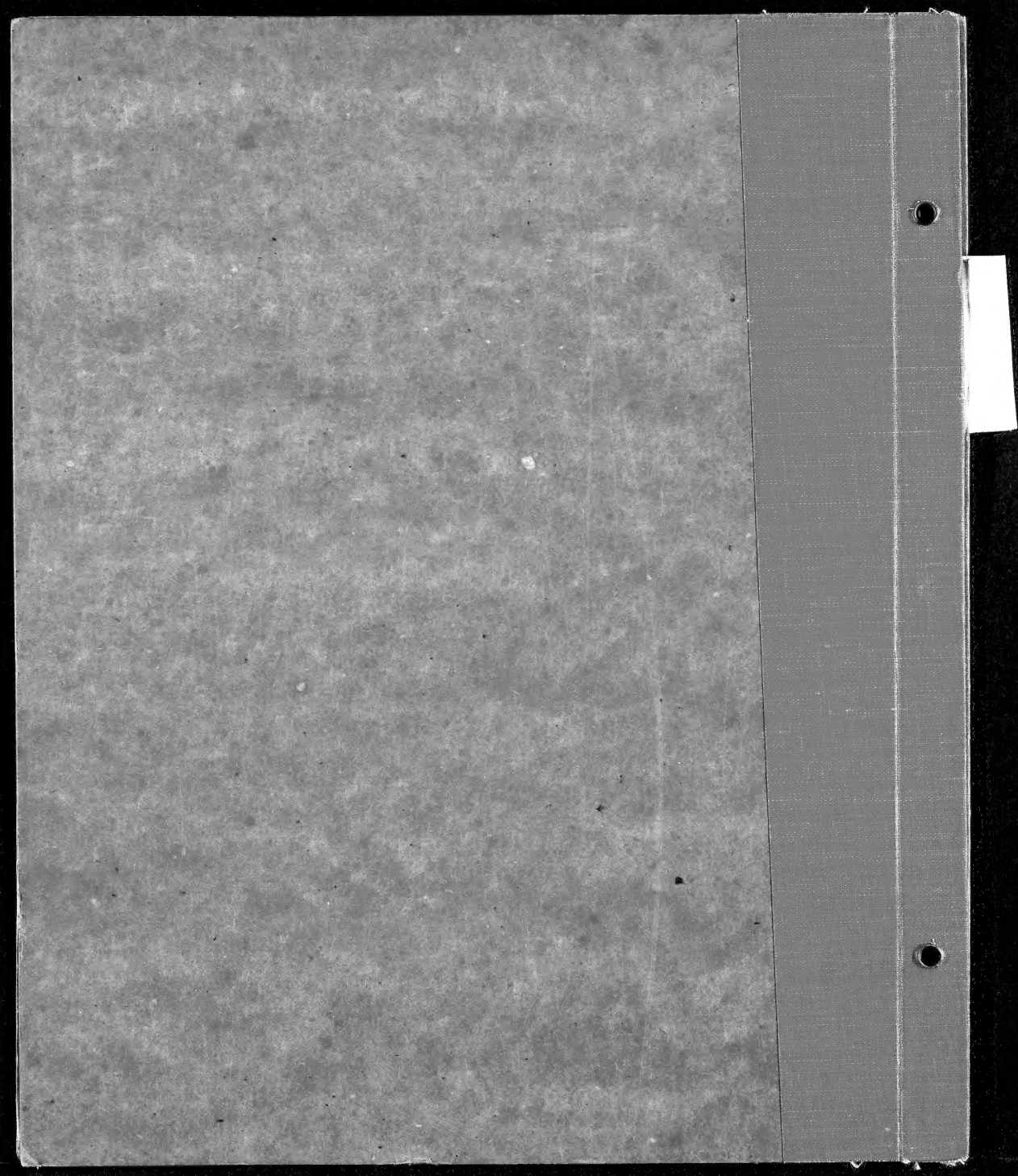


Journal, 1907.

1907
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1907.



Concord, Mass.

1907

July 1

Clear, calm, very mild the thermometer rising to 80°. A heavy rain yesterday has taken off nearly all the snow, there is little or no frost left in the ground, the river, brooks

Wm. Brewster has checked the Bethel and Umbagog notes in this volume for 1907.

I have copied them into Systematic Notes.

Walter Deane, November 13, 1907.

many of the city
one in October. Thus
the conditions here
is during the

... C. to attend the funeral of Florence Emerson Forbes. It was at 3 o'clock. At 3.45 C. and I went back at the Lowell R. R. station with half an hour to wait for our return train. We strolled down the track a short distance to a point which commanded a good view of Mill Brook Meadows and the brook, open river beyond. As we were standing here, enjoying the soft, warm air and bright sunshine a flock of about forty loons appeared flying over us towards the north-west. I had seen these loons but passed that way before, for we had walked from the Emersons' without noticing any, but this flock was followed by a succession of others the flight lasting nearly half an hour but apparently quite ceasing before we took our train at 4.20 P.M. The flocks succeeded one another at very regular intervals each, as a rule, coming into view in the south-east just as its predecessor was passing out of sight left the valley of the Amherst nearly in the direction of Amherst Hill. There were a few straggling birds but not many more of the birds being compact & continuing from thirty to fifty or sixty birds each. With the help of Mr. & Mrs.

Concord, Mass.

1907

July 1

Clear, calm, very mild the thermometer rising to 80°. A heavy rain yesterday has taken off nearly all the snow, there is little or no foot left in the ground, the river, brooks and some of the ponds are open and many of the city lawns are almost as green as they were in October. Thus after a rather cold month of December the conditions have changed to nearly those which obtained during the remarkably mild January of last year.

I went to Concord to-day with C. to attend the funeral of Florence Emerson Forbes. It was at 3 o'clock. At 3.45 C. and I were back at the Lowell R. R. station with half an hour to wait for our return train. We strolled down the track a short distance to a point which commanded a good view of Mill Brook Meadows and the swollen, open river beyond. As we were standing here, enjoying the soft, warm air and bright sunshine a flock of about forty loons appeared flying over us towards the north-west. I had seen these birds here passed that way before, for we had walked from the Emersons' without noticing any, but this flock was followed by a succession of others the flight lasting nearly half an hour but apparently quite ceasing before we took our train at 4.20 P.M. The flocks succeeded one another at very regular intervals each, as a rule, coming into view in the south-west just as its predecessor was passing out of sight left the valley of the Concord nearly in the direction of Amesbury Hill. There were a few straggling birds but not many more of the bodies being compact & containing from thirty to fifty or sixty birds each. With the help of Mr. & Mrs.

Concord, Mass.

1907

Jan'y 1
(No 2)

Bridges who joined us soon after the flight began, counted all the Crosses that passed within sight as accurately as we could the result being 595 birds. As all the flocks passed nearly over us and as no Crosses were seen in the distance to the north-west or south-west it is safe to conclude that the path of the flight at this point was, on this occasion, a narrow and well-defined one and that we noted about all the birds which composed it. That they were going to town looting here is almost equally certain. This may have been at a considerable distance for as the birds passed beyond our hear they were all keeping steadily on their way. Most of them flew in an elevation of about one hundred yards. This is the first instance that has ever crossed under my observation at Concord of a well-ordered and coordinated flight of Crosses moving at evening in any direction other than that of an easterly line of migration. These birds could not have been migrating, of course, most of them come, no doubt from ^{on the} the sea coast for only a very few Crosses are accustomed to spend the winter in Britain or Concord.

Mrs. Bridges tells me that six pairs of Snow Buntings bred last summer in Mr. Mason's barn at Madeline's corner, Concord building their nests on the rafters in the barn just as Snow Buntings do. She has five occupied nests in this barn in the summer of 1905. Mr. Mason values the birds & keeps a window open all summer so that they may enter and leave the barn at will however.

Snow Buntings
nesting on
rafters
inside a
barn.

Concord, Mass.

1907
Jan'y 1
(No 3)

I learned to-day from Mrs. Bridge that two pairs of Purple Martins nested last summer in the boxes at Hilditch's Corner, Concord, on Capt. Dalling's place I think the birds. There was a single pair there (or perhaps in Mr. Messon's grounds on the opposite side of the road) in 1905 but no Martins nested in this locality in 1904.

A still larger number of Martins bred in the village of Concord in 1906. On September 9th of this year Mr. Reginald Hobb House Jr. wrote me as follows: "I met Samuel Howe on my way back from your attractive cabin, and he told me that at least six pairs of Martins nested in his box last Spring - he could not be sure of how many were but at least that number. This is about what I should have guessed from his brother Joel's remarks" (of which Mr. Howe had previously said something to me)

Under date of September 11, 1906 Mr. Howe wrote again as follows: "I have just stopped at Dalling's on my way home from town. He had at least two pairs in the southern box. They came later in May and raised their young successfully. Mr. Messon opposite had one pair. Does not their coming to late suggest new birds for the colony?"

Returns of
the Martins
to Hilditch's
Corner, Con-
cord

This return
to the
village of
Concord.

Further
notes on
the colony
at Hilditch's
Corner

Bethel, Maine.

1907.
Jan'y 19

Canada Nuthatches are common in the Glen Woods just at present, associating with Chickadees (of both species) and with Golden-crested Kinglets. I seldom find more than two of the Nuthatches together, however. They were very noisy this forenoon (10-11.30). Twice I heard two performing what seemed to an antiphonal duet, one bird uttering the usual nasal whining, the other a kee-kee-kee etc. given rapidly and practically without cessation for minutes at a time and sounding at a distance very like the boistering of a Red Squirrel. These kee notes, however, are really softer and more evenly continuous than are the coughing ones of the Squirrel as I had ample opportunity for determining this morning by actual comparison. I watched one of the Nuthatches as it utters almost incessantly for several minutes in response to the boistering of another concealed not far off in dense evergreen foliage. The bird I saw was perched on the topmost spine of a tall living Balsam when it sat rather erect turning its head from side to side, jerking its tail and flitting its wings, with great animation. The duet just described ~~is~~ antiphonal in the sense that one bird invariably used a distinctly different set of ^{notes} ~~notes~~ from those given by the other. Both birds, however, were usually calling at the same time. They seemed very excited and eager. The Chickadees with them showed no unusual excitement.

✓
Two Canada
Nuthatches
engaged in
a vocal
duet.

Bethel, Maine.

1907.
January 21

Parus
hudsonicus

A mixed flock that lingered long about a sunny opening in dense, well-grown woods (the "Glen Woods") of Balsam, aspen, spruce and white pine, contained four Hudsonian Chickadees, five Common Chickadees, two Golden-crested Kinglets, a ♂ Canada Nuthatch and a ♂ Hairy Woodpecker. A long cock called over and over and some Redstarts flew over at frequent intervals. I had a good opportunity to watch the Hudsonian Chickadees at close range in a clear logpit and stayed with them for half-an-hour or more making the following notes: For a time they kept high up in the tops of some tall balsams working among the cones apparently extracting and eating the seeds. The Nuthatch was with them here for several minutes but the Black-caps Chickadees remained lower down. The Hudsonians differed from the Black-caps as follows: - They were much less noisy (often passing minutes at a time in absolute silence); they seldom hung head downward; they hopped and flitted among the branches more actively and ceaselessly, spending less time in one place; their shorter tails were less in evidence; they flitted their wings much more with a more nervous, tremulous motion very like that of Kinglets; the black patch on the throat was less conspicuously shown; they appeared shorter, "cheerier" and fluffier; the chestnut brown on the flanks was very apparent. Altogether they seemed to me less attractive and interesting than the Black-caps. In their manner of flitting ceaselessly from twig to twig, as well as by the tremulous motion of their wings, they reminded me very forcibly of Kinglets. I heard the upstroke tek-day, day a few times and the abrupt tek-tek once. They did not over give the low soft chip so constantly uttered by the Common Chickadee.

Bethel, Maine

Varying
Hare.

1907
Jan'y 22

As I was crossing a sunny opening in dense evergreen woods this forenoon my attention was caught by a dark spot on a snow bank, under an overhanging drift. It looked at first glaucous like a large, lustrous black fly suspended just above the surface of the snow.

As I gazed at it intently I made out by slow degrees first the shadowy outlines of a pair of erect ears and finally those of the entire head and body of a large Varying Hare in full winter pelage. It was a picture drawn in white on a still whiter background.

The creature's general coloring looked distinctly if but faintly yellowish against the absolutely pure white of the fresh fallen snow. Its fur showed shadowy modeling in places as if it had roughly combed. The only coloring not white nor yellowish, however, was that of the ears which were grayish in places and of the partially concealed feet which were largely brownish.

For several minutes the Hare or "Rabbit" remained in a crouching posture and absolutely motionless save for the regular pulsating "winking" of its nose. At length I approached it slowly to within three yards when it first raised itself slightly by a convulsion movement of its long, sinewy legs and then darted off at full speed, skimming the deep soft snow without seeming to sink into it in the least, moving with incredible ease and swiftness and without the slightest audible sound. At times when it was just in full, unobstructed view I had difficulty in tracing its course so perfectly did its coloring match that of the snow, but whenever it passed a tree trunk or a drooping mass of dark evergreen foliage its

Bethel, Maine

1907
Jan'y 22
(No 2.)

fleeing from wood shrew for an instant with startling distinctness. It ran surely straight away until lost to sight following water and open glades and avoiding the windfalls and bushes by which they were bordered. Judging by their tracks in the snow their Hares are much given to keeping in well beaten and unobscured trails during their nocturnal wanderings but they frequently deviate from such paths when in search of food. They do not appear to often bark trees or shrubs, at least in the woods, but by looking closely one can quickly find where they have nibbled off many small terminal branches and twigs. This, I am convinced by long observation, is their habitual and characteristic manner of feeding in winter.

(On January 31st I again visited the place where the Hare was started on the 22nd. On this second occasion I found it within a few yards of where it was seen on the first but so concealed by the top of a bush that had been bent down by the snow that I did not discover it until it started to run. I have had similar experiences in former years and I believe that as a rule (but certainly not invariably) these Hares are in the habit of spending the day in the same places. It is exceptional, I think, for them to do this in open ground and they are especially given to concealing themselves under fallen tree tops and in dense brush.)

Bethel, Maine.

1907
Jan'y 28

The winter snow storms in this region are seldom accompanied by much wind. In the woods the snow-flakes, whether large and moist or small and dry, fall mostly straight, lodging in thick masses or lines of delicate, powder tracing on the branches and twigs of the trees. The heavier storms are usually followed closely by violent north-west winds which soon strip the trees and send the snow whirling and eddying in mist-like wreaths to new and often distant resting places. In deciduous woods and among evergreens with crowded tops and scant under foliage most of the snow sifts down to the ground and is evenly distributed there remaining later into the spring than it does in exposed wind-swept fields and pastures. But under dense, vigorous, low-branching species and balsams which grow in sheltered places in the woods either apart from other trees or surrounded by those which possess no foliage in winter the snow seldom accumulates to any considerable depth, even after the heaviest storms. Beneath such trees one may occasionally find small patches of bare ground in midwinter and in early spring the entire circular space beneath the drooping lower branches is often quite free from snow when but little if any of the surface of the earth in the open country has been as yet revealed. When I was in Bethel in March, 1904, the first Snow Sparrows on arriving from the South appeared in the depths of the woods under trees such as those above described. I have never known this to happen in Massachusetts when in early spring the snow invariably lies deeper and later than beneath dense evergreens than on open slopes & ridges.

Bethel, Maine

1907.
Jan'y 30

✓
Goshawk
Partridge

Two of the ladies at Dr. Gehring's reported seeing a quantity feathers scattered about on the ground in the Glen Woods, yesterday. The Doctor and I went there to investigate the matter this morning. We found the story of a woodland tragedy well laid and clear, with much interesting detail, in the deep, dry snow. Under a large white pine with dead lower branches were seven feathers, two secondary and a few body feathers of a Ruffed Grouse, scattered over a space of five or six square yards. All of these feathers had been pulled out. Among them was a single bluish wing covert of an adult Goshawk, and three hard-frozen lumps of hawk excrement chalky and porous on the outside with cylindrical cores of dark, solid matter. These signs showed conclusively, of course, that a Goshawk had perched for sometime in the pine and that it had at least partially plucked a Partridge while there. The comparatively small number of feathers of the Partridge and the entire absence of any fragments of flesh or of blood stains suggested that the Hawk may have taken its victim to some other place before eating it.

Beginning some sixty yards from the pine and ending within thirty feet of it, after winding through a dense thicket of young balsams, was a curious and most interesting trail. That it had been made by the Hawk and Partridge in combination was evident but exactly how this had been accomplished was not so clear. Apparently the Hawk after striking down the Partridge had alternately ridden it through and carried it just above the surface of the snow. When it had ridden it there was a deep furrow with evenly spaced

Bethel, Maine

1907.
Jan'y 30
(No 2)

^N
Goshawk
Partridge

Partridge tracks at the bottom showing that the Partridge had been able to make frequent if not continuous use of its own feet. That its progress had been more or less assisted by the Hawk was indicated by the occasional imprints of the latter's big, broad wings on both sides of the furrows. In several places these showed with remarkable distinctness the outline of the wide-spread primary quills. The size and shape of the wing prints indicated a large Goshawk, no doubt a female. Every few yards the trail ceased to begin again a little further on. It was not wholly lost over the intervening spaces for even here the snow showed marks of the Hawk's wings and occasionally of its tail feathers, also. Curiously enough there were no feathers, nor blood spots nor any obvious signs of struggle anywhere along this interrupted trail. Indeed had it not been for the unusual depth of the furrows and for the unmistakable marks of the Hawk's wings I should have concluded that the Partridge had alternately waded through and flattened over the snow to the point where the trail ceased and that it had then been seized and carried up into the pine by the Hawk. In this connection I may note that Henry Lawrence told me that a Goshawk which he shot at Comand last November & which is now in my collection dealt very awkwardly with one of his roosters which it had pounced upon in the wood near his house. After riding this fowl about for several minutes and plucking a quantity of feathers from its back it left it lying prostrate on the ground. The rooster was so slightly injured that it quickly recovered its full strength & vigor.

1907,

Bethel, Maine.

January.

- 1907 Bethel, Maine
 Capt. [unclear] [unclear]
 Jan. 31⁽²⁾
 30⁽²⁾ Jan. 31⁽²⁾
1. Parus atricapillus. 19⁽³⁾ 21⁽²⁾ 21⁽²⁾ 29⁽⁴⁾ 30⁽³⁾
 2. " hudsonius 19⁽¹⁾ 21⁽²⁾ 30⁽²⁾
 3. Sitta canadensis 19⁽²⁾ 21⁽²⁾ 30⁽³⁾
 4. Regulus satrapa 19⁽²⁾ 21⁽²⁾ 29⁽²⁾
30⁽²⁾ 31⁽²⁾
 5. Pinicola canadensis 19⁽¹⁾ 20⁽¹⁾ 21⁽¹⁾ 31⁽¹⁾
 6. Bonasa u. togata 19⁽¹⁾ 21⁽¹⁾ 30⁽¹⁾
 7. Arctia fam. americana 21⁽¹⁾ seen in
Green Woods.
 8. Acanthis linaria 21⁽³⁾ 29⁽²⁾ 30⁽⁵⁾ 31⁽⁸⁾
 9. Casphellanus filicatus 21⁽¹⁾ seen
in woods.
 10. Dryobates villosus 21⁽²⁾ dense
for woods.
 11. Acanthis (l. rostrata?) 30⁽¹⁾ by Roubidoux
in woods or (6) of usual domain.
It looked as if as Purple Finch
in flight chattered & sang call
more like lark than those I
seen birds. I got my hand at
✓ 12 Arctia atricapillus? Males in [unclear] [unclear]
a large hawk had killed & dropped
a Pentelidya finally taking it up into
a pine & plucking it there.

Although I have never seen Lake Umbagog in winter or early spring I am not without some knowledge of the conditions which exist there at these seasons. This is derived partly ~~from~~ ^{from} what Upton people have told me but still more largely from personal observations made at Bethel where I stayed at the house of my friend Dr. J. G. Gehring from December 3, 1900 to March 9, 1901; from February 12 to March 26, 1904; and from January 18 to February 1, 1907. During these visits I kept a daily record of the weather, of the maximum and minimum readings of the thermometer, and of everything interesting that I noted in the woods and fields where I spent much of my time rambling about on snow shoes. In the village I frequently

met and talked with members, members and thus
we had just been shown an English man with
reported that the house was not an old house.
we then it had an old man with an old man,
chaffin' with children. But in difference of one;
degree rather than of kind and without doubt in
general interest and of the house and the
later years I remember to which was entirely the
same as had been before.

It must be confessed that I began my first winter
at the latter place with some misgivings for I doubted
the cold and such woods as were within easy reach
of the village did not seem likely to offer many
attractions when deeply buried in snow. But as so
often happens in such cases my apprehensions proved quite
groundless. Indeed I soon found that out-of-door life

at Bettel in midwinter is full of interest and pleasure and seldom attended by any hardship really worth mentioning. Although the thermometer frequently registers ten or fifteen and occasionally twenty-five or even thirty degrees below zero (Fahrenheit) the air is so pure and dry and so wholly free from chill that it does not often seem cold, at least when the sun is shining brightly and there is little or no wind. In January and February there are many brilliantly clear and comparatively calm days when, with the temperature not much if at all above zero, one may ramble in perfect comfort through the woods and fields wearing no overcoat and perhaps no gloves although the ears must be kept covered else they will freeze quickly. The more perfect days of the "weather breeder" type are frequently followed by

snow storms. These are usually windless or nearly so and very pleasant to be out in for they add a new interest to the scenery of the open country and invest the evergreen woods with a beauty and a mystery rarely of our equatorial ~~under~~ any other conditions. But after the snow has ceased falling and when the clouds are breaking away the north-west wind is likely to rise and to increase in strength until it blows a living gale. This may last for two or three successive days and nights. During its continuance one must wear heavy clothing and walk briskly to keep even moderately warm when traversing exposed roads and fields: In the depths of the forest, especially where spruces, firs and balsams abound, the wind is comparatively little felt near the ground but it fairly rages through the tree tops tossing them to and

fro and filling the air with a confusing medley of
roaring, whistling, creaking and snapping sounds.

One sees few birds in such weather except in very
sheltered places.

The discomfort caused by these nor-winters
is undeniable but compensated for in large measure
by the interest one is ^{usually} ~~able~~ to take in watching
the transformations which they effect in the
winter landscape. For whenever the wind has free
sweep it deals promptly and unscrupulously with
the fine, dry, newly fallen snow. This is stripped
from the trees and bushes so quickly that belts
of forest which only a few moments before were
~~was~~ completely shrouded in white and scarcely
distinguishable at a distance from bordering treeless
country, become very noticeable. The spine-shaped

spices and balsams now stand out everywhere in bold relief and the full-topped white pines look almost black against the snow or sky while the myriad intertwining twigs and branches of the deciduous trees combine to form a distinct if but lightly-etched tracery delicately tinted with smoky gray and grayish brown. As the gusts increase in violence and frequency they literally tear the snow from the surfaces of the fields and pastures until the air is filled with it, perhaps to a height of hundreds of feet for some of it comes from elevated ridges or even mountain tops and is wafted for miles before settling to earth again. Thus, ^{thin,} paper-like wreaths, flecking with rose and salmon when the sun's rays strike through them, are constantly ascending overhead, casting light, fleeting shadows on the ground at our feet.

The low driving snow piles up in mounds and ridges where it meets with obstructions such as fences, stone walls & banks. Some of the drifts are many feet in depth and almost as hard and close-grained looking as fine marble. The wind works ceaselessly at them while it lasts, modeling and deepening them into exquisitely beautiful forms and curves. They may retain their beauty for a week or more but ordinarily it is obscured by another snow fall or ruined by a thaw, in the course of a few days.

Cambridge, Mass.

1907
March 11

Brilliantly clear with light W.-wind. Despite the bright, strong sunlight the thermometer did not rise very much above freezing. The nights continue cold and the ever lengthening days afford almost the only signs obvious to dwellers in our city that Spring is near at hand.

Backward
Spring.

An unmistakable sound of every Spring was heard early this forenoon, however, by Walter Deane. This was the "shouting" of a Flicker. The bird uttered seven notes in quick succession and then became silent. It was in the large tree on the Smiths place, North Street.

The ground in our gardens and lawns is still covered with snow to the depth of nearly a foot and the streets are thickly covered in ice. I have heard of no crocuses, snow-drops or other early Spring flowers as yet.

Mr. James reports seeing a Robin on Feb. 24 and a Bluebird on February 28, at Concord.

On the morning of March 10th Walter Deane found 13 Black Ducks and 3 Gooseanders in Fresh Pond. They were swimming in a rather large space of open water about the fountain, the remainder of the pond being covered with thick ice. Two of the Gooseanders were adult males in full nuptial plumage.

Gooseanders
in Fresh
Pond.

Cambridge, Mass.

1907
March 12th
18th

Up to March 12th there had been no abatement in the rigor of a very cold and snowy winter and the only obvious sign of the approaching spring was that afforded by the ever lengthening hours of day light and the steadily increasing warmth of the sun rays. The lighting continued excellent, the sidewalks were still covered in ice and the city lawns and gardens were buried under a foot or more of dry snow. On the 12th the weather moderated and the temperatures have been above freezing (except at night), most of the time since which on the 17th it rose to 56°. Under the combined influence of mild temperature, bright sun and a warm rain which began on the 13th and continued through the 14th, the snow and ice disappeared rapidly yet without at any time flooding the streets. By the evening of the 17th most of the ground was bare and by that of the 18th there was but little snow or ice to be seen while the lawns were distinctly green, the sidewalks perfectly dry and the streets even dusty in places.

At a Natural Club meeting held on the evening of the 18th several observers who have been constantly in the field of both agreed that there had been no marked change in the bird life up to the 17th. On that day there was a considerable flight of early spring birds and on the next a notable "rush" of them. During these two days Robins, Blue birds, Song Sparrows and Red-wings arrived in large numbers and on the second day a few Field Sparrows, Cow-Blackbirds and Rusty Blackbirds, besides two Phoebe, were noted. All these birds were observed in or near Cambridge. Only one of them appeared in our garden - a Robin which I saw & heard calling in our catapots not just as it was getting dark on the evening of the 18th.

Change
from
winter to
early spring
signs.

A sudden
rush of
early spring
migrants.

Cambridge, Mass.

1907
March
11-15

During this period a Screech Owl has been seen frequently in or near the Washington elm by Mr. J. W. Ames's son "Johnnie". Usually it has been observed high in the branches looking out from the entrance to a hole in a decayed branch.

On one occasion, however, it was flushed on the cornice of one of the Radcliffe College buildings. Some "town boys" finally discovered it and drove it about from place to place hitting it with snow-balls but it always returned at evening to the old elm.

On the evening of the 15th (at 6.20 P.M.) Miss Catherine Thompson heard it uttering the low, rolling, monotonous notes which I heard so frequently near our home in February a month or two years ago and which Chapman and Forbush assure me are the low notes of the species. Miss Thompson described them to me so perfectly that I recognized them at once. She said they came from the direction of the Washington elm (she was at the Hayes's house on Phillips Place at the time) but she did not see the bird.

Screech Owl
in the
Washington
elm

Low notes
of the
Screech Owl

Cambridge, Mass.

