afterwards found by the dogs. I killed my first, missed my second and killed my third. A little further on I killed two more single birds on Prince's point. Only one bird we started got away.

The drive home was very pleasant the air warm and still and heavy with the smell of the pines. In the knolls there was a strong scent of dead oak leaves reminding me of the north. At sunset a Heron (A. wardi) passed us flying just above the trees. After it was nearly dark a Whippoorwill flew from the sandy road rising just in front of the horses. In the numerous marshy ponds a few "croaking" Hylas were piping. We also heard a single note at short intervals from one of these pools that I took to be a bull frog.

The setters ranging about in the scrub palmetto put up a dozen or more Blackbirds' Finches. The scent of this bird is very strong & our dogs often point them.

1869
1869

[illegible]

[illegible] time [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

He [illegible] on [illegible] David [illegible] round in pine woods. "Tim" in his [illegible] on the [illegible] road. He [illegible] at the [illegible] only [illegible] 100 lbs. [illegible] on the [illegible] they did not like [illegible] a second time. [illegible] killed [illegible] in the [illegible] hitching [illegible]

[illegible] "Tim" [illegible] in a [illegible] place on the [illegible] road [illegible] scattered in every [illegible] two [illegible] side of the [illegible] 100 lbs. [illegible] with [illegible] on [illegible]

[illegible] head, [illegible] this did not [illegible] notice the [illegible] it [illegible] nothing [illegible]

[illegible] a robust [illegible] was [illegible] and died [illegible] painfully. An examination [illegible] showed that shot had [illegible] his course, one [illegible] his lip, while his breast was [illegible] flattened. However he [illegible] to be only slightly injured but we search hunting [illegible] and drove [illegible] home.

We [illegible] many fine wood finches [illegible] the most [illegible] common birds, [illegible] the [illegible] bird's own [illegible] singing. We found two Peter allens and I shot at one from the [illegible] but lost it.

In the open pine woods [illegible] the which [illegible] was H. atrata [illegible] to shoot it C. called out that "Robin" had found a bevy of quail (the second) so I [illegible] the chance to write the [illegible].

We [illegible] called this afternoon. [illegible] hunted [illegible] with the [illegible] here this is a [illegible] frontier and [illegible] the [illegible] by [illegible] wild.

There are [illegible] few flowers in the woods. Among these the most conspicuous are the huckleberry, a yellow flower [illegible] in a long [illegible] stem and a white star shaped flower which grows in clusters on a stout stem among broad leaves, both the [illegible] and leaves pressed flat on the ground.

Wickets and grasshoppers [illegible] are [illegible] in the orange groves this evening but [illegible] mosquitos.

Mr. Vigor brought in an [illegible] snake [illegible] 2 feet in length.

Enterprise, Florida

1889

Feb. 11 Clear and warm.

Spent the morning about the house taking a walk in the Palmetto hammock. Birds very numerous there, Cardinals, White-throated Sparrows, Ruby-crowned Kinglets, a Blue Gray Gnatcatcher, a Cat Bird, a Brown Thrasher, a Yellow-throated Warbler. Nothing singing except the Gnatcatcher. A large flock of Fish Crows feeding on Palmetto berries. Ground Doves in the orange grove.

Hunted Quail in P.M. going out down on the board to Orange City. "Nelly" found two bevies, one by the roadside in pine woods, the other on the edge of a swampy thicket. At the first I fired both barrels at long range bringing feathers from one bird but stopping neither. I then got in a single fresh shell just in time to bring down a Daggard that rose after the others. Then Quail took to dense scrub where "Nelly" put up second only one of which I shot at and missed (at about 20 yds.

The pointer put up a single bird & the second bevy which I shot. She then stood handsomely on the main bevy. I made a double as they rose shooting one and turning quite around to catch the other. Some six or eight got off but I found only one which I shot over a steady point in Palmetto scrub.

"Nelly" roaded another bevy near the Orange City field but failed to find it. In this field a large flock of Meadow Larks alighted among brown grass at sunset evidently to roost. They came in from a distance in a compact flock like Blackbirds

Enterprise, Florida.

1889
Feb. 12

Clear and cool. Wind N.

Spent the entire day hunting Quail going beyond Orange City on the road to Lake Helen. We did not put the dogs out until we had passed Orange City. Found the first [illegible] Then took her up and put down "Robin" who soon found the Quail in an old field. We each shot one the third escaping.

After this hunted several miles in vain. Then took in "Robin" and put down "Nelly". She struck the track of a running bevy which we saw the next moment within a few feet of the wagon. Soon we took in the pointer and went back with Robin. I killed right & left as they rose C. missing both barrels. The birds alighted near together and at the next rise I made a second double and then killed a single bird. C. killed one single and on both shot a fifth bird getting all five down within a few seconds. After this I missed four shots in succession at single birds and killed one alone and one with C. We got eleven birds from this bevy. The woods were perfectly open with thin grass in which we saw several of the birds before they rose. Robin worked very finely pointing nearly every bird.

After lunch Nelly found two bevies

pine woods. We each killed eight birds here. I used one of C's guns and made indifferent shooting with it missing fully as many birds as I killed. The triggers pulled too hard and I regularly undershot my birds. Both barrels were loaded. They ran more than any bird I have hitherto seen here and did not lie at all well.

Saw many doves to-day and good number of Chipping Sparrows and Grass Finches & Yellow Pine Warbler heard singing. Saw Grebes in a small pond. Shot a fine adult Bittern alleyin on the drive home. He was sitting on a stump over a creek and I slipped out of the wagon and stole up within good shot through [illegible]

Enterprise, Florida.

1889
Feb. 13

Clear and cool with N. wind.

Spent the day hunting birds starting at 9 a.m. and taking the brace of setters. Put them out first about two miles beyond Orange City. After going a half mile or so "Robin" found a bevy of about ten birds in a broom grass field. I made a double as they rose C. killing a third bird. They went into the pine woods well together and the blood dog quickly found them on the crest of a knoll. One rose which C. killed, then four or five at which I shot both barrels killing with my first. C. also killed another. Shortly after this "Robin" found a single bird which I killed over his point.

With the next bevy we had bad luck. "Robin" flushed them from broom grass without pointing. We marked five or six down but could find only one which C. killed. After a long search both dogs pointed the remainder of the bevy. They rose all around us & flew past our heads. I killed one but C. did not fire at all. Following them C. killed two and I shot at one at long range wounding it badly but losing it.

Late in the afternoon "Robin" found a third bevy among tall weeds long a wire fence on the edge of an orange grove. They flew across me as they rose and I killed right & left. C. firing only one barrel. [illegible]

bevy and the survivors flew less than 100 yds. alighting in the same belt of weeds at the end of the fences where the dogs soon found them and C. and I each killed one. A moment later I killed a second, missed one. Three or four flew back to where we first started them and we killed them & then there was two of which fell to my choke barrel at my long range one after C. had fired at it. This ended the day's sport.

On the drive home I saw a fox squirrel climbing the stem of a tall, slender pine. C. got out and shot at it about fifteen times before bringing it down. It was much slower and clumsier in its movements than the gray squirrel.

We saw many Pine-wood Finches to-day and I shot one that the dogs put up in an old field.

Passing through Orange City we saw a flock of eight or ten Boat-tailed Grackles in an orange grove near a house. This bird is apparently a rare bird here.

We saw no Florida Jays to-day and for perhaps the first time no Buteos! The two Pied billed Grebes were in the same part of the same pond as yesterday.

The country which we hunted over was flat pine land with frequent orange groves and old fields grown up to weeds and brown grass. It had little saw palmetto except in places about small ponds.

Dutcapivi, Florida.

1889
Feb. 14

Clear and warm. a little almost no wind.

Spent the day about the house. Much of the morning in the palmetto hammock. Birds were numerous there most of them together in a large mixed flock which included several Towhees, Cardinals and White-throated Sparrows, a Carolina Wren, a House Wren, a Ruby crowned Kinglet and a White-eyed Vireo. Near by pecking at the trunk of a tall palmetto was an adult ♂ Yellow-bellied Woodpecker. Yellow-rumped Warblers were everywhere, among the bushes, collecting flies from the tops of the palmettos, in the orange grove and along the street of the town. I saw one greedily eating the pulp of a sweet orange that had burst open in falling. In the chicken yard a fine Florida Grackle was feeding; this species is not common here.

On the lawn in front of the house a number of Boat tailed Grackles come every morning to feed on bread crumbs which are placed there for them, regularly. They are very tame and interesting.

Besides the Mocking Birds the most familiar and characteristic bird of the orange groves is the Fox Sparrow. Them are several always in sight or hearing from the piazza. One of them perches regularly every morning on the roof a shed and utters his bell-like note incessantly for

a minute or two, then, often an interval, repeats them. I am convinced that this is a sort of song as the mating season is close at hand.

The clean sandy soil under the orange trees attracts numerous Brown Towhees and a few Ground Doves also. One is sure to find there many Palm Warblers which run prettily about wagging their tails incessantly. Another tail-wagger the Phebe is also particularly numerous here. I often see three or four at once perching along the fence that separates the Carson from the Street. Early in the morning the crabs sing freely and in full tones. The Carolina Wren is the only other bird here that is in full song. The Mocking Birds have been absolutely dumb until this morning when I heard one singing short snatches at intervals for an hour or more. The Cardinals sing a little at daybreak.

Blue Jays are common and noisy in the moss hung live oaks throughout the village. Red-winged Black Birds also frequent these oaks and sing in small flocks making a confused medley like that of our northern Agelaius in early spring. These Florida Redwings however have feeble voices and their tones are harsher and more cracked. The Jays mimick the Red-shouldered Hawk very often.

Another singer not mentioned above is Polioptila caerulea. I have heard one twice in the orange grove. A Centurus inhabits the grove at all times. I saw him eating the pulp of a fallen brown orange [illegible]

1889
Feb. 15

Clear and hot as July with a light S. wind all day.

To Dago Prairie with C. Starting at 8.40 a.m. Saw nothing of interest on the drive out except a flock of about seven Florida Gallinules. Shot one but it proved worthless having lost half the tail.

Reaching the prairie began beating for Snipe but found very few. I killed nearly all I started - thirteen in number in thirteen shots. "Nelly" found several of them & made some staunch points. I made one double shot on Snipe & one on Barks. Near the middle of the prairie Nelly flushed a King Rail from a bed of reeds. It flew only a [illegible] distance but we could not start it again. In the pines there was a Hylotomus. Meadow Larks were singing all over the prairie. Flushed one Henslow's Sparrow.

Recrossing the railroad we kept turned some new ground for Snipe. "Nelly" found ten or twelve of which I shot five. I missed six or eight fairly good shots however. Cory killed ten Snipe in all. He shot badly at first but killed all his last birds.

In a wet meadow among short grass "Nelly" pointed a second King Rail which C. shot. She also flushed a Cistothorus stellaris.

For some time we drove on before us eight fine White Ibis. At length they settled in a circular meadow surrounded by moss-hung cypresses. As we approached we discovered a large patch of snowy white near them which C. at once pronounced to be a flock of White Ibis. [illegible]

alarm. Faster Ibises started, each springing like a Black Duck, the air seemed filled with white birds. There were fully forty Ibis about one third of them young (~~[illegible]~~ birds. They came out past us within perhaps 70 yds. then turned & came back high overhead. We fired six or eight shots at them & I dropped one an adult in too ragged plumage to be worth skinning.

The dogs trailed some turkeys across this prairie but failed to f.

On the way back to Ostend "Billy" found & pointed a small bevy of Quail by the roadside. I shot one as they rose and following them across the railroad into some low scrub killed four more. C. sat in the wagon reading, meanwhile.

After passing Ostend we flushed two bevies of Quail. Of the first I killed one, & the second I one & C. one. I also killed two fine Florida Grackles.

The drive home was very pleasant, the air cool and refreshing after the sun had set. We reached the hotel about dark.

[illegible] ferin, Florida.

1889
Feb. 16 Cloudy most of the day with occasional intervals of sunshine. Dead calm in P.M. Very warm all day.

Spent the day on the water starting at 9 A.M. and getting back at dusk. My boatman was Oliver Newton a fine negro of fine physique & remarkably intelligent. We skirted the east shore of L. Moore, thence into L. Bethel, thence across Holden Prairie to Thornhill Prairie. On the way saw very few birds save in one place five Louisiana Herons and a Bittern. I killed the latter sitting and missed one of the Herons with the other barrel. I also shot a small alligator one of seven or eight running on a raft of floating lily roots. We saw several ugly looking but doubtless harmless water snakes asleep on bushes several feet above the water. I killed a bright [illegible] at the place where I landed to get the Bittern.

Reaching Thornhill I tried in vain to get a shot at two Louisiana Herons which kept alighting on some low live oaks. Under these oaks we lunched sitting in the boat. It was a beautiful spot and there were many birds about us, a Mocking Bird, a pair of Blue [illegible], several Red wings, two Sphyrapicus varius & a Centurus, a Colaptes, a Red shouldered Hawk & a Towhee or two. Back among the [illegible] a White eyed Vireo was singing. A snowy white Heron occasionally flapped his way slowly across the prairie & an [illegible] & [illegible]

sealed fast. The air was still and hotter. From the reedy tangles along the river the cries of Coots and Florida Gallinules were heard almost incessantly.

After lunch I landed on [illegible] The snipe ground starting five birds and killing all of them making big snipe to day in six shots. Also shot two Meadow Larks and a Florida Crow, the latter sitting on the top of a small pine. Started a Short billed Marsh Wren, several Titlarks & Sav. Sparrows.

Returning to the boat we pushed off & had just cleared the oaks when I saw a beaver swimming well out in the river. It proved to be a diamond rattlesnake about two feet long with only one rattle and a "button".

On the way back followed the river to the lake. It is bordered by beds of floating vegetation chiefly lily leaves and a large Polygonum with dense and very tall reeds behind. These beds were alive with Florida Gallinules which as we approached scuttled, swam or flew back into the reeds. They often walked on the lily leaves or stood erect on them. Swimming they looked very like Coots. There must have been thousands of them. Coots were also very numerous, scattered about in every direction singly or in little clusters. I shot two Gallinules & two Coots. Also shot a Boat tail Grackle [illegible] flew past the boat. The outcry of the Coots & G[illegible] was nearly incessant. Saw about fifty Duck, at least fifty in one flock. Near the mouth of the river about forty Herons rose at once, mostly A. virescens with a few A. ludoviciana. Red-wing Blackbirds swarming in the reeds & very [illegible] Maryland Yellow-throats also very numerous. Boat-tailed Grackles everywhere along the river, nearly all of them J.J. A Osprey [illegible]

Titusville to Banana River, Florida

1889

Feb. 18 Clear and hot; thr 82° at noon. Wind S.W., strong all day.

Left Interpriseville by the noon train reaching Titusville about 3 P.M. Typical Florida town of the most forlorn type. Fish Crows & Boat-tails swarming about the vacant lots and along the edge of the river. Many Yellow-rump Warblers & one Titlark on a long wharf.

We had chartered the schooner "Manatee" for a week's trip and getting our baggage aboard set sail for Banana Creek. The distance across Indian River is about seven miles diagonally. The water for the entire way was thickly sprinkled with Coots (Fulica) with every now & then a great bed of Scaups (Fuligula affinis). The latter regularly took wing before we were within 100 yds. but the Coots were tame. Most majority flew at about 100 yds. paddling frantically with their feet for many yards, after flapping against the crest of a wave after flying many rods & giving up the attempt. A few Coots did not attempt to fly at all but dove as nimbly as Grebes staying under water a long time. Bar [illegible] of within 15 ft. of the side of the vessel. In water in many places was 5 ft deep & free from aquatic vegetation. The Captain said the Coots feed by diving.

We reached the mouth of Banana Creek just before sunset. Here I saw my first mangroves.

The wind had now sunk to a gentle breeze deliciously soft & warm. In the mangroves several Nonpareils were singing; in the marshes many Maryland Yellow-throats. In the distance I could hear Boat-tails uttering their rasping chick, chick, chee-chee-chee. Several Kingfishers were flying about chasing one another. In every direction

[illegible]

[illegible] the [illegible] literally blackened the water from bank to bank at least half a mile across) of Banana Creek as far as the eye could reach and in the air a continuous stream [illegible] thousands, and hurrying out towards the Indian River. As our vessel anchored on the resting birds rose with a noise resembling a waterfall or a heavy shower falling on a still pond. In every direction the air was filled with thousands upon thousands of birds as thick as swarming bees. This continued until dark although we saw the greatest number near the mouth of the creek. Probably two-thirds were Coots (Fulica) the remaining one third Lesser Scaups with a sprinkling of other Ducks which we could not certainly identify. At the fewest we saw not less than three million birds in an hour & going only two or three miles.

At twilight fell several Night Herons flapped past us quaking hoarsely; a big Owl sailed across the open water; several Virginia Rallinogs squealed over the marshes. Innumerable frogs of several species, all new to me except the crackling hylas, began a medley of sound that lasted all night. Every few hundreds yards we disturbed great beds of Coots, invisible in the darkness, but making the sound of rushing water so loudly that it could be distinctly heard in the cabin of the vessel.

We reached our anchorage about 10 P. M. The moon had now risen and added its charm to the perfect southern night.

Tomoka River Florida

1889

Feb. 19 Cloudy & cool. Wind N. E. blowing a gale all day. Heavy rain in afternoon.

[illegible] at [illegible] o'clock [illegible], after the keeper of the chief station, Frankenmuir [illegible] came on board and offered to guide us to a creek where there was good duck shooting. His first effort was to run the "Maude" hard and fast aground in attempting to cross a mud bar. Several hours were spent in attempting to warp her off. Failing in this we left her and started off in the small boat. The wind was blowing a gale and we drove down before it into a creek at the mouth & while I left C. to look over the decoys while I went on with Frankenmuir to visit some ponds. We saw a great many Duck, chiefly Scaups & they nests on the way down and some large flocks were from the creek while Coots (Fulica) were lying in bed. It was very rough. But the trip to the pond proved a failure for there were no birds in them. The Florida Duck, Dark, Sooty, scaled down past us and alighted on a flooded meadow. I tried to stalk them but in vain. They rose precisely like our Black Duck and the flight was the same but their coloring looked as light as that of ♀ Mallards.

I saw on this tramp one fine Ardea egretta, several A. ludoviciana numerous Agelaius phoeniceus, a few Meadow Larks and some Savannah Sparrows. I also stalked over or eight Snipe & pretty made two fine points on them, I shot twice at them missed & killed one. On the way back to the boat saw a Duck Hawk sailing over the meadows. During the entire time [illegible] coming in towards with the wind blowing in [illegible] gusts & hard it was hard to see,

Coming to the stand found that C. had had only three long shots, all misses. I joined him and presently a King rail Duck scaled in over the decoys giving him a fair shot which he missed with both barrels. Soon after another came & I killed it. A few minutes later another which C. killed. After this several long shots by both at birds hurtling past down wind; all misses. Then a pair of King rails alighted & C. killed them both. He afterwards got another single bird and bagged one of a pair of Florida Black Ducks which alighted in a cove just above the stand.

After this we passed over two coves without getting a single good shot at Ducks but C. killed one from a bunch of four Stilt sandpipers and also shot at and badly wounded a Duck Hawk which however escaped.

Royal terns were flying about all day and several King billed Gulls and a few Cormorants. Two or three Ardea wardi also passed the stand one fine one coming nearly within range.

Late in the afternoon we returned to the vessel.

The country over which I walked to-day is peculiar & very unlike that about Enterprise. The island is everywhere interlaced with creeks and has innumerable small, shallow ponds bordered by tall sedge with occasional patches of Cat tails. Along the creeks mangroves form a well nigh impenetrable belt. I saw many shrubs that were new to me & that I could not name, one of them in bloom the flowers scattering and pale lilac in color.

The Duck Hawk that C. shot at was startled by my man Anderson. It was eating a Duck on the shore.

Banana River, Florida.

1889

Feb. 20 Cloudy with high N.E. wind all day. Occasional heavy showers

We started from the vessel about 8 A.M. taking different directions C. going with the captain in one boat to hunt some distant creeks, I taking Anderson with the other boat and building a stand on a point near where we shot yesterday. The wind was blowing on shore and Ducks were flying thickly. For a little while I had lively shooting then it slacked and Ducks flew at wide intervals only. I kept Anderson out with the boat stirring them up and in this way got many shots. I stayed in the stand all day leaving it about 5 P.M. During this time I fired about fifty shots knocking down about twenty fine birds of which I lost a number of wing-broken ones, getting only eighteen in all. Of these one was a Ring-neck, the others Scaups of both species, F. marila predominating. I also bagged a Willet. Many of my shots were long ones but in spite of this I missed a great many fair chances. The trigger guard cut my finger badly yesterday and it was so tender this morning that I flinched at nearly every shot. Most of the birds that came in to the decoys were singles but I had several chances at doubles and made one right & left successfully.

There were very many birds flying. I saw besides thousands of Scaups & Coots about twenty Green Herons, two Spatulas clypeata (I wounded one of them a fine & badly),

Sintail, an Old Squaw with long tail, one [illegible] & few Pintails.

There were many Hawks flying to-day a few alighting on a mud bank opposite my stand & I saw full 100 Willets, about a dozen Greater Yellow Legs, a flock of about 10 Stilt Sandpipers, several flocks of Aegialitis semipalmata, an Oyster Catcher, a Marbled (?) Godwit, and a few flocks of Peeps (species not ascertained).

Royal Terns were numerous and I might have shot a dozen from my stand. Two Forster's Terns came and fished near me giving me a good view of them.

Late in the afternoon two Ardea wardi came and fished in the shallows below my stand. I shot at them at very long range (nearly 100 yds.) but got neither.

In the grass near the stand I flushed a Carolina Rail which looked like an adult in full breeding plumage.

The day was so rough & stormy that I heard no small birds except a Carolina Wren just at evening.

Saw great beds of Coots low in the bay opposite my stand all day. When flushed by the boat they would rise lightly & easily against the strong wind some of them getting as high at 50 ft. in going 100 yds. They had a curious hovering flight reminding me of Pigeons about to alight. Although there were many thousands I heard them [illegible] a few times. Their usual note was like the cry of the muskrat.

Banana River, Florida.

1889
Feb. 21

A. M. clearing with frequent showers. P. M. clear & hot.

Starting at 9 AM C. & I both took stands on the point where I shot yesterday. I going to-day about 300 yds. to the eastward. Here I remained all day. I saw more Ducks than on any day thus far but they would not decoy well and most of them flew high or well out. I had perhaps twenty possible shots and bagged twelve birds, eight of them Scaups (chiefly the Greater S.) two Shovellers, one Hooded Merganser and one fine adult ♂ Gadwal, the latter is the first that I have ever killed. It was a high bird and came over me rather high. The Hooded Merganser swam in with some Coots & I shot it on the water.

Just before shooting the Gadwal I killed another bird new to me viz. a fine adult ♂ Brown Pelican. It came flying past my stand low down holding its bills pointing down like a Woodcock. It flew about 200 yds. and dropped dead sending the spray several feet high when it struck.

While skinning this Pelican in the boat I had a good shot at another but my gun was out of reach. By the time I got it the bird was beyond range as was also a pair of Shovellers which had been sitting among the decoys and which rose during the confusion.

Late in the afternoon an extraordinary flight of Ducks began and lasted as long

it was light enough to see. In flocks of varying numbers up to several hundreds each they poured past in an almost uninterrupted stream. There were many flocks of Widgeon, Shovellers & Pintail among them but fully ninety per cent were Scaups. I think I saw not less than one hundred thousand in all. The Widgeon flew high and I heard their musical whistle perfectly. I saw a single adult & drake that was either a Canvas back or Red-head probably the latter.

Dozens of Teal, Yellowlegs and a few Marbled Godwits flew past my stand to-day. In the evening twilight a large flock of Black Skimmers passed within twenty yards. I shot two Willet from a large flock and also killed a single Lesser Yellow Leg.

After the sun came out small birds began to sing. I heard White-eyed Vireos, Maryland Yellow throats, a White eyed Vireo etc.

Coy spent the day on a bay a mile or more beyond me. He saw thousands of birds and shot away all his shells some eighty odd shooting down about fifty fine Drakes of which owing to the poorness of his dog and the tall grass he bagged only thirty-four. Towards evening Ducks of various species poured past his stand in a steady stream. He killed many Pintail & Widgeon & one Florida Black Duck. He also brought in a very fine Ardea egretta which was shot by Quartermain.

Suwanee River, Florida.

1889

Feb. 22 Cloudy and cold with frequent showers. Wind S.W. blowing a gale all day.

We got off at about 8.30 A.M. and rowed directly to the place where Coy shot yesterday. On the way we saw thousands of Coots. In one place the creek was solid full of them for hundreds of yards. Probably there were at least ten thousand in the flock. We too saw many Shovellers. In a narrow part of the channel Yellow Legs, G. flavipes, and Willets were feeding along the margin of the water. Among them were about fifteen Stilt Sandpipers. These rose all together and passed me in a compact flock. I shot into them and killed three. A little further on I found flocks of Mergansers, A. americana & A. cucullata & A. ludoviciana, some and with them thirty or more Blue-winged Teal.

Reaching the end of a bay C. chose a stand on an island while I put out my decoys off the end of point at the mouth of a creek. The first bird that came in was an adult ♂ Blue wing Teal which, at the report of my gun, doubled up apparently dead. The next minute a ♀ Pintail flying by at long range and I brought her down with a broken wing. "Nelly" swam out and after some trouble caught her under water. She then recd. a ♂ Teal which had decoyed a long way out into the bay & was about to turn it when it rose and flew out of sight in the distance.

I spent the day in this stand & bagged besides the Birds just named another Pintail, two ♂ Shovellers, a pair of Blue winged Teal, a Greater Scaup (♀) and a ♀ Ring neck Duck.

ised only one fair shot I fired but failed to kill several long ones. The pair of Teal alighted among the decoys and I killed them both at one shot, sitting.

I also shot an adult Ardea cœrulea in wedding plumage and a fairly good A. ludoviciana. Many others of both species passed me within close range but most of them scaled off before the strong wind when I rose to shoot & so quickly that they would get out of range before I could pull the trigger.

I fired at an adult & female Harrier coming towards me and by squeaking a little I called him in to within twenty yards but I fired both barrels at him in vain although he finally dropped dead in the scrub several hundred yards away.

We left the stands about 4 o'clock when it was evident that the enormous flight of Ducks which passed over them yesterday was not to be repeated. In fact we saw very few Ducks to-day. As I was leaving the stand a Florida Black Duck came nearly within range, quacking loudly.

All day long an immense flock of Red winged Blackbirds haunted the vicinity of every place of concealment feeding along the piles of cut grass that lined the shore. Swamp Sparrows were numerous in the bushes, I heard the unmistakeable note of a Water Thrush along the creek. Saw several Carolina & one Virginia Rail. Royal Terns in sight all day. On the way home a flock of sixteen White Pelicans (the first I ever saw) passed us. They flew in a v like Geese, all flapping their wings together, then sailing. They looked shining white against the dark water.

Banana River, Florida.

1889

Feb. 23 Clear and cool. Wind blowing a gale all day from the N.

Started at about 8 a.m. taking the Captain and Anderson in the big boat. Cory did not go out at all.

I went directly to the place where we shot yesterday. Just after leaving the vessel I killed a Bessa Scaup which came past me down wind going like a bullet. Did not fire again until reaching my stand. We saw thousands of Coots and a fair number of Scaups on the way. At the island about 300 Pintails were feeding some forty yards off shore. They presented a fine appearance as there were many old drakes among them. They kept up a low conversational chattering and quacking. I tried to stalk them but failed and they all went off down the bay. Putting out the decoys I made a stand and lay in it for about two hours. The first bird that came was a fine old ♂ Pintail which scaled past the decoys about 50 yds. out and dropped to my second barrel. A few other Ducks passed out of range but as there was evidently no prospect of good shooting, I pulled the men, took up the decoys and rowed back to the gut. Here we made another stand. Several Scaups came in to the decoys as soon as we put them out and I killed one. After getting finely settled, however, I spent the entire afternoon without getting a single fair shot at a Duck. Many Scaups flew past out of range & an occasional bunch of Pintails hurtled overhead high in air. Once when I had left the stand for a moment a pair of Florida Black Ducks came

directly over the decoys low down. Their yellow bills deamed in the sunlight as if gilded.

My only shooting in this stand was at Herons of which I killed three, two adult A. cærulea & one A. egretta. The latter I dropped at ninety two paces. It fell among thick bushes when I came upon it suddenly & found it sitting on a stick with its wings neatly folded & showing only a single blood spot on the back of the head. I struck at its neck with the gun barrel but not hard enough for it immediately rose and I had to shoot at it again injuring it seriously as a specimen. I also dropped a Marsh Hawk in these same bushes but failed to find it. I called it up to within sixty yards of me by squeaking. When I began to squeak it was fully 200 yds. away.

Four large flocks of Herons passed me fully 100 birds in each, mostly A. cærulea with a sprinkling of A. ludoviciana. They fly very like Crows sailing & circling a good deal. Near my first stand a great flock of White Ibises passed flapping and soaring in circles; as they passed against a black cloud the effect was superb.

I saw two Water Thrushes distinctly to day. The Yellow legs were gone (I saw only two) but several great flocks of Peeps passed. The north wind had driven nearly all the water out of the bay: the flats were exposed for miles probably scattering the waders.

As we were about to start for the crossed a heavy flight of Scaups began pouring through the gut. I killed the first three, all long shots then fired 25 shell in about ten minutes bringing down only three more all of which were lost. It was so dark I could not see the gun barrel.

Feb. 2. Clear with strong cool N. to N.E. wind.

Early this morning we engaged Henry to take us to Titusville in his flat bottomed, square ended boat a sloop rigged vessel of fair size but only 10 inches draught. While waiting for breakfast C. shot an alligator from the deck of the Manatee. It rose at intervals of about two minutes, first showing the eye & nose only, then slowly raising the entire head above the surface, finally sinking smooth the water. It measured exactly 8 ft. 11 in.

Beat much of the way through the creek against a strong wind. Coots in beds of acres at frequent intervals. We computed the largest bed at full 100000 birds. "Good" Ducks (chiefly Widgeon & Pintails with a few [illegible] & Teals) also very numerous rising in clouds at times. [illegible] Yellow-legs, Willet, Hilldun etc. along the [illegible] At the mouth of the creek the water was black with Coots & Duck, as far as the eye could reach. Just outside the mouth saw a pair Duck Hawk sailing about.

