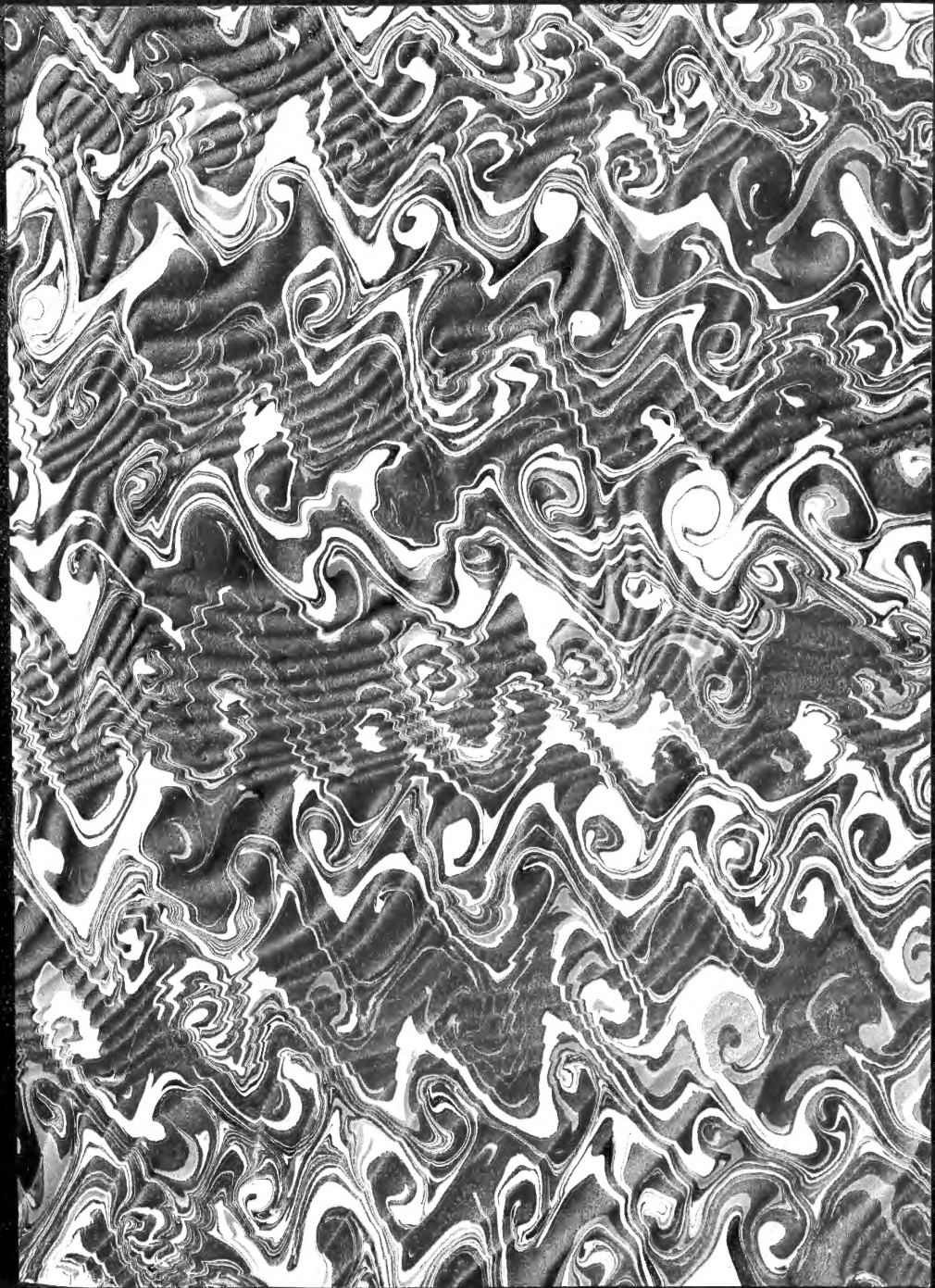


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WILLIAM BREWSTER



All the important systematic notes are copied into
"Systematic Notes, Vols.1-68." All the notes are checked
and I copied most of them.

Walter Deane, June 13, 1898.

William Brewster

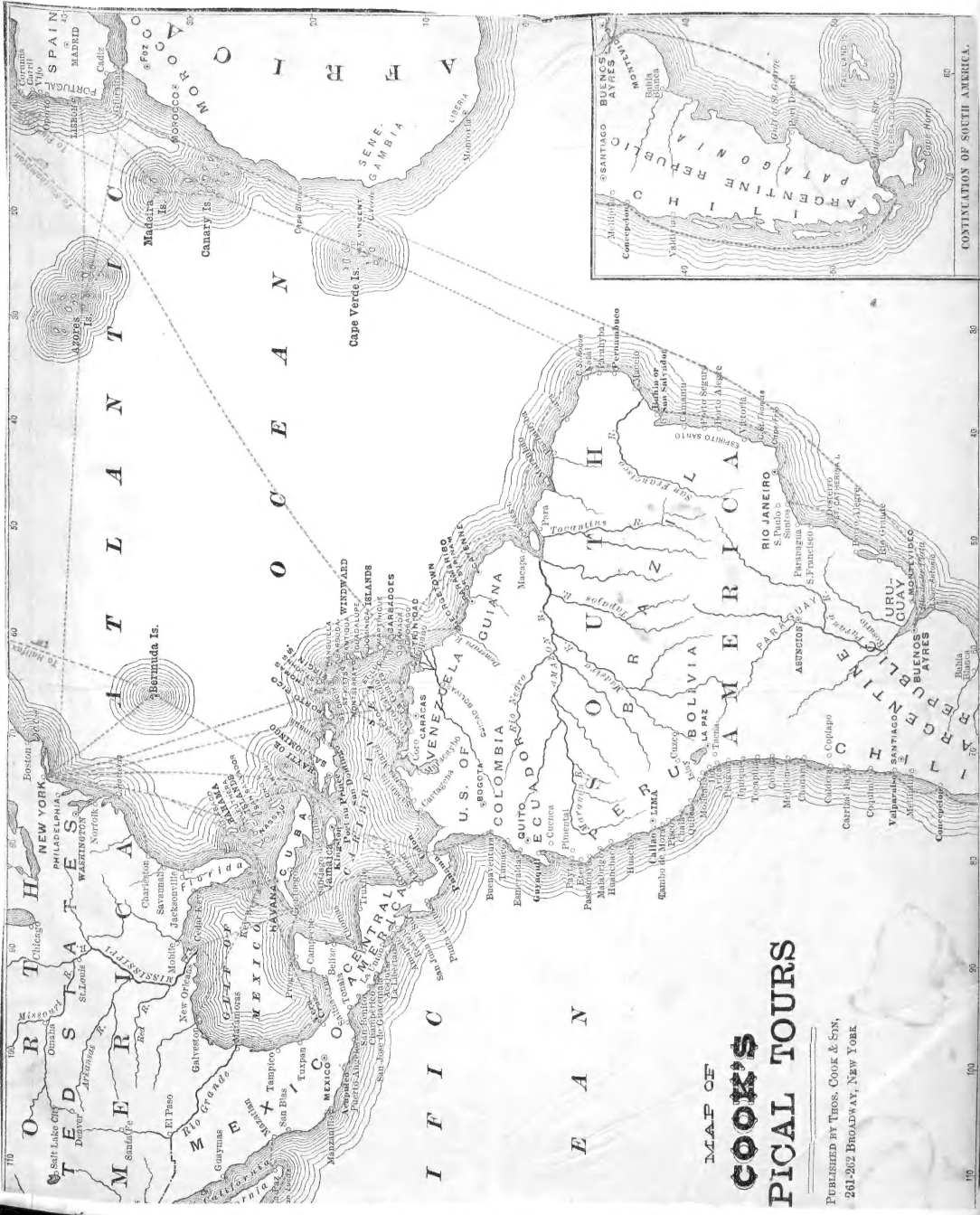
William Brewster

1894
Feb 16

Cambridge to New York

Clear and cold with strong north west wind. Left Boston at 4 P.M. by train to New York C. accompanying me. The country to Springfield and beyond was covered with from one to two feet of snow very fresh and spotless after the recent storm. The air was wonderfully clear and the light at sunset very beautiful. A typical winter light and landscape. I was glad to have it so pure it will make the change to the tropics still more marked and impressive.

Three or four Crows and a very few Jays that rose from the railroad embankment and flew up a hillside were all the birds seen, but then it became dark soon after we left Worcester.

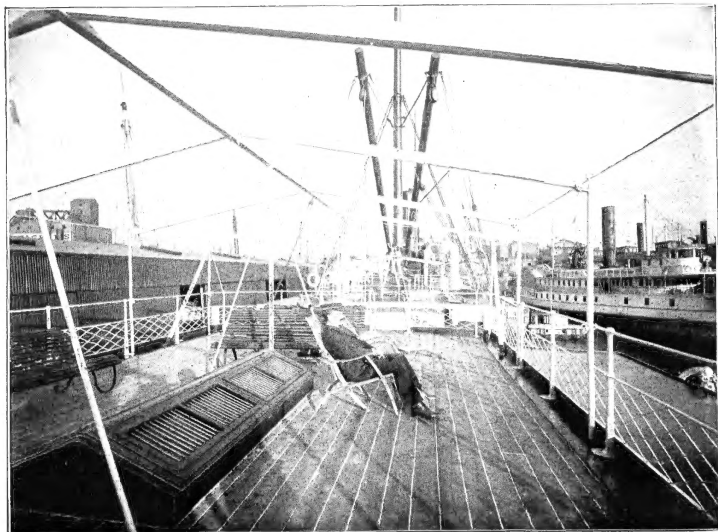


MAP OF
COOK'S
PICAL TOURS

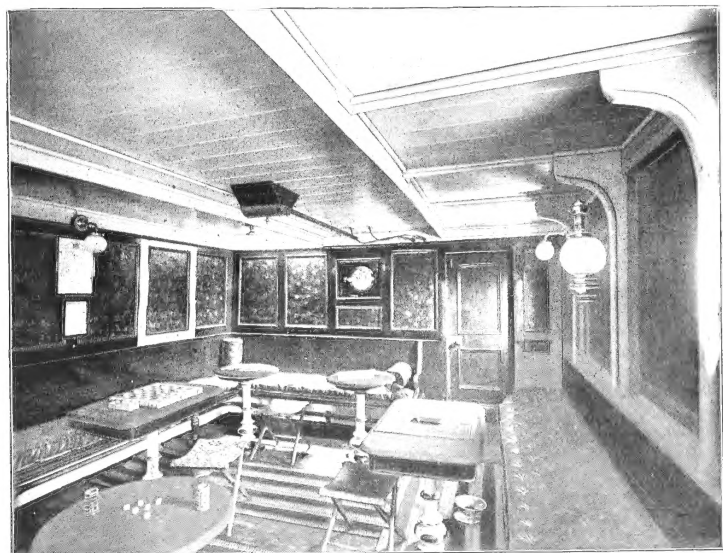
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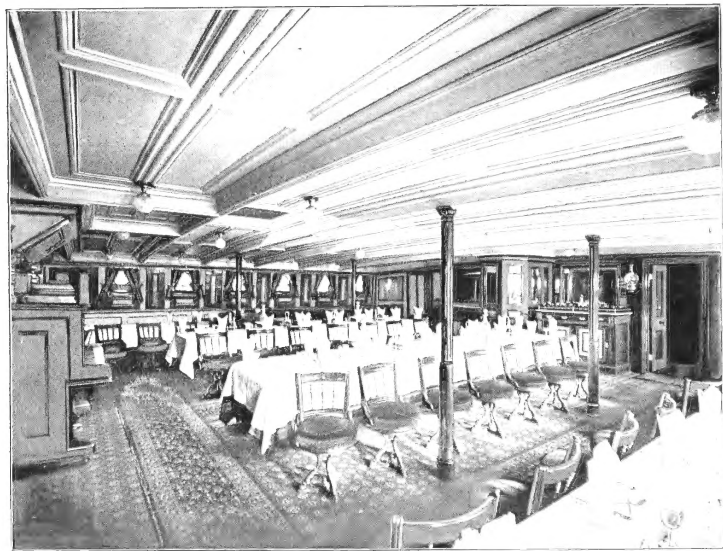
S. S. "MADIANA."—LOWER PROMENADE DECK.



S. S. "MADIANA."—UPPER PROMENADE DECK.



S. S. "MADIANA."—THE SMOKING ROOM.



S. S. "MADIANA."—THE MAIN SALOON.



S. S. "MADIANA" - THE SOCIAL HALL.



S. S. "MADIANA" - STATEROOM.

Start for the W. Indies

1874
Feb. 17

Morning clear, afternoon cloudy with south wind
the ice coming out again first before 10 a.m.

C. left us by the 10 a.m. train for Boston.
At 10.30 I drove to pier # 47 and went aboard
the "Madison", a Steamship of 3,050 tons register
with a length of 344.8 feet, 34.4 feet beam and
29.1 feet depth. She has a double bottom fore
and aft and carries 400 tons of water ballast.
Her maximum speed is sixteen knots but
she ordinarily makes about twelve knots.
She was advertised to sail at noon but it
was nearly one o'clock when we finally got
off and ploughed a lane through the floating
ice which filled the river.

There were a few Herring Gulls about but
they were left behind after we passed
Sandy Hook and their places were taken by
some Kittiwakes, which followed us until
about sunset, trailing along over the water
of the steamer and coming up at times to
within 20 yards or less. I identified them beyond
a possibility of error by means of my glass.
There was the greatest number which attended us
at any one time. Although moving directly
against a stiff head wind they flapped their
wings very little but sailed, apparently without
effort or deflection from a level plane, hundreds
of yards at a time keeping close under our
stern. Prof Riley (of Washington) who watched
them with me thought that took advantage
of the "india" current, the steamer being

Kittiwake
Gulls.

1894
Feb. 17
(1892.)

White-tailed
Gulls

This theory seemed to me absurd although perhaps they did obtain some benefit from keeping in the lea of our hull, but they often rose above the copper sheek without ... to feel the wind.

They were seen grouped and brought thru the 'Herring Gull' but they did not look to me much smaller. Indeed, before I put the glass on them and made out the diagnostic markings I was in doubt as to whether they were not Herring Gulls. Most of them carried the feet pressed up against the under side of the tail but plainly visible, even to the naked eye, in the case of a few individuals, however, I could see nothing of either legs or feet. The bill was usually pointed downward and the head kept moving from side to side. When any food was thrown overboard these Gulls at once shot down on set wings and clustered about the spot to pick it up, dropping their legs and apparently standing as well as waddling on the water but keeping their wings flapping the while.

At about 5 P.M. when out of sight of land I saw three old male Golden-eyed Ducks flying together close to the surface of the water heading south.

The sea was white-capped and with latter large swells during the late afternoon and evening.

Dead reckoning at noon: Lat. 36° 59' long. 71° 08'; run 22 1/2 miles

Second day at sea. Pass the Cap. of Hatteras & cross the Gulf Stream

1894

Feb. 18

Cloudy with strong S.W. wind and heavy showers of rain at intervals. There was an ugly sea running when I came on deck at 8 a.m. and it increased slowly but steadily until the waves were nearly as large as any that I have ever seen. Our ship behaved splendidly but more than half the passengers were forced to take to their rooms. The decks were positively dangerous at times.

Through the afternoon the sea had a peculiarly wild and angry look, ~~and~~ the wind flattened the crests off the waves and the white spray drifted like snow. The water became distinctly blue as we entered the Gulf Stream at about noon. The water of the ship was almost exactly the color of water in which blueing has been placed for washing purposes, and the crests of the breaking waves had a similar hue. We passed out of the Gulf Stream at about 10 P.M. after which the sea became much less rough.

About a dozen Gulls were following the ship when I came out this morning but they all left us before ten o'clock and during the afternoon I saw no birds of any kind. I think these Gulls were Kittiwaks but I did not put the glass on them.

Gulls

Two schools of small porpoises were the only other living creatures. They kept along with us for a little way and one school raced past and played about our bows.

15 found

noon observation. Lat 33.22 Lon 69.02

1894

Feb. 19

11 A.M. The wind and sea went down during the night and now it is comparatively calm and the ship is moving steadily on with only a gentle roll now and then. The surface of the water is pale, grayish lead color with here and there a white cap flashing and disappearing. In our wake where the screw has churned the water it is of the same pale indigo color noted yesterday. Every now and then we pass a fragment of the brownish yellow gulf weed. I did not see any yesterday.

The sun came out an hour ago but the sky has clouded over again.

At 8 a.m. three Gulls came together to the steamer from the eastward and followed her for a few minutes, then dropped out of sight astern. One was a young Kittiwake the other two dark-colored birds apparently as large as S. Smithsonianus and I think the young of that species. We are now rather more than 400 miles S. E. of New York and about 300 miles from land, a little below the latitude of Cape Hatteras.

Kittiwake &
Herring Gulls

It is interesting to note the entire absence of Procellariidae. Thus far I have not seen one, large or small. This affords pretty strong negative evidence that they do not occur in these waters in midwinter.

Absence of
Procellariidae

Since yesterday noon the weather has been sufficiently temperatures warm to make an overcoat superfluous, even on the wind on deck. The air is moist & airy. Floccid weather:

1894

Feb. 19

(No 2.)

My roommate, in stateroom no 1, is Mr. W. H. Francis of Philadelphia - a business man evidently, about forty years of age, and an exceedingly pleasant fellow. He is travelling with his niece a rather plain but very bright and interesting girl of about twenty. She is a member of the Appalachian Club and knew Bolles. She also knows the Petherings well and Spelman slightly.

I see a good deal, also, of Caruth's partner, Phillips; he took this trip last year on the Caribbea and tells me much that I am glad to know about the islands.

Riley is omnipresent - a mercurial fellow and a great talker.

10 P.M. The afternoon and evening have been delightful and a great change from yesterday or even this forenoon. Through the afternoon the sun shone brightly on a summer sea rippling and curling under a fresh but steady breeze. The color of the water has been unlike anything that I ever saw before, a pure dark blue without a tinge of slaty or gray or lead color. I cannot describe this color but it is certainly never seen in either salt or fresh water at the North.

The Sargasso or Gulf weed appeared at shorter & shorter intervals until finally the sea was dotted with it as far as the eye could reach. Some of the beds being several yards square, but most of them only three or four feet. In the twilight the color is rich brownish orange or

1894
Feb. 19
(No 3)

as one of the ladies thought, Tawny orange.
I now saw Portuguese Men o' war for the first time,
three or four of them, floating lightly on the waves
turning slowly round and round, flashing and
disappearing in the sunlight like bits of glass or
ice. I also saw some flying fish at a distance and
two whales spouting.

There were no birds excepting two Herring Gulls
one young, the other a fully adult bird. The latter
came directly over the stern of the steamer and
sitting slightly on its long, gracefully curved
wings looked down at me inquiringly while I
looked up at through my glass. Both these birds
were in full, waving aimlessly about over the
ocean and neither attempted to follow our ship.
I was surprised to see them there.

We had a full moon this evening and its
effect on the water was simply startling. As the
slight swells threw up by one bow or crested one
and broke their foaming crests and slopes gleamed
with an intensity that fairly thrilled the eye and
yet had the peculiar softness of silver light. Highly
brilliant silver in strong sunlight would be scarce
brighter and yet infinitely more dazzling for
this effect was altogether pleasing and soothing to the
sense of sight. There was positively no phosphorescence
at the time or indeed at any time this evening.
Riley thought that the phenomenon was due to ^{more or less} the
A full rigged barkentine with every sail (28 of them) set
crossed and bows at 3 P.M. bound for West Shore.

1874
Feb. 20
Noon observation: lat. 28° 50'; long. 66, 53; run 293 miles.

10 A.M. A summer sky and a summer sea yet both different from anything we seen at the North, the sky very pale, tender blue with cumulous clouds many of which are delicate rose or salmon as if it were near sunset instead of mid-forenoon. The sea is much bluer than it was yesterday, a deep yet perfectly pure indigo. It is just ruffled by a gentle breeze. Near at hand the surface is undulating with those irregular mounds which run in every direction meeting and heaping up sharp ridges and peaks but in the distance it looks as level as the surface of a pond and the horizon line is clear and firm. There is more buff wood than yesterday but it seems to be more broken up; few of the fragments are larger than a dinner plate and none more than two or three yards across but they dot the water so thickly that scarce a square rod is free from them. The color is the same as that of those seen yesterday but it is said to become purer yellow farther to the Southward. No Portuguese men o' war this morning.

A Dusky Shearwater (Puffinus auduboni) has just passed, half-a-mile or more away. Save for its smaller size and perhaps quicker motions it resembled very closely the Greater Shearwater (P. major). It is the first that I have ever seen.

Mr. & Mrs. Hubbard from Washington are among our passengers. Hubbard is accompanying Riley as assistant, to attack the Seal pups which are laying waste the lime and lemon groves of Montserrat. He used to know Maynard and he has taken a course of study at the Museum Comparative Zoology.

1844.

Feb. 20

(No 2.)

11 P.M. The afternoon has been delightful but wholly uneventful. No birds, no flying fish, no whales or porpoises, no Portuguese man o' war seen. Simply the great circle of calm, deep blue sea and the pale blue dome overhead. The swells have gradually subsided until now the steamer moves smoothly on her way without the slightest perceptible roll or pitching. The full moon hangs suspended nearly overhead but although its beams silver the crests of the waves thrown off by the ship's bows the effect is simply that of moonlight on our northern sea and very unlike that noted last evening.

Through the afternoon cumulous clouds have hung about the horizon and this evening lightening has flashed through some of them. Several which have passed directly over us have seemed to me to be very low down and of a peculiar fleecy quality looking more like clouds of steam than anything else. The Captain says that they are trade wind clouds and this reminds me to note that we reached the trade wind belt this morning when the wind, which has blown steadily from the north-west ever since we left New York, first died away and then sprang up from the south-east and has since blown steadily - a soft, damp wind.

Some of the passengers fished for Sargassæ weed with a cluster of hooks and brought up masses alive with the most exquisite Polyps of several very different types. There was a small Annelid also.

The only vessel seen to-day was a hermaphrodite brig steering south & six or eight miles away.

noon observation: lat. 24° 14'; long. 65° 36'; run 286 miles

1894

Feb. 21

11 A.M. Thus far a sunny day but the sky filled with cumulous yet diaphanous clouds thinning, low down, before the strong, steady trade wind, which has blown unceasingly since yesterday. The sea is white-capped but the waves are of only moderate height and the ship is but little affected by them. The water is an even richer, purer blue than it was yesterday. There is much more Sargassum weed, also. To-day it is in rafts or ribbons some of which are many yards across. These are disposed in belts or ribbons which stretch straight away as far as the eye can reach. Between these belts are spaces of immaculate blue water from one to three or four hundred yards in width—blue lanes leading westward to the horizon and beyond.

Flying fish have literally swarmed at times since breakfast. They are far more beautiful than I had supposed and I never tire of watching them. As a rule they spring from the crests of the waves and ~~fly~~ ^{flap} twenty or thirty yards only, at first directly into the wind, then turning and skimming down wind, just clearing the tops of the higher waves and after failing to do this even. Some, however, rise four or five feet above the water and fly directly down wind for one or even two hundred yards. These are usually the larger ones for they vary greatly in size. The flight is very similar to that of a dragon fly. Several times this morning I distinctly saw the movement of the "wings" or the base ^{of the} ~~where~~ ^{by} their rapid vibration, ~~and~~ but often they appeared to be, and doubtless were, held rigid, especially when the fish had attained a good momentum

Flying fish

1894.
Feb. 21
(no 2.)

and was going down wind. In other words it is quite Flying Fish clear that these fish, like certain birds and insects, flap or scold on set wings as well their pleasure or convenience.

Usually they fly on a nearly level plane but by no means uncommonly they follow the undulations of the waves rising and falling a foot or two while occasionally one will mount directly upward to a height of five or six feet, hover a moment and then either plunge back into the water or glide off on a long, gentle decline. They turn right angles with perfect ease and often very abruptly. There appears to be much individual difference in their powers of flight. Some rise feebly and handle themselves clumsily; others are almost as easy and graceful of movement as swallows although the grace is of a different quality. I am by no means sure that the Flying Fish is not the more beautiful creature of the two. Against our background or intensely blue water with the sun shining faintly on its sides it gleams like highly burnished silver and attracts the eye as quickly as would the flash of a bit of looking glass. When going straight away it has a grayish appearance and is often inconspicuous. Hubbard, who has been in the bows of the Thames and who has seen Flying Fish very much nearer than those which I have been watching confirms much of the above. He thinks that four or five strokes of the wings are usually given when the fish first starts, or when it wishes to rise above a wave and that it sails most of the time.

1894
Feb. 21
(No 3)

The trade wind increased during the afternoon kicking up a lumpy sea which made our ship pitch and roll more than was agreeable to some of the more sensitive passengers but still the tables at dinner showed only a few empty seats. The clouds were more numerous than yesterday but the sky was at no time completely overcast. There were fewer flying fish than during the forenoon.

When I first went on deck this morning an exclamation from several of the passengers attracted my attention to a bird which seemed to be just rising from the water about 500 yards from the steamer. It looked about as large as a Pigeon and flew very like one flapping the wings quickly and steadily as it mounted in a spiral course and made off to the westward circling until out of sight. Its nearly white color and the long slender tail feathers enabled me to recognize it at once as a Tropic Bird, my first. I had expected a more tern-like flight but the resemblance to the flight of a Pigeon was so marked that several of the other passengers were also struck with it.

My first
Tropic Bird

Besides the Tropic Bird I saw two Dusky Shearwaters Audubon's (P. auduboni) wandering about a mile or more from the steamer late in the afternoon.

The thermometer stood at 74° in the cabin at the foot of the companion way at 1 P.M.

Noon observation lat. $19^{\circ} 28'$; long. $65^{\circ} 17'$; run 287 miles

1894

Feb. 22

11 A.M. Practically the same conditions as yesterday but more clouds and an even bluer sea. Miss Francis identifies the color of the general surface as "dilute ultra-marine", that of the water churned by our screws as "robin's egg blue".

When I first came on deck we were running through great fields of Sargossa weed, not continuous or unbroken fields but rafts of varying sizes floating so thickly that in many places the rich, tawny orange nearly equalled the immaculate blue interspaces — a painted ocean so remarkable as to be positively unreal. The Sargossa was not here disposed in wind-brows but was very evenly disposed. It came on in and came abruptly and now there is not so much as the smallest present in sight.

Flying fish are abundant but not so generally distributed as yesterday, occurring now at comparatively infrequent intervals but in large schools which rise like flocks of silvery birds and skim off over the bright blue sea. One came aboard during the night and I have just examined it with some care. It is a broad-backed, solid fish of about a quarter of a pound in weight and measures as follows: length, 9.25; stretch of wings, 10.75; length of "wing" (i.e. lateral pectoral fin) 4.75; greatest breadth of wing (at its extremity) 3.25 inches. The "wings" resemble, in many respects, those of butterflies especially in the veining. The veins or rather spines ~~form~~ ^{form} twice or thrice. The eye is very large, the iris hazel, the back dark slaty, the upper sides bluish, the lower sides and entire underparts silvery white. The mouth is directed upward.

1894.

Feb. 22

(No 2)

The first land St. Thomas was sighted about three o'clock and an hour later mountainous islands loomed ahead and to the right and left - Porto Rico, St. Thomas and the Virgin Islands. We reached our anchorage in the harbor of St. Thomas at about eight o'clock. It is now eleven. The night is delightfully cool, yet wholly without chill, and the strong trade wind sweeps steadily overhead and ruffles the water about the ship. A Russian training ship lies at anchor near us. The moon has just risen over the mountains to the eastward. We are too far from shore to hear any of the night sounds of the land.

During the forenoon we saw only one bird, a large brown sea-bird which I did not recognize but which I was believe to have been a Booby Gannet. Soon after land was first sighted and about thirty miles to the northward of St. Thomas the sea over a large area was literally alive with Puffini (P. andersoni), sitting on the water and skimming about singly and in flocks of from ten to twenty. They behaved and looked very like P. major. There were also a few Booby(?) Gannets. These latter flew close to the water and more in the manner of Puffini than like Gula bossona. Flying fish were very numerous but they were nearly all of small size and many of them did not seem to exceed an inch in length.

1912
MAJ. GEN. O'REILLY DEAD.

Washington, Nov. 2. Maj. Gen. Robert Maitland O'Reilly, former surgeon-general of the United States army, personal physician and intimate friend of President Cleveland, died here today of uremic poisoning.

In the Spanish-American war Gen. O'Reilly was chief surgeon of the 4th army corps. He was a member of the excavation commission at Havana and chief surgeon of the division of Cuba during the first American occupation.

St. Thomas.

1894

Feb. 23

Clear with strong steady trade wind. Warm on shore in the middle of the day but at no time really uncomfortable. With Dr. Riley I landed at about 9 a.m. We walked about through the streets, visited the market, did some shopping, drove to Bluebeards Castle (whence we had a fine view of the harbor and the town) and finally laid at H. Hotel in evening.

The town is very neat and picturesque, the architecture of the Moorish type. There are many beautiful shade trees along the streets and in the yards and gardens but I had my first glimpse of wild tropical vegetation on the hillside which we ascended on the way to the castle. It was more grotesque, more unusual, more artificial, and less beautiful than I had anticipated. The land, however, has been parched by the long winter drought and many of the trees were practically leafless. The shrubs & lesser plants were nearly all spiny or thorny. Over the mountain sides the trees grow sparsely and but few of them exceed 20 to 30 feet in height. At a distance the coloring of these mountain slopes is chiefly pale brownish or straw-color dotted here and there with yellowish green and a very little deep green. We are told that after the first rains the coloring is chiefly green. As it is now it recalled to me Arizona and, indeed, was scarcely less parched and arid-looking.

Along the water front the palms (coconut, royal & a few lake palms) made a belt of deep shining green. We saw dry grasses forming beds along the roadsides - fine grasses very like those at home.

1894

Feb. 23

(No. 2)

I saw this morning on St. Thomas one Wren (probably Margarops fasciatus), several Honey Creepers (Coccyzus posticus) with white supraciliary stripes, great numbers of Euthesia bicolor, two fair large Hummers with dark velvety throats and broad rounded tails and a Kingfisher (Ceryle alcyon ♀).

The Wren birds were everywhere. In the town they were quite as familiar as Passer domesticus (but less tame) and while we were dining on the piazza of the hotel they were continually alighting on the floor among the tables and hopping about apparently in search of crumbs. They chirped like our Sparrows and also made a fine, hissing tr-c.

The Hummers were together and one repeatedly rose above and swooped down over the others making, all the time, a shrill squeaking like that of J. columbis. Doubtless they were a pair mating.

The little Honey Creepers behaved much like our Mniotilta, creeping and hopping by turns & taking frequent short flights.

The Kingfisher was sitting in a palm by the roadside and we passed within 20 ft of it.

I heard no bird singing whatever and no sound of insects. The latter seemed scarce. I saw a

St. Thomas

1894

Feb. 23

(No 3)

Two or three flies, one small butterfly, and a bee of some kind.

A lizard which looked like one Chamblin was clinging to the wall in a garden and I caught glimpses of others of larger size along the roadside.

As we steamed away from St. Thomas at 3 P.M. on our way to St. Croix we had a fine view of the western and southern coast and mountain slopes. At a distance of a mile or two from shore the whole face of the country looked brown or yellowish brown with a few dots or belts of green.

A few white birds, perhaps Royal Terns, were flying about the harbor but none of them came nearer than half-a-mile & I could not identify them.

Perhaps the prettiest bits we saw on shore this morning were the wooded in courts and gardens with their palms, lime trees and yucca like plants. These, seen through low, broad arches which opened on the street, were strikingly picturesque but more oriental than American tropical as it seemed to me.

St. Croix

1894

Feb. 24

Most of the morning cloudy with occasional short, brisk showers of fine rain and now and then a burst of sunshine. After noon clear. The trade wind strong and steady all last night and to-day.

When I came on deck this morning I had my first view of St. Croix for it was some seven miles here last evening. The island, as seen from the roadstead, appears much less mountainous than St. Thomas, and it is very much greener. The belts of sugar cane about the town and around the bases of the hills are yellowish or pea green, the trees dark, rather sombre green. The upper slopes of the mountains are pale yellowish or reddish brown in places, in others green.

The water about the ship is the purest and richest blue that we have thus far seen. It varies in shade under different lights and at different depths. Inshore it is robin's egg blue.

Brown Pelicans are flying back and forth in small flocks. I see no other birds from the ship.

We all went ashore directly after breakfast. I kept with Prof. Riley and the Hubbards to-day. We first visited the market place and then drove out into the country for three or four miles over a hard, clayey road the soil of which was of about the same color as that in Massachusetts. Fields of sugar cane bordered the road on both sides for most of the way but there were many beautiful

St. Croix

1894

Feb. 24

(no 2)

Trees scattered about the edges of the fields and road and we passed one piece of woods covering perhaps ten or twelve acres. On our left rose a mountainous ridge of no great elevation but very picturesque, its steep sides densely covered with a scrubby, thorny growth of various tropical shrubs with now and then a cove filled with larger trees.

Mr. Hatford pointed out to me the Ceiba, the Jacaranda (most beautiful of all the trees that I have thus far seen and a favorite shade tree both here and at St. Thomas) the Mango, the Falling Tree or Woman's Tongue (covered with yellowish pods and also much used as a shade tree), Mangroves and various others. There were coccol palm trees in abundance and the most varied and beautiful growth of shrubs, vines and herbaceous plants. Flowers were less numerous than I had expected but still we collected a very pretty bunch of them.

Of birds I saw Euthia bicolor in the village; a Ground Dove and a pair of Tyrannus dominicensis on the outskirts; several Zenaidura Doves (Zenaidura macroura?), three Anis (Protophaga anis), two Coccyzus newtoni, and two Hummers (exactly like those noted at St. Thomas) in the country.

One of the Zenaidura Doves cooed twice - very nearly like our Z. macroura. The Honey Creepers chirped softly (trill) very like our Yellow Warblers. Some birds that I did not see made a curious musical chirrup which slightly resembled that of our Chipmunk. Besides these

St. Louis.

1894.
Feb. 24
(No. 3)

sounds I heard positively nothing save a single, distant, bell-like bird voice on the mountain slope.

Do most birds sing here and where were the insect voices?

Butterflies were common but nowhere numerous. We saw four species, three new to me and very tropical looking, the fourth one common College Butterfly.

I saw two Hawks flying high, one soaring over the crest of the mountain ridge, the other crossing a valley among the hills. Both looked like Falcons and one was probably Falco sparverius.

One of the passengers, who has just returned from a drive across the island, tells me that he saw a Mongoose and a Deer. The latter animal he said to be numerous.

I nearly caught a small Mouse which hopped up under foot among some vines by the roadside and eluded me by merely taking one or two short hops whenever I put out my hand. The creature was of about the size and nearly the color of our White-footed Mouse. I am very sure that it was not a House Mouse.

Perhaps the most impressive experience that I have had thus far was that of my first sight of tropical fishes in the market place this noon. There were perhaps 100 fishes laid out in the sun on the sidewalk. There were scarce two alike and they were more beautiful than birds, flowers, insects

St. Croix.

1894

Feb. 24

(No 4)

or indeed any other objects animate or inanimate that I have ever before seen. Words fail utterly to describe their truly gorgeous coloring and extraordinary markings. Perhaps the impression that they produced on me will best tell the story; I gazed at them a moment and then burst into tears. It was actually several minutes before I could again face the crowd of impassive negroes and control my voice sufficiently to talk with Riley and Hubbard. I do not know how to account for this emotion but for the moment it simply overpowered me.

We left St. Croix at 5 P. M. and spent the night steaming for St. Christopher, 125 miles distant. The trade wind blew strong and the sea was rather rough but only two or three of our passengers were at all affected by the motion.

We have not seen the slightest trace of phosphorescence in the water since leaving New York. Riley and Hubbard are puzzled by this fact.

St. Christopher. (or St. Kitts)

1894
Feb. 25

Just agreeably warm with brief intervals of sunshine alternating with longer periods of cloudiness and occasional drizzling showers of fine rain. Still the steady trade wind, though to-day than usual.

I rose at 5.30 this morning and coming on deck at 6 found that we were moving in towards the open roadstead off Bass Hill the chief town of St. Kitts. The scenery was so beautiful and for the first time I saw these volcanic mountains with their pointed cone shaped peaks and eminently wrinkled sides as if cloth had been drawn down over them and clumsily folded. Their upper slopes are wooded and dark green but everywhere else, save in a very near the town, the whole face of the country is devoted to sugar plantations, some newly ploughed fields alternating with great patches of fully-grown cane which at a distance in the morning sunlight looked pale yellowish green like ripening grain.

After breakfast I went ashore with Dr. Riley. We found the Hotbeds in the park (Pall Mall) which proved so beautiful and attractive that we spent the forenoon there and returned to it again in the afternoon after taking lunch on the Terrace. It was filled with the most beautiful palms and there is a big "banyan" tree (not the true banyan but a Ficus) in the centre.

St. Christopher (or St. Kitts)

1894
Feb. 25
(No 2)

By Hubbard's help I learned to distinguish the Royal (Palmiste), Date, Coconut & Fan Palms, the Rubber Tree (Hevea) ~~the~~ ^{these} ~~one~~ ^{as one} house plant but here 2 ft through at the base and with a wide-spreading top 50 or 60 ft. high, a tree holyhock 30 to 40 ft high, a feathery, graceful tree allied to the Equisetums but 30 ft high, a tree like 20 ft high with a trunk like a young oak, the sand-box tree whose bursting seeds are nearly as dangerous as bombs, the bread fruit, a beautiful tree of large size thickly hung with fruit and a host of other vegetable growths that I cannot now recall. About the fountain were aloe, a superb ferns, peaches, balsams (like ours), a beautiful convolvulus and many other flowering plants, while the gardens bordering the opposite sides of the square were glowing with color, lanterns, hibiscus, roses, and hosts of brilliant flowers most of which Hubbard recognized at once but whose names readily escaped my memory.

Later in the afternoon we entered two of the largest gardens and after having walked for some time to do so wandered about the neatly kept & often tiled or paved walks and revelled in the feast of brilliant coloring and luxuriantly graceful forms. No wonder those who have been in the tropics long to return. No wonder the descriptions of the best writers among them fail to give even the faintest idea of what this vegetable wonder world is like. It must be seen.

St. Christopher (or St. Kitts).

1894

Feb. 25

(No 3)

The big "Banjo" tree (it spreads about 150 ft and its foliage closely resembles that of our Live Oak) was alive with birds and they were also numerous throughout the Park as well as in the neighbouring private gardens. I saw and fully identified one Mniotilta varia (♀), a downy one Tetrapiza rubicilla, several Coccyzus boithol numerous Euthia boston, three Vireo cacidris, and one Beltone (the only Hummer). There was also a beautiful male Sparrow, Warbler (♂ ad.) with only a slight tinge of rufous on the faintly barred tail, conspicuous black cheek markings, and pure white under parts mainly streaked longitudinally with blackish. It made several unsuccessful dashes at the smaller birds & perched over on the terminal spike of a Royal Palm.

Vireo cacidris was singing at intervals through the day. Its song is very like our Red-eye's but more disjointed or less flowing and an occasional note has a wild ring that recalled the note of our Sotolarius. Its call note is also much like that of V. olivaceus but shorter & broader.

The Grass Quits (Euthia) chirp like Sparrows and make a peculiar see-e which sounds in the sound produced by striking a tightly-strung wire sharply or by whirling a slender wand about the head. This I think was the song. The old birds were feeding broods of young which were partly grown & visited the food parties.

* At Antigua Feb. 25 I saw a Honey Creeper Coccyz. Boitholus in the act of feeding this bird and I too. I am sure that my reference to the notes of Vireo was a clear mistake. The V. olivaceus note above is with, found together.

1894.

Feb. 25

(no 4)

The Hummer was darting about among the hanging aerial roots of the big "banyan", catching minute insects no doubt. It was an exquisitely beautiful little creature, green above dark grayish beneath. The shining sapphire of the upper surface of the crest showed only when the crest was erected which happened every few seconds as the bird poised on busying wings a yard or two above where I stood.

I saw the Honey Cuckoo (*Coroboa*) perching flitting with their curved bills. While thus engaged the bird bent forward and down perching just above the flower and then it was in a flash. *Parula Warbler*.

I saw only one butterfly in the Park, a small yellow species much like our common one. There were a dozen or more dragon flies about the fountain. All appeared to be of the same kind. They had dull red bodies and plain grayish wings.

In a little pool filled with small lily pads & a leaf that resembled one floating near in caught a pair of water beetles of about the size of our large *Dytiscus* and evidently belonging to that genus but of a uniform dull black color.

Boisards were abundant about the fountain. There were two kinds, one grass green, the other drab with a dull red throat. The latter were from twelve to eighteen inches long & highly alert & intelligent looking. One picked up a palm berry and took it off in its mouth.

1894
Feb. 25
(No 5)

The garden soil in this Park is of much the same color and general appearance as that in Cambridge gardens. After the showers it emitted the same delicious fresh earthy smell. The roses also were similar to ours but of rather more straggling and weedy growth.

The only water birds which I have seen here are a few Brown Pelicans. They walk about on the beach within a few rods of men at work and fly at other booms among the boats or fly about close to the wharf and plunge down after fish disappearing for a moment beneath the surface.

One of our passengers who visited a sugar plantation to-day reports that the Mongoose was introduced on this island from Jamaica six years ago and is now very abundant in the cane fields. The planters say that it has not seriously diminished the numbers of the cane rats but it has destroyed all the lizards and ground-nesting birds and poultry raising has become almost impossible. But the worst results which have followed the introduction of this noxious animal is the great increase of the species of insects which bore into and destroy the sugar cane and which the lizards and birds formerly kept in check. Many of the planters fear that the sugar raising will ultimately have to be abandoned.