1907

April 2

After six successive days (March 25-30) of clear and, for the season, warm weather the seventh day (31st) was cloudy and cool but not frosty. The eighth day (April 1st) was colder still with a north-east snow storm which had covered the ground (although most of the snow melted as it fell) to the depth of two or three inches by night.

Early this morning the sun rose clear to shine on a wintry landscape for the thermometer stood at 28° and the earth was everywhere covered in glistening white. When I reached the Museum I found assembled in our garden such a horde of migratory Sparrows as I have not seen there there before for more than twenty-five years. It was impossible to count them accurately but the results of many attempted counts convinced Mr. Deane and me that there were not less than 40 ♂ of Sparrows, 8 or 10 Juncos and 3 Song Sparrows. They remained in the Garden all that day and on the next day their numbers were not greatly diminished. Where come they? Not from the south I think for the night of the 1st was not one to tempt birds of any kind to wear northward. At first I suspected they might have been driven into town from the open country but I found later that on this same day they were still more numerous at Ball's Hill, Concord, and that upwards of 100 were seen (by Will. Stone) in a vacant lot at the rear of the old Providence R.R. Station in Boston. (Stone says that most if not all the birds he saw were Juncos & Song Sparrows.)

Cambridge, Mass.

1907
April 2
(No 2)

These facts make it evident that the flight was not local but more or less general. Probably it invaded and settled down in the greater part of eastern Massachusetts. I believe that it came not from the South but from the North, and that it was composed of birds that had passed our latitude during the fine weather of last week. In other words the birds were forced by a sudden change from clear and mild to stormy and colder weather to retreat their steps. In some respects the movement appears to have been similar to the one which Mr. Wayne observed at Charleston, South Carolina, several years ago, and reported in the Auk. His birds, however, migrated Southward in February and by day. All the Sparrows found in our garden on the morning of April 2 must have arrived there during the preceding night for there was not one about the place on the 1st. By this I am assured by Mr. Deane. I was at Concord on the 1st when I found only a few Fox Sparrows and juncos in the region about Balls' Hill - not more, in deed, than one would expect to see there almost any day at this time of year.

Concord, Mass.

1907
April 3

Brilliantly clear with light N. to W. winds. Early morning cold, the ground frozen hard, the flooded meadows skinned over with ice as thick as window glass. Afternoon warm.

In reaching Concord this morning I found the winter snow & ice all gone save in sheltered places in the woods, the winter frost well out of the ground, the roads settled and dry, the grass in fertile upland fields bright green. The farmers were ploughing and harrowing. I heard Wood Thrush and Osprey Thrush through the day and numbers of Peewee's Hylas at evening. Redstarts of at least three species were out in considerable numbers. The river is very low for the season and only the lower portions remain flooded. The water has not been over the river flats at Ball's Hill this spring. No flowers were blowing as yet at the cabin but I saw a few cresses, squills and pansies at the farm. The alder catkins were shedding their golden pollen & the white maples are nearly if not quite in full bloom.

The region extending from Ball's Hill to the Farm was alive with birds to-day. I have rarely seen them more numerous at this season. I passed a flock of fully 125 juncos in Dawson's apple grove and nearly as many were on the farm while there were about a dozen at Ball's Hill and smaller scattered flocks elsewhere. There were about 15 Fox Sparrows at the cabin (some of them singing at frequent intervals), 5 at the farm and 5 in Banta's field. Robins & Red-wings were very numerous. I heard a Veery Sparrow & a Field Sparrow singing and a Don Cuckoo (at the Farm), just before sunset here.

Concord, Mass.

1907
April 3
(No 2)

male Bluebirds were filling the still air with their tender warbling as I crossed the field to our berry pasture. All the same time a Phoebe performed its song flight. I saw another do its earlier in the day (about noon) at Ball's Hill. Red-wings were scattered all over the river meadows at evening singing from their perches on the willows, maples and button bushes. I heard only one Robin in full song - in the oaks near the Nonesuch Spring. Song Sparrows were common and generally distributed; I heard ~~two~~ two Sparrows singing delightfully near the Northford Station this evening. Altogether it was a good bird day and I had a feast of the tender bird music only to be heard at this early season.

In a mixed growth of oaks maples & pines behind Ball's Hill I had two pairs of Chickadees under constant observation for about half an hour this forenoon. They remained on the ground during the whole of this time not over talking to the trees even when I approached them so closely that they were forced to flutter on ahead of me. When not disturbed in this way they moved about rather slowly, over limited areas, by a succession of bounding hops. They seemed to be especially interested in the fallen, water-soaked oak & maple leaves; seizing them in their bills they shook and dragged them about sometimes tearing them into smaller fragments. Twice I saw a bird extract from a leaf and eat a small, elliptical, polished brown object that looked like a chrysalis of some kind. The paired birds kept close together as did the pairs at times while at others they lunched for a part. I do not remember to have ever before seen Chickadees feed so long and persistently on the ground.

Chickadees
feeding on
the ground.

Concord, Mass.

1907.

April 3
(No 3)

The immense number of Junco's seen to-day gave me an exceptional opportunity to study and compare the songs of many different individuals. I must have heard more than one hundred different birds. Many (the majority I think) sang more or less like Pine Warblers for which, indeed, I mistook several of them for an instant and one bird until I got very near and heard him several times. Others reminded me most of Chiffins but then, without exception, put more of life and melody into their notes than the Chiffin ever does into his dry, better song. Others again (there were but three or four in this class) sang very like Myrtle Warblers. The song of one bird was so closely like that of the Swamp Sparrow that I was completely deceived until I actually saw the bird in the act of producing it.

Thus far I have been referring exclusively to the song which the Junco uses on its breeding grounds. The melody singing, peculiar, I believe, to early spring, was frequently heard to-day. I noted the following rendering of it after listening carefully to a bird for some time. Chup - chup - chup - quee - e - e - e - quee - l - l - l - l - l (i.e. the normal trill interpreted here beginning with "quee"). Chup - chup (the normal call note) quee - quee - quee - quee - e - e - e - quee - l - l - l - l - l etc. This was repeated many times at short intervals always in low, hoarse tones.

Some of the notes were very musical and the general effect of the performance was very pleasing. I wonder if it can represent the first (or early) attempts at singing on the part of young birds. It can hardly be termed soliloquy (it is too loud for that). Rather I should call it a musical soliloquy.

Variations
in the songs
of Junco's

The song
trill

Melody
singing of
the Junco's.

Concord, Mass.

1907

April 3
(No 4)

Fox Sparrows and Junco feed all day long on the hemp & millet seed that we had thrown out for them in front of the cabin. Their numbers varied from ^{to times} ~~times~~ for they kept coming and going. Our highest count gave 15 Fox Sparrows and 10 Juncos. I have no doubt that there as many visited the seed bed in the course of the day. It was a pretty sight, that of so many attractively colored birds feeding quietly almost directly under our windows. The big rusty-rear Fox Sparrows were the more impressive of the two species, the slaty-blue Juncos the prettier and daintier. Despite the abundance of visible seeds the Fox Sparrows were continually scratching after their usual fashion that is by jumping alternately forward and backward among the dry leaves. This motion was so vigorous and effective that the leaves were often thrown up into the air to a height of six or eight inches. The Juncos scratched in ~~much~~ the same way but much less often and also less vigorously than the Fox Sparrows. They hopped about more restlessly and incessantly, however, as well as more easily and gracefully, carrying their heads low and their bodies flattened to the ground. When the seed had been scattered profusely both species would remain in one spot for minutes at a time doing nothing but eat. When alarmed by the sight or sound of an approaching man or dog the Fox Sparrows would stand erect & motionless for a moment before taking flight. The Juncos, under similar conditions, kept equally immovable but in more crouching attitudes.

Concord, Mass.

1907
April 3
(No 5)

In previous years I have often known Fox Sparrows leave their feeding grounds in the open fields and used potatoes to seek their resting places for the night among dense pines before sunset but this evening a number of them lingered well into the twilight about the seed bed in front of the cabin. All the Junco deserted it half an hour or more before this, according to Gilbert who was on the spot. At 5:45 P. M.

Fox Sparrows
go early
to bed.

Junco
go still
earlier.

I came upon what appeared to be the entire flock on Pine Ridge when they had evidently settled themselves for the night although the sun was still well above the horizon. They were scattered about one acre or more in dense, bushy postern pines of large growth. As I started about among these trees I started bird after bird to the number of a dozen or more. Each would flutter noisily and utter the tsup call over or twice just as it left its roost to seek a new one at a short distance. Until thus disturbed not one of them uttered a sound or gave me any other indication of its presence. Most of them flew from perches near the ends of the pine branches from six to ten feet above the ground.

Still earlier in the afternoon (certainly not later than five o'clock although I did not note the time) I saw a perfect stream of Junco pouring into some scattered white pines in the busy postern at the farm. At least 100 birds passed me in the course of a few minutes, coming from the open fields in Mr. Haven's farm and disappearing among the dense foliage of the pines. I feel very sure that they, too, were seeking their roosts.

Concord, Mass.

1907.
April 3
(no 6)

A Golden crested Kinglet was singing this forenoon in the woods behind Ball's Hill. I wrote down (on the spot) the following rendering of its song: Tsee-tsee-tsee-tsee-tril-il-il-il-il. The tsee notes were thin, wiry and high-pitched and very similar to the ordinary call notes of the species but with less of the z sound than the latter. The tril-il-il notes were pitched much lower than the tsees and were rather liquid and, indeed, not unmusical in quality. All the notes composing the song were delivered hurriedly and in rather full tones.

Soon after this I saw the bird and its mate (or at least a female of the same species) among some alders, near the ground. What charmingly dainty and sylph-like little creatures! One can never cease from admiring them and wondering at their grace and animation of movement especially when, as happened repeatedly to-day, they are seen poised on fluttering wings, like humming birds, inspecting the terminal leaves or buds of some slender spray.

Concord, Mass.

1907
April 4

Heavy white frost at daybreak. Forenoon cloudless, dead calm and very warm. Clouds gathered in the afternoon when there was a brisk, cool S.E. wind.

Tree Sparrows to the number of a dozen or more had gathered at the seed bed in front of the cabin by sunrise but the first Juncos did not appear there until about half an hour later. Both species were singing almost continuously up to 10 a.m., not only in the woods on Ball's Hill but elsewhere, wherever I went. They appeared to be scattered numerously over the entire open country on the West Bedford side of the river when I visited it not long after breakfast. Such a delightful concert as they gave me there I have seldom listened to in recent years. From far and near, on every hand, their voices were filling my ears unceasingly. There were also the songs of many Song Sparrows and Red wings and of one or two Tree Sparrows besides the distant "chattering" of a Flicker and Gos far off, from the tall oaks on the edge of the meadows, the muffled, impressive cooing of a Cowbird Dove.

Immediately after breakfast and before crossing the river I heard, three repeated, the Cuckoo-like outcry of a Pied-billed Grebe and twice its returning call. These sounds came from the bend of the river just below Ball's Hill where the bird must have been concealed among the flooded maples or button bushes for the glossy surface of the open water would

Covead, Mass.

1907
April 4
(No 2)

have at once betrayed its presence had it been
singing there. I noted the crows call thus:
Cuck-cuck-cuck-cuck, Cow, Cow, Cow: The cuck notes
were apparently Cuckoo-like but the Cow was more
hoarse and resonant, as well as much louder, than
any note that either of our species of Coccyzus ever
utter. The whinny might be rendered he-he-he-he-
he-he, all these notes being on the same key and
delivered very rapidly and evenly, in vibrant, somewhat
nasal tones. This is by no means the first time
that I have seen or heard Pied-billed Grebes near
Ball's Hill in the month of April. Some of the
flooded thickets on the meadows would furnish ideal
breeding places were the water to remain at its
present level but the birds seem to know that it
is sure to be drawn off before long for they have
linger here more than a few days in succession at
this season.

Concord, Mass.

1907.
April 5

Forenoon cloudy and showery with strong, cool S. W. wind. Afternoon sunny with moderate W. wind. Evening cloudy and much cooler with violent N. W. wind.

One side of the river was nearly barren of bird life to-day no doubt because it was exposed to the searching and rather chilly southerly winds. I saw only one Fox Sparrow and but two or three Juncos at the seed bed. A Pine Warbler (the first I have noted this year) was in full song on the crest of Ball's Hill about noon. Our Phoebe (the paired birds were together for the first time) were very active and noisy flitting about the horse shed, entering it once or twice and frequently alighting on its projecting eaves. There seemed to be a number of Fox Sparrows and Juncos on the sheltered shore of the meadow near the stone boat house where three boys came distantly to my ears at intervals through the forenoon. A Carolina Dove was cooing there for half-an-hour or more in the early afternoon.

I had begun to fear that I should see no large water fowl here this spring but not long after breakfast this morning a beautiful adult Herring Gull glided majestically past the cabin on set wings. An hour or so later Gilbert called me out from my writing to show me a pair of Gooseanders. He saw them rise from the river close in to the causeway but they were opposite our upper landing flying swiftly off over the flooded meadows towards the S. W. when I first caught sight of them. The drake, a superb old bird with both green head, led the way

Herring Gull

Pair of
Gooseanders
the drake
taking the
lead in
flight:

Concord, Mass.

1907.
April 5
(No. 2)

closely followed by the much smaller plain grayish bird which I feel sure was a female, no doubt his mate.

On my way to the farm in the afternoon I saw about 50 juncos feeding on the turf in Harsnis' pasture. One would not think there could be any seeds there if it is kept so closely cropped all summer and autumn by the cows yet the juncos were eating something.

When I reached the Beech place (about 5.15) a young pair of Robins containing respectively 25 and 13 birds were flying into the Barrett Run from the southward. A little later I saw another flock arrive from the direction of Birch Field and pitch down into the run. I have known Robins to congregate there before to roost.

As I was returning through Birch Field about 6 o'clock a large Cock Partridge flew from a poplar crowded with water cattails. I instantly stopped short and examining the top of the tree closely discovered another Partridge sitting very erect and absolutely motionless on a slender twig. This bird, a small hen, flew off in a direction opposite that taken by the male when I saw through the motion of pointing a gun at her. I suppose she must have been the mate of the other bird & I have no doubt that both were engaged in breeding before I disturbed them.

Pair of
Partridges
Gardening (?)
in a
poplar.

Concord, Mass.

1907.
April 7

The weather has been exceptionally cold for the season the past two days, the thermometer falling to 24° Fahr. both mornings. As a natural result few, if any, birds have arrived from the South and most if not all of the northern-birding Finches which appeared on the 2nd, coming, as I believe, from the North (by an interesting and unusual retreating movement) are still with us.

Fox Sparrows were singing gaily, close to the cabin, at sunrise this morning and just before sunset I counted 22 of them feeding in the seed bed under the window. They had eaten all the hemp seeds and were devoting themselves to the sunflower seeds which they ground into fragments in their bills before swallowing them. About half-past six the last birds deserted the bed and flew off westward. Following them I came on what seemed to be the entire flock going (or rather gone), to roost among the dense young pines in Pine Park. They had all settled on their roost, I think, when I reached this plantation but they were calling incessantly to one another, making such a loud and seemingly excited clamor that I thought at first that they had discovered an Owl or a Cat among or under the trees. I could find nothing there, however, but a Partridge which could hardly have alarmed them. There was no singing and no hissing the only note used by any of them being the chuck one. This is closely similar to the chuck.

Concord, Mass.

1907
April 7
(No 2)

of the junco but harder and more wooding
in tone. As I forced my way among the
thickly growing trees I disturbed half a dozen
or more of the birds. Each, as it left its
perch to fly to another tree, made a loud
and rather perturbed fluttering sound with its
wings. Most of the birds started from near the
ends of the pine branches (where the foliage is
densest, as a rule) about eight or ten feet above
the ground.

Shortly after leaving the Fox Sparrows I
reached the south end of Pine Ridge. Here I
saw a dozen or more juncos which had
gone to roost in the hemlocks that I planted
two or three years ago. Some of these birds
flew out almost in my face from perches
only two or three feet above the ground. Like
the Fox Sparrows they fluttered noisily and
called teep-teep as they took wing but they
did not seem to be severely alarmed and
after waiting some time they invariably
remained silent unless again approached. As
they flitted across the openings among the trees
in the gathering twilight the white outer feathers
of their widely spread tails showed most
conspicuously and sometimes I could ^{see} nothing
else.

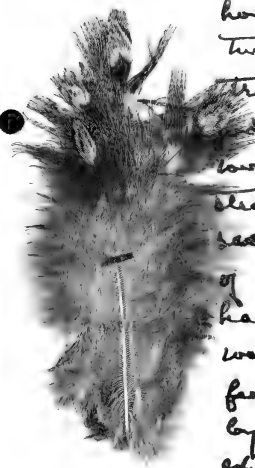
A number of Robins had gone to roost among
the pines on this ridge.

Concord, Mass.

1907
April 7
(No. 3)

Among some crowded young white pines on the western slope of Pine Ridge I found to-day nearly if not quite all the body feathers of a collared Partridge. This bird had evidently been killed only a short time before by either a Hawk or an Owl. It had apparently been struck down in a little opening near a stone wall where the ground was strewed with the spotted feathers of its wing and back. Thence a thin line of feathers marked the course (nearly straight) over which it had been dragged or carried for a distance of about two rods into the heart of the dense cluster of pines. Here it must have very clearly yielded to the edge by the great number of feathers. Among them were the wings (which were chocolate colored) but, strange to say, I could find no primaries, nor secondaries, nor tail feathers, nor any fragments of flesh or bones or head or feet. That the deed had been committed by either a Hawk or an Owl was clearly indicated (1) by the fact that all the feathers had been pulled out, not bitten off and (2) by the three or four large fleas of white, chalky excrement on the pine needles. The presence of these "chalkings", close together, near a convenient perch afforded by a fallen branch and surrounded by the feathers, was equally good evidence to my mind that the bird of prey, - whatever he was, made a hearty meal before leaving the spot. When he finally flew away he may have taken with him what remained of the Partridge or it may have been eaten after his departure by some prowling Fox or Skunk.

A collared
Partridge
killed &
eaten by
a Hawk
or an Owl



Concord, Mass.

1907.
April 8

Snowing hard all day - big flakes, most of them melting as they struck but the ground white by noon and covered to a depth of nearly two inches by night-fall. Wind N. E., very strong at times.

Only 7 or 8 Fox Sparrows came about the cabin to-day. They sang freely in the early morning and late afternoon. I started several of them from their roosts in the Pine Park plantation as early as 5 P. M. and saw others flying to the pines behind Ball's Hill at 6 P. M. but when, some fifteen minutes later, I got back to the cabin there were still two or three feeding there.

I had a chance this evening to directly compare the chucking note of the Fox Sparrow with that of the Junco when a bird of each species perched on either side of me, in plain view and less than twenty yards away uttered it fifteen or twenty times. They did not chuck together but alternately, as if answering one another. Until I saw them distinctly and made sure that each was uttering the sounds that seemed to come from it I supposed that they belonged belonged to the same species for their calls were to my ears identical in form and tone. Once or twice I thought that the Fox Sparrow had the stronger voice but of this, even, I was not quite certain. After closely studying the call which both gave I decided that it could be best rendered by the word tick. The fact that these particular birds called so very nearly (if not exactly) alike does not necessarily invalidate the correctness of the observations that I made on the evening of the 7th. It is true that I did not then hear both species at once but

The chucking
call of
Passercella
similar to
if not
identical
with that
of Junco

Concord, Mass.

1907
April 8
(No 2)

but it was not more than ten minutes after I had left the Fox Sparrows nest before I was in that of the Junco. Moreover I have noticed in former years that the chucking of the Junco is, as a note, decidedly softer and less woody in tone than that of the Fox Sparrows. I do not now think, however, that the difference is sufficient to be expressed by mere verbal rendering unaccompanied by description and justification. Furthermore I now realize (perhaps for the first time) that no one should venture to positively identify an unseen bird of either species by the chucking call alone.

Wm Bartlett called at the cabin yesterday afternoon Red-should to tell me that he had just seen in Holden's woods Hawks, a pair of Red-shouldered Hawks which were unusually nest in tone and which he suspected were preparing to breed Holden there. I had noticed before this a large nest made Hill woods chiefly of sticks and placed in the fork of a tall chestnut that stands at the base of the pine a little to the westward of the big white pine in which a pair of Red-shouldered Hawks nested a brood of young eight or nine years ago. On approaching this nest about 5 P.M. to-day I saw one of the Hawks leave it & fly off through the trees.

As I was passing our steam horse shed this evening just before dark (at 6.15 P.M.) I disturbed the pair of Phoebe which always breed there but which have not yet begun their nest. Both of them flew out from somewhere well back in the shed. Without doubt they had gone to nest there.

Pair of
Phoebes
roosting
in shed

Concord, Mass.

1907.
April 8
(No. 3)

I see Red-wings nearly every evening now, in considerable numbers, flying over or close past Ball's Hill towards the North-east. To night at least 200 birds passed within my light in flocks ranging in numbers from ten or a dozen to fifty birds each. One flock alighted in the dells at Burdick's landing where they remained for some time busting out, every half minute or so, into a full chorus of song although it was raining thick & fast at the time. On this occasion the lower notes of some of the birds reminded me very strongly, as they have so often done in former years, of the distant howling of Wild Geese. I wonder where all these Red-wings get each evening! They must have some place of rendezvous down river. I followed them as far as Davis Hill to night and saw them keeping on out of sight in the direction of Colville bridge. I have no recollection of ever seeing a spring nesting place of the Red-winged Blackbirds.

Evening
Flight of
Red-wings

At least 75 and I think 100 Robins flew into the woods on Pine Ridge as it was getting dark this evening. All that I saw came from the South-west, no doubt from the foraging country on the Bedford side of the river. Most of them came in flocks (the largest ^{that} I noted containing 28 birds). They scattered about over an acre of pine or birch acres when they reached the ridge

Robins
land.

Concord, Mass.

1907
April 9

The north-easter which began yesterday morning increased in violence through last night and to-day. It rained hard all this forenoon and snowed all the afternoon. Now, at nightfall, the snow lies in drifts deep, on the level, in open places and loads the branches of the trees almost to breaking in the woods. I had not thought to see so wintery a landscape again this spring, as met my eye whenever I went late this afternoon. The beauty of the snow-laden pines, hemlocks and birches equaled anything that I have ever seen before, even at Bethel. This, however, was only in sheltered places; elsewhere the raging north-east wind tore the snow from even the pines before it could collect there in any quantity. The birches along the river bank were bent over the water in arches of surpassing grace and the delicate tracery of their snow-laden twigs was truly exquisite. The river appeared to be open only over its channel for on the flanking meadows the water was everywhere covered with a dingy white slush which looked very like brown ice. In the more sheltered woods so much of the snow lodged in the tops and on the branches of the trees that the ground was nowhere very deeply covered and under the pines and hemlocks it was nearly a quite bare. This gave the birds a chance to get at the earth without much trouble & wherever it appeared 7 or 8 sparrows, juncos & robins were availing themselves of it.

Heavy
north-east
snow storm

Concord, Mass.

1907
April 9
(No 2)

It was not necessary to go for a field to-day to see and hear very many spring birds. Despite the storm - or rather because of it - they came about the cabin in numbers which I have never known equaled here before at this season. The high, wooded ridge of Ball's Hill formed an almost perfect wind break and we kept two small areas within a few yards of our windows clear of snow, and supplied with quantities of hemp seed, sun-flower seed and bread and cracker crumbs. The news must have been spread far and wide in Sparrow language that there was snug shelter and abundant food under the lee of Ball's Hill for whoever came. 7 of Sparrows and Juncos in ever increasing numbers until by noon the place literally swarmed with them. With them came a few Song & Tree Sparrows a dozen or more Robins, a Thrush Thrush and an extremely forlorn-looking male Bluebird. We could do nothing, of course, to entertain the three species last named but all the seed eating birds were given such a feast as they probably do not often enjoy even in the best of times. I am bound to say that they made the most of it and that they seemed glad to show such appreciation of our hospitality as long in their power. Thus they ate steadily and unceasingly from morning to night, ~~they~~ they ~~at~~ at ~~the~~ the ~~same~~ same ~~rate~~ rate ~~from~~ from ~~sunrise~~ sunrise ~~to~~ to ~~evening twilight~~ evening twilight and as the day wore on they gained more and more confidence in us until they finally became almost as confiding

Extraordinary
numbers of
7 of Sparrows
&
Juncos
about the
cabin at
Ball's Hill

Concord, Mass.

1907

April 9
(No 3)

as yet Canada or domestic Regions. I make all 7 of Sparrows
these statements advisedly for all are literally true. They sing &
At no time during the entire day (save occasionally feed all day
for brief intervals, when Looney, the Irish Terrier, disturbed them) were there less than a dozen or more birds
busy with the seeds nor less than two or more
in full song. As to their tameness the 7 of Sparrows this unusual
seemed to finally lose all fear of us. When I went tameness.
out to replenish the food huffly they would come
about me almost underfoot and as I stood at
the windows an alighting on the sill and
boldly regarded me with its bright beady eyes from
a distance of less than two feet. Another hopped up
on the sill of the open door and perched into the
cabin casually. A third, not three yards from
me, to whom I threw a piece of a Baldwin
apple nut it almost before it had ceased rolling
down the bank and at once seized and began
eating it almost as enthusiastically as a dog
will take food from his master. The Junco
and Robin were scarcely less tractable.

Just before noon the general sense of security
which evidently prevailed among all these birds was
suddenly and widely dispelled. I had gone to
the wood shed for something and was on my way
back when a male Cooper's Hawk coming from
I know not where dropped into the very middle
of a group of 7 of Sparrows feeding in the path
in front of the cabin. I saw him clutch at one
of them with widely opened talons (of his right
foot) but the Sparrow dodged him and escaped

One of them
eats a piece
of raw apple

Cooper's
Hawk
interrupts
the Spar-
rows feast

Concord, Mass.

1907
April 9
(no 4)

Cooper's
Hawk

He then alighted on a post by the landing
 but seeing me remained there only a few seconds
 before gliding off, ghostlike, through the densely
 falling snow flakes and over the river. Although
 most of the Sparrows & Juncos had taken flight
 with loud cries and complete refuge in the trees,
 a moment after the Hawk struck at their
 confusion, a number of them remained feeding
 only a short distance off, evidently having
 failed to take the alarm. Thus had I not
 come on the scene in the nick of time the
 Hawk would probably have had a chance
 for another swoop with good hope of success.
 Even the birds which had flown up into the
 trees did not seem greatly frightened although
 they did not venture to return to the ground
 for several minutes after the Hawk had gone.

The 700 Sparrows were so constantly in motion, 700 Sparrows
 flying from place to place, that it was not possible
 to count them accurately, but the following counts are
 certainly close approximations to the actual numbers.

June 8. 35 A.M.	-	18	birds	counted	from	cabin	windows.
" 8. 40 "	"	42	"	"	"	"	"
" 9. 40 "	"	70	"	"	"	"	"
" 10. 30 "	"	76	"	"	"	"	"
" 11. 10 "	"	60	"	"	"	"	"
" 12. 30 "	"	94	"	"	"	"	"
" 12. 45 "	"	104	"	"	"	"	"
" 4 P.M.	-	94	"	"	"	"	"
" 4. 10 "	-	80	"	"	"	"	"
" 6. 30 "	-	1	"	"	"	"	"

Concord, Mass.