Enterprise, Florida.

27

Feb. 27 Early morning cloudy. Rest of day clear with cold N. E. wind.

Started up the Creek at 9 A.M. with Olivia Newton as boatman, my intention being to spend the day collecting water birds etc. Reaching the inlet we began to paddle, or rather row slowly, through the extensive beds of cane and bonnets that border the river on both sides. My first shot was into a flock of Red winged Blackbirds, all ♂♂, of which I killed six. Shortly after this I killed a large water moccasin measuring about five feet. We took it at first for an alligator as it lay on a bed of "trash" its head raised merely two feet above the surface. Olivia came near running the boat on it & thinks it would have struck him over the gunnel.

Florida Gallinules were numerous and I shot three. I also killed one Ardea herodias in curious immature plumage. It was standing erect & still on some bonnets about 60 yds. off as we rounded a bed of cane.

We landed at an orange grove on the east bank. As we ran the boat in I shot a fine adult A. caerulea that was stalking along the shore. Skinned my birds under an orange tree in which an adult ♂ Icterus cucullatus was warbling at a the opening flowers. Also saw a Parula & heard a Kingbird Tyrannus Tyrannus & Hermit Thrushes calling in the scrub. Coots just outside the fringe of brush making a noise as of persons conversing in low tones. The

[illegible] with coming in every [illegible] the New water W. then [illegible] Pedregosa / then I am inclined to think the authors not the Coots as I thought on the 16th. The cry is precisely like that made by them Grebes on Crooked L., Mich., last May. Can very seldom I disentangled the notes of the Pied. Gallinules to-day. They utter a whe-whe-whe-whe etc. in a descending scale. It closely resembles the Spring call of Rallus virginianus.

Went the P.M. testing the Bonnets etc. Back towards the lake. Shooting two birds, to. I think, a Green Heron (ad. Ardea coerulea) and a of the year bird on the wing. Mr. Beal was one of a pair that we saw. The females ahead of the boat. Saw eight or ten otters in pairs & threes, the males in full plumage.

Near the mouth of the river found forty or fifty small Herons mostly adult Ardea coerulea with a few including of white birds, I shall, the young of and a good many Ardea ludoviciana. Day is set for them at an alleged "roost" in some willows but did not get a shot.

Saw nearly 100 Ducks about 50 in one flock. They looked like Scaups. Saw otters 40 to 50 Hooded Mergansers.

[illegible] Coots [illegible] the beds of cane. Saw in [illegible] Kill. A big (Vultures) sitting on a stake. Found Marsh Hawk [illegible] two or three Bittern flushed from the cane. A few White Pelicans. Mows. [illegible] Coots [illegible] conjecture but as beds of [illegible] to the total [illegible] of P. K.

Enterprise, Florida

1889

March 1 Cloudy and cool. Heavy showers in early morning.

Started at 8 a.m. with Cox intending to hunt the country between Orange City and Lake Helen. We got only as far as the railroad bridge, however, when the rain drove us back. We made a second start at about ten and slowed out the remainder of the day. We did not go far but drove at random through the woods beyond the de Bary place and about the junction. In all we found five bevies & twail some of them were found by a pointer called "Nova" a tall curiosity hunter we had taken out in trade. He pointed the first bevy and two single birds flamnchly but after this ran in on two bevies after making a short point.

I killed five birds, C. bagging four. One bevy acted very badly running a long distance before the dogs & rising out of range. We followed them up cheerfully but they rose a second time at fully 200 yds. distance. Mr. Cozzens tells me they act in this way frequently after March 1st.

We saw very few small birds to-day & nothing of interest except a Red Tailed Hawk which came very near us. It was an adult but it looked no larger than a B. lineatus.

Enterprise, Florida.

p. 2

March 2 Cloudy in morning & late afternoon. Middle of day clear and rather warm. Strong S.W. wind all day.

Started at 8.30 by boat for the Wekiva River. The lake was perfectly calm at first. We saw a large alligator basking on the surface near the de Bary landing and disturbed several large gar fish which plunged away from the bow of our with mighty & most startling splashes. Oliver says they fall asleep lying near the surface swimming themselves.

Just below the Outlet at a landing where many shad nets were drying we saw about a dozen Buzzards feeding on refuse fish. There were also four Herons, three Louisiana & one little Blue. I shot two of the former but one escaped into a cypress swamp & was lost.

My next shot was at a large otter which we saw swimming in mid stream a little below Fort Florida. He looked like an immense muskrat but swam much faster & showed a flatter head. He dove twice going perhaps twenty yds. under water each time. I shot at about 30 yds. & apparently scared him fairly but he did not reappear.

Near this same place I shot my first Anhinga, a fine ♂. It was sitting on a stump on the river & allowed us to drift within 30 yds. During the day we saw about eight of these birds several of them beautiful.

Nearing the mouth of the Wekiva I heard a Corvus a. floridanus calling in the belt of palmettos

here. I shot a hair in 1876. There was also in [illegible] a Cardinal in the palmettos both of which birds I remember there in 1876. The Wekiva also seemed to have changed not at all since my last visit. We went up about a mile & a half & in this distance saw six Ardea candidissima, two herons, and a Wood Duck. The Sweet Gums, ash trees (F. americanus?) maples (A. rubra) and cornels were in nearly full leaf & the cypresses fast coming in foliage. The willows (Salix [illegible]) were [illegible] with small leaves & were in full bloom & alive with bees. The river was very high and its setting intensely green wherever the eye rested. Cardinals and Grackles (Q. aglaius) were [illegible] as we [illegible] the forum in song. In the cypress swamp a Pileated Woodpecker was calling & we heard P. l. alleni screaming incessantly as they moved against the sky. We met a native who had come down eight miles. He saw many Herons & about twelve Cranes on the way. Has not seen a Parakeet for two years, nor an Ivory Billed Woodpecker within a year. Small Herons still visit the Wekiva prairie. He saw one there last Dec. Cranes are not decreasing much; they are little molested.

On the way back to Lake Monroe I shot a Bittern which we saw alight & afterwards flushed. It proved a ♀. Also shot four Red-wings, & Boat tail hooting in a hammock. The Cuckoo-like call [illegible] all over the flooded meadows. Found Coots wherever we heard it, but also saw one or two Grebes. Saw only four Ducks & perhaps twenty Coots during the day. D. dominica, & Parula in full song. Found one Sparrow Hawk. Bird screaming about in

Enterprise to Palatka, Fla., via St. Johns River.

1889

March 11 Clear and cool with strong N. wind.

Left Enterprise at 9 A.M. on the small side-wheel steamer "H. B. Plant" and reached Palatka a little after dark. Spent most of the day on deck. The river was very beautiful for the forests are now in almost full leaf. The cypress, however, are only beginning to unfold their foliage. The "bonnets" were very luxuriant and the vivid green of some of the Carex beds was almost dazzling to the eye.

During the entire day I saw only one alligator, a small one basking on a log. Of birds I saw seven or eight Anhingas, nearly as many Great Blue (Wardi) Herons, about fifteen single adult Ardea cærulea and a flock of perhaps twenty mixed blue and white birds, probably of the same species. We also passed a few high white birds some of which may have been [illegible]. Most of these birds were very tame, allowing the steamer to pass within 30 yds. without flying or even showing much alarm. No wood ibis or egrets were seen during the day and to my great surprise, only two kills. Of herons [illegible] most of them [illegible].

After sunset I saw a pale Heron, [illegible] Blue Herons, and three Deeks which I took to be Ard Occasa, all within a few minutes. They were all flying, evidently shifting their feeding grounds as such birds will at this time of the day. The [illegible] on the [illegible] from the [illegible]

[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] and [illegible] on the edge.

[illegible] the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] in large flocks [illegible] [illegible] the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] the [illegible]

The [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] and [illegible] was [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] the [illegible] and [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] the [illegible]

[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] this [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] is [illegible] to [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] the birds by persecution and [illegible] much to the exceptionally high stage of the water. [illegible] were inclined to [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] their [illegible] in the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] in many cases [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

[illegible] [illegible] great part of the [illegible] was very [illegible] in the height of the [illegible] [illegible], the [illegible] being with [illegible] [illegible] and a [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] at the [illegible] height. After twilight fell the scene was impressive, rather than beautiful, a wilderness of [illegible] and [illegible] [illegible] no [illegible] of man's [illegible] [illegible] for the [illegible] [illegible] not be [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] of [illegible] this part of the [illegible]

Tallahassee, Florida.

1889
March 14

Clear and cool with strong N.W. wind.

Reached here on the afternoon of March 12th having in the interim between March 4th my last journal record visited Charleston and St. Augustine.

Started at 7.10 this morning on a day's shooting trip for Quail and Snipe taking with me a borrowed dog a coarse bred liver & white pointer, "Bingo" by name. I also took a small negro to drive, a boy not over eight years of age but an efficient both as a driver and marker. We started in a N.E. direction and drove six or seven miles before we reached an uncleared country. The road led through a farming region which closely resembles Virginia between Alexandria & Richmond very hilly and broken with deep valleys and water courses down which flow clear swift brooks. The soil is red clay and the roads very hard and smooth except for the channels worn in them by the water. We passed many large pear and apple orchards the trees tall and slender resembling Lombardy poplars. The pear trees and wild plums were in full blossom. Along the roadside were many wild flowers & the thickets were overrun by yellow jasmine. A small tree (Pinus angustifolia) with foliage resembling a live oak was covered with pink blossoms very like apple blossoms. From the hill tops the eye looked for miles over deep valleys mostly in cotton & corn fields with scattered trees and dark belts of pines, the latter mostly P. taeda I think. Live oaks hung with [illegible]

[illegible] very [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] important.
Reaching a small pond my driver assured me I would find Snipe about its edges – a most unlikely looking place. However I tried it and started about a dozen Bagging seven. There was also a Bittern and three (or three Birds one of which shot (& which proved on a duett of laying). The Birds uttered the Cuckoo notes & also the Rail like cry I described to Gallinula galeata when at Enterprise. There were also Killdeer & Florida Grackles at this pond.
We spent several hours after this hunting for Quail driving miles across interminable cotton fields & patches of broom sedge the dog starting nothing but hundreds of Grass Finches, an occasional Bunting and several Rabbits the latter of which he [illegible] readily. Carolina Doves numerous. A few Sparrow Hawks & an occasional Marsh Hawk. Many Savanna & a few Yellow winged Sparrows.
Finally we reached another small pond in which was a of Ring neck Duck and a Coot feeding near some tame Muscovy Ducks. I shot the Ring neck and then six Snipe one more escaping.
Left to the third pond where we lunched. Eight Ring-neck Ducks (. very shy keeping nearly the middle), a Carolina Grebe, and seven Coots in this pond.
Spent the afternoon hunting Quail. "Brigo" found four bevies pointing them all handsomely. Two had 8 birds each, one 6, the last about 18. I killed 11 in 13 shots making four straight doubles. When I found the last bevy I had only three shells left. All four bevies were in plum bushes in plantations. Drove back to town before sunset. The air sweet with the fragrance of the pines.

Tallahassee, Florida.

1889
March 16 Clear, still, and hot. Thm. about 80° at noon

Starting at 8.30 a.m. with C. I drove out along the road taken on the 14th. At the first pond on the right just beyond the ford heard some Grebes calling and leaving C. in the buckboard I went in pursuit of them. There proved to be three ponds separated by narrow strips of land the first two connected by a ditch, the third without either inlet or outlet. In the first and third ponds there were a high pair of Grebes (P. podiceps) each, in the middle pond a high Grebe and a pair of Pied collaris. I spent two or three hours in going from one pond to another trying every device I could think of to get shots at these birds. The Ducks I stalked shooting the ♂ on the water at long range. One of the Grebes I also stalked successfully. Another I killed by concealing myself near its favorite feeding ground and waiting (perhaps twenty minutes) until it got over its alarm and swam back. The two Grebes were ♂ & ♀ but they were shot in different ponds and were not a pair.

In tramping about these ponds I started fully a dozen Snipe but did not try to shoot any of them. They were shy as a rule for there was absolutely no cover where they were feeding, usually under live oaks where the ground was smooth and nicely covered with dead leaves. There were also several Killdeer about these ponds.

Small birds were numerous and several species as Cardinals, Yellow-throated and Pine Warblers,

full song. In the cut banks about the ponds I heard & saw Swamp Sparrows and Maryland Yellow throats. Flitting from place to place along the water's edge and alighting on the dead cotton stalks were numerous Palm & Yellow rumped Warblers. Among some young loblolly pines a pair of Centurus carolinus were flitting about hammering at the tree trunks and calling like Flickers. There were many Sparrows in the cotton fields chiefly Grass Finches with a few Yellow-wings and one Bachman's Finch (typical) which I shot. Meadow larks in flocks and silent rose every now & then from the brown grass under the pines. On the edge of one of the ponds I started a flock of eight Ground Doves. Regulus calendula and Parus carolinensis were heard in full song. Zonotrichia albicollis numerous in the thickets along the roadside where I also saw a few Song Sparrows. One of the latter sang feebly & imperfectly.

One of Ring necked Duck could not be driven from this chain of ponds but he became very shy after I had shot his mate and flew from one place to another. Some young people on horseback told me that a pond further along the road was "full of Ducks" so C. and I drove there. We found a beautiful little pool about an acre in extent fringed with button bushes and surrounded by woods through which, on one side, the road passed near the water's edge. In this pond were ten Ring necked Ducks (6 ♂ 4 ♀). They were so tame that we watched them fishing at a distance of less than 40 yds. I did not shoot at them because I had no means of getting them

The birds shot in the lower ponds were all in winter plumage or first spring and, as there could not be any reason to think that they could not dispersed accordingly had to be in order to the first and would not for the winter. Bufflehead (Bucephala albeola) in full bloom to day. Many [illegible]

Tallahassee, Florida.

1889
March 18 Early morning clear and warm with high wind. Clouds gathered by 10 a.m. and about noon a succession of heavy showers with lightning began & lasted until sunset.

Took breakfast at 6.45 and started at about 7 with the boy Wiley as driver. The morning was perfect save for the wind and birds were singing on all sides, chiefly Mocking Birds & Cardinals.

By the roadside there were many wild flowers conspicuous among them a large shrub which I take to be a species of Prunus (Prunus angustifolia) (Amelanchier) with deep pink blossoms, a superb thing fully as beautiful as a wild apple. The wild plums were past and nearly all their blossoms shed although on the 16th they seemed to be at their prime. Mistletoe and live oaks in flower. Also what I take to be the sour cherry, a large tree here. Also Cornus florida. I see both Hornbeams if I am not mistaken, the Ostrya the more abundant of the two and just leafing out.

We drove directly to the pond in the woods where I saw the Ducks (F. collaris) on the 22nd. They were all there this morning, or, rather, there had been some change for to day there were 8 ♀♀ and 4 ♂♂. After some maneuvering my boy drove them within shot of the place where I lay concealed. I got three of the drakes together and firing only one barrel dropped them all. One, however, afterwards rose, flew across the pond & got into some bushes so I only secured two. We then drove back to

the chain of ponds near the road and in the further one found a Scaup (F. affinis). My boy flushed her and I lying in wait on the neck between this pond & the next, dropped her as she was crossing it.

I then turned my attention to Snipe and quickly shot five without a miss one bird going off wild. I also shot two Meadow Larks flying, a House Wren and a Bachman's Finch.

Our next stop was at a pond on the left of the road. In it were several Grebes, a Fulica and a pair of Ring necked Ducks. The latter were very tame and I waded out to within 30 yds of them. Getting both together I fired but somehow undershot them wounding the ♀ so that she could not fly, however. She dove twice & got into some reeds where I lost her. I missed two easy shots at Snipe here starting dif in all. Most of them only flew rising 100 yds. ahead.

From here we drove to the pond where I shot my first Grebe (on the 14th). In it I found to day three pairs of Grebes, very noisy and very tame. I missed three shots at them, one at a pair coupling. Then I killed four in succession. Most of the time that I was pursuing them about it was raining so hard that I could only see with greatest difficulty. Perhaps the Grebes were similarly blinded. The water came down in a perfect flood and as the storm showed no signs of abating I finally started for town, getting pretty wet during the drive. Shot three snipe at this pond. I think they are Wilsons. Started only one Snipe here.

Marianna, Florida.

1889
March 31 Clear still and warm, a perfect day.

Came to Marianna from Tallahassee last evening to hunt Wild Turkeys. Engaged the services of W. R. Hartsfield a noted turkey caller who awoke me this morning at 4 o'clock. We started a few minutes later by wagon and drove out of town about 5 miles ~~reading~~ by moonlight. The woods very beautiful in the pale light, the dogwood trees in full bloom showing like silvery masses among the darker pines. A Pine Warbler sang over, and no other sounds save the chirping of crickets.

Reached our destination, Baker's plantation, just as the eastern sky was reddening and driving down to the edge of a swamp left the horses and entered the woods, along the edges of which Cardinals and White eyed Vireos were singing and a pair of Barred Owls hooting and calling wandering. Passing through a belt of open woods, chiefly of beeches and magnolias with an undergrowth of Cornus florida, Halesia diptera, Red Bud we came to the edge of a cypress swamp. Hartsfield called here several times but his yelping yuf-yuf-yuf echoed among the trees without response. Moving along a few rods at a time he called again & again but in vain. Meanwhile I was chiefly occupied with drinking in the marvellous beauty of the woods as the twilight faded and the daylight grew and in listening to the birds. Such a medley of sound! I have heard nothing like it since the Wekiva experience of 1876. The air rang and the woods echoed the sound. Cardinals, Carolina Wrens, White eyes, Hermit Thrushes (?), Pine Warblers, Mockingbirds, Pewees, D. dominica and Regulus calendula all singing as if they would burst their throats. And then the Woodpeckers! In every direction their drumming and call notes filled the woods. Most of them seemed to be Centurus carolinus but there was at least one

Hylotomus pileatus. The hooting of the Barred Owls was almost incessant and decidedly the most impressive and prominent of the various sounds.

About twelve we returned to the plantation and shouted to the driver to bring the wagon. While waiting for it heard a Tufted and saw a flock of nearly two Florida Jackdaws which passed overhead and pitched into the swamp. Finally the wagon came and we drove a mile or more along the edge of the plantation. Purpuras and Field Sparrows were singing in several places among young pines. Then plunged into the woods again and drove down to the edge of Chipola River, a swift stream over its banks flooding the bordering cypress woods. While Hartsfield was off tramping about in search of Turkeys I took a shorter walk along the margin of the river. Started a Blue Heron (A. Cærulea) which afterwards came back & flew over the wagon giving me a fair shot. I wounded it badly but it escaped. I also came upon a pair of Red Breasted Mergansers but they swam across the stream which I was wading & quickly disappeared and I could see no more of them. The drake was a beauty and his brilliant colouring, especially the painted bill, was displayed to great advantage as he crossed the open water in the sunlight. I also saw a fine adult ♂ Cooper's Hawk which dashed past the wagon within 15 yds. just before I got my gun loaded.

At this spot small birds were even more numerous than at our first stopping place. In addition to those already mentioned I heard one Vireo olivaceus in full song, four or five Melanerpes erythrocephalus giving the true toad call as they sunned themselves on the topmost branches of the huge cypresses, a pair of Red-shouldered Hawks screaming and several Barred Owls hooting although the time was noon

Marianna, Florida.

1889
(March 1) [illegible] high. I also saw a Hylocichla varius. Wood Warblers were numerous along the river. A large flock of Florida Grackles were singing in medley in a cypress over the stream.

Throughout these woods dogwood, redbuds, buckeye and the snowdrop tree (Halesia diptera) were abundant and in full bloom. There was also a shrub which I took to be Calycanthus which bore cymes of snow white flowers. The oaks, tupelo gums, beeches and red maples were in about [illegible] leaf, the cypresses just oiled with tender green of a very fresh [illegible].

Finally Hartfield returned and we started back to town. Crossing the plantation we started small large flocks of Meadow larks and Grass Finches but heard none of either species sing. Along the main road we found Carolina Doves numerous in flocks and [illegible] there, one flying. In a pond which we passed small Carolina Grebes were calling. The country is similar to that about Tallahassee but less rolling the soil more loamy or sandy with little clay. The roads are hard and smooth. The woods are even more beautiful than those near Tallahassee having more variety and more flowering shrubs (the red bud is [illegible] near Tallahassee such the "snowdrop tree" (Halesia diptera) [illegible] Spiræa thea) Pines predominate over hardwoods on the higher ground. Pinus australis is common and I saw much P. mitis. P. tæda is perhaps the most numerous pine. In the Chipola swamp the sand was [illegible] tracked over with opossum foot prints. Hartfield also saw an old track of a turkey. Buzzards of both species were seen in small numbers.

May 11 Got back to the Milton House at 9.30 a. M. and spent the forenoon on the piazza and in a grove of cedars. Purple Martins about a martin house. Kingbird sitting on a tree in the garden. Blue Jays & Mocking birds numerous. Yellow-rumped & Palm Warblers about the cedars.

At 1 P.M. started for Chippola River having engaged with a crippled negro boatman, Manual by name, to paddle me down to Marianna, a distance of 20 miles by river but only 7 by road. Hatchfield was to drive down "Roost" some turkeys at sunset if possible, & meet me at the river landing about dark.

In reaching the river we found the boat which we had engaged gone. After a long delay searching for it we rode back to town on an ox cart, got some saddle horses and started for another boat which was said to be at the trestle bridge. This boat we did not find but it was 5 P.M. before we started off in it (6 P.M. by eastern time).

I found Chippola River a beautiful stream, about as wide as the Assabet, with a current averaging probably four miles an hour. Manual paddled steadily & vigorously and we made nearly half our distance before dark. The scenery was beautiful the river passing most of the way between high banks wooded with pines & various hardwoods with an undergrowth of red bud & dogwood in full bloom. There were many fine large white lilies new to me growing near the water's edge & in one place forming a long bed of snowy white so thickly were they massed. In places there were clusters of pink or salmon azaleas

March 4 (p. 3, continued)

[illegible] the [illegible]. [illegible] passed [illegible] large limestone ledges in one of which were several caves said to extend in for a long dis[illegible]. The water in this stream was clear and cold & fish are said to abound. Otter & Beaver are both abundant. The latter cut down large trees along the banks and devastate corn fields near the river. Manual killed a large specimen last year. Hartsfield corroborates this. He has seen numerous fresh beaver signs within a year. Neither Beaver nor Otter are systematically hunted by any one. The Beaver sometimes dam the small tributaries of this river and flood the adjoining plantations. Beaver

The most marked feature about this river was the almost total absence of birds. In the ten miles we covered before dark I saw only one Kingfisher, a pair of Wood Duck and a Pileated Woodpecker. The latter flew from a hole in a cypress as we passed in dently startled from its roosting place by the sound of the paddle. After dark we heard a few Barred Owls.

One bird however, I have omitted or rather left for special mention viz. the Wild Turkey. One of the chief objects of the trip was to get a shot at one if possible but we passed mile after mile without either seeing or hearing one. At length after the sun had set and the twilight deepened so that the trees began to look darkly against

the Sky I saw off all hope and throwing my gun away in the bow was eating some lunch when Mamma suddenly [illegible] on a day whisper "See that turkey". I seized the gun and looked in every direction but the right one. "In the top of that cypress on the right" again Pete my prompter. Then I saw him and a big black object squatted on a horizontal branch of a tall cyp. a half concealed by a bunch of moss over which he craned his long neck to get a better view of our boat which by this time had actually passed the tree. In vain I tried to put the gun on him - I could not turn far enough to the right. Mamma, however, speedily swept the boat around, I drew a careful sight on the birds neck and pulled the left barrel of the old Fowks gun. There was a blinding flash then through the gloom we saw the big bird come crashing down striking a branch and ~~finally~~ a cypress knee before he finally reached the water. We paddled to him and I lifted him into the boat with difficulty for he weighed, as we afterwards found, only an ounce or two short of eighteen pounds. Hartfield said that he was fully three years old. The fore part of his head was blue, the hind neck purplish red, the wattles white. All this I learned next day for it was too dark at the time I shot him to make out color at all. I feared he was ruined for a specimen as the feathers over a large space on the left side of the breast were completely rubbed off by his fall. However I finally made a good all

Shooting a Turkey

Gray squirrels were very numerous about the bluffs of this river. I saw at least twenty. This that I shot on a bluff overhanging the river. The wind although Mamma pronounced this fully worth a dollar we decided to let it go. [illegible]

1887
March 22

Marianna, Florida
Merritt's Plantation

Clear and warm with a light breeze. A delicious day.

We reached the plantation about 8 P. M. last night and found Hartsfield waiting at the landing with a horse & buggy. In a few minutes we were [illegible] at the house where I had a [illegible] welcome from Mr. Alexander the gentleman in charge. He told us that a flock of 17 turkeys "used" [illegible] in [illegible] Hartsfield had failed to roost there that evening but hoped to find them next morning.

We were afield at daybreak Hartsfield striking for the cypress swamp along the river while I was posted on the edge of the oat field where I crouched behind a pile of logs. Slowly the east reddened and day broke, until the sun, a great red ball, rose above the pines and scattered the mist that had shrouded everything when I first took my stand. The air was very damp and absolutely still. I could hear Barred Owls hooting in every direction and as it became lighter the woods and fields rang with bird songs and calls. Cardinals, Carolina Wrens, Hooded Warblers, Pine Warblers in the woods, Meadow Larks out on the broad fields, Woodpeckers hammering among the stubs, a pair of Red-shouldered Hawks screaming over a swamp. A Purple Finch chirked a few times in a pine near me and then burst into full song. In the bushes Towhees

"zee-cee" and rattle away the Crows. The bird is singing in the distance. Hundreds of Doves darting overhead flying out to the fields for their roosts. I found Carolina Wren, Cat-bird in the hills filled with pine needles, came to my leaf and finding me in possession scolded vigorously awhile, then retreated. Some time after I heard the sharp quit of a Turkey but it was doubtless the result of imagination. Finally the report of Hartsfield's gun broke in on the still air with a crashing roar which echoed through the trees. A few minutes later he fired again. I then started for the house flushing & killing a Meadow Lark on the way. The ground in the oat field was literally covered with flocks of birds.

After an hour or so Hartsfield appeared looking very crestfallen. He had found the Turkey roost in some cypresses by the river just as the birds were leaving it. He saw seven fly down and alight in the brush. Following them he flushed one within 30 yds. getting an easy cross shot but missing or rather only breaking one of its legs. A little later he got a long shot at another that flew from a tree.

About noon we went together to the river, I on horseback. Hartsfield called many times in vain. Twice a Turkey gobble-obble-obbled in the distance but it would not come. The brush alive with Towhees & Thrashers. Black Ground palmetto here. Bogs along the river crowded with turtles.

Drove back to town late in P.M. after skinning my Turkey. Saw nothing of interest on the way.

Thomasville, Florida.

1889

[illegible] afternoon. Air very soft & dry. This a typical spring day here.

Started at 7.30 A.M. with little Willie to drive and "Bingo" the pointer stowed comfortably on the rear of the buckboard. Took the Thomasville road, a new drive for me, and did not stop until we had [illegible] Bell. Head [illegible] we turned [illegible] off a side on the right and began the search, following a reading [illegible] of cotton or corn. Birds seemed to be against us for nearly the whole forenoon passed before I flushed a shot. Although Mr. Brennan over the same ground just up eight coveys yesterday killing 28 birds. But to-day "Bingo" beat field after field of weeds and broom sedge without so much as getting an old scent. At length we reached Long Pond, a sheet of water perhaps half a mile long. I went down to the shores and flushed [illegible] killed it. [illegible] alligator about 6 ft long asleep on a log. Heard a single Grebe and Kingfisher and saw an Ardea herodias.

Returning to the wagon found that Willie had marked down a bevy of four birds which we had flushed from some broom sedge. I trod up on and "Bingo" pointed two in good style & getting all three easily enough.

We saw nothing more until after lunch which we took on the edge of a small pond under some pines. No water fowl on this pond but in one a few hundred yards further on I shot a Florida Gallinule and saw a few [illegible]

Grebes, some on eight Coots, three Pelicans, winged Teal, and a pair of Barger Fellows Cogs the latter flying. The Coots were scattered about among some tall dead weed stalks. I heard their peculiar talking before I saw them. The Gallinule was swimming in clear water near some grass. The Teal were all ♂♂ in full plumage. They were too shy to permit me to approach within shot, I fired two shots at a Teal but missed. While driving around this pond Bingo made a point on the edge of an impenetrable thicket of greenbrier. Two Quail flushed up & dropped again before I could shoot; I heard others rustling on the leaves. "Bingo" would not enter the thicket.

We found the next bevy on a hillside among dense broom sedge and young pines. "Bingo" came off his point, found us, and then led me back. The birds rose wild and I missed with both barrels. They took to the woods where I could not find them again. "Bingo" soon after found a bevy in wild plums bushes in a deep hollow. I made a double as they rose. Willis failed to mark the survivors but I finally started five in some pines & missed a deep shot at them. The last covey found to day, was lying among some sprouts of a young live oak in a ploughed field. They rose wild & I fired only once & missed getting any bird. One of them alighted in a furrow in this field but neither the dog nor I could flush him. I finished the day by killing two birds & missing two others on the edge of a pond where I shot at a pair of Teals on the 18th.

We de Bingo freely early this morning. Heard Cardinals, Warblers, Bluebirds & about 5 Towhees probably P. erythrophthalmus. Saw many Meadow Larks in flocks all silent. Purple Martins about gourds near the negro cabins.

Tallahassee (Fla.) to Thomasville (Ga.)

1889

March 29 Early morning cool, almost frosty. Middle of day very warm with light N. wind. Entire day cloudless.

We left Tallahassee at 7.30 A.M. and drove to Thomasville (Ga.) reaching our destination at 5 P.M. There was little change in the general character of the country until we were within about a mile of the State line when the hills melted gradually away and a slightly uneven but nowhere broken region succeeded, very monotonous, chiefly covered with pine woods (the timber exceptionally heavy) with occasional barren looking plantations and a few cypress swamps. Red bud, buckeye, and a fine pink azalea (A. nudiflora) ~~appeared~~ just north of the State line and were seen almost everywhere beyond but the Cherokee roses, which throughout the hilly Tallahassee region lined the roadsides with walls of snowy white flowers, were few and scanty after the State line was passed. I saw only one red bud (at Bells Hall) in the Tallahassee region. Cornus florida was equally common in both belts.