Monkeys of two species are said to abound,

1894.

Feb. 26.

The weather precisely like that of yesterday but warmer.

We all went ashore after breakfast. I spent most of the forenoon in the Park where I saw nothing new. The Vireo cabidra's sang a little at long intervals. The song is much more disjointed than that of V. olivaceus.

At 2 P.M. we started for Mountserrat which we reached just before sunset. It is by far the most beautiful island that we have seen thus far - a short range of wild, rugged mountains rising abruptly out of the sea in places, in others sloping ^{down} steeply with a few patches of the light green sugar cane contrasting sharply with the darker green of the forests which cover by far the greater part of the island.

After dinner we went ashore with Dr. Riley, Prof. Riley and the Hubbards whom we have here. It was very dark and there were few street lamps but we stumbled along through narrow, crooked streets and alleys many of which were paved, with deep, paved gutters in which water was flowing and frogs uttering a most musical piping like the tinkle of a tiny silver bell. There were also crickets, rather numerous, with more musical "voices" than any crickets that I have ever heard before. Streets, gardens & back yards were filled with a profusion of sweet potato plants. We called on an English family & were most hospitably entertained.

Antigua.

1894

Feb. 27

The weather is so nearly uniform from day to day that I shall not record it after this unless there is some marked change. On the land the thermometer is 83° to 85° at noon and 74° - 76° at night.

We left Montserrat at midnight and when I came on deck at six o'clock this morning the steamer was running up the long narrow bay which forms the harbor of Antigua. On both sides of this bay, but especially on our right hand, were shaped volcanic mountains, densely wooded from base to summit, rose against the sky. The water was even richer colored than that at Santa Cruz. Every few minutes a huge shark of a pale flesh-color showed first his dorsal fin and then a portion of his back. A few Brown Pelicans were the only water birds in sight.

At 9 A. M. I went ashore with Mr. Riley in a small steam tug. On the way we passed within fifty yards of a large rock on which a dozen or more Brown Pelicans (mostly young birds) were standing or lying in picturesque attitudes.

On reaching the town we walked about through the streets, visited the hospital and Cathedral, and dined at a very good hotel where we had green turtle soup and steak, both of excellent good, and venison from Barbuda. We afterwards called at the library and finally returned to the steamer at 4.30 P. M., sailing at 5 P. M.

Antigua.

1894
Feb. 27
(no 2)

The town is decidedly the most interesting place that we have thus far seen. The houses and other buildings are small and of a commonplace style of architecture. But the English Cathedral is rather attractive, especially within. The interior is finished with hard pine (from Georgia) ~~wood~~. There is a wonderfully beautiful view of the town & harbor from the front of this cathedral. There are no gardens or parks of any special interest & but few shade trees.

I saw a very few Buthia bicolor, a pair of Tyrannus dominicensis, a Sparrow Hawk (Sp.?) and great numbers of Coccyzus carolinensis. The latter included one here. The characteristic town birds and for the first time very greatly outnumbered the Grass Quits. I was not a little surprised to find that the de-e-e note which I have heard on all the other islands but which previous to this morning I have attributed to Buthia is really uttered by Coccyzus. It has been simply another case of the "pig note" of our New England Rails for the Buthia and Coccyzus has been ever since together and without any real proof I have been misled by usually finding a Buthia when I heard the note. To-day, however, I saw a Coccyzus make this sound while I was standing directly beneath him thus settling the matter.

Saw the de-e-e and an occasional low chirp from Buthia I heard no bird voices and there were no insect sounds. Nor did I see any insects save a few house flies and two very small mosquitoes.

Antigua.

1894.
Feb. 27
(No 31)

The Mongoose has been introduced on Antigua and is now very numerous and a terrible scourge to the planters. It has utterly exterminated the Quail, reduced the number of the Guinea Fowl very seriously, made poultry raising well-nigh impossible (the price of chickens and turkeys has doubled within the past few years) and now it is actually eating sugar cane and has developed an especial and very peculiar fondness for pine apples. In their desperation the planters have resorted to a regular method of reducing the number of this pernicious little beast. They have trapped a number of the mobs and after incubating them with Syphilis have set them free again. The Englishman who told me all this believes that this remedy will in time prove effectual. He says that the Mongoose has been turned out on nearly all the larger islands of the Lesser Antilles except Montserrat.

Mongoose

On our way back to the ship I saw a pair of Fringes which looked and flew like Actitis. They were on a small rocky island.

Sparrows?
Small species

Soon after reaching the steamer I saw my first Frigate Birds two of them - sailing in circles over a volcanic peak about half a mile away.

Frigate
Birds

Through the glass I made out their white heads (both were young birds). Their flight disappointed me but probably I did not see it under favorable conditions.

Guadaloupe.

1894.
Feb. 28

We reached Guadaloupe some time during the night but lay off the mouth of the harbor until daybreak. When I came on deck the steamer was running up a narrow bay with a low, wooded shore on the right and cloud-capped mountains (one of them is a smoking volcano) on the left.

The town is rather large, flat, with hard sidewalks and stone gutters in all of which clean water is running. There are some beautiful gardens, and a good many fine shade trees, chiefly sand box trees and wisteria trees. The people are nearly all negroes and there are few among them who speak or understand a single word of English, the French being the universal language here.

As we walked up a broad street shaded by a low row of gigantic sand box trees I heard a sweet, plaintive bird song wholly new to me and really the first bird note that I have thus far listened to. It resembled none other than the song of *Dendroica dominica* having the same melody, "Gee-aw-ay" quality, but it was even sweeter and more expressive, without the slightest hesitation or reservation I should rate it as the most musical song that I have ever heard from a *Dendroica* - for a *Dendroica* the bird proved to be, I had a good view of one from beneath and saw it sing. The under parts were of a pale yellow much as in the ♀ of our *D. aestiva*. I saw no markings of any kind, although the bird was some 20 ft.

1894
Feb. 28
(No 2)

above me and I put my glass on it. I heard at least a dozen notes during the hour that we spent ashore but note another bird of any kind did I see or hear except a female Redstart, which hopped and flitted about a narrow track adjacent on the ground within a few yards of us, and a small greenish Hummer which flitted past my head giving me no chance to note its form or coloring with any degree of accuracy.

As the morning was still wind clear and as we were ashore some after sunrise it seems safe to assume that, at this season at least, the only singing bird which is commonly and generally distributed in this town is the Martin above mentioned. I suppose this species to be *Dendroica petechia melanoptera* Say, peculiar to Guadalupe and Dominica.

We were told that the Guinea Fowl are still very numerous on Guadalupe but the Merganser is here, also, and is preying on them with its characteristic energy and relentlessness.

Dominica

1894.

Feb. 28

(No 3)

He reached Dominica about 11 A.M. and coasted the leeward side of the island for about twenty miles before reaching the town where we cast anchor and remained until midnight. Chapman came out in a boat to meet us. He had engaged four horses for a trip inland and with Mr. & Mrs. Clark, Miss Clark, and Miss Savin we went ashore and started, Chapman and Miss Savin on horseback the rest of the party in two small, two-wheeled carts.

The road led up a narrow valley down which rushed a shallow but rather wide stream which reminded me forcibly of some of our New Hampshire rivers - such as the Penikese or Peabody River. On both sides rose steep or vertical walls of volcanic mountains and once we passed through a large circular basin, evidently the crater of an old volcano. At every turn in the narrow, winding roads opened to the view a fresh peak or ravine. The luxuriance and variety of the vegetation utterly defy my powers of description. For there are not only immense quantities of indigenous plants and trees but also crowded plantations of such exotics as cacao, breadfruit, banana, sugar cane, etc. etc. In some places the dense forest was so thick that it was difficult to find a single place where the rock to which they cling could be seen. Near the head of one of the valleys rose a waving stream of smoke to steam - from a geyser.

1874
105.208
1051

As soon as we got faintly outside the tower
we began to see birds in considerable numbers
and higher up the valley they were really
abundant in many places. Both Chalcophaps indica and
I remember two very distinct species, Chalcophaps
Engelmann's pinnatus, C. hirsuticeps, Chalcophaps
Chalcophaps indica, Pterodroma melanotos and Pterodroma melanotos

In the morning birds were very tame and I often saw four or
five together. The males were continually chasing the
females and were doing so with great vigor. I saw
one male chase a female for some distance. I saw
that of C. calathus, the flight of Pterodroma is similar
to that of C. calathus but with species of Chalcophaps
I called in short, rather undulations into a harsh
or on a level plane with long, slow, rapid wing
beats.

The next birds I saw were the Chalcophaps
I gave many notes (a high & deep note) and
many other notes of our hearing.

In the intervals between the showings we heard a
low plaintive call of two syllables very like the
one two one of Porsana carolina. Chalcophaps says
this sound is made by a tree frog.

Butterflies were numerous, but I saw only
two or three species.

1894
Feb. 28
(no 3)

On the banks of the river I saw my first tree frog. It was a small specimen with the coloration most I expect to see in the mountains. It had spotted, the same as the frog I saw at Montserrat.


When we reached the station at about 5 o'clock - in spite of the frustration of umbrellas & waterproofs we were all more or less drenched - and the next look to the town where we found a table in a room set aside for the English. There we had "mountain chicken" a large species of frog the flesh of which is roasted, tender and delicious.

As we walked down the narrow road next to the wharf the "frogs" similar to those heard at Montserrat were hopping everywhere, in the gutters - jumping water, and on the rocks. They were all of the same color as the frog I saw at Montserrat. I saw many but I could see nothing in the dim light.

Early in the afternoon we were taken to the hotel and alighted on a palm frond. I was disappointed to learn that it was a common bird. The Parrot, we are told, are now everywhere save among the islands and not to be found save in the richest & most remote parts of the mountains.

1894
March 1

Cloudy most of the day with an endless procession of heavy showers.

We left Dominica at midnight and reached Montezuma early this morning. The first thing I saw when I looked out of my port hole was a curiously shaped little boat about five feet in length  and very narrow in which were two negro boys called ~~and~~ a black ~~it~~ ~~in~~ ~~was~~. They were diving for coins which our passengers were throwing over and which they overtook with surprising ease. One of them swam directly under the steamer coming up on the other side although we are now drawing 18 ft.

Chapman and I went ashore directly after breakfast and drove directly to the Jardin de Plantes where we spent most of the forenoon. The almost incessant and often very heavy showers interfered seriously with our photography. I made a series of several pictures which should never fade. So blurred them are so feebly and imperfectly is utterly beyond my powers. As the garden is said to be one of the most beautiful in the world I was in a measure prepared for the wonderful variety of rare and curious trees, shrubs and plants but I was totally unprepared for the natural beauty of the place. It is a ravine two or three hundred yards wide at the mouth, narrowing to a width of only three or four rods at the upper end where the little river which flows through the whole comes

1894
March 1
(No 2)

pittoresc, down in a shell full of about 60 ft.
 Under ^{or below} this fall but here above on the rocks bare.
 Every where else although the sides ^{of a} draining mountain
 sides which wash in the valley are nearly or quite
 vertical they are so densely and uniformly covered
 with luxuriant tropical vegetation that they are
 single or clustering flowers of incredible size and
 brilliancy. All this cliff growth is, of course, perfectly
 wild and spontaneous for the gardeners have quite
 enough to do in caring for the innumerable estates
 which line the paths and cover the lower level
 areas of the garden. There is a pretty little pond
 with lily pads, large lotus leaves and a few
 of semi-aquatic vegetation which was rarely all new
 to me. I saw to-day, for the first time, the
 Bois immortelle, the wild plantain and a leafless
 tree or large vine simply aflame with large flowers
 of glowing scarlet. A vine which climbed over the
 trees to their very tops bore masses yards in length
 & width of magenta flowers.

Every moment almost my eye would be arrested
 by some flower or leaf of new and brilliant
 coloring or extraordinary shape. Yet I no doubt passed
 without noting hundreds of leaves and flowers quite
 as interesting & strange. It was such a feast of
 beauty of color, of grace of form, of wild, untrammelled
 tropical luxuriance mingled with carefully ~~rather~~ selected
 & grouped exotic forms that my eyes were and my
 brain reeled. I gazed at trees in a state bordering on

1894

March 1

(no 3)

positive stupefaction, at others my emotions were so overpowering that I could not ~~think~~ ~~trust~~ myself to speak. Miss Francis confessed to me this evening that she was similarly overcome and her brother ~~also~~ said that he spoke scarcely a word all the time she was in the garden, and behaved so strongly that he feared she was ill. How can scenes which awaken such emotions be described. It is simply presumptuous to attempt to write about them at all.

In the garden we saw Margarita desirivota, Clainia martinica, Cisticola inflexirostris, Euphonia flavifrons, Coccyz martinea, Bellona exilis, Eulampis jugularis, E. holosericeus, Psycholaga notus, and Thryothorus martinicensis.

Clainia is a curious bird with little of the manners of our Flycatchers, very active and alert taking short flights and hopping from twig to twig, and when perched rolling the head from side to side and bobbing it up and down. It has two very musical calls one very like the phoebe note of our Sayornis, the other resembling the higher notes of the song of Vireo solitarius. Chapman says this bird feeds on berries.

The only real song that we heard in this garden, however, was that of the Thryothorus. It was a bright, gleaming song reminding me of that of the English Robin but with a gushing trill almost exactly like our House Wren's. We heard it frequently.

March 1

1894
March 1
(No 4)

Zenaidura macroura resembles our Zenaidura in flight and general appearance but its voice is even harsher and more cracked.

Euphonia interested me exceedingly. I saw three or four of the beautiful little creatures. In attitudes, flight, and general appearance they seemed to me to be typical Finches reminding me most of our Indigo Bird. They are easily called by "scrapping".

Curiously enough I have a collection of a creature to which regarding the scree notes which I attributed first to Euthesia and afterwards to Coccyz. It is made by both as I ascertained beyond question to day. After watching each species carefully and comparing their notes I failed to detect any difference whatever and Chapman tells me that he has just had the same experience at Dominica.

The Thryothorus was the only real song bird that we heard in this garden. It has a very musical song consisting of several bright glancing notes ending in a rich trill almost exactly like that of our House Wren. Chapman has a theory that it is a Troglodytes and not a Thryothorus at all. It looks, however, much like our Thryothorus ludovicianus being of about the same size of a rich brownish fulvous beneath.

Barbinique

1874

March 1

(no 5)

Hummingbirds were even more numerous in this garden than at Dominica yesterday. I had abundant opportunities to watch them ~~and~~ they were perfectly fearless and it was only necessary to stand still for a moment near one of the immense flowering shrubs to be pestered two or three to half-a-dozen within arms length.

Ptilonia exilis was by far the most abundant of the three species and I thought it the most beautiful, also, until I got my first really good view of an Elanopsis jaysonis which poised in front of a flower within a yard or two of my face. Its wings beat so slowly that there was no blur but each stroke could be easily followed. Whichever way the creature turned it fairly glowed in the sunlight like a great gem and as I watched it I quickly came to the conclusion that it was the most beautiful bird that I have ever seen.

Ptilonia, however, is in certain ways the more interesting of the two, partly because of its more animated movements and partly because of its rapid crest which it displays to wonderful advantage raising and depressing it a dozen times a minute.

St. Lucia

1894
March 2.

Clear & cloudy by turns with less wind than usual. Very hot in the forenoon but pleasantly cool in the afternoon and evening.

We left Martinique at midnight and reached St. Lucia in the early morning running in to a wharf for the first time since we have been in the West Indies. The harbor is small but very pretty with steeply sloping hills and volcanic mountains hemming in the view on three sides. The town is small and comparatively uninteresting.

We spent the forenoon in the botanical garden which is a wonderful example of what can be done in this region in only eight years time. It is on level land made at the time the harbor was dredged and is very tastefully laid out. The central walk is bordered on both sides by screening bush trees at least 40 ft. in height. They are curiously like larches in their general appearance and especially in the character and color of their feathery foliage.

Coccyzastur, Exochus brook. and the Hummer Belted exilis, Eulampis pygmaea, & C. holosericus were the characteristic and perhaps the only birds in this garden. We saw a Green Heron also. It passed just above the tops of the trees calling loudly exactly in the tone of our bird. On a wooded hill just outside the town a bird was singing which I did not know. It was apparently a Dendroica & uttered from a pine tree notes

St. Louis

1894

March 2

(No. 2)

In this, as in all West Indian towns, which I have seen, the people & various other things exactly like our own birds' are very numerous.

In the afternoon we walked about the town & visited the fish market where we saw a large "dolphin" with orange spots on the back and a number of small silver fish all of the same kind. There were none of the extraordinary painted creatures which I saw at Santa Cruz.

We left our anchorage at 5 P.M. and reached the celebrated Pitons at the northern end of the island before it was fairly dark. The scenery along this coast surpasses anything that we have seen before. The country is everywhere covered with dense primitive forest and is exceedingly wild and unimproved. Nearly all the inhabitants have the comical volcanic form.

The ~~stars~~ ^{heavens} to-night were magnificent beyond anything that I can imagine possible even for these latitudes. At least 100 stars equal in apparent size and brilliancy to Jupiter and Venus as we see them at the north were blazing in the sky and Jupiter and Venus looked like small moons. We first saw the top of the false Southern Cross at St. Christopher. They were very fine to night

* * * * *
* * * * *
false cross * * True Cross. To hang very low in the heavens

St. Vincent.

1894

March 3

We reached St. Vincent at midnight and spent today there, the steamer lying at anchor in the open roadstead a few hundred yards from shore.

Chapman and I landed about 9 o'clock and walked to the Botanic Garden which is on a steep hillside well outside the town and on the edge of an extensive forest which flows down from the wooded mountains above and beyond. It is a pretty place with large trees and many interesting shrubs and plants which are the result of but three years growth for although the garden was begun nearly a century ago it was given up for a long period and has only just been brought under cultivation again.

The gardener is a well-educated and very agreeable young Englishman fresh from Kew and most enthusiastic about his plants & trees. He showed us among curious and interesting things, among them a white tamarind said to be the only one in America, a nutmeg tree covered with nearly ripe nutmegs, the vine (very like our climacteric in general appearance) from which black pepper is derived, and a *... ..* tall tree with its remarkable flowers and powdery fruit. He had a small bed of our asparagus which seemed to be doing well and the sight of which warmed our hearts.

Arrowroot is extensively cultivated on this island. We saw acres of the plant, growing plants which resembled, our *... ..* as much as anything else.

1894
 March 3
 (No 2)

Previous to to-day I have met with only two or three birds which had really musical songs and in no one place have I heard more than one or two individuals singing which in most places, however favorable the conditions, there was nothing but the squeaky chirps and wing or hissing notes of Coccyzus and Guetaria. But St. Vincent is evidently an exception to the rule among West Indian islands for its gardens and groves were ringing with bird music the whole forenoon or at least up to eleven o'clock. The most conspicuous and agreeable songster was a Mockingbird which we took to be M. gilvus. It was abundant everywhere and on one seldom out of hand of its voice. Its song is very similar to that of our M. polyglottus and some of the phrases are identical but they are given with rather less energy, there are more and longer pauses of silence, and the bird's notes as far as we could judge appear to be all its own. In other words it does not "imitate" at all.

There was a Bay Wren (Myiophobus) also, colored much like our Carolina Wren and mostly white beneath, which sang very sweetly. The songs of different individuals varied considerably but all began with a few low, stammering notes very like those of the House Wren, and ~~included a note~~ ^{one} bird followed these notes with a rich bird exclamation similar, as I thought, to that of T. aidon but Chapman thought it more resembled the song of urus gilvus.

Another bird, as we both agreed, sang almost precisely like a White-eyed Vireo.

St. Vincent.

1894.
March 3
(no 3)

The *Elanea* (E.) found here was also very musical. Its song seemed to me to be very nearly like that of our *Pipilo* but it was much sweeter.

It was rather startling after looking only yesterday, at Honey Creepers with bright yellow underparts to find on this island a species (*Coereba alaudina*) wholly of an uniform black color. It was very abundant and familiar. Its song is very unlike that which I have heard on the other islands and consists of four to six full and rather musical notes. Until we saw the bird we supposed that it was a Warbler. There is said to be also a yellow breasted *Coereba* on this island but we did not see it.

Cis were numerous both in the across road fields and in the garden. They are interesting birds, very tame and much more graceful in form and movement than I had anticipated. The flight is much like that of a Canada Jay—a few rapid wing beats and then a glide on set wings and wide spread tail. They sit very erect when perched and at a distance look like Grackles. I heard this cis once a number of birds uttering a series of loud calls which resembled the clamor of Guinea Fowl.

In the garden I saw a *Myiarchus cinerascens*, a tiny bird not unlike our species but smaller(?) & grayer. *Euthamia* was as common here as on the other islands.

1894
March 1

St. Kitts.

Clear and very warm.

We left St. Vincent at 5 P.M. yesterday and came to anchor in the open roadstead at Barbados a little after 6 o'clock.

At 7 A.M. Chopman and I went ashore and after walking a short distance through the town took a carriage and drove out into the country. It proved singularly barren and uninteresting for it was nearly flat and chiefly in sugar cane and grass fields with now and then a small piece of low scrub much like that of Florida. The soil is said to be fertile but it looked parched and withered. The vegetation was withered and dead, and many of the trees and shrubs were nearly bare or very thinly covered with leaves. There are few fine trees except in the town where we saw distinctly several of "banyans" similar to those of St. Kitts, and many other beautiful trees.

Birds literally swarm on this island but curiously enough they all seem to have squeaky or whirring notes and we did not hear a single musical song.

We saw Grackles (Tuiscoles), Geothia bicolor,
Pyrrhuloxia, Coccyzus, Dendroica
D. aestiva (?) and Colaptes auratus?

The Grackles looked much like ours but they are smaller & the females are colored like the males. They have yellow eyes and the male is "boat-tailed". They are probably the most numerous of the

1894

March 4
(no 2)

Sixteen species of land birds, ~~few~~ we saw at least two or three hundred during our drive. They were in every grass field and pasture straggling sedately about precisely in the manner of Loriculus airans and my group of trees was abun with them. I was much interested in their notes for they seem to have copied some of them from Agelaius. ~~Thus they have~~ At least the call note (cac) and the cry of alarm (peet) are curiously like those of our Red-wing. In addition they utter a series of four notes which may be rendered as see-quill-come-here given in high, wavy, squeaky tones with a slight rising inflexion at the end.

There was a beautiful Yellow Warbler, song, with the whole crown rich red brown but otherwise like D. aestiva in color & markings. The females lacked the brown cap and were generally darker than the males. I also saw a pair of Yellow Warblers which I took to be true aestiva. I had both male & female under my glass at about range & in a good light.

We saw only two Hummingbirds one of which seemed to be Orlandopsis jugularis.

Everywhere that we went but especially in the town we saw great numbers of Pyrrhuloxia. It is of about the size and shape of an English Sparrow and colored very nearly like the ♀ of that species save that the under tail coverts are dull brick red. It takes the place of the House Sparrow here and is

1894

March 4

(No 3)

Barbados.

in general. Like that bird in generally general
appetite and showing hopping about on the
ground in the easiest ways and with the so-
bounded or bounding motion. It is a more active
bird, however, and it appears to be less social for
we seldom saw more than two together. Several of
our passengers mistake them birds for House Sparrows.

We left Barbados at 4 P.M. and had a
wonderfully smooth and pleasant run to Trinidad.
The sea was almost as calm as a small lake.
Chapman saw an Audubon's Shearwater before breakfast
at about 11 A.M. I heard many cries at these
intervals what were probably the cries of this species.
They seemed to come from the surface of the
water close under the side of the ship and were
so loud and frequent as to attract the attention
of every one who happened to be on deck at the
time. One of the passengers thought that resembled
the screams of a small child and suggested that
one of the negro women on board had thrown her
baby over the side but to say so they were never
like hearing growl of an angry cat.

It was very warm this evening even on deck
for the trade wind was unusually light and
we were running west, very slowly.

1894.

March 5

"At last" we have reached Trinidad. Hardly was our
rose at day break and when I came on deck a little
before sunrise the bows of the ship were crowded. The
sky was half filled with fleecy masses of rose and
smoke colored clouds and the sea was of a pearly
dark green color unlike that of any water that I
have ever seen before. To the south and west nearly
as far as the eyes could reach stretched a range
of dense, wooded mountains very unlike the volcanic
peaks that we have seen of Colombia reminding
me at once of the mountains on the coast of
Maine near Mt. Desert. We could see the opening
of the Dragon's Mouth and beyond, with perfect
distinctness a great mountain range as the case
is the mainland of Venezuela. When the sun
rose and lighted up the mountain sides the
scene was wonderfully beautiful but still at
the distance from which we viewed it, there was
almost nothing to suggest that we were in the
tropics save the soft warm air & the Booby Gulls
and Brown Pelicans that occasionally passed the
ship or the Frigate Birds soaring high over the
land.

Our home later we passed through one of the smaller
Bocas into the Gulf of Paria. Chapman showed
me the cave on Moros which Kingley describes
and a cave inhabited by the fish-eating bats as
well as another in which he found about 40
Faucho's Birds last year. We reached Port of Spain
soon after breakfast

St. Thomas to Trinidad.

General impressions of the West Indies.

1894
Feb. 23 to
March 4

Now that I have finished my trip "down the islands" it may be as well to give briefly some of the general impressions which it has led to.

I have been struck (1) by the entire absence of Vultures and Swallows (Progne is of course resident on a few of the islands and Chelidon occurs in winter but I did not see either species); (2) by the scarcity of Hawks (I saw also Falco sparverius or its close allies of the same genus); (3) by the fact that with the exception of St. Vincent there are practically few or no musical bird voices to be heard during a morning walk through the towns or their outskirts or even (apparently) in the woods on the lower slopes of the mountains; (4) that by day at least, even in the early morning or late afternoon there are literally no insect sounds in the fields or woods near the towns; (5) that save on Dominica and Santa Cruz butterflies and dragon flies are comparatively scarce and unobtrusive (he saw only one butterfly yesterday on Barbados); (6) that house flies are everywhere exceedingly scarce even in the towns and about decaying vegetable or animal matter.

As for I have seen only two mosquitoes and one of the islands as far as I can remember, for they are a source of annoyance to the people.

The general scarcity of water birds is also a surprise. I have not seen a full grown heron or waded St. James.

1844

March 9

We left Port-of-Spain on the 7. & train this morning and reached Pinaridown at about eleven for the greater part of the way the railroad traverses a perfectly level country bordering the coast and fringed with sugar cane, with occasional small patches or broad belts of swampy woods. ~~which, at a distance, resemble the dense~~ forests of our South Atlantic States. Indeed where the sugar cane was not too well grown or the palms too numerous it was ~~hard~~ no means difficult to imagine myself in Georgia or South Carolina near Charleston.

The Black and Gray, Buzzards sailing about everywhere helped the illusion but this was determined at once by the close view of the forest or of the smaller birds, such as all of which were wholly new and strange to me. It would be idle to try to record half the interesting species which Chapman pointed out and named to me. I was most impressed with a large black Hawk, probably Urotrapez, which sat perched on a large tree near the railroad, by the beautiful Rose-breasted Grosbeak which were flitting about in pairs or singly on the tops of the large plantations and which in form and general behavior reminded me of Red-winged Blackbirds, and by the strikingly colored White-headed Nidows (Arundinicola leucophaea) of which I saw several flying from tree to tree or from cloud to cloud in the recently ploughed fields.

1894

March 9

(No 2)

On reaching the end of our road journey we called on Mr. Warner who kindly us most cordially and thoughtfully invited us to stop at his house for breakfast of which we were in pressing need.

After breakfast we continued on our way to the Rest House. Although it was the hottest part of the day we were perfectly comfortable under the canopy of the rather shady old baronche drawn by an excellent Prince Edward's Island horse and driven by a very intelligent Cook who spoke perfect good English.

The country was wholly unlike anything that I have thus far seen on this trip. Save for the radical difference in the vegetation it resembled the region between Washington and Richmond being equally hilly and broken and with similar deep valleys and abrupt ridges. It was under high cultivation but the abundance of banana plants & plantains and the low, thatched huts scattered plentifully everywhere reminded me of pictures of native villages in the hill country of Africa. There was a great abundance of birds immature in fullest bloom. Altogether the scenery was very beautiful and interesting.

For the first five miles the road was macadamized and in excellent condition. Then came two miles of clay, exceedingly rough after the recent rains. We got out and walked most of this distance. As we approached the Rest House the country became more level and wider and we began to see

Trinidad, B. W. I.
Moruga Rest House.

1894
March 9
(No 3)

and hear many strange birds among them
a yellow-bellied Tanager which flew
across the road and alighted in a tree where it
sat very erect and still. As it was watching it
"wush" the glass it called so nearly like our
Yellow-billed Cuckoo that possibly I could not detect
the slight difference.

We had seen at the Rest House only a few minutes
when a toucan began calling us far off. At first
was a single loud rather concave whistle. After it
had called a few times the bird, to my great delight,
flew across a wide open space alternately flapping
its wings and sailing in deep undulations. It was
a most extraordinary and unexpected looking creature
- indeed quite the strangest ^{bird} that I have ever seen. Its
I could think of nothing but a big Tachycineta
with a great curved beak in place of a bill.

After resting for half an hour we entered the forest
behind the house, followed a "trace" for perhaps
half a mile, crossed a creek on a fallen tree trunk,
came out in a cacao plantation and finally struck
the road near the wooden bridge from which
Chapman took one of his photographs last year.
It was familiar ground to him but wonder-land to
me. The forest was sufficiently bewildering with its
wild confusion of tropical vegetation but it was even
stranger to the ear than to the eye. Squeaking,
croaking, whistling, rattling, chattering and cooing sounds
came from every direction above and around us.

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March 9
(No 41)

but the creatures which made them were for the most part hidden from our view in the dense forest and Chapman's assurance that one was a Cipra, another a Tamnopulus, a third an Atinops etc only added to, instead of dispelled, my utter bewilderment and confusion of mind. I tried fixing my attention on one sound until I thought I had mastered it but a few minutes later Chapman would pronounce what seemed to me the same sound to be the voice of another and very different species. After awhile I gave it up and ~~went~~ wandered on stepping my horses in the extraordinary beauty of the scene and letting the bird sounds pass in one ear and out at the other. Of course there are a few notes which were sufficiently impressive or distinct from the ~~rest~~ rest to be easily remembered. One of these was the cooing of a Dove (Cophoptila) which came at times from a dozen different points in the forest. It is a high rolling coo very deep and impressive and forming, as Chapman truly observed, a background for all the other sounds. Another was the rich warble of Cyclorhis flavipennis which I first heard and mastered in the garden in Port of Spain and which reminds me by turns of the warble of our Bluebird and of a note of the Redpoll Oriole song. Then there was the incisive, emphatic ~~gaw~~ gaw of a bit of Pitangus and the bright, glancing song of Geothlypis trichas, like, and yet unlike, the song of our W. Wren. By degrees, also but very slowly, I mastered some of the commoner notes of the rich vocabularies of Atinops & Cassins.

Moruga Rest House

1894.
March 9
(no 5)

I was disappointed in the butterflies, as I thought we saw a few fine and striking species in the woods there were no really large or gorgeous ones and the commoner kinds were either plainly colored or yellow and so nearly like our common ^{small} yellow and cabbage butterflies that they would not have attracted my attention at home. There were they at all numerous individuals.

I was also unprepared for the almost total absence of insect sounds both in the woods and fields.

In the afternoon, warm and the sun sank low in the west the birds became more noisy and showed themselves more freely. They are far more numerous here than they are at home except during migration and in especially favored places. They are also as a rule, tamer and ~~less~~ less suspicious than our birds. Humming birds are very numerous but they are so restless and active that it was next to impossible to get a good look at one, and I identified only two or three in all although their buzzing was almost constantly in my ears and ~~then~~ a minute passed when one or more did not ~~just~~ ^{just} cross our path. One species at least chirps as it flies very much in the tone of a Minnetta - a penetrating, wavy, ~~sharp~~ ^{sharp} chirp.

We saw several Parrots flying high and swiftly over the forest, calling.

1894.
March 9
(No 6)

I shall remember this evening to the end of my life. Evening
It was perfectly calm with a cloudless sky in which
the new moon hung like a curved ~~thread~~ silver thread.
The light for half an hour after sunset was something
incredible, a clear, strong, amber light which brought
out every detail of the trunk and foliage more distinctly
than it is ever seen at noonday, but beautiful as
was this light and the tropical foliage which it
glorified I scarce noticed either so absorbing was the
interest aroused in me by the crepuscular and
nocturnal bird voices which I here heard for the first
time. No sooner had the sun set and the heavy
tropical dew begun to fall than all around the
edges of ^{the} forest ~~was~~ ~~fore~~ now here, now there, next
from this or there forests in one ^{rose} long, rolling
whistle as clear and sweet in tone as that of a silver
bell yet with a strange airy quality - a subtle
coldness, almost heartlessness, of expression which, like
certain types of human beauty, at once fascinated and
repelled. This strange, unearthly voice might well
typify the cry of a lost soul, hopeless yet
unrepenting. It held me spellbound for many
minutes and thrilled me as no bird music has
ever done before yet as I stood waiting with
intense eagerness for the next call I more than
once ~~caught~~ myself half dreading its repetition.
Chapman told me that the bird is a Linnaea
(). He has seen it in the act of
producing the sound. It ceased calling this
evening before the twilight had wholly faded but
I heard it once or twice during the night.

"The voice of
the Linnaea"

Moruga Rest House

1894
March 9
(No 7)

Before the Linnamons had quite ceased the Wood Wood Rails Rails began and at frequent intervals well into the night we heard their outrageous clamor from different parts of the forest. Two birds nearly always called at the same time but in different keys and tones one calling, as it were, a second they would keep it up for several minutes without the slightest pause. Their notes varied somewhat but all were exceedingly loud and penetrating. Some of the calls reminded me of those of a Guinea Hen ^{form of cry,} others of a Gallinule. (Crow-cri-cri-cri-cri-cri-cri was one)

There were also several Waterhens (Nyctidoroms Nyctidoroms) of the same species. As a rule they said chee-see-o, slowly and distinctly, at intervals of eight or ten seconds but every now and then one would change it to "wuk, wuk, I-wuk-well, I-wuk-well", as the Negroes interpret this variation of the call. The "I-wuk-well" was not unlike the "whip-poor-will" of our bird but less emphatic and kinder.

Then there were two different Owls. One which Chapman believes to be Myiascops ~~cattus~~ had a very rapid, rolling hoo-hoo-hoo-hoo, hoo closely similar in tone to the voice of our Bubo. The other called ho; ho; ho; hoo or sometimes hoo; ho; ho; ho; hoo in a tone almost exactly like the Screech Owl's Owls. Toward morning Chapman woke me to call my attention to the cry of a Barn Owl but I was too sleepy to receive a very clear impression. He also heard at intervals during the night a

Moruga Rest House.

1894
March 9
(no 8)

single loud, cat-like yell which Chapman thought was made by an Ocelot (he afterwards became convinced that this sound was uttered by an Owl but failed to identify the ^{bird}).

Soon after sunset and at about regular intervals ^{see food} during the night an exceedingly loud, woody sound came from a point in the forest half a mile or more away. I could not compare it closely to anything ~~else~~ but it reminded me at times of the sound of a long succession of rapid blows struck by a mallet on a wooden floor, at others of the rapid purring of a distant engine. Chapman told me that it is supposed to be made by a large tree frog. He has heard it in Cuba, as well as here before. There was only one of these creatures within hearing to-night.

Besides the above sounds we heard nothing but a few crickets. There were fireflies which looked like ours & gave a similar illumination by fire but the big ones are not out at this season.

The fragrance of the air to-night surpassed anything that I have ever smelt before. It was not oppressive or over rich like that of an orange grove but rather delicate and subtle in character.

The night was cool that I was unable to keep warm under a heavy blanket and after vainly trying to sleep was forced to use and ~~put~~ on all my clothes in addition to the blanket.

1894
March 10

We rise at daybreak and after a hurried cup of coffee and a few slices of toast left the house just as the sun was rising. The air was so crisp and bracing as almost to seem frosty, and we struck out briskly to start the circulation. It was a heavenly morning, the sky without a cloud, the air wholly free from fog or haze, the wonderful tropical foliage flecked with dew drops which glistened and sparkled in the sunlight and sent down showers of water whenever we brushed against a tree trunk or the stem of a palm frond. And the birds! How can I hope to record here anything more than the most meagre account of the most striking and interesting? Perhaps it is as well not ~~even~~ to attempt even this but simply to jot down a few of the mental pictures which flit through my brain as I sit thinking over the morning's experience.

The first is of a broad but grass-grown road bordered on both sides by impenetrable thickets with palms and tall forest trees rising in the background. Hoops of Blue and Maroon Tanager are flying to and fro across the opening. The still air rings with strong chucks, whistles & calls and the rich bluebird like warble of *Cychloris* comes from a tree near by. The "background" of all these sounds is the cooing of dozens of Doves (*Leptoptila*) which swirls and huddles yet none for a moment is wholly still. Now a dozen Parakeets whirl overhead reminding me of a flock of Cedar Birds as they rise and

1894

March 10

(No 2)

fall in slight undulations and wave in their course. Next a larger Parrot ~~flies~~ across the space of open sky, his wings looking broad and bat-like and cutting down deep on every stroke.


The second is of a creek of shallow, clay-colored water winding between steep and often overhanging banks through a cacao grove. From some drift wood wedged at the head of a pool a long, slender, bleached branch projects upward and on its extreme end full in the beams of the rising sun, glittering like a big emerald, sits a tropical Kingfisher (*Ceryle cabanisi*) his bill pointing down and his gaze fixed on the water beneath. I stand for a minute or two within ten yards of him. Then he takes flight in silence and ~~now~~ disappears around the next bend. Humming birds are buzzing all around me and a Honey Creeper is singing directly overhead.

a tropical
Kingfisher

The third is of a huge ceiba which stands not far from the road & just outside the forest. It is bathed in strong sunlight and its foliage is agitated here and there by the movements of a number of large birds of a dark, rich maroon brown apparently, with much yellow in the tail. They are Caciques (*Atalapha*). One of the females is at work on the framework of a nest which hangs suspended, precisely like an Oriole's ^{nest}, at the end of a leafy branch. The males are apparently engaged in feeding among the

Caciques

1894.
March 10
(No 3)

terminal leaves. Every now and then one of them ^{strikes} ceases this occupation, utters a succession of curies, liquid notes resembling somewhat the sound of water flowing from the neck of a bottle, curves his neck forward and down until the tip of the bill nearly touches the breast jerks his tail straight up like a Wren and finally raising his spread wings, ^{above his back} ~~straight up~~ strikes their tips smoothly together six or eight times in rapid succession producing a loud, rattling or flapping sound . Altogether it is a remarkable and most grotesque performance and one which Chapman has never before seen so satisfactorily as now. He both laughs heartily at it.

All the while the smaller Green Birds (Cassins) are flying back and forth across the road, chattering, cawing and whistling. Their flight resembles our Red wings whereas *Colaptes* flies more heavily and without undulations - in fact almost precisely like a Crow Blackbird.

The last picture is of a tall, blacked stub which rises by the roadside above ~~the tops~~ of the surrounding cacao trees. Near the top of this stub is a hole out of which a large Woodpecker (*Hylotanus*) is peeping. His scarlet crest glows in the sun like a red-hot coal and through the glass I see that he has a white vis. A moment later he launches into the air & gallops off looking for all the world like our Piloted Woodpecker.

Worcester, Mass.
Worcester Rest House.

1894
March 10
(No 4)

Ticamous called freely at times as late even as Ticamous
ten o'clock. I had half expected that their notes
when heard in the broad daylight would sound
commonplace but such was not the case. On the
contrary they thrilled me quite as much as
when the birds were calling in the twilight
last evening. They seemed to chime a harmonium
in some subtle way with the cooing of Leptoptila
which, of course, we did not hear last evening.
I saw one of the Ticamous this morning. It
started within two yards of me as I was
following a path in the forest and ran off
out of sight into the tangle, moving almost
exactly like a squirrel but more slowly and
steadily—a gamey looking bird of rich yet
subdued coloring and great, dark, ~~very~~ gentle
eyes.

He left the Rest House at about 2 P. M.
and drove to Pinestown where we are to
spend Sunday with Mr. Warner. Nothing of
marked interest along the road. The sun
very hot and few birds stirring.

Mr. Warner was not at home but we took
possession of his house and dressed for
afternoon tea which was served in the garden
under dense shade. Five or six of the neighbors
including their ladies came and little later I
lost of all Mr. Warner. It was just pleasantly
cool under the arbor. Now (11 P. M.) I am
almost chilly as I sit writing in the open hall.

1894

March 11

We spent the forenoon very quietly sitting in Mr. Warner's garden under an almond tree talking. Humming birds were almost constantly buzzing about us among the flowers and at frequent intervals we heard the more or less distant notes of Diplopteryx naxos, Thamnopetala delatris, Myiagra beltrai and Salpeter olivaceus. Once a pair of Kites, white beneath with a dark gray back and wings, sailed overhead. We also heard Glaucochroa a few times. On the whole there were not many birds here.

In the afternoon we visited the Mr. Leoni plantation "Hindustani", distant about two miles. After photographing the Coconuts and drinking tea we walked to the mud volcanoes which are about a mile from the house. On the way we came upon a great army of parasite ants. They were carrying bits of leaves from a tall tree to their nest which was in a hole in the ground in a cane field. Mr. McLean assured us that they would completely strip the tree in two days.

At the volcanoes we saw three large green Parrots sitting in the top of a dead tree and heard a Toucan calling. A Thryothorus was the only bird singing.