1907
April 9
(no 5)

The figures just given probably do not represent 7 or 8 Sparrows anything like the total number of 7 or 8 Sparrows seen at the cabin during the day for the birds were continually arriving and departing or, in other words, changing places. This fact will account no doubt for their feeding carelessly through the entire day. I should not be surprised to learn (were it possible to get at the real facts) that the total number that we entertained was more than hundred than one hundred. Of course they ate a lot of food - fully two pounds of seed and a pint or more of apples and bread crumbs.

As I have said the 7 or 8 Sparrows sang as well as fed all day long with never an interval of silence much exceeding a minute. Yet I did not often hear more than two and never more than three at any ~~one~~ time. It is difficult to account for this fact especially when the wide fluctuations in the number of birds within hearing are borne in mind. The songs of different individuals varied in form, in tone and in quality or merit. The best singers were those which used the notes most characteristic of their species. These birds were by far the most numerous. Among the aberrant singers I heard one which might easily have been mistaken for a Great Towhee, another whose song very much like a Purple Towhee and a third whose final notes were almost exactly like those of the Towhees song. Many birds sang on the ground merely passing for a moment between two bites at the ground seeds to throw up their heads and feet and then sink

Songs of the
7 or 8 Sparrows

Concord, Mass.

1907
April 9
(No 6)

Songs of
the Field
Sparrows.

Although I realize fully the utter inadequacy of any combinations of human words to express such sounds as those that go to make up bird songs like the Field Sparrow's I am compelled to enter here the following renderings that I noted to-day.

Peer, peer, peer-see-her, tura-lee-lee.

" " scrwittlee (this by the bird that recalled a Jordan)

" " pe, peer, see lee-see-see-lee-see

Tu, tu-e, tu-try - twil-dee - li-ea.

Sweet, ser, sil-see-see-try-try-try

Many birds put the strongest emphasis used in the entire song on its terminal note.

Of notes other than those which pertain to the normal song or its variations I heard the following.

Tuck - only once all day. This is evidently a cry which betokens alarm or excitement.

Tee-eeep heard only a few times. This is used chiefly by feathered birds calling to one another. They were not feathered to-day.

When numbers of birds were feeding together one or more of them was almost constantly uttering a series of chattering, clicking and snickering sounds so faint as to be audible only a rod or two away. These reminded me of the sounds made by the Red Squirrel when heard at a distance.

Another sound produced by the Field Sparrow when feeding but less often heard than the snickering was a low, vibrating chir-r-r-r, rather harsh in quality.

Call &
alarm notes
of the
Field Sparrow

A bird suddenly attacked by another when feeding and I think "puffed or tweedled" a little instead of a sort of chirrup, soft & low. This is the most common one I have before.

Concord, Mass.

1907.

April 9
(No 7)

The Fox Sparrows at the seed beds were "scrapping" almost incessantly especially when collected in large numbers. Their encounters, although often spirited were invariably brief and seldom or never really vindictive. Apparently they expressed only momentary and for the most part trivial fits of jealousy or ill-temper. At first I thought that they were caused by a selfish determination to monopolize spots where food was particularly abundant but I soon found that even the most quarrelsome birds molested only certain individuals of their own kind and that it was very unusual (I saw it happen but twice during the day) for any of them to attack the much smaller and fatter Junco which were always feeding with them and which, had they chosen, they could easily have excluded from the front. My final conclusion was that most of their combats were due either to sexual jealousy or to a mixture of playfulness and bravado. In other words they were simply bullying one another and "showing off", perhaps for the benefit of their mates. I noted some evidence, however, which indicated that certain birds were unpopular with their fellows if not very generally disliked by them. Such individuals, at least, were obviously and repeatedly ill treated by more than one of their companions and one unfortunate was invariably set upon by them or ^{or them} ~~four~~ at once whenever it attempted to approach the seed bed.

Most of the fights that I watched were simple duels, however, quickly ended and not again renewed so far as I could discern. Indeed it was very common for two birds to be feeding quietly side by

Fox Sparrows
fighting

Concord, Mass

1907

April 9
(No 8)

side immediately after they had settled their little disputes. They fought in three slightly different ways; (1) by making a quick level dash at one another either on foot or on wing and only just above the surface of the ground; (2) by standing motionless for an instant, back to back, and then springing up into the air six to eight inches apparently striking with bills and feet (but not at all forcibly), like game cocks, just as they came together; (3) by fluttering straight upward to a height of five or six or even eight or ten feet, passing one another all the while, their bills almost touching, but not so close as I could see either thrusting or striking with bill or feet. Whichever, at the close of any one of these encounters, one of the birds turned tail and fled he was never pursued more than a yard or two, and often, as I have just said, he would at once resume feeding within a few inches of his late antagonist.

Four Sparrows
fighting

Four Sparrows often fan out their handsome tails for an instant when engaged in fighting but at most other times the tail is kept tightly closed. It is sometimes depressed so that the tip just touches or trails on the ground but as a rule it is carried at an angle a little above the line of the back and occasionally much higher than this with the tips of the wings well below its base. The position at which it is held is frequently changed and it is often fluted prettily up and down or sideways as the bird hops about over the ground. On the whole, however, the Four Sparrow gesticulates with its tail rather less than do most other birds.

How the
Four Sparrows
carry its
tail

Conecord, Mass.

1907.
April 9
(No 9)

It is probable that Fox Sparrows scratch not alone for concealed seeds but also for animal food, as the following observation will show. As I was watching a bird digging a little pit into the soft, sandy soil in front of the cabin this afternoon I saw it pause for an instant and, after bending its neck forward and down, pull out from the excavation a red earth-worm about three inches in length. This it held in its bill for an instant as if not quite knowing what to do with it. It then dropped the worm which was immediately picked up by another Fox Sparrow who made short work of the wriggling creature, first separating it into three pieces, by biting and shaking it with its bill, and then eating these fragments without hesitation and indeed with very evident relish.

Fox Sparrow
draws out
Teals an
earth worm

During my walk late this afternoon I was wading through snow nearly six inches deep and facing the blinding clouds of it which the furious north east blast was driving over the east slope of Pine Ridge when, in a little opening surrounded by snow-laden juniper, I came up two Yellow Red-footed Warblers the first I have seen this Spring. They seemed to be almost completely exhausted by chill and hunger flitting about with drooping wings among some small cedars but their tails were wagged as easily as if the birds had been in the best of spirits & vigor.

Yellow Red-
Warbler

Concord, Mass.

1907
April 10

The morning dawned cloudy but the clouds were thin and there was a light, steady west wind. During the forenoon the sun showed dimly at times and we saw flocks of Blue Jays but it began to rain just after dinner changing to snow later in the afternoon when the wind came from the north. When I went to the farm at 5 P.M. I found the snow six inches deep nearly everywhere with no bare ground to be seen except under dense pines. Many of the trees were heavily loaded with snow this morning and some of them had broken under its weight. The tall birches in front of the cabin had been bent until their tops rested on the ground or water. All the trees had freed themselves from the snow by noon but many of them did not at once resume their normally erect position and some of them are still much arched.

The insect-eating birds are having a trying time I fear. I saw no Phoebe nor Swallows to-day but Gilbert noted a Yellow Palm Warbler near the cabin. The Sparrows are all right of course but most of those that were here yesterday had disappeared this morning. Where can they have gone? Not further north, surely, in the face of such a wintry storm as rapid though most of last night. It is quite possible and, I think, probable, that they drifted before it southward perhaps as far as Connecticut. In that case they almost certainly accomplished a second stage in a southward spring migration for I am satisfied that most of them reached

Weather
conditions
Stormy

Wintry
conditions
all day.

Trees injured
by snow.

Phoebes &
Swallows
disappear.
Most of
the Sparrows
herds also
missing.
How they
got
migrated
southward?
They came,
I think,
from the
north.

1907
April 10
(No 2)

us here by a return flight from the north. I wonder if the Swallows and Phoebe have executed a similar retrograde movement. Red-wings and Robins apparently have decided not to be frightened by a six inch snow fall for I saw them to-day in practically undiminished numbers.

Red wings
Robins

There were 24 Fox Sparrows at the cabin at 8.45 a. m. and 8 or 10 through the day. They come freely at all hours but not continuously as was the case yesterday. At the farm I saw only six or eight of them and none between here and there.

Fox Sparrows

Only a few scattered Junco appeared to be left in this region. I noted seven a dozen in all to-day.

Junco

Gilbert saw a Bittern flying past the cabin in the afternoon and a Great Blue Heron this morning.

Bittern
Blue Heron

There are surprisingly few Song Sparrows at or near Ball's Hill this spring but I found five or six at the farm this afternoon, feeding close about the barn where hay seed had been strewn.

Song Sparrows

Concord, Mass.

1907
April 11

Forenoon cloudy; afternoon clear and warm. Light N. W. wind all day.

The snow melted rapidly after the sun came out but at evening it still covered most of the country except on southern exposures where the bare ground had appeared in many places. In the woods the snow was everywhere fully three inches deep or more when an icy crust was beginning to form.

Yesterday, as I noted in this journal, most of the birds had apparently disappeared, as I thought migrating southward. To-day they were back again as numerous as during the early part of the late bloom. Indeed the country was literally flooded with them. They were scattered about everywhere throughout the woods as well as fields. This statement applies chiefly to Robins, Fox Sparrows and Junco which I met with in countless numbers during my afternoon walk to Davis Hill, ~~through~~ Prescott's pine and back by way of Bursin's pasture. When I reached Pine Ridge and the flat woods behind Ball's Hill, just before sunset, both places reminded me of a great army. Robins, Fox Sparrows and Junco were going to work in almost every corner there on this entire tract, singing and calling to one another as they sat on their perches or flitted from place to place. Never before have I found them in anything like such numbers in these woods.

Phoebe reappeared this afternoon in their usual numbers & in the best of spirits, apparently. Where can they have gone? The river front of Ball's Hill was

Pine Ridge
again.
Country
still snow
covered.

Return of
the birds.

Their
extraordinary
abundance

Phoebes
return

Concord, Mass.

1907.

April 11
(No 2)

probably one of the most sheltered places in Concord during the late storm and it is at all times a favorite resort of Phalaropes but there was certainly none of these birds here yesterday nor could I find any of their descender. They kept close about the river to-day and frequently hovered just above the water, dipping down to it and probably picking up floating insects. I saw one pair at the lower dam.

Phalarope

At least 500 Crows assembled on Pine Ridge this forenoon when they seemed to be mobbing something for they were making a tremendous outcry and dashing down among the pines. Two Red-shouldered Hawks were soaring in the very midst of the excited Crows and screaming wildly. It is possible that the Crows were protesting against the presence of the Hawks but more likely, I think, that both birds were mobbing something else, perhaps a Fox.

Crows
mobbing
something

I found a Woodcock this afternoon in a place where I have never started one before; viz. in Prescotts Pine, near the wood road that leads to the meadow but on higher, dry land, among very dense white pines.

Woodcock
in pine
woods

I flushed him twice but did not see him either time for he rose fully thirty yards away, to judge by the sound of his wings, and the pine foliage obscured my view. His shyness was due, no doubt, to the fact that the ground in these woods was nearly everywhere covered with snow. Under such conditions Woodcock will seldom permit a near approach.

Concord, Mass.

1907
April 11
(No 3)

Early this afternoon I heard, with perfect distinctness, Herring
the shrill, thrilling outcry of a Gull. Looking Gull
up I saw the bird soaring in circles over Ball's Hill
but at such an immense height that he looked
scarce larger than a Swallow. From this great
elevation he must have had in sight not only the
greater part of the Concord River valley but Sparrows
Bay and its bounding land areas as well.

A more unusual visitor, which appeared in
much the same manner as the Gull and shortly
afterward, was a male Sparrow Hawk. As he
circled on motionless wings almost directly over
the cabin and perhaps two hundred feet above
the crest of the hill I could see his bright reddish
tail distinctly every time he turned its upper
surface towards the sun.

Sparrow
Hawk

There were 7 or 8 Sparrows about the cabin
all day. The greatest number I saw them at
any one time was six. They sang freely
and well but not continuously. I recognized
one bird by his somewhat peculiar song which
I have heard here constantly for three or four
days. It is a remarkably clear, fine song
but so impressively sad that I shall be
glad when he has gone - or I hope, which
will be to-morrow. I cannot help thinking
that he must spend his summers in some
exceptionally dreary & lonely place.

7 or 8 Sparrows

Concord - Cambridge, Mass.

1907
April 12

Clear, calm, mild.

There were only a few birds about the cabin this morning but the open country on the other side of the river was alive with them when I passed through it on my way to the West Bedford Station and I saw them in undiscriminated numbers, and literally everywhere, from the car windows on the way to Lexington and, indeed, nearly to Arlington. Robins & Fox Sparrows and Juncos made up the bulk of the birds seen. The Sparrows and Juncos were quite as numerous in the middle of wide grass or cultivated fields as in their breeding thickets. While I was waiting for the train at the Station their songs came incessantly to my ears from far and near on every hand.

Miss Mary Stratford tells me that she saw large numbers of Fox Sparrows and Juncos at Lincroft in Worcester County, Mass., during the heavy storm on the 9th. Maudy Hardy writes me that at Brewer, Maine, "it began to snow on Tuesday, Aug. 9th and continued some 4 inches. It melted all night and the next day there was good 12 inches of wet snow. It has melted about all the time here [his letter is dated on the 11th] melting as it has fallen. The birds, largely Juncos White Song and Fox Sparrows and a few Fox Sparrows, have come into the dove yards in great numbers. We began to feed them two days ago and have put out several quarts of cracked corn & oats, also bread & flax seed. I have had from 25 to 50 about all the time and Fannie has about

1907

April 12
(1852)

as many as her house. They are very voracious
devising off the English Sparrows and then fighting each
other. One Song Sparrow dropped dead from a
syringe a while and another is dying. I cannot
tell the cause as there is plenty of food."

It is evident from the testimony just cited that
the ^{late} extraordinary abundance of birds belonging to the
Sparrows family has not been merely local during the
past week but, on the contrary, has been probably
very general over New England. It will be noticed,
however, that Song Sparrows and Fox Sparrows, which
were not numerous at Concord, are among the species
which Mr. Hardy found in the greatest abundance at
Roxbury and that he saw only a few Fox Sparrows
there whereas they were found abundantly by Miss
Blatford at Scituate and by me at Concord, on
the same date when Mr. Hardy's observations were
made.

Cambridge, Mass.

1907
April 14

Clear and cool with light W. wind.

Two Pine Siskinets have been haunting our garden for the past week or more. I found them in the deciduous trees in the "jungle" this morning. One of them sang almost continuously for fifteen or twenty minutes, sometimes softly voiced, sometimes in fairly loud tones. Its song was an odd medley of halting, stuttering notes, many of them harsh and only one really musical, ~~the~~ exception being the Coway-like pee-ee used in common by the present species, by the Goldfinch and by the Redpoll. This call was frequently interpreted among the other notes as was the preceding, ~~brassy~~ brassy screeeeeeee or screeeeeeeeep which one hears now & then at all seasons but chiefly in Spring and Summer and which I take to be one of the forms of song rather than a mere call. The shorter yet somewhat similar creep, which is certainly a flight call, was also given among the other notes & intermingled with them.

Spring
Song of the
Pine Siskinet

The medley singing, heard on this occasion, is often indulged in by the Pine Siskinet at this season. It is similar in form and general character to that protracted by our Goldfinch in early Spring but, unlike that of the latter, it is, as I have just said almost wholly lacking in sweetness and musical merit.

1907.

April 29

Forenoon cloudy and showery. Afternoon clear and warm with light S. wind.

When I reached Ball Hill at 9.45 this morning (from Cambridge) the oak woods on its southern slope were alive with Yellow-rump and Yellow Palm Warblers. I found many others later in the day in Pine Park and on Pine Ridge, seeing in all at least fifty birds of each species. However I met with them they were mingled together in about equal numbers keeping, as a rule, to the trees in rather dense growth and often among pine although I noted a few of the Yellow Palm Warblers on or near the ground in open places.

Both species sang freely through the forenoon. They fed chiefly by flying out or upward from the branches and capturing their insect prey in mid air. It was easy to distinguish the Yellow Palm Warblers, even at a distance by the peculiar wagging of their tails. Their songs varied greatly with different individuals but all the forms I heard were dry and unmusical. Some of them remind me of the song of Wilson's Black-cap. I should characterize the usual form of song as a harsh chatter. Sometimes it was abrupt and explosive in character; sometimes leisurely and halting or stammering. The birds sang in the intervals between their flittings from branch to branch making no fuss about it although their throats & tails protruded & quivered as they gave utterance to their field notes.

1907

April 30

Clear and very warm with strong S. W. wind.

Arrivals. Black-throated Green Warbler, 1 ♂ (seen by Nelson) in Prescott's Pines; Oven-bird; ♂ heard singing by Gilbert in the woods on the Farm; Solitary Tanager, one heard singing by me on Ball's Hill, then seen together in Prescott's Pines by Nelson.

Arrivals

Most of the birds here yesterday must have passed on northward last night for there were very few to-day in the Ball's Hill woods. Mr. Nelson (of Mrs. Comp. Zoology) reported seeing a good kind flock of Yellow-rumped and Yellow Palm Warblers in Prescott's Pines, however.

As I was strolling behind Ball's Hill this evening two Crows were seen from the pines on its crest. One mounting above the other to a height of about thirty feet swooped down at it with half closed wings uttering a loud, hoarse coe-coe-coe-coe. coe-coe not unlike the sound of a watchman's rattle worked slowly, just as the upper bird reached the lower one the latter dodged and twisted, closely pursued by the other. This was repeated several times with always the watchman's rattle note given during the plummet like fall and after that the swift, decisive pursuit accompanied by many more graceful evolutions. Finally the pair (for I judged them to be a male & female) were joined by a third bird when all three winged their way off over the meadows together without further demonstration or calling.

Crows

1907
May 1

Forenoon cloudy, afternoon brilliantly clear. A cool
S.W. gale N.W. wind blew all day.

Crows. Bank Swallow, heard on Ball's Hill; East-
Gardner, call note heard on Farm; Upland Plover, heard at
Ball's Hill; Greater Yellow Legs, flock of 18 found Ball's Hill.

Crows

About 7 a.m. as I was standing in front of
the cabin I heard the flight call of an Upland
Plover repeated six times. Each utterance consisted of
four of the usual rapidly consecrated notes (three
one after the other). The bird was apparently flying
high towards the east.

Upland
Plover

About 10 a.m. I heard the prolonged rolling
call that the Greater Yellow-Legs give just before
sighting. Early in the afternoon I heard it again
and this time saw the birds, 18 in number, flying
in a compact flock (as closely bunched as Peeps)
low over the water, up river, past Ball's Hill.

Greater
Yellow Legs

Two Kingfishers passed the cabin many times
during the day, one sometimes in close proximity
of the other. I took them to be a pair but this
was only because for I could not see their markings.
One of them gave the harsh ca, ca, ca, ca, ca,
which is very unlike the rattle & not open heard.
It was flying over the woods at the time.

Kingfisher

A Parula was drawing behind Ball's Hill
early this morning, not on the plain over but farther
inland & was far, it thought, from the last observation.

Parula
drawing

1907.
May 2-7

During this period the weather has been steadily cool and at times unseasonably cold. On the morning of the 5th the ground was stiff with frost and shallow pools of water were frozen over with thin ice. There was a heavy N.E. rain storm on the 4th and a gentle but steady rain with S.W. wind on the afternoon of the 6th. The 2nd and 5th were brilliantly clear days but on the other four days the sun shone but little or not at all. These conditions have been most unfavorable for bird migration as the following brief list of "arrivals" will show: -

- " 2 White-throated Sparrow, one singing nearly the farm house early this morning. A remarkably cold week
- " 3 No arrivals noted Fair birds
- " 4 " " "
- " 5 " " "
- " 6 Cat-bird, one heard mewing in the forgotten bush at evening
Bobolink, one heard singing over Bird Field in P.M.
- " 7 Brown Thrasher, one in full song near the farm house at sunset
Nashville Warbler, one singing near the house in the early morning, another gave the flight song over the woods in Berry Post.
Towhee, one in Bird Field, another in the Berry Posture.

The above is an extraordinarily meager showing for the first week of May. Of course most of the birds that usually arrive at this time have been held back. They will no doubt come with a rush the first really warm night

1907

May 8

Early morning cloudy & showery. Remainder of day sunny and warm with light S.W. wind.

Although the weather conditions were much more favorable for bird migration than they have been for a week past I did not note a single arrival to-day. There is still more surprising than seemed to be a dearth of all kinds of birds, even of those that have been here for weeks, and most surprising of all that few of the birds which I did see sang at all, even in the early morning. Even the Song Sparrows and Field Sparrows were almost silent. A Thrasher was singing in the late afternoon and two Robins gave me a fine concert at evening. Robins, by the way, are almost as scarce here now as they were in Cambridge when I left there last week. Partridges are even scarcer comparatively. I doubt if there are more than three or four on the whole place. The breeding season on the old wall in this Back Run is deserted this year for the first time since I have known it.

As twilight was gathering this evening I heard a Woodcock peeping in the direction of the Berry Pasture. Going there at once I found he was beyond my boundary wall in Mrs. Haines' pasture. He sang a dozen times or more on short intervals while I was there. I watched him through the whole of one flight & most of another. On both occasions as he was making the series of short downward plunges at the height of his song I saw him tilt first on one side then on the other, with first one wing & then the other pointing straight upward while its fellow pointed directly downward. In other

1907

May 8
(No. 2)

words he turned first one side up & then the other.
This I think happened every time he swooped but I
could not make sure that such was the case. What
I did see beyond the possibility of mistake was that
he tilted three two or three times during each of
the two flights when I heard him in view. If I
am not greatly mistaken no one has ever noticed
this tilting before or one I have reported doing so.
I, certainly, saw it to-night for the first time.
It was very marked and interesting. I think the
bird happened to be at just the right angle with
my line of vision. During his first flight he made
rather short and regular swoops; during the second
his movements were ^{so} ~~unpredictable~~ erratic that my
eyes were taxed to follow him. His song was
hardly up to the standard for his voice lacked
strength & fulness although it was as sweet as usual.

1907
May 18

Forenoon cloudy; afternoon clear. Warm with light S. wind.

Arrivals: - Black & Yellow Warbler, 1 ♂, 1 ♀, 1 Parula Tree; Yellow-throated Vireo, one near farm house.

Arrivals

I had have been whistling for about near the house for the past ~~two~~ or five days. One began this note at daybreak this morning just after the first Robin and before any other bird. I had no idea they were back every day.

Just after the Lark began to whistle this morning I heard the song of the White-bellied Swallow for the first time in many years. It was continued at short intervals for several minutes ceasing before it was broad daylight. I noted it on the spot thus: - Sit, clear, sit, clear, sit, clear, clear, sit, clear, clear, clear, etc. It is a monotonous & unvaried song but very interesting sometimes.

Song of
the White-
bellied Swallow

Birds of most kinds continue scarce. Of the species that ordinarily arrive between May 1 and 12 by no means all have yet come and of those noted only a very few have appeared numerously. The only well marked flight this far was that which landed us on the 14th. Before & after that date only doublets have come from day to day.

Concord, Mass.

1907.

April 8
to
June 30

A pair of Red-shouldered Hawks bred this year in the woods at the base of Holden's Hill. Their nest was finished when I first noticed it on April 7. It was placed in the fork of a large & very tall chestnut about six feet above the ground. On the 8th the bird flew from it as I approached. On April 29, and whenever I visited the place in May, I found one or other of the Hawks on the nest. I could see its tail projecting over one side and its head well raised above the rim on the opposite side. Sometimes I could walk directly under the nest without disturbing the birds but it usually flew off when I was fairly or fifty yards away and glided silently out of sight through the tree tops. I often heard one or both birds screaming near the nest before I entered the woods but they were never any louder when I was near the nest. On May 20 the female, after leaving the nest, turned back and scolded fast in tones on her wings coming within twenty yards of me low down among the trees. This was repeated later in June when on one occasion she became so noisy as to sweep down at Mr. Forbush's head passing so near his face that he felt the wind of her wings. On June 9th I saw three young apparently nearly full grown standing near the nest. They showed a few patches of feathers but were chiefly covered with down. The down had been nearly all shed by the 20th when the birds had their wings well grown and their tails from or five inches in length. As I watched them ~~when~~ from a distance they moved about a little, usually, and occasionally, spread and flexed their wings. When they saw me they crouched on the nest still showing their heads, however. They were in the nest on June 30 but gone the next day. After

Nest on the
facing back
of a tree?
Red-shouldered
Hawks

180
 April
 May
 June

This I saw them very soon after I started collecting birds. They frequented in the tall woods near the road and remained quietly when undisturbed but as soon as they became aware of my presence they immediately became silent. Their call was the same as my own as those of this species - this I think, with varying notes which they have long notes to which. After leaving I went on my way but the birds were still in the tall woods. I went back next week just with a party of my friends. In July 1877 I saw a pair of young birds, the male of them was in immature plumage looking like a bird of this species. The female was in fully adult plumage.

Last year a herd of Red-throated Loons were found in a bog in the parish of ... in the ... side of the ... in the ... about 150 yards from the ... about ... years ago ... within 50 yards of ... there ... this ... the only ... in the ... in a pair ... of ... in the same woods on my place here although they have never been ... the ground under the ... well ... finding a single ...

Concord, Mass.

1907.

May & June

In May of this year Charles Prescott telephoned me that several Pheasants were frequenting his copra-grass bed which lies close to the railroad at the base of Sleepy Hollow Cemetery not far from Caesar's Woods. He had seen or heard the birds in this neighborhood through most of the Spring and he thought there was an east down or eight of them.

After early in June Mr. Forbush became the cabin to spend the summer he heard Pheasants coming in the opposite side of the meadows in the direction of Caesar's Woods. Soon they were heard almost daily, by him or by me, sometimes directly opposite the cabin in Mr. Galt's fields. They sometimes come down to the edge of the meadows and on July 14th Mr. Forbush saw one rise from the long grass on the edge of our grass court. He is very sure that on two occasions in June he heard the cry of a Pheasant from our farm house in the direction of the kitchen floor. It looks therefore as if the birds had become established and rather common in Concord, at least locally. They previous to the present year have been seen and with us in this part of Concord only singly and at wide intervals. My records are as follows: - April, 1901; one seen almost hourly during the last week of this month by Hanson or by Benson in the field in front of our farm house March 17, 1902; one seen by Benson in the field in our kitchen place. 1st one in July of this year in Acton (field Herbert Alden). February, 1903: Hanson reports during a of several times early in the month, this bird haunted the copra-grass beds between our farm house & Prospect. Feb. 4, 1903: One seen in the kitchen floor by Benson.

Ring-neck
Pheasants
become
established
& common.

It was in nearly a century since a common downy woodpecker was seen in Concord. Pheasants have been seen in Concord since 1901. There is a report that they were seen in Concord in 1800.

Concord, Mass.