Birds were abound and throughout the Tallahassee region but scarce after we passed the State line. In the flat pine region towards Thomasville I saw adult Ardea caerulea (and a white bird which I took to be a young of the same species) about small ponds, one Hydrotornis and a pair of Black Vultures sitting on a fence by the roadside. Hermit Thrushes and White Throated Sparrows were the commonest birds observed and both echoed over the entire distance traversed. Mocking birds were equally numerous and obtrusive. I heard the Pewee

Calendula singing. Along the roadsides, chiefly in Georgia, we passed at least a dozen Loggerhead Shrikes and in a cedar in front of a house where we halted to eat lunch I discovered a nest of one of these birds. The ♀ entered it, settled hastily and remained sitting for about ten minutes, then flew down into the road where the ♂ joined her and fed her with a large grasshopper the ♀ quivering her wings and uttering a low continuous chatter like that of a young bird. I did not examine the nest but suspect the bird was laying and had not completed her set.

Just as we were entering the outskirts of Thomasville I heard the peculiar squeaking of Picus borealis and the next moment discovered the bird running up the trunk of a small pine. I did not see one in the Tallahassee country.

Carolina Doves were seen at intervals during the drive usually in pairs, sometimes three together, in the middle of the road in sandy places. I heard two ♂♂ coooing in some low pines, the first heard this season. No Ground Doves observed.

Very curiously not a single Sparrow Hawk was noted during the entire day. I cannot understand their apparent total absence from this region

Thomasville, Georgia.

1884
March 30

Clear and warm with light south wind.

Hiring a saddle horse I spent two hours or more of the forenoon riding through the woods near town. The country is nearly level with no decided hills or hollows. The soil is sandy, the woods chiefly of pines (almost entirely P. australis) which grows rather openly (but not as scattering as in lower Florida) with a few oaks (chiefly black-jack) intermingled. The ground beneath is grassy with many low bushes and vines in places. I saw no palmetto.

Birds were fairly numerous. I heard Sylvicola Olivacea, Cardinals, Carolina Wrens etc. and two Pewees the latter singing in low pines about 200 yds. apart. They were in full song and I spent several minutes listening to these delightful music. I also saw a pair of Vireo flavifrons in an oak, both silent hopping from twig to twig peering about under the opening leaves in the usual listless indolent manner.

We left Thomasville yesterday at 11.11.

# Game Birds killed by W. B. & C. B. C. in Florida, Feb. 1st - March 28th

1889

Numbers on the lines - shot by W. B. above line or in ( ) - by C. B. C.

| | February 1 | 2 | 4 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 9 | 11 | 12 | 13 | 15 | 16 | 19 | 20 | 21 | 22 | 23 | March 1 | 14 | 18 | 21 | 26 | W. B. | C. B. Cony |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Wild Turkey | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | 1 | | 1 | |
| Bobwhite | (7) | (18) | (2) | (13) | (5) | (4) | (5) | | (13) | (6) | (1) | (3) | | | | | | | | | | | | |
| | 5 | 17 | 2 | 19 | 8 | 4 | 6 | 5 | 17 | 11 | 7 | | | | | | | 4/5 | 11 | | | 6 | 123 | 85 |
| Wilson's Snipe | (4) | | (19) | | | (12) | | | | | (10) | | | | | | | | | | | | | |
| | 9 | | 25 | | | 18 | | | | | 18 | 6 | 1 | | | | | | 13 | 5 | | 3 | 98 | 45 |
| Willet | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | 2 | | | | | | | | 2 | |
| Fla. Black Duck | | | | | | | | | | | | | 1 | | | | | | | | | | | 1 |
| Pintail " | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | 1/2 | 1 | | | | | | 3 | 1 |
| Shoveller " | | | | | | | | | | | | | | 1 | 2 | 1/2 | | | | | | | 4 | 2 |
| Widgeon " | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | |
| Ring neck " | | | | | | | | | | | | | 5/1 | 1 | | 1 | | | | 2 | | | 5 | 5 |
| Scaup " | | | | | | | | | | | | | | 17 | 8 | 1 | 5 | | | 1 | | | 32 | |
| Gadwal " | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | 1 | | | | | | | | 1 | |
| Blue wing Teal | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | 3/2 | | 1 | | | | | 3 | 3 |
| Hood. Merganser | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | 1 | | | | | | | | 1 | |
| Red b. " | | | | | | | | | | | | | | 1 | | | | | | | | | | 1 |
| Miscellc Ducks | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | 57 | | | | | | | | | 57 |

[illegible] 1898

April 11 [illegible] with the W. [illegible] wind, morning clear, clouds gathering in the afternoon & finally showering. 77°.

Towed with Benton B. of U. H. Brain down directly to the Manse and putting my boat in the water sailed down river under sail before a strong S.W. breeze. The sun was shining brightly and the air soft and warm. Song sparrows were singing but very curiously I heard no other birds whatever although we saw Robins, Red-wings (two large flocks) and many crows. The river was low for the season and in most places fairly within its banks although brimfull and running with a strong current. The Great Meadows were faintly green and in fine condition for snipe with pools of water glistening everywhere among the short grass. Over their entire extent Leopard Frogs were croaking, their peculiar snoring notes blending into a continuous roll that swelled and sank as the breeze rose and fell. With the exception of the trill of Bufo americana I know of no sound more characteristic of warm April days on our Massachusetts marshes. I heard it however, at Tallahassee last month. The toads have not started yet.

No large birds except Crows were seen until we passed Ball's Hill when we came in sight of three Herring Gulls sitting on a group of tussocks on the edge of the main channel. They were all adults and looked snow white presenting a beautiful appearance as they stood in graceful, easy attitudes occasionally spreading their wings to the sun. Below them were three Shelldrake M. merganser two females and a fine old drake. We sailed to within 100 yds. before they flew. As they skimmed off close over the water the green head and coral red feet of the drake were very conspicuous. All the time that we were approaching

[illegible] I saw a Osprey hawking now [illegible] over the
river clad hill to the west where I found the young
in 1886 and 1887. Doubtless they will breed there again this
year.

The main object of our trip to day was to revisit
the Bedford Swamp where the Red-tailed Hawks bred
last year in the hope of getting another set of their
eggs. The river was so low that we had to land at the
outer brush island and cross the intervening meadows on
foot. As we approached the pines a Red-tail flew out
from them and we felt sure of a second nest but
a close search failed to reveal one and during the two
hours of noon that we spent in or near them we did
not see either of the Hawks again. Deuton climbed to
the old nest & found it deserted and dilapidated. In these
woods we saw literally only one bird besides the Hawk,
a Woodpecker which looked like Sphyrapicus but which
could not identify certainly.

After lunch we crossed the river and spent an hour
in the Cooper's Hawk woods and the adjoining Sandy field.
On the edge of the latter among some bushes interspersed
with pines we flushed a pair of Carolina Doves. One of them
alighted in a bush where I shot at it wounding it badly. It
flew out over the field then returned alighting again in the
bushes where Deuton finished it with his 32 cal. I heard a
Sitta canadensis and saw a Sharp-shinned Hawk. A few
Fox Sparrows scratching among the leaves on the edge of the woods.

On the way up river saw six Shelldrake (two fine drakes) &
a few Red-wings sitting on the trees & bushes but none singing.
Saw Sparrows numerous in the button bushes. At the Manse at
sunset Robins & one Meadow Lark singing. A pair of Sitta
carolinensis at the boathouse landing. Watched the ♀ into her nest
in an old Woodpecker's hole in the elm. It was practically inaccessible.

Cambridge, Massachusetts.

1889

April 26 Fair with occasional periods of sunshine & several light showers. Wind S.

At 7.30 A.M. driving to Alewife Brook where, dismissing George & the horse, I plunged into the swamp. As I forced my way through the brush I disturbed a Robin at work on her nest in a maple fork. Red-winged Blackbirds, Swamp Sparrows, and a few Song Sparrows singing in the thickets about me. Saw fresh musk rat tracks on the mud. Reaching the tall maples I found in them a pair of Chickadees and a Flicker, the latter "laughing" at frequent intervals. In the distance several Crow Blackbirds were calling. A few Hyla pickeringii piping in the wooded swamp, many toads (Bufo americana) trilling out in the open meadow between the two groves of maples. At least half a dozen Red-wings in this meadow scattered about singing on the tops of low bushes over the water.

Crossing this opening I entered the Sedge meadow next the railroad and looked closely for Virginia Rails in its scattered clusters of bushes but although old droppings were numerous, I could find no birds. Seeing a pair of Grackles (Q. aeneus) alight behind me I retraced my steps and found them in some dense alders along a ditch where they behaved very like Rusty Blackbirds feeding along the edge of the water and flitting from cover to cover as I followed them cautiously. Finally I shot the ♂ in a low alder and the ♀ in the top of a tall maple to which she flew. I lost the ♂ although he certainly did not fly. He was probably only wing broken and escaped into a bordering tangle of button bushes where I traced him a little way, indeed, by an occasional feather.

I next crossed the railroad and began to look carefully for Snipe, especially as I had heard a dozen

a dozen shots, several of them double reports, in this direction during the preceding half hour. I had just passed the first hedge of alders and was skirting some low willows (not over 3 ft. high) bordering the large meadow beyond when a Snipe rose in the open about 80 yds. off and flying only a few rods dropped among the thickets of these willows. A moment later another sprang from a cove that penetrated the copse near where I stood and I knocked him over easily enough as he topped a bush within 30 yds. of me. Without pausing to look for him I hurried to the spot where I had marked down the first bird. As I expected he had run some distance but he rose finally within close range and I riddled him by a snap shot as he was dipping down behind a thick willow. Both birds proved to be very fat and heavy. The ground for many rods on every side was thickly bored and "chalked" by them.

The rest of this meadow proved a blank and I did not go beyond it as I heard more shooting on the north side of the Mass. Cen. R.R. and concluded that that ground had been pretty thoroughly hunted. I did not see the sportsmen, however.

Returning I found six or seven more Grackles where I shot the first pair & fired at another through thick brush without effect. I do not remember to have seen them in this swamp in former years and do not understand the reason for their presence there to-day.

Finished my tramp by saunteering slowly through the Old Brickyard swamp & trying to identify some of its old landmarks. Nearly half of its former area has been scooped out by the brick makers; the remaining half has been nearly drained, only a little water remaining in the ponds and ditches. Nevertheless I saw at least a dozen Red-wings there as well as Robins and Swamp Sparrows. The muskrats have a large house in the pond where I used to shoot Coots.

The meadows were everywhere green & the grass in places 6 in high. The bushes and many of the maples were covered with small leaves and the willows were in full bloom. The general appearance of the swamp was that of about May 10th in average seasons. Yet I saw only [illegible] In fact the vegetation is everywhere at least ten days ahead

of the birds. A day like this in our parts would be a fine one for June, but to have it half of April with white weather, I regard it as a boon and to-day it beats anything I recall ever seen there on June 7th, except the Brighton one the meadows to-day.

April 30th 1889.

Concord, Massachusetts.

Clear and cool with high N.W. wind.

To Concord with Spelman by 8.11 A.M. train returning at 6.40 P.M. We spent the day on the river going as far up as Fairhaven Bay.

The weather was so unfavorable that birds sang but little and probably spent the day in sheltered places. At least we saw and heard but very few. As we passed the House garden several Grackles were flying about among the trees and Robins hopping over the lawns. Just below the new granite bridge we heard a Great Flycatcher. Above the railroad (Fitchburg) bridge a Meadow Lark was whistling and on the French farm I heard another. In the Duganne Brook meadow a ♀ Marsh Hawk was beating about. Above Stow Acre bridge where we landed to take a photograph a Bobwhite calling Bobwhite was whistling "Bob-White" at regular intervals. Doubtless it was one of the bevy that Chadbourne and I found there last October. I do not remember to have heard the Bob-White call so early in the season before. Bobwhite calling "Bob-White"

We landed next at the tall pines opposite the Cliffs. As we approached them a Red-tailed Hawk appeared and alighted in a maple. We looked carefully for its nest but in vain. There were several birds in these pines, a Parula (which I shot) two Pine Warblers and a Mniotilta, all in full song, and a Sitta canadensis whining. Spelman shot one of the Pine Warblers for me. As we were eating lunch in the wood path that traverses these woods we heard what I took to be an Osprey whistling although the notes were coarser and less shrill. Rushing down to the meadow I saw a pair of Red-tails high in air over the Cliffs the ♀ soaring in circles, the ♂ about 20 feet above her, poising, his wings beating rapidly out with a loose butterfly like motion. The next instant he swooped down past her. When Parula Sitta canadensis Buteo borealis

(April 30) I saw his red tail distinctly. I think I have seen this once before, at Upton, Me., if I remember rightly, in May 1881.

Our next landing was at Lee's Cliff where we spent an hour or more. A pair of Crows evidently had a nest in the pines as they kept flying about cawing. We also saw a Red Bird (probably one of the pair just mentioned) which flew out from the pines but we failed to find any nest.

Several Purple Martins were flying over the Bay in company with a few White-bellied Swallows. Of the latter we saw perhaps twenty along the river including two at the Manse - evidently inspecting their old nesting place in the big elm by the landing. Near the French farm we saw several Bank Swallows. Swallows.

We saw no Ducks and, very curiously, no Phebes either on this trip or on April 11th. I cannot understand what has become of them all.

In thickets near Fairhaven we heard a Towhee and saw two Brown Thrashers. Field Sparrows singing on all the hillsides and a Grass Finch near Nine Acre Bridge.

Richardson tells me that Black Ducks, Shelldrake, and Golden-eyes have been unusually numerous on the river the past month. On March 31st Seventeen Geese were seen by Albert Brown on the Sudbury Meadows. Ducks & Geese

The vegetation is unusually far advanced for the season. Cherry trees in full bloom in the gardens and Shad Bush in the woods. Saxifrage and Houstonia in full bloom also and Columbines out on sunny slopes. Poplars covered with small leaves and bushes decidedly green in places although the leaves are only beginning to unfold. The grass green everywhere even on the meadows. Vegetation.

1889

May 5 Clear and the warmest day of the year thus far. Wind were light in the early morning strong through the midday hours, dying nearly to a dead calm at sunset.

Mysterious silence and scarcity of birds

To Concord with Spelman by P. & M. train, returning at 6.35 P.M. The day was very warm and delightful in every way save one only. There were few birds about and those few mostly silent. The cause of this puzzles me. True there was a good deal of wind at times, especially about noon, but it was a soft wind and, moreover, it did not rise until we were a mile or more on our way and previous to this there were few birds singing. At the Manse I heard nothing but a high Pewee and a Bobolink, the latter merely

Sayornis

hawking. On the way down river to "the tent" where the wind first struck us - I heard ~~nothing~~ but one bird, a Song Sparrow. We saw a few Red-wings and further down a great many, all in small flocks in bushes or very near the ground.

Kingfisher

Several Spotted Sandpipers started from the bank as we sped past under sail and we saw one or two Kingfishers.

We had a glorious sail to Carlisle Bridge and nearly two miles beyond our ground new to me. A little below the bridge the river widens until its breadth nearly equals that of Fairhaven Bay. The north bank is high and heavily wooded for two miles or more

Buteo borealis attacking B. borealis

On the way down we saw a Buteo borealis and a B. lineatus nearly opposite the Hawk Woods. The Red-shoulder was sailing about low over the meadow when the Red-tail appeared and began to soar near him. He immediately attacked his large cousin rising above and swooping down upon him screaming shrilly & incessantly. The Red-tail took these attacks very

(May 5 coolly although he soon scaled off across the river to the swamp on the Bedford shore.

Landing near the "Hawk Woods" we hunted on the banks of the brook that skirts the sandy field. A portion of this field had been recently sown with oats which had attracted many birds. There were six or seven Cow Buntings, twice as many Red wings and several Grass Finches & Savannas. A few White-throats in bushes along the wall. I killed two Cow Buntings at one shot. While crossing this field we started a single Lit. Bark. It rose from a piece of ploughed land and flew out of sight. As it passed within 60 yds. we distinctly saw its red breast. It piped in the usual autumn voice.

While lying in the shade of a pine eating lunch we saw a Cooper's Hawk rise above the woods on the hill and soar upwards until actually lost to sight in the blue sky. A Carolina Dove flew past us, alighted in a tall maple and cooed several times. At the upper end of the field we started five of these Doves at once. Two went off in one direction, three together in another, all alighting in the tops of isolated leafless trees. We heard them coo many times, two ♂♂ apparently answering one another from opposite sides of the field. In the Hawk Woods found a pair of silent Solitary Vireos, a pair of Pine Warblers & three or four D. coronata. Also a pair of Picus pubescens. No D. virens or H. rufiscapilla.

The row homeward was delightful, the river nearly calm, many Red-wings singing, a Bittern pumping on the south side of the meadow, a Carolina Rail calling. I shot a ♀ Picus villosus which was pecking at a rotten stump (maple) over the water. The ovaries were undeveloped.

Saw a few Swallows - perhaps 15 White bellies one Barn two or three Martins. Birches green with young leaves. Apple blossoms nearly out. Cherry blossoms beginning to shed their petals.

1889

May 10 Clear and hot (thm. 85° at noon) with a heavy shower of mixed rain and hail in the afternoon.

Yesterday the thermometer rose to 87° and as the night was clear and fine I felt sure that there would be a rush of migrants in to-day. Accordingly I started for the Maple Swamp at 6 A. M. and spent the morning there. As I drove up Sparks St. I heard two Parulas and a Mimotilla singing in Dr. Wyman's big willow. The Brickyard Swamp was alive with birds chiefly Red-wings and Yellow Warblers to judge from the medley of sound that came to my ears as we passed. At Alewife Brook I got out and sent the man back with the horse. In the big white willows that shade the causeway were a little party of migrants including several Yellow-rumps & Creepers (Mimotilla) two ♂ D. virens and an Emp. minimus, the Warblers in full song. In the thickets outside the medley of bird voices was fairly confusing but most of the singers were apparently Yellow Warblers and Swamp Sparrows with a Cat-bird or two and a few Red-wings and Song Sparrows. Unusual heat

In the Maple woods bordering the brook I found Wilson's Thrushes (now singing), Water Thrushes in full song, two Least Flycatchers che-lat-ing at the top of their lungs, a fine old ♂ Redstart, a White-throat (Zonotrichia) a few Yellow-rumps, a Flicker and a Blue Jay, besides Robins and Swamp Sparrows. A Grosbeak was singing in the distance near the Heron pool. To Maple Swamp

The Yellow Warblers were also here as everywhere flashing like golden meteors from tree to tree chasing one another and singing as if they would split their little throats. I saw no females anywhere.

After shooting a Least Flycatcher and missing another I crossed the meadow to the middle maple island. Here I found a Cat-bird and six or seven Grackles. The latter

(May 10) were in the taller maples flying from tree to tree and occasionally peering down into the tangle about Heron Pool. I looked for nests but could find none. Perhaps they come to this swamp for mud!

In the east grove I shot two Least Flycatchers and missed a third. There were three Crows here, apparently hunting Robin's eggs, the shells of which I saw on the ground under a nest.

I next tried the north island. In some willows on its northern edge I came upon an interesting little company of birds including four D. coronata, one D. striata and one Wilson's Warbler. In the button bushes just outside I saw a D. maculosa and a Sylvania pusilla.

Nothing of interest in the willow openings near the railroad bridge over Alewife Brook. I looked closely there for Rails but could find no signs. Is it possible they have wholly deserted the Fresh Pond marshes? Certainly they are now rare there if found at all. Heard only one swallow (H. horreorum)

In the Brickyard Swamp I found Red-wings, Swamp Sparrows, & Maryland Yellow-throats in fair numbers and Yellow Warblers swarming. Shot four Least Flycatchers in the tall willows at the east end of this swamp.

In the Maple Swamp the trees and undergrowth were delicate pale green, their leaves on the average perhaps ½ grown. The foliage casting a slight shade but nowhere forming more than a thin tracery against the sky. Tops of the maples touched with red some of them bearing great clusters of red keys. The white willows had the densest foliage; their catkins, nearly all down, strewed the ground or water with buffy brown, caterpillar like forms. Foliage of undergrowth dense in places everything, were the hardy button bush, breaking into leaf. Pyrus arbutifolia in flower. Royal fern & sarsaparilla 2½ to twelve inches high. Vegetation

1889
May 11 Alternately cloudy and clear with light showers in afternoon. Wind S.

Started for Belmont in the morning but it began to rain and I returned. At 2 P.M. I started again and drove to Waverley, thence up by the mill ponds to and through the "Willows" and home by way of Prospect Street.

At the "Willows" I got out and walked through to the further end. A White-eyed Vireo singing in the delta. A flock of L. albicollis in maple swamp scratching among the leaves. Two Bobolinks singing on the meadow. Red wings and Yellow Warblers as numerous as in the old times but I heard only a few Swamp Sparrows and no Rails or Bitterns. A Kingfisher sitting in a dead tree on the causeway. What fish can the brook or ditches afford?

Orioles in the elms at Brown's, a Phebe singing behind the open cellar and a few Barn Swallows gliding in and out the great barn door.

Prospect Street as wild and beautiful as ever but the deserted house on the summit reclaimed and inhabited again. Visited "Spring Glen" and found a D. virens singing in the big beech and a D. discolor in one of the wild apple trees which were enchanted bowers to-day - covered with a sea of fragrant rose tinted blossoms among which countless bees droned & hummed. Two or three more discolor scattered over the adjoining barberry-grown pastures. Three Towhees along the walls. More L. albicollis in the thickets and among the ground juniper.

Finished the afternoon by a walk through the mixed cedar & ~~yellow~~ pitch pine woods at the forks of the road. D. virens and S. auricapillus singing. A shy thrush either swainsoni or some form of alicia flitting along a stone wall keeping well out of range of my pistol. Found more White-throats.

On the drive home heard two Emp. minimus in the

(May 11) village of Belmont and saw eight or ten Grackles in the swamp opposite the old Tudor place in Cambridge.

The country was very beautiful to-day. Apple blossoms a little past their prime but still effective at a distance and on some of the later trees perfect near at hand. Blueberries not yet out of blossom. The barberry bells beginning to show yellow but none open as yet. Hillside pastures and wood paths carpeted with violets the V. pedata (bird's foot) especially large and numerous this year. Dandelion blossoms everywhere. The foliage advancing fast, all the trees green, the birches and poplars already dense with leaves. The vegetation is still much ahead of the birds. Vegetation.

Delighted to note above that I heard a Bittern bittering screaming long and loudly in the brush near just north of Prospect St. I could see Brown diving down into the tree (a large oak) from which his cries issued.

Cambridge, Belmont & Waltham, Mass.

1889

May 14 Alternately cloudy & clear with light showers. Wind E. to S.W.; warm.

J. Dwight Jr. appeared at 9.30 A.M. with a horse and buggy and quickly provided one me to spend the day collecting. We got off at about ten o'clock and drove directly to the Warren Runs in Waltham. On the way we heard and saw many Orioles, Warbling Vireos, Scarlet Tanagers etc. a Meadow Lark and two Bobolinks near the Hickey place in Waltham, a Savanna Sparrow singing in the Cattle locality, a D. Striata opposite the Warren place.

Arriving at the Warren Cam we left the horse there and started over the usual route. The place proved to be not materially changed save that the second growth is denser and taller in many places. More of the woods on Whitehs have been cleared since my last visit. Warren Runs

Birds were numerous as species, very few as individuals. We saw only two Towhees and not more than three or four Brown Thrashers. I found a nest of the latter on the ground well concealed under a fallen birch top. It contained four eggs. The ♀ scuttled off under my feet & then flew. She made no noise whatever.

Golden-winged Warblers were as numerous as I have ever found them on this ground. We saw five ♂♂ & two ♀♀. of which Dwight shot a ♂ and I two ♂♂ & a ♀. I also shot down another ♂ but could not find it. Two of my specimens, a pair, I shot in the same tree a young elm on the edge of a swampy run. I killed the ♀ first and was wrapping her up, standing directly under the tree when the ♂ came into it and began to hop not over 20 ft. above me.

Dwight started a Screech Owl from a cedar in

(May 14) The dusky pitch pines on the hill north of the cems. It flew only a few rods but he could not mark it and we searched for it in vain. He also flushed a Grouse. I killed a Dend. caerulescens that was singing in a birch swamp.

Nashville Warblers were fairly numerous, Chestnut-sided not up to their usual numbers, Ministrelle rather scarce. We heard only one Grosbeak. Several Red-eyed Vireos singing. No Tanagers. A Pine Warbler in a new locality which I shot and another in the old ground near the entrance to the lane.

At 2 P.M. fog settled in from seaward and it began to rain. We started home by a roundabout way via the Willows. A few Swallows flying over the fields. A ♂ Marsh Hawk at the W. end of the Willows sailing over the road. I must look for his nest later in the old spot. Very few small birds along the causeway except Yellow Warblers and one fine ♂ D. maculosa which I killed. Nothing unusual saw on the drive home except a Meadow Lark whistling near the corner of School St.

At 4 P.M. I started on another drive with C. going around Fresh Pond, thence to and through Pagson Park where we heard a Meadow Lark whistling. Warbling Vireos, Orioles and Least Flycatchers in abundance everywhere along the road. A Cat Bird singing in Cedars.

Apple trees still in bloom but the blossoms faded to brown white & petals falling. Columbines at their best this morning some of the beds despoil. Saw a pair of Yellow-billed Cuckoos in a tree over the road near Birds' Pond. Apple trees. Cuckoos.

1889
May 16 Clear and warm tempered by light S. wind.

To the Maple Swamp at 9 A.M. for the forenoon. Entered by the Alewife Brook path as usual. A Least Flycatcher singing in the willows on the causeway, a Cat-bird in the thickets behind those willows, and Yellow Warblers on all sides.

In the tall maples by the brook found several migrants a Turdus swainsoni (calling freerk) a Dendroica caerulescens and a D. striata singing, and several Sciurus naevius chirping and singing. A Vireo olivaceus was also a new comer to these woods since my last visit. Besides these there were numerous Yellow Warblers, several Redstarts, a few silent Veery Thrushes, two dull colored T. aliciae and a pair of Flickers. Outside the maples in some low willows a Sylvania pusilla was dancing about in the usual erratic manner, jerking his tail and making occasional upward leaps after flying insects.

Crossing the meadow I passed through the middle island and entered the eastern maples. Here were two Least Flycatchers, three Grosbeaks (two ♂ one ♀) and a Robin or two besides another Red-eye and many Yellow Warblers. Females of the latter were collecting material for their nests everywhere to-day. I shot several of them as well as one Water Thrush.

In the thickets north of this swamp I also shot a ♀ Robin much to my regret for it happened quite by accident I mistaking the bird for a Grey cheeked Thrush.

Crossing the railroad I tramped over much of the open meadow to the north finding a Red-wing's nest (in a willow) with one egg but shooting nothing except

a Savanna Sparrow which proved on dissection to be a ♀ with ovaries so undeveloped that the granulation was invisible to the naked eye. The bird was probably barren.

Returning I was passing through the meadow just south of the railroad and north of the Maple Swamp when a Virginia Rail began crying out in sharp tones in a thicket on the bank of Alewife Brook. Going to the spot whence her cries issued I discovered her skulking through the briary tangle within ten feet of me. I shot at her twice with my 22 cal. barrel killing her the second shot. She would have laid within a week or two judging from the appearance of the ovary. This is the only Rail I have seen near Cambridge this year.

George met me with the buggy at 1 P.M. As we drove through Lake View Avenue on the way home I saw several Grackles carrying wood into the pines behind Mr. Smith's, an old time breeding ground of theirs.

The maples were in dense leaf to day quite shutting out the sky in places & casting a perfect shade. Vegetation Pyrus arbutifolia still in bloom. A few ragged faded white violets. Noted no other flowers.

1889

May 17 Clear and warm with strong S. wind.

To Concord with Deuton by G. A. M. train returning by 6.47 train. At the Manse landing we heard Orioles, a Yellow-billed Cuckoo, a Dendroica caerulescens (singing in the big white maple), one of the Vireos, a Bobolink on the meadow and several bull frogs. Starting down river by boat we began to see Spotted Sandpipers soon after passing Flint's bridge and near "the tent" the first Solitary Sandpiper. Between "the tent" and Bull's Hill we flushed perhaps fifteen of the former and six of the latter. At Dakin's Hill the falling water had exposed an oozy flat of small extent at the mouth of a brook. On this flat we discovered five Least Sandpipers. They were very tame and I killed two at one shot. The others flew off down river but we found them at the brook on our way home when I killed the remaining three.

Red-wings were fully as numerous as of yore but we found only one nest (with 5 eggs) although we looked in several likely places. My impression is that they have not generally nested yet.

All over the Great Meadow Bobolinks were rollicking and singing filling the air with their jingling melody. Their numbers were fully up to the usual standard for this locality.

Orioles were not numerous. We heard perhaps three in the river maples. Least Flycatchers occurred as far down as "the tent" but none below that point. We heard no Warbling Vireos and what is still more curious no Cuckoos in the river thickets.

At Ben Davis's Hill we left the boat and walked through the woods to the pines where the Coopers

(May 17) Hawks have bred for several seasons past. The first nest that Denton climbed to proved to be theirs but it was empty although evidently new and beautifully lined with the white inner bark of one of the dead poplars numerous in these woods. There were no signs that this nest had been robbed but I fear that something has happened either to it or the birds. We did not see either of the Cuckoos but I think I heard one of them.

High among the tall pines in these woods several Blackpolls were singing. I shot a fine ♂, in the very pitch pine where I killed one in June 1886.

There were also several R. rivus, many Chipps (Misitella), a Parula, a pair of Vireo solitarius and two Wood Pewees. A Chickadee was at work excavating a hole for its nest in a poplar stump. I also heard a fine Tanager and heard an Grosbeak. Of course Oven-birds were not wanting.

The heat made us to hurry that we crossed the meadow to the brook which proved very warm. Following it up we finally came to its source a cold spring of delicious water at the head of the meadow. Near this spring in some sparsely growing alders we started a ♀ Woodcock and from young the Cuckoo nearly full grown.

The woods were in nearly full leaf to-day and the meadows looked as in early June, the Sweet flags two feet or more tall. Lady's slippers in full bloom and Barberry bushes in nearly full bloom. Bird's foot violets and Houstonias a little past but still very showy and attractive. Vegetation.