I rode back to Mr. Warner's about starting at 10 P.M. and walking the horse most of the way. It was a delicious night, still, just pleasantly cool, the air richly spiced with the fragrance of unknown flowers. A Gratula (Nyctidromus albicollis) calling cheeweeo by the roadside was the only night bird. Bats as large as Night Hawks Chiroptera were seen making noise

1894
March 11
No 2

was rather common. In a thicket of scrub I heard what I supposed at the time was a bird but the
man was afterwards as I was pronounced
Mr. Carr to be that of a small green frog. It is
a high, clear whistle of two syllables not unlike
one or the calls of Hyla virginiana. It seemed
to have a low-e.

There were crickets and grasshoppers abundant in
the grass and scrubby along the roadside but
they were not anywhere at all numerous. The
grasshoppers made a sound similar to that of our
or our common Cercopis. The chirp of the
crickets was unlike that of any of our species
but not at all loud or frequent.

As I rode slowly along the smooth, dusty
road it was difficult to realize that I
was in a strange land. Indeed I even then
over caught myself fancying that I was on one
of the country roads about Concord. Then the
great feathery fronds of a coconut palm would
appear against the sky and the strange
land disappeared. On the whole however, I am
constantly in struck by the difference which
this country affords to the landscape, trees, plants
and birds of New England than by the degree
which exist between the two. In other words I
had expected everything to be different whereas many
lights & bounds are essentially the same.

1894
March 12

We left Mr. Warner's delightful home at 7.30
 10.20 a.m. train for Changuanos
 Mr. Carr and Mr. Strick with us. They had a cart for
 the luggage, a mule for Chapman, and a small, quiet
 and very easy-riding horse for me but they were
 obliged to walk most of the way - a distance of
 eight miles.

The road is straight, wide, level and macadamised
 for the first four or five miles. It is bordered on
 both sides for most of the way by extensive groves
 of cacao trees as we approached Capars we passed
 several large tracts of "high woods" as the primary
 forest is here called. Birds were exceedingly abundant
 in places, in others apparently very scarce but this
 may have been due to the fact that it was the
 hot hour of the day and very hot at that for there
 was no breeze and the sun burned like fire.

I saw nothing of peculiar interest except a pair
 of Pygmy Owls sitting low down in a leafless tree,
 one above the other, very close and still.

Toucans were really numerous in many places. I
 heard the calls of two different species. That of one is
 practically identical with the cuc-cuc-cuc-cuc
 of Coccyzus erythrophthalmus, that of the other is more
 like the shout of Colaptes. I saw only one bird
 It sat almost bolt upright on a large branch
 and moved only its head slightly.

1894.
March 12
(122)

March 12, 1894.
(122)

We reached Mr. Carr's country house at Copaco a little before sunset. The house is in a small opening surrounded on every side by cacao groves with a small, muddy river winding between steep, high, cloying banks just behind the tree which shut out the wind to the eastward. Beyond this river the land rises in a steep ridge covered with primary forest.

After tea we walked to the river to see a "robin nest" but the birds (*Merula cyaneophthalma*) did not feed in any manner although all last year's standards had been broken. The place - a dense thicket of plantains and bananas on the bank of the river. He saw nothing but a small Heron (*Ardea cyanura*) which in flight and note exactly resembled our *A. virescens*.

No tinamous called this evening but I heard one about midnight. During the three or four hours which we spent sitting on the piazza before going to bed we heard only two birds, both new to me. The first *Megascops* which calls "coo-er-re-coo"; the other a large Owl (according to Mr. Carr.) which made a very cat-like sound.

There were two tree toads calling at once. The sound to right reminded me most of escaping steam. There were also four or five frogs like the one which I heard at Puerto town last night.

1894
March 13

Mozo of this class I've not in my pocket, and
 arranging our things. Chapman and the three Carrs
 with Wick went off into the woods in the forenoon
 and set a number of traps. They saw a number
 of Trogons & heard Toucans and "Motinots". After a
 while one of the Carrs returned with the news that
 some men whom we had sent out to get palm
 leaves to thatch ~~the~~ hut whom we use to do our
 work had started two deer. He took his gun and
 three or four dogs and started after them. For two
 hours or more we heard nothing of him or the dogs
 but after the others had returned and just as
 we were finishing dinner the distant yelping of the
 dogs and the sound of a horn warned us that
 the game was coming our way. Instantly everything
 was in the greatest confusion. Mr. Albert Carr
 begged for my gun and picking up two shells loaded
 with no. 1 shot dashed off through the cacao grove as
 fast as he could run. Chapman and another Carr
 followed him and negroes and Spaniards armed
 with guns, cutlasses and sticks appeared from
 every side and ran across the opening towards the
 river. Every now and then a dog yelped on the
 wooded ridge and presently two shots were fired
 in quick succession by Chapman who had a
 perfectly open shot at the deer at about 40 yards
 distance as we afterwards learned. He wounded
 the animal severely and after running a few
 hundred yards it turned back towards the river
 and Albert Carr killed it with my gun or
 rather so nearly finished it that the dogs and

1894
March 13
No 2.

cutlasses did the rest after the poor creature had
tumbled to the river as a last desperate resort.
The noise during this final scene, which, fortunately,
I did not witness was something tremendous. The
men yelled and screamed, the dogs yelped and
barked and the deer, as Carr afterwards assured
me, added its voice to the general clamor "bawling",
as he expressed it, loudly. It repeatedly struck
the dogs and forced them under water but the
fleckly little ears stuck to it closely. However,
the wild noise.

I went over to the big house & the river
where Chapman had said the deer stood. Presently
the men came with the deer which one of them
bore on his shoulders. It was an old-looking
animal with short, rounded ears, very small
rounded head, delicate horns and small, round
eyes. The entire head and neck were practically
divided by hair and the skin was a
bluish color. It was a doe and pregnant, the
fawn being of nearly full size and pretty thick.
The weight of the doe "in dress" was 80 1/2 pounds.
Carr says that the weight never exceeds 70
pounds in weight. The male has small horns but
they are always covered with skin. There is
another species of deer found here which has
naked horns.

In the afternoon four beautiful Taraguers (*Callista
flaviventris* willow) came into the cacao trees near
the house & I shot at one of them but missed it

The birds

While in the forest I took me to a tree where they had been some Goatsuckers, flying about in the twilight a few evenings since. It proved to be a stretch of the public road, broad, straight, covered with a carpet of beautiful green turf, bordered on one side by a cacao plantation with a deserted row surrounded by bananas, on the other by a sloping hill side covered with dense primary forest. It must be recalled that at any time and in the night it was entirely unobscured by waterfalls and low trees, being dark and well lit. The birds were seen on the ground occasionally, ^{2000.30} but their flight was more like that of a large bat, but the note was more thin and shrill than ~~that~~ ^{that} of any bat with which I am familiar. When they took to the woods they usually gave a succession of slow, clear whistles, probably some one, set on the ground or the branch of a tree, although this is merely a surmise on our part. We shot both birds and found them to be males of Buracoia concolor. They are curious looking Goatsuckers intermediate in both form ^{and} and behavior, as it seemed to us, between Chordeiles and Antrostomus.

R. May
Goatsucker
(Buracoia)

1894

March 14

The big tree toads made a deafening clamor during the whole night and I also heard the chirps of Myadromus and the hoop of the Owl that calls ho; ho; ho; hwa besides the cat-like cry of the Owl heard at the Rest House.

At daybreak this morning the cars called me to hear the Howling Monkeys. I tore a blanket from the bed, thrust my feet into a pair of Slippers and rushed out. The east was flushing with rose and salmon tints ~~but~~ the hills ^{was still} clearing about the house. ~~The~~ soft, daisy twilight, our House Wren had just begun singing but some of the other birds about the clearing were as yet silent. No sooner had I got fairly out into the open air than I heard the Monkeys in the distance to the eastward. Indeed for nearly half an hour they kept up an incessant roaring. One said that they were about two miles off, and that ~~one~~ ^{one} or five were roaring. I should have supposed that they were within a quarter of a mile and that there were several hundreds of them. The sound was wholly unlike what I had supposed. It was almost exactly like the hissing, snuffed roar of a great city - London for example - heard from some great spot. It rose and fell but never wholly died away until just before it ceased altogether. As the daylight grew Parrots in pairs and threes or four together began flying ^{about} always at a height of one or two hundred yards. Occasionally a Linnaea ~~bird~~ called. The Pitangus was one of the earliest birds. The Toucan and Humming birds did not appear until the sun was above ^{the} woods.

Monkeys
roaring.

1894
March 14
(hrs 2)

Thirty or forty Swifts were flying about over the clearing and I quickly shot five of them (in my shots) getting three Chalcidina^{caerulea} and two C. spinicauda. The latter notes resemble those of C. pelagica very closely. I have not as yet made out the notes of C. Lawrencei.

After the usual early tropical breakfast of bread and coffee I took my stand beneath a blossoming bird's umbellate tree and spent an hour or more in the shade. ~~Some~~ ~~birds~~ ~~gathered~~ ~~around~~ ~~me~~ ~~and~~ ~~some~~ ~~of~~ ~~the~~ ~~representatives~~ ~~have~~ ~~been~~ ~~arriving~~ ~~which~~ ~~were~~ ~~a~~ ~~few~~ ~~of~~ ~~the~~ ~~beautiful~~ ~~lucerinas~~. I also killed a male Blue Super (i.e. Colobocitta cyana) by far the most tropical-looking bird that I have thus far seen. It was feeding among the bird's umbellate blossoms bending head downward much in the manner of our Parula Warbler.

Shooting
Hummers

The remainder of the day was spent in skinning my birds and getting our wood shelter put in order. It is open on all sides and roofed with palm leaves. As I sat at the rough table at work Hummingbirds, tropical Tanager's & "Crows", big lizards, and beautiful butterflies were continually in sight & often within a few yards. Under the shade it was agreeable, and cool at intervals.

1894

March 15

again at day break this morning the Howling Monkeys gave us a full chorus. They were much nearer than yesterday and I could hear the individual voices much better (bob-bob-bob & war, bob-bob-bob-war etc.). After coffee and bread I went to the bird's innoseth. At first there were few Hummers about and none came into the tree until the sun was an hour or more high after which they appeared in quite as great numbers as yesterday. I had had luck in shooting but after breakfast went out again and killed enough birds to keep myself busy for the remainder of the day. The most interesting specimen was a Jacamar which was perched on a twig over the river wagging its long tail.

1894
March 16

The sky was cloudy at daybreak this morning and the Windy, soiled even colder and for a much longer time than yesterday. After sunrise we had several heavy showers.

I went out early with Chapman & Hutton. We took a track which enters the woods just beyond where we shot the ~~two~~ ^{two} ~~birds~~ ^{birds} and after crossing a long ascent a hill and winds along the crest of a narrow ridge. It is said to be hundreds of years old in fact one of the original Indian trails. The woods are very varied and beautiful but I cannot describe them now. Birds were very numerous and the woods fairly rang with their calls. We saw a tree thickly hung with nests of *Colinus*. A Parrot alighted in this tree and I shot at but missed it. It was probably out of range for the tree was very tall.

Early morning in the forest.

Wagons were very numerous. In one place four or five were flitting from tree to tree calling at short intervals. They were of two species. One gave the Cuckoo-like call, the other a succession of hard notes which closely resembled those of the Flicker's "chout". I shot one of these birds, a female. I also saw my first Mot-mot, a slender, graceful bird. It wagged its long tail from side to side with a curious waving motion.

Wagons

Yellow-headed Manakins were flitting about and chasing one another. The male has a high and by no means unmusical song.

Coparo.

1894.

March 16

(No 2.)

In the afternoon I went on an Agouti hunt an Agouti
with the Carrs and Hutton. We crossed the river, hunt.
traversed a large cacao plantation and finally came
to the edge of the forest where Arthur Carr put
out the dogs, which the rest of us hurried
on following a trace which led across a brook
and up a gentle wooded slope, I stopped
in a little opening, Carr fifty yards or more
beyond while Hutton chose the crest of the
ridge. In the meantime a little cur had
started an Agouti and the tall air rang
with their yelping which every now and then
Arthur Carr encouraged or directed them by
whooping at the top of his lungs. The chase
led in our direction but the Agouti did
not come near me. It passed within long range
of Hutton who fired and, as we afterwards ascertained,
broke one of its fore legs. It then turned back
and the dogs became silent for awhile but soon
afterwards began barking in our spot and the
Carrs called to me that the Agouti had taken
to a hole. I hurried to the spot and found
my three companions and all the dogs collected
about a hole which looked very like a woodchuck's
burrow. Albert Carr was guarding another entrance
and Arthur was digging out the main hole with
his cutlars. The dogs were half crazy with
expectant and every now and then one of the
smallest would rush into the hole and back
to ground as it worried the poor Agouti. Finally
one of them dragged the animal out & we went home.

1894

March 16

(No 3)

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While I was waiting for the Agents to come my way I was entertained by many interesting birds and sounds. Very soon and then the Howling Monkeys would break out in a great uproar. They are probably a wild race, but I heard them with great distinctness. Turannus gave their weird calls at short intervals and there were various strange wood knocks. The Coy. Bois whistled near me and presently appeared, walking steadily and brightly exactly like a Rail and jerking up its tail at each step in the same manner - a pretty bird which I saw here for the first time although Chapman introduced me to its call this morning.

One of the most interesting things that I saw was an Emperor Butterfly, a superb creature with great blue wings. It flew slowly and with a flicking motion.

After our return when twilight was falling I went up the wood to try for a Goshawk. Hutton who was with me and ahead saw a Deer in the middle of the road and beckoned to me. I walked slowly to the crest of the knoll and at once saw the animal. It made a pretty picture as it stood perfectly motionless in the middle of the road its right side turned towards us. In the dim light it looked exactly like one of our northern Deer, and its position was the same

A Deer
in the
road

Trinidad, B. W. I.
Caparo.

1894

March 16

(No 4)

Hutton begged me to shoot at it. I declined at first but the distance was so great - fully 200 yds. - that I felt sure my charge would do... harm to I finally fired. The deer at once started and crossed the road into the woods moving slowly and with a curious gait, half lops, half trot the head carried very low. Hutton ~~at once~~ then ran back to the house and presently reappeared with the Cars and the whole pack of dogs, which at once took the track and opened ^{with} their usual shrill clamor. The chase soon swept beyond sight and hearing and it was ten o'clock before the Cars returned. They had followed the dogs for miles through the forest but the deer did not give them a shot.

I turned back of course and met Chapman. As we were strolling slowly homeward we saw a large bird which we at first took for an Owl sitting on the top of a tree about 10 ft. above the ground, in a young cacao plantation. Every half minute or so it would launch out into the air after a flying insect and then return to its perch. The shape & proportions of wings and tail showed us over that it was no Owl but a gigantic *Toxostoma* (*Myctobius carolinensis*) - the bird which, according to Carl, is the "Po. me-ou" which we hear on Grand Case, and which most of the country people believe that is, the cry, not the bird, to be a Glitch.

"Po. me-ou"

1894

March 17

Early this morning Chapman and I started off together - for the first time since we have been here. We took the same path as yesterday but went much further in - to a *Calata* tree with *Crotophaga* & *Hastor* at a number of traps yesterday. The path follows a ridge the entire distance after it leaves the swamp, and the woods are very varied and beautiful.

Small birds were numerous. I had good luck in shooting but got a few interesting things among them a boat-billed Flycatcher (*Polyphterus insularis*) which was flitting about among the shrubby things a sharp cry, a fine log-bird, which we called from a considerable distance by imitating its whistle, a Thrush (*Mercula sinicola*), which I saw to Chapman and two *Buccones*, (*sericea* & *caerulea*), in each case in an obscure or open tree and in the first case it was seen to be very tame and to fly close to the hand. The rest of the day working on the birds.

shot a rail bird (*Actophaga* sp.) and an (*Euphonia* sp.) which can be seen in the open. At lunch we walked up the road and watched the big Gootwaker on the shore which is evidently his habitual feeding station. I shall make fuller notes on his habits.

At 4 P.M. we started out on our Manicom (*Crotophaga*) / *Alcedo* hunt taking the whole pack of dogs. As we were crossing the bridge over the creek we heard some creature give a succession of leaps in the bed of wild plantains on the both sides of the creek

1894

March 17

(No 2)

and the next moment it began thrashing about making a tremendous noise. One went into the thicket with a cutlass in one hand and a bell's eye lantern in the other and found a large water rat (one of Chapman's new species of last year) fast in one of C's traps into which he had run, quite by accident, when startled by our approach.

On reaching a large cocoa plantation beyond the creek the dogs were put out and all my companions followed them but I remained in the road preparing to watch and listen from above. It was bright moonlight and many unusual creatures were visible. The tree toad was making his prodigious clatter near the creek, many crickets and there are Bull headed, and there there was a loud rushing sound of wings close to my head. Chapman afterwards told me that it was undoubtedly made by a big fruit bat but I saw nothing although the noise was equal to that which an Eagle would have made. The dogs finally started a Manicou but it escaped them and the hunters came back empty handed an hour later.

1894

March 18

Sunday. The weather practically presents no variations General
from day to day and the temperature is almost equally observations
regular. At daybreak the air is fresh and cool but on climate,
wholly without chilliness. As the sun rises higher and temperature,
higher it quickly warms the open spaces but in etc.
the woods the coolness continues for two hours or more
after sunrise. Up to eight o'clock there is rarely or
never any wind but the trade begins regularly within
ten minutes of that hour and continues through the
remainder of the day, usually blowing hardest (in
strong puffs or squalls) at about 3 P.M., ordinarily
dying wholly away a little before sunset but sometimes
continues ^{well} into the night, or rising at 8 or 9 P.M.
after an interval of several hours of calm. The
coolest and, all things considered, pleasant part
of the day is from four to six P.M. The nights
are always cool if one is sitting quietly on the
veranda but the air is really dense and very humid
and a slight amount of vigorous exercise brings
profuse perspiration.

The birds are most active and noisy from
sunrise to about 9 A.M. and from 3 P.M. to
sunset but there are frequent and to me wholly
inexplicable exceptions to this rule. Thus on some
mornings the woods seem almost deserted and
there is scarcely a call in the cacao grove
up to ten o'clock after which until noon birds
of many kinds are very conspicuous and noisy.
There is, I think, less singing and calling at
sunset than at the north but this is the
hour when we hear the Linnason & Coy bird most.

1894

March 18
(No 2)

After breakfast this morning I took a short walk through the cacao grove along the river. A loud flapping of wings, frequently repeated, came from a large inn on the further bank and presently I saw the bird a fine large Pigeon (*Columba speciosa*) with yellow bill and white spotted breast. There were some of them in the tree which apparently bore small berries on which they were feeding.

Perched on the extreme tip of a dead twig on the water, sitting very erect and holding its head about precisely like a Flycatcher was a Jacamar. Its green back glistened in the sunlight like the breast of one of the Hummingbirds found here.

A fine male of *Pterocarpus naxos*, the first I have seen and a rare bird according to us, was hopping about on the mud and exploring nooks & crannies under the bank much in the manner of a Carolina Wren.

In the cacao grove I came upon a *Dendroica virens* and watched it for several minutes. Its motions, like those of all the others that I have seen, due to my eye, much more like those of a Woodpecker than a Creeper. The bird moves up the trunk by a succession of well marked hops and not at all in the even, creeping manner of *Cathartes*.
It also carries itself more like a Woodpecker.

In the afternoon I shot two good birds, a *Campylorhynchus fuscus* in a box mounted in front of the house and a Ruby Spurred Hummer in a flowering tree near our agouba.

1894

March 18

(no 3)

Habits of
Po. me. one

In the late afternoon we walked up the road and lingered there until dark. For the fourth time we found our big Gnatcatcher (*Myiobius jamaicensis*); on his favorite stub and for the second time we saw him come to it from the forest. He appeared about half an hour after sunset high above the tops of the tallest trees and on set wings, without a single flap, sailed slowly and majestically two hundred yards or more until directly above the stub to which he descended in a broad spiral sweep of two turns ending a yard or so below the top of the stub when he pitched sharply upward ~~slashing~~ ^{slashing} his wings just as his feet struck the perch. I have rarely if ever seen so beautiful a flight before and for a Gnatcatcher it was simply extraordinary. The strong afterglow in the west against which the big bird found a dusky silhouette added no doubt to its impressiveness.

After he has taken his perch our bird always behaves in precisely the same manner on different occasions. He sits best upright the long axis of his body parallel with, or rather forming a continuation of, that of the stub against which his tail is firmly pressed. He invariably faces the west but his head is kept moving or rolling from side to side in the manner of a Flycatcher. Here it was for, or indeed probably in spite of, this motion he would be surely taken for an Owl or Hawk while on his perch.

At short irregular intervals - usually two or three times in a minute - he launches out after flying insects flying in a perfectly straight line - usually ascending slightly - with firm and vigorous yet care wing beats

1894

March 18

(no 4)

his tail wide-spread. At the moment of reaching his prey he often turns sharply upward to secure it. He then wheels suddenly and returns to the stub by a long, slow, graceful glide and alights as already described. With very few exceptions his sallies are made to the northwest, west or southwest where he often flies thirty or forty yards before reaching his mark and when on returning he invariably half circles the stub before alighting. When he flies to the eastward it is only for the distance of a few yards. These facts show (1) that he cannot see his prey distinctly at any great distance except against the light in the west and (2) that he either cannot or does not like to turn on his back after alighting.

We have not yet watched him until he takes his final departure but there can be no doubt that this occurs before the night has wholly closed in for we have repeatedly visited the stub in the moonlight after the light has ~~totally~~ faded from the west and not once has one bird been there.

The frogs as well as the birds speak French here. At sunset we hear on every side in the clearings a sweet clear oi uttered at intervals of a second or two and not very persistently. We caught the author of this sound to-night in a shallow & perfectly dry ditch. It proved to be a true frog of medium size and light grayish brown in color with obscure dark markings. Which says it is

I saw a few hours since some of the same size as ours, others twice or thrice as large.

A sweet oi

frog

1894

March 19

Off at sunrise with Hutton taking the trace over the long ridge to the westward. For convenience of reference I will christen this the "Heron Trace". Since then birds are particularly numerous there. We came upon a band of at least fifteen of the beautiful creatures this morning. Some of them were feeding, pishing before clusters of small dark berries for an instant then pissing on and brulking it off by simply dropping and flying away. Others sat high up in the trees, erect & still, calling. Still others were chasing one another to & fro among the leaves sometimes descending and perching near the ground fanning their tails slowly. They were all of one species - the kind that has the Cuckoo's voice. I shot three but one in falling struck a branch and lost all the feathers on one side of the breast. Dissection of the three specimens that I have skinned thus far has shown that they will not nest for at least six or eight weeks.

Trogon.

On reaching the cupy tree we found it simply alive with creepers. They were so high above the earth that it was impossible to distinguish colors but shooting quite at random I got three specimens of the red-legged blue species, two of the yellow-legged and two of the green Chlorophanes spiza. The last I had not seen before.

Blue
Creepers in
a cupy
tree

Another specimen new to me was a pretty little Paroquet (Urochroma circinata). A flock of a dozen or fifteen of these birds came into the cupy tree just after I had killed the first Creeper. They flitted

My first
Paroquet.

1894

March 19
(No. 2)

and looped about with the activity of so many Sparrows but when not raining it was impossible to see them among the green leaves. I find at a place where I saw several in and brought down one Parquet and a Green Cuckoo.

There were few birds along the path this morning but near its entrance I shot a Myiodytes aster and and which was sitting on a dead branch in the forest.

Late in the afternoon a flock of six or seven boisterous Socii Martin Tanagers ("Socii Martinique") came past the house and alighted in the low immovable trees where I shot one of them. They are exceedingly nervous and restless birds but not at all shy. They utter a sharp trree at frequent intervals especially just before they take wing when one starts all the others follow at one time usually dash directly off out of sight and hearing.

In the evening we took a long walk with the dogs who started a Father (Armidillo), which they finally ran into a hole where the Cats dug it out and captured it alive. We heard "Po. ou. ou" in the distance for the second time. There were few Owls to night.

Just beyond the bridge two creatures which I took to be frogs were making at short regular intervals a sound which exactly resembled a loud plow more. It was audible two hundred yards or more away.

1894
March 20

Toucans.

I started out early this morning with the express intention of shooting a Toucan. Rather curiously I had at once an opportunity which I did not improve and shortly afterwards a specimen which is probably rare for Mr. Chapman has seen nothing of the kind, nor has Mr. Carr either for that matter.

It all happened in this wise. I went first to the ajonja to get my collecting basket and while there heard a Toucan calling apparently at a considerable distance. I started in the direction of the sound but I had gone scarce twenty yards when I became conscious that it came from nearly overhead. Rousing up I at once saw the beautiful great bird sitting in the top of a tree in front of its breast turned towards the rising sun which brought out the brilliant coloring of the plumage ^{the shining black} ~~and~~ of the long bill and the ^{blue of the throat} ~~blue~~ ~~about~~ the eyes with the greatest distinctness. There was no chance for the bird was not thirty yards off but I simply stood and stared at him with speechless wonder and admiration until he finally flew when the dense cacao foliage prevented my getting a shot. Clearly a case of Toucan "fear" but I did not regret the episode.

It was evidently a Toucan morning for I could hear the birds calling in every direction. Selecting one which ^{apparently} ~~was~~ ~~was~~ not far off I crossed the road, waded knee deep through the grass & weeds of an ill-kept cacao grove and finally came to the edge of the forest where I quickly saw two Toucans sitting in the tops of an

1894

March 20

(No 2)

enormously tall tree quite out of range. Presently they ceased calling and flew into a large flat tree where they were quickly joined by others which came from every direction as if they had met by appointment. Until (until) no less than seven were assembled. The trumpet tree resembles an overgrown castor oil plant. It has but few leaves which grow in clusters at the extreme ends of the ~~branches~~ terminal twigs and the branches as well as the main stem are perfectly bare and covered with a smooth grayish bark. Perhaps the Toucans had selected this tree on account of the peculiarities just named for it was admirably adapted to the purpose for which it had evidently been selected chosen viz. a general rump or frolic—or a dance it might even be called. Each bird as soon as it alighted began hopping about as if it had gone crazy. Beginning at the base of a branch it would follow it out and upward to its top moving by a rapid succession of bounding jumps as if it were a big rubber ball. In an orange blue Jay. On reaching the end of the branch it would spring or fly to the one next above or below. All these birds were continually in motion. When two came together they would fence and flit at each other with their huge bills until one was forced off his perch. Yet so far as I could make out they were playing, not fighting. The overlight struck full on the tree which was on a hillside about 100 yards from where I stood. The dance lasted about ten minutes. Toucans kept coming & going during this period and at least a dozen

a Toucan
 dance.

1894

March 20
(no 3)

If the birds must have visited the tree but down was the greatest number than at any one time. No one of them uttered a sound of any kind while the down was in process & aft. they had scattered and flown away they began cooing again. I had a good chance to study their flight, with its alternate flapping and sailing it reminded me of the flight of a Wood It's and the Towhee's big bill added to the resemblance.

I shot nothing but a Cuckoo (Diplopteryx naevius). although I also hid at a nest-mot which escaped opportunity in hand.

For the first time since I have been here the entire afternoon was cloudy. The air was cool and damp. These conditions seemed to have a depressing effect on the birds, for they sang but little and we saw very few about the clearing.

The dogs started a deer down after breakfast and the Caras, with Hutton and Sam, followed in the most westerly position to the hunter's; this island running at all speed through the woods whooping and baying. In the made only one turn and then kept straight away through the forest to the coastward. Dogs & men returned one by one as the forenoon waned, all alike hot, tired & disarrayed.

1894

March 20

(No 4)

Chaparral

No. 10-101

The moon was full to night and to our great delight the sky cleared, a little before eight o'clock. Soon afterward we heard in the distance the call of "Po-me-one". Carr Chapman and I started at once in the direction of the sound. Crossing the road and a broad belt of cacao grove beyond, slipping down by the ditches and tumbling into others, wading knee deep through grass and weeds, drenched with the heavy dew, breathless and gasping at every pore we at length came to the edge of a piece of low swampy woods where, every half minute or so issued the strange cry. Before we stopped, however, the creature ceased calling and for nearly ten minutes we stood listening without hearing anything save an Owl, which gave a succession of croak-e-oo and then two cat-like yells, very near us, its mate answering. Finally Carr whistled an imitation of the cry of "Po-me-one". Almost instantly an answer came from the woods. Several more calls and answers and then a big Gnatcatcher, which we at once recognized as the same bird that we have seen on the stub near the road, came sailing directly over us. He circled twice, uttering a low cry, and alighted on the topmost twig of a low immovable tree within twenty yards of where we stood. For an instant he sat motionless then puffing out his throat and stretching up his neck he uttered the po-me-one. From the house (200 yds. distant) we had heard only the first note, from the road but two, midway of the cacao grove (100 yds.) there but now we got the full song which consists sometimes of four and sometimes of five notes, each a little lower than the next preceding. The first two notes were

1894.

March 20
(No 5)

clear and full. The preceding three somewhat hoarse or Po-me-one.
 thruty with a cooing quality much like that of a Parrot Owl.
 This both Chapman & Carr considered an individual quality
 peculiarity. It detracted much from the general effect of
 the song which also disappointed me in other respects. Still
 it was a remarkable performance. The voice was the most
 human in character that I have ever heard and its pathos
 was indescribable—a slow, sad wail of hopeless sorrow. The
 effect was doubtless marred for me by the fact that the
 bird was so near & in plain sight.

With the first note he threw his head sharply upward, with
 the next the bill was invariably turned to the right, with
 the third to the left, with the fourth it was again turned
 to the right and brought down to a horizontal plane. With
 the fifth note it was sometimes (if not always) pointed
 downward. Between the calls the bird sat perfectly erect
 and still. Just before calling his throat always bulged
 to fully double its normal size.

After calling a dozen times or more he flew back into
 the woods but when we whistled he would quickly return,
 circle, and again alight nearly above us changing his perch
 on different occasions. Once he chose the top of a
 stub but usually the topmost slender twig of a tree unmet
 It was a revelation to see a Coastal perch in this manner.
 Another "Po-me-one" with a much finer voice than
 ours was calling in the distance most of the time.

An hour later after walking down the road for half a
 mile or more, being nothing but a small But which
 flew as slowly as a snail back & forth low down
 over the road, we returned & kept up the road
 towards the bridge. One "Po-me-one" was calling

1894

March 20
(No 6)

in the old place brought a few 'whistles from Carr brought "Co-me-ore" him to us from a distance of fully 200 yds. He kept him calling near us for more than half-an-hour. He changed his perch many times slightly usually in the tops of the tallest forest trees. Once he chose a stub where I saw distinctly that although sitting perfectly erect his tail did not touch the wood at all. On another occasion he and a second bird - his mate no doubt perched in the same tree on small horizontal branches on which they both sat crosswise. On no occasion did we see either perch lengthwise with a branch.

The male once scaled or set wings from the woods across a wide opening moving very slowly and in an indescribably flabby manner - just as he came to his feeding stood the other wing.

Thus we settled the P. m. on mystery but of course it remains to kill the bird which neither of us could do to night although we had a gun with us.

Owls of four kinds were hooting to night. There was the hoo, hoo, hoo, ho call, the coo coo coo call, the wha-a-a-a (cat) call and Glaucidium. The last named comes close about the house and last night one reportedly flew against the palm thatched roof making a sharp crack like the report of a collecting pistol. Mr. Carr assured us that the bird was certainly colobus which are certainly numerous enough.

Owls.

One marked feature of these moonlight nights is the total absence of the calls of diurnal birds. At home several species would be heard. Here we have yet to hear one.

1894

March 21

a pleasant morning but the afternoon cloud & threatening with heavy rain in the evening & most of the night

At sunrise I started with Chaparro for the woods where we caught the *Agouti* the other afternoon. We went this morning purposely to hear the big Hummingbirds sing. Although these birds are common enough in other places where we go daily we were here than with anything more than a single chirp. But Mr. Carr directed us to a place in these woods where, he assured us, he never passes without hearing a number of the birds. Sure enough as we approached it this morning we heard a new and strange sound issuing from a dense different place at once as it seemed to us. It was most like a chorus of *Hylas-yep-yep-yep* going on unceasingly yet now swelling, next abating somewhat. There was nothing especially peculiar about the place save that the trees were small, slender & crowded, with a plentiful admixture of rose palms. This growth covered a hillside which sloped steeply down to big woods below. In the space of a quarter of an acre or less there were at least half a dozen Hummers. Each bird had his favorite perch where he would sit for many minutes at a time calling *yep* almost unceasingly. Every now & then another bird would approach hovering boldly where the calling bird would dart at him and the two would ~~race~~ ^{race} madly through the woods, one apparently pursuing the other and one or both making a loud swishing sound which I found could be imitated almost perfectly by pressing the tongue against the roof of the mouth and withdrawing it forcibly. After the pursuit had

A Humming-
bird Concert.

1894

March 21

(No 2)

continued for a minute or two ~~then~~ ~~times~~ one bird would return to the perch and begin yapping again. His motions while thus engaged were peculiar and ~~most~~ interesting.

He sat very erect but in an easy, listless attitude the joints of the wings drooping below the tail which was closed and kept constantly vibrating up & down slightly ^{about} ^{two} vibrations to each second. With each ~~year~~ ^{year} the long bill was thrown nearly straight up and the mouth slightly opened while the red under mandible showed very conspicuously and the whole body twitched convulsively.

At long intervals (in fact we saw it only twice) the bird would spread his tail to its widest extent and erect it on his back so that it pointed straight up at the same time moving it slowly from side to side. The tips of the central feathers nearly touched the back of the head and the general effect was almost peculiar, like that of a Striped Sparrow Cock.

All these Hummers perched low down when calling usually from two to four feet above the ground on a slender horizontal twig bare of leaves. Carr tells us that an imitation of the call of *Glaucochim* excites them greatly and draws them about the caller but we failed to make it work in this way probably because our imitation was not sufficiently good.

I shot a fine Cop. bird and several other small birds among these two Yellow-headed Manakins. He returned to breakfast & spent the day on our species.

1894.
March 22

A dark cloudy day with heavy rain at frequent intervals.

When we came out after early breakfast Swifts in great numbers were flying low over the clearing and as there was no prospect of getting into the woods we began shooting these birds. I killed mine and Chapman two species. He could get four species. As usual, as I can make out they all have essentially the same notes most of which resemble those of our Swift very closely. The birds also fly in precisely the same manner but as a rule the two large species have more or more less swiftly. I repeatedly saw three birds carrying about together in the manner of our Swifts.

While at work in the ajonka I often see or hear some bird new to my little collection and shoot it by merely taking a few steps from the beach. Yesterday I killed a pair of Orioles. To-day a *Flanckia* made us repeated visits. He was a most active little bird hopping from branch to branch and vibrating his tail. His flight was swift, undulating and altogether most war-bird-like. I finally shot him but he fell in a bed of tall water grass & could not be found.

1894

March 23

A clear, cool, fine day

Off with Chapman in the early morning visiting the convent given by the Hummingbirds again. There were only two birds there this morning, but they were "hard at it" and we watched them for a long time.

On the way in I had two shots at nest-nests but missed them both. The hoo of this bird is singular, Owl-like. In its flight, attitudes etc. it reminds me most of a Cuckoo.

I shot 2 big Cuckoo (*Leiza cayana*) in a tall tree near where the path enters the woods and at the river bank a large Swift and two Swallows (*Stelgidopteryx*). After skinning these birds I went to work on this primer which was there a few days before it and which I have been forced to write on, hastily.

Now that I have finished with the first a word as to the present. It is now sunset and I am sitting alone on the river bank with the cacao grove behind me and the edge of the forest walking in the further bank of the narrow, winding, muddy little stream. To the left is a clearing brilliantly lighted by the slanting rays of the sun. All else is in cool shadow. The trade wind has fallen and leaves a breath of air sweeter than leaves. Birds are calling on every side. Now the peep-pee of *Dryopteris*, next the queer ce-die of *Pteropus* *delph.*, next the hoarse piping song of *Thryothorus*, next the coo of *Chamaephila*

Sunset on
the edge of
the forest

1894

March 23

(No 2)

A Grin (Merula gymnopteralus) sings much like our Robin. Then comes a series of clear whistles and a long twittering song recalling our Field Sparrows. These notes are made by a pair of Jacoums which, perched on dead twigs a few feet above the ground on the opposite side of the stream have been catching flies in plain sight of my position the whole afternoon. Near them are a pair of Megadyastes and a pair of pretty birds sitting close together on the same branch—silent as a rule but with loud explosive voices when they do cry out.

Another Flycatcher is Megachyrolus pitangus. It looks very like Pitangus but has a wholly different call—a succession of shrill, rapidly uttered notes which almost to my ear resemble a Parrot's very clasp.

The Sun is sinking fast and the Grins are chucking, chattering and making ^{like our} their call which ^{is so very like} ~~is so very like~~ that of our Parsons Coccolinia. They dash about among the cacao trees chasing one another.

Directly overhead I hear a Hummer droning but I cannot see him. This droning, like that of a big bumble bee, is scarce ever out of hearing in these woods. All the species seem to make it in the same tone.

The sunlight has just faded in the clearing and from a thicket on the river bank directly opposite & within twenty paces of where I am sitting rises the weird, unearthly call of a Hummer. What a sound! As beautiful as any bird voice I ever listened to and yet as cold and harsher as the voice of a fiend. It is like the ticking of ice. I shiver as I ~~listen~~ listen.

Sunset on
the river
bank at
the edge of
the forest.

1894

March 24

Cafars.

Early morning showery, the rest of the day fine.

After the usual coffee & bread Chapman & I started out. In the cacao grove I found a pair of Trogons and shot the female. I then crossed through the grove to the road which I followed to the bridge where I found another pair of Trogons of the species which makes the "Flicker" call. I shot at the male bird but only wounded & lost him. I also shot ^{and lost} a ~~very~~ ^{which} ~~large~~ ^{small} ~~bird~~ ^{bird} ~~of the~~ ^{of the} ~~species~~ ^{species} ~~of~~ ^{of} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~grove~~ ^{grove} ~~to~~ ^{to} ~~find~~ ^{find} ~~him~~ ^{him}. ~~It~~ ^{It} ~~was~~ ^{was} ~~hiding~~ ^{hiding} ~~in~~ ⁱⁿ ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~top~~ ^{top} ~~of~~ ^{of} ~~a~~ ^a ~~tall~~ ^{tall} ~~tree~~ ^{tree}. The bird resembled that of one Parula Martin but would differ - with a green bill. My bad luck continued most of the morning for I actually fired ~~under~~ ^{under} ~~consequence~~ ^{consequence} ~~shot~~ ^{shot} ~~without~~ ^{without} ~~finding~~ ^{finding} ~~up~~ ^{up} ~~a~~ ^a ~~single~~ ^{single} ~~bird~~ ^{bird} ~~although~~ ^{although} I brought down four or five & lodged one or two more.

While I was shooting at small birds along the Toucans road Toucans were calling at intervals in the woods on the hill. I finally went up there and found at least a dozen of the big birds in the tops of the trees. After waiting and following them about for some time I at length got three shots in quick succession. I shoot bringing down one bird and wounding another my first which I afterwards found sitting on a branch specimen only a few feet above the ground in a dense thicket of rose palms. Another shot finished him. In the meantime Chapman had come up and shot down three more Toucans but he failed

1894

March 24

(No 2)

to find one of them.

The rapid firing seemed to irritate the birds for instead of flying away they kept passing back and forth over our heads alighting in the tops of the tallest trees and uttering their peculiar calls incessantly. This call is a harsh, croak. It is very loud and penetrating and can be heard nearly a quarter of a mile away when the conditions are favorable. I heard another cry this morning a "^{short,} low, deep, rolling whistle.

In these woods I heard a ^{succession of} long whistling notes very loud and rather musical. On following up the bird I found it to be a Dendroica.

While watching the Toucans I saw a Woodpecker nearly as large as Geophelas plicatus with the upper parts of a uniform dull yellowish green, the lower parts of much the same color but apparently obscurely barred, a very large & long crest which I think was very light brown or brownish white. This bird alighted against the trunk of a tree within less than twenty yards of me and in a good strong light. He climbed slowly up a few yards and then flew to a liane and ascended that. He made us bound whatever. To my great surprise Mr. Chapman failed to recognize the species from my description. Had he he says that no such bird is known!

A strange
Woodpecker

1894.

March 24

(No 3)

1894. Spring
Capato

At about noon Mr. Albert Carr brought in a Red Bird which he had killed a mile or more away in the woods to the eastward, & which he gave me. The curious appendages on the throat were soft & clammy to the touch. They looked much like pieces of cotton shoe strings. I have never seen a bird of the size of this which was nearly so heavy. The body when taken out proved to be very broad and plump but it was not especially unsuited. The skin was rather tough but it came off easily. The eyes were very large, the irides dark hazel. The stomach was enormously distended but on cutting it open I found that it contained only a single fruit the stone of which I have put in alcohol, with the vocal organs. The pulp was more or less separated but it appeared to be rather fleshy and it was of a dark purple color. This color had stained the feathers about both mouth and vent. The bird was singing. It was a male with testes of about this size: O.

For the past three evenings a Green heron sang at intervals for some time in the covey grove by the river. Its song is strikingly like that of our Robin but, less varied and complex yet at the same time more musical with something of the quality of the song of the English Blackbird.

Song of
Murela
gymnoides fulva don

1894

March 25

A cloudless day with strong trade wind after nine o'clock. At times it was so cool in the woods that I almost felt the need of a coat. The air was dry and very clear. Altogether it was one of the best days that I have seen on Trinidad.

This was fortunate for Mr. Carr had arranged to take Chapman and me on a long tramp to the "Grand Ravine" where the Bell Birds live. We started at about 7 a.m. crossing the river and taking the track which enters the woods where we had the Ayous hunt. At the first brook I shot a *Tanager* (*Phainicotheraps rubra*) new to me, and a pair of *Wot-wots* which were hooting in the trees at the foot of the hill. I fired at one of them with the auxiliary - by mistake - at full 25 yds. but killed the bird nevertheless, getting a perfect specimen. The female had a defective tail and I gave it to Mr. Chapman. I afterwards shot another, a male.