1907

May-June

(2)

On March 16th Raymond Swallow saw two Tree Swallows perched on the ridge pole of a barn near Bass Hill. Then a few were flying about near the bird meadows when I came to the cabin on April 1 and I saw them daily down up to the 9th when they were all driven off for a few days by a heavy snow storm. Early in May two pairs took possession of bird houses on our farm and there were two more pairs established on the Ricketts place. They all built nests which were empty or quite forsaken by the 19th when I heard two of the birds copulating. Shortly after this they were driven to the bird meadows for several days by a spell of cold, stormy weather. This I fear caused some loss among them for only two pairs returned to the boxes. One of these disappointed a little later. The other pair had a brood of young - on the Ricketts place.

White-bellied
Swallows.

On the morning of May 18, just as day was breaking, I heard, for the first time in many years, the song of a Tree Swallow repeated at short intervals for several minutes but ceasing before it was broad daylight. I noted it thus: - sit, clear, sit, clear, sit clear, clear, sit, clear, clear, clear. It is a monotonous, unmusical song but very interesting because of its peculiarity. The notes are usually spaced & deliberately & distinctly enunciated. Later in the month I heard this song several times at day break and once in the evening twilight.

Song of the
Tree Swallow.

On July 3 and again on the 10th I saw a Tree Swallow flying about near our farm house accompanied by three young which she fed on wing the old and young bird coming together and moving straight forward bill to bill for the next instant when the

1907

May-June
(3)

masses of food was transferred - a pretty sight indeed. At the time I supposed that this must be the blood vessel in the box on the Robin floor by a July 11 as I was crossing the Springfield there a pair of Tree Swallows swooped repeatedly at one first letter, "Bony", who accompanied me. This action was profound precisely as I remember it when I was a boy and when ten or a dozen pairs of Tree Swallows used to visit on one place in Cambridge. When their young were well grown but still in the nest (nests, I think, before they were hatched) the parent birds would always assail a dog or a cat and even, occasionally, a man or boy, who appeared in their ground near their nests. First one and then the other of the invited pair would dart down on its wings on a steep incline passing within a foot or less of the intruder's head and snapping their bills rapidly, producing a dull and rather woody chattering sound inaudible at a greater distance than a few rods. This was given just as they brushed close over the head of the man or beast. After passing him the bird would turn sharply upward, mount into the air to a height or twenty to thirty feet, wheel in circles over a town and then stoop again - I remember that it took rather slowly upwards to summit, without flinching, the swift, downward rush of the angry bird as it came straight for one's face albeit one knew by experience that at the last moment the Swallow would be here to change the line of its flight sufficiently to pass just by a rather over one's head. Whether or not these birds at the Redwin place had had young there I do not know. They did not visit any of the boxes while I was there.

Glendale, Mass.

1907.

June 26

A pair of Broad-winged Hawks are haunting the woods at the rear of the French's place. I think they have a nest there in one of the big chestnuts or maples but I cannot find it. I see them several times daily entering or leaving the woods or soaring together in circles high over the open fields uttering the shrill Killdeer-like cry, kä-dee-e-e. I do not remember hearing anything else from a Broad-wing before to-day when, about noon, as D.C. French and I were in the woods behind the studio one of the birds just mentioned (the male, I thought) passed over us through the tree tops, gliding straight on, on set wings, uttering twice a series of about five creaking calls given in quick succession and distinctly unlike the Killdeer note. I rendered them thus: twice-e, twice-e, twice-e, twice-e. Not only were they accented on the first instead of the second syllable but the quality of the voice was different from that usually so characteristic of the Broad-wing and the notes much weaker. The bird was certainly adult. I wonder if its juvenile cries were low calls or expressions of alarm or protest because of our presence in its chosen haunts. It is singular that I have never heard them before.

Broad-wing
Hawks.

Concord, Mass.

1907.
July 12

As Mr. Forbush and I were walking through an
apple orchard on our farm this afternoon we started a Skunk
in the under grass. It was so dark that I could see only
his back and the tip of his tail as he galloped off. He
moved by a succession of long, high bounds and so promptly
that although I ran at my best speed I ^{had} ~~could~~ not gain
on him perceptibly when he reached the woods. The distance
which he travelled in the open was about thirty yards
for the first half of an ~~way~~ over a gentle downward
incline for the latter half down a rather steep hillside.
All the while he was about twenty yards in advance of
me and running almost as fast as a rabbit runs when
stalked but was closely pursued. This experience happened
at exactly half-past six o'clock with the sun shining
from a cloudless sky. Taken in connection with the
observation I made here last autumn, from my chamber
window, early one morning, of numerous small Skunks
are at times really very animals and that they can do
much faster than is ordinarily supposed. These
facts account, in a measure, I believe, for the extreme
injury done with which they are seen even in places
(such as this farm) where the signs are seen, where
digging for crickets and for turtles' eggs, about which they
must be very numerous. They have been most persistent
and successful in their quest for turtles' eggs near
Ball's Hill this season (chiefly in June) as the heaps
of empty shells scattered thick and thin testify
plainly. I did not know before that Skunks are come
out to feed in the bright sunshine, as was the

Experience
with a
Skunk.

15-

As I was walking along the lower path within 30 yards of the cabin at 7:30
P.M. the night being clear but intensely dark under the stars, I heard the animal which
I had here long ago. It was about the middle of the hillside. It showed only 2 yards of
me & got a fainter & fainter as it came. I did not know it was a Skunk until I found on
ground where I started to turn up with back of hand at night. Several other Skunks had been found

1907

July 15

As I was walking along the ruin path at Ball's Hill about 9.30 P.M. I started a good-sized animal from a space of soft sand at one landing within thirty yards of the cabin. Although the day was clear and full of stars it was so intensely dark under the shade of the trees that I could see nothing but from the sound of the creature's footsteps as moved first through downy sand woods within ten yards of me and then up the steep bank and twig-strewn hillside. I knew that it was trotting slowly and evenly with the steady, mincing gait so characteristic of the Skunk. When it reached the foot path that leads to the chestnut cabin all sounds ceased and I concluded that it had taken advantage of this convenient roadway to run itself further off quickly and in silence. I got a lighted lantern in the cabin and followed the path for some distance along the hillside but could neither see nor hear anything more of the nocturnal visitor. The next morning I found the locality fringed by the landing trees everywhere by fresh diggings, evidently those of a Skunk. The persistent burrow had not only raided several nests of the Humble Bee, scattering the egg shells about but had also excited up a number of small plants that I had put out in the sand a few days before. That same morning I visited some more plants that I had put into the ground near Pine Point Pond and very soon of them had been severely unseated by a Skunk. Apparently this creature noses out and investigates every place where the earth has been loosened or disturbed.

Another
Skunk

Bethel, Maine

1907

July 18-22

I was in Bethel - at the Gehrigs - from the evening of the 18th to noon of the 22nd. The weather was for the most part clear and just pleasantly cool. Most of my time was spent about the grounds near the house or in the woods at its base but on the afternoon of the 19th Dr. Gehrig took me to Songo Pond where we fished for two or three hours, floating, in a boat, off the mouth of the brook. There were a few Red-wings there apparently nesting and all old birds. The song of a Hermit Thrush came floating down from a hill posterior to the pond and a Swainson's Thrush was singing in white pine woods on the shore of the pond. At a house near it where we got the oars & key for our boat a few Purple Martins were flying about a small bird house on a pole.

About the Doctor's place birds of most kinds sang freely during my stay. I heard even Nashville and Chestnut-sided Woodpeckers, not only in the early morning but at intervals through the day.

At morning and evening the woods on both sides of the house, and at its rear, rang with the music of numerous Veeries. There was at least one Hermit, also. After twilight fell one or two Whistlers began their songs. One bird delivered as well as ever much more slowly than I have ever heard them given before.

A pair of Broad-winged Hawks were hunting the swampy woods below the orchard when I saw them repeatedly and often heard their shrill cries. Once both birds were in sight at once soaring above the trees. Whenever I saw them on wing they were pursued and harassed by one or more Crows who attacked them after the manner of Kingbirds rising above and darting down at them occasionally picking their heads or tails. The Hawks bore this persecution with admirable

✓
Broad-winged
Hawks

Bath, Maine

1907

July 18-22

1881

equanimity flying better or no had to it under ordinary
 attack of the Crow when they would swoop down their
 down or even their wings, usually upward or in an arc
 with an oscillate. The peculiar flight of the hawk being
 it smooth and unobtrusive in its movements. It can slide through
 the densest woods, or cut across with remarkable ease and
 accuracy. It moves in circles, and in one, seems as imperceptible
 as the tail-feather. It is a dark bird with brown above with
 the wings in particular, a dark red below and with
 the tail-feather and other parts of the body, as well as
 the head, more or less yellow, and the feet are
 white or light brown. The young are larger and more
 rufous, reddish or brownish in coloration.

✓✓
Broad-winged
Hawk.

About 9 a.m. of June 20th I saw a fine adult ♂ Marsh Hawk
 cross the wide open field at the rear of the Doctor's house in hot
 pursuit of a much smaller bird. What the latter was I could
 not determine for it doubled and twisted so that its manner of
 flight gave me no clue and the sun so dazzled my eyes that
 I was unable to make out its coloring which, however, appeared to be
 nearly uniform and rather dark. At first I took the bird to
 be a Flicker but just as it reached the woods and glided
 smoothly and swiftly on its wings for a few yards before disappearing
 among the foliage of a big balsam it looked and acted more like
 a ♂ Sharp-shinned Hawk. Whatever it was the Marsh Hawk gave
 it a sharp chase and, no doubt, something of a fight. When I
 first noticed him he was about 100 yards distant from me and
 perhaps fifty feet from the smaller bird. Flying at a height of
 some twenty feet above the ground which here sloped gently
 downward towards the woods - and looking the air vigorously and

✓✓
Marsh Hawk
 chases a
bird.

Bethel, Maine

1907

July 18-22
(No 31)

Carelessly with his long, pointed wings he moved with surprising swiftness for a Circus and soon overtook the object of his pursuit. Of course I expected a tragedy and watched for it breathlessly, but nothing of the kind happened. Although the Marsh Hawk seemed perfectly to expect the result and in his quiet manner as that it were just one of his usual operations and was to be expected in a similar case, possibly with his usual "chase" manner, he was surprised and his bill was held out over me. There he did not even flinch. He came within a few feet of me and I was so certain that he could have killed me with a single stroke and certainly seemed perfectly certain, for almost he was within reach of my face, perhaps within a few inches of my nose. He then turned to the right and flew over the top of the window in which this bird was sitting when dealing with another and another bird of their own kind which I have seen since. I have seen one since I have been here.

While the two birds were flying over a line of trees I noticed that he had the most rapid and intricate movements and handling, especially in his flight and was the one, and jumping down nearly to the eye of the other bird. They separated after making one more pass over the Marsh Hawk, but not again over the house. I would be very much like to see again a pair of the kind. Then he turned back and proceeded to beat his field in the vicinity, grasped in the characteristic of his kind. When I finally saw him last he was flying off to the ground over some bushes, down like a leaf of his side down before the other with a great deal.

[✓]
Marsh Hawk
chase a
bird.

1907;

July.

1907 Bethel, Maine

①

July

- 1 ✓ *Sialia sialis* 19 $\frac{1}{2}$ 21 $\frac{1}{2}$
 - 2 ✓ *Merula mig.* 19 $\frac{10}{2}$ 20 $\frac{2}{2}$ 21 $\frac{1}{2}$
 - 3 ✓ *Salus caplus* col. 18 $\frac{1}{2}$ 22 $\frac{1}{2}$ ^{Dr. G's} piece
 - 4 ✓ *Junco hyem.* 18 $\frac{3}{2}$ 19 $\frac{3}{2}$ 20 $\frac{3}{2}$ 21 $\frac{3}{2}$
 - 5 ✓ *Hed. eurhynchos* 19 $\frac{1}{2}$ ^{in full song,} 20 $\frac{1}{2}$ ^{10 days at} ^{early morning} 21 $\frac{1}{2}$
 - 6 ✓ *Dend. penns.* 19 $\frac{1}{2}$ 20 $\frac{1}{2}$ 21 $\frac{1}{2}$
 - 7 ✓ *Tachycin. trichas* 19 $\frac{1}{2}$ 20 $\frac{1}{2}$ 21 $\frac{1}{2}$
 - 8 ✓ *Trogl. albicollis* 19 $\frac{1}{2}$ 20 $\frac{1}{2}$ 21 $\frac{1}{2}$
 - 9 ✓ " *gamb.* 19 $\frac{1}{2}$ 20 $\frac{1}{2}$ 22 $\frac{1}{2}$ ^{village}
 - 10 ✓ *Spizella soc.* 19 $\frac{1}{2}$ 20 $\frac{1}{2}$
 - 11 ✓ *Junco trichas* 19 $\frac{1}{2}$ 20 $\frac{1}{2}$
 - 12 ✓ *Junco trichas* 19 $\frac{1}{2}$
 - 13 ✓ *Spizella mel.* 18 $\frac{1}{2}$ 17 $\frac{1}{2}$ 20 $\frac{1}{2}$
 - 14 ✓ *Chondestes pelagicus* 18 $\frac{1}{2}$ 20 $\frac{1}{2}$
 - 15 ✓ *Chondestes pelagicus* 18 $\frac{1}{2}$ 19 $\frac{1}{2}$
 - 16 ✓ *Spizella socialis* 18 $\frac{1}{2}$ 19 $\frac{1}{2}$ 20 $\frac{1}{2}$
 - 17 ✓ *Junco gamb.* 18 $\frac{1}{2}$
 - 18 ✓ *Merula mig.* 18 $\frac{1}{2}$ 19 $\frac{1}{2}$ 21 $\frac{1}{2}$
 - 19 ✓ *Junco gamb.* 17 $\frac{1}{2}$ 20 $\frac{1}{2}$ ^{ad.}
 - 20 ✓ *Progne. subis.* 17 $\frac{1}{2}$ 20 $\frac{1}{2}$
- Small colony in village;
another near Sarge Pond

1907 Bethel, Maine

②

July

- 21 ✓ *Merula pallasi* 19 $\frac{1}{2}$ 20 $\frac{1}{2}$ 22 $\frac{1}{2}$
- 22 ✓ " *americanus* 19 $\frac{1}{2}$ ^{Sarge} Pond.
- 23 ✓ *Corvus americanus* 19 $\frac{1}{2}$
- 24 ✓ *Tachycineta bicolor* 19 $\frac{1}{2}$
- 25 ✓ *Psaltriparus bicolor* 19 $\frac{1}{2}$
- 26 ✓ *Corvus americanus* 19 $\frac{1}{2}$ 20 $\frac{1}{2}$
- 27 ✓ *Empidonax carolinensis* 20 $\frac{1}{2}$
- 28 ✓ *Empidonax carolinensis* 20 $\frac{1}{2}$
- 29 ✓ *Spinus pinus* 19 $\frac{1}{2}$ ^{ad.} 20 $\frac{1}{2}$ ^{2 inches} ^{2 wing}
- 30 ✓ *Chondestes pelagicus* 19 $\frac{1}{2}$ 20 $\frac{1}{2}$
- 31 ✓ *Spizella socialis* 20 $\frac{1}{2}$
- 32 ✓ *Setophaga ruticilla* 19 $\frac{1}{2}$ ^{Sarge} Pond
- 33 ✓ *Empidonax carolinensis* 19 $\frac{1}{2}$ ^{ad.} ^{Sarge} Pond / ^{100 yds}
- 34 ✓ *Psaltriparus bicolor* 19 $\frac{1}{2}$ ^{ad.} ^{Sarge} Pond
- 35 ✓ *Junco gamb.* 19 $\frac{1}{2}$ ^{ad.} ^{Sarge} Pond
- 36 ✓ *Junco gamb.* 20 $\frac{1}{2}$
- 37 ✓ *Colaptes auratus* 20 $\frac{1}{2}$
- 38 ✓ *Corvus americanus* 19 $\frac{1}{2}$
- 39 ✓ *Mniotilta varia* 20 $\frac{1}{2}$ ^{early} ^{morning}
- 40 ✓ *Junco gamb.* 20 $\frac{1}{2}$ ^{ad.}

1907 Bethel, Maine

③

July

- 41 ✓ *Procces. gram.* 20 $\frac{1}{2}$ 21 $\frac{1}{2}$
- 42 ✓ *Empidonax albus* 20 $\frac{1}{2}$ ^{village}
- 43 ✓ *Progne. subis.* 20 $\frac{1}{2}$ ^{village} ^{Dr. G's}
- 44 ✓ *Buteo lineatus* 20 $\frac{1}{2}$ ^{village} ^{Dr. G's}
- 45 ✓ *Lanius excubitorides* 19 $\frac{1}{2}$ ^{ad.} 20 $\frac{1}{2}$ ^{ad.} 22 $\frac{1}{2}$ ^{village}
- 46 ✓ *Troglodytes aedon* 22 $\frac{1}{2}$ ^{two miles N.} ^{village}
- 47 ✓ *Regulus satrapa* 21 $\frac{1}{2}$ ^{ad.}
- 48 ✓ *Sphyrapicus varius* 22 $\frac{1}{2}$ ^{ad.}
- 49 ✓ *Tamus alpicapillus* 20 $\frac{1}{2}$

Bethel to Upton, Me.

1907

July 22

The stage road from Bethel to Upton—by means of which one may most quickly and easily reach Boler Umbagog from the Southward—is nearly thirty miles in length. It runs for the greater part of the way through open, farming country and at first (for a distance of some five miles) down the left bank of this Androscoggin River. After passing the little village of Newry it takes advantage of the comparatively gradual and easy ascent to Grafton Notch afforded by the valley of Bear River which it follows quite to its source. The farms in this valley are largely either sandy or rocky and hence not very productive but they include some fertile intervals which yield good hay crops. Most of the open ground is confined to the river bottom which is abruptly bounded on both sides by a succession of high hills and low mountains, ledgy and worn precipitous in places but nearly everywhere covered with virgin soil of different depths and richness to support dense forests made up chiefly of second-growth deciduous trees. These clothe practically all the slopes which face the valley—save where there are hill pastures sprinkled with boulders or with grassy steep—with a rich, velvet tapestry of foliage very pleasing to the eye in summer and fairly dazzling in autumn by the brilliant and varied hues of the myriad refining leaves. As the stage horses plod wearily up the steep grades that lead to the foot of Grafton Notch the traveller notices that the farms become increasingly sterile, their buildings more and more pathetically small and dilapidated. The mountains draw near and nearer together on either hand until at the entrance to the notch they loom barely sufficient even for

Bethel to Upton, Me.

1907

July 22
(No 2)

the passage of the river and its bordering roadway. For the next three miles the road runs nearly straight through unbroken and essentially primitive forest abounding in fine old beeches, rock maples, red maples and yellow birches but long since depleted of its larger spruces and balsams. I can remember when this entire stretch of road was overcast by trees but it was widened fifteen or twenty years ago and is now exposed, in most places, to the sun and sun. If it has thus lost some of its former attractions there has been an undoubted gain in respect to ^{the} more unobscured birds which it now affords of the flowing rock-rabbit walls of this wild and picturesque pass and of the mountain peaks and crags which loom above and behind them. On the left Spilled Mountain rises to a elevation above sea level of feet, on the right Saddle-back to feet. Near the foot of the former mountain is a cliff hundred of feet in height where, on a narrow shelf under an overhanging rock and in plain view of the road, a pair of Golden Eagles used to breed. I have seen them circling about this inaccessible eye but that was many years ago. I think they deserted the place in the summer of 18 when one of them was killed by a farmer living just above the hotel and nailed to the trunk of a pine growing by the roadside where I found and examined the ~~bird~~ ^{bird} after it had decomposition had rendered ~~it unfit for preservation~~ ^{it unfit for preservation} ~~and so far that the specimen could not be preserved.~~

On the right of the road, at no great distance from it but completely hidden by intertwining trees & underbrush, are several curious pits and channels worn deep in the solid rock by Bear River; Moose Cave, one of the largest of these, owes its name - if tradition may be believed - to the fact that a moose was once overtaken and slain

Bethel to Upton, Me.

1907

July 22
(Ms 3)

There by a hunter from Newry. Below the notch and close to the roadway is a similar pit, circular in shape and evidently hollowed out by water but now dry. This is called "the fork". Still further down the river flows through a succession of others, known collectively as "Seven Anger Falls". All these "miracles of nature", as the writers of guide books are given to term them, excite the wonder and admiration of very many people who travel the road to Upton without bestowing much of any notice on countless other things equally wonderful and infinitely more beautiful, if somewhat less striking.

There is a story, once current but now long forgotten, to the effect that a certain country doctor, on his way to Upton to visit a patient, was attacked in the notch, just after dark, by a Congar which attempted to spring on him from a wayside thicket but was repelled by vigorous and well aimed blows of a heavy stick. This happened in July 1874 when I was staying at the Golden Horse and saw the doctor drive up to its front porch with his horse covered with foam and himself much overwrought by the excitement of his adventure. No doubt he had met with something unusual in the notch for he was perfectly familiar with the place and accustomed to driving through it by night but whether or not he saw a Congar is another matter. The quality of my own testimony relative to the affair will perhaps remind the reader of that of the man in the ~~form~~ old tale who when ridiculed by some friends for claiming to have seen a ghost on a woodland spring sought to convince them that he had not been mistaken by offering to show them the spring and the pitcher that he had dropped there in his flight.

Bethel to Upton, Me.

1907

July 22
(no 4)

Soon after passing the source of Bear River in the upper part of Dyer's North the stage road comes to another water shed which slopes northwest and is drained by the South Cambridge, at first a tiny rivulet, next a broad laughing brook flowing over gravelly shallows and finally a small river which, after mingling its clear glancing waters with the more turbid and sluggish one of the Dead Cambridge, empties into Lake Umbagog.

For a distance of several miles from the head waters of this little stream its course is closely followed by the road over an open and nearly level plain swept by icy winds at every season save midsummer and then sometimes visited by devastating frosts. Despite these drawbacks and that of a generally thin and rather sandy soil most of the land is cultivated - albeit in a shiftless, half-hearted way - producing scanty crops of hay and of such hardy grains as buckwheat, oats and rye. Beyond this stage the road leaves the river on its left and enters a broken heavily wooded tract of country where the tired stage horses must descend a succession of steep hills before they can enjoy the well-earned food and rest that await them in the stable at Upton. As they approach it along a stretch of straight and level road bordered in places by groups or rows of trees one sees in addition a few small houses, a little white church and two or three country stores with groups of men and boys lounging on their front porches. These buildings represent the village center of Upton a town containing on present day inhabitants. Near the road divides, its right hand fork descending a steep hill to the old Lake House where it terminates, the other branch inclining to the westward and leading to Bethel and to Bethel. Thither way the traveler now pursues he has not far to go

Bethel to Upton.

1907

July 22
(no 51)

Before coming to a place where he may enjoy a view
quite unobscured by trees or houses and of exceptional beauty
and interest. Indeed it is, I think, unsurpassed by anything
I've kind to be found elsewhere in New England. But as
Boreal Ornithology is its center of attraction and as this kind of
view and its surroundings will be dealt with fully in
other connections I will leave this subject for the present
to return to that which we have just been considering.

If he who follows the road from Bethel to Upton
in sufficiently familiar with New England plants and birds
to identify, from the heavy morning haze, most of them
which he may see or hear along the way in June or early
July, he can scarcely fail to notice that both flora and
avifauna are appreciably more northern in character in and
about Grafton Notch than in the region about Bethel.

Indeed the notch obviously forms a natural barrier separating
two life zones of somewhat different of closely related character
and affinities. Of them the more northern is almost purely
Canadian & the more southern to a certain degree Appalachian
or Franciscan. The dividing line between the two is nowhere
^{and abruptly} ~~clearly~~ ^{however} ~~on the notch~~. Some of the ^{plants which disappear} ~~of them~~ ^{before the notch or} ~~at the notch~~ ^{are} ~~found~~ ^{to the westward of it}
^{at a few} ~~in~~ ^{places where the soil or the slope of the mountain especially}
^{from these} ~~of~~ ^{most} ~~of~~ ^{occasionally} ~~the~~ ^{birds} ~~are~~ ^{found} ~~through~~
it, even during their breeding seasons. But setting aside such
instances of heavy local or immediately local occurrence
and dealing in general terms it is quite safe to say that
there are a number of plants and birds found regularly
and perhaps not uncommonly only ten or fifteen miles to
the southward of the notch which are seldom if ever to
be met with in or immediately to the westward of it.

October 6, 1907.

1907

July 22
(No 6)

Among these forms are such trees and shrubs as the
white pine, the oak, the black birch, the gray birch
and the sweet fern and such birds as the Downy Woodpecker,
the Yellow Warbler, the Wooding Vireo, the Yellow-throated Vireo,
the Field Sparrow, the Towhee or 2 the Golden-crowned Kinglet.
Commonly there are birds not known to occur in early
summer to the southward of Greatton which breed
very generally throughout the heavily forested region lying
just to the northward. Good examples of this latter class
are the Hudsonian Titmouse, the Titmouse, Bay-breasted
Cape May and Mourning Woodpecker, the Philadelphia Vireo, the
Canada Jay, the Yellow-bellied Flycatcher, the Tree Sparrow
of the Great Woodpecker, and the Spine Finch.

It will be understood of course that what I have just said
is intended to apply only to those seasons when these
birds are actually breeding and to their distribution on
that season in the country traversed by and on no great
elevations above, the roads. At considerably higher elevations
several of the species breed among the White Mountains not
far from Boston and even farther southward.

Besides the waterfalls just given there are others less
definite and striking, yet almost equally significant and
interesting, of forms of plant and animal life which, although
found almost everywhere along this road, become either
more or less remarkably represented after one has passed
through the notch, whether to the northward or southward.

Spinus pinus.

Bethel, Maine.

1907,
July 22.

The village of Bethel has been swarming of late with Pine Linnets. I see or hear them constantly, whenever I stroll down the street that leads to the post office, usually in the tops of the elms and sugar maples. To-day I found two feeding on the ground under an elm. Both were adults and I think a pair. They were eating seeds but of what I could not determine although I think they were the fallen seeds of the elm. Most of the birds I see are in small flocks. As a rule they give only the chattering flight calls, but once to-day I heard the shorter form of song which may be closely rendered thus : Swee-e-e-e-e given with a rising inflection.

Hirundo erythrogaster.

1907,
July 23.

Lake Umbagog.

Early this morning I saw several Barn Swallows engaged in mobbing the Lakeside cat who was crouched at the time on the edge of the piazza. The Swallows were evidently solicitous about their young which, however, were quite safe, being perched in a row on the telephone wire that passes the house. The parent birds to the number of four or five would dart at the cat in quick succession coming in from the open field in front of the house at a height of only a yard or two above the ground and on nearly a level plane, not swooping down from above as Tree Swallows do under like conditions. Nor did they snap their bills as the Tree Swallows will when similarly engaged. As a rule they passed the cat well out of reach but every now and then one came within a foot or two of her head. Whenever this happened she would strike at the bird with her right paw but rather slowly and clumsily I thought and always without success. I have known cats that would have made more profitable use of such an opportunity.

August 2.