1889

May 29 Clear and cool. Wind north to south west. Sabine Heavy. Gentle breeze

Spent the morning on the Coolidge farm and beyond starting at 8.30 and getting back at 1.30.

As I left Mt. Auburn St. and entered the cove past the School house a Grass Finch and Bluebird were busying in the field on the left and Grackles flying, with food for their young, to the pitch pine woods behind John Coolidge's. The old sand bank near the railroad has been dug out afresh and the Bank Swallows have returned. I saw one there and noticed some fresh holes.

Entering the oak woods behind the Cemetery I found them alive with birds. Orioles, Scarlet Tanagers, Yellow-throated and Red-eyed Vireos, Wood Pewees & Redstarts were all numerous and in full song. There were also two Black-polls, one Parula, one Nashville Warbler, and a Tanager, singing, and silent Cedar Birds in pairs. A very small Turdus Bicknelli seemed to be inspired with uncontrollable curiosity regarding me for he approached within a few yards flitting from oak to oak, once or twice singing sotto voce. I shot at but missed him. I afterwards started an Swainson's Thrush from the ground and shot it but ruined the specimen. While watching the Bicknell's Thrush I caught a glimpse of a small bird darting past and turned just in time to see a Sitta carolinensis alighted at the entrance of what proved to be its nest – low down, in a natural hole in an old apple tree at the south end of the large hollow. The bird had its bill full of grubs and quickly entered the nest & fed the young. Afterwards I saw both ♂ & ♀ come several times with food.

In this apple orchard a House Wren, a Black-poll Warbler, a Yellow-billed Cuckoo, and a Flicker, were singing. Scarlet Tanagers abounded & I found one of their nests with the bird sitting. English Sparrows were fairly numerous, also, in this orchard.

The pond behind Mt. Auburn was unchanged. Saw 8

Abundance of birds

Tanager

T. Bicknelli

T. swainsoni

Nest of Sitta carolin

House Wren

June 29. Red-wings were singing there and doubtless their mates were sitting on their nests in the floating island. A boy on a raft was catching small gold-fish with a dip net.

Crossing the road I heard a House Wren sing and shot both him and his mate. The pitch pine knoll on Fenelis Hill was very beautiful the undergrowth having become much denser since my last visit. An Indigo Bird was singing in the great white oak, a Tanager (the same heard previously in the Cemetery woods) in a pitch pine, a Pine Warbler in the distance and several Black-polls on various sides. There was also a Vireo in full song. I flushed a ♀ D. caerulescens from the ground and found the nest of the Indigo in a wild cherry thicket. It held one egg only.

The cedar belt beyond held only a Redstart or two, a Song Sparrow and a ♀ Indigo. A Warbling Vireo was singing in the valley to the South, a Purple Finch in the cedar pasture where I found several nests in 1869 (or 1870)

Next crossed to the "hog's back" near the Arsenal hearing a Warbling Vireo in the silver-leafed poplars on the way. On the "hog's back" heard a Wood Pewee, a Vireo flavifrons, and several Redstarts & Least Flycatchers. A Cat-bird (the only one noted to-day) a Geothlypis trichas, a Kingbird, and several Red-wings were seen or heard in the alder swamp to the east. A Redstart's nest in a tall alder, very conspicuously placed. I bent the bush down & found a Cow-bird's egg & one of the Redstart. The latter pumped out as I let the bush back. A fine gray Squirrel, very tame, running on the ground in these woods.

In the extension oak & chestnut woods across the railroad heard several Wood Pewees & Red-eyed Vireos. A Grass Finch singing in the fields outside. Near the trap-shooting house two pairs of Indigo Birds & a single ♂, one of the ♀♀ building. No Wilson's Thrushes anywhere to-day. I expected them confidently in the Arsenal woods. No Bobolinks. Only one Pine Warbler.

Robins & Orioles, Chipping Sparrows, Cedar Birds, Redstarts, Red-eyed & Yellow-throated Vireos, Least Flycatchers & King Birds fully as numerous as 20 years ago. Only two Cuckoos; About three Flickers. A pair of White-bellied Swallows near Mt. Auburn. Woods in full summer foliage. Vegetation

1887

May 30 Cloudy and cool with occasional light showers.

I removed at 2.30 morning in Arlington at 3.45. Left the carriage just above the crossed cross roads or above (to the south of) Arlington Heights thence striking across country in a south westerly direction, past the old "Owl orchard" (or rather its site for the trees were all cut down last winter), down into the deep valley at the head of the Cotton runs and finally across to the western end of Prospect St. where the carriage met me.

There were two Indigo Birds and a Purple Finch singing at the point where I started but no Prairie Warblers. Shot at one of the Indigos but missed. In the pasture just north of the Owl orchard I found two Prairie Warblers singing and heard one but vainly for Thirty more. The barberry bushes are in profusion on this pasture but they are rather small and thin as a rule. I found only one nest here — a Field Sparrow's in a red cedar about a foot above the ground. It held one fresh egg.

In the valley to the west of this hill I heard & saw many common birds but nothing of interest until I reached the swamp where the oak woods were cut off eight or ten years ago. Gray Birches have fallen thin places and already are dense and tall. I was surprised to find on the south edge of this path swamp not ten yards from the old wood road an extension bed of Dwarf Cornel the first that I have ever seen in this part of Mass. It was in full bloom and fairly dense in places. I came upon it suddenly while looking for the nest of a Golden-winged Warbler a ♂ of which I shot in a solitary, small black oak between the swamp & the path. Needless to say I found neither his mate

Dwarf Cornel

(May 30 nor nest.

The only migrant noticed to day was a single D. striata singing in oak scrub.

Common birds were numerous everywhere. I heard three Grass Finches, three Nashville Warblers, six or eight Brown Thrashers, three Wilson's Thrushes (one singing) two Cat-birds (they are scarce this year on all my grounds), a Grosbeak, eight or Chestnut-sided Warblers, a Black-billed Cuckoo, one Pine Warbler and no less than four Indigo Birds. A Bobolink was singing in the meadows where I found the nest in 1874. On the drive home I heard two on the slope just west of Mr. Belmont's engine house and one in the fields at the corner of School St, below the Adams place.

1889

May 31. Clear and warm with strong S.W. wind.

To the Coolidge farm with Denton at 3.30 P.M. to find, if possible, the nest of the pair of House Wrens shot there on the 29th. In this we failed although D. climbed to & examined every hole that we could discover in the old orchard. We also inspected the Least Flycatcher's nest which I found on the 29th but it proved empty.

While looking for nests in this orchard Denton spied a Yellow-billed Cuckoo's nest in an apple tree not thirty yards from where I took a set of eggs many years ago. On climbing to it he found it contained two young birds nearly half grown and two eggs. We left it undisturbed.

In the upper apple tree of the row that extends from French's Hill to the road I discovered a Redstart's nest with the bird on. It held four eggs besides one of a Cow bunting. We took nest and eggs.

My Indigo bird was sitting on three eggs. She left the nest when I was about ten yards off and chirped at me anxiously. I did not molest her treasures.

Passing the Nuthatch's nest we saw the ♀ clinging to the trunk just below the hole. Afterwards I watched the tree for several minutes but no birds appeared.

The bad small boy evidently continues to hunt birds eggs in this orchard for I saw a fresh Oriole's nest attached to the branch which had been broken off & left in the top of the tree, the withered leaves showing that it had been detached several days ago at least.

Counted seven Bank Swallows at the sand bank & watched them for some time flying about & entering the holes. Few birds singing this

Minimum pressure occasion of the high winds. No movements noticed to-day.

1889

June 1 Cloudy with very strong S.W. wind and occasional gusts of rain. Heavy rain during the following night.

To Concord with Denton by 9 A.M. train. On reaching the river I heard the Nuthatches and soon afterwards saw the ♂ pounce a moth to the ground seize it and carry it to a young bird, evidently only a few days from the nest, which was sitting on the branch of a pine over the avenue to North Bridge.

In the old stone boat house found a Phebe's nest with five eggs slightly incubated. It was near the peak of the roof on a cross brace and so well concealed that I should have overlooked it had not the old bird flown from it within a few inches of my head.

Heard Flycatchers, Orioles, Robins, Purple Finches and Chippys singing in the Manse orchard. No Cat-birds or Warbling Vireos there this year. A pair of Flickers have a nest in an ash over the avenue as usual.

Launching my Rushton boat we sailed down river to Hott's pond where we landed a beat the Bobolink ground carefully. Although the sky was dark & the wind blowing a half gale and casting the grass about the ♂ Bobolinks were all at their posts singing and as we progressed it was evident that they were calling their mates off the nests. We surprised one ♀ however and found the nest with five eggs. We also found a Cuckoo's nest only 12 inches above the ground in a dense thicket of alder & silky cornel. It held three eggs.

Denton left me at the lower end of this ground and landing across the river at Dakin's Hill he went to the Cooper's Hawk's nest which was still empty & evidently deserted. He did not get back until past

June 1. four o'clock. During this time I searched closely for Bobolinks' nests and watched the females but without success. I also waded out to the middle of the meadow where I examined two islands covered with tall ferns & a few thickets of alders. Two pairs of Bobolinks here, two Carolina & one Virginia Rail in the intermediate meadow where the water was fully a foot deep. Searched for their nests but found only three Red-wings', two with 4 eggs each, one with three young. A Bittern pumping. Flush a Carolina & a Virginia Rail here. No Savanna Sparrows on the meadow this year.

Just as Denton was landing I saw a Bobolink alight and running to the spot flushed me from the nest which held five eggs. Returning to the upper ground we beat it again and I found a third nest, also with five eggs, near "the tent"

Denton had found two King-bird's nests one with 4 eggs which he took. We reached the Manor at 6.15 P.M.

Heard one Oriole and a high Grackle on the river banks. No Warbling Vireos below Flint's Bridge this year. Bobolinks in about the usual numbers. Not nearly as many Swallows as there should have been, considering the day, and only two Martins. A good many Chimney Swifts. Only a very few Yellow Warblers. Perhaps they are not singing! Saw no less than six Red-wings' nests in the button bushes but only examined three, two with 4, one with 2 eggs. Saw one Kingfisher and two Kingbirds. A Quail whistling at intervals in a thicket of willows on the Great Meadow side of the river. A Short-billed Marsh Wren singing near the Oak Island.

1889

June 3 Cloudy and still all day with a dash of rain late in P.M.

To Grantville, Wellesley Hills, by 8 A.M. train meeting Denton at the station. As there was no depot carriage we started on foot striking up over Mangus Hill by an old road that wound about through the oak & chestnut woods and finally emerged or rather ended, in a valley at the base of this hill on the back side. This valley proved to be the scene of my grouse shooting last autumn & hence was familiar ground. In it we spent most of the day searching for nests.

The first find was a Wood Pewee's building in a chestnut on the hill. The second a Chestnut-sided Warbler's with two fresh eggs, in bushes along a wall. The third a Chestnut-sided's with five eggs on the point of hatching, this also in bushes. The fourth a Nashville Warbler's with five young about half-grown. (details of position etc in my systematic notes); this nest found on the isolated knoll above the bushy swamp (the bird fluttered out under my feet but was seen first by Denton) The fifth a Maryland Yellow-throat's building. The sixth a Cat-bird's with one egg. The seventh a Field Sparrow's, with four eggs nearly hatched, built most prettily in a cluster of cinnamon ferns on the edge of the bushy swamp. The eighth a Solitary Vireo's in an oak on the south side of Mangus Hill, in open maple & oak woods (to my great surprise this nest held 4 young nearly large enough to fly and well feathered). The ninth a Crow's in the fork of a chestnut on the north side of the hill. Denton climbed the tree and brought down three eggs much incubated, Besides these we found two Wood Thrushes nests, both empty, one evidently robbed.

Birds were very numerous in this valley. I heard two Wood Thrushes, a Meadow Lark, a Bobolink, three Grass Finches, four Grosbeaks, two Tanagers, three Golden-winged Warblers,

about eight Chestnut-sided Warblers, two Indigo-birds, two Field Sparrows, two Yellow-throated Vireos, at least six Cat-birds, three Wood Pewees and very many Oven-birds and Red-eyes. In the deep pocket shaped hollow where we saw so many Grouse last year several Red-wings were nesting. I heard only one Nashville Warbler but Black & White Creepers were numerous and in full song, although we saw both sexes carrying food to their young. No Cuckoos or Wilson's Thrushes. A flock of six or eight Cedar-birds in chestnut woods. One Grouse flushed.

Mangus Hill is famous for its ferns. I found a solid bed of cinnamon ferns at least 30 yds. long by 20 yds. wide, the ferns five to six feet high forming an almost impenetrable undergrowth of singularly tropical appearance. There were also clusters of fine maiden hair ferns in many places.

Maple-leaved Viburnum numerous and in flower. Saw several fairly large Basswoods. Hazel abundant, very fine Barberry Bushes.

1889

June 4 Heavy rain in forenoon. Afternoon clear and warm

Started for the Coolidge farm at about 3 P.M. taking horse car to Mt. Auburn. Passing the Sand Banks found all the Sand Swallows gone, their holes dug open evidently the work of the small boy. In the Cemetery woods heard Wood Pewees and Finches, both Olivaceus & Hyemalis. A Flicker laughing in the apple orchard. Its mate flew from her nest as I passed. It was low down in an apple tree and had been cut open by boys. I looked in but could see nothing except the usual bed of chips at the bottom. The Black Throated's nest was gone. As it was empty on the 31st and apparently deserted I have little doubt that the birds have torn it to pieces and removed the materials to form another nest. A pair of Yellow Warblers have just done this in my garden. One of the Yellow-billed Cuckoos was sitting on the nest found May 31st. The other calling occasionally in the neighborhood.

The Indigo Bird's nest on French's Hill contained four eggs, one of which was distinctly speckled. I visit the ♀ and look the nest and eggs. The ♂ did not appear on the scene to-day. The woods on this hill alive with noisy English Sparrows. The only native birds singing there are a Redstart & Wood Pewee. The Tanager & Creeper seen on the 29th ult. must have been migrants or wanderers.

Next to the Arsenal woods. Just as I was entering them from the railroad I found a Redstarts nest in a barberry bush very conspicuously placed at a height of about 6 ft. over a trodden path. It held four young. These woods were filled with birds a Grosbeak, Catbird, Wood Pewee, and numerous Yellow

Warblers and Least Flycatchers singing. Cedar Birds here and elsewhere in pairs and small flocks. Several Red-eyes, Grackles and a pair of Orioles. Also a pair of Pine Warblers feeding chattering young which I did not see but which doubtless were out of the nest. Altogether the Hogs Backs ridge and the swamp behind it contains as many feeding birds this season as any spot I have visited.

Crossing the railroad I walked slowly through the open woods to the N.W. Nothing here but a Wood Pewee or two. On reaching the swampy hollow, however, I found a Vireo's Thrush in full song.

The pair of Indigo Birds near the trap-shooters shanty were in the same thicket where I left them on the 29th. Both were chirping angrily at a cat which I started from the bushes. As soon as this source of alarm was gone the ♀ Indigo went almost directly to her nest in a small bushy black oak sapling where I found her sitting on one egg.

While searching the thickets along the brook I discovered a Black-billed Cuckoo brooding three young in a nest closely hidden in a dead bush top. The old bird actually flew at my head as I put up my hand to the nest, passing within a few inches of my face & snapping her bill angrily.

In the fields just above Frazer's, on the Adams place, a Meadow Lark and Bobolink were singing. As I was waiting for the horse car I found a Warbling Vireo's nest in a linden at least 40 ft above the street. The ♂ was singing on the nest.

In the woods on the east side of the trap shooters' field a Crow followed me about cawing angrily & incessantly & often alighting in the tree tops within 30 yds. of me. She must have had young somewhere near.

1889

June 5 Cloudy most of the day with two heavy showers. Warm.

Fresh Pond marshes

To the Fresh Pond swamps at 2 P. M. taking Denton. We drove to the Glacialis and sent the buggy back. As we walked up along the east bank of the Glacialis we met the Indian frog catcher, net in hand, stepping stealthily along the bank of Mosquito Brook like a gigantic heron on the lookout for prey. He told me that he had supplied the Parker House with frog's legs for over forty years. Formerly he could not get enough frogs to fill his orders. Now the market is often glutted. Frogs are sent even from Chicago. He never kills his frogs until they are ordered. Has a cellar full of them at all seasons. In the winter keeps a stove running to make them comfortable.

Crossing the Fitchburg R. R. we entered the large marsh beyond. Faxon had reported Carolina Rails numerous here on the 3rd and we hoped to find a nest or two but the heavy rains of the past week have raised the water higher than I have ever known it to be on these marshes, at least in summer, and there was literally not a dry spot anywhere between the railroads even the large hassocks being submerged. We found one nest that I took for a Rails but it was empty & water-logged. There were several Carolina Rails singing in this marsh and beyond, possibly five being heard in all, the last one, as we were returning, on the marsh west of the Glacialis where I found a nest and eggs when a boy.

Carolina Rails

Several years ago a fire, one dry season, burned over much of the large meadow north of Glacialis and destroyed the grass and bushes as well as eating deep holes in the peaty ground. Over the whole of the

Cut Tail burning

(June 5) burned back cat-tail flags sprang up the next year and have flourished to the practical exclusion of all other vegetation. In these cat tails, near Alewife Brook, I heard a note quite new to me. It was very loud and resembled somewhat the ordinary of the Clapper Rail but lacked its harsh quality and vibrating undertone. I should render it as: Kuk - kuk - kuk, kuk, kuk, kuk. given in a descending scale and rather slowly at the end.

We waded through the middle of this place although the water was nearly waist deep and the flags so dense that it was impossible to see more than a yard or two ahead. The muskrats had nests there with a space of clear water about each and numerous run ways through the flags. The only birds we could find were a few Red-wings.

In the long row of willows that crosses this meadow Denton shot a pair of Black-billed Cuckoos and in a vegetable patch, flooded by the recent rains, a Solitary Sandpiper which was unable to to fly, its wing having been broken and healed in such a twisted shape that it was useless.

A little colony of Long-billed Marsh Wrens were settled in nearly their old ground near Beech Island (or rather where it once stood). I started at least six different birds but heard only one singing.

I saw a single Green Heron. Many Swamp Sparrows & Yellow Warblers singing. A Wilson's Thrush in a thicket when the ground was wholly submerged. A Kingbird or two and one Cat-bird. Also a Grosbeak in the Maple Swamp as we passed.

Reached home at 5 P.M. walking all the way back. Had a very disagreeable but nevertheless interesting tramp. Saw no Swallows & heard no Virginia Rails.

Brookline, Massachusetts

1889

June 6 Clear and cool with strong N. W. wind

Met Dr. W. Faxon in Boston this afternoon and went with him to Brookline by horse-car to hear the Least Bitterns which Mr. Francis has reported as breeding regularly each season in a cat-tail swamp along Muddy River.

Upon reaching our destination we were joined by Francis and by Dr. Faxon's brother and together we spent about two hours listening to the sounds that came from the swamp. Very soon we heard of Red winged Blackbird and Bobolinks, called Marsh Wrens, not one two or three different males of the Cuttle but scores of the former. In fact I have never before seen as many Red wings congregated within a little area, in the breeding season.

As twilight began to fall a Carolina Rail occasionally uttered its twittering cry and after it became dark one began the cut, cutta-cutta-cutta cry and kept it up at intervals until we left the place. A little after sunset we heard two different Least Bitterns, cooing. They were perhaps 100 yds. apart and nearly that distance from us. The sound reminded one, as when I heard it at Wayland in 1887, of the cooing of a tame pigeon. Francis says they have a wholly different set of notes which he compares to the song of a Marsh Wren. He thinks they utter it chiefly when alarmed by the movements of intruders, such as egg seeking boys although he has heard it when no one was in the swamp. We heard one Song Sparrow in this swamp but no Swamp Sparrows.

The entire swamp contains possibly eight or ten acres of cat-tail flags which extend along both sides of Muddy River a sluggish, winding creek of ten yards

[illegible] in width. At the corner and the stream passes under the road and broad, noisy streets pass along both sides of the swamp. On two sides, also, houses are crowded closely together and horse cars pass through one of the streets which, after dark, was brilliantly lighted by electric lamps. There was an incessant rumble of wagons, shouts of boys playing ball, shrieking of steam whistles, and occasionally the clamor of a street band. It seemed very strange to hear such birds as Rails, Marsh Hens and Least Bitterns amid such surroundings. One side of the swamp is within the limits of Boston.

1889

June 7 Morning clear, hazy at noon, cloudy at sunset, evening damp and still, the light E. wind dying at sunset.

A red letter day, or rather evening. I had made an appointment to meet Faxon on the Mass. Central R.R. near Beech Island at seven o'clock P.M. to listen for the strange Rail(?) call which we have both heard there lately, he on the 3rd, I on the 5th of this month. I drove to the Pine Swamp & sending the buggy back walked in along the old wood road, or rather such portions of it as are not now obstructed or obliterated by the brick yard, tenement houses, etc. Reaching the old bridge over the outlet to Point Pond I found the bordering portion of this swamp much changed. The trees are all gone and the brook is lost in a succession of broad stagnant pools covered with cowlicum and grown by tall reeds & cat-tails. To the west, between the Pond & the railroad, stretches a vast bed of luxuriant cat-tails. Here I heard a Carolina Rail and another bird absolutely new to me. The latter ~~was singing~~(?) with few intervals of silence for about fifteen minutes. More of him anon!

I also saw a Spotted Sandpiper and a White-bellied Swallow at this swamp. Fish Crows were circling & cawing about Point Pond.

Keeping up the Fitchburg a little way I climbed the high embankment of the Central. An Irishman's shanty with goats etc. on the site of Beech Island but the meadows between this island and the railroad embankment nearly as of old. Two or three Long-billed Marsh Wrens singing in the long grass. A Wilson's Thrush fluttering in the maple swamp through which the Central cuts.

Keeping east along the track I found Bradford Young posted, like a sentinel, at about the middle of the Big

(June 7) meadows. He had been out all day (at Longland) & had had no supper. Was about to start for home etc. I pressed him to stay & offered a share of my lunch which settled the question. As we were eating it the Big Rail(?) suddenly called in the cat tail swamp to the south very nearly where I heard him on the 5th. Kuk-kuk-kuk-kuk kuk-kuk-cree-cree-ee the cry prolonged and so loud that it was almost startling though attained fully 200 yds away. We listened nearly an hour for another repetition (Farson joining us in the meantime) but heard nothing except the usual voices of these meadows. It was nearly dark when we left; evidently our stranger is not nocturnal!

Red-wings, Swamp Sparrows, & Marsh Wrens singing before sunset, the last two well into the twilight, also. An occasional Bobolink sang once somewhere towards Buck Island. As twilight fell Carolina Rails began to sing steadily (we had heard them before at intervals) on every side. To my delight there was also the old familiar cry of the Virginia Rails cleaving their court in the swamp beyond Buck Island. One piping in piping vigorously.

At about 8 P.M. we crossed to the Pine Swamp & found the other specimen in full blast. Ki-hi-hi-cree, sometimes ki hi hi-creee came his merry little refrain regularly, every five or six seconds, from the cat tails about 50 yds. in. Every time a train passed he stopped, resuming only after its rumble & roar had died away in the distance. A Carolina Rail called kaa-ee near him & the throng of green frogs snapped out all over the swamp. Three times we heard a Virginia Rail in the maple woods about the pond. My guess on the stranger bird is Little Black Rail. Farson said he felt sure the bird was a "pretty little fellow". We left him singing at 9 P.M. & I broke the frame with Jones on Parkis's at five minutes [illegible]. A Carolina Rail was singing at Hall's Crossing.

1889 Mass.

June 9 Cloudy or, rather, with a thin curtain of cloudy haze through which the sun shone feebly. Very hot and sultry. Light S. W. wind.

To the swamps at 9 A.M. with Spelman. We left the buggy at the slaughter house and walked in to the place where we heard the Little Black Rail(?) on the 7th. He was there again this morning but silent and at long intervals. Evidently he is a nocturnal bird. Spelman photographed his retreat. Fresh P. swamps.

While here we were joined by Faxon who had been listening, on the Central embankment, for the King Rail(?). He had heard him three times in two hours. We all went together to the Central and listened for about two hours more (from 10 to 12 M.). The big Rail silent during this period but to our great surprise another Little Black Rail(?) in the same cat-tail swamp, very nearly where the big Rail was calling on the 7th. Faxon, moreover, had heard a third Little Black Rail(?) on Rock Meadow last night at about 8.30 P.M. "The plot thickens"! Can there be three or three rare birds settled in this vicinity? Our only ground for assuming that they are P. jamaicensis is the fact that the description of the notes of that species given in B.B. & R. Water Birds fits our birds' call very closely.

We heard three Virginia Rails this morning one in the bushes just N. of Pout Pond, the other two in the big meadow. Carolina Rails were singing intermittently, possibly six different individuals heard.

Cuckoos, all apparently Black-bills, very numerous calling and flying in pairs, one following the other, back & forth across the meadows.

While listening for Rails we suddenly heard the hoarse quack of a Black Duck repeated eight or ten

times in the big meadow about 150 yds. off. The next moment the bird started out of the grass and after flying about 30 yds. alighted again.

After leaving the Pintail we crossed to Beach Island and listened awhile to the Long-billed Marsh Wrens of which two or three ♂♂ were constantly singing. In a little piece of wild meadow, covered with short wiry grass, at the north end of the "Island" we flushed a Savannah Sparrow which evidently had either eggs or young but we could find neither. The bird followed us about, chirping.

Saw one Green Heron flying across the tracks from Point Pond to Beach Island Swamp.

Two Bobolinks singing, one in a meadow north of Beach Island, the other beyond Hill's Crossing in the Belmont meadows.

Took the 1.P.M. train for Porter's & thence home.

1889

June 11 Cloudy with heavy showers in the evening. Warm & still

At 6 A.M. started from the swamps with Bolles driving up in a coupé. Found the Little Black Rail(?) at Port Pond singing merrily. Thence across to the Central tracks where we listened nearly two hours, vainly, for the big mystery! Taylor joined us at about 7 A.M. At 8 o'clock we returned to the Port Pond swamp & listened an hour to the birds there. The Little Rail(?) singing almost incessantly. Soras and Virginia Rails also very noisy and apparently numerous.

At 9 A.M. Bolles and I started for West Cambridge station. As we passed Glacialis bull frogs singing in numbers. They seem to be practically confined to this pond though we heard one at Port Pond.

The Little Rail(?) singing incessantly on Alewife Brook in the marsh between the railroads. A single Sora singing in the meadows east of this brook. The marshes about the Maple Swamp and the entire Brickyard Swamp apparently harbor no Rails this year. We did not hear one there this evening.

1887

June 12 Cloudy and cool with light S.W. wind.

To the swamps with Denton at 9 a.m. Met Faxon at Pout Pond. He told us that someone was shooting on the big meadow and we soon saw the fellow and heard him fire several shots. After a little a started out of the meadow and Faxon went around by the Central to intercept him. He said that he was killing Red-wings "to set up". Had already bagged four or five. Faxon advised him to stop the slaughter and he finally crossed the brook near Beech Island & went off in the direction of Arlington.

Returning to Pout Pond I went into the swamp equipped with long wading pants which came up nearly to my neck. The first rod or two I found the mud & water nearly waist deep but after getting in a little way the water shoaled to about a foot with hard clay bottom.

For nearly three hours I searched for the nest of the Little Rail(?) that we have heard singing so many times in this spot. Found two Rail's nests both in the tops of tussocks & both empty. One looked new and had some bits of green flags in the lining. Also found two Swamp Sparrows nests both with broken egg shells.

When I first entered this swamp a Virginia Rail, evidently aroused by my intrusion, began calling among some willows & young maples. I finally went to the spot when the bird's anxiety became visibly increased & another, evidently its mate, began calling also. I finally found one of their young, a little thing only a few days old, squatting on the mud

under a tussock.

After eating lunch I entered the swamp again, this time just south of the outlet to the pond. There is an immense tract of tall cat-tails here and in them we have heard many Carolina Rails of late. I searched the place pretty carefully but could find no nests. In a bunch of tall canary grass I came on a swamp sparrow's nest with four eggs which I left.

I penetrated through a belt of dense young maples to the shore of Point Pond which looked funnily enough although the water was entirely covered by skum & duck weed. While near its edge I heard the kik-kik kik, ki-quee of the supposed Little Rail(?). To my surprise it was near the south end of the pond. If the bird had not moved we have marked his position very kindly hitherto. He seemed to be in dense bushes this afternoon. This swamp was terribly foul & offensive.

During the time spent about this swamp we saw Green Herons at frequent intervals. Swamp sparrows & Red-wings breeding very numerously. Some Grackles evidently nesting in the maples & showing much anxiety. A few Wilson's Thrushes. A pair of White Bellied Swallows feeding young in a signal box on the Fitchburg R.R. A pair of Kingfishers taking food to their young in a bank west of Point Pond.

Later in the P.M. Denton & I hunted the big meadows. Found five Rails' nests in one little cove only a few rods in extent. All were empty but at least four looked new. Two Rails, evidently resenting my intrusion, called ti-hi-hi in the grass near the middle of the meadow. I got within a few yards of them but had only a glympse at one which looked very small. Found a swamp sparrow's nest with four very blue eggs. Nest in canary grass, edge of ditch.

1889

June 13 Clear & cool with strong S.W. wind. The first fine day for a week.

To the swamps alone at 9 A.M. Entering from the Fitchburg track on the east side of Alewife Brook I spent an hour searching that meadow for Rails' nests. Found absolutely nothing except a Red-wing's nest building. Heard only one Rail, a Carolina whinnying.

In heading for Central R.R. I heard a Little Black? Rail calling in the meadow to the north. He seemed to be well over to the brook which forms the outlet to Smith's Pond & was probably beyond it either in tall canary grass or rushes. He sang about twenty times but as I approached, ceased. In grass as high as one's shoulders it is simply useless to search for a Rail of any kind & I gave it up in disgust.

Keeping on in a westerly direction I searched all the tussocks I could find for nests but without success. On a rude bridge that crosses the brook I found a Virginia Rail that someone had shot (it had a broken wing & shattered thorax) and left there.

There were no Marsh Wrens on the old ground at the west end of this meadow but the colony west of the cart path is larger than that from which it must have descended & which formerly occupied the east side. I visited the nests found on the 5th & was surprised to find five eggs in the one in the ditch. This nest was of unusually large size & from its exposed position was a conspicuous object. I took both nest & eggs.