Near the place where the *Hummers* (*Phaethon gyris*) sing we heard two birds calling, evidently answering one another. Mr. Carr at first pronounced them to be *Woodpeckers* but after a little they came nearer and I got a sight at and shot them both. They proved to be *Collared Scops* (*S. collaris*), a species which I have not met before. Their red breasts glowed like living coals among the green foliage. They acted precisely like the common yellow-breasted species. Their call was composed of six or eight notes identical in tone with those of *Scopus meridionalis*.

1894

March 25

(no 2)

and some in number and given much more slowly and distinctly. Both proved to be males. I shot a third male later in the day in low woods near a creek. The first two were on a ridge.

There were only three Hummers (*Phaethon's garyi*) singing in the place where we have seen them before but a few hundred yards beyond in a precisely similar locality we found at least six or eight making a great racket. I shot two of them and found that both were males. One was yelping the other knacking.

Half a mile further on we came to a piece of high woods remarkably free from undergrowth but still with scattering young wo palms and shrubs of various kinds. In them on every side arose an incessant shrill chirping which we at first thought must come from a great number of Cuckoos (*Coccyz*) ~~that were~~ excited about something, possibly a snake or owl. But presently Mr. Chapman recollecting similar experiences of last year and assured us that the birds were Hummers (*Pygmaeus longuemarens*) singing. We had to look long and closely before we could sight one of the tiny, brown creatures although several were evidently within a few yards of us. They perched only a foot or two above the ground, but rather erect, and jerked their tails precisely like *Phaethon's* but we did not see them spread and erect the tail. There must have been more than a dozen of them assembled within the space of half an acre or less. Each bird had its favorite

A constant
of Hummers

1894

March 25

(No 3)

Cupressus

perch to which it always returned quickly after being driven away. I noted the song of one individual as swee, see-see-wee repeated many times in quick succession without the slightest variation. Another called swee-see-see-see, swee-swee-de-see. The tone was high and piping but not shrill.

On the banks of a creek I had a fine opportunity to watch a male *Heterocnemis naevia* which hopped along the edge of the water and finally flew to a log where it turned its body from side to side, clattering like a Horned Lark. This bird reminds me much more of a Horned Lark than of a Water Thrush. It resembles the latter to be sure in its habit of feeding in muddy places on the banks of streams but it does not wag its tail and its gait is a Horn-like hop. It is an attractive looking bird of neat plumage, soft coloring, and sprightly motions.

On the banks of this creek I killed two more Hummers of a species new to me, viz. *Glaucois hirsutus*. I have ^{indeed} seen them daily, for they are common about the wild Mountain grass, but they are exceedingly difficult to shoot for they rarely alight and they seldom pause ~~in one spot~~ long enough to allow one to get a fair aim. The flight is a succession of short flittings with momentary pausing every few yards. They make an exceptionally loud droning sound and usually spread their broad brown tails when pausing. I killed both my birds to-day by drop shots with the snaphook. The ordinary water Thrush is a

1894

March 25

Page 41

Strong Fringilline esp. much like that of Eucophala caerulea. I have never seen Glancis outside the woods but Phaethon occasionally visits the cacao groves. Eucophala is equally common throughout the forest and in the cacao.

A little beyond this creek and some two miles from town we heard the distant call of a Bell Bird and followed it about for an hour or more without being or even getting very near the bird, which would utter a down or fifteen calls, remain silent for awhile, and then begin again in a new place. Its cry resembled the stroke of an axe on resonant wood a bock or toc repeated every few seconds. This is not the bell sound which we did not hear.

While following the Bell Bird I came upon a beautiful Woodpecker, Celeus elegans. It was very tame and Chapman killed it with my assistance. He afterwards ^{mate} saw its

On our return we followed the banks of the creek for a considerable distance. There was no path but the trees were so large that there was very little undergrowth or woods and the walking was open, smooth and easy. I was forcibly reminded of the woods on the bottom lands of Southern Illinois but the palms, of course, gave the scene a tropical cast wherever they occurred in dry sunbush. In most places, however, they were scarce or wanting, and the forest trees when viewed hastily were not strikingly different in appearance from ours. Indeed I saw one small tree growing on the banks of the creek

1894

March 25
(No 5)

which in foliage both and habit, exactly resembled an American elm. Other trees in these woods closely resemble in the ^{general} character of their foliage our ash, hickory, birch oak, & magnolia. Saw the palms there are few that have very large or in any way peculiar leaves. This is a great surprise to me. I saw one tree in this bottom which was remarkable for the glossiness of its leaves. As they stood in the sunlight they shone like the most highly burnished silver. It actually made my eyes ache to look at them long. The sheen of our oak foliage is dull in comparison.

The ~~trunks~~ ^{stems} of these tropical trees are, almost without exception, smooth-barked and most of them are very light gray or whitish with dusky blotches. As I walked through the woods merely looking at the trunks of the trees I often fancy myself in a grove of northern beeches yet so great is the variety of the ^{species} of ~~the~~ ^{trees} here that it is rare to find two of the same kind in close proximity. For this reason chiefly hunting is unprofitable although many trees yield very valuable timbers.

On the way home we walked fast & steadily but I shot a Dove (*Coccyzina*) and a Motmot.

We reached the house at 2.30 P. M. and spent the afternoon preparing our specimens. I brought in fifteen birds in all.

1894

March 26

In the early morning Chapman and I took the Hogan
Trace and followed it for half-a-mile or more. I
thought only a few birds. A Bell Bird was heard in those
woods by the Coors yesterday afternoon but we listened
in vain for it this morning.

In the afternoon, however, I was more fortunate. Albert Carr
took me to the spot and long before we reached it
- indeed before we left the trace - we heard the loud
bark repeated at short, regular intervals and at length
the tray-traying of the "Bell". The former sound was
very deceptive and ~~long~~ before we were ^{at all} near the bird
I could have sworn that he was not thirty yards off.
At length after walking nearly a quarter of a mile
through heavy bottom-land timber we came beneath the
tree in which the bird was sitting and in a few
minutes Carr saw him perched on a slender, bare twig
in the very top of the tree about 75 ft. above the ground.
I watched him here for full fifteen minutes and saw as
well as heard him make all three of his calls a number
of times. At length a pair of Juncos came into the
tree and alighted near him. He looked at them a
moment with evident distaste and then flew off
out of sight. Presently he returned, ~~stomped~~ ^{stomped} ~~down~~
our heads, and to my great delight settled on a
branch not over 20 ft. above the ground and scarce
twenty yards from us. He remained here for at
least fifteen minutes more, bark-ing, tray-ing and
calling tree-tree etc. many times. Mr. Carr assures me
that he has never before watched one under such favorable
conditions. The bird sat on a naked branch in a strong

An experience
with the
Bell Bird

1894

March 26
(No 2)

clear light and the air was perfectly still, I used my pencil and note-book freely and transcribed the results as follows:

[Faint, mostly illegible handwritten notes, possibly describing bird behavior or sound characteristics.]

Song and
notes of the
Bell Bird.

hard, resonant wood and is very misleading for although it is not difficult to judge correctly the direction from which it comes a novice would be certainly deceived as to the distance and would ^{suggest} judge the bird to be only fifty yards or so away. Indeed as one follows on in the direction of the sound the impression which he is likely to conceive is that the bird is flying from tree to tree and keeping on ahead of him. This impression, however, is dispelled after he comes within 100 yards or so for the sound then becomes louder and louder until when the listener gets directly beneath the tree it is simply tremendous in volume. It now has a slightly rolling quality (G-r-ock) and is so abrupt and explosive in character that it is nearly as startling as the report of a gun. I have never heard any bird note which at near range sounded anything like so loud yet it apparently does not carry so well as the croak of the Towhee which can be heard fully as far away although it is not a very loud call where one is directly under the tree on which the Towhee is sitting.

* This was a pure assumption at the time and I am now inclined to doubt its correctness although I was found to be so. I have heard without getting near the bird. I have also seen it on a tree in the woods.

1894.

March 26

No 31

As I stood beneath the Bell Bird this afternoon his note at first made me actually jump each time it was delivered. It also produced a fluttering vibration of ~~the~~ ear drum which was disagreeable and somewhat painful.

Song and
notes of the
Bell Bird.

At each utterance of this note the bird opens his bill to its widest extent and throws his head forward and down with a violent, convulsive jerk as if he were in a passion and ~~striking~~ ^{viciously} at some rival. This jerk is indeed so violent that the bird evidently has some slight difficulty in maintaining his footing during its delivery as well as in afterwards recovering his balance, or poor.


The second note, tee, is much softer and less loud than the note and is delivered from tip to down twice in such rapid succession that each ~~tee~~ is the notes are run together in an unbroken series. Despite this fact each tee is followed by a metallic ring which sounds exactly like an echo and appears to be of nearly the same duration as the tee. At first I could not believe despite that this ring was made by the bird which I was watching, for it seemed impossible that he could interject it between the tee notes and moreover, it seemed to come from another direction, but after repeated observations I became satisfied that it was really an integral part of the tee song (if song it be). While uttering these notes the bird sets rather erect and perfectly motionless save for a slight tremulous motion of the throat and tail which accompanies the delivery of each tee. The tail moves up and down - or rather down and up.

1894.

March 26
(no 4)

The third note, tang, is also repeated a number (from 18 to 33 this afternoon) of times in quick succession but the sound is much louder than the tee and the intervals between the notes although short are well marked. Sometimes the bird began slowly and gradually increased the rapidity of its utterance at others the intervals were about the same from the beginning to the end. Each tang is accompanied by a ringing sound like the vibrations following a sharp stroke of a hammer on an iron bar this ringing although similar in general quality to that of the tee call is less loud and is more evidently and directly connected with the note which it accompanies. In other words the effect of an echo is lacking.

At a certain distance ^(about 100 yds), the tanging sounds exceeding like a slow humming in C natural on the string of a banjo—as Mr. Carr actually demonstrated this evening to our entire satisfaction. It can be heard at a greater distance than the tee but not nearly so far as the kok. At a distance greater than 200 yds. the sound would scarcely attract the attention of any one except an ornithologist thoroughly versed in the bird voices of these woods. It probably could not be heard at all beyond then or four hundred yards unless the conditions were exceptionally favorable.

While tanging the bird sits in much the same position as when making the tee, rather erect, the head well up, the wings drooping beneath the broad tail.  At each utterance the tail vibrates slightly, there is a marked swelling of the black throat, the mouth is opened to its widest

Song and
Notes of the
Bell Bird.

1894.
March 26
(No 5)

extent ~~of~~ but although the lower mandible is worked with some apparent effort and thrown well down the upper mandible and the ^{rest of the} head are held perfectly motionless.

After calling and singing a few times without changing his position the bird would turn squarely on his feet and face in the ~~directly~~ opposite position direction for an equal period, then turn back again. During the intervals of silence, which often lasted ten or fifteen minutes, the bird he devoted his attention to his plumage which he preened and arranged with great care.

The flight of the Bell Bird is swift, easy, slightly undulating, the wings being beaten rapidly a few times and then closed during ~~that~~ downward sweep. It is much like the flight of *Habia ludoviciana* which, indeed, the Bell Bird also resembles in form and bearing although it is of course larger & heavier. It is an alert but not a very active bird sitting for a long time in one place but moving the head about quickly and occasionally twitching the wings. I saw no tail motion ~~excepting when the bird was~~ ^{during the act of} calling. The fleshy throat appendages were not visible at any time, either when the bird was calling or when it was sitting still or preening its feathers. This is difficult to understand for when the head of a dead specimen is held out horizontally these appendages hang straight downward. They are indeed as soft and limp as so many bits of old shoe string yet the bird must be able in some way to hold them

Characteristic
attitudes
flight, etc. of
the Bellbird

1894

March 26

(No 61)

tightly pressed against the throat. I was surprised to find that they were not displayed in any way while the bird was singing.

In this connection I will add that on the afternoon of the 27th we found this Bell Bird singing in the same tree & perch on the very same twig where it sat on the 26th. And further that on the morning of the 29th I shot a female Bell Bird in the cacao grove within 20 yds. of our ajouba. It came flying from the woods across the river and alighting on a branch of a tree inverted sat there silent and motionless long enough for me to go to the house and return with my gun. On dissecting it I found the ovaries only slightly developed the largest ovules being of about the size of an 8 shot. The body was rather ~~less~~ heavy and muscular than that of the male skinned last week. The irides were dark hazel. There was no apparent peculiarity of the trachea or larynx.

A female

Bell Bird

1894
March 26
(No 7)

While we were watching the Bull Bird my eyes & ears took in many other sights and sounds. Every now and then a Hummer (Glaucois or Crocophaga) dived overhead or dashed past us. Hoopoes gave their Cuckoo or Flicker-like calls and the rasping creak of the Forean came almost incessantly from two or three different directions at once. Cuckers (Coccyzus luticola) were singing on every side and now and then a Mee (Myzomela rustilis) repeated its clear, strong song, two or three times in quick succession. The loud singing whistle of Dendroica subserena was also a frequent and characteristic sound of these lonely woods, and the Flicker-like "chirr" of Thamnophis major, ending with its curious low car, was occasionally heard.

Before we left the place the sun had sunk below the tops of the trees and the woods about us fairly rang with the weird, unearthly music of the Hummer while the Coo-bair whistled on all sides of us, every side. It was twilight under the trees when we reached the trace and the only bird voice ^{now} was the deep hoo of the Mote-mote who calls latest of all the diurnal birds here. Small bats were flying about close to the ground among the undergrowth and every now and then a morpho butterfly passed us. He had the net with us and caught a number of other species but this has thus far eluded me.

Caro is altogether the most delightful and congenial companion for a woodland walk that I have ever met.

He is quiet yet alert, an accomplished woodsman as quick to be "high" of animals & birds as are the best of our Mani guides and without an unethical note about him. He knows all the trees, shrubs & flowers & most of the birds & insects also.

Sounds of
a Trinidad
forest.

1894

March 27

A rainy-morose day with frequent showers of fine rain and humid oppressive atmosphere.

In the early morning I walked down the road nearly to Mr. Medfield's plantation. Before starting, I shot three Swifts for Chapman; during the walk, a beautiful pair of *Tityra cayana* which I mistook for Bell Birds. They were in a tall tree over the road feeding on large berries which they first seized while hovering in front of the cluster and then broke off by dropping backwards in the manner of Trogons. I also shot a *Tyrannus catropa* and a *Ramphocelus magisteris* but lost both in dense thorny scrub into which they fell.

I had a fine view of two Green Parrots (*Amazona amazonica*) a pair, apparently, which alighted in a small, solitary tree not 50 yards from where I stood and within 20 yds. of a negro's cabin. They climbed down a limb using their beaks as third legs and altogether behaving in a manner which possibly reminded me of one Parrot, "Jack". I also saw several flocks of Parquets whirring about high in air like bay birds. The Red Parrots fly in pairs and their flight is very like that of *Trochiloides arctica* in my way.

In a small, perfectly leafless tree by the roadside my eye caught ~~at~~ a slight movement and looking more closely I saw a female Hummer (*Campylopterus curvipennis*) sitting on her nest which, except for its large size, exactly resembled the nest of our *I. cobitis*. It was huddled on a naked branch about 20 ft above the ground.*

I fully intended to return to and take this nest but, dark & time forewent. It was the only unvisited nest seen on 9th. Perhaps that I found on 11th.

*

1894

March 27

(No 2)

Capain

In the afternoon Carr and Chapman went to the
Togon woods to hunt the Bell Bird. I followed them
with Sam (Chapman's trooper & assistant) and Wick.
We found them by first hearing the Bell Bird and
following up its call. It was sitting in the same tree
& on the very same limb as yesterday and Chapman
was lying on his back on the ground beneath the
tree watching it. Soon after we arrived it flew away.
It evidently comes to call before the sun sets.

We heard Curacans, Big birds, Sonsons, Macaws &
various other birds and Carr showed us the bones
of a big mapache (Crotalus) which his brother killed
in these woods three months ago. Their skin and
the prey which they afforded of the presence of this
headed snake made us shiver a little.

It was twilight when we reached the road. I shot
a bat and then we saw the Big Gnatcatcher fly across
the road. Taking station we waited for him to return.
At length Chapman got two shots in quick
succession, both in the same bird, the first a miss,
the second a hit, but the Gnatcatcher flew far off
among the bananas and was lost to our sight in
the gloom.

When we reached the house we found that Arthur Carr
had brought in a "Wood Dog" a curious and very industrious
creature of the Mousal family, about as big as our Fisher
But less heavily furred. The expression of the face reminded
me of that of a Bear. Carr started his of these animals from
a hollow tree

1894

March 28

A clear fine day hot, of course, at noon but with dry, breezy air.

In the early morning we all turned out to search for the big Goutniker ("Pam-on") and Cass quickly found him among the bananas near where I saw him last. He was alive and his only injury seemed to be a broken wing which he must have dropped while flying for he fell fifty yards or more from the spot where Chapman shot at him. He opened his mouth wide, made a loud squawking somewhat like that of an angry cat and struck at us with his beak so quickly and violently that it was difficult to control our nerves sufficiently to receive the blow which, of course, was really quite feeble and harmless. His pupils in the daylight were scarce larger than a pin head, the irides, which were of a deep chrom yellow, occupying nearly the whole of the great, protruding, staring, expressionless eyes. When we placed the bird on a log he seemed unable to stand up but the moment we offered him a perch on the top of a small stump he accepted it ~~stoutly~~ and pressing his tail against the wood stood as erect as any Hawk or Owl. It is quite evident that this is the bird's usual position & that he cannot or will not perch like our Antiochians. We took several photographs of him before we killed him.

Spent the remainder of the day in the woods near the cacao grove near the asipia. The cacao grove near the asipia is a very fine one. It is a very fine one. It is a very fine one. It is a very fine one.

1894

March 29

Copac.

Early morning clear. Remainder of day cloudy with frequent heavy showers of fine rain and very insular and oppressive atmosphere.

For ten days or more we have seen but few Hummers in the cacao grove. This has been doubtless due to the fact that a good many Bois immortel trees have been in bloom in the grove and many prey trees in the woods. The prey is out of bloom again and we have only one Bois immortel in full blossom. So this Hummers came to-day in considerable numbers although there were never more than four or five in the tree at any one time. But I noticed that they kept changing. I shot five or six specimens for the tree stands with a view of our ajouba and I could easily slip out and back between the flowers. I noticed that when it began raining the Hummers all ceased feeding and perched until the shower was over, often in the Bois immortel tree and not as a rule under the shelter of thick foliage.

There was a good many Jacobins this morning and I had a fine chance to watch them. They are by far the most showy as well as the most animated and interesting of the species which visit the cacao grove. At times they seem to become perfectly frenzied with excitement and dart hither and thither through the trees or round high above them and dash ^{rapidly} about in zig-zag courses. Both males & females act in this way and often when no other bird is near. Once this

1894.

March 29
(No 2)

morning I saw a male Jacobin showing off before his mate. Both were rather high in air (50 or 60 ft.) over the clearing but not far from the Bois immense grove. The female was flitting about and picking, perhaps catching small insects. The male ^{would} rise about 20 ft above me and darting down swept just over her back then rising again and plunging again describing very nearly the form of a pendulum. All the while he kept his tail spread to its fullest extent showing the white very conspicuously. The white on the wings was also displayed to remarkable advantage flashing in the sunlight whenever the bird turned it towards me. I am beginning to hear the notes of the Hummers here. Encyphora and Glaucois made a shrill Tringid Zeep, Thryothorus willowii and Aegialia chiroptera a soft, full tryp very like the chirp of a Warbler.

Early in the morning I shot a female Bell Bird in a Bois immense which stands within a few yards of our ajonpa and later in the afternoon a fine male White-headed Manakin in a thicket not ten yards from our work bench. The Manakin made his sharp whirring sound tones as Chapman & I stood watching him.

In the evening I walked up the road to the woods and shot a couple of Bats. I also saw a small Goutchuck (Bucconis) which rose straight upward against the sky, caught an insect, turned and plunged downward into the gloom before I could fire.

1894

March 29

(No 31)

At daybreak this morning the howlings roared much nearer to the house than we have before heard them. Carr said that they were within a mile of us. We could distinctly hear the different notes of the howl whereas previously it has been merely a muffled sound. The opening notes sounded like bab-bab-bab-bab followed by a prolonged howl. Mrs. Chapman suggested that the general effect was not unlike that of a number of hogs when about to be fed. Carr agreed to this but it did not strike me as a happy comparison although I could make out a better resemblance.

For the past four or five evenings we have heard in the high woods near the road a prolonged screeching which almost exactly resembles the sound of a distant steam whistle. This is made by a Cicada which is called the "six o'clock bug". It begins very regularly within ten minutes of 6 P.M. and continues until dark or later. Near at hand one hears a short prelude to the whistle, composed ~~consisting~~ ^{consisting} first of a low ^{slow} rattle and then of a flying sound which runs briskly into the screech.

1894.

March 30

California

A fine day with strong breeze, ~~these~~ they filled with thick wind clouds as it always is at this season but no rain.

I spent most of the early morning and the whole of the forenoon taking photographs. Sam accompanied me along the Trogon hole and cut down a number of small trees so that I could get the nests of Ostriops on the hill beyond the brook. The strong wind was a serious obstacle but there are always short intervals of nearly or quite dead calm in the windiest weather here.

These woods were swarming with hunting ants to day an immense army of these creatures having invaded them since our last visit. They were walking through work ascending all the trees and pushing strong detachments into every nook and corner. He had to step carefully to avoid the streams, thin or four inches across, which poured over the ground in every direction. As usual they had attracted numbers of Dendroica. I saw five of these birds in one tree and heard their calls on every side. They kept flying down to the ground sometimes hovering just above the streams of ants, sometimes alighting for a moment. I repeatedly saw them pick up something but not having my gun I was unable to settle the mooted question as to whether they were carrying the ants themselves or the insects which the ants disturbed.

I find my time here all too brief. One might spend a full month - or a year for that matter - very profitably and pleasantly studying ants alone.

1894

March 30

(No 2)

While making some photographs near the bridge this morning a little after sunrise I was fortunate enough to have a fine view of a King Vulture. Indeed the noble bird kept appearing and disappearing over the woods for half-an-hour or more at intervals. At one time it came nearly over me and within one hundred yards. It appeared to be wholly white beneath save for ~~the~~ broad dark band across each wing. The head looked brown. There was a good deal of white on the back. The tail and wings were very broad and the tail was kept widely spread most of the time. The bird was soaring in broad circles. Its flight was more nearly like that of an Eagle than of a Vulture. A Turkey Buzzard which was with the King Vulture most of the time appeared much the smaller of the two.

When I returned to dinner at 3 P. M. I found that the Carrs had brought in a pair of Quarks (Peccaries) which they had killed within about two miles of the house. They stalked them very near the Salata tree on Boyon Place and the dogs ran them about two miles before they stood at bay. Arthur Carr killed one by thrusting a pointed stick (which he cut and sharpened while running after the dogs) down its throat a common method here. Hutton shot the other. He had probably filled the nozzle of his gun with mud during the mad chase for it burst, at the moment fortunately & without harm to anything but the poor Quark. These Peccaries have peculiar, deep dusky eyes. Otherwise they are typical big.

1874.

March 30

(No 3)

Late in the afternoon I walked up to road taking my gun as usual but not intending to shoot anything unless a rare bird. The "big o'clock" Cicadas began shrilling just as I left the house and when I reached the edge of the woods the sun had sunk below the horizon and the whole of the open country to the eastward was illumined by the amber light of the after-glow which is so constant a feature of ^{the} forests here. A few birds were singing - Diplopteryx, Thamnophilus major & doliatus, a Cuckoo or two, and a House Wren. These tropical birds do not, however, sing nearly so much at evening as in the early morning. Even now and then a huff-huff-huff-huff like the distant puffing of a locomotive would attract my attention to one of the big Corn-birds (Ostinops) flying high overhead on his way to some distant roost. This sound is made by the birds wings and is a regular accompaniment of its heavy, direct flight which is much like that of Zenaidura macroura. The ordinary call of Ostinops is also exceedingly like the husky coo of our Grackle.

Very soon after sunset and before twilight had begun to fall - indeed at the time when the amber light was most intense - a multitude of Swifts and Bats appeared over the clearing and began darting about in every direction feeding. They appear regularly every evening but their relation as well as aggregate number vary greatly on different evenings. Last evening there were about ten Bats to one Swift; this evening the Swifts were by far the more numerous of the two.

1894

March 30

(No 4)

The Bats are all of one species (Myotis refus) and it is interesting to see how closely they resemble the Swifts in general appearance and especially in their flight which is quite as direct and if anything even more rapid than that of the Swifts. Their wings make a strong rushing sound which can be heard at fully 100 yards distance when the air is still. When shooting these Bats we actually find it difficult to distinguish them from the Swifts in time to shoot before the creature has passed beyond gun range. Swifts and Bats always appear together and with great suddenness. You look about in every direction and not one is to be seen. The next moment there are hundreds dashing about in every direction, at first low down, afterwards 100 feet or more above the earth. The greater number remain in sight only from fifteen or twenty minutes. They leave a few at a time and do not appear to go in any particular direction. A very few of the Bats linger until it is nearly dark rising higher and higher as the shades of night deepen.

While watching the Swifts and Bats this evening I suddenly saw among them what I at first took to be a gigantic Swift. It was flying in a great circle, moving its wings with that rapid, vibrating motion so characteristic of the Swift's flight. It appeared to be somewhat larger than a Martin and had a large head and a short tail. After circling a few times it made off over the woods when the whole throng of Swifts and Bats started after it with shrill twittering and squeaking. Hutton, who was with me, at once

1894
March 30
(1895)

pronounced it to be a "Boat Hawk", and said that it preyed wholly on Boats & Drifts. I could not at the time believe that it was really a bird of prey but I believe proved to be right for the singular looking creature presently returned and pitching down

right alighted on a dead stick where I shot it. It turned out to be a male Falco naugleus, by far the most beautiful Hawk that I have ever killed. According to Bendall it is a crepuscular species spending the day in the forest and coming out into the open country only after sunset. Bendall also says that it feeds exclusively on Boats but this specimen was flushing a bird when shot for we distinctly saw its talons flashing above its perch in the still air. Probably the bird was a Drift but although we saw it fall we could not find it under the tree.

Returning to the edge of the woods I waited there for some time in hopes of seeing the Goatsucker (Barycolaptes); at length he appeared flying straight down the road but before I could cock my gun he was nearly out of range & I missed him. Shortly afterwards I heard him call a number of times in the banana plantation where as nearly as I could make out he was sitting on a prostrate log. The call is exceedingly like that of the Common Frog which is so common here. Indeed it appears to differ only in that it is repeated three or four times in quick succession whereas the frog calls only once at a time. It may be written whee - whee - whee - whee.

1894
March 30
(no 6)

It was nearly dark when we started for home. At the point where the road enters the cacao grove I saw two of the peculiar slow flying bats which Chapman has thus far tried in vain to obtain. They do not come out until it is too dark to see a throat and they fly so low that one cannot get them out of the gloom except when directly overhead and only a few yards from the gun. I was vainly attempting to shoot one when a much larger bat came rushing swiftly overhead and I brought it down with a broken wing. It was a vicious creature and when approached jumped up at us clashing its teeth which glowed in the darkness as we both thought with a phosphorescent light. Its shrill squeaking attracted several others of the same kind who dashed directly at our heads apparently passing within a foot or less of our faces. I tried to shoot another but the light was too poor. This specimen measured 2.2 inches ^{also extent} in "

The O.'s thru dark nights hoot or screech only in the evening and evening twilight but to-night at about 9 o'clock we heard a Barn Owl very near the house. Its cry seemed to me much like that of a young child. It is the only time we have heard it here.

The Infernal big fire flies are also rather conspicuous thru nocturnal. For I rarely see them after it is fairly dark. As they were to fly through the cacao grove they light up the ground beneath almost as brightly as would a small lantern

Trinidad, B. W.
Cape

1874

March 31

I spent the forenoon skinning the Hawk and some Hummingbirds which I shot in a flowering tree immortally nearly over the apices. They came to this tree in great numbers to-day but nearly all the common *Cecropia cæcilia* and *Agaytia chionipetala* with a good sprinkling of *Longipennis vibicanda*. Of the last I see at least eight females to one male whereas the males of *Cecropia* ^{apparently} outnumber the females in the proportion of ten or a dozen to one. One fine male *Jacobin* came into the tree but he only stayed a moment.

Late in the afternoon I went up the road with my gun. I shot three bats (*Molossus*) soon after sunset and later, when it had become nearly dark, one of the small, slow-flying bats which Chapman has been so anxious to identify. It proved to be a *Scolecophagus* a pretty little creature with the iris white stripes on the back.

Chapman has been laid up for three days with a bad cold on his leg.

1894.

April 1

A beautiful day very clear with less wind than usual.

We were busily engaged in packing from morning to night for we must send our baggage to Chiquenas by cart to-morrow.

At evening I went up the road as usual to see the sunset which was remarkably beautiful. There were few Bats or Swifts but I saw the Lurocatis flying low over the banana plantation.

1894

April 2

S. W. I

Caparo

Another remarkably fine day with few clouds and but little wind.

As we were drinking coffee early this morning a Bell Bird began booming on the hill near the road. We could hear it very distinctly from the house which is about 400 yards distant.

Arthur Carr started off before daylight to hunt for Hoisting Monkeys. He returned at about 9 o'clock with a fine pair which he killed from a band of five. They were about the choicest animals which have been brought in during our stay here being apparently wholly free from ticks, red bugs, fleas or other vermin. Their fingers and toe nails were as neatly kept as possible and black with a high polish. The beard of the male was of a rich purpleish chestnut. The eyes of both were light hazel and rather gentle and intelligent in expression. We cooked some of the flesh of the female & found it excellent - very like tender beef.

At ten o'clock I started out with the camera crossing the river and following the old trace to the fig tree of which I made two pictures. I took in all ten most of them studies of the twigs & foliage.

I saw a fine pair of Toucans which were unusually tame permitting me to stand directly in front of them for ten minutes or more although they were in a small tree not about 20 ft. above the ground. One of them held a large berry in the tip of its bill but it would not allow me to drop or swallow it which I was watching it. Both birds sat in rather crouching attitudes, they rolled their heads from side to side much in the

1894
April 2
(No 2)

masses of bees but on the whole they are not so
most of days especially in their morning flights, very
from tree to tree.

The regular and characteristic sound in these tropical woods
is that of the falling of heavy fruit which come down
every few minutes cascading through the leaves and
striking the ground with great force. Perhaps the
most frequent and heaviest is the fruit of the Common Bread Tree
Each fruit is as large as a coconut and weighs from
a couple pounds.

Studying the foliage carefully this morning I
became satisfied that if one ~~leaves out~~ ^{excludes} the palms
(which are nowhere at all numerous or conspicuous
in the primitive forest) and the parasitic plants
(Calladium etc.) the leaves are, almost without
exception, smaller than at the north.

Another fact which interests me very much is that
here and there one sees leaves fully ripe and
about to fall which are colored with what
we should call autumn tints and the ground
under some of the trees is covered with yellow,
crimson or russet leaves that have recently fallen
and among which the foot wades pleasantly
recalling October at home. There is, however, no
leaf mould nor any matted and decaying leaves
even in the densest woods. The ants and the
rapid action of heat & moisture make quick work
here. Few stumps or fallen logs last more than
six years & many disappear utterly within three

1894,
April 2
(no 3)

years after they fall or are cut down. Hence the woods and ~~some~~ older clearings are remarkably free from stumps and fallen logs a fact which doubtless explains the comparative scarcity of Woodpeckers when these grand old forests are compared with those in the wilder parts of the United States.

In the recent clearings, however, one sees many tall blacked or fire charred stumps which remind me forcibly of those on our Southern plantations.

At evening I went, for the last time, up the road to the high woods near the bridge. There were few Swifts or Bats. Tinamous and a Coo-bird were calling. As twilight deepened the *Bucconis* came within four feet of my head and then flew up and down the road hawking for insects. The little Junco Birds (*Glaucochim*) were very noisy for a short time after sunset and later I heard the *looker-see-coo* Owl and the Owl that calls *hoo, hoo, hoo, hoo*. These little frogs that say *ou* so hoarsely were out in great force this evening and the big tree toad by the river clattered at frequent intervals up to about eight o'clock. But after night has fairly set in and when there is no moonlight we hear but few sounds save the chirping & stridling of cicadas and grasshoppers.

Caparo to Chaguamas.

1894

April 3

We left "El Carrizal" at daybreak. The Owls were just ceasing their hooting and in the forest to the eastward the Howling Monkeys were greeting the dawn with a succession of deep bass roars. Chapman rode Carr's mare while I worked as far as Medford's when I found the latter well saddled and waiting for me. Soon after reaching the high road we heard Paragquets making a great screaming and presently saw a number of them flitting about in the foliage of a tall tree. We conjectured that they had passed the night there and were just waking up for Chapman says that he has never before known them to scream which indeed. After a minute or two they all took wing and crossed the clearing flying in their usual oscillating aimless manner now closely bunched, next spreading out, cackling and inclining first to this side, next to that as if they were in sad need of a leader.

An early
morning ride.

It was a heavenly morning, abnormally cool at first, pleasantly warm later, without a breath of wind to shake the dew from the broad leaved plantains and palms that lined the road. I have never before seen this wonderful tropical vegetation to such advantage. And the birds! How they called and sang and swung to and fro across the road. Within an hour's hour I saw or heard the greater part of all the species with which I have become acquainted during the past three weeks. It is needless to enumerate them all here. There were great rose-breasted Toucans, yellow-bellied Trogons, Singes, Tanagers of five or six kinds, yellow and white

The Mirror DEATHS Dec. 16,
Part of ~~the~~ 1905.

On December 15, at the Colonial Hospital, Mr Arthur William Carr, youngest son of the late Mr Thomas William Carr, aged 40 years.

Death of Mr Arthur William Carr

We regret to have to announce the death of Mr Arthur William Carr, youngest son of the late Mr Thomas William Carr, journalist and Librarian, Trinidad Public Library. Mr Arthur Carr, who had a very large circle of friends and acquaintance, was well known as a planter of Caparo, where, with his two brothers, Messrs Albert and Reginald, he was one of the pioneers to open up the district. He owned a large country business at Talparo. He was a most indefatigable hunter and a great supporter and player of cricket in Caparo, Caaguanas and neighbourhood. Every one who knew him (and who did not know him?) loved "Artie" Carr as the most unselfish of men and one who was never more pleased than when ministering to the pleasure and comfort of others. No hunting party was complete without "Artie" and his acquaintance with the woods and the ways of their wild denizens was unequalled. He had been in bad health for some time but his great strength kept him going. About three weeks ago he became seriously ill and on November 28 he entered the Colonial Hospital as a private patient. His case was diagnosed as one of spinal disease. His death has been expected momentarily for days past, but his magnificent strength kept him up until yesterday morning. "Artie" Carr will be sincerely mourned by many as a right down good fellow, a thorough sportsman and one of Nature's own gentlemen.

The funeral took place yesterday afternoon from the Colonial Hospital to All Saints' Church whence, after the funeral service had been conducted by the Rev A B Eastgate, M.A., the cortège removed on to Lapsyrouse Cemetery, where the remains were interred, after the concluding portion of the funeral ceremony had been recited by the Rev A B Eastgate.

The bearers were: Mr J L Driggs, Dr Seon, Messrs R B Mole, F W Ulrich, G Prince and E Gransault. The chief mourners were the Messrs A B and T R Carr, brothers of the deceased.

Among those who followed were: Messrs Hy Adams, E Calne, R W Gordon, C Oraney, J N de Souza, A Schoener, J F Almandez, E F Richards, T O'Brien, E Laxford, H Ghent, A Bolesiere, A Campbell, Wm Givens, A W Lake, Dr Lindsey, Walter Mills, F Farrell, L B Thomas, H Graham, Misses Graham (2), Messrs L Klages, Hugh Bolesiere, Arthur Hamlyn, the staff of Mr Carr's business houses at Caparo and Talparo, Misses Lee (2) and many others.

A large number of peasant proprietors and cocoa contractors, inclusive of a few East Indians, from Caparo and surrounding districts were in attendance, testifying to the esteem in which he was held by them. Among the sorrowing friends who sent wreaths and other floral tributes were: The Trinidad Cocoa Planters' Association, the staff of L Schoener & Co., Mrs Philip John, the Misses Graham. The grave was covered with these tributes.

Mr Carr wishes to say how highly gratified he and his family were with the treatment his brother received from the staff at the hospital—the doctors, nurses and attendants. They spared no pains to make his brother's suffering and his end as easy as possible.

+

SHIPPING NEWS.

+

1894
April 3
(No 2)

headed Manakins, black-headed and ~~black~~-breasted Finches, the early Parrots, Agoutis of three or four kinds—in short pretty morning birds. nearly all the common birds of Trinidad.

As we neared Chaguaramas the sun became very hot and there were few birds flying except Figos which love the heat (like our Figos) and some Wrens (V. agilis) in a large cacao grove near the Station.

I must not omit to mention our Bird Song which especially interested us because of its close resemblance to that of our Indigo Bird. It came from a thicket by the roadside and presently we saw the singer which Chapman pronounced to be Sparacchila.

We had the vexation of missing our train by a few minutes only and in consequence were obliged to take spend the entire morning at Chaguaramas and take the noon train for San Joseph where we worked another hour until another train came at about 2.30 P.M. Mr. Dickfeld was waiting for us. He had a mule for Chapman and a horse and trap for me. I said a horse but the animal was really a pony which weighed according to the driver who owned him only about 400 pounds. He is said to frequently bear in fifty or sixty & occasionally seventy five miles in a day. He took us up the steep, winding road to Dickfeld's, a distance of seven miles, with wonderful ease & brightness viewing many of the hills.

1894.
April 3
(no 31)

Caura

This river is without any exception the most beautiful that I have ever taken anywhere. The road follows the course of the Caura River most of the way but it frequently leaves the bed of that stream and ascends or descends the nearly vertical slopes on either side by a succession of short zig zags. It crosses the stream by fords no less than a hundred times. For its entire distance it is delightfully picturesque each short, ~~straight~~ reach being overhung by trees or bordered by clumps of tall bamboos with every now and then a cluster of palms, and the river, with its clear water and rippling shallows in which small, trout like fish were darting about or leaping in play above the surface, was very like one of our White Mt. streams.

There were fewer birds than at Chapaco and I saw nothing new.

Dickfeld's house is situated at the very head of the Caura Valley in the end of a col de sac as it were with steep mountain slopes rising 1000 to 1500 feet above it on every side. These slopes are covered with the densest possible vegetation which to the eye, of a novice appears to be wholly primitive forest but really there are few areas of high woods left. The greater portion of the country over covered with densely-grown scrub or old cacao plantations in which the Bois immortels trees are of a very great variety to twenty-five feet in height and then or four feet through at the base with buttressed roots like cecibas. These Bois immortels are of a different species from those which we have seen at Chapaco but they have

1894

April?

(1871)

The same general appearance described, just as (especially
near the cottonwood) on both bank and stream.

I had an hour or two before Chapman & I breakfasted
around and employed it in strolling up and down the
road watching and listening to the birds. The commonest
species here appear to be Melospiza geryornis and
Dendroica. I also noted Cyrtocitta, Sialia olivacea, Tachycineta
corax, Tanager striata, Lophoceros bicoloris, Chondestes vociferans,
T. dohrneri, Diplopteryx, Myiozetetes similis and
a number of Hummers some of which I was able to identify.
Swifts were flying about in small numbers but all, as far as
I could make out, were of one species the kind that has
the white rump.

As night closed in I listened in vain for Owls and
Gnatcatchers. The only sounds were ~~that of the~~ ^{the} chattering rush of water
in the that of the numberless little water falls in the
mine, the chirping of crickets and the call of a Frog which
we have not before heard. There were three or four of them
and called during the whole night. They made a noise
which sounded exactly like the breathing puff of a large
engine when it is working very slowly and (I think)
sinking the steam through the exhaust pipe. Chapman
christened them "breathing" frogs but "breathing" seemed to
me the better term.

I forgot to mention the Arizone without whose voice
no bird's song seems could ever again fully satisfy me.

At frequent intervals later in the afternoon and far into
the twilight I heard his wild music from the mountain side
above the house. I was at home.

1894

April 4

A cloudy day with occasional brief periods of sunshine and a few light showers. There is much less wind here than at most places on Trinidad; the high ridges to the north and east are all of almost unbroken. It is only occasionally and on short periods that the foliage is moved to any extent. There is one thing that the air has that vitally and distinctly peculiar to most elevated regions it would be very hot at times, but it is the climate is even more delightful than at Caracas.

After early breakfast Mr. Bickford took me for a walk up the side of the mountain to the north of the house. We followed a broad mud track (the Indian road to Arroyo Valley) for a short distance then branched aside into a foot path which led upward through Cacao plantations to a beautiful waterfall about 45 ft. in height and about nearly a mile distant from the house. Having on still further we came back into the road and followed it some homeward. The whole walk was one of the very steepest that I have ever taken. The mules & donkeys take heavy loads (a mule sometimes 200 pounds) up and down this road.

In a pretty little glen through which a brook came trickling down over the rocky ledges clustered thickly with ferns & vines I heard what I was perfectly certain were a number of Hummers (*Phaethornis guy*) singing but Mr. Bickford assured me that the sound was made by frogs and presently proved this assertion by pointing out one which was sitting on a wet stone under a projecting

1894

April 4
(No 2)

half of the ledge, piping incessantly. It was a tiny creature less than half an inch in length above wood brown with dark mottling, beneath pale yellowish with a bright rufous yellow throat. Its toes were supplied with minute round sucking discs. This description is taken from a specimen which Mr. Reichold caught in another place later in the day of which we are keeping alive in a terrarium to the sides of which it clings with ease. The one in your hat was indeed a *Captura* but was undoubtedly of the same species.