Awaking in my room at Lakeside about midnight, the night dark and cloudy, I heard repeatedly the alarm cry of a Barn Swallow which seemed to fly back and forth close past my window. It must have been a bird that still has young in the nest in our barn, for most of the Barn Swallows go off somewhere, I cannot find where, to roost for the night, returning again in the early morning.

Astragalinus tristis.

1907,

Lakeside.

July 24.

A Goldfinch singing on wing at the height of the breeding season moves through the air in a perfectly level plane and hence in a manner very different from that of its ordinary flight. Sometimes it describes a large and irregular circle, sometimes proceeds almost or quite straight. Whatever be its course it usually flies above the tops of the tallest trees and beats its wings continuously but rather feebly or loosely something after the manner of a butterfly. All the while it sings continuously and very sweetly its chanting strain. This ended it pitches down to the nearest tree or telegraph wire to rest for a time before rising and singing again. I have repeatedly seen the singing bird closely followed by another which did not sing, but which flew exactly like the first. In no instance, however, have I been able to determine the sex of the second bird.

Passerculus sandwichensis savanna.

1907,

Lakeside, N.H.

July 24.

A Savanna Sparrow perched in a bush by the roadside near Lakeside Hotel evidently anxious about young which must have been concealed in the grass field beyond the fence, called tsup, tsup, incessantly as long as I remained near at hand. This note was very like that of a Junco.

July 25.

What was evidently the same bird for it was perched on the same twig, did not once give the tsup note to-day, but instead called tit, tit, ti-ti or tit, tit-ti-ti or tit-ti-ti-ti. This chirping bore some resemblance to that of a Chipping (S. socialis) but was sharper and more wiry.

Another bird in the Sargent clearing this evening used the same tit or ti-ti calls. It was at first in a leafy tree and afterwards on a rock near by. It seemed even more anxious than the bird at Lakeside.

Petrochelidon lunifrons.

Lakeside, N.H.

1907,
July 26.

Char

Chur

G'hur

Ghur-r-r

E-ar, e-ar, é-ar. A rather plaintive note, not often heard, given just as some birds took wing - evidently a cry of alarm, I thought; sometimes used singly, sometimes repeated two or three times in quick succession.

The cork-in-the-bottle notes must represent the Eave Swallows' attempts at song. I do not then now that the young are on wing with their parents. The young are fed in the air mounting straight up with the parent, bill to bill.

Passerculus sandwichensis savanna.

1907,

Lake Umbagog.

July.

Savanna Sparrows are very common and generally distributed throughout the hillside pastures and grass fields in Upton and Cambridge. In places they breed in what are practically small colonies. This is the case in the intervale on the Lake shore, in front of Lakeside Hotel where, within the space of a few acres, one may start as many as ten or a dozen birds or hear several males singing at once. They sing very late into the evening and very early in the morning as well as during cold rainy weather when most other birds are silent. The songs of the birds found about the lake seem to me less strident and ^{more} musical and varied than ^{of} those which occur on the sea coast. They are very insect-like, however, and coming, as they often do, from beds of grass where the birds are concealed, are strongly suggestive of the chirping of crickets mingled with the of grasshoppers.

Empidonax traillii alnorum.

1907.
July.

Lake Umbagog.

The Alder Flycatcher is one of the commonest of birds about the outskirts of the farms at the foot of Lake Umbagog, and along the road leading thence to Errol in one direction and to Grafton in the other. It is found somewhat more sparingly in B Meadow, on the banks of the Androscoggin near Leonard's Pond and, no doubt, in a few other semi-open or bush-grown places not far from the lake. It is a very retiring bird, much oftener heard than seen. Occasionally one will mount to the top of a dead tree or stub and perch there for minutes at a time, perhaps in blazing sunshine, every now and then launching out in pursuit of a flying insect. But this, does not happen often for, as a rule, the bird remains closely hidden at all times in its favorite thickets. These may be made up chiefly of alders or of low growing willows or perhaps of young sapling trees of various kinds. If they are a trifle swampy or springy the Alder Flycatcher will like them all the better although it sometimes occurs in high well drained localities. At the height of the breeding season it is very noisy at all hours but immediately after its arrival in May and towards the close of its brief stay in our region it is not often heard except at morning and evening when it sings and calls at earlier and later hours than do most other birds. I have noted the commoner variants of what I take to be its song as follows: Quee-gùeer, quèe-ah, quèe-wish, quee-wishy. All these notes are so strongly emphasized that it is difficult, as in the case of the Chebec cry of the Least Flycatcher, to de-

Empidonax traillii alnorum.

Lake Umbagog.

1907,

July. termine on which syllable the chief accent falls. They
(2) are sometimes given in quick succession or at wider intervals which are filled by indescribable low, harsh twittering or chattering sounds. The usual call note of the Alder Flycatcher is a low pip. Although not apparently loud it may be heard hundreds of yards away when the air is still.

July 31.

Lakeside, N.H.

Two at evening calling to one another in the twilight.

They used the pip note and less frequently a peer or pique-a, not wholly unlike the que-queah of the breeding season and perhaps a modification of it, but I think a different note. They were among pasture spruces by the roadside.

Dendroica maculosa.

Lake Umbagog.

1907

We-we-ter-te-wée-chee

Wee-ter-te-wée-chee

(A bird singing in Sargent opening at evening).

Pretty-pretty-Rachel

(Another bird, same locality).

Chaetura pelagica.

1907,

Lake Umbagog.

August 2.

As I was walking along the road past the Sargent Cove I saw a Swift enter, almost at full speed, a hole in the roof of a small shed from which a stove funnel had evidently been removed. At the same instant I heard the chattering of young inside. A minute or so later the old bird emerged and flew off over the lake. I then entered the shed and found, as I had expected, the nest attached to the gable end of the shed about 2 feet below the peak of the roof and 7 feet above the floor. A fully feathered bird which I took at first to be young flew out of the stove hole a few minutes later. I then saw four or five young in the nest. They were scarce half grown and only partly feathered. Neither parent returned although I waited in the shed until it was nearly dark. At Upton there is a Swift's nest built in a similar manner in my boathouse with egg shells beneath it on the floor.

Seiurus noveboracensis.

1907,

Lake Umbagog.

August 5.

The Water Thrush is at times intensely curious. As I was sitting in my canoe this afternoon in a sheltered cove one appeared on the shore within three yards of me. By degrees it approached even nearer running about over some driftwood, now and then pausing to look at me intently with its large dark eyes. Even when I moved abruptly it showed no fear of me. It was an adult male, for it sang repeatedly in full rich tones. Its plumage appeared fresh and unworn. Although a rather plainly colored bird the Water Thrush is exceptionally neat and attractive looking. All its movements, too, are graceful and interesting. But one cannot help wondering why it never ceases even for a moment to wag its tail.

Merula migratoria.

1907,

Lake Umbagog.

August 5.

In my boat house at Upton I found, to-day, a Robin's nest built on cross timber inside the building to which access can be had by a bird only through a broken pane of glass. This, at least, is the case at present but the nest is not a fresh one and may have been there several years. The mice have filled its cavity with cotton waste.

Merganser americanus.

1907,

Lake Umbagog.

August 5.

In a sheltered cove behind B Point (opp. Lakeside) I ✓
came suddenly on a brood of 6 young Sheldrake and their mother,
this afternoon. Although about half grown and already partly
feathered they took at once to the shore which was here rather
steep and densely covered with bushes. I ran the canoe in and
waited. In about five minutes two of the young birds emerged from
under some driftwood lodged among the bushes and running quite
nimbly to the water entered it and swam out into the lake, diving
at intervals. The other ^{four} ~~five~~ with their mother must have crossed
the wooded point for ten minutes later the entire brood and their
parent appeared together swimming out in deep water. The old bird
croaked, but the young made no sound.

Ceryle alcyon.

1907,

Lake Umbagog.

August 5.

Watched a Kingfisher perched on a stub over the water.

It sat there for 20 minutes gazing intently down at times. All the while it kept its crest raised, its mandibles slightly parted. Every now and then it would raise and lower its body at the same time bobbing its head up and down much after the manner of a Screech Owl. These motions were sometimes accompanied by a slow up and down tilting of the tail. Although not over 15 yards away the bird (an adult male) did not appear to notice me or the canoe in which I was sitting.

Ceophloeus pileatus.

Lake Umbagog.

1907,
August 7.

When I went up Cambridge River with Jim Bernier in June 1903, we found about 200 yards above the big "logan" what we took to be the new nest of a Pileated Woodpecker. It was in a dead tree about 30 yards from the bank of the river. For some reason that I have forgotten we did not examine it, but I asked Alva Coolidge to do so. He told me to-day that he went there after I left Lakeside and found a brood of young Pileated Woodpeckers climbing about on the outside of the stub. The next spring he and another man went to the place hoping to get a set of eggs. His companion climbed the stub and found in the hole four young Saw-whet Owls. Two of these were much larger than the other two.

Lophodytes cucullatus.

Lake Umbagog.

1907,
August 7.

Alva Coolidge tells me that he has seen a female Hooded Merganser with a brood of young this season in the Cambridge River above B Meadows. He says the species is now very rare in this region.

Tyrannus tyrannus.

1907,

Lake Umbagog:

August 10.

Despite his fearlessness in attacking Hawks and Owls the Kingbird - like many another bully under similar circumstances - sometimes gives way and seeks safety in ignominious flight when assailed by a bird not larger and apparently no more powerful than himself. I saw this happen to-day when a Yellow-bellied Woodpecker pursued and overtook a Kingbird in a cove behind B Point. The two birds passed me within ten yards when I saw the Woodpecker deal repeated blows at the back of the Kingbird who was doubling and twisting all the while and giving his shrill alarm notes incessantly. After they had separated the Woodpecker alighted very near me on a stub when I was surprised to find that it was a young bird, apparently a female.

August 5.

The Kingbird has not learned, apparently, to discriminate between Hawks of dangerous and harmless kinds. I saw one pursue a Fish Hawk for some distance this afternoon rising above it and darting down to peck at its head and back. Half an hour afterwards I was sitting in my sailing canoe when this same Kingbird alighted on the mast which is only about 6 feet in height. It remained there only an instant, however. The sail was not hoisted at the time.

Larus philadelphia.

Lake Umbagog.

1907,

August 14.

A Bonaparte's Gull appeared off Lakeside this afternoon, during a heavy blow from the N.W. It coursed about over the open lake and entered the cove at the mouth of the Cambridge, but did not approach the land closely. It flew most of the time at a height of 20 or 30 feet above the water, but every now and then it would swoop almost straight down in the manner of a Tern. On reaching the surface of the water it would either hover just above it for a moment apparently to pick up some floating object or would alight and swim about, perhaps for several minutes, before taking wing again. It was a beautiful creature, appearing snow white when seen against the dark green background of the forest, and very buoyant and graceful in all its movements. The behavior which I have just attempted to describe is characteristic of this species of Gull. By it one may usually distinguish the bird from the Common Tern for which it is likely to be mistaken at a distance.

1707

1707

Lalla Umbagog

I have referred in terms of ardent praise to the view from Upton Hill. The northern New England has many an elevation from which may be seen higher mountains, deeper valleys and equally extensive forests. In what respect, then, is this particular outlook so superior and remarkable? It is difficult to measure this question satisfactorily, even here once after seeing it, personally. I myself am inclined to allow only, perhaps - and indeed ought - to modify the judgment above expressed. That on any such occasion - the pleasure, pleasure and admiration with which I first looked down on the lake and its surroundings on the day of a fine afternoon in 1871 have grown and deepened rather than been lessened.

View from
Upton Hill

Lake Umbagog

1887.

August

Umbagog as seen from Upton Hill looks more like a
road and winding river than a lake for its greatest width
is but little more than a mile and its total length upwards
of water miles while it stretches towards every point of
the compass. It is immediately bordered for the most part by
low or only slightly elevated land which extends back for
distances varying from a few hundred yards to a mile or more
before giving place to the hills and mountains that rise in
every direction, tree above tree, as far as the eye can reach.
In a few places, however, outlying spurs or ridges slope
steeply down to the very edge of the water. Everywhere, even
at the southern extremity of the lake and just below the narrows,
where there are scattered farms, the shores are clothed in heavy
forest which flows backward and upward in billowy waves of
wooden one all the ^{neighboring} hills and mountains. From Upton Hill
this forest seems unbroken and of boundless extent as, indeed,
it well may for it covers hundreds of square miles where the
only open spaces are those formed by lakes or rivers and it
stretches northward, practically without interruption save by thin
and similarly natural openings, to the borders of Canada and
beyond a distance of more than fifty miles. It forms
a rich and appropriate setting for the shining lake and,
when viewed from above and at distance too great to
reveal the changes wrought by fire and of the lumbermen
it still presents, no doubt, much the same general aspect
as in the days - not so very long ago - when it was
known only to the Indians and to a few white hunters
and trappers. One has to dwell on such a thought and
to picture in imagination the primitive men and
the game and fur-bearing animals they pursued. The Indians
are gone, of course, and the white hunters have not much

View from
Upton
Hill.

V
1907.

Lake Umbagog

Mammals.

of their old-time headland and ^{while} ~~factories~~ ^{the shores} of the lake are laid in places by summer camps and its waters are ploughed by several swift ~~stern~~ ^{stern} boats and an ever increasing number of canoes and other small pleasure craft. But the deep, ~~practically~~ ^{practically} forest remains almost untroubled except by lumbermen and native hunters and in many respects it is essentially unchanged. Nor has it ceased to harbor at least a fair representation of nearly all the mammals and birds which formerly inhabited or visited it; its innermost recesses have long since ceased of course to ring with the howling of hungry Wolves, the Looperwever no longer stalks and springs on the covering moss which haunts its wooded "cedar" swamps, and its moss-covered bays and mountain crags are seldom if ever visited now by the restless, wide-ranging Caribou. The last Wolves disappeared more than half a century ago but the Looperwever was common and the Caribou sometimes seen in large herds as lately as 1875 or 1880. These three species with the Gougar, of whose occasional occurrence near the lake less than forty years ago there is some ^{or believed} ~~apparently~~ good evidence, are the only mammals ~~known~~ ^{to have} ~~to have~~ ^{disappeared} ~~the~~ ^{region} since it was first visited by white men.*

* The Wolverine is said to have been taken in Maine in early colonial times but I have been unable to learn that this animal ~~was~~ ^{was} ever ~~seen~~ ^{common}, even by tradition, to the hunters at Lake Umbagog.

1907.

Lake Umbagog

Mammals

All the other animals to be found about or on no great distance from, the Lake. Among them are the gigantic Moose, the graceful Deer, the sturdy Black Bear, the wise Beaver, the wary Otter, the sly Red Fox, the insouciant Raccoon, the restless Fisher, the Sparrow - Gwing Sable, the nervous Mink, the bloodthirsty Weasels, the three-toothed Porcupine, the scaled Woodchuck, the slow-footed Skunk and the near-sighted, proscopoid Woodrat.

When the first white settlers reached the Lake in 1823 and 1824 they found Moose abundant but Deer scarcely seen in its bounding forest. The Indians ~~had~~ ^{asserted} that these conditions had existed as far back as their traditions went. There was ^{not} then, nor ever had been, any persecution for any kind of game on any season and the important loss of the forest was that the felled and long only showed hollow. In March when the snow was deep and heavy. Indeed the Deer had little chance of escape from the Wolves and from equally merciless human survivors.

Hence they barely managed to maintain a precarious foothold in the very smallest numbers. But the sturdy, long-legged Moose could run for days in succession through snow five or six feet in depth, and even when overcast and blizzard to buy they were probably quite able to defend themselves against the wolves which they were not easily slain by the primitive weapons of the Indians. But they did not last long after the white hunters got among them. Most of them were killed before 1850 and by 1870 they had become so rare that even their tracks were seldom seen. They began to reappear about ten or fifteen years later and they are now of not uncommon and regular occurrence especially in the northern end of the Lake and along the wooded

Locke Umbagog.

Mammals

reaches of Cambridge River.

There were only a very few Deer in the neighboring forest when I first visited Upton in 1871 but they became numerous by 1885 and very abundant soon ten years later. Since then their numbers have fluctuated somewhat from season to season although they have continued to be plentiful enough to supply the local hunters and the sporting sportsmen with abundance of ^{specimens, sometimes} ~~specimens~~ ^{at present} ~~specimens~~ it is to be feared, at seasons when ~~specimens~~ is not sanctioned by laws.

Bears have held their own fairly well ever since the first settlement of the country, despite misanthropic persecutions stimulated by the ever increasing value of their rich forest fields and by the state bounty offered for their destruction. ~~I have been told~~ ^{It is said} that in the earlier days they would not always give place to man when encountered in narrow forest paths and I can remember when they often appeared boldly by day in the hills pastures about Upton to prey upon sheep. Although they have not as yet wholly ceased the latter practice they have become, as a rule, among the most timid and retiring of all the larger mammals. Even the She-Bear with cubs will no longer face the hunter but, on the contrary, will desert ^{the offspring} ~~them~~ on the first alarm to seek her own safety in precipitous flight. Indeed a bull Moose or a wounded buck Deer is more to be feared at the present time than is the average Black Bear.

Not long after the Caribou disappeared from the Umbagog forest (and from that of the greater part of northern New England as well) its place was taken by the Bog Legged and animal hunters well known, it

V

Lake Umbagog

1907.

Mammals

would seem, to two local hunters. Of this more southern species of "Hole Cat" several specimens have been taken in or near Upton within the past two or three years and the general impression among the guides and trappers is that it is now permanently established and fast becoming common. Still the Canada Lynx it has no fear of a trap-line when exposed to one - but is undoubtedly diffident to enter into one for the reason that its sense of smell is so poor, that it will pass very near a redoubt but without detecting its presence.

Foxes, Skunks and Woodchucks are abundant everywhere as they have been since time immemorial.

Lake Umbagog.

1907.

Mammals

Since their commonness. Raccoons are rather common and generally distributed. Otter skins and skulls may still be found about or not far from the Lake but all their skins are becoming very scarce if not in serious danger of local extinction. The Muskrat is perhaps similarly threatened although it is still not uncommon. There are tracks of both the larger and smaller species but they are seldom seen except by the professional trappers who were found a ready market for their fur - formerly considered good weather. The Beaver was thought only near to extinction by the trappers but it has been protected by laws at every season for the past few years with the result that it has multiplied extensively and collected many of its former haunts.*

* In the summer of 1907 I examined a large untrapped Beaver house on the banks of Cambridge River but a short distance above the Abbott mill and was struck by a dam which extended across this stream only a few miles further up.

The muskrat skins have so common with little or no protection. Although others are confident to such a degree that it may be ~~lost~~ that on the pond they have difficulty by the usual type ~~season~~ ^{season} differently it is so very hardy & prolific that it continues to maintain itself even when most persistently hunted and whenever left unmolested for a time quickly makes good whatever numerical losses it may have suffered. It haunts most of the coves of the Lake and is especially abundant about its outlet and at the mouth of Cambridge River.

1907.

Lalla Umbagog.

~~known~~, causing any appreciable diminution in the number Mammals.
 of the ~~interesting~~ ~~beast~~ // The timid Varying Hawk is abundant
 and ^{here} seldom molested ~~by~~ by man although preyed on by Coyotes,
 Fishers, Foxes, Owls and other flesh-eating creatures; the Gray Squirrel
 is ^{only} of rare and irregular occurrence; the Red Squirrel and the
 Chipmunk are ~~abundant~~ abundant and familiar; the Gray Northern
 Flying Squirrel is common enough but seldom noticed because of its
 stealthy nocturnal habits; Deer, Mice, Red-backed Mice and
 Short-tailed Shrews ~~abound~~ ^{abound} throughout the forest; Kangaroo
 Mice are not uncommon in alder thickets near the lake and on
 the banks of its connecting streams; ~~and~~ Beaver's and Star-nosed
 Moles ^{may be} found sparingly in boggy, grassy places. There are also
 Woodchucks in plenty, in the heart of a forest as well as
 in open farming country, and Bloodthirsty Weasels, of both
 the larger and lesser kinds, of which I have seen ^{but} ~~one~~ ^{little} seen
 although they are common in some woods - especially the larger
 ones - by the traps. Bats are numerous in summer about
 the lake. I have never identified any of them very carefully
 but, if I can not recollect in my collection, I have ~~seen~~ ^{seen} that
 and recognized both the Eastern and the New York Bat.
 The last just given is unquestionably far from complete. No
 doubt an expert collector of mammals could soon add to
 it especially if he were to trap industriously for the smaller
 terrestrial species such as Mice and Shrews.

Moose shows themselves occasionally and Deer, Mink
 and Foxes rather frequently, about the shores of
 the lake. The sheltered waters of its bays and coves are

V

Snake Umbagog.

1907

August

Mammals.

followed away coming by Musketeers swimming to and fro. As twilight is passing into night a Skunk, ambling along a wood road or digging for castors in some grassy space, was attracted the eye of the wayfarer by its conspicuous white markings. The Porcupine is still more likely to be encountered often in broad daylight although it runs about most freely by night. Relying for safety on its bristling armature of quills it seldom makes any tray efficient use of its short legs as a means of escape and may be usually approached as near as our cars to go to so far without looking a custom. In the heart of the forest, as well as on its outskirts, Red and Chapman's Squirrels are seen, one of which is seen by day, ~~at~~ ^{at} night the camp is near to near the dwelling stands to which, and the third - third - thudding of heavy footed Hoos, moving about in the brushwood close at hand, perhaps within a yard or two of his couch. Every now and then a flying squirrel was slight with a stalling through on the edge pole of the tent and then slide or jumper down its steeply sloping roof, dimly seen, perhaps, through the thin fabric of cloth be made good. All these, with Woodchucks, Mice, Shrews and Bats of several kinds, are very few or seen during a brief sojourn in the forest about Snake Umbagog. But the Chouers are kinder instead of getting so much as a fleeting glimpse of a Bear, a Lynx, ~~or~~ ^{or} a Sable or a Fisher. ^{They are} ~~Indeed~~ they are ~~usually~~ seen also by any one - even by the professional hunter - except when caught in traps, for one of them has come under my personal observation although I have sought for them diligently in earlier days and in places where they were then numerous.

Lodge Umbagog.

1907
AugustMethods
of Lumbering.

Methods of lumbering in the region about Lake Umbagog as well as elsewhere in New England have changed greatly within the past thirty years. In the earlier days there was little or no demand for any but straight, round pine and Spruce logs that could be sawn into square timbers of reasonable size or into boards or planks of a foot or more in width. It was customary then to cut only one of these species and to pass by all which were less than fourteen inches in diameter at the point where they were to be used for a log skimp. One night there about the borders of a forest where the lumbermen had been at work all the previous week without making any perceptible showing of the trees. It is far otherwise now for wherever the lumbermen have been of late the western trees would be found to have almost wholly disappeared. What the logs mills cannot use seem as food for the still more voracious and destructive pulp mills and more saplings only four or five inches through or there but show the form of the older trees. Balsams and Junipers are quite as valuable for pulp as are pines and Spruces for lumber and on many of the kinds there is all from trees down to the size of Green pines or but a single log as being sought after. This rule is not without exceptions, however. Thus I am told that the Lake and Purgatory Company of Swanton still adhere to the old rule of cutting no trees that measure less than fourteen inches on the skimp.

Until very recently lumbering operations in the forest were carried on only during the colder months usually beginning about the first of November and ceasing as soon as the snow falls & was broken for ice in the Spring and the logs could be drawn to market. Now ~~the~~ ^{more or less} men are kept in the woods throughout ~~the winter~~ ^{the year}.

2

Edwin Leuberg

1907

August

the entire year and then are cut at once, even
in midsummer.

Methods of
Leuberg

1907.

Lake Umbagog.

Stub Forests.

Within the memory of persons still living in Upton the shores of Lake Umbagog were bordered nearly everywhere by large and vigorous coniferous trees of which very many were old growth white pines. Most of these and of the larger species and cedar vines had been cut and rafted away by the lumbermen before my first visit to the lake in 1871. Its shores were then coniferous in places but for the most part fringed with dead or dying trees, chiefly red maples, black ashes, canoe birch and balsam fir, which the water had killed or severely injured not long after its level had been raised a number of feet by the dam built across the Androscoggin River at Great in 1852*. At the

*The original dam was built that year. It was carried out by the water in 1887 and replaced, a little lower down the river, by the present dam which was completed in 1888.

Outlet and inlet of the lake, in those of its larger woods and elsewhere where the shores were sufficiently low and flat to be subject to prolonged inundation, there stubs, as they were called, stood by hundreds or even thousands in grain and blowing away. Most of them were without bark and weathered to a soft stem gray or grayish-white color. Many had lost all their lateral branches and some were already far advanced in decay. In their trunks methinks and various kinds of woodpeckers had drilled innumerable holes only the more recent of which were occupied by the birds which had excavated them most of the others having passed into the possession of the White bellied or "Stub" Swallow. There were also Wood Ducks, Whistlers, Gossamers, Hooded Mergansers, Brown Grackles, Bluebirds, Crested Flycatcher and even Kingbirds, nesting in natural cavities and hollows or in abandoned and perhaps accidentally enlarged holes made by Flickers or by Pelicant Woodpeckers.

1907

Lake Umbagog.

State Forests.

Brown Creepers, too, were much given to haunting the stubs where they built their nests under long scales of semi-detached bark. In short these forests of acute and crumpling trees fairly teemed at the right season with varied and interesting bird life: The Swallows and Grackles were especially abundant. At the mouth of Cambridge River and about the outlet of the Lake, where they bred in colonies, I have seen them rise and creak in swarms when disturbed by the report of a gun. The Woodpeckers, although scarcely less numerous, were more scattered and hence somewhat less conspicuous. The Ducks were least conspicuous of all for they were too wary to often show themselves about their nests unless when started from them.

These were indeed halcyon days for the ornithologist who visited Lake Umbagog in late May or early June and who knew how to work the stub forests systematically and intelligently for rare bird nests. One might then find - and take without cat or hindrance, for the game laws were little regarded and seldom or never enforced - eggs of five or six species of Woodpeckers and of almost as many different kinds of Ducks, besides those of the Brown Creeper, the Canada and the White-breasted Nuthatch, the Browned Grackle, the White-bellied Swallow and the Kingbird, with perhaps, occasionally, a set laid by the locally rare Crested Flycatcher or by the Hairy Owl. I do not mean to say, of course, that the eggs of all these species could be obtained by any one collector, however energetic and fortunate, in a single season. Some of the birds were far from numerous and it was not always easy to find nests of even the commoner kinds among thousands of stubs almost every other one of which was

1907.

Lake Umbagog.

Swamp Forests.

literally riddled with holes. All these could not well be examined and even long experience in this particular kind of field work failed to enable its possessor to distinguish certainly between such as would repay investigation and such as might safely be passed by. Indeed he was sure to waste much valuable time in climbing to promising looking but untenanted cavities and equally so to commit, every now and then, the still greater mistake of neglecting others of unpromising appearance which, as he might afterwards learn to his sorrow, had contained rare or coveted eggs. Or again he might find, upon breaking into and thereby ruining a nest from which a bird had been seen to fly, that he was either too early or too late for a full set of fresh eggs. These and similar difficulties and disappointments only added, of course, to the pleasure and interest of a day spent about the shores of Lake Umbagog looking for the eggs of these nesting birds. And its material rewards in the way of specimens secured, if not perhaps equal to those which have been attained in other and still more favored regions, were, nevertheless, often very satisfactory.