Near the Marsh Wren's nest I roused a pair of Virginia Rails which evidently had young. Although they uttered their loud cries within a few feet of me

and ran around me incessantly I could not get a sight at either of them. I struck at the grass on one of them and could trace its retreat for several rods by the agitation of the stems as it sped through them. So swiftly did it run that the effect was very like that produced by throwing a stone 20 yards or more through the grass.

Saw Yellow Warblers feeding young out of the nest. Yet this species was in full song everywhere. Song Sparrows also singing freely and generally during the whole forenoon.

Reached home by 1.30 P.M. driving down from Glacidis

Nothing has been heard of the big Rail for nearly a week.

1889

June 14 Clear and hot with light S. W. wind.

Met Torrey at Hill's Crossing, by appointment, at 8 P.M. & walked down the track with him to the Big Meadow, where we listened until nearly dark. Heard a new cry a low gluer-ear uttered in a rough almost growling tone. The creature making it (probably a Rail of some species) moved rather quickly through the grass, passing within a few yards of us and finally threading out into the meadow.

Heard three different kik-kik-kik, gnat birds, one north of the Bittern, the other two south, one of the latter in the distance towards Fort Pond.

Carolina Rails very silent; one or two calling Kà-e, ~~these~~ whinnying. One of the former had a softer voice than usual its song sounding like kine-wee (which Torrey agrees to all).

While sitting on the railroad embankment I saw a Least Bittern distinctly. It flew in the usual slow, feeble manner from one bed of Cat tails to the next. It was about 70 yds. off on the banks of Alewife Brook not far from where we heard one of the kik-kik-kik birds. It is singular that we have not heard the coo, coo-coo if there are really Least Bitterns established in this marsh.

On this railroad we found a dead Sparrow which had been apparently killed either by a train or by striking the wire. It was a ♀, evidently with young, for it held a small worm firmly in its bill & had finished incubating.

Cuckoos were flying about over the meadows this evening but they have nearly stopped calling.

1887

June 15 Clear with a heavy thunder shower in P.M. Evening clear and cool with strong S.W. wind.

To E. Bevington with Taxon by 6.45 train. Our object was to ascertain what birds are found about the reservoir and its bordering marshes. Taxon heard (on the way) there the kik-kik-kik cry, the ka-e of the Carolina Rail (only one bird), a short quawk which he did not recognize, but which came from the marsh, and a Whippoorwill.

This evening the weather was unfavorable for it was both too cool and too windy for birds to sing well. As we crossed a hilly pasture we heard a Grass Finch & heard Song Sparrows, and started a Flicker from its nest in an old apple tree. About the pond Swamp Sparrows were singing numerously during Taxon's last visit but we heard only one to-night. I thought I caught the kik-kik-kik cry once or twice in the distance but am not sure. We heard no Rails. Bull frogs in full blast & many green frogs. Two Night Herons came over the pond from the west, about dusk, quaking loudly. The trip was a dismal failure on the whole. I reached home about 10 P.M.

1889

June 16 Clear, the heat tempered by a strong but steady S.W. wind which lasted into the night.

To Hayland by 1.15 P.M. train glinding to me on the cars and hiking up Fayson at Waltham.

On reaching Hayland we took rooms at the hotel and then started out in search of a boat. Sherman, the only man who lets boats, was away but would return at four o'clock, his daughter said. So we spent the next two hours waiting, lying in the grass by the roadside under the shade of an apple tree. It was very pleasant withal. Bobolinks came sweep glooming steadily to us now over the meadows, Orioles flying a little in the orchard, a Meadow Lark whistling in a mowing field, several Marsh Wrens (C. palustris) singing in the tall grass along the brook, a young Purple Finch calling tee incessantly.

Finally, Sherman came. He did not like to let boats on Sunday but would make an exception in our case. He thinks Black Ducks still nest in our neighborhood. About eighteen years ago found a nest fully half a mile from water on a hillside where he had cleared the wood the previous winter. The nest was under a prostrate bush, tree top & held eleven eggs which hatched a few days later. The old Duck had disappeared.

Embarking in scow-shaped boat, large & roomy but withal fast & easy to manage, we started down river. It was very hot at first and we heard & saw but few birds. A kā-e flew above the upper bridge & a Phebe near it. Two Phebes about the next bridge but no nest visible. Marsh Wrens occasionally singing in the tall grass along the banks. Passing the second bridge we began to hear

many Marsh Wrens (all palustris). Two Bitterns began pumping about 200 yds. apart. As we rowed slowly down stream their voices became harder, less gulping & watery. In short a change of position changed them from "pumpers" to "stake-drivers". Faxon was convinced of this. Jonny also admitted it finally.

In tall canary grass standing in water a foot or more deep we heard on the right side of the river & about 20 yds. in from its margin the same bird that I noted during my last visit, June 1887. Cluck-cluck. cluck-cluck it called every few seconds, the tone of the sound very like that of a clucking hen, the notes all on one key and without special accent. Faxon heard this mystery in this same marsh last year. There seems to be only one each year. We could think of nothing but a Gallinule!

Rowed & paddled slowly down to a little below the three arched stone bridge. A Yellow-billed Cuckoo singing ~~at intervals~~ on a hillside among pines. Marsh Wrens, at intervals, three or four near together, usually. A Night Heron & two Green Herons flying over high, ~~&~~. Below the stone bridge two Bitterns, one pumping, the other flying low over the meadows. Barn Swallows in numbers, one or two White-bellies, and an occasional Martin. Returning we saw two Wood Duck a little above the bridge. They passed within 75 yds. flying slowly, low down. As nearly as I could make out both were drakes. We lunched at sunset, floating in mid-stream just opposite the spot where I heard the coo, coo-coo bird last year. No cooing there to-night. A Carolina Dove cooing in the pines to the west & a Pewee singing there. Another Dove passing over high, flying very swiftly. A Bobolink also, flying so high as to be nearly invisible, dripping a snatch of his merry song as he passed over us. ~~Later~~ A

(1889)

June 16. Spotted Sandpiper skimming down over the water. A Grosbeak and Wilson's Thrush singing and a Blue Jay calling (like a Red-shouldered Hawk) in the distance. Around us Marsh Wrens singing and scolding and Red-wings singing. The Bitterns pumping (sometimes two at the same time) as late as 8.10 P.M. but ceasing entirely after that. We were interested to observe that as twilight deepened the Barn Swallows all disappeared and Bank Swallows took their places. The latter we had not seen at all before but now they came around us by dozens skimming over the water until it was almost too dark to follow their movements.

After it had become fairly dark the bull frogs, which had sung only intermittently ~~at~~ one at a time before, began to give us some of their choicest selections with a full chorus of a dozen or more performers ~~and then~~ some of them among the grass but the majority floating in mid-stream among the potamogeton beds. Some of them uttered the peculiar low whistle, which neither Torrey nor Taylor had heard before. I believe it is made by drawing in the breath just before each bellow. The bass of some of these frogs was of fine quality but near at hand their combined chanson was rather jangling.

While listening to the bull frogs I caught the distant call of a kik-kik-kik-cree bird. Rowing up river we found that it came from the brook meadow just above the railroad bridge. Landing and walking out on the embankment several hundred yards we got within a hundred yards of the bird and now heard no less than four others at various distances. About once a minute we also heard a

rather feeble but abrupt, almost explosive squawk which we attributed to the same bird. For the first time it struck me that this mysterious bird may be the Least Bittern but we have no grounds for anything more than conjecture, as yet. Whatever the creature is he was in unusually full song this evening; the freeman kik-kik-kik, cree or quee coming incessantly from several places in this marsh as long as we remained within hearing. Besides this cry we heard Marsh Wrens sing occasionally although it was "pitch" dark. Carolina Rails were also singing (ka-e) incessantly from 4 P.M. to 11 P.M. We heard five or six in all.

(We left Wayland for home at 9 A.M. on the 17th Torrey & Faxon walked out, before the train started, to the place where we heard the Kildee last night but all was still there. They describe the meadows as covered with grass and iris but there are no cat-tails!)

1889

June 20 Clear and warm with light S.W. wind.

At 4 P.M. took horse car to Middlebury and with Fred I went over the Cobb's farm looking for Cedar Bird's nests. We found none nor, indeed, anything except a Flicker's which we did not open although the bird flew from it. Many young birds were out, among them Orioles & Redstarts. Few birds singing in the apple orchard or on French's Hill except Red-eyes and an occasional Robin.

Dexter left us at French's Hill and I kept on alone down into the valley to the S.W. and thence up the brook to Hog's Back ridge. In the alder swamp east of this ridge Red-wings were singing about a little strip of meadow. There were also a Cat-bird a Maryland Yellow-throat and several Song Sparrows in full song. On the ridge a Grosbeak was singing intently. A King bird sitting on its nest in the top of a pitch pine. A Pine Warbler singing faintly & briefly. Near the railroad an Indigo Bird in full song.

Crossing the track & passing through the oak woods I heard nothing but a Wood Pewee until I reached the further woods where the same Crow seen on my last visit again met me and followed me with great clamor. An Indigo Bird singing near the brook, a Grass Finch in the open field.

Keeping on up the brook I entered the great field to the west. As I crossed it I aroused no less than two pairs each of Bobolinks & Meadow Larks. The former evidently had young. The latter were as shy & reserved as usual. In the scattered bushes in this field Wood Pewees & a two flavifrons

was singing

lunched about sunset at the cold spring ▷ and for nearly an hour afterwards, or until it began to grow dark, lay in the grass by its side, smoking and listening to the birds. There were three different Meadow Larks whistling at times and nearly constantly, two. The Bobolinks sang a little at sunset but rather listlessly. A Grass Finch sitting on a stake within 30 yds. of me gave me a delicious serenade singing sotto voce at times, then in full tones. In an opening where the grass had been cut a Meadow Lark, evidently a ♀, was feeding while her mate sang in the top of an elm. It was very pleasant in this great buttercup field filled with daisys and buttercups and I lingered long and left reluctantly at about 7.45.

1897

June 21 Clear & warm with strong S.W. wind.

Rowed with Pap up by the Train. Left my boat at the House and pulled down river to about the middle of the Great Meadows. A few Swallows and one N. Tern. A Grosbeak singing near "the Tent". Bobolinks singing rather freely over the meadow. Sweet whistling in two places. A Rail (Carolina) near the middle of the meadow. No Marsh Wrens or Bitterns. No sign of flooding in mid stream, just below the wooded reach, four Wood Ducks passed, flying up river. They came in from the Great Meadows and dipping down over the trees followed the course of the river up past "the tent" and out of sight. They flew in pairs but I could not make out their colors.

At about 6.30 P.M. we started up river and rowed without stopping past the town to above the Fitchburg bridge. On the meadows across the river from the French farm Pap heard the mysterious Kik-Kik-Kik, Cree Cat in the afternoon.

June 19th and the chief object of our visit to-night was to make sure that the bird is really settled there and to locate him as accurately as possible before making an attempt on his life with gun and dog, to-morrow.

For nearly an hour, however, we paddled & rowed or floated near the spot without getting the now familiar cry although we imagined that we heard it several times in various directions, but always it turned out to be either imagination or the distant call of a Robin or Red-wing. At length it became time to start back for our train & we

actually got nearly to the railroad bridge when loud and distinct came the singular song we had been listening for from the very spot, as nearly as we could tell, where Faxon heard it on the 19th. The bird sang five or six times in succession, then some canoes filled with people talking came along and it stopped. We had no time to wait longer so left it for to-night & took the 9.21 train home.

As before stated we saw only a very few swallows below the Manse but above they were numerous most of them white-bellies with broods of young on wing or sitting on telegraph wires. We repeatedly saw the old birds feed the young on wing. There were also a few barn swallows and a good number of Bank swallows. Probably we saw 40 to 50 swallows in all. There were two pairs of Martins at the houses just below Mr. Sanborn's. These I think are the only ~~birds~~ breeding in Concord this year.

At least three different Savanna Sparrows were singing, one at Red Bridge, two near the Fairhaven bridge. Two Whippoorwills singing on the hill S. of Dugan Brook meadow. A Wood Duck flying over the maple swamp near the French's landing. At Night Heron quaking but not seen, in the same locality. Wilson's Thrushes singing in this swamp. A Yellow-wing & Savanna sparrow singing near together at the old sand bank. Several Bobolinks singing in the meadows near this bank. Red-wings singing infrequently. A Cat-bird in full song. No Rails heard above the town.

1882

June 22 Early morning cloudy & rainy with occasional light showers. Sun out by 10.30 & remainder of day clear with strong, steady and very refreshing S. W. wind.

To Concord by 9 A. M. train Fapon joining me at Waverley. I had sent my man George on by an earlier train to get "Don" and he met us with the dog at Lincoln. Upon reaching Concord we hired Nealy's boat which is kept at the new pointe bridge from which we made our start.

On reaching the meadow above the Fitchburg R.R. bridge we put on our wading boots and started in with the dog. The meadow proved an easy one to search for there was little mud or water and but few nests. M. T. so the ground was covered with very rather short grass but a bed of canary grass taller than my head extended along the course of a brook for 100 yds. or more. We trampled this grass down and the dog rooted into every nook & corner of it. Then I hunted him closely over the meadow back and forth. He pointed a nest filled with young Red. wings and rooted out numerous Sparrows, Bobolinks etc. but not a trace of our mysterious finger could either he or we find. After spending fully three hours in the search and going over the ground with the utmost care we left it in disgust and no wiser than when we entered it. If the Kik-kik-kik is a bird, which I began to doubt, he is a strangely elusive one.

A Bittern came into this meadow about noon evidently to feed. After alighting we saw him walk toward short points from place to place. He

rowed up river as far as Dugan Brook but neither
Dad nor heard anything of much interest. The wind
blew so strongly that few birds sang and it was
difficult to hear their voices.

We took the 5.25 P.M. train for home.

(Dictated)

W. Townsend to Ashby, Mass.

1887
June 25

West Townsend to Ashby, Mass. Clear and warm. In company with Mr. Walter Faxon I took the noon train today for West Townsend which we reached about 2 o'clock P.M. Having two or three hours to wait before the stage started for Ashby, our final destination, we took a short walk outside the village, crossing a pasture and entering a piece of hard woods where we sat down to listen to the birds. Hearing a Black Throated Blue Warbler singing, we pushed on, and, descending a hill side, found ourselves in a deep retired glen heavily shaded by hemlocks and other trees, and with a dense undergrowth of mountain laurel. In this glen we found the Warbler and had several good views of him. There was also a Wood Thrush here, apparently a female bird with young. Leaving this place, we next entered a grove of large white pines on the slope of a dry hill. Here a Solitary Vireo, and the Black ~~Bu~~ian Warbler were seen. The Warbler was followed about by a single young bird apparently just from the nest which it was feeding at intervals. On the outskirts of this wood, in a pasture, we saw a Warbling Vireo in a large chestnut tree, and later, on our return to town, observed two others in elms along the street. Just outside the town a Pine Warbler was singing steadily in an isolated grove of white pines. In the village itself we saw a brood of young Black and White Creepers. Chimney Swifts were numerous, ~~and were~~ flying about the trees and houses.

At 7 o'clock P.M. we took the stage for Asby, a distance of about four miles. The evening was still and birds were singing freely. We heard several Cat Birds, one Hermit Thrush and one Wood Thrush; the latter singing in an apple orchard, the Hermit in a pasture grown up with young pines. Upon reaching Asby we went to the house of Mr. Brooks where we settled for the remainder of our stay. Two Whippoorwills were singing a short distance from the house up to the time we went to bed.

Entered

1889

Lee Massachusetts.

June 26 Cloudy with strong wind and light drizzling rain at intervals through the day, the clouds breaking away somewhat late in the afternoon. Starting at 10 o'clock we drove to Mt Watatic, a distance of about three miles from town, leaving the horse at Woodard's, nearly one third of the way up the mountain. Birds were singing well during the entire distance from town, but we heard nothing of any particular interest. We started up the mountain in a drizzling rain, ~~and~~ dense fog obscuring all except the nearest objects from our view, and, as we were not familiar with the place, interfering seriously with our finding the way. We pushed steadily upward however, and, after crossing a wide interval of pasture land, entered a tract covered with young spruces growing in thick copses with open ~~between trees~~ openings. Here we were delighted to find our first northern birds, Black and Yellow Warblers, numerous, and singing in several directions; Yellow Rumped Warblers ~~two 88 and one ♀~~ and females apparently with nests or young somewhere near, and Snow Birds. As we ascended still further the Black and Yellow Warblers became more numerous, and we occasionally heard the song of a Yellow-Rumped Warbler. The fog thickened, however, and the rain began to come down more heavily, so we sought the shelter of a large spreading spruce under which we ate our lunch, not knowing in the least how near we were to the top of the mountain,

but supposing it to be still some distance off. After a while the rain ceased and the fog lifted a little, and we started on, keeping along the side of the mountain and finally emerging on the edge of a steep, almost precipitous slope with spruces growing densely as far down as the eye could reach through the mist. We paused here for a few moments, and apparently at just the right time, for the fog broke away disclosing a fine view of the country beneath with ponds sprinkled about in every direction, and large tracts of wood dimly visible as the fog drifted across the landscape. This breaking of the clouds started the birds, which for several minutes sang loudly in every direction. We heard here several species new to our list, namely, the White Throated Sparrow, the Olive Sided Fly Catcher, and the Rose Breasted Grosbeak, besides numerous Hermit Thrushes.

Starting once more upward, we were surprised to find that we were within a few rods of the summit of the mountain. By the time we reached it the mist had entirely disappeared and the sun peeped out occasionally for a moment or two, giving us a fine view of the surrounding region. On the rocky crest of the mountain we saw Snow Birds, a Robin, or two and a Phoebe; and several Mountain Butterflies fluttering about among the rocks.

Leaving the summit we retraced our steps to the pass where we took lunch, and then plunged directly down the mountain side

Ashby, Massachusetts

1889 (June 26) through a dense forest composed almost entirely of black spruces some of which attained a height of fifty or sixty feet and a diameter of a foot or more. ~~Black and White~~ Blackburnian Warblers and Black Throated Green Warblers were numerous in these woods and lower down, on the edge of the deep ravine, we heard a Golden Crested Kinglet singing. Upon following up the song we finally found both him and his mate. They were accompanied by a single young bird only a few days from the nest, which they were feeding. Near this spot in an opening I shot a male Snow Bird. As we were returning to the house where we left the horse, late in the afternoon, we heard a Henslow's Sparrow singing in a little bit of meadow in a pasture on the mountain side, and, going to the spot, flushed the bird several times. It chirped ~~very~~ vigorously and evidently had young somewhere in the neighborhood. The drive home was very delightful, although we were treated to one or two more showers on the way. In the evening after dark we heard another Henslow's Sparrow singing in the meadow near our house.

Sidney, Mass. [illegible]

1887

June 27 Morning cloudy with heavy showers; afternoon clear with driving clouds. We started for Mt Natatic at 11 o'clock in the forenoon. Reaching Woodard's we again put up our horse there, and took lunch behind the house. Faxon then started down into the valley to the south at the base of the mountain where, as I afterwards learned, he found Kinglets, Blackburnian Warblers and Black and Yellow Warblers singing in a spruce swamp. He then skirted the mountain on the south-west side, meeting me late in the afternoon on the western side. My route was up through the open pastures into the spruce pastures where I found, in addition to the birds observed yesterday, a Red Crossbill. I then kept on into the heavy spruce forest where we heard the Kinglets singing yesterday, and continued around the mountain side to find that this tract of heavy timber extended for five or six hundred yards. The trees were mainly black spruces with a great many hemlocks and a few balsams. There were also scattered ashes, red maples, mountain maples, red oaks, yellow and paper birches, and a few straggling and stunted white pines. The mountain side was very steep and rocky, the ground covered with moss and the rocks ~~covered~~ with moss and rocky ferns. The spruces ~~varied~~ from thirty to seventy-five feet in height and were slender, well-proportioned trees, growing thickly together. Some of the larger ones

were nearly two feet in diameter. Woodard told us that both porcupines and white hares were ~~both~~ numerous in these woods. I saw many orange colored Salamanders similar to those which are so numerous on Mount Tremper. Of birds, the characteristic species inhabiting these forest were Ruffed Grouse, Pilliated Woodpeckers, Winter Wren, Blackburnian Warblers, Black Throated Green Warblers, Golden Crested Kinglets, Hermit Thrushes, Snow Birds, and Oven Birds. Of the Pilliated Woodpecker we saw no birds, but their recent presence was attested by their numerous characteristic mortise-shaped holes in the trunks of the dead stubs. Some of these holes had been made so recently that the wood was quite new and fresh. There seemed to be only one Winter Wren on the mountain, or at least only one male. I heard him sing twice, once rather indistinctly, in the ravine, the second time near at hand and very loudly. The Blackburnian Warblers were exceedingly numerous, almost so much so in fact as the Black Throated Greens. Both were in full song, and Kinglets also abundant, ~~and~~ were singing freely. We heard a single White Throated Sparrow, probably the same bird noted yesterday.

After Foxon met me we returned to the spruce pastures where we spent half an hour or more. These pastures are covered with black spruce, and balsams (the latter not common) trees from ten to twenty feet high, growing thickly with little openings,

Ashby, Massachusetts

(1889) filled with raspberry bushes or beds of luxuriant ferns
(June 27) (Dicksonia). In places the spruces are scattered about singly or in groups over the smooth tops of the hillsides. These spruce pastures are identical in every way with those of northern New England & the characteristic birds there [illegible] [illegible] and [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] and [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible], [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] among the spruces.

We sauntered [illegible] [illegible] about [illegible] [illegible] and [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible], [illegible] [illegible] seeing many birds, but none of any particular interest.

Dictated

Ashby, Massachusetts.

1889
June 28

[illegible] hot and sultry. Starting out at nine o'clock A. M. we drove to Potato, skirting around the [illegible] instead of [illegible]

[illegible] for. Stopped first at a [illegible] hemlocks and young spruces. Heard Hermit [illegible] sing here. Also saw three Moose. Went slopping [illegible] side of [illegible] the place [illegible] forty [illegible] had [illegible] very [illegible] inches in depth and [illegible] found [illegible] Dirt [illegible] [illegible] but [illegible] [illegible] of [illegible] [illegible] of [illegible]

accompanying at least one of its [illegible] isles, [illegible] the [illegible] cocoon [illegible] under [illegible] it be [illegible] picking it to pieces to [illegible] the [illegible] pupa and breaking these up into small fragments [illegible] but there were many several of the young.

Retracing the road again we drove about half a mile further to the west side of the [illegible] and leaving the buggy in a shed spent an hour or two in and near an extensive spruce and larch swamp, as well as in a juniper pasture which skirted the base of the mountain. The swamp comprised probably twenty acres. It was covered with a mixture of spruces, balsams, and red maples, many of which were rather thickly hung with usnea moss. There was a dense under growth of mountain laurel, alders, poison dogwood and so forth. The ground was wet and carpeted everywhere with sphagnum. In this swamp we heard at least five Blue-winged Yellow-backed Warblers and about four Louisiana Waterthrushes, the only birds of either species which we detected anywhere in the region about Ashby. The mountain laurel was in full bloom although past its prime. In addition to the trees just mentioned there were a great many larches and some fine large white and yellow birches. In this swamp we also found Knights, two Red-bellied Nuthatches and one Black and White Warbler. In the bordering pasture [illegible]

Ashby, Massachusetts

1889
June 28

which

1889 Ashby, Massachusetts

June 29 Clear and hot with light south west wind. Spent the morning at the house. Starting soon after dinner we crossed several miles to the south west, visiting on the way the [illegible] where we heard the [illegible] of [illegible] singing at [illegible] It proved to be [illegible] and was [illegible] grown to low bushes, mostly blueberry and [illegible]. We explored it pretty thoroughly but failed to find the Sharrow. Descending a slope and [illegible] through a belt of [illegible] bushes we [illegible] into a piece of [illegible] tall oaks beside [illegible]. Here we spent an hour or more. In the swamp we heard a Wilson's Thrush, a Wood Thrush and quite a number of Brown Thrushes. A Red-eyed Vireo was [illegible] the oaks. Skirting the swamp we [illegible] the brook which flowed [illegible] a narrow, heavily-shaded glen, and climbed a steep hill on the further side. Entering a [illegible] path we next passed through a mixed woods of oak and pine and came out into a [illegible] clearing grown up to wild red cherries and raspberry bushes. The ground was covered with old logs and was just the place for Mourning Warblers and nine sided [illegible] none of which, however, we succeeded in detecting there. Hermit Thrushes were singing all around this opening, at least three or four of them. In a grove of fine old white pines at its southern extremity we heard a Red-bellied Nut Hatch and two

Blackburnian Warblers. A Black Throated Blue Warbler, the only one detected near Ashby was singing in the swamp ~~beneath~~ [illegible] abundance of mountain laurel. [illegible] left me here and attempted to hence [illegible] to cherish the swamp, [illegible] difficult that I only crossed one end of it, and, [illegible] into a road beyond, [illegible] the house nearly as soon as I did. I went back over the same ground [illegible] left me [illegible] walk out, crossing the brook, however, a little [illegible] down. [illegible] flying up this brook [illegible].

In evening the Henslow Sparrow was singing in the meadow near the house [illegible].

(Dictated)

Ashby, Massachusetts.

1889

June 30 Clear and hot. [illegible] left the house at about nine o'clock and drove directly to the large pond in Ashburnham. [illegible] road, and probably within the limits of [illegible] and stopped for [illegible] extensive woods of pine large white and [illegible] pine intermixed with a good many spruce. [illegible] and the Solitary Vireos, a Red-bellied Nuthatch and a Blackburnian Warbler and [illegible]

A number of small birds attracted our attention to the deep glen [illegible] Hung a great scolding and chipping. Upon entering this glen we heard a succession of loud notes which resemble those of the Hawk. [illegible] we clearly recognized as the cry of the Sharp Shinned Hawk. We thought we got a glimpse of the bird flying off through the trees [illegible]

[illegible] our drive we reached the pond where we put up at a small barn by the roadside and took our lunch under an apple tree near the shore of the pond. It was intensely hot and [illegible] few birds were singing. [illegible] started again and drove to the swamp at the western end of [illegible] Lake & Sixty Rod [illegible]

[illegible] the pasture [illegible] attracted a very frantic [illegible]
[illegible] I have described at length in [illegible]
[illegible] spring. We heard nothing of the [illegible]
[illegible] the mountain side which
[illegible] this locality before.
[illegible] were singing rather freely late in the
[illegible]. We [illegible] the usual [illegible].

Ashby to Fitchburg, Mass.

1889
July 1

Clear and very hot. Left at eleven o'clock [illegible] in Fitchburg where I [illegible] the Bar [illegible] Mt. [illegible] to Boston. On this d[illegible] [illegible] in intres[illegible] [illegible] singing by the [illegible] [illegible] Left Ashby. They were in deep, damp wood [illegible] [illegible] the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] through [illegible]

Cambridge Massachusetts

1889

July 7 Morning clear. Afternoon cloudy, clearing at sunset. Evening clear with pale moonlight. Warm and sultry with light S. W. wind.

To the swamps with Purdie this morning taking the 5.30 train to Hills crossing and returning by carriage from Little Brook at 8.30 P.M. Went over the usual ground working down the Mass. Central track to the willow hedge where we spent an hour or more, thence at sunset to the Pout Pond swamp where we remained until past eight o'clock.

There has been a great change in both vegetation and life since I last visited this swamp June 14. To-day we found Eupatorium, Night Shade, Oenothera biennis, and evening primrose in full bloom. The dark brown heads of the cat-tail grass are of nearly full size and very prominent contrasting with the sea of waving green blade-like leaves. Both species growing side by side in places the narrow leaved, dark green, the broad leaved a pale more glaucous green.

Song Sparrows and Swamp Sparrows were singing incessantly in every direction when we first [illegible] the meadows, in fact much more vigorously than in early June, but until after sunset we heard nothing else except a few Maryland Yellow-throats and an occasional Cuckoo or Yellow Warbler was still more rarely a Red-wing. The latter were seen in numbers, however, in small flocks composed largely of chattering young flying from place to place in the great meadow. A little before sunset Robins began singing and continued until nearly dark. We also noted a considerable flight young [illegible] in the swamp at Pout Pond. Not a single Marsh Wren

was seen or heard in the Beech Island meadow but two did sing a few times after sunset in the cat-tails just north of Pout Pond, a locality where they were certainly none in June.

At Pout Pond we heard a Wilson's Thrush sing twice and a Cat-bird singing rather continuously. Saw no Herons until nearly dark when three Green Herons flew in Island from the Pout Pond swamp taking the usual course towards Beech Island meadow, two afterwards returning. A little later three Night Herons also left this swamp gaunking loudly. They must have roosted there through the day. We heard none in the direction of Beech Island swamp, but saw a single adult bird flying from that place at about 6 P.M.

Although the evening was remarkably favorable for hearing slight sounds we listened in vain for the faintest Rail note until nearly dark when a Carolina Rail called kā-e twice in the flags near Pout Pond. This was literally the only Rail heard. It is evident that their singing is over for this year.

Twice during the evening I imagined that I heard the kik-kik-kik, creek of our "mystery" but I was perhaps mistaken. Certainly this bird, also, has practically stopped singing.

As it was getting dark a Solitary Sandpiper rose from the Pout Pond bog within 30 yds. of us and wheeling overhead made off to the E. finally pitching down with wings closed. Its erratic Snipe-like flight & characteristic peet-weet call were both unmistakable. I do not remember to have ever seen it here so early before.

Bull frogs, green frogs and toads all in full song this evening. A Cuckoo cooing at intervals before sunset.

(Dictated to J. S. Tryon)

ase

I shot one of them.

Woodcock shooting on Upton Hill

Lake [illegible] Mains

Lakeside

Woodcock

Shooting in

Lakeside

Opening

Smack trials

Maximum
foliage.

Packaging
Hybrids

Early occur.
on
seedlers

1887
Sept 3

Louisiana

Lawrence K.
Memphis

Beetle-headed
Mover.

King-neck
Clover

Cambridge R.
marshes.
Sparrow
Yellow-bp
Grass birds

189

Sept.

Rudique.

" 10

Woodcock

Shooting near Latkside

Opening.

Black Ducks

Linnets

Finch.

Linnets

1899

Lake Umbagog, Maine.

Sept. 12 Clear and warm. Wind N. E. Dense haze all day.