Our next adventure was with a large Manicou (Opposum). We heard something which I took to be a bird making a scolding noise near the path. After waiting & listening for a moment we saw some bushes shake and presently a gray mass moving among them. Shortly afterwards it came out into plain view on long branch which it followed for eight or ten feet occasionally stopping and looking down at us with a quizzical expression its large eyes very wide open, the ears twitching a little now and then. Next it climbed directly upward,arily feet or more following a slender vine, moving slowly and using its fore paws like human hands after taking its hold before trusting to it. After remaining very quiet for a long time on a high branch it descended again by the same vine which it held clasped with its fore & hind feet but it now used its tail, also, curling the end into a hook or ring about the vine but not sufficiently tightly to afford any support, but rather, evidently, as a measure of precaution in case the feet should slip. It appeared to wish to reach the ground again where Reichold thought there must be a female concealed among

1914
April 14
No. 3.

the bushes but if this was to our presence deterred it. It was
a very pretty creature much more looking and more sleek
and graceful than I had supposed. Its facial expression
reminded me somewhat of that of a Fox.

Near the falls I saw a *Catalpa* *leucocarpa* at work on
its nest which was placed about forty feet above the ground
in the fork of a stout, horizontal branch of a tree situated
in general appearance as well as in the position this nest
was almost identical with that of our Wood Pewee which,
indeed, this bird resembles very closely in every way except
in its notes which are a short chirp and a low twitter.

As we were passing under a large tree which overhung
the path and beneath which the ground was literally
covered with a small, berry-like fruit I caught a
sight of 4 or seven Parakeets which had come from
behind us and were just in the act of alighting. We
instantly stopped and began looking for them but it
was certainly five minutes before we saw the first although
the foliage was by no means dense. After a little we
made out another and then another until we finally
could see five. They sat erect and nearly motionless but
occasionally one would crane its neck out & turn its
head side down for a good look at us. At length,
apparently becoming satisfied that we intended them no
harm, the pretty little birds began flicking and chirping
about in the most lively and active manner. They
had evidently come to this tree to feed on its fruit
which Dickford says is much sought after by various
kinds of small birds.

1894

April 4
No 5⁴

Bats in the afternoon I walked down the road for a few hundred yards, finding a large army of Humming Birds attended as usual by several Cuckers (*Dendroica*) one of which was uttering its monotonous "Hicker-bick" call and "shout" at frequent intervals. A little later after the sun had set and twilight was falling the croaking frogs began. Very near at hand their cry sounds like a deep, rolling croak, at the distance of fifty yards or so like a loud buzz, at a hundred yards & beyond exceedingly like the ^{the} breathing puff of a large engine to which I compared it last night. ^{in the trees,} These frogs were evidently the most-voiced little frog so common at Copons (the one that says ou) appears to be wholly wanting here.

The frog that I took for a Humming Bird this evening was singing everywhere along the river this evening.

We saw great numbers of Bats, the majority *Neolossus* *ufas*. There were also a good many slow-flying little fellows apparently like the kind I shot at Copons and no less than a few large fruit bats.

1894

April 5

Early morning fine fair for one light shower. Remainder of the day cloudy with frequent showers.

After early breakfast and a delicious bath in the river pool below the house Dickfeld and I started up the mule track which we took yesterday. On that occasion we marked a pomarack tree on the mountain side about half a mile from the house at which Hummers were feeding in great numbers. This tree, the proper name of which is Malacca Apple, is not indigenous to Trinidad but came originally from the East. I have seen perhaps a dozen specimens in the Coura valley but none elsewhere. When in full bloom, as they are at present, they are by far the most beautiful of all the tropical trees which I have thus far seen. They have long, rather narrow, bright green leaves which are as highly polished as if they were coated with varnish. These leaves grow chiefly at or near the ends of the twigs and branches whereas most of the flowers are attached to the stouter portions of the branches along which they ~~are~~ are disposed in crowded clusters. Each flower is of about the size and somewhat the general shape and character of a small thistle or still more like the flower of the Gosing Star. Its color is the deepest and richest possible rose red. This description fails utterly to give any idea of the wonderful beauty of the tree which must be seen, to be appreciated. It is a rather small tree - fifteen to thirty feet in height of erect habit & tapering shape like a straight, slender young maple

1894

April 5

(no 2)

On reaching the Pomegranate tree we found it swarming with Hummers or to be more exact great numbers of these beautiful little creatures were visiting it in rapid succession. As a rule there were from six to eight feeding at once with several others hovering above ready to take and quickly replacing the birds that fell. Apparently the tree would not accommodate more than the higher number just stated. This was evidently due not so much to any lack of food as to the fact that each bird required a certain amount of "elbow room" which he was at all times prepared to maintain for the tree was the scene of an incessant battle which, at times, was waged as furiously and indiscriminately as any street fight one bird attacking another and he then next until three or four would be hotly engaged. Not infrequently the tree would be wholly deserted for a minute or more all its occupants going off in rapid succession pursuing one another beyond sight and hearing. ~~When fighting~~ They fought like little demons, squeaking or chirping ~~angrily~~ shrilly, buzzing angrily, and often clinking and coming to the ground together. After such a battle they would return one by one or others would take their places and for awhile comparative tranquility would reign as they fed busily from flower to flower each making a low, soothing droning sound in place of the angry buzz of war.

There were frequently five or six species in the tree at once and as all were alike apparently oblivious to my presence or movements it would seem to have been an easy matter to quietly select and shoot such as I wanted. This proved, however, exceedingly difficult for against the

1894

April 5
(No 3)

bright light in the day which formed the background as I looked upward it was almost impossible to distinguish color and very unsafe to rely on size and shape alone thus it would often take several minutes to identify any particular bird and by the time at the precise moment when I had fully recognized him and decided to shoot it often happened that he would dart away pursued or pursued by, another. Indeed I sometimes stood quietly beneath the tree for half-an-hour without firing a shot and three full hours were consumed in killing eight birds. Of course I might have fired at random but I wanted only certain species and did not care to waste life.

At this time I fully identified the following species which are named in the order of their relative abundance: Aglyptis chinipetula, Sceloporus orlicauda, Amazilia erythronota (not seen at Coparo), Ceryle alcyon, Myiophobus and Encyphora caerulea. Lower down in the valley in cacao groves and especially among the thickets of Heliconia I saw Glaucois hirsutus and Phaethon group but neither of these species appears to well visit the Malacca Apple blossoms. In the whole upper portion of Caura Valley Amazilia erythronota seems to take the place of Encyphora caerulea for the latter is evidently rare. Amazilia, however, is not so common as Encyphora at Coparo.

In the evening I shot a fine large mud bat which measured 23 inches in stretch of wing, or one inch more than the Coparo specimen. I gave it to Chapman.

1894.
April 6

A clear, fine morning up to ten o'clock, after which
one shower succeeded another in quick succession
until near noon.

After the usual early bath in the river and the
inevitable coffee and bread I went again to the
Pomareck Tree on the mountain side, this time alone.
The half-mile climb made me breathe hard and the
perspiration poured off my face in streams for the
tree has an even and exceedingly steep grade the
entire distance and I was in too great haste to
take it by easy stages. Hence when I reached the
tree I was obliged to sit down for several minutes
before I was in any condition to begin operations.
As I was resting and recovering breath a bird that
we have repeatedly heard from the house but have
not, up to this time, identified, began singing very
near me and after watching for a minute or two
I at length discovered it sitting high up in a tall
tree in the sunlight. After making perfectly sure
that it was the author of the sound I shot
it and found that it was a Basileuterus. Its
song, which is one of the finest that I have heard
on Trinidad consists of a series of four or five clear,
whistled notes given in a descending scale. It reminded
me of the song of our Tree Sparrows having the
same quality of wildness. It also suggested the
song of Swainson's Warbler. A singing quality, very
noticeable here is, Chapman thinks, due to local
conditions, such as the "sounding board" background of the
mountain side & the clear mountain air.

1894

April 6
(No 2.)

The Pomegranate tree all this while was simply alive with Hummers which were squeaking, zipping, and darting to and fro in the most bewildering manner. It was difficult to count them accurately but there were at least a dozen actually in the tree at once on several occasions. As soon as I had rested sufficiently I began shooting, soon killing eight specimens in the course of a couple of hours. Among my victims were three Ruby-tipped Hummers, two males and a female. I also got two young birds only a week or two from the nest and still with the "wax" I take them to be the young of Agelaius chionopus.

The big Sampeira violacea is nearly sure to be present at all these gatherings of Hummers and when he chooses to assert himself he easily "rules the roost" although the other and fatter species are too plucky and hot-tempered to give way without a struggle. Repeatedly in the flowering Bois Amontés at Copano and once or twice in this Pomegranate tree I have seen a Sampeira's take and maintain exclusive possession of the tree for fifteen or twenty minutes at a time instantly darting at and striking to flight any and every other Hummer that tried to get a share of the feast. On two occasions I have been forced to shoot the big fellow for the express purpose of getting him out of the way. In collecting this tropical Hummer on our boat that it is a pleasant as well as convenient plan to hold the bird by placing the bill between the lips while preparing the paper cone for its reception.

1894
April 6
(No 3)

There was plenty of Bats out this evening but we had bad luck with them and did not get a single specimen. I lost a chance at one of the big ones in the following manner. It was nearly dark and I was standing in the wood with loaded gun watching the lane of clear sky between the tree tops when I saw a Bat of about the same size and probably of the same species as the one killed last evening, coming swiftly but steadily. It was an easy shot and I was on the very point of pulling when suddenly, from the creature's nose, blazed out a light as brilliant as, and closely resembling that of, the big tropical fire-fly (Glater). Turning to our side the Bat next plunged directly into the ~~woods~~ Cacao grove which borders the river and for the distance of fifty yards or more it wound its way through, ~~that~~ merely among, the foliage many of the leaves of which were for an instant distinctly and rather brightly illuminated as is the case when an Explorer uses his lamp to find his way amid the trees. Here is evidently something worth investigating for it will be remembered that Hutton and I were both satisfied that a phosphorescent light issued from the mouth of the big Bat which I shot at Caparo. On that occasion the creature emitted the light when it wounded and flopping about on the ground at one feet. Of course it is possible that the Bat open to night was bearing an Glater in his teeth. Chapman also saw the light which he ascribed me that I quite forgot that I held a gun in my hands.

A Bat
with a
head-light!

1894.

April 7

Cousa

A heavenly morning of the dry season type, clear and perfectly calm up to eight o'clock after which the trade wind rose bringing clouds and later in the day some brisk showers.

It was my last morning at Cousa Bickfold and I rose, as usual, at daybreak and had a plunge in the deliciously cool and perfectly transparent water of the little pool below the house where the grass with sand colored fishes appeared about us and rose at the bubbles like trout. Not a leaf stirred on the steep mountain side above us. The whole valley was filled with a strong, clear light, free from glare and casting no shadows yet bringing out every detail of the wonderful, tropical vegetation with startling distinctness. The fronds of the palms and the great, indented leaves of the bread nut trees were glistening with dew. The air was fresh and invigorating yet in a peculiarly soft and charged with a hundred delicate little odors. The calls and songs of scores of birds rang out from far and near. Among them I noted the wild, ringing chant of Basileuterus, the sweet, Canary-like trill of the little Cop-bird, the loud, monotonous howl of Dendrocincla, the rich, voluptuous song of Cyrtolais, and the fine zeig notes of Couba. Occasionally the rich fluting of a Guin (Muscivora gymnotus) came from a distant cacao grove up the ravine, reminding me home and the song of our Robin in cherry time. But after a little a hush fell on the valley and scarce a bird could be heard. It was now their feeding time.

Trinidad, P. W. I.
Carra to Tacarigua

1894.
April 7
(No 2)

The sun had just risen above the mountains a morning and began to flood our little world with its cheering side down rays when after a hurried breakfast I said good bye to Chapman and Bickford and I mounting our mules rode down the valley. Its beauty impressed me even more than when I drove up from Tacarigua four days ago. Then it was late afternoon with a lowering sky. Now we had the freshness of early morning and the contrast of sunlight and shadow. The only drawback was the lack of time for of course we had to press steadily on. One should have wells to spend along that road, studying and drinking in the beauties of each stretch of river, or group of palms or bamboos, or wild mountain side hung with vines. As it was one succeeded another in rapid succession until my brain fairly reeled with the numberless vivid impressions which it tried in vain to classify and store away for the future. It was in a way like seeing the whole of Europe in an hour, if such a thing were possible.

Bickford accompanied me for the first four miles and then turned back leaving me to make the rest of the distance alone. I reached Tacarigua at eleven o'clock and took the 11.20 train for Port of Spain.

During this ride I heard and saw innumerable birds but nothing of peculiar interest except a Toucan which was colking steadily near the 2 mile post (2 1/2 miles up the valley from Tacarigua) and a Cuckoo which took a long broad blade of green grass into the top of a tree where it doubtless was building its nest.

1894

April 7
(No 3)

which, however, I could not be on account of
the density of the foliage.

I had an opportunity to learn something more
of the general appearance and ways of the little
thing for a Ceryle americana for at one of the
fords where the road followed the bed of the
stream for a distance of 100 yards or more we
started one of these birds and down to us before
us. As it flew from tree to tree, keeping all the
while just beyond gun range, I was interested to
observe how closely it resembled our Ceryle alcyon in
flight, manner of preening, etc. It usually alighted
on dead or at least leafless branches over the water.

One of the very commonest birds in this valley is
the Red-eyed Vireo, V. agilis. I must have heard at
least twenty singing this morning. The song is
very nearly like that of V. olivaceus but is delivered more
slowly with distinct pauses between the notes which are
also fuller than those of olivaceus. The low returning
or holding cry is also much the same in the
two species. There seems to be good reason for calling
this tropical form "agilis" for it is a more alert
and active bird than our species.

As our train was ~~crossing~~ the Carine Swamp a
Least Bittern rose from a bed of tall reeds within
fifteen yards of the track and took a short flight
giving us a clear view of its characteristic markings.
It was a male in full plumage.

1894.
April 8-12

Port-of-Spain.

I spent these four days at the Family Hotel in Port-of-Spain. Most of my time was devoted to preparations for departure, social calls and dinners, etc. but I drove to Blue Basin, six miles north of town, on the 10th and visited the Botanic Garden for the last time on the 12th, taking a number of photographs on both occasions. I also made a number of pictures of the Black Vultures about the market and on house-tops.

I saw no birds new to me save a large Kite, dark above and white beneath, which was soaring high in air above the Blue Basin and even this was very probably the same as a Kite which Chapman & I saw one morning early in March near Mr. Warner's house at Princetown.

There are many small birds in the gardens and parks of Port-of-Spain and still more in the Botanic Garden. The commonest are the Blue Tanager, the Palmistes, the Black Tanager, Pitangus, Geothlypis rubra, the Kill Bird (Crotophaga auri, confine chiefly to the Savanna and the Garden), Cyclopsis, Microla gypsastris atkinsoni and Glauclidium. The last is really abundant in the Garden and I frequently heard its notes as it was sitting in my room in the Family Hotel.

The Hurky Gull appears to share this part of the island for I did not see one anywhere near the city, nor even during the drive to Blue Basin.

Swifts (large & small) and Bats (Molossus obscurus) appear and fly about in extraordinary numbers over the city at evening.

1897

April 8-12

(No. 2)

I quite forgot one bird which I saw here for the first time a Martin (Progne chalybea) of which I noticed a large flock flying high, one afternoon, over the Savanna. They looked ^{rather} much like our species but appeared to be lighter-colored beneath.

Just after a shower one evening hundreds of Tike birds scattered about over the Savanna were engaged in catching flying insects. Their manner of seen plucking this was most peculiar and interesting. They sprang from the ground directly upward to the height of from one to three feet and then sailed down to the ground again on a gentle decline. Both wings and tail were wide spread while the bird was in the air but I could not see that the wings were flapped even during the upward spring. The usual gait of the Tike bird is a slow walk not unlike that of our Leucolus but more clumsy and labored, the tail carried high very like the Grackles. Not infrequently the bird will run four or five yards, its body flattened close to the ground, the tail carried low - a peculiar gliding run which constantly reminded me of that of a lizard. As a rule they are silent birds but when once they begin catching they make a great clamor.

Habit of
Catophaga

Port of Spain to Guaymas

1894.

April 13

At 5 P.M. yesterday I went aboard the Corib Prince in company with a Mr. Fortune (from Memphis) who is to be one of my fellow passengers to New York. The steamer proves to be small and not pretentious. She is very deeply loaded with asphalt, sugar, cacao etc. We expected to sail at 7 P.M. but lay at anchor all night talking in more freight than docking engines making such a racket that we can get much sleep.

When I looked out through my port hole at sunrise this morning we were passing through one of the smaller Bocas and soon afterwards were out in the open sea where a trifling cross swell caused our little ship to roll heavily. Most of the day was consumed in crossing to Guaymas which we reached at about 4 P.M. anchoring for an hour or so just outside the harbor and then resuming our voyage.

When about midway between the two islands we saw hundreds of birds chiefly Booby Gannets with a few Gannets of larger size and nearly all white, some Audubon's Shearwaters, a very few Frigate Birds and two or three Wilson's Petrels, the last following in the wake of the ship for an hour or more.

I did not land on Guaymas but it looked most attractive. ~~The~~ ^{It} has the first background of mountains that I have seen near any of the West Indian landings - high, cone-shaped peaks unbroken, during our brief stay, in clouds or dense mist. Most of the island is covered with trees and there is one little sugar cane farm or fin *Scaevola taccada* & a few trees (regia?) flying off the coast.

St. Vincent to Guadaloupe

1894.

April 14

At breakfast time this morning we were off St. Vincent some six or eight miles from shore. There was a good many birds in sight most of them Sooty Terns which were assembled in flocks over spots where they must have discovered schools of fish for they kept plunging down into the water like terns. There were also a few Wedge-tailed Shearwaters and an occasional Frigate Bird.

Flying fish were more numerous than I have ever seen them before. They kept rising in great numbers or flocks and skimming off in every direction to escape our steamer. For two hours or more they were constantly in sight but after twelve o'clock I did not see one.

Off the northern end of St. Vincent but several miles from the land I saw four birds new to me. They were either Sooty or Bridled Terns. They passed within two yards of the steamer & occasionally bowed & plunged for fish. I thought I heard one of them utter a soft *iee* it was more like *tee* & *tee* than *iee*.

The afternoon was consumed in passing Dominica and the open water to the northward. We ran close in shore and had a much finer view of this island than when we passed it last month for to-day the mountains were free from clouds and the air was very transparent. It is certainly the most beautiful of the Windward Islands.

1894

April 14

(No 2)

During the whole time that we spent in crossing the channel between Dominica and Guadalupe the wind, for the first time since I reached the West Indies was west but it was very light and the sea very calm.

We saw in this channel a small school of Black Fish, a very large school of Porpoises, and a Tropic Bird. The last, like the two that I saw on my way down the islands, rose apparently from the surface of the sea and mounting to a height of about 100 ft flew straight away out of sight. I was again struck by the resemblance of the flight to that of a Domestic Pigeon but the wings are more even feathered than the Pigeon's. The tail was closed, the neck shortened.

St. Christopher to Sombroso & beyond.

1894

April 15

A clear day with light, but steady westerly wind from about 9 A.M. to sunset, a most unusual condition here at this season according to our Captain.


At sunrise an view off the western end of St. Christopher whose slender, tapering volcanic peaks were wholly free from clouds or haze and stood out in bold relief against the clear, pale blue sky.

A little later we passed St. Eustace: within half a mile or less the western shore of this small island is bounded by cliffs of apparently three or four hundred feet in height in which a number of Tropic Birds were evidently breeding for they kept coming and going to & from the open sea rising as they approached the cliff and disappearing from sight as they shot into the dense shadows of its narrow crevices and overhanging ledges. From two or three to six or eight were constantly in sight about this cliff.

A mile or two beyond we passed or started others that were floating on the surface of the ocean. They sat very still and held their long tails rather high ~~and~~ and pointing out perfectly straight behind. They rose with some slight difficulty ~~using~~ both feet & wings for the first yard or two in the manner of a Shearwater (it was dead calm at the time). After they had fairly cleared the surface their elongated tail feathers, to my surprise, drooped ~~down~~ ^{down} for the next thirty yards or so puffing out straight, however, at each beat of the wings. After the bird had flown one hundred yards and acquired

At sea off Sombroso and to the northward.

1894.
April 18-
(No 2.)

full headway the tail invariably assumed a horizontal position, streaming out behind most graceful in one foot line with the body. 

All of these tropic birds which passed sufficiently near the steamer to enable me to distinguish colors with certainty had the bill of a bright coral red.

Off Sombroso they I saw upwards of fifty terns with brown backs and white underparts, evidently either Sooty or Bridled terns. They were hovering in an excited throng over a spot where some large fish were breaking and kept plunging down, one after another, in quick succession, precisely as our New England terns ~~do~~ have and plunge over a school of blue fish.

There were also a good many small Puffins, *P. andersoni* doubtless, about Sombroso and between that island and St. Intransiers.

Ten or fifteen miles to the northward of Sombroso I observed, for the first time, half a dozen or more Wilson's Petrels following the walls of our steamer. They kept so closely under the stern that it is possible that they may have been with us ever since they first joined us in the channel between Trinidad and Granada but I do not think that this has really been the case.

We had a fine sunset, the sea very calm, with three shining pathways radiating from the ship towards as many white clouds low down in the East from which the light was reflected - a phenomenon new to me.

Water Birds of the West Indies

1894

April 15
(in 3)

Now that I am on the point of leaving the West Indies it occurs to me to enter a few general comments on the water birds which I have seen. They have been very few in number both as regards species and individuals, a fact which is doubtless due to the great depth of the water, even very near the islands, and the consequent scarcity or lack of feeding grounds. In many of the harbors and along most of the leeward shore I did not see a single bird of any kind and at the most there would be only a few Brown Pelicans and now and then a Royal Tern or two. The only Gulls which I saw anywhere were a single bird, which I took to be a Herring Gull, at Port-of-Spain, and three or four Black-heads (Chroicocephalus atricollis) at Granada. Booby Gannets and Tropic Birds kept well off shore as a rule and were nowhere very numerous. There were a good many Frigate Birds about Mons (Trinidad) and the neighboring waters but they were very scarce elsewhere. I saw the white Sula piscator (?) only near Soroburo this afternoon about midway between Trinidad and Granada on the 13th and the Sooty Tern also on only two occasions, yesterday & to-day.

Perhaps the commonest and most generally-distributed bird of these seas is the Dusky Shearwater (P. auduboni). Scarcely a day has passed actually at sea when I have not noted a dozen or more and frequently two or three hundred have been seen in the course of a few hours.

Oceanites oceanica completes the list which numbers in all only ten species!

At Sea.

Noon Observation Lat. $21^{\circ} 30'$; Lon. $64^{\circ} 51'$; run 223 miles.

1894

April 16

A clear, fine day the wind north-east up to 10 a.m. afterwards north to north-west with a long, heavy swell from the same direction which caused our small and overloaded ship to labor somewhat and drove several of the passengers to their state-rooms.

Although so beautiful the day dragged wearily, at least for me. There were no birds, save three or four Wilson's Petrels following steadily in our wake and I saw but one flying fish. Sargasso weed was in light masses of the trim but there were no great masses of it. The sea is still very blue the north wind has the slightest possible tinge of that crisp coolness peculiar to the North.

Among all ~~my~~ ^{fellows} ~~passengers~~ passengers there is but one who is at all interesting a Mr. Pollock from Memphis, Tennessee. He has been in nearly every country on the globe and has much to say about India where he spent five years.

Noon observation: lat 24° 52'; long. 66° 16'; run 218 miles

1894.
April 17

Clear with a strong but steady south wind and a rugged but not really heavy sea through and against which one deeply laden ship has struggled slowly on.

The water continues of a deep, rich blue and its surface is everywhere studded with floating fragments of the brownish orange Sargassum weed.

I have not seen a bird of any kind all day. Even the Wilson's Petrels have deserted us. There have been a few Flying Fish most of them big fellows - much larger in fact than any that we saw among the islands.

Since leaving Sombress we not met nor passed a vessel of any kind. Indeed we seem to have the whole ocean to ourselves.

The air has been cool all day, indeed chilly at times and we now find human sweaters comfortable if not necessary.

Several of the passengers are taking pets with them. We have on board at least three Yellow-headed Parrots, two large Orioles (*Icterus icterus*), a Monkey (the small gray species found on Kin-del), and an Agouti. The last-named is very tame and gentle and is led about the deck on a chain. It reminds me strongly of a Guinea Pig in its attitudes and general behavior.

1894.
April 18

Noon observation: Lat. $28^{\circ} 03'$; Long. ; run 205 miles

Weather practically the same as yesterday but with one stronger head wind and a rougher sea. What has become of the trade wind? Our captain shakes his head when I ask the question and says that this westerly weather is simply unprecedented in his experience. The wind has not been fairly in the East or, indeed, much to the S. of North since we left St. Kitts.

The sea has been very blue all day with an abundance of *Sargassum* weed sometimes occurring in rafts of several yards square.

Flying fish have been very scarce. Indeed I have seen ~~not~~ more than four or five but these have all been large fellows - as large as large Mackerel. The larger the fish the longer its flight - as a rule. One of those seen to day, flew at least 300 yards rising over the tops of the waves and descending into the hollows, following the undulations of the water very closely much in the manner of a Shearwater for which, indeed, I at first mistook it.

The only bird seen to-day was a solitary Wilson's Petrel which, just before sunset, crossed our bows heading westward. It is curious that none of these little Petrels have followed our wake but I have looked for them at different times in vain.

At Sea.

Noon observation; Lat., $31^{\circ}05'$; Lon., $68^{\circ}03'$; run 196 miles.

1894

April 19

The wind hauled more to the eastward this morning giving us a roll instead of a pitch but otherwise there was no change in the weather which continues remarkably firm. The color of the sea is paler and duller than it was yesterday and we have seen much less Sargassum weed. The blue of the sky is also fading perceptibly.

There were no Petrels following the ship but I saw one, early in the morning, crossing the bows. At about the same time an immature Herring Gull paid us a visit and cycled over our wake finally alighting to feed on something that had been thrown overboard.

Just before breakfast, as I was standing on the deck talking with Mr. Fortune, the machinery stopped very suddenly after a loud clatter. The next moment clouds of black, ill-smelling smoke poured up from the engine room and penetrated to every part of the ship. The passengers were no doubt all more or less alarmed but they behaved extremely well and for some time no one moved and no questions were asked, but presently the news spread that we had burnt out one of the fires of the boiler and that we should not be long delayed by the necessary repairs which, indeed, were completed within half an hour. In the meantime the steamer drifted off sideways before the wind, rolling heavily. The perfect silence and entire absence of vibration were very impressive.

Noon observation.

1894.

April 20

When I came on deck at 7 o'clock this morning the sea was perfectly calm with a long slow swell running from E. to W. The sky was cloudless, the sunshine warm, the breeze chilly. It was a typical northern sky and sea without a trace of the tender and rich coloring of the tropics which I fear I shall miss badly, now. There was also no ~~Sargassum~~ weed - not the smallest fragment.

Two or three Herring Gulls and a swarm of Wilson's Petrels - at least a dozen - were following the wake of the steamer and most of them are still with us (it is now noon)

Early in the afternoon we entered the Gulf Stream. Fortunately a fresh S. W. breeze had risen and, blowing with the stream, made the water comparatively calm so that up to ten o'clock there was but little motion. Boats on the ship labored a good deal and most of the passengers passed a bad night in consequence.

Dead Puckering at noon.

1894.

April 21

Most of the day cloudy with a fresh S.W. wind and rugged, following sea. Late in the afternoon the sun came out and the wind changed to West. There were several heavy showers during the day.

When I came on deck at 8 o'clock at least fifty Wilson's Petrels were following our wake and still others were flying about aimlessly over the ocean. I have never seen so many at one time before. They followed us during the entire forenoon and up to about 3 P.M. after which I saw only an occasional straggler.

In the early morning there was also a fine Pomarine Jaeger following the ship and behaving precisely like a Gull coming up to within 25 yds. of the stern at times and when any food was thrown overboard alighting on the water to eat it, in this way often following a mile or more astern but quickly overtaking us again. I made out the characteristic shape of the elongated tail feathers by the aid of my glass & with perfect certainty. This bird followed us for an hour or more.

Soon after the Pomarine Jaeger left us an overprint by five smaller birds which I took to be Long-tailed Jaes Richardson's Jaegers. They resembled the Pomarine closely in general behavior & appearance & kept with us during the remainder of the forenoon. All these Jaegers are curiously intermediate in flight - as well as in certain other respects - between

1894.

April 21

(No 2)

Falcons and Gulls. Their flight is finer and lighter and the beat of their wings more nervous and rapid than that of the Gull which, however, then resemble very closely in other respects especially in their manner of circling and of alighting, on and rising from the water. I did not hear any of them either any sound. The ship was about 130 miles from land at the time they were with us.

During the day I saw but one Gull. It was, I think, a Kittiwake but I neglected to make note of this. It followed our walk for about half an hour.

Cambridge, Mass.

1894.
May 30

Late this afternoon I took a walk over ground which I have not visited before at this season for upwards of twenty years past. The high ground bordering the Charles River includes on the Coolidge farm and the Cambridge Cemetery, Cambridge. I started at 5 o'clock and did not get back until 7.

The afternoon was breezy with a good deal of wind but birds were singing fairly well.

I heard three Redstarts on North St. and a fourth in the Cemetery, four Warbling vireos between our place and the Hospital and a fifth on the Hayes place, ten Song Sparrows between the Salt creek just beyond the Hospital and the further (W.) extremity of the Cemetery, and at least six Red-winged Blackbirds scattered about on the river marshes where they were widely feeding in the water weeds choosing food.

There were three or four Kingbirds perched on the limbs of the old buttonwoods on the round-topped knoll just beyond the creek and a pair of Flickers had a nest in one of these trees.

In the Cemetery I heard nothing but the Redstart and Song Sparrows. but there must be ^{also} more birds than I should think.

The most interesting observation of all was the finding of a pair of Orchard Orioles which acted as if they had a nest in one of the wild apple trees near the southern end of the knoll beyond the creek on the Joseph Coolidge farm. I saw the female twice in the Cemetery, once above in a willow on the edge of the marsh, once with the male in a burn cherry. On both occasions she flew back to the wild apple on the knoll. The male was an adult in rich chestnut & black plumage. He did not sing but both he & the female gave the Blackbird-like chatter repeatedly.

Orchard
Orioles

Cambridge, Mass.

1874

June 13

I took a walk this evening to the old Brickyard swamp in the hope of hearing a Chat which I have found there the other day in the thickets between the N. & S. Mass. R.R. and the clay pits. The bird was either absent or we had heard of so, or of other interesting things.

Evening walk
to the Brick
Yard Swamp

The greedy Stear Thrush has eaten up at least nine tenths of these very old and rich thicket grounds and so far, all drained the water in that the character of the place & its fauna are materially changed. The low water meadows are now either gone or buried beneath the foliage of a variety of tall, rank growths among which I could not see wild cherries and Viburnums. The place was chiefly alive with Yellow Warblers and Song Sparrows but I heard neither Red-wings nor Swamp Sparrows. It is probably the day for them.

A Kingfisher and a Green Heron flew over the swamp as I stood looking out it loudly, thinking of the good old days when it harbored Ducks, Snipe and Rails in numbers that I shall never see hereabouts again.

The little pond where I shot my first Duck (a Pintail) and Florida Yellowlegs is still unchanged save by the growth of the surrounding trees & bushes but the stream thence is already eating its way under its eastern edge where the water is held back by an embankment. A Red-wing & Mayfield Yellow Warbler were singing here.

In the swamp below Mr. Smith's place on Foxgown St. I found another Red-wing and among the apple trees in the breeding pasture on Orchard St. was in full song.

Trip to Mt. Moosilauke, N.H.

1894

June 15

After Mass. - Colchester. I left Boston this morning
 by the 9:00 am train for Colchester where I arrived
 Monday. I walked on down Colchester from the station
 looking for the rocks especially the ones of Middle
 Devonian. I reached North Colchester at 1:30 P.M. when I learned
 that my trunk was sent on to Keene. I was with
 the rocks but went for the trunk which I had
 sent with the trunk. I was disappointed to find
 that the trunk did not contain the material I had
 sent there in the trunk. I had sent the trunk in a
 little yellow field with some and arranged a
 pile of fine, medium, fine, medium, large and yellow
 shales etc. There was a cold spring near the well
 a very large winding tree through the opening of
 the, Mount Mansfield, West Hill, Middle Devonian, Middle Devonian
 shales, Middle Devonian shales, Middle Devonian shales and
 two or three other species. I do not recall
 names about me as they were at hand. There was
 at least a dozen specimens in each case. The shales
 besides one had several specimens. I was a great
 pleasure to see the specimens of the Middle Devonian
 shales, for they had a lot of fossils, fossils, fossils,
 including a fine, fossil, which was seen there. I was
 extremely impressed by the freshness & preservation of the fossils
 in the trunk. In about a half hour I had about 100
 Middle Devonian shales, Middle Devonian shales, Middle Devonian shales,
 after supper at the hotel in Keene I traveled to
 the foot of Moosilauke where I went to sleep. I was
 in a pleasant dream in the night of the morning when I
 heard the singing of the morning cuckoo & thought that I
 was singing in the blue green pastures.

1894

June 16

Forenoon somewhat hazy, the sun gradually becoming very bright in the afternoon when wind died.

I walked at day break and found a Great red-tailed Flycatcher, a White Flycatcher, - Green, Black-throated, Hummingbird hanging round the house. There had been plenty of the latter birds, but the former species and a few Redwing were about the light.

I departed at 7.15 and started up the mountain a little after dawn. It is the usual to the top but the hills taken really three hours for the grades are so steeply that in many places round the road is far from good. The winds though in gusts from the point that I have seen here in the distance I got the first two miles, however for the next two through some growth with some cleared as the forest side part is wooded. The last mile is steep along the crest of a ridge which ascends not gradually to the highest point where a dense forest and strata are observed. This part is for the most part one of trees and rugged hillsides of rocks, *Quercus* and other hard vegetation covering but the *Pinus* *resinosa* *torreyana* *mill.* *blanckii* with a few yellow cedars *Juniperus* *horizontalis* *var.* *horizontalis* *var.* *horizontalis* *var. horizontalis* and *Pinus* *resinosa* *torreyana* *mill.* *blanckii* *var. horizontalis* and flows down the mountain slopes on every side the trees growing gradually taller and more abundant as they descend until, they are in a direction of approximately 3000 ft., they attain proportions nearly as good as those of their various kinds shall here be seen. There is not the humidity here there is but high in the evening and there are so rather and preceding that in many places they are naturally insupportable but only so

894

June 16

(No. 2)

100 ft. below the crest of the ridge, at least on the slope that
 there are fifty to sixty feet high and the ground small
 is often higher than the adjacent very good valley.
 It has been noted for the heavy pine that covers the
 lower half of the mountain, one of the finest which has
 kinds among the high mountains and in western Maine is
 pine, spruce, hemlock, yellow & purple birches, hickory, dogwood,
 etc. The flowers on the forest that I have seen here are
 and it is evident that our birds find here a suitable
 food and shelter among them. Indeed I think an
 indication that a high tree had once been cut here
 along the path of the carriage road. One of the yellow
 birches was also of great size and had fine fruit in
 abundance at the base. I walked through the woods in every
 way about the description of this forest. There was one
 I think, a single kind of tree which is not found
 at Umbagog.

The bird fauna of the mountain itself is indeed
 strikingly conspicuous. From the summit and to about
 1000 ft. below it are found only Chestnut thrushes, Junco
 only a very few, black throated bluebirds, black-bellied
 yellow-rumped warblers, & Pine Siskinets, etc. Scattered among
 over the top of the ridge of the mountain. The black-bellied thrush,
 black-jacks and yellow-rumps were not seen below about 700 ft.
 all the others extended down to Mansfield. It was here
 bluebirds above the 4th mile post at an elevation of
 probably about 3500 ft. One of them was perched on a
 stub, warbling.

Above 3500 ft. in total, in addition to some of the
 birds just named, Sawin's & Hermit among them,
 a Canada Warbler, a Kinglet (perhaps the Golden-crowned),

1894.

June 18

Breezy Point, New York, Sunday on Mt. Woodlark!

A hot, sultry day with thunder clouds hovering about during the afternoon and in the evening and through the night passing in a procession, as it were, over Merrill's house.

We started up the mountain at 7.30 a. m. Texas walking, Batchelder and I in the van. Birds were singing freely in spite of the heat. Batchelder shot five large Hare L. *unicolors* which hopped out into the road and began nibbling at the grass having no apparent attention to us or the hounds.

At an elevation of about 3000 ft. we began to see Dickcissel's Sparrows, and I got out and walked forward in searching for their nests in a very favorable place where there were some thickets of young fir growing in undergrowth to a growth of Spruce of 30 to 40 ft. in height. These birds were singing here and we located two others which we took to be females but we could find nothing but two old nests both evidently two of some kind of Sparrows and both built in small grass.

We finally became disengaged and started up the road turning into the woods where we heard a Chickadee's shrill chirping & looking about for its nest, also we noticed the birds were very numerous and small. I had a night hawk that light in the air - the first I saw since.

We reached the cold spring and saw and were obliged to keep to the left of the spring, and then I found a house built with the same birds near the spring. I shot several Sparrows, a few, which were full throated, Black-bills, Dickcissel's Sparrows were high in the air. The woodpeckers were very busy. The notes of the house sparrow came out faintly from the cold spring.

1894.

June 18

(182)

Awful Point, Warren, New Hampshire. Second day on Mt. Mansfield.

John and I started on the trail at 8 o'clock
- through a thick forest of spruce and fir on the
west of the ridge, above the highest water at our camp
overhanging rocks but only a little of them fell
and the snow has come out again. Mitchell's now joined
us in the wagon. He reported that it was very cold
on the summit of the mountain. He started down
soon after this. Patch's horse going on had a foot. I
rode as far as the head and feet above Merrill's
waited there for Foxon walking in the 40. snow in
the way with him. The woods were very beautiful in
the late afternoon light. The mountains were rising on every
side when we entered the upper part of the woods.

1894

June 19

Wolfsburg, N.H.

Intended to go hunting with the boys to-morrow.

I went to Wolfsburg this morning on the 10.30 train from Hanover to attend the annual meeting of the teachers of the academy. We received the note from the Vice-Principal - a sharp looking fellow dressed not more like one, a fine old bird.

In Wolfsburg I heard a *Merula* bird and a *Spizella* *g. pallida* singing in the woods near the school house and a *Prinella* *Physalis* in a thicket near the academy grounds. The Purple Martins here apparently increased since my last visit in 1892. Their nests were well filled with them at home. There were nests in two or three of the wood-piles. I saw the Martins alight and feed for some time in the yard from the wire fence rails, sitting among the pine-apple leaves. Many bright-colored ones by quantities were incessantly over the eastern edge of the town. I heard no House Wrens this year.

July 20

I left Wolfsburg this morning at 9 o'clock and after a trip around the head of the lake in the afternoon took a train from the Wines for Hanover about 1 o'clock about 1 P.M. In coming over the hills I heard several *Spizella* birds & some *Physalis*.

Merrillville N.H.

On reaching the town I found that Colchester & Paxon were absent on the mountain. They returned a little before dark. Paxon, who walked home, reported seeing a small flock of White-winged Woodpeckers near the summit and seeing two Wood Thrushes flying over the ridge at the base of the mountain a mile above Merrill at about 2 o'clock.

1894

June 21

Brewy Point, Warner, ~~Washington~~, N.H.

They were well dressed and were to see the forest.

Just after breakfast a small flock of ~~blackbirds~~ ~~with~~
a little way down the bank and ~~then~~ and ~~then~~ ~~in~~
hills of them. He found two birds, a male and female,
in some long grass to the left of the ~~hills~~. They were
very tame allowing us to approach to within 25 yards.
The ♂ was feeding rather ~~as~~ ~~if~~ ~~it~~ ~~was~~ ~~a~~ ~~kind~~ ~~of~~ ~~game~~, the
♀ but ~~was~~ ~~on~~ ~~a~~ ~~bank~~ ~~about~~ ~~100~~ ~~yards~~ ~~away~~
they called to each other at short intervals ~~through~~ ~~the~~
the first flicker. The "first" flicker had changed its
hue for full bright ~~sun~~. At length the ♂ flew
out into a pasture and alighted on a stump where the
was joined by a third bird which we had not seen
before. The ♂ remained in this open ~~space~~ ~~where~~ ~~we~~ ~~had~~
been first. He could not make out either the
Woodpecker was old or young. He found in the tree
they kept moving their heads about and ~~pecking~~ ~~the~~
till informed - a very tall ~~column~~ ~~as~~ ~~if~~ ~~it~~ ~~were~~
occasionally one of them would call ~~loud~~, ~~loud~~, ~~loud~~ ~~in~~
very loudly a great number of times. This note was
called a ~~note~~. It is rather low ~~in~~ ~~pitch~~ ~~in~~ ~~pitch~~.

After having the Woodpecker we took a road down
to the river which we crossed by a ~~diverted~~ ~~bridge~~ ~~and~~
recovered, down, by a foot bridge, ~~which~~ ~~there~~ ~~is~~
a pretty, winding foot-path leading from this bridge ~~and~~
to the hotel, first along the river, then up a steep hillside
and through ~~many~~ ~~places~~. The river flows through a
deep ~~river~~ ~~and~~ ~~is~~ ~~not~~ ~~wide~~ ~~with~~ ~~rapids~~ ~~&~~ ~~waterfalls~~.
A ~~small~~ ~~dam~~ ~~was~~ ~~built~~ ~~near~~ ~~the~~ ~~foot~~ ~~bridge~~.