The water among the Swamps was anywhere from two or three to six or eight feet deep in Spring. Hence our work was always done in boats - the pleasantest of all methods of collecting - and usually with the assistance of one of the best guides. While engaged in it we often disturbed Bats which were spending the day in hollow trunks or under loose scales of bark. An experience which I had with them on June 18 was so very unusual and interesting that I am tempted to describe it here.

Lake Umbagog.

1907.

Stub Forests

For upwards of twenty years after I first saw them the stub forests about the shores of Lake Umbagog continued to be among its most characteristic and ~~also~~ ^{also} in some respects, ^{also} most attraction features. But they could not last indefinitely. One after another the ^{larger} trees weakened by decay, by the attacks of wood boring insects and by the ^{long} ^{term} effects of water under their roots, rotted and fell, sometimes during winter gales but perhaps often - ^{through} ^{the} ^{fact} may seem - when the weather was nearly or quite calm.*

*I have noticed that whenever dead trees fall in calm weather it is usually during or just after a prolonged rain which, of course, soaks into the trunks and branches adding materially to their weight.

Once when there was literally no wind stirring I was approaching a point in my boat when a tall stub, at the very bow of which I was intending to land, toppled towards me and buried itself in the lake. I have heard others fall in the dead of night when the air was still and when the crashing of the heavy trunks striking the water or the duller sounds produced by their impact with the earth, were not less startling than impressive. At the outlet of the lake numbers of stubs were removed by the lumbermen some twenty years ago because they impeded the passage of the logs in spring and about ten some time very many of the dryer and slender ones in the coves near Upton were cut ~~off~~ ^{up} by the country people for fuel. Thus the disintegrating forces of nature ~~have been somewhat aided~~ ^{have been somewhat aided} by the hand of man have done their work until by now ^{the stubs are nearly gone and} the shores of the lake, ^{perhaps} ~~are almost~~ as generally and uniformly clothed with living vegetation as they were before Great Dam was built. But the verdure is not the same as then for most of the pines, spruces and arbor vitas have disappeared and their places have been taken very largely by deciduous trees & shrubs.

Lake Umbagog.

1907
August

General
character of
the lake

There are lakes which impress one as dominating their immediate surroundings, ^(which seem) others to be dominated by them. Umbagog belongs to the latter class. It is too narrow and tortuous and too closely approached by majestic mountains to be in itself imposing. Still many a precious stone it owes its charm ~~very~~ largely to ^{the} perfection and effectiveness of its setting. In some respects it resembles the expansion of a sluggish, gently curving river, especially if it be viewed ~~at a distance~~ from some elevation such as like Upper Hill. North and south, east and west it stretches, trending, indeed, towards ~~some~~ every point of the compass as it winds among its encircling hills and ridges, following everywhere what appear to have been the lines of least resistance. Although twelve miles in length it is nowhere much more than a mile in width and there are places where the opposite shores approach one another to within less than a quarter of a mile. The coves by which they are indented are almost by innumerable and of widely varying shapes and sizes. Some have but a few acres of open water, reached, perhaps, only by ~~such~~ narrow tortuous passages, easily overland. Others are broad, deep bays, rivalling in apparent extent the central reaches through which the steamer channels run and for which they are often mistaken by persons unfamiliar with the region. The number and character of these coves and bays fully establish the claim of Umbagog to be regarded as a lake. They add materially to its interest and attractiveness and contribute surprisingly to its three mile which, I have been told, exceeds twenty miles in length. This may be an exaggeration of the truth but it is safe to say that to paddle around the entire lake in the course of a single day, keeping everywhere close to the margin of the water, would severely tax the strength and endurance of a veteran canoeist.

Its coves

Lake Umbagog.

1908.

August

Coves of
the Lake

Some of the smaller indentations and on Lake Cove of the larger ones - viz. B. Brook Cove and Sunday Cove - have bold, rocky shores and, at every season, a fair depth of water. In others - including Sweet Cove, the larger of them all - the shores are low in many places and the shallow water often widely bordered in summer and early autumn by extensive muddy or grassy flats. Still others - as Tyler Cove and Strouds Cove - possess both sorts of conditions in combination with perhaps here and there a broad beach of white sand, here to ~~be~~ ^{be} marked with the foot prints of Deer and occasionally with those of some wandering Moose.

Adapting at high stages of water only a very few of the coves are navigable for Steamers and scores of the lesser and more inconspicuous ones remain almost unknown, save to local duck hunters, muskrat trappers and pickeral fishermen. Partly for this reason and also because of the wild and picturesque character of their environment many of these coves impress one deeply with a sense of seclusion and of loneliness very soothing and ~~restful~~ ^{restful} to tired human nerves. Being less often disturbed by man than are the central reaches of the Lake they are more frequented by large birds and mammals. Eagles and Ospreys are wont to hover over them, looking for fish; Ducks and Hares to swim or wade in their shady shallows; Foxes ^(come at morning and evening) to trot along their grassy margins, searching for meadow mice; and Deer ^{by night} to feed on the roots of the yellow water lilies which flourish wherever the bottom is soft and muddy. Indeed there are few forest or pasture scenes found in the region about the Lake which ~~are~~ ^{are} ~~not~~ ^{may} not be seen at the right hour and season ⁱⁿ ~~in~~ ⁱⁿ one or another of its coves.

1907.
August

When the lake was at its highest stage in Spring most of the stub forests were flooded to depths varying from two or three to six or eight feet and one could traverse them easily and very pleasantly in a boat or a canoe. But later in the season they were usually free from water and in many places separated from the lake by wide margins of grassy marsh, light green in summer, russet brown in autumn. Still further out there might be ranks upon ranks of dark green bullrushes growing in shallow water and swaying rhythmically to and fro as the waves rolled in among them from the open lake. Beyond the bullrushes, where the water deepened to six or eight feet and the bottom was muddy or sandy, one would be likely to find clusters of lily pads (usually those of the common cow lily) and of the leaves of the pretty little floating heart with perhaps a few broad rafts of *Polygonum* gay in late August with spikes of rose red flowers. There might be *Potamogeton*, also, and here and there a patch of a peculiar kind of grass which often grows in water of considerable depth sending up broad, flat blades, tinged slightly with salmon or purplish, which float in clustering streams on the surface. They are remarkable for their immunity from the usual effects of submersion. Often when the lake was white-capped here I watched the big waves breaking directly over this grass having its green top, apparently, or, at the most, spangled with only a few quack-silver-billed globules such as those which may be seen on the leaves of the lupine or of the mountain holly, after heavy rain.

By midsummer the stretches of meadow grass, and perhaps the beds of bullrushes as well, were brightened almost everywhere by the yellow flowers of the loosestrife, by the creamy white ones of the arrowhead, and by the pale, slightly greenish, white

Loche Umbagog

1907.

August

cym. like heads of the water hemlock.

All the aquatic and marsh-loving plants just mentioned, with many others of similar habits, continue to flourish in or about the lake wherever the local conditions suit their requirements. Indeed they are rather more abundant and widely distributed now than they were twenty or thirty years ago for although the water is higher now than formerly it is kept at a more uniform level in summer and the shore lines are becoming better and better defined and established.

Lake Umbagog.

1907

August 8

Mrs. West

I have just become acquainted with an interesting and, indeed, remarkable woman, Mrs. Jonathan P. West. I saw her first on the afternoon of my arrival when, as the stage halted in front of the Post Office on Upton Hill, she drove up in a dilapidated open buggy and stopped a moment to speak to our driver. She attracted my attention at once by her bright, roving eyes, swarthy complexion and clear-cut angular features which gave her the look of an Italian or of a hard bred Indian, a suggestion enhanced by the large red and black headwrapping she was wearing bound like a turban about her head in lieu of a hat or bonnet. On enquiry I learned that she was of New England stock and a native of New Hampshire, and that she had lived ever since her girlhood on Upton, where she had accumulated what, for this town, is a large property (about \$2500, it is said) by her industry, sagacity and energy and with little help from her husband, who is reputed an easy-going, inefficient sort of man although without bad habits. Mrs. West called for my, by previous appointment, at Lakeside, this afternoon, and drove me over Upton Hill to Base Street, to see their husband. He lives here on one of the three large farms which they own and she on another near the Upton Post Office. The third is the Houghton place at the Meadows which she has just bought. She carries on all three making them all pay and working in the fields with her hired men and animals as hard as any of them. Although she has passed her seventieth year, she continues to drive a mowing machine, drawn by a pair of horses, over her rocky, stump-bested fields, to pitch the hay, when made, from the cocks into the hay wagon and from this to the mow in the barn, laboring thus ceaselessly for hours in succession. As we drove along

Lalla Umbagog

1907

August 8

She chatted most entertainingly. I found her very intelligent - Mrs. West and as vivacious and full of fun as a young girl. She is of slight build and wiry rather than muscular but as quick and agile of movement as a school girl. When she got out of the buggy ^{she} made no use of the slip nor of any proffered help but instead raised her finger tips for an instant on the dasher and then bowed lightly over the front wheel. Despite her masculine ~~possess~~ she is essentially womanly, very sympathetic and devoutly religious, with no trace of the narrow mindedness so common among most ~~most~~ of the eastern church goers of this region. Yet she is a good rifle shot and fond of hunting large game. She pointed out several spots in openings on the hillside where she had slain Deer within the past few years and spoke with enthusiasm of a moose hunt which she was planning to undertake in the Ottawa region of Canada this coming autumn. As she talked about these matters her bright eyes flashed and the tinge of red in her neat-brown cheeks deepened perceptibly. But when I questioned her closely about the Lake and its surroundings, half a century ago, she had little to tell me and that of almost no interest. My final estimate of her was that while quick-witted, broad-minded, generous-hearted and singularly wise and practical with respect to business affairs, she had made, on the whole, but poor use of her opportunities for general observation and that concerning most matters not directly connected with the occupation of a farmer or with the pursuit of large game she had only slight and superficial knowledge and recollection. But no better example of the hardy, self-reliant, resourceful type of pioneer women of early colonial times has ever come under my personal observation.

Leath Umbagog.

1907

August 8

On reaching the Back Street place we found Mr. West ^{Jonathan T.} lying in bed in one of the lower rooms where he has been kept ^{West.} a close prisoner for several weeks by a broken leg. Yet he was very cheerful and evidently glad to see me. I cannot remember ever meeting him before although he has spent his entire life in Upton where he was born on East B Hill, in 1832. Hence he is now eighty-five years of age yet his light-brown hair and beard are only slightly streaked with gray. He is of medium size and rather sparsely built but large-boned and sinewy. An intelligent man, blessed with an excellent and as yet unimpaired memory, he was not less able than willing to tell me many things that I wanted to know for his interests have been broader and his powers of observation ^{keenness,} than those of his wife, however superior she may be to him in practical efficiency. Although a farmer rather than a hunter he has used the gun and the steel trap since boyhood and hence is not unfamiliar with the northern forests and their animal life. In his youth Umbagog was much less extensive in summer than it is at present. It was then bordered in many places by natural meadows where the farmers cut large quantities of coarse hay which they took off with horses and wagons, for the ground was green clay and firm except in early spring, when it was flooded for a few weeks. The forest trees growing at high water mark and for some distance back of this, wherever the land was low and flat, were chiefly white pines. They fringed the banks of the Cambridge, the Androscoggin and the Mylesis River and sometimes occurred on high ground remote from water but not very generally or numerously. Most of ^{these} near the water were cut and rafted off by the lumbermen between 1840 and 1850. Very little clear white-pine

Lake Umbagog.

1907.

August 8

lumber was wasted but spruce trees were accounted of no value and wherever they encumbered land desired for farming purposes they were almost invariably piled up and burnt, after being cut down. Mr. West assured me that he had destroyed in this way, on his own land, enough fine old timber spruces to represent a considerable fortune were all the trees still standing. Indeed their present value on the stump would, he said, far exceed that of the land from which they were removed.

Jonathan P.
West's
testimony

When Mr. West was a boy there were numerous about Umbagog, although less so than in still earlier times. There were only a very few Deer and the first settlers had found but few. Caribou occurred plentifully in certain localities. The Canada Lynx, the Fisher and the Sable were not common. The Otter was perhaps the most abundant of all the fur-bearing animals, except the Muskrat, which frequented the shores of the lake and those of its connecting rivers. Partridges abounded in the forest and were exceedingly tame. Wild Pigeons visited the clearings in enormous numbers sometimes "darkening the sun" as their winged phalanges came between it and the eye of observer and doing much damage to the farmers' grain. They appeared chiefly in spring and autumn and Mr. West has never known more than a few scattered pairs to breed anywhere about the lake. He remembers when the lake attracted innumerable water-fowl, among which were many Canada Geese. He has no recollection of ever seeing a Wolf or even the track of one and he thinks that practically all the Beaver had been trapped or driven away before his time.

Loake Umbagog

1907.

August 8

The following account of Metelluc was given me to-day by Mr. West. He was a St. Francis Indian, banished from his tribe because of some technical offense of a political nature committed when a young man. After leaving Canada he lived for many years about the lower lakes of the Pelly chain having a permanent camp at the narrows on Richardson Lake and one used less regularly, yet not infrequently, on the island in Lake Umbagog that bears his name. He was a thoroughly "good" Indian, honest, upright, truthful, and very kind and friendly in his dealings with the early white settlers, all of whom liked and trusted him. When they were hard pressed for food he often brought them trout and moose meat for, like most of his race, he was an expert fisherman and hunter. He frequently accompanied them as guide and assistant during their excursions into the forest and whenever he visited the settlement at Upernivik he was cordially welcomed at their houses. He stood in much fear of their dogs, however, and Mr. West remembers that when he came to his father's house on East B Hill he was accustomed to call from the road requesting that their dog be tied before he would enter their door. His only vice was drunkenness, to which he was hopelessly addicted. But he was invariably mild-tempered and inoffensive when under the influence of liquor. He had lost one of his eyes when a youth in a mad adventure with a young moose, which he had several other Indians had run down on snow shoes. Metelluc punished his companions by fastening him securely on the back of the animal. After it was released it took him through a woodfall where his left eye was torn out by a dead branch. Shortly before his

Jonathan P.
West's
account of
Metelluc

Lake Umbagog

1907

August 8

death he was dragging a load of wood over the snow when the sled got beyond control on a steep slope and ran against him driving a splinter into his remaining eye and at once destroying it. This happened on Metacue Island where a white hunter found him blind and starving a few days later and at his request took him to his people in Canada. After staying with them awhile he started back in company with another white man who deserted him in the woods on the lower Megalloway. Here he was again discovered nearly dead with starvation. This time he was taken to the post house at Andover, Maine where he died a few months later - in the year 1840. Mr. West writes his squaw, Moll, was buried some time before this near the camp in the narrow of Richardson Lake. The water is now ten feet deep over the spot but before it was raised by the building of Middle Dam the grave was opened and Moll's skeleton removed to Andover where it is said to be still preserved. All this I give on Mr. West's authority and in nearly his own words as I noted them at the time. It may be well to compare his statements with those included in an article on Metacue which appeared in "Maine Woods", about February or March, 1907, if I remember rightly. I think I kept it but it is not by me as I write this.

Jonathan P.
West's
account of
Metacue

Lake Umbagog

1907
August 9

I had a talk with Bennett Morse this afternoon but got from him little information of any real value. He married Sias Penolee's sister and they are living, with their daughter, in the old Penolee house near the lake shore in Upton. Bennett's parents moved to this town in 1843 when he was only three years of age. Shortly after this, as he remembers, his father saw a Wolf near the lake. Bennett and his elder brother Steve (the locally famous guide whom I used to know) began trapping for ~~beaver~~ ~~skunks~~ when they were still but boys ~~since~~ the early '50's, no doubt. They met ~~with~~ ~~only~~ a way few ~~Beaver~~ but Otters, Sables, Fishers, and Canada Skunks were ~~still~~ abundant. When the brothers had grown to manhood they worked in the woods every winter "logging". Nearly all their companions were natives of the region for that was before the time when the local gangs of lumbermen began to include French Canadians and Nova Scotians. For the first few years only white pine was cut. They occurred almost everywhere, sparingly and locally, excepting on the higher mountains, but most numerously by far on low land near the lake. In hauling the logs to its shores only oxen were used - from two to four being yoked to each load. When the pines were exhausted the lumbermen began to cut red spruces but their lumber did not come into general use until after 1860.

Bennett
Morse's
testimony

1907
Aug. 9

I called on Bennett Morse this afternoon. He and his wife (Siles Peaslee's sister) are living with their daughter in the old Peaslee house near the lake shore. Bennett's parents moved to Upton in 1843 when he was only three years old. Soon after this his father saw a Wolf not far from the lake. Bennett and his elder brother Steve Morse (the afterwards popular guide whom I knew) began trapping in the early 50's when they were still boy boys. They found only a very few Beaver but caught numbers of Otter, Sables, Fishers and Canada Lynxes. When they grew to manhood they worked in the woods every winter, "logging"; nearly all their companions were natives of the region for that was before the time when the lumber bosses began to employ any French Canadians or Nova Scotians. For the first few years only white pines were cut. They grew abundantly on the low, alluvial lands near the lake and very generally - if somewhat sparingly and locally - elsewhere, except on the higher mountains. The logs were hauled to the lake on sleds drawn by oxen from two to four of which were yoked to each load. After the white pines had been exhausted red spruces began to be cut but their lumber did not come into very general use until after 1860.

Bennett
Morse's
testimony.

Lake Umbagog.

1907

August

A Summer
Storm.

Like most lakes of similar character and surroundings Umbagog is swept at any season by violent storms. It is the birth place of many of those which arise so suddenly and locally in midsummer. At the close of a sultry afternoon in July or August one may watch the scattered clouds hurrying together from various directions as to an appointed rendezvous. With almost incredible quickness they unite into one dark and foreboding mass covering a square mile or more of sky. Its front, milky black in places in others lined with green and coppery lights, looks as solid and impressive as that of a mountain wall. Above the sky is still clear and blue, below and beyond it may ^{be} seen distant mountains ~~still~~ bathed in sunshine. For a brief time it appears to hang motionless in the heavens but at length it advances majestically across the lake tearing up the water with furious gusts of wind and sending up ^{dark} ^{drifts} of lightning dead into the breeding forest while the accompanying peals of thunder crash and roll on every hand. I have known all this to happen within the space of twenty minutes. After the cloud has passed off to the eastward the sun comes out again to shine on mountains bared in silvery mist and on the now placid and shining lake. It is at just such times that the lake appears most wining and that the birds sing most freely and generally in the deepening forest.

Lake Umbagog

1907
August

The road leading from Upton to East first descends a long hill from which most of the wide reaches and large coves of Umbagog may be clearly viewed. At the foot of the hill it crosses the state line into Cambridge, New Hampshire, where it draws nearer and nearer to the lake and finally abets its shores rather closely affording several wide and impressive views of its southern arm and many attractive glimpses of blue water seen between or just above the intervening trees. Cambridge, when I first visited it, was a pitifully poor and sparsely populated little town containing less than a dozen houses and barely enough adult male inhabitants to administer its public affairs. Yet there was then a school house and the one and only road was not wholly neglected. Now there are almost no permanent inhabitants for all the land with the exception of a single farm (that on Belleisle) has passed into the hands of a powerful lumber company by whom most of the taxes are paid and the road and its bridges kept in repair. The sides of the road are mown at irregular times and intervals to keep back the ever encroaching trees and bushes. The open spaces thus maintained vary in width from four or five feet to almost as many yards. They look bare and desolate enough in spring save when there are mossy banks or when the purple and the pinkish bellwines display their heavy blossoms among the tangle of wild grasses, tall weeds and matted ferns which the heavy snows of winter have crushed to earth and the action of sunlight, of frost and of mountain blast or blackbird. But by midsummer all this unsightly wreckage becomes overtopped and concealed by fresh growth of the most varied

The Great Road. (1)

1907.
August

Loake Umbagog

and luxuriant vegetation. Before the end of July indeed the road is broadly belted on either hand by flowering herbaceous plants more or less common, it is true, to the surrounding region and perhaps even to the greater part of New England but here found in rather unusual numbers and perfection and most effectively shown. Vistas bordered by brilliantly colored flowers are always attractive and when as here there are inner ranks of vigorous shrubs and trees to form a solid background of blended foliage (largely evergreen) the effect is doubly charming. Something like it is often attempted by the makers of woodland parks and gardens but their handicraft is too apt to lose the marks of conscious effort and in this and other ways it usually falls short of the success which Dame Nature achieves so easily in dealing with many waste or neglected places. In Cambridge, as I have said, she is somewhat aided by the hand of man but such assistance as he renders here is indirect of course and quite unwitting. Indeed the sturdy young farmers who work the brush day after day along their roadsides have no thought beyond that of keeping the public way in fit condition for travel. In their eyes native plants of every kind are too familiar and also too troublesome at times to be ever valued even in places where they are most effective and where they cannot possibly do harm. But country children delight to pick the commonest roadside flowers and city people of whatever age and station seldom fail to find enjoyment in them. Thus despite general neglect or even proscription they continue to bloom in the greatest profusion along most of our New England highways and to give much welcome pleasure to at least a portion of human kind.

The Great
Road.
(2)

Loche Umbagog.

1907
August

One cannot go far in either direction from the hotel at Colchester before coming to places where the narrow, dusty roadway is hemmed in on both sides for hundreds of yards in some by broad and almost solid beds of wild flowers. These are seen to be alive with dancing bees and, if the sun be shining, with butterflies of various kinds and sizes which flap or sail to and fro just above the tops of the plants after alighting - perhaps as many as half a dozen together - on the more attractive clusters of blossoms where they lazily open and close their broad, painted wings. There may be Hummingbirds, too, sipping their share of the seductive nectar as they hover on rapidly vibrating pinions or darting back and forth across the road with their glowing in hot pursuit of one another.

The Essex
Road.
131

Lake Umbagog

1907.

August

The Errol
Road.

(4)

The plants, as I have said, are largely of common and familiar kinds. ~~Among~~ ^{Of} them blooming in July and August
 buttercup, white wood, white pink and trifolium clover, yellow, larkspur,
 dog bone, fish wood (*Epilobium*), primula, meadow sweet, meadow
 rue, Joe pie weed, jewel weed, orange hawk weed, downy fish bone,
~~orange hawk weed~~, St. Johnswort, evening, narrow-leaved geranium,
 turtle head, thistles of both the large and small flowered kinds,
 and golden rods and others of various species are among the
 most noticeable and attractive. In this cool and humid region
 moisture-loving plants wherever confined chiefly to low ground
 are often widely distributed. The tall meadow rue with its
 creamy white flowers, the wide-branched jewel weed with its
 orange yellow ones, and the turtle head with its curious, closed
 corolla so very like in shape to the head of the reptile which has
 suggested the name of the plant, grow almost everywhere along
 these roadsides even on the crests of elevated knolls and ridges
 and on steeply sloping, well-drained banks. The Joe pie weed
 and the hellebore are almost equally ubiquitous. But it is
 only when the road dips down into some boggy hollow or
 crosses a brook meadow that one is likely to see the stately
 Canada Lily bearing its candelabra-like cluster of nodding yellow
 blossoms above the surrounding vegetation on the field, rose pink
 species of that beautiful and fragrant orchid *Habenaria pycnantha*
 have increased during the last year. The white flowered form
 of the latter plant occurs commonly near Lakeside where I
 have found as many as half-a-dozen specimens within the
 space of a narrow open field.

Lake Umbagog

1907
August

The Swath
Road.
157

Besides these and other wild flowers there are berries not less brilliant and affection which mature by midsummer, such as those of the red banyan - dark crimson and highly persistent - and those of the northern elder - deep coral red in color. The former are found on loose cast spikes which rise only a foot or two above the ground, the latter in globular clusters almost as large as oranges on large vigorous bushes. Both add greatly to the attractiveness of the roadside at this season as do also the berries of the downy coral which begin to blush before the end of July but seldom attain ten full depths of their clear coral red before the close of August. The white berries of the other species of *Actaea* (*A. alba*), are lower still being more numerous in September.

The prevailing colors of the roadside flowers in July are white and pinks or reds of various shades but from the middle of August to the close of September, when the golden rods and asters are in fullest bloom, yellow and purple or bluish purple are the predominant hues. At the latter season the roadside are more brilliantly colored than at any other especially if, as often happens, the foliage of the maple birch and other deciduous trees reaches the height of its autumnal glory before the wild flowers are cut down and blackened by the first killing frost.

Roller Herbages.

1907

August

The Rural

Road.

161

Thus far I have sent but little of the ferns and grasses although they play an important part in the vegetation of summer and early autumn along roadsides such as those in our little town of Cambridge. The very first one in great abundance in common, interrupted, sensitive, hairy, winged, has stalk, meadow, Dickson's and Cook's ferns and most numerous of all the common ones. One of the best ferns (*Phlegmaria phlegmaria*) is very common in places, sometimes on banks fully exposed to the sun. Another species (*P. dryopteris*) occurs locally but far from the road in deep rich woods. One of the grasses (*P. sativum*) is generally but sparingly distributed and the most ferns abound ~~flourish~~ wherever the conditions favor it probably rather to grow. I have found only a very few royal ferns although they are common about the shores of the lake. These are all the species I have noticed here but I have no doubt there are others which I have overlooked. The other ferns should be very common for it grows abundantly on the banks of Cambridge River and I have seen it in Hampton North but not as yet near Boston. Of the native grasses I have too slight technical knowledge to speak with any definiteness but ~~on account~~ I have more worked along the Grand road without being impressed by the fact that they flourish there in great numbers and variety and by the exceeding beauty and delicacy of some of the species.

Lake Umbagog

1907
August

Primitive
Forest.

Mr. Jonathan P. West has advised me that who
 was born in Upton in 1832 has remembrance when an
 forest about the lake was made up chiefly of large coniferous
 trees and ^{when they were very generally} ~~was very many places almost wholly free from~~
 undergrowth. As he expressed it "a man could turn back
 freely in the woods and see about him for considerable
 distance in every direction. Now the ground is so cluttered
 with bushes and fallen tops that he seems to be
 laboring and a deer or a horse may stand within
 a few rods of him and yet remain unseen." The
 change began long before my time for when I first
 visited the region in 1871 the lumbermen had been at
 work there for upwards of thirty years. Although they
 had removed only the pines and the larger species they
 sufficient sunlight had been let in by this thinning to
 induce, in very many places, a rank growth of shrubs and
 young trees of various kinds. Still later cutting, especially
 that of the smaller kind so general within recent years,
 has changed the character of the forest even more
 radically until now there are ^{bordering} ~~only~~ ^{on} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~lakes~~ ^{lakes} ~~practically~~
~~absent~~ ^{on} the lake where the conditions are not such as to
 in one so called second growth woods or even
~~remnants~~.