Woodcock shooting in the morning riding about half [illegible] up river on the overboard with C. T. & and [illegible] Woodcock shooting on [illegible]

[illegible]

Small birds.

Immediately after dinner I took advantage of the [illegible] wind and started up the lake in my [illegible] to move [illegible] Saw almost nothing on the [illegible] Sail up Lake to Moose Rock. [illegible]

a pair of Bald Eagles on a hemlock adult, flaming together in the air over that island just as a [illegible] of Buteos will often play, one [illegible] Bald Eagles.

[illegible] owners will [illegible] Loon.

[illegible] the long-drawn ee-loo with sometimes a [illegible]

[illegible] loo-ee, [illegible] for [illegible] but [illegible]

[illegible] on Moose Rock told me that Wilson's Snipe have been very numerous around [illegible] Snipe

Yellowlegs

Black Ducks

Deer

Cambridge R.

Marshes

Wood Ducks

Hooded Mer.

A tame

Crucnutes

Sparrow Hawk

Kingfishers

Cambridge R.
above
Mill

[illegible] they came directly [illegible] but I was
[illegible] I got at [illegible] gun. We also shooted
a single Wood Duck which gave me a fine shot but again

887

(Sept. 13) [illegible] was not prepared and did not give. Cambridge L.

We landed for lunch about two miles below the [illegible] from the Mill
I took a short walk back into the woods following [illegible] to the Lake
a fine wood path that led up over a mossy hill.
[illegible] finished in Tanager in a windfall. The bird [illegible] a Bittern
fly by me within ten yards. I shot at it [illegible]
[illegible] and it went down. But [illegible]
I [illegible] in pursuit it rose again and went into
a tree. I then shot it killing.

Starting on we paddled the remainder of the distance
to the [illegible] The wind was now and we had to keep
the [illegible] of the shallower places. [illegible]
a [illegible] Blue Heron coming suddenly on him [illegible] Heron
[illegible] and [illegible] [illegible]
Saw several Sphyrapicus varius, at one place three together. Sphyr. varius
[illegible] hudsonius numerous. Saw a flock of some White winged Junco hyemalis
Crossbills. No Woodpeckers except one Downy & several Colaptes.
Deer tracks on the sand bar at the forks. No Swamp Deer tracks
[illegible].

Started down river at about 4 P.M. reaching the
Mill at about 5.30. The afternoon lights and shad[illegible]
very fine. Started two Wood Ducks and saw a few Wood Ducks
Robins. No muskrats although their "lign" abounded Muskrats
everywhere. Reached Oakside at dark.

" 14 Cloudy most of the day the sun occasionally showing
for a few minutes at a time. Wind E. to S. E.

At 7 A.M. started with Spelman for the Lake House.
Near the mouth of the brook in the Cove found fifteen
Wood Ducks started. I was sculling at the time. Wood Ducks
At Peaslee's brook saw three small Falcons, which I
took to be Pigeon Hawks, flapping together [illegible] Pigeon Hawks

[illegible] the Cull bros. there was [illegible]
[illegible] to pay with them all [illegible] to
[illegible] the most friendly terms. I landed
[illegible] and them & it could not count [illegible]
[illegible] Stone we [illegible] about [illegible]
[illegible] Hooded [illegible]

Longfellow [illegible] or even signs. [illegible]

Red Crosshill [illegible] Pine Summit. Crosshill

Cambridge R.

Marshes near the [illegible] Wed [illegible] The [illegible]
[illegible] were some old Snipe signs.

Snipe [illegible] the lower marsh near the creek. See snipe
Shooting [illegible] of a swallow flewed hundred yards ahead
[illegible] crossing in together flew in great circles high in
[illegible] you [illegible] or [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] the
[illegible] red and darted fast as the both lined together
[illegible] Then this all [illegible]
[illegible] past me and which I shot [illegible]
[illegible] mind another. [illegible]
[illegible] up some. We followed and [illegible]
[illegible] There [illegible] a swallow [illegible]
[illegible] the bars. Spelman shouted [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] came down me to [illegible]
[illegible] there [illegible] barrels in vain. We [illegible]
to the lower marsh & flushed five Snipe. I [illegible]
& missed a third. Spelman missed four shots. [illegible]

Sn[illegible] nearly dark at the time. S. walked in [illegible]
[illegible] was [illegible] from [illegible] all

1887
Sept 16 Clear and warm with light S. E. wind. Head of Lake.

To the Outlet by steamer with Spelman taking James Barnier, Will Sargent and Chas. Lidswell the guides who went to get our camping ground in order. Landed at the first point south of Moll's Rock and the men at once went to work to clear a place for the tents while S. & I sat on a log and directed operations. It was very pleasant, the sunlight streaming down through the foliage a kingfisher rattling on the lake shore, Titmice and Warblers chirping in the woods. We prepare for a Camp near Moll's Rock.

After eating lunch we started for the Outlet where we beat the marshes for about two hours without seeing a single game bird of any kind. I started several Swamp and Savanna Sparrows as well as three Yellowlegs.

We then started for Lakeside, Spelman rowing. On the way we saw nothing whatever of any interest. Return to Lakeside.

Reached Lakeside about 5 P.M. and kept on into the lower pond at the mouth of the Cambridge. On the south shore of this pond is a little sandy cove where we have seen a flock of Wood Ducks on several occasions lately. They proved to be there this evening and I stalked them successfully after waiting some time for a drake, which sat perched on a log, probably as a sentinel, to join the others which were swimming close in to the grass. Getting there together I fired killing them all and dropping a fourth with the other barrel as the survivors rose. This was my first game shot at Ducks with the new 20 g. gun. There were about twelve birds in this flock. Cambridge R. mouth.

While here I heard a White-throated Sparrow sing and what surprised me considerably the full flight song of an Oven-bird. This was after sunset this evening cloudy and warm. Swamp Sparrows were also twitching but in a broken feeble tone. Flight song of Oven-bird.

Sept. 18 Cloudy with occasional light showers. Warm. wind S. E. to N. W.

I go into Camp near Moses Rock with Spelman & Chadbourne

Chadbourne arrived last night and with Spelman and him I started by steamer for our camp this morning. On the way up the Bells saw five Shelldrake and three Whistlers near Bear Island. Also a few Eagles and a Boon or two.

Upon reaching camp Sargent told me that he saw nine Canada Geese fly up the Bells towards Moose Point late yesterday afternoon the weather thick & rainy at the time. They flew close to the surface of the water in a line.

Outlet Marshes.

We spent most of the day getting our things arranged I skinning two of the Wood Ducks shot on the 16th.

Later in the afternoon we started for the Outlet, C. & S. in one of the boats, I in the little Rob Roy. At the Outlet found three Winter Yellow legs at which C. & S. both fired as they flew past. They alighted on the beach well up towards Moose Point. I went in pursuit. On the way came upon a flock of five Dunlins & one Sandling feeding on the beach. Shot the Sandling & one Dunlin which "got in the way" The Yellow legs proved shy and flew over across the river.

Greater Yellowlegs

Sandling

Moose Pt.

We then went to Moose Point where I found the Thrushes. C. & S. shortly afterwards joined us. They had beaten a portion of the marsh and killed one Snipe & [illegible]. While we were talking a flock of twelve Wood Ducks circled over the marsh & alighted in an open pond hole.

Wood Ducks

Greater Yellowlegs

I then left the others and paddled through Richardson's Carry starting a Snipe from the wood. Found the three Yellow-legs on the marsh and paddling to within about 60 yds. got all three together and to my great surprise killed them all at one shot from the choked barrel of the little 20 gauge.

As I sailed out of the river after dark I heard Snipe squeaking on every side. Also heard what I took to be an Upland Plover.

1889

Sept. 19 Cloudy with pouring rain all day, Wind varying to every point.

Late in the afternoon Jim rowed me over to the Outlet. Seven Winter and two Summer Yellow legs on the marsh. Paddled within long range then backed out and tried to get nearer but they flew. I fired at about 60 yds. without effect. Then the flock turned and came back over me when I killed one with my left barrel. It scaled 100 yards or more and fell well out in the lake. A strong gull hovered to it and apparently tried to pick it up. Little Yellow-legs. Greater & Lesser Yellow-legs. Herring Gull

The report of the gun started up some Bronzed & Fox Grass Birds. I shot two of the latter, one flying. I also shot a Carolina Rail which fell wounded into the lake and dove as adroitly as a duck using its wings when swimming under water. Bronzed Grackles. Fox Grass Birds. Carolina Rail

We next went to Moose Point which proved a blank. Then through Leonards Pond where we started twelve Wood Ducks and a solitary Sand piper. Seven Black Ducks came in and circled around but did not alight. Leonards Pond. Wood Ducks. Black Ducks.

Returning to the Outlet we flushed a pair of Ring necked Ducks, a black headed drake & gray female. I saw the gray specimen distinctly as they went off. I could have shot them easily and I been in the bow but Jim was rowing at the time. It poured in torrents all the time we were out. The lake has risen nearly two feet and the swamp grounds are flooded and ruined for the present. Ring necked Ducks.

" 20 Cloudy with occasional gleams of sunshine. Wind strong from S. to S.E.

At the Outlet in 30 rod cover shortly after breakfast. Heard a Junco macullata & shot a Colaptes, entire meadows under water. At Moose Point at morning. Arrived too late & got into a bad position. A pair & three flocks of Black Ducks came in, about 75 bird in all. Did not get a shot. Heard a solitary & three Great Blue Herons. A Carolina Rail flew about in the twilight. Moose Point

1889

Sept 21 Cloudy with frequent heavy showers. Wind N.W.

Spelman and Chalbourne spent the day shooting going to Sunday

Black Ducks Cove and Rapid River. They saw a flock of fully 150 Black Ducks

Wood " in Brandy Dedge Cove and seven Wood Ducks in Rapid River

They killed nothing but a Carolina Rail.

Moon Point Late in the afternoon Jim rowed me to Moon Point

I took a station on the east bank and after waiting

Black Duck for some time got a long shot at a Black Duck which

after flying about 100 yards dropped dead. We went after

him when swarms of Black Ducks began coming in from

very directions. Within ten minutes fully 150 must

have arrived Nearly all of them headed down and

alighted in the flooded meadow. We paddled to the

nearest flock and as they rose I fired at one missing

it but the next moment killing another very dead with

the second barrel. This was my first Black Duck

shooting with the new 20 gauge. All the Ducks went

out of the marsh at these shots. Besides the Black

Wood's not Ducks I saw four Wood Ducks come in one a drake

in apparently full plumage.

22 Clearing with alternating showers and sunshine. Wind blowing

a raging gale from the N.W. very cold water freezing at night

Started shooting at about 8 a.m. Went first to Moon Point

where we paddled over the flooded meadow starting two

Carolina Rails but nothing else. Will Sargent who was with

Spelman killed a fine Winter Yellow leg which was sitting

on a isolated mud hump.

Wood Ducks Next through Leonard's Pond. In the channel north of

the island found a flock of over 20 Wood Ducks, most of

them in or near the old fir top. I was about to land

and stalk them when I saw a man emerge from the bushes

(Sept. 22) and after looking towards the Ducks retire again. He afterwards proved to be merely a river driver after logs but he spoiled my chance for I at once decided to paddle to the [illegible]. As we approached a fine drake in perfect plumage apparently, sailed out into the open water & stretched up his neck. When we were within about 60 yds. he started & all the others soon also. I fired into the thick of them at about 80 yds. but failed to stop any. One turned back & passed at about 50 yds. My first barrel produced no effect but the second hit him so hard that he came nearly to the water but finally managed to rise enough to disappear among the trees. Demarcation Cont.

Next to Sweat Meadow. About 75 Black Ducks there. Tried to stalk them but the water was very high & they kept well out feeding among the tops of the submerged bushes. At one time the whole flock was within 100 yds. of me. They were very playful dashing the water with their wings & sometimes diving both from on wing & while swimming. A fine adult ♂ Greater Scaup Duck alighted with them in the open water. I finally shot at two that came within about 80 yds. but only wounded one slightly. Fine then came down with the boat. The Ducks began to return within five minutes. We paddled to some that alighted in the grass, but they rose at fully 40 yds. I missed with my first but brought one down dead with the second barrel at about 80 yds. Used the 20 gauge to-day. Sweat Meadow. Black Ducks diving. Greater Scaup.

As fine came down the pond he passed within 20 yds. of two Red Phalaropes. After the Ducks had gone we went after the Phalaropes and I shot one on the water and the other as it rose. They were just outside the grass in the open water. They occasionally turned over on their sides like Bitts Ducks. Red Phalarope

A Marsh Hawk came through the meadow

Sept. 23 Clear and cold with high N.W. wind which died away at sunset.
H. W. Hutchins arrived on the steamer this morning and spent the day in camp. Late in the afternoon he took the steamer back to Oakside and I accompanied him. Alva
Blue-wing Teal Coolidge on the boat. He tells me he saw a flock of eighteen blue-winged teal in Metallak Pond on the 18th. Woodcock have been reported at Umbagog this year. He also tells me that he has
Woodcock seen Woodcock on the Upsuptic carry and at B. Parmachenee.
Just below Great Island we sighted a flock of seven
Butter-bill Coots American Scoters. Alva offered me a little cedar canoe he had with him and in it Jim and I at once started after the birds which proved very wild. By chasing them about for an hour or more and firing ten or a dozen long shots at them however I managed to get two. Used the little 20 gauge.

" 24 Clear, still and warm. A superb day. The foliage turning. C. V. R. and "C. K. S." came up on the steamer with me this morning and spent the day at camp. No shooting of course. The usual small birds about the camp.
After the steamer had departed for Oakside with the ladies in the afternoon I started on Moose Point with Pelican.
Red Phalarope On the flooded meadows near the Outlet found a dead [illegible] floating dead down it maybe in a mile of it. It did not feel pure it was a bird until I was within [illegible] yards. It had been there in the tide and was only [illegible] few hours dead.
Moose Pt. A few Black Ducks came into the creek this morning.
Wood Ducks but we got no shots. Two Wood Ducks passed near Pelican but he did not see them until too late to
Sora Rails shoot. Although the water was two to three feet deep all over the marsh we heard many Carolina Rails calling kep, kep, off at sunset.

1889

Sept. 25 Cloudless, the air clear as crystal, the mountains [illegible] by distant. A light east wind all day.

Breakfast at 6.30 and L at 7.30 for the Megalloway. As we passed through Moll's Carry the fog began to take on a rosy tinge and before we had made a mile up the Megalloway it was rent by the combined influence of the sun's rays and the rising breeze, drifting away in fleecy masses over the woods and disclosing a scene of surpassing beauty. Megalloway Jn.

We paddled through Horse-shoe Pond without finding any birds then crossed the river to Pine Hill Pond where I discovered five Wood Ducks sitting on a log, sunning, wading I crept to the water's edge but found the distance too great for a good shot. Then returned to the river, paddled above and made a second stalk coming out within about 40 yds. Only one remained on the log. The other four were scattered about swimming & feeding. Finally they drew in together & I opened stopping three with the first barrel and the fourth as it rose. Two took to the grass isle & Don officially found them. I photographed two of them on the log propping them up with sticks. Wd Ducks

Next stop at Pulpit Rock Pond. Saw Hooded Mergansers, two Wood Ducks and four Black Ducks in this pond. Stalked the Mergansers and fired one barrel stopping two. Saw the Black Ducks coming straight for us and getting in a fresh shell made a clean double as they passed within about 40 yds. One of my Mergansers escaped by diving although at one time I could have shot him easily enough. Hooded Mergansers Wood Ducks Black "

In going back to the boat came on a flock of Grouse & shot one with the 20 ga. I afterwards followed them up and killed four more, one on the west bank of the river. A little above this pond flushed a Hooded Merganser as we rounded a bend and dropped it with the 20 gauge. It dove at once and escaped. When Partridge Shooting Hooded Merganser

Partridge Shooting. Entire flock of Pheasants killed in less than a minute

Up in Bottle Brook heard a bird call repeatedly on the ice in creek. I took it for a Wood Duck. Jim said it was a Partridge. It was doubtless right for on paddling to the spot I discovered a Grouse sitting on a log & shot it. At the report of the gun several others rose & alighted in the trees & bushes. I shot both barrels of both guns in rapid succession then reloaded and find two more shots killing six birds in almost as many seconds. I am very sure that none escaped.

Bottle Brook Pond.

Reaching Bottle Brook Pond we landed and lunched. Then I crept in to the lower cove. A single Merganser then which left unmolested. On the point passed within a few yards of two Grouse. In the second cove discovered a Wood Duck asleep on the end of dead prong at least ten feet above the water, a shapeless mass with head buried under feathers of back. Two others similarly engaging themselves down on the same branch. Got within 20 yds. but could not get two together so retreated and attempted to approach from a different direction, when a flock of about a dozen heard or saw me & started arousing the sleepers of cover. I fired on board at long range dropping a bird with a broken wing. It at once went ashore on the other side of the cove. I then returned to where I left the Grouse and easily found & killed them both. Upon reaching the place where the Wood Duck landed Don took her track & followed it across a ridge to a hollow where there was a pond of rain water. In some grass on its edge he found and pointed his bird but she eluded his spring and flopped off over the water diving near the middle of the pond. I did not see her again nor could the dog think any second about the pond. I waded all over it but could not find her clinging to the bottom. Where she went is a mystery. Shot a single Black Duck and two from a flock in the thick cove all sitting coming through Moll's Carry in the twilight fired at a shoot. cand.? Bird sitting on a stump at 65 yds. & missed

Wood Duck

at sunset.

1887

Lake Umbagog, Maine.

Sept. 26

ay with frequent heavy showers. A dark, dismal day.

F. B. & E. K. S. came up on the steamer this morning on their way home via Errol & Colebrook. I joined them off the camp and went with them to Errol. As the steamer passed Molly Cary I saw a fine ad. ♂ Duck Hawk sitting on the top of a stub. It flew at fully 200 yds. and skimmed off over the water. Duck Hawk

At Errol Jim was waiting with my boat & Don. After putting the ladies in the stage we started back. In Mile Meadow a flock of twelve Wood Ducks alighted in the grass. Jim paddled me within good range and I shot two on the water & a third as it rose. Don took to shore where Don found it. Mile Meadow Wood D. ducks

Next to the head of Curtis Meadow. About 75 Black Ducks there but the water was so high that we could get no cover in which to approach them. Where the brook comes in at the extreme head of this meadow we flushed two Wood Ducks. They came back over us and I made a clean double killing both birds dead. A moment later another bird came down giving me an equally good shot which I missed. Reached camp in a pouring rain at about 2 P. M. Black D. ducks Wood D. ducks

Sylvan & Chadbourne went up the Magalloway & spent the entire day there. In Bear Brook Chadbourne killed two fine adult ♂ Wood Ducks at one shot. There were four of them with about a dozen females and young birds. Of the latter he got one. Well directed shot a fox in Pulpit Rock pond when it bolted out of the grass within [illegible] of the [illegible] Wood Ducks Fox.

" 27 [illegible] the [illegible] rained [illegible] hours. Spent the entire day in camp skinning birds. Sylvan went to Black Island cove where he saw about 30 Black D

cloudy with a few gleams of sunshine and occasional [illegible]
[illegible] rainy day with high N.W. wind

Trip up Megalloway R. Canada Jays Partridges

Started for the Megalloway at 7 a.m. Spelman & Sergt. accompanying us. Just above the mouth of the Megalloway saw three Canada Jays. In little higher up Jim discovered three grouse on the west bank. I shot two of them but the third "tried" & then flew before I could get a shot at him.

Bottle Brook Pond Black Duck Shooting.

I had no more shots until reaching Bottle Brook Pond. Creeping in to the lower cove I found a large flock of Black Ducks there. After lying in wait for partly an hour I finally saw them coming directly towards my ambush. They swam to within twenty yards of me when I fired the first barrel into a packed mass of them and cut down a single bird with the second as they soared. To my amazement and disgust not a single Duck remained on the water where I fired the first shot although there were many feathers. Probably most of them had their heads under water when I fired. I could not see distinctly through the thick bush in front of me. In a few minutes a large flock of Black Ducks returned & fed down towards and past me. I tried to stalk them but Spelman who had arrived in the meantime showed himself & scared them. Afterwards I ambushed the same flock in the upper cove. They swam past my stand within ten yards, quacking beautifully but I wanted the Mallard which kept apart. Finally I killed him & a Black Duck at one shot my second barrel missing. Several Mergansers & one Whistler were with the flock.

Bear Brook. Wood Duck Black "

On our return we paddled up Bear Brook ½ mile or more. Got two Wood Ducks on the water. One had a broken wing. On our return fired at 4 Black Ducks at 40 yds. & stopped two. Don found one in alders on shore. Used the 20 gauge entirely to-day.

[illegible] day.

In camp all day skinning birds. Saw shot two Grouse near the camp and I a third which came within 15 yds. I one fire but which I followed nearly quarter a mile into the woods finally killed him on a shady point. He was squatting on a bed of green moss under large hemlocks. I saw his glistening eye first, then made out his head and finally the whole bird.

Partridges about our camp.

He Moyes Jack, who arrived last night saw a large flock of Scoters in the Lake this morning.

Scoters in the Lake

30 Cloudy threatening rain which came at sunset and rained all night.

Trip to B. Pond.

E. B. Pond this morning with Chadbourne Swain & Will Sargent. Near the steamer landing C. shot five Grouse. I got two on the way to the pond one of which was sitting in a corner of an old log camp the roof of which had fallen in.

Ruffed Partridge in a logging camp.

We expected Whitney to meet us at the pond with a boat but he was not there. Accordingly we had to embark on two rafts which we were lucky enough to find. The wind rose soon after we started & the trout stopped rising. We fished about three hours C. getting a small trout, I nothing. Saw a loon and two Scoters in the pond. A Barred Owl began hooting at about 5 P.M. and continued at intervals until we went to sleep. We spent the night in a comfortable little bark shanty on the island.

From fishing in B. Pond.

Scoters in B. Pond

Barred Owl

White-winged Crossbills chattering near the lumber camps. Saw also Sitta carolinensis there. Also many Sparrows.

Loxia leucoptera

Sitta carolinensis

Oct 1 Rain not been all day up to 3 P.M. when suddenly the clouds broke away and the sun streamed out forming a perfect rainbow or rather two rainbows with their ends together but arches extending in opposite directions thus: ⌒ ⌒.

Left B Point at 8 A.M. in a pouring rain. Crossing the Bay to the Oxford Club house I saw only a few Sparrows & Olive backed Thrushes. Chadbourne killed a Grouse & after ends two more on Rapid River Carry. Near Oxford Club I saw a mixed flock of fully 100 birds. They seemed to be mostly Kinglets (R. Satrapa) with a few Chickadees, Myrtle Warblers & three Solitary Vireos.

Big flock of Golden crest & other birds

I went down to Bakside for the night with Chadbourne who starts for home to morrow.

" 2 Cloudy with frequent light showers. Wind strong from the N.W. & raw disagreeable day.

Summer Yellow-leg

Jim arrived at about 8 A.M. with a Summer Yellow-leg which he shot near the Lake House. We started up the Lake at eleven hunting the Great Cove carefully on the way. Near the first island three Black Ducks jumped and I made a clean double getting both birds. This was the only shot that I fired all day.

Black Duck shooting.

We saw two more Black Ducks and two Whistlers in the Great Cove an enormous Shelldrake near the narrows and about thirty Black Duck in Black Island Cove. The latter we came very near getting shots at but once we showed them the boat before we were quite in range & again turned the boat & paddled out of a little work when if we had gone ten yards further in we should have had a good shot

1887
Oct. 3

[illegible] Monmouth, Maine.

[illegible] it rained [illegible] rain. [illegible] it rained the [illegible] all the day.

Good Shooting in the rain

[illegible] in the [illegible] this morning and immediately after breakfast we started after them. I had both guns and [illegible] the [illegible] first time we met the flock they spread out so that the outside birds could see the paddler. They rose at about 60 yds. & I fired both barrels in vain. The next time I got two. Then the big flock split up into three or four smaller bunches which we pursued all day. [illegible] a small flock (about [illegible]) of Surf Scoters (all gray birds) with which was a fine jet black [illegible], an adult [illegible] [illegible] "Coots" and my "white coots" in the latter [illegible] and [illegible] out and [illegible] success with the 10 g. knocking down [illegible] Surf Scoters [illegible] discharge of the two barrels. One escaped by diving and we lost two "butter bills" in the [illegible] way.

Butter-bill Coots

The big flock was composed almost entirely of adult American Scoters with a few females and [illegible] two Surf Scoters. They presented a superb appearance on the water a shining black mass dotted all over with spots of white [illegible] gold. They were very [illegible] at times. At others they would drift in a compact line looking exactly like a black log. They rose at frequent intervals and mounting high in air circled and wheeled for many minutes at a time, flying miles before realighting, and utering their wild, jingling chorus of "sleigh-bell" cries. They flew in various orders sometimes in a V, sometimes [illegible] line

[illegible] swelled with or at right angles to their com[illegible]
At times they "bunched" closely together when we could distinctly & frequently hear the crowded wings strike on another making a noise like a paddle dropped lightly on the water. When they set their wings and descended towards the lake they made a sound like a gale of wind blowing through the woods or perhaps more like escaping steam. This was distinctly audible a mile away.

On the water they frequently executed a sort of swooping dance the whole flock swimming rapidly in a circle, each bird using his paddles so vigorously as to keep most of his body above the surface. This performance made a plashing sound like heavy rain on a still pond. During it they did not use their wings at all. Occasionally but rarely a single bird would rise on end and flap his wings like a loon (almost invariably one or more birds were going through a motion which seems to be peculiar to Scoters if not to the single species O. americana. This motion is difficult to describe. The bird seems to raise the entire forward half of his body out of the water and lengthening his neck stretches it straight upward presenting nearly the appearance of a bottle floating with its neck upright. He then shortens his neck & sinks back into the water. The wings are not opened. The action takes only a fraction of a second.

Red Phalarope During our pursuit of the Scoters we saw a single Phalarope flying about over the lake but could not mark him down. He looked like a Northern Phalarope but doubtless was really a Red Phalarope as it is too late now for the first named species.

Cloudy with light S.E. & S.S.E. wind. 40 min. Rollins [illegible].

At daybreak this morning heard a Pine Grosbeak whistling near the camp. A Canada Jay also came about and later in the day descended to the ground in front of the tent and took a piece of bread which the cook threw out to it. Pine Grosbeak. A Canada Jay visits camp.

Off at 8 A.M. rowing into Leonard's Pond and then carrying the boat across into the Megalloway. At the landing a Canada Jay was flitting about among the stubs. [illegible]

Just above Pulpit Rock saw a very large mink on the bank. It galloped along leaping rather heavily & making as much noise as a dog among the dry leaves. [illegible]

Reaching Pine Hill Pond we entered it and paddled nearly half a mile back among the stubs for the water is now nearly as high as in spring. At the extreme end of the meadow I [illegible] [illegible] side of the boat and started eight or ten Black Ducks which had been feeding further back among the trees than we could get with the boat. There was a Canada Jay [illegible] Canada J. [illegible] the [illegible]

Our next stop was at Bear Brook where the water was so high that we had to carry the boat over the road instead of running under the bridge. We ran up the brook nearly half a mile fine paddling very slowly and silently. Near the spot where I shot the Wood Ducks on my last visit we started two Black Ducks at about 40 yds. They swung around ~~so~~ and I fired both barrels killing with the second but missing apparently with the first. [illegible] Bear Brook. Black Ducks

Oct. 8. above this the brook became very narrow and crooked
Bear Brook with tangled alders arching completely over it in places. Finally we were stopped by a mass of [illegible] and I raffed the paddle sharply on the boat and at once heard the unmistakable rush of Ducks wings. Taking up the fox gun and cocking it I waited. After nearly a minute a single Black Duck appeared flying straight down the brook but at such a height that he looked no larger than a Teal. Aiming about ten feet ahead of him I fired more in wantonness than with any idea of hitting him, to our amazement however he promptly collapsed and came hurtling down with fearful velocity striking in the brook within a few yards of the boat.

Long Shot at a Black Duck

I have never seen a bird fatally hit at such a height before. It must have been fully 300 feet. I shot the choke barrel loaded with #4 shot (3 drs. 1oz). At the Bridge on our return we found a young White crowned Sparrow hopping about on some left wood in company with a Song Sparrow. I shot it.

White crown Sparrow

Nearly opposite Bottle Brook Pond we came on three Whistlers swimming in the river. They rose and flew past us at long range. I dropped one with the first barrel (20 yd.) but missed with the second. A Downy Woodpecker drumming on the top of a tall dead pine. Two Canada Jays screaming & making a variety of odd sounds. Landed and eat lunch here.

Whistlers

Downy W.

Canada Jays

Partridge After lunch crept in to the lower cove of the pond. A fine old ♂ Grouse among the Black alders on the point. Shot him. Concealed myself behind a log on the shore & lay there about two hours. A flock of six Wood Ducks passed overhead but did not alight. Nothing came into the pond but a Heron & a single Black Duck. A pair of Picoides arcticus passed near us. Then four came & reported a Duck & a Phalarope in the next cove. The Duck proved a Whistler which I ambushed & shot. The Phalarope I could not find. Paddled to camp by dark.

Wood Ducks

Picoides arc.

A Phalarope in Bottle Brook Pond

1889
Oct. 8

Lake Umbagog, Maine

Cloudy with occasional gleams of sunlight & a few light showers. Wind N. to S. W. moderate. Cold. Snow on all the higher mountains.

After spending two rainy days in camp I was glad to get out again this morning. We went first to Leonard's Pond which is now practically a cove of the Lake for the water has risen to a height never known before in autumn. Among the stubs were several flocks of Rusty Grackles feeding among the driftwood, numerous Robins flocking about the black alder berries on which they are now feeding chiefly, just numbers of Yellow-rumps, several Finches and some Sparrows among which I saw a young White-crowned. Shot a Rusty & missed two Finches. A single Canada Goose sailing on set wings the whole length of the Lake honking.