1894.

June 22

Brewer Point, W. Va., U.S. (Third trip up Mountaineer). ~~1894.~~

At five o'clock this morning the sky red and
at times with cumulous clouds

We all went up the mountain together starting at
7:30 a.m. Fagan walked and watched her and I look
to the summit where he took up his traps which
I collected a quantity of Mountain warblers and decided
to take back to Cambridge. In the distance of a mile
we saw a road but with nearly every hour made it very
pleasant on the mountain top but the more distant
views were obscured by haze. The warblers were falling
about among the rocks and in some bushes, few were
wintering. As I lay stretched out on the top except
the warblers and some birds flying off to the westward
the songs and calls of the warblers came mostly
from the lower parts which seemed to indicate a
rainy day. The birds were also heard occasionally.

Butcher's hawk is about a dozen small mammals
including weasels, hystoxys and blains. The rest is difficult.
The most abundant species was, he also found a mouse
in one of the traps and saw it to me.

At about 11 a.m. we started down the ridge. Near the
point where the road leaves it and descends to the
cold spring I had found, on the 16th, many birds
but empty nest which they would have seen in
October 15. That a bird's nest should be two birds
this afternoon, a nest and a nest apparently, in the
same place. The nest was very fresh; the birds were

10 Snowy Plover, Warren, V. H. Third bird up Mt. Morris, and:

1894

June 21

(No 2)

about twenty to three feet high and showing no signs of being
when we approached the nest.
After we reached the place to see this bird we were
was found in the bushes but was seen as we were within
feet of the nest it was seen to jump from the nest over the
middle of the hill of trees and to come to the ground below
the nest and that of the other female jumping when it was
seen in the bushes we both went out in our usual
directions, but a distance of about 100 yards. In the bushes
observed, it walked the ground and looked again very alertly.
The bird sat almost perfectly motionless in the bushes,
with the exception, but we could not call it with the bird
held toward the nest. It jumped up and down with its
wings up and down. It looked very much as if it were
for that the open ground the eye was nearly level and
the bird was very low then appeared to be on a small nest
of a nest behind the eye on the mountain. Again we
approached to a small nest three which was a little
smaller than the nest we had seen and was not seen
from the tree in which the nest was placed. It was
nest was seen just above the ground the top of the
mountain bird was a three that was seen just
level with the sitting bird. It is possible that the bird
we could hardly see through the bushes quite as clearly
so if we had held her in our hands and we followed
ourself around the lowest shadows & least that the
was a tree Picknell's Thrush. After we had looked
down as we cared to I stepped down beneath her and
touching up touched the wings about the nest with the
muscle of my shooting pistol, but this failed to
her and it was not until I saw it the then gently that

Brown Point, Wares, V.H. - third trip up Mt Woodcock

1896.
June 22
(No 3)

The first night the nest, the few times I had been
down the side of you are flying, a whole lot of
disappeared among the trees. For several minutes
we did not see one again but at another the appeared the
and behind us taking their flight from head to head,
approaching us slowly, when we remained perfectly motionless, watching
them in the distance. During most of this time the last bird
flew but then a pair the attend a procession of two or three
birds, one of them as the characteristic squawk, another a
soft pip or peep, so many all that of L. bairdii that
we could not detect much difference. Another time we
saw one least this week before to-day but I was not
able to get a shot of the bird and told me that he would
then was in this nest in the thicket. The bird was
singing to me I finally shot her but she proved to be
a bird with much resemblance. On looking in after the
found that she had laid all her eggs. Although the bird
appeared to be there, she was perfectly fresh, another had
the yolk slightly shriveled with blood, in the third an embryo
had already begun to form. This would indicate that the
bird began sitting as soon as the first egg was laid - a
necessary precaution, doubtless, on this old egg and
moment her brood.

The nest was built in a hollow about two feet in the
wood main part above the ground on a short upright wood
pin which came from the main stem. It was in no way
concealed and could be seen from a distance of several
yards on any side. The sitting was not used anything of
the male bird being, this second visit, on the 16th
42 yds. in to do yards from the nest. The nest was
composed mostly of old wood with a mixture of other things.

Braery Point, Warren, N.H. - third trip up Mt. Woodville.

1874
June 24
(No 4)

Along the upper edge of the rock when the wind was from
north-west, being over the crest of the ridge. The trees were scattered
and scattered together but there should be some ever trees to
higher part in light and of varying amount being scattered
if, as is probable, they are of small height of, they are
some much dwarfed. A small pine was observed in these woods.
There do not appear, indeed, to be small scattered ever trees

but in the day after reaching at the old house where
we were observed by Leonard & George, had seen a large one
I walked down the mountain to Merrill's stopping in a
down a narrow path the place where - from the Westcott
Pond on the 18th, and searching my way gradually to the
crest crossing the dense thickets of young spruces which were
in number south to a cotton tree stands of *Myrica* etc. being
30 to 40 ft in height of spruces and alders. He had on
Merrill's bench and in the middle of the dense thicket
that was found only one old nest, the nest which we saw
seen here. All there was in a hollow opening, the nest
only two feet, the in fact about being set, above the ground
on the lateral branches close to the main stems. In the woods
where I took the nest with eggs or found no old nest,
evidently a female's and doubtless a Wilson's thrush, near
the end of a horizontal branch about 2 ft. in diam. to
ground and few feet from the trunk of the tree the nest
extended out into an open space and was on sand which
found it without being the nest.

On the 18th had with Merrill's some spruces and a pine
during the day. There is one on the upper part of the mountain
to be seen in the same vicinity. I was seen on the 18th
to see the nest in the middle. It was not seen until
at a distance the nest was seen, and the place of the nest
was not seen until the 18th when it was seen in a small thicket.

Brewer Point, Warren, N.H. - Third trip up Mt. Washington, N.H.

1894.

June 24

(1805)

This morning I started out on the young volcano at an elevation of about 3500 feet. I stumbled on a nest of the Black-foot Warbler. It was built just 37 inches above the ground on a stem round as a pin and lying dead down. The fringe of the open wood although that year afforded the nest with little but it was beautifully concealed by the spreading, supple branches of a little balsam which extended out down about 2. A few of the very leaves, for a few feet, had shot up about and through the dense covering a bush that was happening to be in the way of the nest. I saw the bird get up among the balsams. Following down upon the forest block wall, or somewhat, but did not see him, and consequently, stumbled on the forest and like that I took her at first for a nest. He was already there allowing me to get within ten or fifteen feet of the nest sitting about close to the ground pretending to just just as does the female among sparrows when they are near their nest. The intention was to observe that I felt sure at once that this warbler had just left the nest but I had to look for it very carefully before I found it. I after words returned to the same place to find the bird sitting beside the nest sitting with the legs moving the head about as rapidly as a clock. This is good as to the nest as being visible. I was troubled for a few moments as he could see his eggs. He then began sitting lowly, as he was with his legs and wings, sitting, sitting, about among the balsams pretending to catch insects. He did not even chirp nor move in any way that the nest was known. I finally, after a few minutes, decided to leave the nest as it was and went. The two birds had their only nest in the field.

1894
June 24
1805

Osney Mead, Oxford, U.K.

1894.

June 23

Another fine, warm day, very heavy, however, with a heavy
fog in the air.

My birds, eggs & notes kept in a steady, unbroken
series, just after tea, I saw a bird I called down
the valley in better view than a mile, following the road.
Was this English? Well, I know the house the bird seems
always quite decidedly and strongly, and this is the
English bird, Great Flycatcher, British Birds and
Shrikes, some of which seem to occur about 10 miles, some
occasional. He heard all of them - all the birds and
eight and also a loud "cree" through the road
I hope about in a "Sugar orchard".

While standing in the road on the edge of this area of woods
it occurred to me to try the effect of an imitation of the
call of *Thrasidion* which, as I pointed out, is seen to attract
and attract about the whole of the small birds of the
neighbourhood. To my own small surprise it worked equally
well here. Indeed the effect was better than I had
for about it to first all the birds here, then Great
Flycatcher and a Robin came towards me - in
fact I thought I had better try the *Thrasidion*
when notes given it and it did as if
had discovered and started to its nest and going
half a mile further on I found the important species
of Great Flycatcher which had just come to bed in the
isolated apple tree after taking its last long flight towards
the bird began whistling and made all the sound
call it started down towards me and then turned
the success of this experiment seems to be a great

Small birds
attracted by
imitation
of the note
of *Thrasidion*

Travy Point, Warren, Vt

1894

June 23

(No 2)

Sagittaria (Wearing a Saw-whet Owl at S. Underly, in May, 1896 for the first time I was struck by the resemblance is call bore to that of Glaucidium. Perhaps the birds at Warren mistake my imitation for the note of H. a. a. a.)

The few flies were out in great force in night. They seemed to be abundant mainly over the whole valley and were quite so numerous over the more elevated fields as in the meadows and woods but they appeared abundant only in the bottom part where they were not abundant above this point.

It was told that the Procyon was seen a mile below Ferrisville and that Procyon was there also but we have not found other signs of yet. The abundance of Procyon is said to be 1800.

June 24

Cloudy and cold with strong W. S. wind.

I spent most of the day in the house writing. After tea Farrow & I walked up the road to the second bridge and back. Very few birds were singing except Thrushes of which we heard a number.

1894

Sawney Point, Warren, N.H.

June 25

Very weather at times clear and hot at others
cloudy with light showers.

Faxon started to explore the Woodstock road this
morning and followed it over the crest of Mt. Cushman
and half way down the other side. He found a
lot of interesting birds among them a number (he
heard seven different males singing) of Mourning Warblers
in Spruce land at the western base of the mountain.
I accompanied him nearly to this point and then
turned back spending most of the forenoon writing
sitting on a log by the roadside near the bridge
across the river. Hearing a Black throated Blue Warbler Nest of
sing a number of times in the same place X) Caerulivox
we I went to the spot and almost immediately
saw the nest which was placed just $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches above
the ground near the top of a little Spruce sapling
which stood alone in a small opening surrounded
by young Spruces & maples & birches on a knoll near
the road. There were three young birds fully feathered
& about to leave and (as I afterwards ascertained,
an added egg. The ♀ parent was perched in a
crouching position just above the nest and remained
thus, perfectly immovable, for a minute or more
when I stopped toward & started her. She & the
male then came flitting about me singing exactly
like Snow-birds. In the afternoon when I took
Faxon to see this nest we found that one of
the young had gone. The other two were missing on
the morning of the 27th but the old ones
still remain together in the nest.

Brown Point, Western 24

1894

June 25

(No 2)

In the afternoon I walked down to the river
with Foster who left me at the bridge. I then took
the foot path over the foot bridge and found no
more or more sitting on the rocks - all the water only
swirling. It was perhaps five o'clock when I started
up through the woods towards the hotel. Birds were
singing on every side now. I then had many
ideas in place contained. There were numbers of
Black & yellow Warblers, several Horned Larks, some
Red-wings, several Blue-black Grosbeaks and Yellow-rumped Thrush,
and several Redstarts. Finally I found a station. This
and shortly after a long, small Redwing, with me to
one side. I then, and then, it was the same.
I went to the tree to see if there was another.
I followed him about through the flowers
for nearly an hour sitting repeatedly within fifteen
twenty feet of him for he showed no sign of weariness.
He was very deliberate in his movements but kept hopping
and flitting from branch to branch and from tree to
tree keeping always in places and usually near the
ends of these lower branches catching insects on foot
but singing steadily in spite of these interruptions.
In the time given of woods & bushes, most was
singing fitfully. I thought that I would have caught
something near it.

After the flower I walked up the side behind the
house. The bird had scarcely set when a Redwing had
began nesting in the large maple grove.


L. Castanea

Brewy Point, Warren, N.H. - fourth trip up Mt. Moosilauke.

1894

June 26

7 moon clear and very warm. A heavy shower at 1.30 P.M. followed by light rain which continued until after dark.

We started up the mountain at 7.30 this morning, Taylor walking & riding with Mr. Merrill. We both took guns with the intention of shooting a few Billwell's Thrushes but the trip resulted in total failure. It was nearly ten o'clock when we reached the base of the mountain and began the tedious work of pushing our way through the wetted boulders. Taylor went down the slope at the head of the Job's-head Ravine & kept along the ridge above the spring. I found a nest of Billwell's Thrushes calling, I heard only them in all. Neither of us got so much as a fly for its wings, but we did see many big. The night as well have left the nest at home for we did not find a nest. I found a Thrush's nest unquestionably belonging to C. Billwell's in a low breeding hollow near the nest of the ridge. It was about two feet above the ground on a short vertical board close against the main stem which curved and directly over it . I did find it very effectively from the weather. I was not sure it was a nest. I was disappointed the evening being too cold pulled out by tomorrow. It was empty on the 22nd. I was much in every way. I had intended the nest with egg that I took on the 22nd.

J. A. Billwell

On this ridge I heard besides a Billwell's Thrush, two Yellow-bellied Flycatchers calling tē-tē incessantly, a Small Blue Kinglet, Junco, White-throats, Blue-jays and Yellow-rumped Warblers in some numbers and one what I think was a Black-eyed Crow. The walking was with difficulty & dangerous owing to the narrow curved holes among the boulders & the wetted smooth boulders.

Greasy Point, W. Va., 4th. South Fork of M. River

1894

June 26

(No 3)

As we sat at the spring about noon a dark shadow
fell to the left of the rock and soon a
bird was perched upon the bank. It was a small bird
and the note of a common yellow throat warbler on
the edge of the nest. It started down the mountain
side but we heard less than a mile before the stream
passed. You sat with great joy, and we were
to hear the notes of the bird from time to time
as it perched under our umbrellas until the
the mountain to the south side was sheer and
inconspicuous for it contained the same
the bird was a yellow throat warbler, and
the birds were abundant throughout the
the birds were abundant throughout the
the birds were abundant throughout the

It was 4 P.M. when we reached the house, and
we sat in a high chair or off to the
the birds were abundant throughout the

1894
June 27

Brewer Point, Warren, Vt.

1) hot, hotly dry with a heavy shade of rain in the P.M.

W. saw and I spent the whole afternoon in the best of woods between the Round Lake House and the river, before there was any more, passed through them in the best of paths but the day was so flooded there that the way of finding a number of paths which lead to all the better woods and houses into water under the trees - numerous - woods and fields were all the best. The floor was indeed very cold and wet under the floor. I saw several of Bull's quill and, in a hole, with a small table that would have been found nearly all the paper which one would find in the house. A found a great many birds - some were the King. Several birds were dead yesterday. But nothing was of any particular interest. A Black-burnian Warbler

Peculiar song of
D. Blackburnian

surprised us at first by his peculiar song; note - note - note - note - note all the notes on the same key without the usual high ending, the tone equally and emphatic.

We then went looking for a nest near a wood and found a nest, perhaps a week or so old, in a D. virens, on the low branch of a spruce tree, a foot or so above the ground and nest had empty. Near it in a fern was the skeleton of two young birds. I think these they must have been shot by someone last year.

A nested the Black-throated Blue Warbler and which I found on the 27th and took it. The young had all departed but the nest, present in a few hours near by an old bird of song in the bottom of the nest which is built through holes of the wood below. I took it

Brewy Point, Warren, N.H.

1871
June 28

A clearing day with fine, bracing air and long periods of sunshine followed by cloudiness.

I spent the forenoon alone in the beautiful woods between the Mossebank House and the river. It is indeed a fascinating place - one of the most attractive in every way that I have ever seen. The paths and bridges make every part of it easy and pleasant of access. There is great variety - dense groves of tall Spruces, pasture Spruces with openings filled with tall ferns, groves of Beeches, yellow & paper Beeches and large maples; brooks with thickets of mountain and striped maples arching over the swiftly running water. Under many of the Spruces the ground is deeply carpeted with the most exquisite mosses in beds of varying tints - ~~green~~ vivid green, olive green, grey.

It is a great haunt of the smaller birds, especially the Warblers. Black & Yellow Warblers fairly swarm and there are many ^{of} Black-burnians & Black-throated Greens, a few Black-throated Blues, at least one pair of Yellow-rumps and two male Bay Weavers. There were also two Solitary Orioles singing and a Golden-crowned Kinglet in full song.

The Bay Weavers were also together - at least in the same cluster of Spruces. One sang exactly like a Red Start, the other the typical song. I am not sure that there was not a third male at a little distance but one of the two just mentioned may have moved his position & misled me.

Songs of
D. castanea

Orange Point, Waiman, N.H.

1894

June 28
(No 2)

After tea Tarzan and I walked down the valley again. As we approached the bog we again heard two or more Woodcock making the whirring sound (a hissing like e e e) noted last evening. They seemed to be just over the fence under the trees. As we were standing still listening a Woodcock, evidently an old bird, rose from the spot where the sound came and crossed the road and a bit of open field to the bog again flying very slowly and feebly with dangling legs (a very dark-like flight) quacking much like a mall duck but less loudly (quack-quack-quack quack-quack-quack) five or eight times. Her wings made no sound during this flight but when we followed and put her up again she went off like a bullet with legs drawn up and whistling shrilly - a normal flight in any way. Immediately after her first flight another Woodcock which we did not see rose and whistled off. The whirring sound was heard for a minute or two after this but it soon ceased. We did not see any other birds but we assumed that the pair which flew were adults and that their young were making the whirring sound. It is very like the call of a young Partridge. I do not think that the birds could have been aware of our presence when we first heard them for ~~they~~ ^{we} were concealed by a belt of shrubby ferns and a sand fence and we approached the spot quietly.

Success
behavior
acts of
Woodcock

Grey Point, Warren, N.H.

1894.

June 29

Cloudy and cool - the low hanging clouds and thick bend driving across the valley before the strong e.-s. wind and obscuring the mountain summits on every side.

Woodstock
Road

We took the Woodstock Road this morning and followed it to within a mile or less of the summit of Mt. Cushman. For the first mile beyond the river it passes through alternating open farming land and tracts of second growth woods & pines, most of the acres are deserted. One of the acres was inhabited by a fine colony of Barn Swallows - a dozen or fifteen pairs at least - and birds were busy in the chimney of the silent house near by. A Savannah Sparrow was singing in the uncut field and Cedar birds busying in the shaggy, unpruned orchard. All around the clearing rose the clear challenging whistles of the White-throated Sparrows.

Just beyond this farm the road descended into a deep hollow where a brook flowed through the empty basin of an abandoned mill pond, with deserted out-buildings, a rotting dam and piles of rubbish, marking the old mill site. Beyond the brook a large clearing, young up to young birches and raspberry bushes with stumps scattered about plentifully, made a large wide gash in the otherwise unbroken forest that flowed down the mountain sides. The road skirted one side of this clearing & then plunged into

1894.

June 29
(no 2.)

The woods but for half a mile or more further ^{Westward} ~~Westward~~
 our most of the larger trees - especially the Spruces - and
 had been cut for a distance of one hundred yards
 or so in on both sides and dense thickets of
 young maples and birches had grown up through
 and among the fallen logs and dry spruce
 tops which rendered walking almost impossible.
 The clearing and the partially cleared sides
 of the road supplied an ideal nesting ground
 for nesting Robins and I have seen their
 birds more plentiful, even on Mt. Graylock, which
 their numbers exceeded anything that I have ever
 hitherto observed in northern New England. There
 were indeed so many that it was difficult
 to count them but as nearly as we could make
 out on hand, in all, eleven different nests.
 We spent an hour or more searching for their
 nests but without success.

Typical
breeding ground
of G. phoeniceus

Birds of all kinds that one would expect to
 find in such a place were also exceptionally
 numerous along this bit of road. We heard in less
 than four hours several Woodpeckers, and at least
 five White-bellied Nuthatches, Swainson's Kinglet,
 White-throated Sparrows, Black-throated Blue &
 Canadian Warblers were highly numerous. We
 saw a pair of Cooper's Hawks, two Thomomys,
 a pair of Olive-sided Flycatchers - all these new
 to our list. There were several Wood Pewees, two
 Chickadees, a family of Robins, a Trill's Flycatcher,
 a Great-crowned Flycatcher & the two Olive-sided all
 in sight or hearing at practically one time or other

A Flycatcher
paradoxus

1894

June 19
(No 3)

on the shores of the old mill pond.

In the woods we heard both Hairy and Yellow-bellied Woodpeckers as well as an Downy.

Hermit Thrushes appeared to be absent and Blackburnian Warblers were very scarce. There were a few Canada Warblers and Redstarts & two Maryland Yellow-Throats (the last near the mill pond).

We got back to Merrill's in time for dinner

After tea this evening we walked down to valley again. The day was clearing and the sunlight streamed through the willow woods tinting the water. We did not see much game. It was a calm evening with much singing of the common birds but in addition there was heard nothing of any special kind.

Deer was said to be scarce here. I have seen but one track - that of a doe & my father in a spruce pasture on the other side of the river.

Sable and Fishers are still uncommon on the mountain (Moosehallow), where Merrill sets a line of traps every winter. Two or three years ago one of his neighbors caught six Fishers in a single winter. Otters & Beavers are unknown now by tradition. There were a few Wolves when Merrill's father came over some fifty years ago. At that time there were Moose, also

Brewy Point, Warren, N. H.

1894

June 30

A clearing day, clouds and sunshine alternates,

In the morning Harbor and I walked down the road to the old mill, and back through the spruce openings stopping often by the way, first at the clearing to work for the nest of the Waxwing Warbler; went on the bank of the river just above the foot bridge where we sat on the rocks for an hour or more, talking; sat among the stones where the two large weasels were working on the log.

In the afternoon I collected some plants and with Mr. Merrill and a brood of my own in the woods along the road to the mill. After tea I walked down this road again, alone, to get some plants & berries. It was half six when I passed the bridge and toward mill. Near the bridge, especially the White-throat, saw 11 of the Thrushes! The Mill is just a way into the woods standing in one place by the side of a road near the Pine-locks and a brood at one time and I added another brood and two more. Then I walked to the creek where I reached the "Landing" below the Mill and back. How we lay very warm.

As I looked up the valley and saw the house on the hillside clearly outlined against the sky I thought of Fern who had been there for the night. He was listening, no doubt, to the Chickadee's chatter which I was among the hemlocks & Pine-locks below.

1894.
July 1

Wesley Point, Yuma, A. T.

I saw, but long with fresh air and sun.

After breakfast I walked up the cut north along the
knoll to get some ferns. As my Professor a morning worker
was digging in some bushes on the edge of the garden front
above the house. How can we not find him there now!

Tomson came down the mountain in the forenoon arriving
just before dinner. He had had a most interesting time
but ~~had~~ brought no birds nor eggs of any kind. The
Dicknell's Thrushes sang freely all over the upper parts of
Mesa Verde last evening. Their concert was at its height
at 8 P. M. and the last bird was heard at 8.20. Two
or three Olive-backed were singing within hearing of the
crest of the ridge and one seemed to be only a few
rods below the spot where we took the Dicknell's nest.
Early this morning I saw a female Loxia leucophaea on
the knoll above the Cold Spring.

J. Dicknell

1st evening (this evening) we crossed the river and walked
half a mile or more down the road on the other side.
It was a calm, clear, warm evening and birds were singing
very freely. The Hermits and White-throats stopped at about
8 P. M. as did also the Savanna Sparrows, Quail's Flycatchers.
The Olive-backed Thrushes kept on fitfully until 8.15
one bird singing a little for four minutes then died interposing
into the normal song a variety of odd squeals and whistles.
Some of his tricks was almost precisely like that of Dicknell's Thrush.
A dense, a deep, cumulous cloud stood up in bold relief
against the blue sky behind Mt. Carr. It was glowing with
rose & salmon tints and resembled the face of a cliff broken
by ravines and fissures.

1894.

July 2

Return to Cambridge from Warren, N.H.

Clear and the hottest day of the summer thus far.

Immediately after breakfast Faxon and I took our last walk through the beautiful park-like woods between the Moosilauke House and the river. We had barely more than an hour but we went over most of the ground in this time. The Bay-breasted Warbler with the Red-start-like voice was singing in his favorite cluster of spruces. A little beyond we stopped to look at a nest which we found on the morning of the 27th (June). It was empty then and although evidently a new nest I had little hope that it would ever be laid in, but this morning we saw a tail projecting over the river and on driving off the bird it proved to be a Black-throated Green Warbler. The nest was built directly over the path on the horizontal branch of a spruce about ten feet from the main stem and ~~at~~ nearly the same distance above the ground. From ~~the~~ beneath ~~ground~~ this nest was very conspicuous (it was composed of light grayish materials, both from bird's beak) but some clusters of spruce needles pressed down close around and over it effectually concealing it from above. It could not have been taken without sawing off the branch and as we had no time for this we left it unvisited.

Nest of
L. Virens

On the way down to Warren we added a bird to our list - the Field Sparrow, a male singing in a pasture growing up to young white pines.

The car ride to Boston (we left Warren at 11.30 a. M. & arrived at Boston at 5 P. M.) was exceedingly hot & trying. We saw two pairs of Carolina Doves, one near Nashua, the other between Nashua & Manchester.

Turdus
muscorum

1894.

June 15 to

July 2

Beaver Point, Warren, V. H.

Nominal List of Birds observed (Full data on slips in note pockets).

- | | |
|-----------------------------------------|--------------------------------------|
| 1. <u>Merula migratoria</u> . | 29. <u>Sylvania canadensis</u> . |
| 2. <u>Turdus mustelinus</u> . | 30. <u>Setophaga ruticilla</u> . |
| 3. " <u>fuscescens</u> . | 31. <u>Vireo olivaceus</u> . |
| 4. " <u>pallasi</u> . | 32. " <u>solitarius</u> . |
| 5. " <u>swainsonii</u> . | 33. " <u>gilvus</u> . |
| 6. " <u>a. bicknelli</u> . | 34. <u>Chelidon erythrogaster</u> . |
| 7. <u>Sialia sialis</u> . | 35. <u>Petrochelidon lunifrons</u> . |
| 8. <u>Cathartes cristatus</u> . | 36. <u>Empidonax</u> . |
| 9. <u>Troglodytes hyemalis</u> . | 37. <u>Piranga erythronelas</u> . |
| 10. <u>Regulus satrapa</u> . | 38. <u>Corpodacus purpureus</u> . |
| 11. <u>Certhia americana</u> . | 39. <u>Loxia minor</u> . |
| 12. <u>Parus atricapillus</u> . | 40. " <u>leucoptera</u> . |
| 13. <u>Sitta carolinensis</u> . | 41. <u>Spinus tristis</u> . |
| 14. " <u>canadensis</u> . | 42. " <u>pinus</u> . |
| 15. <u>Mniotilta varia</u> . | 43. <u>Poocetes gramineus</u> . |
| 16. <u>Helminthophila ruficapilla</u> . | 44. <u>Passerculus savanna</u> . |
| 17. <u>Comptolypis americana</u> . | 45. <u>Spizella socialis</u> . |
| 18. <u>Dendroica virens</u> . | 46. " <u>pusilla</u> . |
| 19. " <u>pennsylvanica</u> . | 47. <u>Turus hyemalis</u> . |
| 20. " <u>maculosa</u> . | 48. <u>Melospiza fasciata</u> . |
| 21. " <u>blackburni</u> . | 49. <u>Tonotrichia albicollis</u> . |
| 22. " <u>caeruleus</u> . | 50. <u>Habia ludoviciana</u> . |
| 23. " <u>coronata</u> . | 51. <u>Passerina cyanea</u> . |
| 24. " <u>castanea</u> . | 52. <u>Pipilo erythrophthalmus</u> . |
| 25. " <u>striata</u> . | 53. <u>Corvus americanus</u> . |
| 26. <u>Sisyrus aurocapillus</u> . | 54. <u>Myanotis tristata</u> . |
| 27. <u>Geothlypis philadelphia</u> . | 55. <u>Agelaius villosus</u> . |
| 28. " <u>trichas</u> . | 56. " <u>pubescens</u> . |

Breary Point, Wrenn, V. H.

1894

June 15 to

July 2.

in note books.

Nominal list of birds observed. Full data on bills

57. Sphyrapicus varius
58. Coereba pusillata.
59. Colaptes auratus.
60. Chondestes pelagicus
61. Trochilus columbri
62. Chondestes virginianus
63. Coccyzus erythrophthalmus
64. Tyrannus tyrannus.
65. Myiarchus cinerascens
66. Sayornis sayi.
67. Cantopus borealis
68. " viridis
69. Empidonax minimus.
70. " traillii
71. " flaviventris
72. Syrnium nebulosum.
73. Buteo borealis
74. " latissimus
75. Accipiter cooperii
76. " velox
77. Bonasa sp. togata (?). No specimens examined only being birds seen.
78. Philohela minor
79. Actitis macularia

1894.

Boston - Bethel, Maine.

AUG. 24.

Clear and very warm

Left Boston by the 9A.M. train on the Eastern R.R. and reached Bethel at 4.30 P.M. After tea walked up the main street of the village and out a little way into the open country. Chimney Swifts very numerous flying about the houses. King Birds in small family parties about the orchards.

1894.

Bethel, Maine.

Aug. 25.

Another clear warm day with a thunder storm in the early evening after which the temperature fell rapidly.

My trunk failed to come through yesterday so I could not go on to the Lake this morning. While at the R.R. station waiting for news of the trunk, I saw a flock of 26 Bobolinks rise from a field of oats and pass out to the south of the village.

At 10.30 P.M. just after I had gone to bed I heard Grass-birds calling and evidently flying low over the house. Judging by their cries there must have been a dozen or more of them with at least one Summer Yellow-leg bearing them company. Doubtless they had just come from Umbagog.

1894.

Bethel, Maine.

Aug. 23.

Clear and cool with strong N. wind. Spent most of the forenoon in the house writing.

In the afternoon took a walk of a mile or more across the brook and past the old mill in the hollow west of the hotel. There are some fine old white pines scattered along the road. Many of them divide a yard or two above the ground into two or three upright stems each of which is a foot or two in diameter. Doubtless their leading shoots were killed in some way when the trees were small. Among them I noticed one tall red pine.

Birds were scarce and I noticed nothing of much interest.

Bethel to Lakeside, Maine.

1894.

AUG. 27.

Morning clear. Afternoon cloudy. The mountains blotted out by a dense haze from the smoke of forest fires. *Forest fires*

Waited for the noon train in the hope that my trunk might come but getting no news of it I started immediately after dinner for the Lake in an open wagon, one of Lovejoy's teams, with the same horse and driver that I had last year.

The country looked drought-scorched; the woods were for the most part green but here and there a maple had changed to crimson and gold. *Drought.*

Birds were singularly scarce but I saw King birds, Gold-finches, and large flocks of Sparrows at intervals. In Newry a Sharp-shinned Hawk pursued by a mob of small birds flew across the road and alighted in a maple. On the Thale Brown farm a pair of Sparrow Hawks were scaling about over the open fields. *Small birds*
Sharp-shin Hawk
Sparrow Hawks

I reached Lakeside before sunset and walking down the road a little way saw a Hummingbird feeding at a bed of *Hummer.*
Impatiens.

:

Lakeside, Lake Umbagog, Maine.

1894.

Lakeside.

Aug. 23.

Clear with S.W. to N.W. winds.

Spent the day at Lakeside takeing six photographs in the Photography, forenoon before the wind rose. Heard a Partridge drumming and saw a number of small birds but nothing of peculiar interest. An Osprey was fishing about the Lake and three Ducks which I Osprey took to be Whistlers were swimming and diving off the point at Whistlers the entrance to Sargent's Cove.

The men came to see me about the work at Pine Point and I arranged with Jim to engage Mr. Brown, Austin Aldrich (whom we had last year) and Ellsworth Lambert. Will Sargent and Charlie Tidwell are also to be with us as usual.

In the afternoon I searched a little for Woodcock with the black Cocker spaniel "Hadji" but found nothing. Elliot Rich Woodcock says that he has seen a good many Woodcock of late ^{and} that three ^{vegetable} or four come regularly to his little garden at evening.

1894.

Pine Point, Lake Umbagog, Maine.

AUG. 29.

Took the boat up the Lake this morning all six of my men going with me. We were heavily loaded with the camp supplies and utensils which we unloaded on the rocks at Pine Point, where I spent the day helping unpack and put the things in order.

There were a good many small birds about but I did not have time to scrutinize them at all carefully. Will saw two Partridges on the path to the spring and in the evening a Partridge. Saw-whet Owl. I went back to Lakeside on the steamer late in the afternoon. The Lake was calm but we saw no water-fowl. A Loon called at intervals off the camp this forenoon.

to Pine Point

Partridges.

Saw-whet.

Loon

1894..

Pine Point, Lake Umbagog, Maine

Pine Point.

Aug. 30.

Cloudy with fine rain at intervals. Wind light from S.E.

Spent the day about camp working with the men making paths etc.

A large mixed flock of Warblers spent the afternoon "drifting" back and forth along the lake in front of the camp. The majority were Yellow-rumps in first and changing plumages but I identified among them a Cape May Warbler, a Magnolia Warbler, two Redstarts (one an old male) a Canadian Warbler, an Oven bird and a Water Thrush. I am nearly sure that I saw a Bay-breasted Warbler, also.

Large mixed flock.

Yellow-rumps
Cape May W.
Magnolia W.
Canadian W.

Bay-breasted W.

Pine Point, Lake Umbagog, Maine.

1894.

AUG. 31.

Cloudy with S. wind changing to W. and finally N.W. in the afternoon.

The men went after an abandoned headworks in the forenoon and sculled it back to camp. I met them off ^{Glas-}~~Gleby~~ Cove and towed them the last part of the way. I then sailed across to Moose Point and the marshes near the Outlet where I saw a Greater Yellow-legs and a flock of about twenty large Waders which I took for Golden Plover. *Golden Plover?*

Late in the afternoon 5 Scoters which I took for Oedemia *Scoters*
americana appeared off camp swimming in the Lake.

Pine Point, Lake Umbagog, Maine.

1894.

Sept. 1

For the past week we have had either cloudy or hazy weather continually but to-day was perfectly clear and the mountains were quite clear from smoke. The wind was quite strong from the S.W.

At 10 A.M. I boarded the steamer and went on her to Errol where I expected to meet C. E.R.S. and Mr. Hubbard but only the last-named came. In the Androscoggin we saw a Whistler and a pair of Black Ducks; flying over the marshes a large flock of Semipalmated Sandpipers accompanied by a Ring-necked Plover. As I was walking from Errol Dam to the Umbagog House I heard two Parula Warblers singing feebly in some alders near the road.

Mr. Hubbard and I reached Pine Point at about 3 P.M. and afterwards took a walk to the spring and around Osgood's Point. We saw a Redstart, a Black-throated Blue Warbler, and an Olive-sided Flycatcher. The last was perched on the very top of a tall spruce whence it kept darting out after flying insects. It was perfectly silent. I have never seen this Flycatcher in New England at so late a date.

Androscoggin R.

Whistler

Black Ducks

Ring-necked P.

Parula Warb.

Contopus

Seiurus

Pine Point, Lake Umbagog, Maine.

1894.

Pine Point.

Sept. 2.

Sunday. A "yellow day" the air so full of smoke that it *A "yellow day"* was impossible to see any of the mountains or even the opposite shores of the Lake. The light was very peculiar. At times the foliage had a strange appearance, the greens being very light yet vivid.

In the afternoon Mr. Hubbard and I walked for an hour or more in the woods which seemed silent and deserted save for *Red Squirrels.* the presence of the Red Squirrels which are even more numerous than they were last year.

Pine Point, Lake Umbagog, Maine.

1894.

Sept. 5.

Warm with light S. to S.W. winds the sun shining dimly through a dense smoky haze.

The forenoon was spent overseeing the work of the men about the camp. There were many small birds in a mixed flock which wandered through the birch grove on the point passing and re-passing the camp several times. Among them I recognized ^{the} Black and white Creeper, Nashville Warbler, Chestnut-sided Warbler, Parula Warbler, Magnolia Warbler, Yellow-rump, Red-eyed, Solitary and Philadelphia Vireo~~s~~. The last was very tame and I watched him for some time at close range. He appeared to be feeding chiefly on caterpillars, -smooth, greenish or brown ones. I saw him take and swallow one which was fully two inches in length. It gave him considerable trouble and he was obliged to shake and beat it violently with his bill before he could get it down.

Pine Point
Mixed flock
N. Warblers
Vireo v.
Philadelphia

Late in the afternoon Jim took me through Richardson's Carry to Leonard's Pond. There were three Lesser-Yellow-legs on the mud flats about opposite the "Carry" and I killed two of them at one shot.

Richardson's Carry

At the entrance to Leonard's Pond we found two sportsmen from Philadelphia who had put out a number of canvas decoys and were lying behind their canoe which they had turned up

Leonard's Pond.
Canvas decoys
used

Pine Point, Lake Umbagog, Maine.

1894.

Sept. 3.

(no. 2)

among some alders and covered with grass to serve as a blind. *Evening*
We passed them and chose a position at the head of the channel *higher up*
beyond the island where I stood up behind a stub and awaited *water fowl.*
the evening flight of water fowl. We saw several flocks of
Allen
Wood Ducks early and at about sunset five Wood Ducks came up *Wood Ducks*
through our channel flying low but as they neared my point *caught by*
they swerved and passed fully sixty yards away. I gave them *canoes*
one barrel only and that without effect. They kept on toward *charge*
the flock of decoys to which they descended on set wings but
they discovered the deceit and again sheered getting three
shots from the blind but suffering no apparent injury. A *Marsh*
Hawk came through the meadow and by squeaking I called him *Hawk*
to within 20 yards of me, but not caring for him did not
shoot.

As twilight fell several *Muskrats* muskrats appeared swimming along
the shores. There were many bats also. We went back to camp
through the pond and past Moose Point.

Pine Point, Lake Umbagog, Maine.

1894.

Sept. 4.

Another day of dense, smokey haze and light southerly winds, very warm in the afternoon. We expected C. and E.R.S. to-day and I sent Will on the steamer to Errol to meet them, sailing across myself to Leonard's Pond, but when the steamer came they were not on board.

While waiting I saw a flock of 15 Lesser Yellow-legs *Lesser Yellowlegs* accompanied by some smaller wader rise from the marshes and after circling and wheeling high in the air pitch down again in the same place. So that I sent word by Will to have Jim bring my hunting boat, gun, wading boots and the little spaniel. When he arrived I waded across the flats (which were covered by about 2 inches of water) and getting three of the Yellow-legs together, shot them all with my first barrel bringing down a fourth bird with the second as the flock rose. There was also ~~another~~ large flock of Ereunetes, among which *Bairds?* were four or five birds of about the size and general appearance of Grass Birds, but with a different call, a peculiar half mellow, half squeaky note. I suspect that they were Baird's *Sandpipers* Sandpipers.

After finishing with the Yellow-legs (one of the wing-*with Shooting over spaniel Hadji.* broken ones got into the grass and escaped) I returned to the boat and getting the ~~little~~ spaniel spent an hour or more beating the marsh. The little dog went to work at once and

Pine Point, Lake Umbagog, Maine.

1894.

Sept. 4.

(no. 2)

Outlet marshes,

hunted very prettily keeping close to me and following the motion of my hand like a veteran. He put up five or six *Snipe.* Snipe and a Rail, and found the dead birds readily. I shot two Snipe and the Rail.

The flooded portion of the marsh was literally covered *Duck signs* with Duck's feathers and two Black Ducks came in and alighted as we were pushing off to return to camp which we did at about sunset.


Late in the afternoon the whole marsh resounded with the *Leopard* rolling croak of innumerable Leopard Frogs. In the woods *Frogs croaking* about camp we have frequently heard Wood Frogs croaking these warm still days.

At noon to-day a Partridge drummed several times behind *Particly,* the camp, not in the old place but further off, and more to *drumming.* the westward. The men saw at least six different Partridges on the Point this forenoon.

1894.
Sept. 5

Clear and warm. A thunder shower hits in the afternoon followed by light rain which lasted into the night.

The day was spent about camp overseeing the work of the men etc. We are cutting our wood on Oswoods Point and many fine paper birches have already fallen. The men cut them into cord-wood and bring this by boat to our landing.

The little sparrow found and flushed two full-grown Partridges behind the camp. One of them "tried" in a balsam perching on a horizontal branch about fifteen feet above the ground where it stood for a long time perfectly motionless with neck stretched in about this attitude  after the dog left the place the Partridge began moving its head and quitting and presently it flew off through the trees. According to our men there are at least seven Partridges on the Point, one pair of old birds and five young about as big as Pigeons. I have not yet seen these young.

Bonasa u.
togata

At about 4 P. M. I boarded the steamer having decided to wait no longer for my lost trunk but to go back to Cambridge to-morrow and lay in a new stock of clothing etc. We went first to Bird and it was nearly sunset when we started down the falls. As we were nearing Metairie Island the engineer killed a gray loon with a charge of B. B. shot at about 75 yards. He fired three times & apparently did not hit the poor bird until the third shot although it made very short dives only going a few yards under water each time. These young loons have little fear of the steamer.

Down the
Lake by
steamer.more
shot from
steamer

1894.
Sept. 6

Lakeside to Henry's Cove by Stage.

A superb day, perfectly clear, with no breeze, and with a fresh
at any presently and W.W. wind.

I left Lakeside at 9 a.m. on the stage for Bethel with
the older Davis as driver. He had an excellent pair of
small black horses and the miles slipped easily and quickly
past until we reached Poplar Tavern where we halted for
lunch. This hotel has the benefit of the Ocean breeze and
has a table kept open to the public. The land has been made
a time found in which were about a dozen good - sized trees
which we fed with grasshoppers.

After dinner we started on our way again but we had
gone only about three miles when we met the up stage
driven by Gerald Davis and Co! it contained my long-
lost bundle! So I quickly changed places and was soon
on the way back to the Lake which we reached about dusk.

I saw few small birds during the day except Sparrows and
those on Sun Point. A Sharrow Hawk was sitting on a
tree in a field in Bethel & a superb adult Red-tail
was flying over a willow field in Henry. The Red-tail
three being included on the wings for several hours, it is
sitting, facing the Sun, and it had feathers supposed
that were of one size black except immatures were
able to hear in this way.