1907

August

Loake Umbagog

I am inclined to believe that a veritable Cougar was
encountered in November, 1869, less than ten miles to the
southward of Lake Umbagog, by Horatio R. Godwin, former
proprietor of the Lake House, and Stephen Morse, for many
years one of the leading Upton guides. Both men are now
dead. I have often heard them tell the story of their
experience which was brief, as follows:- They had penetrated
deep into the unimproved and then heavily-forested
township of Jones with the intention of setting a line
of traps for Sable and Fisher and were about to
camp, just before sunset, at the head of a brook meadow
when, at the farther end of this narrow spring and nearly
half a mile away, they saw a rather large, tawny colored
animal moving about among some alders. Believing it
to be a Deer Godwin began a wide detour in the
hope of approaching it closely under cover. But while
he was still buried in the forest it left the alders
and crossed the meadow diagonally over a wide expanse
of snow a foot or more in depth. Although it
passed within long rifle range of Morse he did not
fire at it, not caring, as he frankly confessed, to
run the risk of merely wounding its formidable looking
creature with the single charge in his muzzle-loading
gun. He had a fair view of it, of course, and his
description of it tallied at all points with that of
a full grown Cougar. Godwin saw it only imperfectly,
at a considerable distance, but he examined its tracks
closely and his confident assertion that, while certainly
those of a huge Cat, they could not have been made by
a Bobcat (an animal with which he was perfectly
familiar) has always carried much weight with me.

Cougar
Story.

Lake Umbagog.

1907.
August.

Yet there are ~~some~~ popular writers, widely read and apparently very generally credited, who assert that it has been their frequent experience, when camping in the remote parts of northern New England or of eastern Canada, to meet with the mammals just mentioned and to see them do all manner of strange and wonderful things. Some of their accounts of the habits and especially of the reasoning powers of these and other animals are so grossly absurd and improbable that they can not claim to do any considerable or of good permanent harm, indeed they may safely be left to discredit themselves for this they will surely do, sooner or later. The misrepresentation on the part of such writers of the general conditions with respect to animal life, ^{which facts} in particular facts is more dangerous and pernicious because, like most false coloring, it is too vague and subtle, and also too nearly possible, to be easily analyzed and ~~convincingly~~ exposed. Whenever ~~the accuracy of any of their statements~~ are publicly questioned these "nature fallers", as they have come to be called, defend themselves rather flexibly and effectively ^{by insisting} ~~they are accustomed to receive~~ ~~on~~ ~~their~~ ~~conscience~~ or opinion contrary to their own ^{if} of necessity, negative in character and hence of little weight. Because ~~their~~ ~~others~~ ~~cannot~~ ~~have~~ ~~not~~ ~~seen~~ ~~this~~ ~~or~~ ~~that~~ is no good reason, they assert, ~~correct~~, for ^{doubting} ~~that~~ ~~it~~ ~~has~~ ~~occurred~~ ~~or~~ ~~may~~ ~~exist~~. They will suggest that the doubter has not had ^{favorable} ~~opportunities~~ ~~equal~~ ~~to~~ ~~them~~ ~~for~~ ~~investigation~~ ~~and~~ ~~observation~~ or having had them has not made good use of them. If he be a sportsman or a collector they ^{delight to} ~~will~~ ~~paint~~ ~~him~~ ~~as~~ ~~habitually~~ ~~catching~~ ~~the~~ ~~first~~ ~~one~~, a gun in his hands and the lust of killing in his heart. If he would become really familiar with the ~~the~~ ~~wood~~ ~~folk~~ and their mysterious ways

Nature
Fallers.
(1)

Salter Umbagog.

1907
August

let him go among them unarm'd and in a spirit of peace and bring kindness towards them all. Then ~~(he could) come~~ ^{the bears of guns} ~~bring~~ many things which ~~the bears of guns~~ ~~do not know and~~ cannot be made to believe.

"Native
Tales"
(2)

All this and much more to the same effect has been said of late by the "native followers" when pleased on the defensive. They have even hinted broadly that their critics are motivated by unworthy motives, such as jealousy or jealousy and the like. Thus the war of words has raged warmly enough - with public credit and sympathy still largely on the side of the "native followers", it would appear.

There is an old saying to the effect that "a lie will travel as far as the truth". It may seem for a time, at least with the general public, who, it is to be feared, tell sensational matter and are not over particular as to its reliability, ~~attractive~~ ~~amusing~~. But no writer, however attractive and interesting, who deals deliberately and explicitly in fiction disguised as truth, can hope to permanently delude his readers. Sooner or later the real character of his literary work will become generally known and his reputation for veracity forfeited. If he be a "native follower" his chances of impressing, even for a brief time, on natives of long field experience and on hunters who have spent most of their lives in the woods, are remote indeed. Such men are not easily deceived about matters with which they have been familiar since boyhood and which concern them deeply. Being equally free from that blind trust in self-constituted authority to which the uneducated are given and from that indiscriminate incredulity which so often prompts the narrow and prejudiced mind to distrust almost everything foreign to its own experience, they are quite able to judge for themselves, with proper

John Unbapog.

1907.

August

fairness and with less obscure over creancy, as to the general truth or falsity of statements which they hear or read. Their confidence in an author is not often misplaced nor, when over fully given, is it easily shaken. They will readily pardon natural mistakes and will even turn indulgently that form of houses of exaggeration to which the over-cultivated are sometimes given or than which ^{results} ~~proceeds~~ from the effort to strongly emphasize points which require to be thrown into bold relief. In one case the overstatement is too obvious to do any real harm, in the other too effective and too generally sanctioned by high authority to be seriously condemned. Equally legitimate and very pleasing to every one are those graceful touches inspired by the imagination with which all really good literature abounds. But the written or spoken words must at least be based on ^{accurate} ~~careful~~ observation, on ~~some~~ ^{some} sane opinion, or on sincere and ~~refined~~ ^{refined} sentiment, to be favorably and confidently heard.

"Native
Tales"
(3)

V
Lake Umbagog

1907.

August

It must be admitted that the "nature fakes" have atoned, at least in part, for the harm which they have done by interesting very many people - who probably could not have been reached in other and less sensational ways - in the study of nature. In their estimate of animal intelligence, too, they have, I think, come nearer the truth - despite their frequent exaggeration or distortion of it - than have such of their critics as are disposed to deny that any animal except man can possess reasoning powers. Nor is it necessary to assume that even the worst offenders among them are deliberately and consciously untruthful. Much more likely is it that one and all of them are victims of perverted and ill-regulated imaginations or, as Dr. Mission has suggested with force and probably that they have what Dr. Bright has called "creative illusions". Indeed there are excellent reasons for believing that they possess some such fatal gifts by the aid of which - and more or less unwittingly - they build up wonderful structures of pure fancy inventing incidents utterly beyond belief and picturing the animals of which they treat in grotesque and misleading terms.

The latter sin has never been committed by Mr. Seton although it cannot be denied that he has too often given ^{his} rein to a splendid imagination with one acknowledging or perhaps realizing the fact. But his Wolf is even a Wolf, his Fox a Fox, and his Highorn a Highorn, however marvellous may be the feats of intelligence or of physical endurance which it is made to achieve. With the hand of the master that he is he depicts all its characteristics of appearance and behavior so

"Nature
Fakes"
(4)

V
1957
August

Loose Umbagog.

"Native
Fishes"
(5)

accurately, so forcibly and withal so very sympathetically that no one at all familiar with the creature can fail to recognize the general truthfulness of his description. Even when his imagination leads him into realms of which neither he nor any other man can have definite knowledge it seldom or never betrays him into using false coloring. He is too good an artist and by far too well trained a naturalist to fall into any such error.

Yet he has been classed with the "native fishes" by some of his critics. It is because of this injustice that I have mentioned him by name in this connection while avoiding naming any of the others to whom I have referred. After saying all this of him it is perhaps unnecessary to add that I believe the best of his essays will be regarded as classics long after the now popular writings of certain of his contemporaries and imitators will have quite ceased to be read or even remembered.

1907

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 Oct 14

Collecting at L. Umbagog

I have said the game laws were not much regarded in an earlier time or they years ago. Deer and moose were hunted in winter and hunted with traps in summer. Partridge were shot on their breeding legs in spring and young birds were shot as soon as they became large enough to eat, whether they could use their wings or not. It was generally maintained by our forefathers and native hunters generally that they had a right to take game and fish, timber and other things they could get hold of in the woods. This belief is the basis of our present condition and for many years with perfect impunity, but that they object to outside interference in some places although they object for the winter was not opposed by them. Our collecting operations excited some adverse comment as they were viewed as a novelty but they were never very important to any one. Mr. Foster has been disappointed and disappointed among his friends. He had much to do with the game laws and as it was found in some our work soon ceased to be regarded with much interest from the public and the public naturally with a view to the game laws. Mr. Foster's opinion is that the game laws were never a matter of any great importance throughout the

(over)

1907

Still ~~and~~ ~~was~~ ~~in~~ ~~the~~ ~~land~~ ~~then~~
 were made us ~~in~~ ~~the~~ ~~land~~ ~~then~~ although he
 often saw by light and was perfectly
 aware of ~~the~~ ~~fact~~ ~~that~~ ~~the~~ ~~land~~ ~~was~~ ~~not~~ ~~his~~
 In fact, I ~~believe~~ ~~that~~ ~~the~~ ~~land~~ ~~was~~ ~~not~~ ~~his~~
 He held - and wisely, I think - that
 technical infractions of the laws, if
 committed for some obviously necessary
 or worthy purpose, might often be
 ignored with advantage rather than deemed
 to its general usefulness and approval.
 As he clearly regarded and treated the
 law as not ~~his~~ ~~own~~ ~~right~~ ~~for~~ ~~the~~ ~~land~~ ~~then~~
 enforcement of all its mandates. There
 was then no permit class as yet
 but collecting - also he should have
 taken advantage of it I think. Mr. Womell
 was equally considerate of native hunters
 and even city sportsmen who, when
 hunting in the woods, occasionally
 killed a Deer or a Partridge for food
 and made good use of it. But he
 was quite merciful in dealing with
 the market hunter and skin hunter
 whom he caught seal hunting and to
 his seal and success in supplying his
 dependents of ~~the~~ ~~land~~ ~~then~~ was due
 very largely to ~~the~~ ~~fact~~ ~~that~~ ~~the~~ ~~land~~ ~~was~~ ~~not~~ ~~his~~
 increase in the numbers of Deer and
 moose which took place during his
 permit when he was a state
 game warden.

Loale Umbagog.

1907.

August 7

Fishers.

Fishers still visit the banks of Cambridge River above the mill and the shores of Loale Umbagog. In the autumn of 1905 Alvo caught two of them in one day within a mile of Sunday Cove. He considers them of rather rare occurrence near the lake but thinks that they have not diminished perceptibly in numbers during the past generation of a century. They are restless, roving creatures, always on the move. They do not frequent nor even traverse open country but within the shade of the forest one may find them almost anywhere for their careless wanderings lead them over the summits of the highest mountains and into the remotest recesses of the most remote swamps and river valleys. They prey on Gopher Rabbits and small mammals of various kinds including Squirrels and Mice. Alvo doubts if they ever catch fish for they are averse to entering the water but he has found that a trout or a chub is one of the best of all baits that can be used when trapping for them. During his long experience in the woods he has seen but two living fish, Fishers, one at Lake Powassan, the other in the Passaic River basin. The latter was chasing a minnow which escaped by taking to the water and swimming across to a small island. When the Fisher came to the river bank it stopped and gave up the pursuit.

Ball's Umbagog.

1907.

August 7

Sable

Sables are very nearly locally extinct. Lives or skins were trapped in the winter of 1905-1906 about four miles from the Lake in the township of Cornish sp., New Hampshire. There are perhaps a few more at the present time but certainly none anywhere near the Lake. They are still found not so very uncommonly about Ball's Parmsocane. They live and hunt chiefly on the ground (Alva was positive as to this) but when chasing Red Squirrels they often climb trees. They hunt, by preference, mountain sides and woods heavily wooded with spruces but also to some extent dense coniferous forests covering level or even swampy country. Alva has never known one to be seen on the shores of the Lake but he can remember when they were common on Hampshire Hill. When hunting in Crosslake County, Maine, some twelve or fifteen years ago, he saw ~~one~~ ^{Sable} following the track of a Rabbit in the snow. Intercepting the Sable he repeatedly drove it up a tree. On each occasion it leaped down to the ground from a height of twelve or fifteen feet, as soon as he left it, and at once resumed its pursuit of the Rabbit which Alva thinks is finally extinct and killed.

Belle Umbagog.

1907

August 7

The following notes were obtained to-day from Alva Corbridge. I took them down as he gave them to me and, for the most part, in words his own words. Unless otherwise specified they relate to the region immediately about Belle Umbagog.

Mammals

Squirrels were abundant twenty five or forty years ago but Alva has not seen the track of one anywhere in the lake region for twenty years or more. What caused them to disappear from it he cannot imagine. They feed upon chest or trapped. They were so deficient in scent as to be unable to follow the trail of a man or any other animal or even to smell a wooden bait. They lived chiefly on Rabbits and were occasionally given to hunting in company for Alva has seen the tracks of them or four close together and looking in the same direction.

Canada

Squirrel

The first Bay Squirrel known to have been taken was shot about 1899 by a son of Jonathan P. West. It was walking along the top rail of a fence that borders the ^(Back Street) road. Mr. West has the specimen mounted and I have examined it. A year or two before it was killed Alva had seen tracks which he thought to be those of Bay Squirrels. He finds them now in winter in many locations and considers the animals common. He has trapped them of them during the past few years. Like the Squirrels they live chiefly on Rabbits and are quite unable to follow a trail by scent or to detect the presence of a bait. They are wholly fearless of a trap and if it can be placed so that they are likely to step in it are easily caught.

Bay Squirrel

Loake Umbagog

1907
August 7

Sunny and warm with light S.W. wind. Two thunder showers in the evening.

Cambridge
River and
B. Meadows.

I spent the day up Cambridge River with Alva Cookidge. The chief object of the trip was to ascertain what changes, if any, had taken place since my last visit and to the characteristic trees, shrubs, flowering plants, ferns etc which grow on or very near the banks of the stream. The day was simply perfect for such an expedition, just warm enough to be delightful, with a light breeze. We went up as far as the "stacking place" in the middle of B. Meadows where we ate lunch. It was rather too hot there for the river was bordered by beds of coarse grass which intercepted the breeze. But after we reached the woods on our way back the temperature in the shade was just right for comfort. As we alternately paddled and floated down, spending most of an afternoon between the Falls and the Mill, the river seemed to me, if anything, more beautiful than ever before. I was especially surprised to find it so little changed. The forests on the high ridge bordering B. Meadows on the north, as far west as the woods here did I detect any recent injury to the forests by the lumbermen. The south side of the meadows is still broadly belted with "black growth" and there are very many fine tall balsams and white spruces close to the river below the Falls. Taken as a whole the scenery on the way from the Mill in Upton to the head of B. Meadows has changed very little in the past ten years whereas that about Lake Umbagog has undergone very general and deplorable change, at least when the forests are viewed near at hand.

We saw deer tracks everywhere. In a barrel pit in a spring we found a large Skunk and a few ground Hares, which had been caught a long time. Alva thought the Hare fell in and the Skunk jumped in deliberately to get at the Hare.

Loake Umbagog.

1907

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1892

Cambridge
River and
B. Meadows

Cambridge River below the Falls is a devious stream, ^{indeed} ~~it~~ ^{it} has
its straight reaches more than fifty yards in length and still longer
which extend over hundred yards, ~~which~~ There are places where the
meadows are very narrow, only a mile or so, and they are very
fertile and very good for crops.

Most of the farms are along and are more than the river
winding back so is common in the lower in a direction nearly north
of the river in fact which is ~~followed~~ ^{followed} fine above. The bend, Alva tells
me that the wooded swamp lying between the Falls and the mill
extends over a mile north, and is it and a mile and
you can easily see that, yes the line is very pretty, from miles
in length, it is a general, mostly "limestone". The
beauty and interest of the little stream ~~it is nowhere more~~
~~than fifteen or twenty yards in width and often less than a mile,~~
~~for~~ are greatly enhanced by their meanderings. One is ever
tempted to ~~proceed~~ ^{proceed} further and still further on, lured by the
charm of exploration as to what the next bend may reveal and
seldom disappointed when it opens into views for no two bends
are just alike and each successive one seems more attractive
than the last. There is, moreover, to the sportsman or the
ornithologist, the ever present ^{hope} ~~expectation~~ ^{of}, at least, ~~hope~~, of
finding, just beyond the bend which he is approaching, some
bird or other animal of which he is in quest. Nor is he
likely to be ^{long} disappointed for one cannot follow the river far
~~from the mill to the Falls~~ as any person when the water is
far from ice without Ducks, ~~of one or more kinds~~, Green Herons
Sparrows, Kingfishers, ^{many} many smaller birds of various kinds
which the chances of coming upon ^{Partridge and} Deer are excellent. Even a
moose, a Fisher, an Otter or a Beaver ~~is~~ ^{is} among the possibilities
for ~~all~~ ^{all} ~~them~~ ^{and many other} fragments or at least bits of
parts of the Cambridge River. If seen at all they are
with the Ducks, Herons & Otters.

Loath Umbagog

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August
(No 3)

likely to be ^{surprised} ~~affected~~ within close range of ~~the~~ ^{some} ~~firm~~ or open ^{Cambridge} ~~grass~~ for even the shyest of them our ~~delicious~~ ^{would} ~~snatch~~ of the ^{River and} ~~approach~~ of a skillfully paddled canoe until it rounds the turn, ^{B. Meadows} perhaps within a few yards of where they are brooding in the sun or some sand bar or swimming or wading in the shallow water.

All this may be said with equal truth of other rivers in other lands but the Cambridge has a charm peculiarly its own. This I find difficult to analyze and quite impossible to describe. For one thing it has sweet, undeposited water - by no means a common condition in these days when saw-mills, pulp mills and saws are permitted to clog and pollute so many ^{of our water courses} ~~our beautiful streams~~. For another its pools and reaches are brightened in summer by golden water lilies of unusual beauty, in autumn by rafts of brilliantly-tinted ^{drifting} ~~fallen~~ leaves.

Nor is it often that one can find a stream so narrow and winding which can be so easily and safely navigated by ^{the canoe man} ~~small~~ ^{boats}. Its greatest width does not exceed fifteen or twenty yards and in many places is not half that number of feet. Yet even when the water is at its lowest a light boat may be paddled up to the Falls and beyond without difficulty.

As I glower over what I have just written I perceive that it ~~quite~~ fails to do the Cambridge River justice. Is its charm too ethereal and elusive to be expressed in words? Or should I have mentioned the alternating lights and shadows that play on its placid waters; the quiet curving bars of delivery sand ~~just~~ below its rapids turns; and the beds of lupinane, graceful ferns, ~~and~~ ^{swaying} ~~floating~~ ^{swaying} grasses and of ~~herbage~~ ^{flowering} plants of various kinds, that line its banks? The broad crested elms and narrow spear-shaped spruces and balsams that rise against the sky above all this wealth of herbaceous vegetation, ^{bounding the flowing pathway} ~~along both sides of the~~

1907
August 7
(no 4)

of the river with masses of rich and varied foliage also play a prominent part. Perhaps it is because of these and similarly ^{obvious} attractions that the quiet little stream so impresses all who visit or frequent it, even the native guides and hunters. But I like to believe that the sense of mystery, of remoteness, of blessed peace and tranquility and of almost unearthly beauty which it inspires, proceeds from something far, much deeper if not quite beyond human ken.

1907

Aug. 7
(1855)

Just above the Forks the scene changes abruptly. Here the river divides into two branches one of which rises in the upper part of Grafton notch, the other in C. Pond. The former is navigable only about two miles above the Forks. The latter can be followed in a light boat given to its lower.

Lake Umbagog.

1907.

August 8

Hollis J. Abbott of Upton, a man ^{first} reputed by his friends and neighbors to be scrupulously settlement accurate and reliable of statement, has just given me of the an interesting account of the first settlement of the region about Lake Umbagog. It is based, he tells (1) me, on information which he obtained when a youth by questioning original settlers many of whom, including his grandfather, Enoch Abbott, were then living. He wrote down what they told him and the manuscript remained in his possession for a number of years but was finally lost or destroyed. He assures me, however, that he still remembers its contents very distinctly and that the dates, as well as all the other particulars, which he has communicated to me can be relied on. They are as follows:-

Previous to 1823 there were only a very few white men about the lake. All of them were hunters and trappers some of whom built camps or even rude log houses and "squatted" for longer or shorter periods on land of which they made no especial use and to which they acquired no legal title. Nicholas Hoyt was the first real settler in Upton or "B. Plantation" as it was then called. In 1823 he took up a farm and built a house on East B. Hill. In 1824 Hiram Gould settled where Joel Butler now lives. Enoch Abbott came in September of the latter year. He was granted land for three separate farms on condition that he erect and maintain a saw mill and a grist mill at the mouth of Cambridge River.

Lake Umbagog.

1907

August 8

The saw mill was soon in operation, supplying the incoming settlers with white pine boards and timbers which they used in the construction of their houses covering the roofs with long hand split shingles of the same cheap and abundant wood. Abbott lived for a time in a log cabin but this was soon replaced by the Umbagog House, a framed structure, which, with the mill, was inherited by his son William J. Abbott, whom I know. The earliest settlers of Upton came chiefly from Andover, Maine, in 1824 and 1825. The first party "swamped" (i.e. built roughly) a road passable for carts as they advanced through the forest. The farms about the foot of the lake in Cambridge and then on the lower Megalloway were cleared and built upon not much if at all later than those in Upton but by people who came mostly from Newry and Bethel over a blazed trail that followed the valley of Sunday River for a considerable distance and entered Upton by what is now known as Snake Street. Those who pushed on to the lower Megalloway reached it ^{from Upton} by means of a path which led through the Tyler ~~pass~~ and past the head of Sunday Cove. This afterwards became a rough road which is still traceable in many places although long since abandoned and grown up to trees and bushes. It crossed Rapid River below Cedar Stump Landing by a wooden bridge whose substantial stone piers are still intact and in fairly good preservation.

As will appear from what I have just written the settlement of the country about the foot of Lake Umbagog was accomplished within a very few years and apparently between 1823 and 1826 or 1827. Indeed I am assured that nearly all the farms existing there at the present

First
Settlement
of the
Region.
(2)

Lake Umbagog

1907.

August 8

^{a. i.}
time, under cultivation before 1830 or 1835 - when some
then occupied have since been deserted and permitted
to revert to nearly their primitive condition. Indeed it
is not improbable that the total area of cleared land
is now less, rather than greater, than it was sixty
or seventy years ago. This is certainly true of the upper
part of the lake which is now everywhere bordered by woods
and frequented only by sportsmen & fishermen whereas there
was once a flourishing farm at the head of the Tyler
Cove and near Bourne's Pond a large barn in which
coarse hay, cut in the marshes about the outlet, was
stored for winter use.

First
Settlement
of the
Region.
(3)

Lake Umbagog.

Wolves.

1907.
August 8

Jonathan P. West, who was born on Sweet A. Hill in 1832 and has lived in Upton ever since, tells me that he has never heard a Wolf howl nor seen its track as the track of one in the forest. Hollis J. Abbott assures me, however, that his father Charles Abbott (son of Bruce Abbott who built the mill near the mouth of Cambridge River) caught two Wolves at the same time in a steel trap which he and Metabee, the Indian chief, had set near the northern end of the Lake. They believed it was thought that the two animals were either playing with one another or fighting over the bait, where they stepped into the trap. One was caught by a hind foot, the other by a fore foot. This happened about 1835: not long afterwards and perhaps during that same year the Wolves crossed the road together in plain view of Charles Abbott as he was walking, one evening, from the mill to the school house on Upton Hill. Hollis Abbott remembers, also, that Thomas Wright, another early settler, used to tell him of experiences which he (Wright) had had trapping Wolves when he first came to Upton. Mr. Abbott agrees with Mr. West in thinking that most of the Wolves would have disappeared from the region immediately about the Lake before 1840 and perhaps by 1836 or 1837. The very latest record of local occurrence which I have been able to obtain and in which I have full confidence rests on the authority of Benjamin Hemen who informs me that his father saw a Wolf in or near Upton not long after the family had moved there from Newry in 1843.

1907
August 9

Brilliantly clear with light W. to S. W. wind. Just pleasantly cool.

I sailed, in my canoe, over to Upton this afternoon to note down on the spot the following description of the Lakes House and its surroundings and ^{the} memories and associations which are left of this once famous place suggested or revived.

It was first built by Mr. Frost (1854-1866) near by William Godwin and Abner Wood (1866-1868) then by Horatio R. Godwin (1868-1876) and finally by Charles B. Ripston (1876-1888).
 The Lakes House was built by Simon F. Wood about 1859. ~~It was built for more than thirty years before it was bought by Ripston in 1866.~~
 It was left as a public nuisance until 1876 when it was bought by Horatio R. Godwin who in turn was sold in 1877 by Charles B. Ripston (up to 1888).

It stands on a grassy, boulder-strewn knoll about seventy yards from where Cambridge River, after applying the force of its waters to the wheels of the ancient mill built by Sarah Abbott about 1825, descends a short rapid and then winds sluggishly through broad marshes before emptying into the lake. The house is now unoccupied and somewhat neglected. Its clapboarded walls, once painted white, are fast turning gray and a few of its windows have broken panes. Otherwise it has changed but little since ^{Horatio} Godwin kept it although it was after his departure. I believe, that the covered piazza, originally confined to the front side, west, side of the house was extended across its back and, perhaps by Ripston. Godwin was a good and very popular host. In his day the lake swarmed with waterfowl and trout and the table was bountifully supplied with them and with Wild Pigeons, Partridges and other game obtained in ~~from~~ the neighboring forest. At the height of the shooting and fishing seasons the house literally overflowed ~~at times~~ with guests, chiefly sportsmen and fishermen who came and went across the lake and by way of the stage door to Belknap, then traveled daily by a well appointed Concord coach drawn below the water by four and above it by six, spirited horses,

Loake Umbagog

1907

August 9
No. 2,

Loake House

the pride of Clark Littlehale who owned and drove them. Those were indeed stirring and happy days, when one might meet at the Loake House all manner of interesting and well distinguished men most of whom, however, carried but for a single night before pressing eagerly on into the more remote and supposedly attraction wilderness of woods and waters just to the northward or returning, not without evident and very natural reluctance, to their professional cares and duties in cities far to the southward. Especially memorable and, I think, also most unforgettable, were the evenings spent in the little office, a room only about fifteen feet square, at the south-east corner of the house. It had on one side a Franklin stove with andirons (now in my possession); on the other a small ~~wood~~-made writing desk and a wooden wash-stand equipped with bowl, pitcher, towels and plain brown soap. ^{These were} ~~act~~ in fragrance and very general use for there were then no germ theories in circulation to disturb the minds of timid travelers. The sink, the desk, the door and window casings, and a chair rail running around the room, with the wide floor boards, deeply indented by the "corks" of the wire drivers, who thumped in in spring when the logs were passing, were all of clear white pine, then a cheap and abundant wood. All the woodwork, except that in the floor, which was painted gray - was "grained" and of a generally brownish yellow color. The plastered walls of the room were dingy, white and wholly unadorned save for a brief time in early autumn, when they usually bore one or more posters advertising county fairs about to be held in Bethel or Norway, and illustrated by gaudily-colored pictures of rearing stallions and impossibly straight bodied oxen.

If the room was often somewhat too thick with tobacco smoke and perhaps also overheated by the Franklin stove no one minded these trifling discomforts for it was at just

Lake Umbagog

1907

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(no 4)

Lake House.