Leonard's Pond
Rusty Blackbirds
Robins
Yellow-rumps
Finches
White cr. Sparrows
Canada Goose

Passed out of the pond at its eastern end. Saw a Black Duck feeding in the grass & shot both barrels at him vainly - About 50 yds. - Next to Whale Back Cove. About 20 Black Ducks in grass among the stubs quacking loudly. Paddled up behind a bush & waited. They swam within 30 yds, working busily in sinuous courses among the driftwood. I could not get two together & finally they rose & came straight at us some passing within ten yards or less. I fired both barrels at single birds. The first two about 50 yds. & fell, the other although hard hit kept on. The one I killed was a fine large bird, evidently a northern, banded and which fine cooked a Duck I walked more than half way across Whale's Back Carry. Killed two Grouse. The first Dog pointed among alders. It rose before I saw it and I brought

Black Duck
Shooting
Red legged Black Ducks
Partridge
Shooting

(p. 18) it down given an impale cover. cock with chestnut
wyes. The second I shot on the ground. It stood
erect and still in the middle of the path 35 paces
from me. It was a hybrid old "drummer".
Many small birds along the path. Hermit Thrushes,
Tanager, Kinglets etc. & Helotoms in stubs near
one lunching place

Returned to Leonard's Pond lake in P.M. Shot
a Flicker at long range. Then went to Moon Pond
Moon Pond and lay concealed among the stubs until dark.
Not a single Duck came in. The marsh is dry
to eight feet under water.

Canada Jays Saw five or six Canada Jays among the stubs
in different places. They tame & noisy. They seem to
haunt the vicinity of water

" ? Alternately cloudy & clear with gale from the W. Occasional light
showers.

Bottle Brook Pond. Off at 8 A.M. going up the Meyalloway. A Black Duck in
the river half a mile up. Landed at Bottle Brook Pond. A
Whistler and Hooded Merganser were the only two birds in the
Whistler pond. They swam all over it keeping close together the Merganser
Hooded Merg. diving the Whistler feeding with head and neck under water
in company like the one shot on the 5th. I followed them about for fully
two hours and finally stalked them killing the Merganser on
the water & bringing the Whistler down wing broken as it rose
by a very long shot. It dove twice & went ashore on the other
side of the pond. We took in the boat & I shot it over as it
Sparrow Hawk crouched among the grass facing the water. Two Sparrow Hawks
playing together over the pond. A solitary Sandpiper on an
isolated hump of mud. Also a Kingfisher. A flock of
Pine Finches fully 75 Pine Grosbeaks whirling over the trees. After lunch

round up river to Whale Back Carry & walked in to the pond which I have never seen before. It is a beautiful sheet of water of perhaps ten acres lying in a deep hollow surrounded by dense forest. No Ducks in it. Don pointed a hare near the path. It lay crouched flat on the ground. I called off the dog & we left it. Whale Back Pond.

On our way down river went up Bear Brook. Started a big Hooded Merganser and shot it. No other Ducks seen. Water very high. Hooded Mer.

Canada Jays were seen in several places along the river. They were as interesting as usual very tame & noisy. Their bearing is gentle and confiding at times a little [illegible]. They are not as rollicking as Blue jays. Canada Jays

Reached Camp about dark. Charley started a Duck from the bushes in front of my tent. Yesterday a very large "blue" hawk came and sat in the maple over the cook tent. From Charley's description it must have been a Gos Hawk. He saw a Brown Eagle at Moll's Carry this morning. A Duck near my tent

" 10 Cloudy most of the day with occasional gleams of sunshine. Morning still up to 10 o clock. A high N.W. wind the rest of the day.

Shortly after daybreak Jim discovered a large flock of Coots in the Lake off B. Cove. As soon as we finished breakfast we put the grub on my boat and started after them. When we were well out in the Lake a flock of nine Herring Gulls passed us. After searching for nearly an hour we finally made out the Coots near the usual place off the Cove. Large flock of Coots - at [illegible] together. Herring Gulls.

No. 1

Oct. 10

Flock of Scoters

Supposing all the same

paddled to within about 60 yds. When they flew I shot down three one of which came up a long chase. It made surprisingly protracted dives. There were nine Velvet Scoters with this flock but they kept a little to one side and beyond. The bulk of the large flock seemed to be composed of ♂ & young Oidemia americana of which species there were certainly not over five or six about 20 in the entire lot. There were also a few ~~of~~ old young Surf Scoters among them for I heard their croaking & quacking cries and Mr. Noyes shot two which I examined, both young birds.

The Velvet Scoters came back and alighted near us but we tried in vain to paddle within range of them.

An hour later we discovered the large flock of ~~Bu~~ Butter-bills in the Lyle Cove & paddled to within about 70 yards when I shot down your getting them all. Two young birds came back and alighted near one of the wounded birds at which I fired several shots without starting them. After I had killed him we paddled to the other two & I killed one in the water & the other as it rose.

Left to Black Island Cove leaving the flock of Coots behind us for I felt that we had killed enough.

Horned Grebes At the mouth of the Cove saw three Horned Grebes. No Black Ducks. Water too high. Crouched in a sheltered nook

Winter Wren A Blue Jay & a Winter Wren came about

On the way back to camp had a long shot at four Black Ducks which rose from the shots. Missed with both barrels. Saw a Red-eyed Vireo in some

Red-eyed Vireo bushes over the water getting within a few yards of him

1889

Bangor, Maine.

Oct. 11 Cloudy all day with a glorious flood of sunlight just before sunset. Wind N.W. moderate. No rain to-day.

Started off alone in the Rushton canoe at about 10 A.M. taking the 20 gauge. Went first to Bennett's Cove where I shot a Canada Jay and a Flicker. Very few small birds, one or two Song sparrows, several Fringe sparrows, and some Robins.

Trip of Rushton canoe

Thence paddled out past Moose Point and setting sail sped swiftly across to Sturdevant's Cove. On the way a fledgling Scoter passed me within long range but I did not fire.

White winged Scoter.

Landed at Sturdevant Cove, built a fire and lunched among some tall timber on the edge of the marsh ground, in White Birch and the Pine. Jacked Thrushes came to inspect me hopping around among the trees. Kinglets and a Hairy Woodpecker in the trees overhead. Suddenly four Shelldrake appeared swimming close in shore within 20 ft. of my canoe. I shot one in the water and wounded another badly as it rose but the latter got off. Started back at about 4 P.M. paddling up along the shore to Crocker's Camping Ground. To my surprise saw a small Tern (presumably a Kittiwake) flying out over the Rocks. Shot another Canada Jay from the canoe.

Sturdevant Cove

Small birds in woods.

Cormorants

Setting sail again I ran swiftly and comfortably down to Moll's Rock the wind coming strong & steady from the N.W. with my little sea running. As I was passing the Rock Mr. Noyes called me in and showed me a fine Canada Goose which he shot this morning in Bottle Brook Pond.

Canada Goose shot in Bottle Brook Pond.

1889

Oct. 12 Cloudy with a strong N.W. wind, no rain. A raw, dismal day.

Jim called me early reporting a flock of Coots in the

Scoters Lake. After a hurried breakfast we started in pursuit of them. We soon saw them flying and waddled them for a long time as they coursed up & down the lake but failed to mark them down. While we were searching for them the wind rose and the lake was soon covered with white caps. As it bid fair to be a rough

A late day we gave up the Coots and started for Sweet Meadow.

Cedar Bird On the way saw a Cedar Bird feeding on black alder berries.

Sweet M. Reaching the meadow we paddled in over the bank and entered a tract of stubs on the right. Started a

Black Ducks flock of seven Black Ducks which rose out of range. Paddled to the head of the pond & shot an adult & a young as the brook comes in. Next landed

Partridge on the west side. A Grouse rose and flying almost straight upward alighted on the naked branch of a yellow birch where I shot him.

Errol Hill After hunting we transfered up over the ridge &

Pond descended to a beautiful little pond. About 15 Black

Black Ducks Ducks in it. Jim stalked them twice & brought down one wing broken but it escaped into some alders. A

Canada Jay Canada Jay screaming like a Hawk on the shore.

Returned to Sweet Meadow & paddled into the stubs where we started the Ducks this morning. The same flock was there. We lay in wait for them and after a while they came within shot. I killed two with the first barrel but failed to get in the second.

My first As we neared Moll's Carry the sun had just set in

Hawk Owl a patch of clear sky. Jim pointed out a small Owl sitting on the slender spire of a tall dead stub. We paddled into the stubs & I shot him. He proved the first Hawk Owl I ever saw [illegible]

1889

Lake Umbagog, Maine.

Oct. 13 Cloudless with clear bracing air. Wind N. to N.E. Water frozen last night.

At 10 a.M. started for Bottle Brook Pond. Saw nothing save a single Black Duck flying until we reached the bend just below Horse Shoe Pond 10 hrs. I heard a Grouse drum. Landed & went in search of him. He did not drum again but I stumbled on him by chance & hearing a rustle among the leaves saw him run a few steps & then stop when I shot him. He proved a fine large bird. Also shot a ♀ Reside archeus which was feeding at the trunk of a live spruce, attracting my attention by the noise it made.

At the next bend started a Merganser which did not give me a shot, however.

Reaching Bottle Brook Pond we hunted and I then visited all the coves in succession to my disappointment there was not a single Duck of any kind in the pond. Saw a Canada Jay, a Tree Sparrow a Blue J[illegible] & Robins

Left to Bear Brook up which we paddled just the team I have seen before. Saw nothing but a Kingfisher & some Tree Sparrows.

Left down river. Two hounds running deer on Pine Hill making the woods ring with their deep voices. We heard several shots on the hill but the dogs continued giving tongue long afterwards.

Turned into Pine Hill Pond and killed a Black Duck there, a solitary bird which we surprised in a deep cove & which I shot sitting. Had a rather long shot at another just after we emerged from Moll's Carry on our way back to camp but missed. It came flying towards us as we [illegible] [illegible]

1889

Oct. 14 Cloudy most of the day clearing late in P.M. Sunset very fine the air wonderfully clear, the mountains covered with a rose-colored haze.

At work on specimens during most of the day. Took a sail in the canoe late in P.M. Three Scoters (I think the velvetine) passed me in the twilight flying very swiftly close to the water.

White wing(?) Scoters

" 15 Cloudless with cool bracing N. wind and warm sunshine A perfect October day.

Leonard's Pond

At work on my birds until 3 P.M. when I took the little canoe and paddled to Leonard's Pond A few Tree Sparrows, Juncos & Chickadees there. At

Black Ducks

Sunset two small flocks of Black Ducks passed over going towards Moon Point. I followed them but could not find them. The water has fallen

Water falling

more than a foot and the grass on Moon Point

Musk Rats

marsh is appearing again. The musk rats have started a house there. I saw and heard at least eight or ten of them swim making the peculiar murmuring call

Pileated W.

This morning a Pileated Woodpecker called in

Bald Eagle.

the woods behind the camp. An Eagle also

Small birds scarce

sailed over. Most of the small birds seem to have gone south. Even Chickadees & Kinglets are much scarcer than they were a week ago. The Barrsan

Leaves nearly all fallen

now nearly all down and the deciduous trees bare.

1887 Lake Umbagog, Maine.

Oct. 16 Clear and still. The lake calm nearly all day. Morning cold, water freezing, noon deliciously warm.

Early this morning Jim shot a Scoter (O. americana) which was swimming past our landing. It was very thin & had a broken wing. Wounded

After breakfast we started out on the lake. Saw a flock of seven light-colored birds which I took to be Old Squaws swimming off B. Brook Cove & a pair of Scoters in the cove below our camp. Started for the latter when they separated & began diving. Seeing that they were wounded birds we turned back for the flock but it had disappeared. Round to Metallus Island. No birds in Tyler Cove except a loon. Then back to camp past B. Brook Cove. Hearing a sound like escaping steam we looked up & discovered a flock of nine Scoters scaling down from an immense height. They alighted near Great Id. This was about 10 a.m. Old Squaws (?) Scoters arriving from heaven

Making a fresh start we went down river to Great Meadow I in the Rushton canoe. A Killdeer & a Spotted Sandpiper on a boom of logs near Moll's Carry. An adult ♂ Golden-eye in full plumage in Great's Meadow found diving. He saw us, rose, & came back over us at about 150 ft height. I fired one barrel at him in vain. The shot started nine Black Ducks which flew directly to the forest pond behind the birch ridge. We followed them. Creeping to the edge of this pond I saw a Duck feeding about 30 yds. away. Shot at & wounded it, it flew into some alders where Don flushed it & I killed it. To my surprise it proved to be a Wood Drake. I had taken it for a Black Duck as it was between me & the sun. The shot started about 15 Black Ducks from the pond. Spotted Sandpiper Killdeer Golden-eye in full pl. Black Ducks Great Hill Pond Wood Duck Drake Black Ducks

Started for Lakeside about sunset. On the way flushed one nine Scoters. Saw a very large but & scared them off. very big Pat

1889

Oct. 17 A beautiful morning, cloudless, the Baker calm. By 10 A.M. a strong N.W. wind brought a heavy fall of clouds over the sky and the remainder of the day was chilly & gloomy, the ground frozen hard last night.

Woodcock gone.

I left Bakerside about 7 A.M. and rowed first around the Sargent Cove. I landed at the Woodcock Cove and beat it carefully but found nothing. Thence we kept on along the west shore of the Sound Cove. I fired a long flying shot at a blue Jay but missed. We landed

Partridge A.M.

at the mouth of a little brook to lunch when a Grouse started and flew up the hillside rising high among the trees. I followed and finally discovered her perched on the horizontal branch of a huge hemlock about 40 ft. above the ground. I fell the first section to the Damascus barrels of my little 20 gauge.

My first Goshawk

My next victim was a fine, a fine young Gos-hawk, the first I have ever killed. It rose from some thick wood and alighted on the branch of a tall ash. I paddled me slowly & silently to within 30 yds. & the Hawk fell dead as I pressed the trigger. He sat very erect and

Wounded Scaup shot

was a fine, daring looking fellow. A little further on a Scaup Duck swam out from the shore & after a few dives was shot. It was a wing broken "cripple", very thin.

At "the gut" behind the Great Island I shot a Canada Jay flying. Not over 100 yds further on a Black Duck & Great Blue Heron started out of range. It is singular that the report had not alarmed them. On the little island where I once

Partridge shooting

took a Sickles specimen I discovered a Grouse perched among the branches of a birch & shot it. Another flew into a thicket of Spruces where I followed & killed it on the

Canada Geese in the Bake

ground. On reaching camp Charley told us that a flock of about 25 Geese came into the Bake at 6 P.M. Waterlain & spent the night at the mouth of the river leaving at 9 A.M. to-day.

1887
Oct. 18



The sun rose clear but clouds quickly gathered and the remainder of the day was dark & cold with a high N.W. wind.

The Great Horned Owl came to the dead hemlock nearly over my tent some time before daylight and waked me by his hooting. I have never heard him utter anything but the hoo, hoo-hoo, hoo, hoo variation. This near at hand sounds soft and mournful - almost like the cooing of a dove. Bubo visits our Camping ground

I rose at dig. While waiting for breakfast I observed Don sniffing the air and looking eagerly up the side of the knoll above our open camp. I ordered him on where he "knew" about 30 yards and pointed. Taking the 30 yards I followed and presently espied the head of a Grouse bobbing up and down behind a log. I shot her when two more rose, one going into a tree where I killed him with the second barrel, the other flying out of sight. Partridges visit the knoll above the Camp

A little later a Hawk which I think was a Pigeon Hawk came flying in from the bath past the camp. I also saw a high Redpoll Bunting in the birch over my tent. A pair of Canada Jays visit our camp daily now. Pigeon Hawk flies past camp. Redpoll. Canada Jays

After breakfast we started for Rapid River Jim taking Don and the duffle in his boat which I sculled the entire distance in the Rushton canoe. On the way up river to Cedar Stump we started some Shelldrake. I fired a long shot at one but missed. Landed and I walked up the old carry road to where it joins the new. Saw nothing to returned & built a fire. Too Pine Grosbeaks flying about. A large flock of White-winged Crossbills chattering but invisible as usual, probably flying. Jim finally returned with two Grouse. He had been down in all. Trip to Rapid River. Goosanders Pine Grosbeaks White W. Crossbills Partridges

Rowed to Wheeler's Back towing the canoe a heavy sea running. I went half over the trap road but saw nothing. Had an exciting sail back to camp the wind blowing a gale.

1889

Oct. 19 A warm sunny day with floating clouds and dense haze. Wind S. to S.W. – Moderate

Old Squaws in Lake

Flock of Holboell's Grebes

Just after breakfast we discovered a flock of big Old Squaws in the Lake off B. Brook Cove. Putting the grass on my boat we started after them when Jim spied another flock of eight light-colored birds within a few hundred yards. We paddled out to them at once. Through my glass I could see that they were Grebes and one was unmistakably a Horned Grebe. The others looked as large but appeared brown in color. We were now within 80 yds and concluding that they were all Horned Grebes I raised my head & began to talk to Jim. Hitherto all the birds in the flock had been floating idly on the calm water & plumming themselves. At once up went seven long necks and to my surprise I recognized them owners as Red-necked Grebes. It was too late for a bunch shot as they scattered and began to swim. The next instant they flew. I knocked over one with each barrel getting both after several more shots in the water they made short dives and showed the whole head & neck as they come to the surface.

Old Squaws

We next tried the Old Squaws but they were as wild as Black Ducks. Four of the big were fine old drakes. When they flew they joined a flock of about thirty Am. Scoters which we had not hitherto seen. We finally paddled to the Cutter near Metallic Id. & I flopped seven with four barrels (of my two guns) getting all after reshooting two or three: but of the seven were young birds. There was not a black duck in the whole flock. While picking them up heard at least two Black-bellied Plover whistling. Went down the Tyler Cove after them but in vain. Bounded & visited the famous Tyler Spring. A solitary Dowitcher hydrogyrus flitting about among the Carexes near it. Shot

Black-bellied Plover.

Yellow Palm Warbler

him and then returned to the boat.

[illegible] the camp [illegible] & found [illegible] Hooded [illegible]
& fired [illegible] wildly long shot at him as he hurried flight.
Several Shelldrake started at various places. Paddled
at a pretty sheltered spot for lunch. "Squealed" up a Pair of hooded
flock of Titmice both species mixed. A Ruby crowned Ruby [illegible]
Kinglet & little creepers with them. Two fine Herons
flitting among the alders, both brown birds.

Came back down the lake & tried the Old Squaw
again. To us they flew at fully 300 yards. Returned
to camp and I went out sailing in the little canoe Two Shaggy
talking the 20 gauge (Damascus barrels). Heard a bird making Wonderful
a noise like a Red-shouldered Hawk whe-o, whe-o, whe-o. Sailed towards the place where a large bird rose & flew past me about 200 yards off. It flew like a Gannet alternately flapping & sailing & finally plumped down into the water in the middle of the lake. It looked dark brown & showed a conspicuous white speculum. Shortly after saw another which made the same noise. I cannot even guess what they can have been. They were larger than Booms.

Sailed over to Bacon Point & took down the sail. Hawk [illegible]
The sun had set but it was still daylight when, nearly at Bernards
half a mile away, crowning the slender tip of a dead ash Pond. [illegible]
on the shore of Bernard's Pond, I make out a Hawk Owl. Almost in
Paddled to within 20 feet of the foot of the tree and shot range
my choked barrel at him. He flew & my right barrel missed. for [illegible]
He went only about 100 yards & alighted near the top of another
dead tree. I canoed again got nearly under him & again
shot the choked barrel. A handful of feathers floated down
but the bird sailed off across the pond my second barrel
failing to stop him. I followed & started him again in
dense second growth getting a mere glympse at him. Disgusted
beyond measure I returned to camp in the twilight

1887

Oct. 21 — Clear, very cold in the early morning, warm at noon. Wind shifting into every quarter, light all day.

Outlet Marshes. — Breakfast at 7 o'clock. Off at about 8 a.m. rowing up to the outlet and thence following the river which has now resumed well defined banks to Richardson's Carry.

Snow Buntings — Snow Buntings & Titlarks piping over the marshes. A Hooded Merganser flushed from the river.

Titlarks

Buffle-head Duck — At Moon Point a Buffle-head swimming close to the sunny side of the bank. Jim paddled me within good shot (our boat was grassed) when I was foolish enough to try to change guns & take the 20 gauge. The little Duck saw the motion & rose when I missed with both barrels.

Am. Dunlin — Next to Whale-back Cove. A Tringa alpina rose wild from the shore.

Black Ducks — A Black Duck swam out from the grass & rose. I fired a long shot vainly.

Scoters — Saw a flock of about a dozen Scoters flying towards Sunday Cove.

Turned back and doubling Pain Point rowed down into Glassy Cove.

Horned Grebe — Two Horned Grebes seen, each near shore.

Scoters feeding (?) near shore — In the cove two Scoters apparently feeding close to the weed. One dove. I shot the other & found it to be a young Butter-bill apparently not a wounded bird.

Pr. Ridge Shooting — Hearing a Grouse chitter we landed and I at once saw a magnificent drumming strutting among the driftwood his tail erect and spread like a fan. Shot him when others began to chitter & stalk along among the bushes. In less than five minutes I had killed big, all sitting, in big shots. They were all we could find. Four were ♂♂ one a young ♂. I distinctly heard one of them utter a low coo-coo-coo-coo several times.

Snow Buntings — A flock of about forty Snow Buntings alighted in the grass.

Red-polls — Large flocks of Red-polls & White-winged Crossbills heard flying over.

White W. Crossbills — Returned to camp to dinner. Went out after Owls at sunset.

Bubo — Heard two Great Horned Owls hooting & saw a small Owl,

Short-ear Owl — perhaps a Short-eared, flying near Moll's Carry.

Snipe — Two Wilson's Snipe rose from the edge of Bernard's Pond in the twilight.

1887

Oct. 22

Lake Umbagog, Maine.

Ther. 22 [illegible] cold at 8 morn, day warmer with [illegible] S.W. wind

Row at 6.30. While waiting for breakfast saw a fine adult ♂ Buffle-head floating on the calm surface of the Lake opposite our camp. Jim paddled me out but just before we started two Whistlers joined our bird and of course started him long before we were within good range. Buffle-head Duck ♂ and

Just after breakfast a pair of Buffle-heads, the ♂ a superb adult of the same pair mentioned, lighted in the cove just north of camp. I went over land to the waters edge but they swam across to the Moll's Rock shore and began diving there. Accordingly I returned & Jim paddled me across the mouth of the cove. Landing just inside the Rock I was through the woods and by making three runs when the birds were under water got within good range. I fired as they swam together killing the adult ♂. The other bird down, quite by chance, just as I pressed the trigger & I had to fire the other barrel at her after she came to the surface. On my way through the woods I passed within a few yards of two grouse. After killing the Ducks I went after them but only found one which was among dense bushes & went off unshot at. A pair of Buffle-heads shot in Moll's Rock Cove. In life [illegible]

We next rowed down the Lake to the Hayward farm where we landed & I walked around the entire opening. Saw only one grouse which Don pointed & I shot. Came on a Porcupine feeding on grass, apparently, & photographed him. Saw a Fish-hawk chase a Robin into some low willows where he overtook & killed his bird. The screams of the poor Robin lasted some a minute. I went in of course & flushed the Hawk but missed a hard snap shot. He carried off his prey whose feathers strewed the ground. In [illegible] Porcupine. Fish hawk kills a Robin.

Saw many Whistlers to-day three of fours of them adult ♂. Shoveler also numerous. Heard a duck in Black Hd. Cove. Saw two Black Ducks in Lyle Cove. Whistlers. Diver.

1889

Oct. 23 Cloudless with strong N. W. wind. It snowed a little last night and afterwards cleared off very cold. The meadows and edges of the river and backwater frozen and the ice as well as snow lasted all day even in places pretty exposed to the sun. In short it has been by far the coldest day we have yet had.

Canada Jays at Camp After watching the three Canada Jays that we have baited at our camp & taking several photographs of them I started off with Jim at about 8 a.m. We rowed to the Outlet & paddled down river. We had gone only a short distance

Surf Scoter alights in Androscoggin River when we saw a Duck descend on set wings & alight in the middle of the river. It was about 40 yds. ahead & I shot it. It proved to be a young Surf Scoter.

Leonard's P. Saw three Ducks enter the Outlet of Leonard's Pond & landing I tried to stalk them. Could not find them but

Goosander ♂ ad. in f. p. discovered a superb adult ♂ Goosander diving near the opposite shore of the island. Returned to the boat & tried to paddle across to the island but a number of Ducks

Hooded Mergansers rose and went out. Six Hooded Mergansers came back past us but I wanted the Goosander & did not shoot. He flapped in the water but a few moments later was gone. Tried to paddle to two young Shelducks asleep on a mud bank but they

Flock of Six Hooded Mergansers, three of them adult males in full plumage. awoke & flew. Saw some Ducks alight below & tried another stalk. Crossed the island & joined my birds, Six Hooded Mergansers, three of them adult males in full plumage. It was sometime before I recognized them for they kept their crests closed. They followed the opposite shore diving incessantly. I watched them over an hour but they would not cross to my side. Saw an adult ♂ Bufflehead flying over the pond.

Bufflehead ♂ ad.

Next went to Great Meadow; nothing there. Thence to

Black Ducks Curtis Meadow. 24 Black Ducks feeding in the usual place at the bend. Went off wild. A Hooded Merganser at the Outlet

Shoot a Fox in Mill Meadow Thence to Mill Meadow. Near the upper end shot a fine large Fox. He was trotting leisurely along the edge of the woods.

1887

Oct. 27

Lake Umbagog, Maine

[illegible]

[illegible] killed both at one shot (a 8 ft.

[illegible] 30 [illegible] the Outlet and

[illegible] Cow's Carry were which there Hooded Hooded

[illegible] fine shot but at tremendous speed. Mergansers

[illegible] Hot [illegible] Hooded, Mine

in one flock.

[illegible] in the 8 paddled towards them. One

[illegible] their pet for as coming within

[illegible] the others scattered & [illegible]

[illegible] nearly as agile divers as Brown and

[illegible] the flock I saw a trout that

[illegible] Old Megalloway

[illegible] road.

[illegible] Small wood

[illegible] land to the

[illegible] Farm.

[illegible] long [illegible]

[illegible]

Whistling Crossbills. Redpolls. Pine Grosbeak. Rapid River. Whistlers. Sif Hooded Mergansers, three of them adult ♂♂, doubtless the same birds seen in Brownell's Pond yesterday. Had three of them adjacent moles

[illegible] range but the bushes in the way [illegible] could not risk a shot, a moment later [illegible] the [illegible] in the middle of the mere with mallards [illegible] take. Their powers of sight & hearing must be extraordinary. The drake I saw was one had his crest fully expanded.

The whistlers [illegible] flew [illegible]. We then moved up past the [illegible] two more Mergansers & several Bufflehead [illegible]

I kill a Hawk Owl on Moon Pt., the Chickadee Jay & Chickadee Second Cotton within this autumn

[illegible] down the lake just before sunset. As we were passing Moon Point Jim discovered a Hawk Owl perched on the tip of a dead [illegible] in the flock of [illegible]. We [illegible] to [illegible] when it flew, coming directly to [illegible] and light of within 100 yds. I walked nearly to within shot having by me as cover & making [illegible] not crashing as I took through the ice among the grass. It flew again but only a few yds alighting on a rather tall stump. I walked up within 30 yds. and firing the choked barrel of the Fox gun had the satisfaction of seeing it fall dead. A fine specimen large & thick [illegible]

Oct. 25 Clear with light S.E. wind. Hard frost last night.

Just after breakfast heard Pine Grosbeaks whistling behind the camp & went in search of them & came upon some all adult [illegible] & shot one. Heard a [illegible] of Pine Grosbeaks [illegible] Pine Grosbeaks

[illegible] at 10 A.M. Went first to Leonard's Pond. I flushed a & a brown Hooded Merganser there. Fired a long flying shot at the latter but missed. Passing out by Moose Point saw a beautiful Shrike. As he flew up from the grass & alighted on a post he looked to white that I took him at first for a Snow Bunting. Pine Grosbeaks Pine Siskins Tol. Finch Goosander Hooded Merganser a fine Northern Shrike

Rowed from Moose Point to Rapid River. On the way started a flock of nine Scaup Ducks (F. marila, I think). They rose very wild and we had not time to get a shot at them after they alighted. Greater Scaups

Reaching the mouth of the river I took a station on the west bank & sent Jim up with the boat to drive the birds down. Jim came [illegible] of my Hooded Mergansers, doubtless the same seen yesterday. They passed one me too high for a shot. After them came some Golden-eyes also too high. Finally a large Goldeneye came down before the wind flying very fast & passing within 15 yds. of me. I shot with barrels and made a clean miss with each. Rapid River. The Sig. Hooded Mergansers seen again Golden Eye. Goosander.

While Jim was tramping through the woods after Grouse (of which he shot two) I spent the afternoon going up river [illegible] the [illegible] pines [illegible] the [illegible] left [illegible] high.

Started back for camp at dusk. Just as we were leaving the landing a Grouse came skimming across the river & plumped down into a bunch of yew. As I approached I could hear her rustling among the leaves. I went in but failed to find her. Afterwards Jim tried it and started her nearly under foot. Probably she had settled there for the night. I used the little canoe to-day Jim going in his own boat. Partridge going to roost in bed of yew.

1877

Oct. 26 Sunday all day clearing at sunset. Scarcely a breath of wind. Warmer.

Before breakfast this morning a flock of about 25 Redpolls
Redpolls came into the birches near camp and with them three
Pine Grosbeaks' Pine Grosbeaks, two of them adult males. Also heard
White W. Crossbills & a flock of White-winged Crossbills in the distance.

Trip up Started off in the boat at about 7 a.m. going through
Megalloway R. Moll's Carry and thence up the Megalloway. As we passed
A lone Crow Moll's Rock a solitary Crow started from a stub & flew across
Hooded the Lake. Just after we had entered the river four Mergansers
Mergansers flew through the Carry & out into the Lake.

" For the first two or three miles up the Megalloway we
" saw nothing save four Mergansers, three in one flock, one
single bird. They kept flying on ahead of us in this
wind [illegible].

White-winged 11 o'clock Below Horse-Shoe Pond saw a flock of about 20
Crossbills White-winged Crossbills alight in some Spruces on the left
bank. Landed and shot two both very long shots as the
birds were perched on tall dead pines. The flock kept
dashing through the trees from place to place frequently
alighting but I could not get a sight at any of them in
the Spruces.

Pulpit Rock Landed at Pulpit Rock for lunch. Heard a Woodpecker tapping
I shoot in heavy Spruce timber on the hillside & going to the place
three Picoides found a ♂ Picoides arcticus which I shot at. She flew a
♂ ♀ arcticus short distance & alighted then turned head down & hung by one
1 " americanus foot. I was about to take her off the tree when I heard another
Woodpecker tapping a few rods off. Looking I discovered a fine
♂ Picoides americanus working up the trunk of a large Spruce.
& quickly shot him. I recognized him the first glance.
Afterwards shot a ♂ P. arcticus near the Rock as we were
eating lunch. He came from across the river, calling
Kloe, Kloe as he flew, and alighted on a tall slender fir.