Deer tracks were very numerous in the woods and along
the road towards Upton. Many of them were very fresh
& apparently made by young fawns.

Mr. Tyler & his wife, both considered perfectly truthful people,
about being a brother in their field a few days ago. They
had a good view of it & beside it accurately, they live
a little above the water in the

I start for
home but
meet my
lost trunk
& return.

Sparrows Hawk

Red-tail

hangs in
air on

nest in bush

Deer tracks

Caribou

seen in

Grafton

1894
Sept. 7

Lake Umbagog, Maine.

June 10th.

Clear and warm with dense haze again.

I returned to camp by the stream this morning and spent an uneventful day about camp but late in the afternoon I found access to Lewis Lewis' Camp & into the river where I trotted along the edge of the lake beds catching a full bucket of about four pounds weight. He gave me no real trouble and set me back through when I descended in the morning but being heavily on the back of my little canoe.

Yellow
white
brown
green
blue

8

Cloudy with heavy S.E. wind which brought heavy showers of rain late in the day.

Mr. Hubbard and I remained at camp most of the day but in the late afternoon we walked through the woods to Lopp's Point returning along the side there.

The Woodrats were just coming as but I heard a Parula singing early this morning and the note of several other Robins, which I could not identify, later in the day. Just after breakfast a Picoides came into the "green woods" just east of the camp and chattered and hammered incessantly but I did not succeed in getting a sight of him although I am very sure that the bird was a P. caeruleus.

Birds above
camp

Dear hopes seem to me to be much less common about the Lake than was seen the year during the last three or four years but a good many of these animals were seen during the summer at the end.

Dear signs

1894

Sept. 9

Morning cloudy & threatening; afternoon ~~clear~~ and very warm with
some haze obscuring the mountains & the farther shores of the
lake.

As I was talking very morning both I heard with perfect
distinctness and repeated a dozen times or more the plaintive
whistle of a Black-bellied Plover. The bird seemed to be
circling high over the Point but I did not see him.

A Flicker "chattered" several times in succession near the camp
and a Loon called repeatedly out on the

Soon after breakfast a flock of 32 Black Ducks passed
the camp and alighted close in shore near Richard's Carry.
Jim and I started at once in pursuit of them. We rowed
across to the outlet, paddled down the river to the Carry a
little below which I landed and crawled on hands & knees
across the flats through the grass. Raising my head a little
I saw a swarm of Ducks swimming about two gunshots
off. The next instant three Ducks, which I had not seen
but which must have been within easy range, rose and came
directly for me. I was lying in a cramped position & on
rising succeeded only in firing one barrel - and missing ^{with} that.

Black Ducks

We then paddled through Leonard's Pond where we started
five Hood Ducks and saw two Eagles (on a fine old bird,
and four Solitary Sandpipers. One of the Eagles (as we supposed
- we did not actually see him in the act) kept uttering
a shrill squeaking note unlike that of a Duck Hawk but
lower & more disconnected.

Halietus
leucocapillus

On the island in Leonard's Pond we heard first the
crack of a breaking branch and then a prolonged, hoarse,
slightly quavering cry which I at once recognized as that
of a Bear. We turned back & searched for but did not see him.

Bear.

1894

Sept. 9

(no 2.)

Late in the afternoon a flock of eight Ducks which I took to be vesper came flying up the Lake & alighted about midway between Pine & Moon Points. Jim & I started for them at once but they proved to be Black Ducks. They alighted, again, in the river and when we reached Richardson's Carry a very large flock rose and after circling about dropped in the Lake several hundred yards out. For nearly an hour they floated & swam slowly about on the small water; then they started for the shore but they did not come near us. A high bird, however, came flying in through the Carry and I dropped it into the bushes when Jim quickly found it.

For the next half hour there was scarce a minute when one or more Black Ducks were not in sight. Singly, in pairs, in small bunches, or in flocks of twenty to forty they came high & low from every direction, wheeled & circled against the bright western sky & then alighted in the marsh. Such a quacking & flashing as they made! The entire marsh seemed alive with them, yet I did not get another shot.

At frequent intervals we heard the quacking cry (a murmuring whistle it may be called) of Wood Ducks, and there were incessant calls from various species among which I recognized that of the Golden Plover, Grass-bird, (*T. maculosa*), Summer Yellow-legs, Semipalmated Sandpiper, and Solitary Sandpiper.

We started a Plover and saw a Marsh Hawk.

Just before sunset the marsh rang for many minutes with the rolling croak of Leopard Frogs. (On the 7th a Bull Frog tramped bodily over). Altogether the evening was one of the most interesting that I have ever passed here.

Black Duck
alight in
middle of
river
a very
rare occurrence
here.

coming flight
of Ducks

Golden Plover

Leopard
Frog croaking
at sunset.

1894
Sept. 10

Lehigh, Maine.

Pine Point.

Cloudy most of the day with light, varying winds, from the S. E. during the afternoon into light showers. Very warm.

Last night was clear and Warblers were migrating in great numbers to the south. One of the birds was seen to fly about in circles until exhausted. It was a Philadelphia Vireo flying dead, back up. It doubtless became bewildered while attempting to cross the Lake and flew about in circles until exhausted.

U. philadelphica

There was a large mixed flock of Warblers on Pine Point early this morning but I did not have time to follow them and identified only some Yellow-rumps, a Black-throated Green, a Canada Warbler, two Red-eyed Vireos (one a young bird still fed by the parent but in nearly complete autumnal plumage), several Chickadees & Kinglets (Parula), a Canada Parula, a Black-bellied Nuthatch, a junco, a Field Sparrow, a hairy Woodpecker and a few other birds. The most noted of these was a young bird of the latter species which was seen to fly about in circles until exhausted. It was a Philadelphia Vireo flying dead, back up. It doubtless became bewildered while attempting to cross the Lake and flew about in circles until exhausted.

Large mixed flock above camp

Notes of Piroides americanus

while this bird began drumming, making a long, continuous roll like a Downy's but louder I thought. It had less white on the back than usual - a narrow median line only. It kept high up in the pines and exhibited no peculiarities of attitude or custom

1894.

Sept. 10

(No 21)

Soon after breakfast I paddled across to the Outlet in the sailing canoe. As I neared the land I saw a Whistler swimming in the calm water and at once gave chase as I suspected that he was the same wounded bird which I & I tried to shoot a week or more ago. This proved to be the case for he began diving and doubling under water as before but at the fifth dive I managed to place the canoe in the right place & when he came up killed him.

(1) wounded
Whistler.

While I was following the Whistler from Golden Plover, all young birds as I could plainly be through my glass, kept flying about, now high, now low, whistling. One separated from the others and alighted but he soon started again and during the entire forenoon was almost constantly in sight or hearing. I shot at him twice as he passed high overhead. He seemed to be exercising wild's willies.

Golden Plover

Soon after I had killed the Whistler a flock of 13 Blue-winged Teal (which, as I afterwards learned, Bill Sergeant & Mr. Hubbard had started in Gospy Cove when they were sitting on the sand) came flying swiftly in from the open beach and disappeared in the direction of Richardson's Cove. I spent the greater part of the forenoon searching for them in the likely places along the line and in Leonard's Pond but without success. Later in the afternoon Mr. & Mr. Hubbard again flushed them from some flats bordering the river just opposite Richardson's Cove. They must have spent the day on these flats although during my search I landed them, walked about a good deal, and used the glass freely. Teal on sand flats are exceedingly difficult to see especially when they are flying with their heads bowed in their flight.

Flock of 13
Blue winged
Teal

1894

Sept. 10
(no 3)

In the

As I entered the mouth of the river a Snipe rose and Gallinule
 pitched down on the further bank. When I reached the spot
 I saw it standing rather erect on the bare but slightly
 ground. I ran the canoe within ten feet of it before
 it crouched and sprang. Seven others rose at the same
 time. I fired a quick right & left and got both birds.
 The survivors flew off in a close bunch whirled and
 circled over the marshes and finally alighted all together
 precisely like Hirundo. I was surprised to be Snipe at in
 this manner at such a time for the sun was shining
 brightly and there was a bright light.

A good flight of Snipe must have come in during the
 night for I saw a down or more in the course of the
 camp down. They were very wild and I got only three or
 four long shots bagging one more bird.

There were also a few Pectorals and Baird's albatross Sandpipers
 on the marsh and I heard Lesser Yellow-legs whistling
 in a place where Mall afterwards saw four of them birds
 feeding.

albatross
 Borealis
 Baird's

Late in the afternoon we all started out again and I going
 in the old Grass boat. At the outlet I landed and flushed
 a Snipe which I missed, then it began raining heavily.
 We paddled down river to Richardson's Carry where we met
 Mr. Hutton & then going back for camp. We lay in the
 Carry about an hour during which time the rain poured
 in torrents. There was one vivid flash of lightning.
 Finally a strong S. E. wind rose and we decided to go to
 camp. While in the Carry we saw a good many Black Ducks
 flying about in the rain. One passed over us & I fired both
 barrels wounding the bird badly but it flew out of water.
 Charlie Brown the steamer captain shot a 240 lb. Bear at the Banks off
 Birch Point while the steamer was on the way down river.

Bear shot
 in lake
 off Birch Point

1874.

Sept. 1

Highland Falls, N.Y.

Pine Point

I went to the point yesterday and today and
lay up there and got a lot of birds. The birds were
very numerous and noisy about the camp when I
was there. The birds were very numerous and noisy
about the camp when I was there. The birds were very
numerous and noisy about the camp when I was there.

Very numerous and noisy about the camp when I
was there. The birds were very numerous and noisy
about the camp when I was there.

Birds about
camp

very numerous and noisy about the camp when I
was there. As I was taking my bath in the
bath I heard a Black-billed Plover and a few minutes
later on or near Golden Plover in the direction of
Moon Point.

Black-billed Plover
Golden

Among the Warblers about camp I identified only a ♂
Black-throated Blue and two Yellow-rumps.

Warbler

I spent the early part of the forenoon taking
photographs on the Point & along the path to the
duck cove. After this I wrote. Jim went to
Sunday Cove for baited traps and at noon dined
with two, both old birds.

Photography

As I was photographing on the shore a Gos Hawk
passed me within about 100 yards and then plunged
into the woods. It was a very large bird, a ♀ evidently
and, I thought, a young specimen.

Gos Hawk

Soon after dinner I took the canoe & my gun
and hiked across to the outlet on reaching which
I skated closely a space of bare but somewhat
hilly, muddy ground when I have often found
traces of various kinds but on which I could see, or

Tringa
canadensis

1894

Sept. 12

(No 2.)

This occasion, only a solitary Least Sandpiper. I then ran Baird's
 the canoe ashore and took down the sail. While I was Sandpipers
 thus engaged the canoe drifted back a few yards when
 on looking up I was greatly surprised to see within
 fifteen or twenty feet, and on the very ground which
 I had just mentioned to be clear, a flock of eight
 Sandpipers among which I at once recognized two Pectorals
 and four Greenlets. The remaining two birds had an
 unfamiliar look but I quickly became convinced that
 they were Baird's Sandpipers as it turned out to be the
 case. I watched the flock for at least ten minutes
 before disturbing them. At first they all stood
 perfectly motionless, regarding me with kind suspicion,
 apparently, but presently they scattered about and began
 feeding. The Greenlets ran nimbly from place to place
 showing themselves freely along the water's edge. The
Pectorals acted very differently, moving at a slow
 walk and keeping back among the hillocks, following the
 depressions of the ground and concealing to some extent
 to be hidden from my sight but occasionally showing their
 heads & necks as they stood erect to look at us.
 The movements and attitudes of the Baird's Sandpipers
 were in many respects about intermediate between those
 of the two species just named but, on the whole,
 nearest, I thought, to those of Greenlets.

At length getting a favorable opportunity I fired
 killing the two Pectorals one of the Baird's & an Greenlet
 with my first barrel and dropping the other Baird's
 & one more Greenlet with the second barrel as the
 survivors started off over the river. The remaining two
 birds, both Greenlets, flew off down the bank.

1894
Sept. 12
(No. 2)

Lake Umbagog, Maine.

Outer Marshes.

In the afternoon following the Baird's Sandpiper I found that both our levels in good condition but not nearly so fat as birds usually are at this season.

Starting down river under sail I had gone only a short distance when five Pectorals came flying past at very long range. I fired one and my Singsie came down a flight at the other end of the boat opposite the entrance to the old's Pond. It followed me as we neared the place in which it had been two of the birds standing motionless among some tall grass. I thought I knew that the other two would be very near it and did not see them but I presently made out a Wilson's Snipe standing out from among the Pectorals in a statuesque attitude and only partially concealed by the grass. After a little he came out on the bare mud and began feeding with the Pectorals. All three birds "dred" in an essentially similar manner but the downward thrust of the snipe was more rapid and vigorous than those of his companions and he seemed to have much more success, bringing up and swallowing something at every second or third thrust. I did not wish to kill the snipe killing but one of the Pectorals looked so much like a Baird's Sandpiper that when the two came together I fired and all three birds fell. When I looked to pick them up I found the other two Pectorals standing stock still among the grass. I flushed them & tried for a double shot but fired only on barrel and missed with the

Pectoral
Sandpiper

Soon after the gun came with the boat being in the
stake to him into the mud out on the river.

1874

Apr. 11

188

This bird rose ahead of the dog from some tall grass and alighted after gliding vertically a bit or two yards on a perfectly bare level stretch of mud when it stood next evidently watching the dog. When I advanced it sprang and then rose flying off very swiftly until stopped by my charge.

Soon after bagging the bird I was walking along the bank of the river when I saw a Black Duck swimming. I crouched in the grass before he caught sight of me but had no time to change my shell. However it made no difference for when he came within 100 yds and I angled him down with a charge of #10 shot. He fell in the river and the little Grouse at once brim out to but would not touch him so I had to call on Mr. Hubbard & his wife who had meanwhile appeared in their boat and who picked up the bird for me. It is very singular that this Duck did not see me in time to save his life for I was walking rapidly & on perfectly open ground and he was within 100 yards before I saw him.

New pond

It was now time to go to the shooting stand which Jim had made. This was made of a boat formed by driving four stout stakes into the mud and nailing cross pieces to support a small platform which was raised just above the level of the water and surrounded by tall grass & reeds.

Soon after sunset scattered Black Ducks began to

Evening
Shooting in
Outlet
marshes

1894

Sept. 17
1894

appear cutting across the sky in a series of
wings to the favored marsh. I saw several
of them but not one gave me a
glance although I saw the fluttering of their wings as
they passed above me. I saw one left me about
midway between the two marshes in a
direction very much different from that
of the others. I saw many Wilson's birds
flying about the marshes, but none of them
gave me a glance.

Evening flight
of waterfowl
on the better
marshes.

Gallinago
delicata

... from the direction
of Leonard's Pond. The squeaking cry of Wood Ducks was
almost incessant but I did not see any other birds
although the marsh seemed to be alive with them.
It was getting almost too dark to shoot and I was
beginning to think of returning to the boats when against
the slope towards the N.W. I saw a long, dusky line
advancing. It proved to be the big flock of Black Ducks
which I saw last evening. Their approach was really imposing.
There were more than fifty of them and they formed a
line fully 100 yards in length stretched at right angles
to the line of their flight. Thus they came on all abreast,
the stately birds! As they moved, the marsh every where
was in a continual vibration, caused its rapid pulsation
and the great birds shot down on a steep incline
making a rushing sound similar and quite equal to

Anas obscura

1894

Sept. 12

(No. 6)

L. L.

Ducks marshes

Black Duck

Shooting

that of a heavy gust of wind in a grove of pines. It was an exciting moment for it seems that I had missed the very spot where this flock had intended to alight and as the center of the column charged directly at me and the wings closed in around me. I could not help feeling for an instant as if the birds were about to walk a combined onslaught on me.

However I managed to control my nerves sufficiently to rise quickly and make a successful double shot, bringing down both Ducks stone dead. Marking them closely I at once waded towards them for I had no dog with me and was afraid of losing them in the darkness. But before I had taken ten steps I was brought to a stand by the sight of the swarms of Ducks which filled the air in every direction. My shots had, of course, scared all the birds that had been feeding in the marsh and these with the big flock which had been thrown into hopeless confusion were flying around in utter bewilderment. It was too dark for them to notice me although I was standing erect in a pool of water. Had I wished I could probably have shot down three or four more but as it was I contented myself with one additional bird which fell in the grass beyond the other two but revealed its exact position by the noise of its wings as it beat them on the water during its death flurry.

Among the other Ducks I saw what I took to be a Pin-tail, a very long-necked bird with sharp-pointed wings & swift flight. Beyond frogs by hundreds croaking this evening.

Pintail

Leopard

frog

1894

Sept. 13

A superb day, very warm, with light easterly winds.

Mr. Hubbard & I went up the Megalloway taking two boats and both the guides. On the way up the river we saw a Bald Eagle, an Osprey, a Spotted Sandpiper, two Solitary Sandpipers, a Kingfisher (only one) and a Sharp-shinned Hawk.

Tip of the
Megalloway
Eagle, Osprey

Sh. Shinned Hawk

I did not fire a shot before reaching Bottle Brook Pond where we found fully 75 Black Ducks. I stalked a portion of the flock successfully and with some difficulty. They were off the point between the middle and right-hand coves. As I got to the black duck thicket on the end of the point a dozen or more

Bottle Brook
Pond

Black

Ducks.

Ducks were standing or lying on a grassy island just out of range pecking their feathers or preening. Every now & then two or three would chase one another about splashing the water wisely with their wings & rolling the place up & eels with their loud quacking. It was nearly half an hour before I got a shot but at length three birds came swimming along close under the bushes and I killed three, all with a single charge. The foliage prevented my getting in the other barrel.

On the way down river again I entered & paddled up Bear Brook for half a mile or more seeing nothing but a pair of Wilson's Snipe which rose from the bank & at which I fired a fruitless double with ⁴ shot. Will meanwhile was shooting at a Grebe in the river with his rifle.

Bear Brook

Snipe.

Near the mouth of the Megalloway I stalked a flock of 15 Wood Ducks in a small pond just over the west

Wood Ducks

1894
Sept. 13
(No 2)

Sept. 13, 1894

Megalloway Riv.
Wood Ducks

Bank. They heard me (it was dead wild at the time) and were so alert & suspicious that I was forced to take a very long shot, getting one bird with each barrel. That killed by the head shot fell dead on the water but the other (the one shot at hitting) flew across the meadow to the edge of the woods where Bill caught him after a hot chase over fallen logs & through brush heaps. Both were young birds.

Near this pool Bill shot at an Eagle, an immature bird of unusual size, which was perched on a stub about 100 yards from the river, but to Mr. Hutton's & my satisfaction the ball missed its mark.

Bald
Eagle.

On reaching the meadow Bill & I waited half an hour or so to see the evening flight of Ducks. They were evidently badly demoralized by my shooting into them last night for less than half the usual number came in. I was on the river bank and did not get a shot on this occasion. The evening was gray & still. We heard fewer snags than usual.

(Bill's
Marches on
evening

1894

Sept. 14

L., Maine.

cloudy with light rain & light varying winds, very warm.

Soon after breakfast, Will discovered a solitary bird
perched on an isolated rock off the point
to the south of our cove. I could not walk it
out through the glass so we launched a boat
and paddled out to it. It proved to be a
Black-Bellied Plover, a young bird. It kept running
about on its limited domain and appeared to
be feeding. It took no apparent notice of our
approach and when we were within about thirty
yards, I shot it.

Charadrius
squatarola

C. & E. R. S. arrived from Saco on the steamer
at about half-past three and Mr. Hubbard left
us an hour later and started for Boston.

1894

Sept. 15

Clear & very warm. The Lake was as smooth as a mirror the entire forenoon & most of the afternoon as well.

Immediately after breakfast I paddled across to the Outlet, thence down the river to Richardson's Bay & home being absolutely nothing but one Baldpate & a few Canada Sparrows. The great marshes were almost & apparently deserted. I did not land and haul for hours.

Outlet
Marshes.
Few birds
there.

In the afternoon I took half a dozen photographs of our camp and house.

Photographs

There was a full moon to-night and during most of the evening a pair of Great Horned Owls hooted in the woods behind camp, answering one another.

Two Great
Horned Owls
hooting on
Pine Point

1894

Sept. 16

Sunday. Forenoon clear, afternoon cloudy. Light, varying winds alternating with periods of dead calm.

In the forenoon I paddled across the Lake to B. Brook Point, Jim accompanying me with a boat and some packs which we filled at the famous Spring.

B. Brook Pt.

I came back about sailing part of the way and landing at the point where I camped in 1889 & 1890. The walls of the old camp still stand (although many of the logs are rotten) and two young fellows who are trapping muskrats (a month in advance of the legal time) have added a kind covering on board & tanned paper to serve as a roof & fresh meat - but plain hung from a peg and a pack camp lay on the ground. The place was very entirely not to say especially dirty but it was nevertheless very beautiful. The foliage has turned very rapidly these past two days and the shores of the Lake, where red maples grow profusely, were a perfect blaze of bright red. I saw no birds of any peculiar interest.

Visit to my
old camping
ground near
Moose's Rock.

Autumn
foliage.

Sept 17

A bright, sunny day, with exceptionally clear air & practically no wind.

In the forenoon, we went to the water tower and a path to the afternoon, also, taking photographs near camp.

Photography

Soon after the moon rose (about 8.30 P.M.) we all went out on the Lake rowing across to Moon Point where we heard many Ducks quacking & splashing in the marsh. A dozen or more Black Ducks were near us. We also heard several Blue Herons and, near the outlet, a Night Heron which flew about for some time growling.

Moose Point
by moonlight

1894
Sept. 15

U. S. Maine.
Rapid River.

A very beautiful day, very clear with a very light wind.

Immediately after breakfast we all started for Rapid River
S., S. R. S., and Mill in the large boat, Jim in the
Bowerman Bluff, I in the sailing canoe. I took
my camera and outfit and on reaching the mouth of
the river began making pictures, continuing all the
way up to Cedar Stump where we landed and anchored.
The water was low and the river very rapid indeed in
places so that I had to use the double paddle &
to spend all my strength.

We saw a number of Doves, - river Sheldrake, and
two or a dozen Black Doves. Four Black Doves accompanied
by a Mallard rose from a "log" within one hundred
yards of us. Putting the glass on them I could see
distinctly that the Mallard was a young drake in
its first autumn plumage.

A pair of Red-tailed Hawks were seen
to rise and descend to the water.

Small birds were very scarce indeed
with the exception of a few Sheldrakes.

There were several Kingfishers and one spotted sandpiper
along the banks of the river.

We reached camp about 10 o'clock.

Just after going to bed I heard a Night Heron
over the falls in the direction of the Outlet.

Trip to
Cedar Stump.

Goosander.
Black Ducks.
Mallard.

Red-tailed
Hawk

Small birds

Kingfisher
Spotted Sandpiper

Night Heron

1894
Sept. 19

Lake Umbagog, Maine.

Lehighville Notch.

Bleakly with E. wind and light rain at in the afternoon. It rained heavily during the night of the following night.

We left camp on the 19th at 10 a. m. and went to Great Umbagog on horse to Lehighville Notch, having dinner at the Lion House and returning to Great Umbagog in the afternoon.

The whole valley of old stream from Great to the Notch was abloom with color - indeed the autumn foliage seemed to have been reached its maximum richness.

Autumn foliage.

Fishers were very numerous throughout the whole region that we traversed. They seemed to be migrating just in from the north. I counted twelve in one flock. They were all in fields and openings along the road. As they rose and flew off towards the woods their white wings were irregularly conspicuous against the dark of woods. Often the white alone could be seen rising & falling in flight in the woods.

Colaptes auratus

There were many Sparrows: chiefly Tree Sparrows along the roadside but very few Jays or Crows were seen.

Sparrows,
Jays, Crows

The wood sounds were very quiet and some of the birds were very tame.

As the evening twilight was falling I walked down the road to the Lion House and back. I then returned to camp by the edge of the woods giving the full day in full, round trees.

Scrubby Bird
in full day

1894

Sept. 20

Cloudy during the forenoon. The sun coming out in the afternoon but the night passing in dark & stormy again with heavy rain & distant lightning.

At about 9 a. m. Jim & Will arrived with the goats & round us back to camp. The sky was threatening but only a little fine rain fell. We heard a Pileated Woodpecker on the miller's egg, a Sheldrake and two Whistles from near us.

Pileated W.
Trucks.

In the afternoon I sailed out to the wharves and heard a little but not much of any other. Two of them were seen, the third lay nearly across the road near the wharves & I shot it.

Snipe

Returning to camp I got down shells loaded with bag shot and Jim went on to Moose Point where he waited until it was nearly dark. We saw five small Ducks which looked like teal flying very swiftly over the marshes in a close bunch; two Mallard Ducks, one of which alighted in the grass just out of camp; and two Whistles. The last came directly over me. I shot at the leader and as he kept on gave him the second barrel also but just as I did to saw that he had been so much wounded. He fell from dead in the water at least fifty yards from where I stood. He must have been flying at unusual speed.

Moose Point
at evening.
Teal?

Black Ducks.
Snipe
Whistles

Several Snipe came rushing down past us on the wharves and I heard others scaping in the distance.

Snipe

1894

Sept. 21

A clearing day with fresh W. wind and sunshine most of the afternoon. Evening calm and very cool.

Our Partridge was back on his bed by this morning and for about an hour 9 to 10 o'clock he commenced at short regular intervals. He will want up to see his mother with C. & E. N. v. because it was so kind that the world might see that their his boy was really the man. He talked freely and he did not seem much better. I remained at home as the Partridge had to spend the evening.

Partridge
drawing
now, 1894

The afternoon was very calm and the Partridge was back on his bed by this morning and for about an hour 9 to 10 o'clock he commenced at short regular intervals. He will want up to see his mother with C. & E. N. v. because it was so kind that the world might see that their his boy was really the man. He talked freely and he did not seem much better. I remained at home as the Partridge had to spend the evening.

Sailing to
Outlet
Moose Point

Sooner Yellow
legs

Bald Eagle

The evening was perfectly calm and very warm; the air soft and charged with the smell of the marshes - a damp smell of decaying vegetation

Evening on
the Outlet
marshes

1894
Sept. 21
(No 2)

Little Umbagog, Maine.

but for we still were strongly charmed with associations
very dear to memory.

For half-an-hour or more hundreds of Bosford Frogs
swailed amazingly. I had had to shut my eyes to imagine
that it was a wild Yip coming on toward him but
I listened in vain for any other of the sounds of things
until presently a single drummed directly overhead. Soon
afterward I heard another & then another until at one
time they were drumming on every side and almost
incessantly. The marshes were evidently alive with them
to-night for besides the drumming birds I saw dozens
of others cutting to and fro against the faint light
in the western sky. As they shot down to their
feeding grounds their wings made a rushing sound so
exactly like that of Drakes' wings that I was instantly
deceived. When they merely flitted from one sand bank
to the next their wings rustled loudly. They used
only the scrape cry when flying but the feeding birds
kept up a constant calling to one another scalling a
low but penetrating keep, ke-r-uck very like the call
of the Florida Gallinule, I think that I have identified
this cry before but it puzzled me, at first, this evening.
As a rule only two birds were calling at one time one
appearing to answer the other. The call was raised a
good deal in both form & tone. At times it was not
unlike the keep of a Carolina Rail but there can be no
doubt that the scrape were the authors of this sound.
These scrape were feeding on small isolated lumps &
hummocks of mud which were surrounded by water high
to eight inches in depth. They came to this place from
every direction & some of them evidently from long distances.

Bosford Frogs

Gallinule
drummed

1894

Sept 21.
No 31

Besides the snipe there were a lot of Pectoral & Semipalmated sandpipers, several Sibley's sandpipers and a number of King-necked Plover. All these waters kept up a constant calling and flitting to & fro. Altogether the marsh was a peculiarly interesting place this wild, still September evening.

There were few Ducks, however. Indeed I saw only two, one a Black Duck which gave me a fair shot it was one thirty yards as it came rushing down on its wings preparing to alight directly in front of me. I shot at but unavailingly missed it.

The other Duck looked like a Heron. It was so small and shot past me so swiftly that I took it for a snipe until it had passed me & was on the point of alighting. I flushed it as I was on my way back to the boat but there was too little light for a time that I did not fire.

The Great Horned Owls were hooting regularly on the Mould's Rock there when I left the marsh and later I heard them from our camp distinctly across the marsh a noise of Ten Balls.

As we paddled homeward a loud vibrating cry rang out six or eight times in quick succession on the Moon Point marsh. A man who was with me assured me that it was a "Deer" blowing. It sounded to me most like the hairs of a Red Blue Heron but was much louder & more quavering. I should have guessed it to be a deer.

Deer blowing

1894.

Isle d'Orléans, Maine.

Sept. 22

Clear and very warm; the early part of the day calm, a fresh S.W. wind in the afternoon.

I spent the forenoon shooting Snipe on the marshes near the ground where so many birds were feeding last night, although plentifully "choked" and bored, harbored only a single Snipe this morning. After killing him I tramped for over an hour without firing another shot but at length found some long grass near the river bank. I put up over twenty birds in the course of ten or fifteen minutes. Flocks of them came at once and went off in a compact, flock like Sandpiper, mounting high into the air, circling, and finally pitching down and alighting not far from the spot where they started. They were very wild at first but after I had fired a few shots at them and watched them they lay better. Still I was forced to content myself with long shots most of the time and consequently I did a number of times. When I returned to the boat & counted my birds I found that I had bagged eleven.

I do not remember to have ever before seen Wilson's Snipe behave in the manner just described when the day was so absolutely clear and the wind so light.

I saw the good many birds on the ground standing erect watching me or running with a shuffling, crouching gait over spaces of bare mud. This is unusual in cloudy weather.

The only other birds I saw which I started were a Pectoral and a solitary sandpiper.

I spent most of the afternoon sailing on the boat in the little cove. At evening I saw a

Gallinago
delicata

Pectoral S.
Solitary S.
Sailing on
the boat.

1894.

Sept. 22
(No. 2.)

skinned little wood in the pond on the extremity of Moon Point Moon Point
 and pushing the same into low water by their entire at
 was nearly dark. A Black Duck quacked at regular intervals Black Duck
 for half an hour or more in the direction of the Coast and
 a flock of Red Wings passed at the mouth of the hole and
 not a Duck of any kind were any where.

As the twilight deepened birds began flying about over the Swamp
marshes and on at times descended thither in quills
discussion. Several shot just above one very good marking
the farm residing found that I noted last evening. One
descending with exceptional velocity made a deep whirring
sound.

Several muskrat rats crossed my little pond in the twilight muskrat
forming its glassy surface with flowy ripples.

The Great Horned Owl held high arrival this evening beginning Subo virgin-
Home after dark and hooping loudly until I went to town
about 10 P.M.. At one time two different birds came in
showing two of them on the Little marshes, the third on
Moon Point. Bill Sargent tells me that they feed largely
on muskrat rats which account for their persistent attachment
to these Little marshes. He says that they are the
trappers of many of their "rats" devoing them which is
the trap.

1894.

Sept. 23

Take U. S. Fish

Pine Point.

Monday. Clear and calm. S. E. wind, the temperature 74
in the afternoon.

As I was bathing at the boat this morning I had
 Kingfisher bathing about continuously and walking out on
 the Boats saw the bird about 200 yards from shore flying
 at a height of fifteen or twenty feet above the water making
 towards our cove. About thirty yards behind the Kingfisher
 was a Duck Hawk coming very swiftly with rapidly vibrating
 wings. He overtook the Kingfisher without the least apparent
 effort and when he was within a yard of it, it plunged
 down into the water making a great splash but not
 going beneath the surface and almost immediately rising &
 flying towards the shore again. The Falcon meanwhile had
 been carried by his great velocity twenty yards or more
 beyond the spot but he turned quickly and again overtook
 the Kingfisher with the greatest apparent ease. Instead of
 seizing it, however, as was expected him to do he rose slightly
 above it and swooping past close on its back turned to
 meet it. The Kingfisher doubled, I judge, but being well
 within the zone was able to meet its pursuer. Behind
 the woods. The Falcon pursued it with great speed
 up the shore and came directly over me giving me
 a fine view. I saw distinctly that he was a young male.
 Bill Sargent also saw this chase. He is inclined to
 believe with me that the Falcon could have caught
 the Kingfisher had he really tried but that he pursued
 it more in sport than earnest. This confirms the
 impression which I formed on Indian River in 1890
 when I saw a Duck Hawk chase a Blue-bird & after
 overtaking & passing it turn back without molesting it.

Duck Hawk
 Kingfisher

1894

Sept. 23

(No. 2)

Laska Bay, Alaska

Immediately after breakfast I started off in a boat with Will intending to spend the day taking photographs on the Megalloway. It did fair at the time to be a favorable day but when we reached the Outlet the wind rose and was soon blowing half a gale.

During the early part of the morning there had been almost incessant firing on the marshes. Seeing several men with guns still beating about there we approached them & asked them what they had been shooting. They showed us about two dozen waders - most of them Grass-Birds with six or eight Ring-necked Plover, a Carolina Rail, a Semipalmated Sandpiper, and a Wilson's Snipe. They had found a very large flock of waders they said and had killed only a small proportion of the number the remainder being scattered over the marsh. We heard more firing there in the afternoon.

We next rounded down river to Swets Meadow. Just as we entered it a Wood Duck rose on the left. I fired both barrels, bringing feathers at each shot, but the bird kept on out of sight.

There was nothing else in this meadow but we found abundant signs of the recent presence of ducks at the upper end.

We returned to camp in time for dinner seeing the falls in the teeth of a violent wind and rugged sea.

We passed Mr. Wornell in the river. He told us that his party killed a Deer in the Megalloway yesterday shooting it from the deck of the steamer as they were on their way up.

Outlet MarshesPectoralsRing necksGreenletsSnipeSwet MeadowWood DuckDeer killedin Megallowayriver

1894

Sept. 24

Tide gauge, 27.00

Pine Point

Much cooler the sky filled with cloud masses which soon rapidly before a violent N.W. wind, the sun shined out for brief intervals between them. The Ball white-capped, wild & stormy looking.

I spent the entire day about camp cutting down bushes for exercise. No birds saw a flock of Chickadees & Kinglets.

Some young men who have been camping on Moss's Rock crossed down the Ball early this morning & came upon a Bear which was swimming across from the Kilsall place to Great Island. They fired a number of shots at and finally killed it. This is the third Bear which has been killed near the lower end of the Ball within the past two weeks. The first was shot by Scerius in a pasture, the second by Charles Douglas from the steamer as it was running from P. Point to Birch Point. A fourth, a cub of about 40 lbs. weight, was caught alive by a young man who pursued it across a pasture (the Peary White pasture above Supt's) and mistaking it then a horse blanket over its head. The old "he" and another cub were with it & ran off. These Bears had been robbing apples on this farm & had torn the young trees to pieces so as to nearly ruin them.

Yesterday morning ~~two~~ young fellows who are camping on our old point & trapping muskrat shot a very large Bull in Bennett's Pond.

Small birds

Bear shot
which swimming
across Ball
from Kilsall
place to
Great Island

Bull shot
in
Bennett's Pond

1894

Sept. 25

Outlet Marshes.

Another wild day of north-west wind, and driving cloud masses alternating with brief periods of sunshine & occasional light showers. Still cool, therm. 40° at 9 P. M.

Soon after breakfast Hill returned from Upton where he had spent the night & reported seeing two Yellow-bills and a large flock of Gloss Ibis on the Cambridge River marshes. Thinking that there might also be birds on the Outlet marshes I went out there at once. Soon after we had Tringa Garden landed (a few hundred yards below the Outlet on the west bank) we saw three waders feeding on a mud flat at the edge of a shallow pool of surface water. One of them proved to be a Ring-necked Plover. The other two I could not make out to my satisfaction although I studied them for many minutes through my glass at a distance of about 25 yards in a good light. I suspected that they were Bonaparte's Grebes but they looked and acted suspiciously like Grebes. They were wading up to their bellies in the water & probing the soft sand most assiduously. At times they would walk about slowly & sedately like Pectorals, then run briskly two & four exactly like "Peeps." The longer I watched them the stronger became my impression that they were Grebes but that their breasts looked too brown and their bills too long. Finally getting them together I shot them both, not without strong reluctance, but to my delight they proved to be really Tringa birds, a young ♂ and an old female. On examining them I found them to be in good condition but not so fat as waders usually are at this season.

The report of the gun started up two large Plover, a

1894.
 Sept 25
 (no 2)

Both head & a Golden, which flew about together for some time each uttering his characteristic whistle. Finally they alighted a long distance off. I came after them at once but did not succeed in finding them. Meanwhile the Storm passed on its way toward East. We had about reached the mouth of the Mygalee when three or four shots were fired in quick succession, evidently from the shore. Immediately afterwards a few small ducks appeared over the trees, circled around the marshes and dropped down into Leonard's Pond. They had a strange "look" & we at at once started in pursuit of them. We found them sitting on the mud at the water's edge near the head of the island. Jim paddled me to within about 40 yards when I ought to have fired for they took to the water & hid up their necks but I hoped to get a little more & waited. The next instant they flew and I gave them both barrels killing one bird & wounding another which, however, made off across the woods flying very slowly & laboriously. The other four would leave the pond & one over the water flying very brightly in a close bunch. As we were approaching them I took them at first for ducks but before they started I saw unmistakably that they were all Ring-necked (Argya collaris), a rare Duck here. The bird that I killed was a fine young ♂ & I skinned it of course. I do not think that there were any but young birds (with possibly an old ♀) in the flock. After this I crossed the marshes again killing a solitary Pectoral & wounding another. There were a few signs of Snipe but I could not flush a single bird.

Pecete head
Golden Plover

Argya collaris

Pectoral

1894

Sept 25

(No 3)

I am beginning to lose ^{faith in} respect for the supposed prowess
of the Duck Hawk. While we were in the marsh this
morning we heard the notes of Pectoral sandpipers and
looking towards the outlet saw about a dozen of these
birds rising hurriedly from the marsh with a Duck
Hawk & a young male & perhaps the same bird which
chased the Kingfisher into our cove on the morning
of the 23rd in close pursuit. Dashing into the middle
of the flock he separated one bird from the rest and
drove it out over the open Balle. There seemed to be
absolutely no hope for it but twice as the Falcon
closed in it checked his talons by an abrupt turn.
At the third failure the Hawk, to my great surprise,
saw up the cove and rising high in air ^{began} turning in
small circles on set wings, drifting off rapidly before
the strong wind. The Pectoral ~~to~~ rejoined the flock
which quickly disappeared in the direction of Upton
having evidently been too thoroughly frightened to
think of returning to their feeding ground.
What was it all meanethese repeated failures of
Duck Hawks to catch a seemingly easy prey? This
bird certainly ~~appeared~~ ^{was} in earnest, but if
was a bad bungler.

1894
Sept. 26
No 2.

It was very cold when I sat waiting for him on an exposed point near the head of the island but I was entertained by watching two Bald Eagles, one young, the other a fine adult bird. The young was at first perched on a dead corky, a cork float, after it had finished its meal it flew to downy green white pines on the north shore of the north channel where the old bird had gone to roost a short time before, both birds alighting in the same tree about midway from the ground and flying and soaring down a few times before flying away.

Haliaeetus
leucorhynchus

Bill Gargant reported being two Greater Yellow-caps on the marsh opposite Seward's Pond. One of them flew about with a very light and heavy.

Gr. Yellowlegs

The migrants have been very quiet so far since the storm was left us. The Doves have been wholly silent and about all the migrating Warblers have gone. The height of the migration of small, nocturnal-flying birds was between the 10th and 20th September.

Columba
Solen
Migration

Before flocking this morning I exposed five plates on one old drum, from a blind which we have made just twenty-five feet from the spot where the bird sits. He was evidently wholly unaware of my presence until just after I had made the last exposure when he suddenly took alarm & ran off along the log "quitting" I had a fine view of him through my peep hole but without getting near. The fact that his tail, for three entire lengths, was pressed down on the log was evident. Also it was clear that his wing did not strike his body.

Bonasa
logata

1894.

Sept. 27

Much warmer, the sun shining at frequent intervals but the sky filled with masses of easily-drifting clouds. A moderate South wind.

It was dead calm in the early morning and the sky was nearly free from clouds. Hoping that these conditions might continue I started, immediately after breakfast, in one of the boats with him and my camera. But before we had reached the point where I camped in 1889-90 and where I intended to begin operations the wind rose and the clouds blotched out the sun. However I took one photograph of this point and another from it of Mill's Rock. Then we got it up, rowed back to the Outlet and down the river feeling something to shoot.

As we were passing the mud flats on the left shore opposite Bernard's Pond I saw several small waders sitting on little mounds of mud surrounded by water.

We pushed the boat towards them and soon made them out to be Dunlins. As they appeared to be very tame I decided to try to photograph them. Jim pushed the boat slowly along over the mud until the birds were within eight feet of them of the birds and I put up my tripod and took ten pictures. My subjects were barely enough interested in what I was about to do much as well as well at me although my focusing cloth waved & flapped in the wind and the various doors, hatches & flaps of the canoe clacked & rattled loudly. During most of the time (about two hours) the birds were asleep with their bills buried in the feathers of the neck (scapulars) but

Photography

Tringa a
pacifica.

Three

Smallish,
large birds.

1894

Sept. 27
No 2

They actually left with "one eye open". When I read them by whistling, clapping my hands, or talking to them they would regard me for a minute with mild wonder and then go to sleep again. I stood up & sat down, changed the position of my canvas etc. without calling the slightest alarm to avoid noise or sudden movement but the birds, after the first minute or two, paid no attention to my movements. They were evidently very tired but it seemed incredible that any wild creatures could be so utterly devoid of fear or even anxiety. There was nothing between them & the boat but water & bare mud.