Lake Umbagog, Maine.

Although killed dead by the shot I fired at him he
clung to the tree, apparently by his bill, so tenaciously that
I had to get Jim to cut it down.

After [illegible] paddled up to Bottle Brook Pond, to
Ducks in it. We took in the boat & paddled all around
side of the cove. Found a dead Muskrat in the grass.
Just below this pond three young men were camping. They
were hunting muskrats, they said & had killed two. A
Grouse drummed near their camp last night or rather
this morning between 2 & 3 o'clock. They had found his
log & intended to shoot him to-night.

Went into Bear Brook on one way home but found it
frozen as far up as we could see.

Row down to the Lake & went through Bear Brook
Pond to Moose Point. Heard Ducks quacking in various
parts of the marsh but the water was so low we
could not get the boat in far. Saw one Black Duck
flying quacking loudly other answering him from the
shadows. Muskrat very near [illegible] Hooting & [illegible] all "works"

The Megalloway was very peaceful and beautiful to-day.
A soft gray light over everything. Dead stillness
broken only by the occasional bark of a squirrel, the
chirping of Chickadees or the screaming of Blue Jays.
The latter were very numerous and noisy. They are
exceedingly shy here.

Saw two Hermit Thrushes on the shore of Bottle Brook
Pond. Started a Grouse near Pulpit Rock Spring
& fired a snap shot at him but missed. Did
not get a shot at a Duck all day.

In the Lake near the Cove saw two Horned Grebes
this morning. They were diving for food apparently.
The Lake is now as low as on September 18th

attempted Brook Pond

Muskrats

Partridge

middle

Moose Point

Megalloway River

late autumn

Hermit Thrushes

Partridge

Horned Grebes

1889

Oct. 24 Cloudy with light rain at intervals. Easing off towards [illegible].

Spent the day in camp skinning birds. [illegible]

"Sea Ducks" in the Lake — small flocks of "Sea Ducks" in the lake flying up & down close to the water occasionally alighting near the middle opposite our camp. One flock [illegible] nine birds which seemed to be wholly black except the top of the head which looked white or whitish. They may have been Old Squaws but they appeared to be much larger.

Old Squaws?

" 25 A warm day with frequent heavy showers, cloudy, hazy clouds and S. to N.E. wind.

Broke camp to-day and went to Lakeside by steamer late in the afternoon. Caught two Canada Jays in a box and took them down with me. Saw no Ducks.

" 29 Cloudy with light rain nearly all day. Wind N.E. moderate. Spent the day at Lakeside packing. No observations.

" 30 Early morning cloudy with fine [illegible] rain. [illegible] of day clearing the sun peeping out at intervals.

Left Lakeside for Bethel at 8 A.M. Just as the stage was about to start immense numbers of Scoters appeared by [illegible] flying high at first finally swooping down after many evolutions & alighting in [illegible] flocks. The [illegible] of birds [illegible] finally 500 birds. Some boats put out in pursuit of them but they [illegible] & began [illegible] circling again. There were big Robins in the field in front of the house.

Scoters. Appear in enormous numbers; alighted in the lake about 9 A.M.

Robins

Robins

Canada Jay

Snipe

Crows.

On the way to Bethel saw Robins in small numbers, one Canada Jay just above the Notch, a Snipe which [illegible] from the roadside below Brooks' & two Crows in the road below the Notch, also three Crows in Cleveland.

1884 Waltham & Belmont, Mass.

Nov. 25 Cloudy and warm but damp with light S.W. wind.

Off at 9.30 a.m. driving to the Warren place, taking George with me to hold the horse. I also took the Gordon setter puppy "Dandy", this being his first experience in the woods. I looked for Grouse and Snipe in several likely places but saw none. The puppy behaved very well and hunted with some vigor & intelligence.

The chief object of my trip, however, was to look for Crossbills, Pine Grosbeaks & Redpolls all of which have been reported as about in some numbers.

On the hill behind the Warren place I heard a flock of Red Crossbills distinctly, twice, but failed to find them. In the dense young pitch pines on this hill were several Chickadees and Tufted Titmice (Parus bicolor) accompanied by a Certhia which I shot. In the red cedars in the pasture on the north slope were a number of Blue Jays. Crows cawing overhead at intervals, and straggling birds. Goldfinches heard flying. This note is more suggestive of summer than that of any other of our winter residents.

Meeting George at the barn we started on towards the Flagg place. Just beyond the willows came on a flock of about 50 Redpolls & Siskins fine, all linaria. Three English Sparrows in the road then I shot at them killing one & breaking the wing of another which ran to a stone wall like a native & escaped. Also shot a Certhia in a willow over the road.

Went to the Belmont willows. Beat Rock Meadow for Snipe but got only a wet foot for my pains getting one out of my rubber boots in a hole. The meadow absolutely deserted but at its eastern end in the dells a flock of fully 40 Tree Sparrows. I drove them on ahead up into Prospect St. Several of them sang as loudly and fully as in Spring.

Next and last I tried the cedar woods on the crest of the hill. Two Fletchers and a few Chickadees & Titmice were

1889

(Nov. 25) all the birds I found there but in the bushes beyond the spring meadow to the north I came upon a large flock of Red polls - fully 100 birds - feeding. I first shot into them at random killing four linaria. They alighted again not far off. I then got nearly under them and picking out one of the largest killed it with the air rifle. It proved to be a typical L. rostrata. There were four or five more equally big and doubtless of the same form.

During the day I did not see a single Robin or Junco. There was a song sparrow chirping in the meadow near the spring while I was after the Red polls. I neither heard nor saw any Pine Grosbeaks. If they are really here I cannot imagine what they find to eat as there are literally no cedar or mountain ash berries this autumn. The Red polls are well provided for as the gray birches have an abundant crop of seeds.

1889 Belmont & Waltham, Mass.

Nov. 26 Clear and cool (Therm. 28° at sunrise) with strong, dry N.W. wind.

Off at 9 A.M. driving to Prospect St. and spending the forenoon in or near the Cotton Gum. Found Redpolls numerous in the extensive beds of birches near the head of this run. They were in smaller flocks than yesterday and stayed on more restless. I spent much time in trying to detect specimens of C. exilipes among them and believe that I really saw and, in fact, shot, one but it scaled off and dropped among some oaks where I could not find it. I picked out and shot three adult & bicoloria and sacrificed two or three young birds that looked large, on the chances of their proving to be exilipes. I used my 20 g. gun and in every case find the anything at single birds. While following a flock of Redpolls I heard a Pine Grosbeak and answering its whistled call it down into a birch where I shot it. It was a ♀ and had the bill gummed with some kind of pitch.

There were a few Robins among the birches and I came on a little flock of fox or sing among scrub oaks where they kept flying down to a spring to drink. All were silent and reserved in manner acting like our small Hylocichla Hermits. They were very tame & evidently northern birds I thought.

In the cedar woods I saw two Cuthias and shot one of them. I heard among some pitch pines near Arlington Heights. A large flock of Chickadees accompanied by a few Kinglets came about and inspected me curiously. Crows cawing in the distance. A flock of Red Crossbills whistling as they passed high overhead.

In one of the flocks of Redpolls was a small Pine Siskin. At 2 P.M. returned to the buggy and drove to Wellington Gum. Saw a Downy Woodpecker on the way. Nothing in the Gum but a flock of Chickadees & Kinglets.

Next to the Warren run entering from the westerly side and

1889
(Nov. 26) going only through the old orchard to the edge of the bushes beyond. The sun was now nearly down to the horizon. A Flicker in the orchard very shy calling *ki-uk* and *wur-r-r-roo*. Some Chickadees with a *Cathia* which I shot. Two Sparrows in a birch swamp. More Redpolls, a small flock only busily gleaning their supper. Picked out a rosy-breasted ♂ & white-rump. Turning back through the orchard I spied a Shrike perched on the topmost spray of an elm. As I approached he flirted his tail uneasily, & finally, just before I got within range, started off over the open fields, swinging in long swift undulations until out of sight. Hearing a Snow Bunting I looked up and discovered an immense flock — fully 200 — stretched out in a broad band flying westward at a height of about 200 ft. In setting sun brought out their black & white coloring in sharp contrast against the blue sky. Where could they have been going? Shrike

Snow Buntings

I saw several small flocks of Juncos along the roadside in or near cedars. Has the great autumnal flight passed?

1889 Waltham & East Lexington, Mass.

Nov. 30 Clear and cold with high N.W. wind. Ground frozen hard all day in the shade, in the sun thawing & muddy.

This being the last day of the "open season" for Ruffed Grouse. I made a trip after them starting at 9 A.M. and driving first to Shumway Pond in Waltham. It was a cold drive, facing the keen wind and I saw nothing by the way save a few Tree Sparrows, some Juncos, three Crows, and a Downy Woodpecker. Reaching the pond I left George in charge of the horse and started in on the east shore. I had the pointer puppy "Pine" (son of my old "Don") with me this being his first hunt. He proved to green and timid to be of any use keeping at heel most of the time and paying no attention whatever to the few Grouse I started.

Grouse resting

My first bird rose among dense barberry bushes overrun with bull-briars on the steep hillside sloping down to the pond. It did not come out in sight until fully fifty yards off when I fired a quick shot getting just one feather to show that my aim was not wholly bad. There were no small birds on this hill except a few Chickadees and Kinglets. The pond was wholly free from ice. A man working on its shore told me that few Ducks are seen there now in autumn but that last spring many Black Ducks alighted in the pond. It has changed little if at all in the last twenty years. The shore where I used to shoot one fall decoys in 1868 is still an unbroken belt of woods with perhaps more bordering marsh than it used to have. There are no new buildings on or near the shores.

Returning to the buggy I drove over the high hill to the westward and near the cross roads beyond entered the woods on the left. The cover was exceedingly difficult, dense oak scrub with a tangle of blackberry bushes beneath. A little way in, however, I started a Grouse on the edge of a dense

1880
Nov. 20

ground. It rose about 50 yards ahead and came directly at me rising just above the scrub which was here about 15 ft. high. I had a fairly open shot but a very awkward one firing my first barrel as the bird was coming "head on" at perhaps twenty yards, and cutting a whole handfull of feathers from it but failing to stop it, then wheeling and pulling the second trigger after it had passed probably missing "clean". I saw the bird scale nearly a quarter of a mile over the hill behind where I sended on it some time, afterwards, in vain.

Went down to the long pine ground or, as I used to call it, Bevington Bank. In the big woods on the hill I started two more Grouse in dense cover on the edge of a springy run. One of them gave me a long snap shot which proved a miss.

I took a long tramp in this region going over all my old grounds. Small birds were exceedingly scarce. I met one mixed flock of Chickadees & Skip jacks (Sitta) accompanied by the inevitable single Cuthia and afterwards found a second Cuthia alone in some fine oak & maple woods. I also saw two Redpolls and heard a few others. Then with perhaps two Tree Sparrows completed the list.

During the drive home in the cold afternoon we saw absolutely nothing out one or two Crows and a few Tree Sparrows.

Chickadees
Nuthatches
Cuthias

Marston's Mills, Mass.

1889

Dec. 4 Cloudy with strong N. E. wind and frequent snow squalls.

I came here yesterday by the 4.18 P. M. train from Boston bringing my 20 g. gun and the Gordon setter puppy "Dandy" (eleven months old) my chief object being to try the latter thoroughly on quail & ruffed grouse. It is thirteen years since I last saw Oakes Sawyer & his good wife but I found them little changed and Marston's Mills not at all changed. It is same little quiet village with the woods, fields and swamps just as of yore.

At about 9 A. M. I started out crossing the road and entering the great woods behind the Hinckley house. A strong, chill N. E. wind was blowing with every now & then a flurry of snow. It snowed last night also and the entire face of the country was white for the first time this year but the depth of the total fall did not exceed an inch, just enough to show tracks well.

Passing a moment among some pines to watch a mixed flock of Chickadees and Kinglets (Salrapa) I entered an opening beyond and started its border encouraging the dog to range among the oak scrub, as well as I could. He had not gone far when he ran plump over a ruffed grouse which lay very close under some huckleberry bush and, upon rising, came directly over my head. I shot at it after it passed me but missed. Following it the dog, after a long search, flushed it again showing no disposition to point although he sniffed the ground warily where it lain. I again followed it and after a still longer search the puppy flushed it a third time from a cluster of ink berry bushes (Ilex glabra) in a swamp. This time I made a slight point on its track but

almost immediately started on into the bushes where it lay. I could not find it again, nor did I succeed in starting any more Grouse although I worked over a good deal of ground.

During this tramp I saw nothing but the Chickadees and Nuthatches just mentioned, a few Tree Sparrows, and a brown Eagle (Haliaëtus), the latter sailing over the woods.

In the afternoon I went out again with Barnard Hinckley taking the road south to the Goodspeed Spring. Found the tracks of a small bevy of Quail in the snow in a weed field but could not start them. The puppy showed some interest here snuffing the ground excitedly but not stopping. He is a wild ranger in the open but I can easily keep him in sight in close cover.

This afternoon we saw a flock of 15 Otocoris and heard Redpolls (Acanthis) in the air.

Marston's Mills, Mass.

188?
Dec. 5

Clear, still, and very warm & pleasant in the sun.

After breakfast I started out alone with "Dandy", going down behind the barn towards the river. In the swamp at the foot of the hill I found a flock of fully 50 Yellow-rumps (D. coronata) flitting about in the leafless tupelos and maples, occasionally visiting the pines on the neighboring sandy knolls. In the briary thickets along the edge of the salt marsh Fox Sparrows were abundant and Song Sparrows common, three or four of the latter flutter out at once as the dog invaded their retreat. In one of the great, grassy hills I flushed eight or ten Meadow Larks one of which I surprised under a bank and dropped at long range as it rose. The others crossed the river.

Beyond the boat house I came to an extensive thicket of wild rose, sumac & bayberry bushes growing along the foot of a bank on the very edge of the salt marshes. Here I found a flock of over 100 small birds most of them Fox Sparrows & Yellow-rumps (about equally divided in numbers) with a few Song Sparrows, two Robins one Swamp Sparrow and one Field Sparrow. The Fox Sparrows and Yellow-rumps were eating bayberries and I suspect that the Field Sparrow & Robins were similarly engaged although I did not actually see them at it. The Song & Swamp Sparrows kept down among the grass and weeds ~~on~~ or near the ground. There were also several Colaptes flitting about the place. The Fox Sparrows sang loudly & sweetly at intervals and twice I heard a Song Sparrow practising in low, warbling tones.

After watching these birds for some time I advanced

towards the river driving most of the flock before me. On reaching the river I found Song Sparrows in numbers among the thickets and in a belt of sweet gale and cat-tail flags along the edge of the stream at least ten or a dozen Swamp Sparrows. The bushy swamps along the course of the brook as far as the village were simply alive with Yellow-rumps & Tree Sparrows. These swamps have a rather vigorous but low growth of tupelos with an undergrowth of swamp pink (Azalea viscosa) Andromeda ligustrina, Clethra, Rosa Carolina(?) etc. overrun with such a profusion of wild grape and Smilax vines as to be practically impenetrable in many places. ~~Among~~ In some of these thickets springs abound, gushing out of the ground very few rods, spreading about and ~~in this wooded~~ encouraging a growth of various semi-aquatic plants which are said to keep green all winter long.

Among some pines in a hollow near this swamp I found several Blue Jays one of which I shot.

Returned to the house at 1.30 P.M. After lunch drove to the village and out on the Neck, with Capt. Baxter, saw no birds of any interest, in fact none whatever except a few Crows & Chickadees

Marston's Mills, Mass.

Sir, Yesterday warm day with frequent intervals of sunshine alternating with brief periods of cloudiness.

Starting at about 7 A.M. I walked down the road to the woodspeed opening, thence ~~around~~ it through a succession of weed fields as far as the "shop", and back through the woods bordering the hills along the river.

"Dandy" worked better than heretofore but found no scent (except in one place where he "drew" for fifty yards or more along the edge of some oak & pine scrub) until we reached the big woods. Here, in an opening surrounded by young pines, he made a doubtful kind of point & ~~before~~ before I could get to him, moved on flushing a Grouse from among the stems of a cluster of scrub oaks. He then sat down looking a little frightened & crestfallen. As I approached two more Grouse flew from an adjoining cluster of oaks and I fired a long shot at one of them but missed. I then encouraged the puppy to investigate the spot whence they flashed and as soon as he approached it closely he made a really animated and staunch point.

Following the Grouse into some dense scrub I found that my pup had suddenly changed from a blundering, ignorant novice into an earnest and very cautious hunter. He roaded two birds long distances, drawing and pointing beautifully at frequent intervals. One he failed to overtake but the other got up unexpectedly among some thick young oaks giving me a rather hard cross shot. At the report the bird fell and began beating the ground with its wings in its death struggle. The dog then worked up to it cautiously and pointed dead very handsomely. I photographed him on the spot, lying by the side of his first bird in a little opening where the sunlight streamed in on the

1907

Dec 6 leaf-carpeted ground. The grouse was a very red bird, a fine young cock in good plumage. I'll all present the skin.

After lunch at the house I went out again in the direction of the river. The wind had changed into the N.W. and blew fresh and cold over the bleak hills. A few wild Meadow Larks and some Tree Sparrows were the only birds I could find. At length I met Barnard who offered to row me across the river to a salt marsh where Meadow Larks congregate at evening to spend the night. As we approached the place a flock of fully 15 rose from the marsh and crossed the river. We followed and I loaded and stalked them but they rose at fully 80 yds. and I fired both barrels at them in vain. Herring Gulls were flying about over the creeks calling ca-ca-ca and cle-ee

Returned to the house by land over the hills. As I was skirting the woods where I saw the grouse this morning "Dandy" suddenly stopped and pointed on the edge of some pines. Although fully 200 yds. ahead of me he held his point until I reached and passed him when a grouse rose from among the pines. The dog was evidently standing on the scent of its feet where it had been feeding in a bed of Bear Berry (here called Partridge berry).

Dec. 7 Clear and a beautiful day.

Rose before daylight and took the 7.30 train from W. Barnstable station for Boston, the Captain driving me over. Saw a flock of Juncos and heard a Downy Woodpecker on the way

Fitchburg to Ashby, Mass.

1887

Dec. 11 Cloudy with warm rain in forenoon. Afternoon clearing with strong N. W. wind becoming cold and freezing towards sunset.

With Mr. W. Fayon took the 11.15 a. M. train for Fitchburg whence we drove to Ashby in the afternoon. The country was bleak and brown except in the more sheltered swamps & ravines where the mountain laurel formed dense masses of shining green foliage. The only birds observed during the entire drive of seven miles were two Crows and a Blue Jay all in about a mile N. of Fitchburg.

Ashby Mass.

" 12 Clear & cold the ground frozen hard all day & most of the ponds skimmed over. A high N. W. wind which died away at sunset.

Starting at about 9 a. M. we drove to Mt. Watatic returning late in the afternoon. On the way over we actually did not see a single bird or, indeed, anything living save one red squirrel. On the return drive we saw only a flock of Redpolls flying over some birches just as the sun was setting. The absence of the Sparrows & Chickadees is something I cannot account for. There were many alder swamps & weed patches suitable for the former & plenty of pines for the latter, all along the road at intervals.

At Watatic we stabled "Hiram" in a rickety old barn and then began the ascent of the mountain on the N. W. side. It proved a rough, tiresome & somewhat dangerous climb for the ledges were slippery with glare ice and there was no path through the dense spruce forest. The wind fiercely howled in the trees and we were chilled through in spite of the violent exercise. We passed what seemed to be a den of the Canada Porcupine at the foot of a vertical ledge. There were several holes at the foot of the rock all more or less strewn with fresh dung and showing evident signs of occupancy. We looked closely for quills but found only grayish hair most nearly, it

Oct 16 owned to me, like that of a rabbit. Nevertheless the dog was certain he had found a Fox & the Pater obtained undigested pieces of stringy bark.

At about 1600 ft. in a sunny opening among scrubby spruces we started a Ruffed Grouse, the first and only bird which we saw on the mountain proper. It seemed incredible that there should not be at least a few Chickadees but we covered the evergreen forest area pretty thoroughly without hearing so much as a chirp.

Winding around the south east slope we finally reached the summit where we had a remarkably fine view. We could see the houses on Arlington Heights distinctly. The wind, however, swept the bare peak with such force that we were glad to descend a few rods on the sunny & sheltered side where we lunched.

There being evidently no birds on the mountain itself we resolved to descend to the base and circle back through the more sheltered woods below. We were separated and I was forcing my way through some scattered dense spruces in one of the lower pastures when I came suddenly on a flock of Pine Grosbeaks. I took the first I saw, a fine red ♂, for a Robin as it flitted across an opening but soon discovered my mistake & shot the bird. As I was wrapping him in a piece the others returned and clustering in the tops of a spruce began eating the terminal buds when I picked out another red bird & shot him also.

Payne now overtook me and kept on towards the point flushing two Grouse along the edge of the Big Swamp where we heard the Contopus borealis cast his [illegible]. One of the Grouse rose from an open field near the swamp, the other among mountain laurel. Both were very wild.

Near the road we saw a Shrike, a very brown bird which suddenly appeared with a field mouse in his bill and alighting in a moment, flew again into some bushes where we lost him.

Ashby, Mass.

Dec. 13 Warmer than yesterday with high S.W. wind and alternating sun, [illegible] spring in the air.

Off on foot with Fayon for the entire day, starting at 9:[illegible] and going over nearly the same ground covered during the last day of our visit in June. Very few birds;- a flock of Chickadees and two Red-billed Nuthatches in the [illegible] of the [illegible] and flock of Tufted Titmice, Chickadees, four Kinglets (Regulus), two Nuthatches (canadensis), and two Creepers in white pine woods on the edge of the swamp where we heard the D. caerulescens in June, two Ruffed Grouse started among laurel in this swamp and a third which rose from a bare hill-side where the wood had been lately cut, a Sparrow not positively identified but thought to be S. monticola which Fayon flushed from a weed stubble and which disappeared in a swamp thicket, there with a few Redpolls found in the weed stubble first mentioned and a flock of twenty-five or thirty seen near Mr. Brooks's house before we started. Literally all the birds noted save two Crows which Fayon saw from his window early in the morning.

Mr. Peasley, a young school teacher boarding with the Brooks tells me that he found both the Spotted Woodpeckers near Ashby in the winter of 1888 & 9 and that he also saw Nuthatches (Sitta carolinensis) and Blue Jays in the village. A woodchopper whom we interviewed yesterday near Watatic also asserted that he occasionally saw Egg-Cocks (Hylotomus) on the mountain in winter and large flocks of "Snow-Birds" (P. nivalis) in the fields. The latter, he said, appeared only after heavy snow storms. ~~Both these~~ of the persons first mentioned, as well as Mr. Brooks, were positive that no Crows winter about Ashby.

[illegible] the moon was [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] the winter months [illegible] [illegible] should be is somewhat mysterious for it is still as well wooded and watered as, and nearly as [illegible] and wind swept there, Mt. Greylock in [illegible] [illegible] on this trip, we afterwards found a little exception to the rule and found a winter bird or two.

During the two days we spent at Ashby we saw no Blue Jays, no Woodpeckers of any species, no Hawks, and no Sparrows except the single bird above mentioned.

On our return drive to Fitchburg the morning of Dec. 14th we actually did not see a wild bird of any species although the day was still and not at all cold.

A few English Sparrows were observed in the village of Ashby, and one half a dozen.

Dec. 14 Ashby to North Adams

Cloudy and Still. A snow flake began about noon and lasted into the night.

Left Ashby at 8.30 A.M. and drove to Fitchburg where we took the 9.51 train for North Adams. A little west of Fitchburg we saw, from the car windows, a large flock of Redpolls, flying. Another flock was seen later. These with some five or six Crows were the only birds noticed.

1887

Dec. 10 Cloudy with brief intervals of sunshine & frequent snow-squalls.

We reached N. Adams yesterday at 1 P.M. and after making some purchases in the town drove to Robert Wilbur's in the Notch. A fur dealer in N. Adams told us that bears are still found in the town of Jay. We saw skins in the Hoosac Mts. whence a very fine specimen weighing 298 lbs. was sent in the flesh only a few days ago. The hunters usually drive them into Vermont before killing them as there is a bounty of $15.00 in the Latter State. Three have been killed this autumn two of them just across the Vermont border. None have been seen on Graylock for upwards of forty years. There are a few wild cats on both ranges but no deer on either. Deer have not existed in N. Y. for nearly fifty years. Otters are very scarce but one was seen in the river just below N. Adams last week.

Black bears & other large mammals.

When Tayon & I started forth this morning we found the ground covered with about five inches of damp snow. The spruces above the house were nearly as solidly white as the ground and the hard-wood forests still higher up on the mountain sides pale pearl gray or bluish-white this color probably resulting from a combination of the warm gray & brown tints of the twigs with the thin covering of snow which encrusted them.

Starting directly up the steep hillside we soon reached the belt of pasture spruces. They were gaily loaded with snow which bent the more slender lateral branches nearly or quite to the ground forming arches and bowers under which the earth was nearly bare. It was a scene of bewildering beauty, this evergreen forest crusted with glistening white crystals. Even the most delicate grasses were loaded down, growing fern-like tracery. As we

pushed our way in among the trees the snow fell on us in heavy showers whenever we brushed a branch.

Our first bird, as on Mt. Watatic, was a Ruffed Grouse which sprang from under a spruce within a few yards of us and hurtled off up the mountain side. We afterwards flushed another from a similar shelter. In both places the ground under the spruces was thickly covered with tracks but neither bird had covered more than a few yards during its morning ramble.

We met not a little flock of five Chickadees apparently having a hard time to get a breakfast among the snow-encrusted evergreens. Less than 100 yds. beyond them we suddenly heard the sharp, emphatic notes of Parus hudsonicus and soon a single bird of this species flew from a grove of tall, old-growth spruces into the denser, more shrubby pasture growth. Here he kept closely concealed & we did not get another fair view of him. As we were following him ~~twice~~ we heard a Pine Grosbeak call and Parson saw the bird, flying high overhead.

After this we heard or saw several more Parus atricapillus, two Sitta canadensis and a single Blue Jay.

We walked nearly to the Bellows Pipe at the head of the valley and returned along the cart path. Fox tracks were numerous especially about springy places & in the open pastures. Among the spruces we saw tracks of the red squirrel but none anywhere of rabbits although ~~these~~ two species (L. americanus et. sylvaticus) are said to occur in these spruce forests.

The numerous noisy little brooks (called "gutters") which tumble down the mountain side literally every few rods were very beautiful to-day being arched over in places by snow or ice. We reached the house late in the afternoon.

1889

Dec. 16 Cloudless, the air frosty - bracing in early morning and at evening, peculiarly still and balmy at midday. Snow thawing all day in the sun but perfectly "dry" in the shade. Absolutely calm, not so much as a breath of wind from sunrise to sunset.

Under the conditions just described it may be readily inferred that this day was a rare one for the season. The snow-laden trees, undisturbed by wind and but little affected by the sun, were quite as perfect as yesterday and much more effective in the strong, clear light with the cloudless blue sky overhead. I do not think I ever saw anything nearly as beautiful of the kind before. Words simply fail to give any idea of it.

Ferson and I started out at 7.30 a. M. (sunrise in the Notch) taking the cart path up the valley but soon separating, he keeping on to the "Bellows Pipe" and beyond I turning to the right up into the pasture spruces. These, in the clear sunlight, were even more beautiful than yesterday - Snow trees - every twig, every needle were, so perfectly encrusted that but little green showed through. It made my eyes ache to look at them yet I paused and looked and looked again, every few yards.

I had gone only a few rods when a Grouse suddenly began snickering within a few yards. I crept cautiously into the cluster of spruces whence the sound issued but could neither see nor flush it. There was a mere dust of snow under the trees - not even an inch in fact and this was everywhere marked thereon with the bird's tracks showing that it had bumbled about a good deal within its limited domain. A Partridge taps short on its side, some four to five inches long. The footprints are in a line, that is one ~~nearly~~ in front of another or nearly in front there being some slight straddling. The lateral toes are just down nearly at right angles with the middle toe. The track resembles a Quail's as well as a Pigeon's. There was no indication

that the bird had obtained any food during its short ramble.

On reaching the cluster of tall Spruces which we visited yesterday I heard small birds chirping and soon discovered a mixed flock containing five Chickadees, two Nuthatches (canadensis) & a Certhia. I shot one of each species when the report of my gun startled some Hudson Bay Chickadees to calling in the pasture Spruces outside. I shot two of them and am very sure there was a third.

We ascended the mountain about 200 ft. higher & entered the hardwood timber, yellow & paper birches, beeches, sugar maples and basswood many of the trees very large & old with trunks 2 to 4 ft. in thickness and tops flattened. Some of the yellow birches were nearly as large at the top as at the base, the lateral branches long & stout, the bark exceedingly rough. In these woods I found Chickadees, Red-bellied Nuthatches & White-bellied do. but no Woodpeckers or Creepers. Gray squirrel tracks were numerous and I saw one of the squirrels a fine large fellow sitting in a bush with tail pressed tight against his back in the conventional bagpiper-mister attitude. He fled to a tall hollow beech as I approached.

Climbing still higher I entered a belt of old-growth Spruces well up to the top of the ridge. They were large trees but with branches nearly to the ground leaving, however, a clear space beneath so that the eye could roam over the snow covered ground for a hundred yards or more on every side. An old logging road traversed these woods & I followed it nearly half a mile. The sun was nearly down behind the ridge and the light under the trees softened and subdued yet fairly strong. It was wonderfully still - a breathing stillness broken only by the occasional twitter of a Red Squirrel or the whining call of a Nuthatch (canadensis). There were many of the latter feeding on the Spruce seeds, the scales of which floating down to the snow often first attracted my attention to the bird at work above. The snow was very well marked by the tracks of red squirrels, foxes & mice. I heard Pine Grosbeaks & Crossbills (L. curvirostra). Reached Walker's camp at noon & found a telegram calling me home.

I had barely time to get my clothes, pack my trunk & take the last train for Caribou, by which I reached St. John, Nova Scotia, Thursday Dec. 11th.