After we had finished with them I decided to frighten them away as some gulls had been watching their proceedings. I swung my paddle about and struck it on the water without success. Then I began splashing water on them. They ducked their heads and ran to & fro for an instant but finally took flight and went off in apparent great alarm & excitement (having had a wish or more before realization). There were quite birds in all the marshes but not all were in the same marsh. The ones that were in the marsh I did not have the heart to molest them with. Indeed I did not find a single bird in the marsh.

Pectorals.

Gull

Black Duck

Bonaparte

Gull.

Came upon a Bonaparte's Gull, a young bird, very tame, perched on a log at the Outlet. I saw him several times later, flying about over the woods.

1894

Sept 7

No 21

it was a mystery, and that in one possible place in Canada
 was to paddle out into the lake and getting behind
 the island to land and stalk it on shore. Goshwin
 was to remain on the reef for the chance of a flying shot. Goose
 To my great surprise the Goose did not show any
 sign at one moment, although we took to the
 island and embarked in full view of it. Once we
 were paddling fast out of the lake I raised
 its head and looked at us but was for a moment
 the boat stuck in one of our sights behind the island
 and then we both felt nearly done by it. The landing
 I found that I could walk erect without being seen
 and when I reached the bank and looked over
 there was the goose many when we left it was
 in the water with its head down, apparently feeding.
 I shot at its head and killed the bird instantly.
 It proved to be a male, in good condition but not
 fat. On skinning it I was unable to find any
 indication that it had been previously wounded
 or that it was not in perfect health. It is strange
 that it should have selected such a lonely spot for
 a resting place, stranger still that it should have
 alighted so close in without first reconnoitering the
 place, and stranger of all that it should have
 allowed us to circumvent it so easily & openly.
 In the afternoon I fired another shot - a very
 long one - at a Duck which I at one moment
 as a Hidgee - old male. He gave chase as we
 were coming down river near the end of the
 went on apparently unharmed.

Canada

Goose

Shot at

Black Id.

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1894.

Oct. 1

Lake Umbagog, Maine.

Duller marshes

Robins

bushes at the entrance to Bernard's Pond and with or near them three Rusty Blackbirds, several Song and White-throated Sparrows, a Swamp Sparrow, and two Yellow-rumps.

On the marsh opposite I shot a typical specimen of *Dendroica hypochrysa*, a young bird. It came flying from the stubs next the river and alighted well out on the marsh where I found it running about on the mud in company with a Savannah Sparrow. It kept hopping and disapproving among the tufted grass and as I advanced flitted on before me giving me much trouble before I secured it.

Dendroica hypochrysa

Later in the afternoon I sailed across the Lake again and running the canoe into a shallow creek directly opposite Bernard's Pond sat there until it was nearly dark. My chief object was to find out whether the Grebes which I drove away from the marsh this morning would return at evening. They came from every direction in extraordinary numbers as soon as twilight fell, and for fifteen or twenty minutes their grace call and the rushing sound of their wings were briefly incessant. I heard one make a curious low jarring sound soon after it had alighted near me.

Gallinago delicata

As I was pulling homeward a Fox barked a number of times in quick succession exactly like a small dog. I also heard a Great Blue Heron make a tremendous outcry - a succession of hoarse screams such a wounded Heron will utter. I had heard this bird distinctly from Pine Point. He thinks it was caught by either a Fox or a "Cat Owl."

Fox barking

Gr. Bl. Heron makes a great outcry at night

1894.

Oct. 10

... ..

Will rowed me across the lake and through
 early soon after breakfast. On the mud-flat just beyond
 the carry we found a most interesting lot of waders, there
 were five Greater Yellow-legs, about fifteen Pectorals and
 a least Sandpiper (positively identified) all assembled on a
 muddy island only a few rods from the shore. We watched them
 for some time from a distance of thirty yards. At length
 the Yellow-legs became nervous, ceased feeding, & finally
 flew coming directly past us. I fired both banks at
 high birds & missed ^{with} both. Then the Pectorals dashed past
 & I shot one of them. All these birds were high in air
 & went off down the lake. At the same time I heard the
 call of a Black-bellied Plover & saw five of them following
 the Yellow-legs & Pectorals.

Mixed flock
 of Waders

I then landed & beat the entire marsh for birds but although
 the little sparrow walked the ground and indiscriminately
 we put up only six birds all of which rose out of range
 and flew out of sight. They were as wild as Hawks.
 There were some Scaup & Black Ducks at the Outlet
 but we could not get near them. After making the
 attempt we were returning down the river when I heard
 the cry of a Killdeer Plover, a bird new to my
 knowledge. It appeared singly, gliding high in
 company with six Pectorals, and finally alighted on
 an open mud flat where it began turning about feeding.
 I tried to stalk it but when I was that sixty yards
 away it rose and flew across the river making a
 great outcry. We followed but could not get near it

...

...

Regulidites
vocifera

1894

(Oct. 2)

(No. 2)

and it finally disappeared in the distance towards the
foot of the Lake.

On the river bank a few rods below the Outlet we
found where something had caught a Barred Owl. There
were a good many of its feathers, chiefly from the back
and sides, scattered about on the mud and a large
stump some twenty yards away was literally plastered
all over with them which the ground beneath was also
thickly strewn. Beneath the stump I found all the
wing and tail feathers and wooden coles I detect any
bones, claws or fragments of the flesh of the poor bird.
It had evidently been killed on the ground, or
perhaps while flying over it) and taken to the stump
where it had been devoured. Much of the ground between
the stump & the bank was left mud which were
no tracks save those of Snipe and Minks. From this
both bird & I concluded that the creature must have
been a bird and, doubtless, a Great Horned Owl.

*Syrnium
nebulosum*

The marshes were everywhere covered with the tracks
hoppers of Snipe. The birds which were there one
morning must have remained & fed well into the
night & left before daylight this morning.

*Syrnium
nebulosum*

A Coon rambled all over these marshes on the night
of September 30th leaving his tracks every where. We also
heard him that evening at about 9 o'clock. His cry was
somewhat like the hoot of a Barred Owl.

Raccoon
tracks.

¹ As we neared the Lake this noon we paddled

1894

Oct. 11

1894

hundred yards by two hundred yards. They for all flows
 are going off to the north, the other towards the south.
 holes in the water they swim side by side, often
 smacking each other, making very great noise and
 the noise well and of course.

Colymbus
curvatus

This evening Flying Squirrels were frequently seen at
 camp jumping from tree to tree & passing up the
 trunks in the night of the pine. We have them almost
 every night scampering over the top of the camp or
 on the boats but I have not seen one before. They
 sometimes descend downwards by running up the
 sides of the boats & then striking down. Their only
 cry seems to be a faint, rattling squeaking which
 we have often heard at night & which I saw one make
 this evening. What a pity they are unobserved! They
 are the most comical of all the animals. Although
 I watched them here to night for some time they did
 not ever "fly" but merely jumped from tree to tree
 usually striking, however, flat against the trunk instead of
 among twigs or branches. Otherwise their motions were very
 like those of diurnal Squirrels. They were very active and,
 as it seemed to me, rather timid.

Flying
Squirrels
 at night

1894.

Oct. 3

Pine Point.

The sun peeped out once or twice during the forenoon but most of the day was cloudy with a strong south-west wind and occasional dashes of rain. The wind rose after sunset and now (10 P. M.) is blowing almost a gale.

I spent most of the forenoon photographing on the point. Of course the conditions were not favorable but still the wind did not seem to penetrate the recesses of the woods and there were many brief periods when the leaves were fairly still.

There were at least two flocks of Juncos in one woods and a very large number of Horned Throats, evidently migrants which came last night. I also saw two Ruby-crowned Kinglets one of which sang very loudly a few times.

Among a flock of Chickadees & Golden-crests I detected a Black-throated Green Warbler, a young male in full summer plumage. This is a late date.

To my surprise a Parula began to sing a short half past nine this morning. I heard him twice and then went to the house where I found him in his usual place. He behaved rather oddly, fluffing about a good deal, sitting down as if to dance, then after one or two flights along his wings and fanning his feathers a turning around again. A large yellow leaf from a striped maple came whirling down and settled on the log near him. He walked to the spot, looked at it a moment, picked it up in his bill and then cast it from him to the ground with an important jerk of the head. Some after word he left while I was absent for a moment.

Photography
in the
woods
near camp

Junco
Horned
Ruby-crown.
Kinglets

Chickadee
Golden-crests

Parula
toyata

Lakeside to Bethel.

1894.

Oct. 10

Early morning cloudy and threatening with heavy rain from 8.30 to 4 o'clock. After which the clouds parted, the sun came out, and the weather was in every way highly delightful.

C. S. R. S. and I left Lakeside on the stage at 7.30 A.M. and drove to Bethel, where we reached at 2.30 P.M. We then took the 3.36 P.M. train for Portland where we went aboard the night boat for Boston.

None of my beauty and I got between breakfast and looked (entirely) have been anything like so delighted as we are this. The foliage at the mountain spring was at the very acme of its perfection and the heavy bloom with the sun thoroughly bringing out the brilliant tints to the best advantage. The cold effects, in our usual, mild & genial.

It was evidently a flight-day, for the Sparrows - Juncos, Song Sparrows and White-throats, being abundant along the roadsides and Chippis were numerous in places. On the hillside below Upton post-office I saw three White-crowned Sparrows and there was a fourth in Grafton, all young birds. Robins were numerous every where but I saw only two Flickers and not a single Blue Jay. A Red-tailed Hawk was hovering over Poplar Tavern in Newry.

Sparrows
Song Sparrows

White-crowns

Robins
Flickers
Red-tail
Hawk

At this Tavern they had a Bear cub of about thirty pounds weight on the piazza, fastened by a collar & chain. Although taken from the trap only this morning it was perfectly tame & very gentle allowing us to pet & feed its head & ears. It drank well and ate apples greedily. The weather was bright & clear and the sun shone & pleased an apple orchard behind the hotel.

Bear cub
trapped near
Poplar
Tavern,
Newry

Game Birds Killed by W. B. at Lake Umbagog

Lake Umbagog, Maine.

	September														October		
	1894	3	4	9	10	12	13	14	20	22	25	28	29	1	2		
Common Yellowlegs	2	3														5	
Wilson's Snipe		2		3	2				1	11					4	23	
Can. Rail		1														1	
Solitary Sandpiper		1														1	
Black Duck			1		4	3										8	
Goldeneye "				1					1							1	
Pectoral Sandpiper					5	1				1			4	1		12	
Baird's "					2					2						4	
Trumpeter "					2											2	
Wood Duck																2	
Black-bellied Plover								1								1	
Ring-necked Duck										1						1	
Ruffed Grouse											1					1	
Canada Goose													1			1	

1894

Aug. 24 to
Oct. 5Nominal List of Birds observed. (Full data on
slips in note pockets).

1. Sialia sialis.
2. Melospiza migratoria.
3. Turdus swainsonii.
4. " gambelii.
5. Parus atricapillus.
6. " melanotis.
7. Regulus calendula.
8. " saturata.
9. Sitta carolinensis.
10. " canadensis.
11. Certhia americana.
12. Troglodytes hiemalis.
13. Mniotilta varia.
14. Anthus ludovicianus.
15. Helminthophila ruficapilla.
16. Comptosia americana.
17. Dendroica castanea.
18. " coronata.
19. " maculosa.
20. " pennsylvanica.
21. " caeruleocephala.
22. " viridis.
23. " tigrina.
24. " hypochrysea.
25. Geothlypis trichas.
26. Seiurus aurocapillus.
27. " novboracensis.
28. Sylvania canadensis.
29. Setophaga ruticilla.
30. Uruba solitarius.
31. " phalaeopterus.
32. " olivaceus.
33. Amphispiza cedrorum.
34. Chelidon erythrogaster.
35. Tachycineta bicolor.
36. Petrochelidon lunifrons.
37. Pipilo canadensis.
38. Carpodacus purpureus.
39. Loxia minor.
40. Spinus tristis.
41. " pinus.
42. Procaetes gramineus.
43. Ammodramus savanna.
44. Junco hyemalis.
45. Spizella socialis.
46. Melospiza fasciata.
47. " georgiana.
48. Zonotrichia albicollis.
49. " leucophrys.
50. Hydemeles ludoviciana.
51. Passerina cyanea.
52. Dolichonyx oryzivorus.
53. Scolecophagus ferrugineus.
54. Corvus americanus.
55. Cyanocitta cristata.
56. Perisoreus canadensis.

1894

Aug. 24th

Oct. 5

Nominal List of Birds observed. (Full data on slips in note books.)

- | | |
|----------------------------------------|-------------------------------------|
| 57. <i>Trochilus colubris</i> . | 85. <i>Accipiter velox</i> . |
| 58. <i>Chactura pilasgica</i> . | 86. <i>Bonasa u. togata</i> . |
| 59. <i>Chordeiles virginianus</i> . | 87. <i>Gallinago delicata</i> . |
| 60. <i>Coccyzus erythrophthalmus</i> . | 88. <i>Squatarola helvetica</i> . |
| 61. <i>Ceryle alcyon</i> . | 89. <i>Chondestes dominicus</i> . |
| 62. <i>Tyrannus tyrannus</i> . | 90. <i>Agelaius vociferus</i> . |
| 63. <i>Contopus borealis</i> . | 91. " <i>annularis</i> . |
| 64. " <i>virginicus</i> . | 92. <i>Tringa maculata</i> . |
| 65. <i>Coccyzus erythrophthalmus</i> . | 93. " <i>bairdii</i> . |
| 66. <i>Coturnix coturnix</i> . | 94. " <i>alpina pacifica</i> . |
| 67. <i>Sphyrapicus varius</i> . | 95. " <i>minutilla</i> . |
| 68. <i>Dryobates villosus</i> . | 96. <i>Ereunetes pusillus</i> . |
| 69. " <i>pubescens</i> . | 97. <i>Titanus melanoleuca</i> . |
| 70. <i>Picoides arcticus</i> . | 98. " <i>flavipes</i> . |
| 71. " <i>americanus</i> . | 99. <i>Phyaophilus solitarius</i> . |
| 72. <i>Buteo virginianus</i> . | 100. <i>Seturus macularia</i> . |
| 73. <i>Syrnium nebulosum</i> . | 101. <i>Ardea herodias</i> . |
| 74. <i>Cyrtus acadica</i> . | 102. <i>Mycteria americana</i> . |
| 75. <i>Circus hudsonius</i> . | 103. <i>Buteo lineatus</i> . |
| 76. <i>Haliaeetus leucocephalus</i> . | 104. <i>Porzana carolina</i> . |
| 77. <i>Panolinus carolinensis</i> . | 105. <i>Bernicla canadensis</i> . |
| 78. <i>Falco sparverius</i> . | 106. <i>Anas obscura</i> . |
| 79. <i>Buteo borealis</i> . | 107. " <i>boschas</i> . |
| 80. " <i>latissimus</i> . | 108. <i>Mareca americana</i> . |
| 81. <i>Astus atricapillus</i> . | 109. <i>Querquedula discors</i> . |
| 82. <i>Falco anatum</i> . | 110. <i>Dafila acuta</i> . |
| 83. " <i>columbarius</i> . | 111. <i>Aix sponsa</i> . |
| 84. <i>Accipiter cooperii</i> . | 112. <i>Aythya collaris</i> . |

1894

Aug. 24th

Oct. 5.

Nominal List of Birds Observed. (Full data on slips in notes pockets.)

113. Clauccius americana.

114. Merganser americanus.

115. Lophodytes cucullatus.

116. Unidentified Scoters.

117. Larus philadelphia.

118. Tringa imber.

119. Podiceps auritus.

1844
Nov 21

I have just returned from a
trip of 11th of Nov. I saw
evidence of a few odd days and was not much surprised
to find in the hills, 4000 ft. high the snow had melted
completely away and on the west side nearly all
was melted. But on Nov. 11th a storm of snow began with
snow clouds to show itself in the afternoon
and in the morning nearly the hills were covered
to some extent. Under the snow the trees were
to be seen and of course the hills were
steep and the hills were not so high as
to a very great extent.

The snow was very deep and the hills were
covered with it. The snow was very deep and
the hills were covered with it. The snow was
very deep and the hills were covered with it.
The snow was very deep and the hills were
covered with it. The snow was very deep and
the hills were covered with it. The snow was
very deep and the hills were covered with it.

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covered with it. The snow was very deep and
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very deep and the hills were covered with it.
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covered with it. The snow was very deep and
the hills were covered with it. The snow was
very deep and the hills were covered with it.

As I have not kept a daily journal this autumn I
shall now endeavor to supply its place by giving a resume
of the most interesting things that I have seen since my departure.

1894

Oct. 11 to

Nov. 21

Concord, Massachusetts

Resume of Field Observations.

Mammals. Musk rats have been exceptionally numerous in the river this autumn and thus far they have not been noticed to any extent by the shooters while I do not think that any traps have been set for them. The unusual number and size of their houses attracts general attention and comment among the farmers and others who have seen them. These houses line the river banks all the way from Fairhaven Bay to Ball's Hill. There are five in one group and then in another on the Beaver Dam Rapid. Two of them are at least five feet high and each would make nearly or quite a full load for a tip cart. Some of the older farmers & gunners tell me that they have not seen so many or so large houses on this river for fifteen years & this is also my own impression.

Of all the creatures which inhabit the river at this season the Musk rats are by far the ^{most} interesting. I have seen a great deal of them this autumn for I have almost invariably started up river at about the time when they were beginning their night wanderings. One evening I counted ⁱⁿ between Ball's Hill and the Minute Man and I frequently saw twelve or fourteen. As far as I can make out they all spend the day in holes in the banks and visit their houses and feeding grounds only after twilight has begun falling. Many of them have to cross the river for their purpose and I have noticed that each individual regularly crosses in the same place. The first come out of their holes soon after sunset if the weather is clear, earlier if it be stormy or cloudy. Some evenings they are very bold - in fact perfectly fearless - swimming about on the open water in every direction and allowing me

Musk rats.

1874

Oct 21/6

Nov. 21

(No 2)

to paddle fast within a few yards without apparently taking any notice of me. At other times, however, they are so wary and suspicious that I do not succeed in getting so much as a glimpse at one although as I round the bends I see ~~one or more of them~~ ^{the} silvery furrows when they have just dived and everywhere ripples rolling out of the thickets of button bushes or willows when they have been feeding. I am quite unable to understand this difference in ~~their~~ ^{their} behavior & to correlate it with any particular ^{or particular} conditions of the weather. During the autumn Musk rats are seen abroad by day much less often than in spring or summer but occasionally during the past month I have surprised one taking a sun bath in a bush when the sun was warm & the water cold. Only twice during this period have I heard them make the low murmuring sound so often heard given in spring and not over have I smelt their "musk".

Musk rats

I have seen only one Musk this autumn. He swam Musk across the river just above Ball's Hill at about 3 P.M. and two hours later I found him in the Holt (nearly a mile above Ball's Hill by river) where he gobbled along the bank for a few yards and then sought refuge among the roots of an old maple where he kept peeping out at me with evident shy suspicion. He was a very large individual. This happened about October 30th.

Squirrels have been scarce this autumn, at least in the Ball's Hill region where I have seen ~~only~~ ^{but} one.

1894.

Oct. 11⁶

Nov. 21

(No 3)

Gray Squirrel, no Red Squirrels, and only two or three Chipmunks. Yet the crop of chestnuts has been exceptionally large and good. There have been, to be sure, a large family of Red Squirrels in the butternut trees ~~near~~ the Gen. Hayes place. I counted six in these trees at one time last week and the boys have shot one or two more, than to my certain knowledge. Possibly the Red Squirrels have avoided the Balls this woods because there are no pine seeds this year, and there may be more Gray Squirrels there than I have supposed for I did see a good many of their tracks (especially on Holden's Hill) when the ground was covered with snow a week or two ago.

This Gray Squirrel is, I think, much shyer and more retiring in autumn than in other seasons. It may be well to note that three of these beautiful animals have taken up their abode in the big lindens on our place in Cambridge. One of them appeared there in August when the pears were ripening and we saw all three together early in October. They ~~are~~ are living in the hole formerly occupied by the Red Squirrels in the linden at the east end of the house. They are very tame & appear to be on terms of entire familiarity with one another. While the pears were on the trees they made frequent trips into the garden for them. Now they are depending on our bounty. I have not yet heard any of them utter any sound. They have taken many leaves into their hole presumably to line it. These leaves were chosen with much care & many were rejected after being taken up and examined.

Squirrels

Three Gray
Squirrels take
up their
abode in the
Cambridge
lindens

Concord, Massachusetts.

1894

Oct 11 6

Nov. 21

Nov 4)

The snow revealed the presence of several Skunks in the Ball's Hill woods and Benson's dog, before it came, killed, as I now find, no less than three in the fields near the house. Hitherto he has given these animals a wide berth, merely barking from a safe distance when he has found one; but he has now discovered some apparently secure way of seizing and killing the Skunk before it can discharge its fluid. Benson says that he simply rushes upon it and kills it by buckling its back with a single vigorous shake of the jaws. He has seen him kill one in this manner. I examined the Skunk where it was killed and can testify that neither it, nor the ground, nor the dog gave out the slightest odor. Two years ago I found a Skunk which a Fox had left at the entrance to his hole and which was wholly odorless. Its fur was wet and matted on the back where the Fox had evidently mounded it. The Skunk killed by Benson's dog had been dragged about ~~on~~ wet ground and nearly half of it had been eaten by something so that I could not tell just where & how it had been originally seized.

Skunk's

There are plenty of Mice in the cabin but they do not seem to be as destructive as they were at first. I have trapped about half a dozen this autumn - all white-footed Mice. Thus far I have caught only this species and Eutamias in the cabin. The House Mice have not found me out yet & the Field Mice stay outside in the meadows.

Mice

1894.

Oct. 11 to

Nov. 31

No 5

Records of Field Observations.

Ground, Massachusetts

Parids. During the season, to the end of the year, there were several nests which would have been made by the species very much as usual. There is a nest with three eggs this month. I found with the addition of a few more in some other places. In one nest the eggs were fresh and in another they were fresh and in another they were fresh.

Parus. Parus has been very common. There was a solitary bird at North Hill on the 10th/11th/12th of November. On the 11th of this date when the ground was covered with snow to the depth of five or six inches I saw this bird, a little after sunset, sitting on a dead tree branch in a bush.

Robins have frequented the pine woods in small flocks through the latter half of October to feed upon their cones and I found a large flock there on the 11th November. On Nov. 4th at the same place of Robins in the cedar postures along the Catawug road. Apparently only a few stragglers remained in the pine woods forest after Nov. 15th.

During the whole of my stay at the house in this village I noticed frequented the orchard behind the house and very frequently I could hear his quacking call both after daybreak and in the evening. There were several, one at North Hill, one at North Hill and one in the open pond woods. It would be interesting to know if these individuals were Concord-Bed or migrants from further north. The bird at North Pond was seen Nov. 16 and 21st in the same place.

Grand, Massachusetts.

1876

Oct 17

Nov. 1

No 8

Journal of Field Observations

The birds were especially numerous during October and Anthus
 on November 1st I shot a lot of them. After pennsylvanicus.
 this only a few remained in abundance. On Oct. 17
 when I found the birds coming about the house
 I was in the yard they were on the lawn.
 During the day they were seen in the yard, a few
 singly or in small numbers but by the evening
 numbers gathered to roost in places especially
 back of the house freely lit. At evening a
 little before sunset they began coming to the windows
 from every direction and often in great numbers.
 When the window is shut in a large proportion
 will be heard immediately for a few minutes
 after the house and the singing is heard in the
 hills on a distant peak. At night they
 they will be seen from the hill and will
 give away a light of light in the
 West. Besides the many other species of
 birds in the woods, swallows & sparrows, they
 were on the hills in the woods. Swallows
 along the river but they often fall down in various
 bits of muddy or very gravel in the river bank where
 they have roosted, and other birds entering
 the flight to the landing ground.

Though October the song and singing of various species
 many, but most numerous was the chickadee
 by the birds which frequented the river banks. It
 sang in the woods then flew in the air of
 the sun yellow which for a week or more

1899

Oct 10

Nov. 21

1897

Notes on the

collected the upper ...
I saw the first ...
Nov. 20th. These dates are interesting ...
as with the species ...

The first of ...
The ...
Nov. 20th. These dates are interesting ...
as with the species ...

At ...
on Oct. 16, 17, — & 26th

The first ...
which ...
of the ...

On October 14th I saw ...
and on the 27th in the ...

Neither ...
during ...
the last ...
fields of ...
along the river ...

1878
Dec. 17
1891
No. 9

Experiments with Field Mice

Sturnella
magna

The Meadow Lark of several species
 occurring from the woods was shot the last
 week in the woods of 1891. I found the
 species being, though the field of the woods
 in the field about the woods, and the woods there
 were meadows. - Meadow. The woods
 they moved from in 1891 to 1892 but the
 - - - - - after this in all years the
 woods together - - - - -
 have been in the woods and the woods.
 they lay only - - - - - in the
 still days during the spring but in
 particular the, woods and after the
woods - - - - - the woods be
 - - - - - one than others to inter mixing and
 at the same time supplementing each other as to
 produce a continuous flow of sound, very harsh
 and musical in its general effect. As a rule
 this singing was produced when the birds were
 on the ground but now, rather early in the
 morning, for a few of them were perched in
 the upper branches of a large maple tree that stood on
 the bank of the river. They seemed to be usually
absorbed in their own singing and almost as if
unable to hear the others and only at times
for short times before they took the alarm and
began to fly.

I saw or heard Meadow Larks on the first of the month.
 usually only near woods or after the woods in the
 meadows to west of the woods, and then.

Journal of the ...

1691.

Journal of the ...

Oct. 11 to

Nov. 31

(No 10)

The only ...

Woodchuck ...

although I was ...

Woodchuck ...

1896

Oct 11

24.21

Nov 11

Account of Field Observations

One of the most interesting specimens of the
 is usually the water lapped side of hills which
 take the form of a heart-shaped oval. Will there would have
 been found the day at that time but was in the
 company of one which, as we were approaching the head
 of the river the water, a large bird building on one
 of the plain which descended the mountain - as the
 the bird had set down on the ground and after
 walking upon the river slightly on the edge of the bank
 which however had been left the bank and the water
 edge. The bird was first sighted for a moment -
 looking the bird flew up and down by a rapid stream
 the bank on the edge of the water (against the stream)
 of the stream in the west it showed out most distinctly but a
 silhouette showing no colors. Presently it took flight again
 and skimmed about the water surface flying very
 gracefully but in an erratic manner very close to the
 water or perhaps still more like a night-hawk,
 alternately appearing and disappearing as it bore against
 the light in the west or dipped down close to the
 surface of the ground. After a few minutes it returned
 to the water. The manner of alighting and taking
 flight was very abrupt and decided. The flow of
 second time soon after this and did not again return
 On the evening of Nov. 12th I saw what appeared to be
 the same bird beating the bushes at the Hotel was
 much in the manner of a House Wren and on the
 next evening on Oct. 13th of similar size and appearance
 started from a maple opposite this museum as I was
 passing.

1896

1894

Oct 11 6

Nov. 21

(No 12)

Return of Hill Mountain.

Another very curious specimen occurred on the
 hill on November 195. I had been the day at Hill
 Hill, as usual, and was finding off in the rain to
 return to ground when I noticed a great number of
 feathers from Hill, which stream, with the usual
 the of my own. As I had seen it once on the hill
 said that he had noticed the Hill for Hill - in
 a cage. During that time the Hill had a lot
 of Hill and they had many light Hill with
 the Hill. As I looked I should be there for as
 the Hill could Hill both up and down Hill and
Hill about but finding a Hill Hill Hill
 with Hill Hill.

Myctale
acacia

And this out of Hill of Hill of Hill and
 found that they had Hill to Hill Hill Hill.
 had come from Hill Hill of the Hill Hill
Hill and the Hill of the Hill Hill
Hill - Hill Hill Hill.

This Hill of feathers was as usual Hill in the
Hill Hill Hill in the Hill of Hill Hill Hill
 it Hill Hill at the Hill of the Hill Hill
Hill. The Hill was a Hill Hill Hill in the Hill
 at this Hill to the Hill I Hill that the Hill Hill
 had been Hill that Hill upon Hill Hill
Hill. I Hill to find Hill as a Hill Hill.
 I then decided that the Hill Hill must Hill
Hill Hill before I Hill and that the Hill
Hill which I Hill to Hill Hill Hill
Hill Hill about the Hill when I Hill Hill.
 Accordingly I Hill Hill Hill Hill Hill

1896.

Oct. 11 to

Nov. 24

No. 131

Journal of Bird Migrations.

clearly, a not very difficult task for they are nearly
conspicuous around with leaves. I was beginning to despair
of success, however, when, on reaching the edge of the forest
below Whitchurch Spire I caught sight of a bird of passage
skipping to a twig of one of the very first bushes
which line the west end of the bank at the bank house
I could then see I at once found abundant evidence
that the bird had had been feeding and also that,
but by what means it was a mystery.
The evidence must have been a bird, because, for the
last three or four days I had been sure
I should not see the bird at all. I was
often past. This bird was always with the bird and
found together then as it will come down on a night
among the bushes under the bank. On the 11th of Oct.
at the water edge I found this bird as well as a
few small fragments of fresh but they must have been
cast down from above for the same was a sign of
passage.

In my way down in the morning I started a
Red-tailed Hawk from the top of a maple tree
just I was observed, before that he was dead. The
disturbance of the flock with the bird. The hawk was probably
caught in the maple when he was taken for some reason
are often found at this house in various trees on
meadows on the banks of the river.

British Hawks have been seen in small numbers the
usual. I saw the rest of the birds in the house for
on the meadows between 19

1884
Feb 11
Mar 21
Apr 11

Records of Field Observations

Buteo borealis
et lineatus

During winter a very strong current of birds was
noted on the coast here but a few were seen here
and there, always seen in the same places. This
fall I had six specimens of the Red-tailed Hawk
and one of the Red-shouldered Hawk. The latter was
seen on the 11th of Nov. and the first of Dec. but
was not seen again.

but another point place
was the upper part of the Vermont line near
through which the Red-shouldered Hawks were by far the
more numerous of our two American species but after
November 1st the Red-tails predominated there then - go-
to one or rather, to the same place I applied, the Red-should-
Hawks were common through October and when here in
November while the latter was there on the Red-tails
nearly all the Red-shoulders and sometimes more than half
of the Red-tails that I saw on the Red-tails. Both species
have been found to be a race in a part. I often a few
years ago I often succeeded in shooting to some extent
large of them but this autumn I did not see one
within our long period.

I have only seen Sharp-shinned Hawks Oct. 17 and not
a single Sharp-sh. The latter species is more much less
often in autumn in Massachusetts than in Spring. Probably
most of the Spring birds had with us and have left
the North early. In other words respectively few migrants
to and from more northern regions have to pass this way.

A Pigeon Hawk seen Oct. 17 and a Sharp-sh. on Nov. 11 &
complete the list of specimens. The Sharp-sh. was on
the last shore of February. It arrived at least on a

1870

Oct. 11

Nov. 20

Dec. 15

Journal of Field Observations.

was so it passed on with all its loads, leaving
 the rest over the ground to be made up. The
 flight was very graceful and elegant, quite unlike the
 flight of a common house fly, or as that of a house fly
 like the flight of the house fly, when the fly is
 making a landing, some variety, for some birds do not
 usually proceed. The wing beats are slow and rather
 irregular, at the first series of wing beats, and
 spread 1/2 of the wings, the next two before an
 irregularly displayed and spread, it then comes
 to the end back of the rest of the wings. This is the
 very best flight of which I remember to have seen
 on the ground.

In 1868 I found the female house fly in a
 lot of the house fly, and in some of the
 I did not find it in the house fly, but in
 the house fly, and in the house fly.

I have seen on the ground the house fly, and
 have seen on the ground the house fly, and
 have seen on the ground the house fly, and
 have seen on the ground the house fly, and

to show, indeed, that the house fly in October 20th hatched
 all day in bunches with a good deal of the house fly
 high side. Early in November they began to increase in number
 rapidly, and by the end of that month they became fully
 as numerous as they were last year. William Robbins

1894.

Oct. 16 to

Nov. 21

No. 161

Washed him in one day about November 20th and after
the water ran, washed to start for the first time
in a large trough. He, as well as all the other
of the same color I have seen, kept that the hair
has been unusually dry this year.

In the month just begun I have noticed a change
in the habits of the birds in the woods. I
noticed in August I started an old hen the other day
nearly grown young and though I had not heard
them before, as usually as I had at certain, about
five birds constantly chirp in these woods, they
began from holding still to the same first thing
is to produce, but in that they are not -
it is not on my hand, this time they are
they that I have observed in getting into the
birds they would often be in the woods a
more about of - in a -

A few feet from the house on the edge of the woods
last Nov. 19th the other - which I had seen
from the house in November Hill Oct. 19th and flew
off on Nov. 21st.

However has been exceedingly tame, indeed there
has been no small number of flights and a great
number of the birds have been seen in the
woods near Ball's Hill. He seemed to be
content with this and he seems to me -
this bird had found a place on the edge of a hill of oak

1896.

Nov. 11

Nov. 11

No 17

Resumé of Field Observations

found bordering the same meadow where the birds had
wintered this time was a flock of seven or eight. It
seems this was about the ^{largest} flock seen in the
only one place (East Bay) where I was seen to be
in this immediate vicinity.

On this same day two Woodcock were started by a
red-wing, and on the 14th all the birds
were near Waterman's Pond.

The meadows were much too dry for birds this
and only a very few birds were seen. I heard of two
that were started at the pond.

At about 2 P.M. of October 17th as I was looking
at the cabin with some friends we heard the call of a meadow
lark. It repeated several times in quick succession and
at last it was seen. It was in a bush some
distance from the cabin. It was flying low and, as it struck me, rather feebly. It
to my surprise it plunged directly into the
bushes (alders, cornel, willow etc.) which border the stream
in front and a little to the east of the cabin. I was
the first time saw that it was pursued by a Duck Hawk
which must have been some twenty or thirty yards behind
the Yellow-leg when the latter reached the bush. and
which, on the right of its quarry, bounded straight
upward to a height of forty feet or more and then
waited for several seconds beating its wings rapidly and
with bending its head downward like a chimney
Sparrow Hawk or Kingfisher as it slowly descended to

Concord Massachusetts.

Resume of Field Observations.

Oct 11
Nov. 21
(No. 18)

Thicket beneath I had a fine view of it - it was
within thirty yards or less - and made it out to
a young male. Presently it saw me, and turned
feet off towards the southwest over next meadow.
I never began looking for the following but it was
to watch I got the little Collins' "Hadi"

less only a few rods and alighting in the water
the birds from blocks ashore just above the land
it was a little to the west of the water
a little to the west of the water.

Hubert Holden reported seeing a lost (Fulvia) in the
the water on October 21st. "It did not nest."

1844.
Oct. 26
Nov. 11
Nov 17

Journal of the Massachusetts...

I have neglected to mention that on the 26th of Oct. I was in the morning I was out and had some business and had to be late there on the 27th.

Mr. Johnson called a day or two before the 26th and did not follow Corbitt's order but by a late start he had done the job and received it early.

These boats were very numerous in the river and some were getting to be a nuisance to the water lands and boats were nearly a mile long that morning. On Oct. 17th I met a boat with a double row of oars and was driven a 1/2 mile, as I cannot see east with the fog the 20th when I had been told, all these things were done. They were at the time not a distance and some movement of the fog and a number of boats and canoes they were seen around us by means of the water. Some canoes were seen, some, before the fog did by regarding the Hotel and the wooded bank with about half a mile, incidentally, going from one place to the other and back again as often as they were disturbed. As to the fog on the 20th I would have the approaching boat, I should not have talked them but for the fact that the 20th was Sunday and it was practically certain that these meadows would be clear with grass on the 21st Sunday, although I had had numerous very heavy fogs at times through the week they gave me no little trouble when I went in pursuit of them on the 20th. It happened in this way: As I was canoeing my canoe Herbert Holden came past and of course we paddled down river together. We found the ducks at Hunt's Pond but they were all gone and

Resumé of Field Observations

1891

Oct. 14

Nov. 21

Nov. 20

flew to the Holt. Here again they alighted and went
 into the woods. As I followed one warbler, was forced to
 cross them a river. I kept on down "River St." & followed
 back nearly to Haint Pond and under the old Canal at
 along the meadow behind the farm of Mrs. and brother's. I
 made an excellent view of the whole, in ^{conjunction with the}
 bright of the bank, presented an ^{even} ^{more} ^{orderly} ^{view} than
 an occasional glimpse of the river. I saw a ^{few} ^{times}
 approached the bank and passed down through the branches
 the near them I could scarcely see the water. I must
 have passed within a few yards of the bank, however, for
 when I reached the end of the field to the west and turned
 back I saw a ^{number} ^{of} ^{birds} ⁱⁿ ^{the} ^{field} ^{near} ^{the} ^{end} ^{of} ^{the} ^{field}
 a cluster of birches. I did not see that they were
 one when I was to the other side. This was a ^{very} ^{good}
 summer. I heard the ^{whistling} ^{bird's} ^{voice} ^{and}
 was then coming up the river. The ^{birds} ^{were} ⁱⁿ ^{the} ^{air}
 with the tops of the trees. They swooped into the river directly
 opposite where I was standing, making a loud splash but
 very feebly. I concluded just as they were descending &
 when I was to my feet again they had swum in under
 the bank and were as visible as before. Knowing that
 they were very near me, however, I waited, patiently and
 presently, their white (or white) feet were seen
 by a ^{number} ^{of} ^{birds} ⁱⁿ ^{the} ^{field} ^{near} ^{the} ^{end} ^{of} ^{the} ^{field}
 were as near me as they could get. I saw
 might expect to see them with their bills in the
 was near. When, through an opening in the branches, I saw
 first the female and then the ^{larger} ^{old} ^{male} ^{spoon} ^{directly}
 beneath me and begin dabbling with their bills among the

1844.

Journal of Field

Oct. 11th

Nov. 21

(No. 21)

floating down. At this moment they were not more than ten or twelve feet from me and in the full sunlight, which brought out the gorgeous coloring of the drake to great advantage. Then he turned his head I could see the ^{opposite} ^{side} of his crest as distinctly as if I had held him in my hand.

Of course it was out of the question to shoot at such short range. So I waited motionless, hoping that the birds would swim further off but when at length they did so they kept close along under the bank and were soon lost to sight. A little while I followed them and again the ripples betrayed their position but this time they saw me when I raised my head and at once flew. I brought down the duck easily enough but the dense branches saved the life of the drake for the time although I fired the second barrel at him. We went steadily down to the Hall where I found him, twenty minutes later, under an encouragingly malleable water in a wild ^{of} ^{the} ^{side} ^{of} ^{the} ^{main} ^{channel} ^{of} ^{the} ^{river}. He was still full of life and I pulled at him. He came through the glass before I felt sure that we were in fact in his net. I then made a return on the water, and in a few minutes I was in the water. I then saw the drake in the water. The water of the river was in the season of the year was very high and I was in a very shallow part of the river. I was in a very shallow part of the river. I was in a very shallow part of the river.

... on Oct. 20th Sunday
 ... at 10th Street
 ... had no gun with me and should not have killed her had I had one. She flew across the river and spent
 remainder of the day on the ...

Concord, Massachusetts.

1894.

Resumé of Field Observations.

Oct. 11 to

Nov 21

(No 22)

On the evening of Nov. 1st I started a pair of Wood Ducks from the river at Hollis Bend as I was on my way home. The drake appeared to be in full plumage. Their birds probably moved Southward that night as they were not again seen. On Nov. 16 a solitary drake appeared in the river at the Holt. He allowed me to sail past him within twenty yards before he started and he flew less than one hundred yard before realigning. I had no gun with me at the time but took one the next day when, however, I could not find him, but on the morning of the 18th I started what was doubtless the same bird from the wooded reach just above Hunt's Pond. He flew up stream to the head of Barrett's Box and dropped close in shore under some willows. Landing I went back and came suddenly upon him as he was sitting on the mud. He flew a few rods, alighted on the water and was swimming down stream when I fired and killed him. He was in full plumage but was the smallest drake that I remember to have ever seen.

The list of Ducks seen by me this autumn is not complete without some mention of a bird which I found in Hunt's Pond on the evening of November 1. It was nearly dark at the time and I at first mistook his "wobble" for that of a Woodcock but the lightness of the ripples around my respirator and hearing the cause I paddled directly towards him. He was close in shore in a black shadow cast by a thicket of bushes and until I got within twenty yards or less I could see nothing but the silvery ripples which he made. Then I began to make him out - a rather small Duck of generally dark coloring with a large head. I let him down for either a Scaup or a

Concord, Massachusetts.

1894.

Resumé of Field Observations.

Oct. 11 to

Nov. 21

(No 23)

Pair-well said this impression was confirmed by the manner in which he at length took flight. He doubled back past me and quickly disappeared in the gloom following the river down towards the Holt. On Nov. 4th Woodward Hudson shot a female Screech (whether the Greater or Lesser Screech I could not ascertain) near the Cattle Fair building and this very possibly have been the same bird which I saw on the 1st.

Red-billed Grebes were decidedly scarce on the river this autumn. I saw but three in all, one Oct. 18, one Oct. 20, and one Nov. 1. The one last mentioned was on the neck just below Flint's Bridge, the other two below Ball's Hill.

I kept a careful watch for Horned Grebes but the experience of this season with that of previous ones only confirms my conviction that these Grebes do not as yet, unless fortuitously, visit Concord River.

Thus far I have seen no indications that we are likely to have any of the "irregular" winter birds this year except faintly Pine Siskins which I heard "in the air" Nov. 4 and again on the 18th. Hanson saw a few small flocks of these Siskins in the Arlington region at about the same time and he also reports that Red Crossbills are here about in small numbers.