Letter on receiving the Camp supply of milk or of tobacco. But the old-time guides are not ~~as yet~~ all dead & get not even crippled by rheumatism - and ~~some~~ among the younger ones ~~are~~ many still ^{be} found, ~~every~~ ^{very} ~~was~~ ^{was} a ^{few} ~~man~~ ^{men} cast in the primitive mould, hardy, truthful, self-reliant, too conscientious to shirk their work and too self-respecting to covet in respect towards those who treat them lightly. ~~Such~~ ^{of this stamp} a guide ^{is} worth ^{his hire?} ^{the} compensation he receives and fortunate indeed is the sportsman who secures him.

The dining room at the rear of the Lake House was long and narrow with a low ceiling and four large windows opening towards the lake. In the earlier times its table, as I have said, rarely lacked fish and game. At a later period, when the house had passed into other hands and when animal food of whatever kind was now always to be had I was alone at table one day when a tall unsmooth-looking countryman entered the room and seated himself directly opposite me. Just then the maid brought in an attractively roasted Black Duck and placed it beside my plate. I was about to offer some of it to my vis-a-vis when he deliberately stretched out a long, sinewy arm and impaling the bird on his fork transferred it bodily across the table to his own plate. Although it was the only Duck I had for a week or more I was too much surprised and amused at the incident to make any remonstrance.

The office connected, by means of an entry, with a room of about equal size situated in the opposite (i.e. south west) corner of the house and serving as its parlor. Like most rooms devoted to this sacred purpose in the remote parts of New England it was carpeted and furnished with such other lack of good taste and with so obvious a striving for elegance of a not

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August 9
No 5

too expensive kind as to be far less attractive than the office. Both houses
~~often and simpler forms of the house~~. But in its two lower
 and other rooms, relating to its office, on a platform,
 were found to be established and seldom visited. Several to
 spend their evenings, reading, sewing, chatting with one another
 or perhaps playing on the cabinet organ.

The whining, groaning sounds of this organ, often disturbed
 me at my writing for my chamber was directly over the parlor.
 It was an attractive, simply furnished room, just differently
 shaded from the sun by the foliage of a elm and commanding
 a wide view over the marshes. From my seat windows
 I could trace all the windings of the river ^{that} ~~as~~ it flowed
 through them, either by its shining waters or by the lines
 of stubs which fringed its banks. There was (and still is, of course)
 a shallow pond several acres in extent, surrounded by open
 marsh and not over two hundred yards from the house.
 This was much frequented by large wading or swimming birds.
 After what dressing of a morning here I watched the
 Great Blue Heron stalk along its shores, flocks of
 Ducks swimming and diving in its shallow waters and
 Fish Hawks dropping like huge plummetts on their prey.
 The chamber over the office was almost equally desirable.
 In the rear of these rooms were two others of much
 larger size but ^{with} less pleasing outlooks. The only remaining
 chambers were four or five small ones, ~~in the~~ ^{with} ~~the~~
 darkest windows, ^{under} the attic ^{roof} where transient guests
 found such comfort on very nights. Usually they were quite
 content ^{there}, especially when, as not seldom happened, some
 of their companions were obliged to put up with cot beds
 fastened in the shed or ^{were} with blankets spread on the hay
 mow in the barn.

Loake Umbagog.

Loake House.

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August 9
No 91

I have mentioned a wooden bridge that crossed the river below the mill. The gently curving stretch of road just beyond it had on its right a narrow belt of swampy woods and a little red school house, then the only building; on its left a board walk covered with grass, ferns and balsams from six to ten feet in height and closely crowded in many places. They were christened "the Swains" by Mr. Maynard I think. He, with all the other ^{ornithologists} ~~collectors~~ of the section, long ago made this place a rich collecting ground and many rare birds and choice sets of eggs were taken here between 1870 and 1880. The vigorous young *Corymbus* attracted numbers of Woodpeckers at every season and in early spring often swarmed with them. On one occasion I shot eleven *Cops* many Warblers then in a high wing. Many of the birds had their summer homes in the heavy forest through which the Cambridge line flounders ^{regularly} ~~and comes into~~ ^{more open fields on occasionally, perhaps} ~~the~~ ^{to seek some particular kind of} food or to bask in the sunlight. But the number and variety of those which nested among the "Swains" was by no means small.

~~Thus far I have been writing in the first tense and of~~
~~the long river years.~~

Lake Umbagog

1907

August 9
No. 10:

Lake House.

Thus far I have been writing in the first tense and ~~stating~~ things, of times long since gone. It will now return to the present and transcribe here some of the notes that I jotted down roughly this afternoon.

As I sit on the front piazza of the Lake House I marvel that the outlook is so little changed. The foreground, in a narrow strip, is enclosed by pine & spruce, and a few evergreens, an dilapidated wood shed, and in the distance of a few rods are to be seen a small, round well and my favorite tree, the Norway Spruce, and a few of the wooden buildings, an occasional chimney, and a few sheds; the swallows, and geese, and many other things among them in fact. The square two-storied great well painted yellow and low, unpainted saw mill as it was, above them the mill pond with the swallows skimming over it as if you; and beyond the pond the tapering spires of tall spruce and balsam, the broader heads of spruce pines and the gleaming white trunks of old canoe birches half obscured by foliage of various kinds. In this particular view, ^{more} only the huge dead pine on which Eagles and Herons used to perch. As I wait the words I hear the cry of a Great Horned Heron and looking up see delighted to see no less than five of these majestic birds flying in company over the pond towards the Lake.

The Umbagog House is gone, of course, and its cellar hole - if it ever had one, of which I am not certain - has been filled and grassed over. Tall plum bushes and wild saplings of various kinds grow all around what was once the garden. The canoe birch which sprang from the top of a pine stump by the front door of the house is now fully sixty feet high by two feet through just above the ground. It is green and

Lake Umbagog.

1907

August 7
No. 11

Regions still bare of the shrub which formerly was cut off Lake House
at the base only a single log-^{cut} fragment remains in place.

Glancing towards the barn belonging to the Lake House I see that it wholly unchanged and that under its eaves the Cliff Swallows nests cluster as thickly as ever. To the right of it I see the tall sedges waving over the bog and the dragon flies hovering just above them. Beyond are the knolls and ridges still for the most part dark with the foliage of spruces and balsams although the one nearest the house has been deprived of most of this trees. In the shed attached to the E. of the house clear, cold water brought from a spring through a narrow lead pipe continues to overflow the moss-encrusted, broken tub in which we ^{used} ~~have accustomed~~ to keep living trout.

Passing around in the front of the house I note that the fields and pastures on Upton Hill have been extended in places over ground formerly occupied by woods, but that in other respects they appear essentially unchanged. The grassy slope stretching from where I stand to the river, seven fifty yards away, is studded with the blossoms of buttercups, red clover, white clover, yarrow and thistles, just as I remember it many years ago. I miss the noble white pine that once stood at the boat landing but its companion, an equally fine elm that shaded the head of the rapids where we used to fish for trout, is still in its original place although it has lost all but two of its living branches and is evidently nearing its end.

I now move to the west side of the house to find the vine from there wholly cut off by trees and bushes of various kinds that have sprung up in and around the neglected garden and by a large shed, ~~recently~~ ^{recently} planted there. But from a little house

1907

August 10.

a little back from the shore.

Three still standing on "B. Point"
opposite Salsville; ~~which~~ now almost

dead ~~is~~ ^{is} ~~fully~~ ^{fully} 70 feet in height and
with a clean straight trunk about 15 ^{in diameter} ~~in diameter~~ ^{3 ft diam.}

~~about~~ ^{There} ~~is~~ ^{is} a number of others ~~of~~ ^{of}
almost as large on Metabon Island before

its surface was cleared and converted

to its present owner Mrs. Dillon

only a few years ago. A still larger

number of even finer specimens of this

species were growing in 1899, and

may be seen for miles I think to

the eastward, in the heart of the

Upper Cove where during the year

just mentioned I examined this

tree measured ^{for} in diameter

near the base of the trunk and

was ⁱⁿ an ^{open} ^{and} ^{dry}

spot. It is famous for its old ^{timber}

Although, as I have said, growing chiefly

on rocky points and islands ^{Barb's Point}

may be found, at least sparingly, almost

anywhere on the shores of the cove

save where they are so low as to be

subject to inundation and even their

trunks are not always wanting. It is often

chosen for a nesting place ^{the} ^{yellow}

and for a roosting place ^{on} ^{the} ^{side}

of the ^{deep} ^{green} ^{forest}

trunk, lateral branches and as high

as the ^{green} ^{foliage} ^{is} ^{very} ^{pleasing} ^{to} ^{the}

eye, especially when bathed

in sunlight.

3. The color of the foliage is deep ^{green} ^{with} ^{yellow} ^{green} ^{yellow}
when seen in a strong light, ^{and} ^{is} ^{very} ^{attractive} ^{to} ^{the} ^{eye}

1907

Aquatic Insects.

August 12.

1907 | Lake Umbagog
 Aug. 12. | Aquatic Insects

A still, warm, cloudy morning.
 Crossing the widest part of the lower
 lake (in opposite direction) I
 find it dimpled everywhere, even
 in the very middle, by the ceaseless
 movements of innumerable water
 spiders or Skaters as they were
 called. They look smaller than
 those we have near Cambridge and
 seem lighter and more active in
 movement. As I sit watching them
 from my canoe a fresh breeze from
 the S. W. reaches the lake &
 ruffles its surface fastening every
 movement. This is overboard the
 Skaters disperse. They move fast,
 we take frightened things, and now
 all are gone more or less is considered
 with the lucky bugs (which I do not
 see this morning, although they are
 common in the lake). They are small
 boatmen after all. I find them frequently
 in great swarms in their natural state
 & they would when the canoe
 comes along.

1907

Aquatic Insects.

August 12.

✓ Aquatic Insects

Dragon Flies may be classed
with aquatic insects, & are found

where they frequent the water
and their larvae live in it.

They are common about
the lake in summer and early

autumn. So too is a large
species of *Dytiscus* which spends

most of its life under water
where it feeds voraciously on
various tubar animals including
small fishes. The *Speltisman*

is another common fly-like
beetle in some grass, etc. will
often be seen, not long after sunset,

the loud buzzing sounds produced by
the wings of one of these huge water
beetles as it flies clumsily and for a

time usually, is later higher from the
reed plain ~~the~~ it has just climbed.

at length it gets fairly under way
and, after being to a considerable

height in a spiral course, it will
fly in a bee line and halting

over,

1907

Aquatic Insects.

August 12.

on the forest,
 mostly heading, no doubt, for
 some distant pond or river. They
 do grow and usually look like a
 cucumber. It is not unlike a beetle
 in shape. Should be given to such
 asprising flights. Will come to a
 house or window to see

✓ Aquatic Insects.

Ephemera!

Then there are the Ephemera,

- feeble, feeble, foolish-looking
 insects, born and bred in the
 lake yet doomed to perish in
 it at the last. They vary
 in size and are ^{no doubt} ~~perhaps~~ of
 several different species. The largest
 are more than two inches in
 length and not unlike grasshoppers
 in general appearance. Although
 reported to live but a single day
 one may see them almost any time
 in summer fluttering or drifting ^{about} ~~over~~
 the water. When they settle on the
 they hold their transparent, net-like
 veined wings up over their backs, and
 the Field Stone expresses his wings for
 a moment just after alighting.
 With the first frosty morning of early autumn
 they die by thousands staining the surface
 of the water with their black,
 water-soaked bodies. These are
 eaten by certain fishes and, I think, by
 a few kinds of birds.

1907.

August 12

Walker Umbagog

White Pine

Practically all the old-growth white pines remaining about the Lake stand on or very near its shores where they have been left either through accident or because they are unwooded. They seldom occur near together (except at Pine Point) and I doubt if there are more than one hundred in all. Growing well above the others trees and often to heights of more than one hundred feet they are singularly picturesque and pleasing objects especially when seen against a background of hills or water. Their lateral branches are usually very short and in trees growing on exposed points they are often given growth to the ground. Fine trees have a much wider spread of branches near their bases than at their tops and not infrequently the top is the broadest part. This tendency to columnar-shaped or flattened heads is very characteristic of ^{old} forest-growing ^{white pine} pines, wherever found. We rarely observe it in eastern Massachusetts where the trees usually have sufficient room to spread out broadly near the ground - and take advantage of it. None is it obscured by the few scattering, softing pines which have sprung up within recent years about the shores of Lake Umbagog and which give no promise of ever clearly revealing their relationship ancestors. It is a pity that means cannot be taken to preserve the few remaining specimens of the latter but it is to be feared that this will not be done and that in long the last of them will have ceased to wave their green branches over the waters of the Lake.

Lalla Umbagog

1907.

August 16

We have about the color then species of Spruces, the Red, the White and the Black Spruce. Of these the species first named is by far the most abundant and also the most widely distributed although it does not thrive in swamps or where the land is subject to inundation. It has a loose flung habit when first grown. Even when found in open pastures its branches are usually unsymmetrical and comparatively widely spread excepting in very young plants some of which are as densely branched as any White Spruce. The green of its foliage is commonly tinged more or less strongly with blue and sometimes appears almost pure blue but never shows any trace of bluish or glaucous. The trunk is scaly-barked and of a grayish brown color.

Spruces

Red Spruce

The White Spruce loves swampy places and attains its finest proportions when the surface soil is habitually wet and regularly inundated in spring. It seems to thrive best in rich bottom lands such as those along Cambridge River between the Mill and the Falls, where it occurs very numerously and where I have seen trees at least seventy or eighty feet in height. It is found only sparingly if at all on well drained slopes covered with primitive forest but where heavy and perfectly dry ground has been cleared and devoted to pasture it often springs up very commonly among the stumps. Numerous Red Spruces and Balsam Firs: In dense, damp forest it sends up a narrow, slightly tapering or perhaps almost perfectly columnar head often above the tops of all the surrounding trees. In such situations it is more thickly branched than any of the Red Spruces or Balsams and its foliage is always tinged with blue. The young trees growing in open pastures are branched quite to the ground and very broad

White Spruce

Lake Umbagog.

1907.

August 16

White Sparrow

at the base. This foliage, as a rule, is more uniformly dense than that of any other fungus found in New England. It is usually bluish but in the pale colored specimens not unlike those in many regions young Boltons for which, indeed, young White Sparrows may be easily mistaken when seen on a distance. But the blue tints of the latter species are quite unmistakable and sometimes almost if not quite as blue as the finest Colorado Sparrows. At least this seems to be true of some which are before my eyes as I sit writing these notes in a high position near Bolton's. Their trunks, as I noted, have a decided rusty-yellowish or flesh colored tinge not seen in the young Red Sparrows which grow among them and which have brownish stems perhaps slightly but more compressively tinged with red-brown. I think the trunks of old forest grown White Sparrows are commonly much redder than those of Red Sparrows but this impression I cannot verify here as there are no specimens of the former on hand for comparison.

In the region about Umbagog the Black Sparrow appears to be wanting on the shores of the Lake, on the borders of its connecting rivers and throughout the upland forests. Indeed I have found it only in ^{the} flat, ill-drained, peaty open places, locally known as bogs, where the cold, sour surface soil is saturated with water at any season and thickly carpeted with moss. Here it grows commonly enough in company, perhaps, with Abies trichas or Sorbus but rarely in close association with other kinds of trees. ^{It has dark brownish green foliage and} It seldom grows to a greater height than thirty or forty feet. In shape it is not unlike the White Sparrow but it usually tapers more rapidly towards the top and is

Lake Umbagog.

1407.

August 16

Black Spruce

Less evenly branched when its outlines are sleekly
if not grossly unsymmetrical. In fact it is apt to be
a decidedly shaggy and unkempt-looking tree especially
if, as is frequently the case, it be plentifully draped with
blackish, brownish or gray-green lichen and streams of Usnea.
Nevertheless it could not well be found from the woods
and solitary tops where it flourishes for its presence
adds very greatly to the interest and picturesque
many of them were once visited by roving bands
of Caribou and some of them still harbor a few
Spruce Grouse. The only other birds which regularly frequent
them are Marsh Sparrows, White-throated Sparrows,
Yellow-bellied Sapsuckers and Olive-backed Nuthatches.

1907.

July and August.

1907- Lake Umbagog

(3)

- July u = upland
- ✓ *Loxia calisida* 23⁴ 24⁸ 25² 29³ 31⁴
 - ✓ *Carpodacus mex.* 23³ 24⁸ 25² 29³ 31⁴
 - ✓ *S. pinus* 23⁴ 24⁸ 25² 29³
 - ✓ *S. pinus* 23¹⁰ 24⁸ 25² 29³ 30⁴ 31⁴
 - ✓ *Junco* 23¹⁰ 24¹⁰ 25⁶ Aug. 6³
 - ✓ *Melospiza melodia* Aug. 2⁸ 9⁸
 - ✓ *Sporus doc.* 23⁶ 24⁴ 25² 29³ 31⁴
 - ✓ *Zonotrichia al.* 23² 24¹⁵ 25¹⁰ 29³ 30⁴
 - ✓ *Passerculus dor.* 23⁸ 24⁶ 25⁴ 26³ 29³ 30¹
 - ✓ *Melospiza fasc.* 23⁴ 24⁴ 25⁷ 29⁶ 30⁵ 31⁸
 - ✓ *Loxia curvirostris* Aug. 6¹ 7¹ 10³ 30⁴
 - ✓ *Loxia c. minor* 26¹ 27¹ 30⁴
 - ✓ *Passer domesticus* 29¹ 31⁷
 - ✓ *Dolichonyx oriz.* 23³ 26³
 - ✓ *Agelaius phoeniceus* Aug. 5² 6² 7¹

1907

Lake Umbagog

h. = Lakeside
u. = upland

(4)

- July
- ✓ *Junco cinereus* Aug. 5¹ 10¹⁰
 - ✓ *Corvus am.* 23⁴ 24⁵ 25³ 29⁷ 30⁴
 - ✓ *Cyanocitta cris.* 24¹ 25¹ Aug. 5¹⁰ 8¹⁰ 10² 12²
 - ✓ *Contopus borealis* Aug. 2¹ 7¹ 9¹ 10² 12²
 - ✓ *Empidonax t.* Aug. 2³ 3³ 5¹ 7³ 9¹ 10² 12²
 - ✓ *Dryocopus vil.* Aug. 7¹ 10¹ 11¹ 14¹ 15¹
 - ✓ *D. pubescens* 23¹ 24² Aug. 6⁷
 - ✓ *Sphyrapicus ven.* 25¹ 29¹ Aug. 1⁸ 10¹ 15¹
 - ✓ *Colaptes* 24³ Aug. 5¹ 9¹
 - ✓ *Coccyzus ery.* 24² 25⁴ 26¹ 27¹ 29¹ 30⁴

1907,

July and August.

1907 Lake Umbagog ♂ = Isolation
 ♀ = capture (5)
 July

- ✓ *Trochilus col.* 23! 25 ♂ ad ♀ 2, 1
 Aug. 6 ^{1 egg on 6} ♀
 ✓ *Chælonia* July 23 ♂ 246 303 312
 August 2 ♂ 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30
 ✓ *Ceryle alcyon* 23 ♂ ad on 6 24 30
 August 5-4 7 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30
 ✓ *Scolia maculosa* Aug 5 4 6 2 9 3
 ✓ *Buteo lat.* 23 ♀ ad on 6 24 30
 Aug 18 ♂ ad on 6 24 30
 ✓ *Pandion car.* 23! 25! 29! 30!
 Aug 11 2! ♂ 6 9 10 15
 ✓ *Merula migr.* 25 ♂ ad on 6 24 30
 ✓ *Haliaeetus leucophalus* Aug 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30
 ✓ *Syrnium nebulosum* July 31 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30
 ✓ *Ardea herodias* Aug 5 3 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30
 ✓ *Megascops asio* Aug 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30
 ✓ *Asio sp.* Aug 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30
 ✓ *Clangula americana* Aug 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30
 ✓ *Larus argentatus* Aug 14 1

Concord, Mass.

1907.

Aug. 20

When I awoke this morning the sky near the horizon line in the East was glowing with the light of approaching dawn but the woods still slumbered in almost total darkness. Two birds were calling to one another among the oaks on the hillside just above the cabin, both uttering a note familiar to me since boyhood but concerning the authorship of which I have been hitherto in doubt. It is a short, staccato cry, commonly mesosyllabic but not infrequently divided into two syllables, given with either a rising or a falling inflection, usually clear and resolute but sometimes guttural and occasionally even harsh or strident. Although thus variable in form and tone it possesses nearly always a wild, almost weird quality which makes it a peculiarly interesting and indeed attractive sound. It is so very loud and penetrating so is very fully a note when the air is still and it is positively startling in its abrupt intensity when coming from near at hand. I have heard it only by night and oftenest on Lake Umbagog late in August or early in September when heavy flights of Woodpeckers were passing. Often when lying awake in my tent at Pine Point house I listened to it for hours in succession, studying its alternating variations of inflection and intonation and speculating fruitlessly as to the identity of its author. On these occasions it came invariably from birds which quite evidently were on wing as, no great height above the tree tops and moving singly southward. During dawn nights they seemed to be passing in endless procession yet rarely in close companionship.

Bull's Hill.

Night call
of Veery

Concord, Mass.

1907
Aug. 20
(No 2)

Night call
of Veery

This I inferred from the fact that it was exceptional to hear more than one of them in any given direction at any one time and especially so for many minutes to elapse when none were noted. Not infrequently the last faint call of one that was just passing over of exactly in an easterly wind would be almost immediately followed by the first and often cry of another approaching from the west wind. Flying thus singly, at widely spaced intervals, yet perhaps within distant hearing of one another, mingling their crisp, incisive notes with the feeble hissing ones of innumerable migrating warblers, the mysterious birds would journey almost ceaselessly easterly along aerial pathways lighted only by the moon or by myriads of twinkling stars. Their calls, ^{which} were seldom given oftener than once every eight or ten seconds and sometimes much less frequently, reminded me by tones of those of catbirds of our woods, of the determined note of the Rose-breasted Grosbeak and of the loud, explosive cry of the Crested Flycatcher. On the whole, however, they resembled most closely the night calls of the Hermit Thrush. Indeed I was inclined for a time to refer them to that species until I learned that the birds making them habitually departed for the South before many, if any, of the Hermits had left their breeding grounds. This consideration ruled out Swainson's Thrush, also. The Veery I did not think of even as a possibility, for it is the least common of the thrushes which breed about Balls Blodgett and I have hitherto had no reason to suspect that it ever occurs there numerously in autumn as a migrant from regions still farther north. That this must be the case, however, will appear from what I am about to add concerning the experience referred to in the opening sentences of this entry in my journal.

Concord, Mass.

1907

Aug. 20

(No 3)

The two birds heard, early this morning, in the Night call oaks near the cabin, called almost incessantly for ten identified or twelve minutes, giving practically every variation known as that to me of the sounds which I have just described on such length. As the light increased I noticed that their voices were changing gradually and beginning to approach those of Wilson's Thrushes. At length one of them uttered an unmistakable call of that species - the ordinary peep, so like the sound of a man whistling to his dog, or throwing peats in. This was soon followed, on the part of both birds, by other notes equally characteristic of the Veery, among them the low vibrating or jarring cry. Thus the solution of a mystery that has puzzled me for many years has at length been vouchsafed me.

The birds heard on this occasion became silent before it was broad daylight. I think they were migrants that had arrived and settled among the oaks just before I wrote. That they made all the sounds which I attributed to them is beyond question. Equally certain is it that the cries which they gave at first were the same as those which I have heard so often at Lake Umbagog and which evidently represent the night call of the species. As far as I have observed it is uttered by the Veery only at night and during migration but ^{will} ~~there~~ may be subject to exceptions for the corresponding and closely similar call of the Hermit is sometimes given by day, even when the birds are still on their breeding grounds.

Concord, Mass.

1907
Sept. 26

Brilliantly clear with cold, strong N. W. wind.

Yesterday morning two young of Sharp-shinned Hawks appeared over one flower garden chasing one another and playing together in the air frequently like nesting birds. Both alighted near together, on the same tree, in the big oak just above the edge of the lawn as I was standing in the driveway. They walked as usual & ran as big doves & showed no fear of me.

Sharp-shinned
Hawk's kills
& claws
a Blue Jay.

A very different experience with a bird of similar appearance occurred to me this morning. As I was walking down one lawn I heard in the shrubbery several birds utter a succession of agonized cries such as all small birds seem to utter in almost precisely the same tone & key when driven by a Hawk. Following up the sounds (ch-ch-ch-ch etc) I reached the edge of the cover where they seemed to originate, where I stepped & peered in through the leaves. The first bird I saw was the Hawk, a young of Sharp-shinned, standing erect & still on the ground under a big holly. Just before it another bird that looked almost as big as a Pigeon was twisting about and beating its wings as if badly hurt. The Hawk presently attacked it again tearing (with beak only) at its feathers & plucking them out by the roots. For nearly five minutes when the Hawk's feet continued to struggle & cry most pitifully although during the latter part of the time I could see that the Hawk was tearing out & greedily devouring handfuls of raw living flesh instead of feathers. Not once did it use its talons or its feet in its charge or fixation on the ground although it sometimes flapped its broad wings, with a slow waving motion probably to keep its balance while trying out

Concord, Mass.

1907

Sept. 26

(No 2)

an especially large pair of feathers. At length the crisis of the victim & its struggle ceased on almost the same instant. I then left the spot & hurried to the house for my gun. When I returned I got only a fluttering glimpse on the Hawk as it rose and flung off like a feather through the trees. It would have ceased off its prey for I described the ground closely without finding anything save a pile of feathers and two pieces of ~~bone~~ almost as broad as the palm of my hand. The feathers were those of a New Jay. I could not see the latter very distinctly while watching its struggle but it seemed to me to be lying face downward all the while & not making any resistance. But on first there was something in the attitude & motion of the Hawk which seemed to betoken that it was standing partly on ground. Soon on it appeared to me to fairly revel in the savage joy of gorging itself on the living flesh and to be utterly indifferent to the agony of its victim or perhaps even to itself in it.

Perhaps I have not described with sufficient definiteness the crisis which the Jay uttered. They were not in the least joy-like but rather resembled the scolding plaint which ~~of~~ a Red-eyed Vireo ^{gives} when its nest is in danger. They had a different quality from that, however, suggesting extreme physical anguish rather than mere anxiety or oppression. As I have said many if not most small birds utter cries very similar to those when they are seized by Hawks.

Concord, Mass.

1907
Sept 27
(the 2)

Then Mr. Forbush arrived at the farm house this morning he told of having just seen four Deer together in Birch Field. Early in the afternoon he saw a single one at the edge of the swamp just below the orchard. The animal was small, the horns of full size, all over dark.

Deer in
our woods.
Forbush saw
four, I
three.

About 5 P. M. I started for Birch Field hoping to see a couple of some of these Deer. Pat Conway overtook me at the gate. The walk out past as we entered the woods my first terror, being, joined us. He had nearly reached the big pine when a Deer started on our right and ran across the opening at the left. It stopped about thirty yards away, when it was joined by another of about the same size and a mouse like by a third much smaller. It looks like the larger animals to be fully mature does. One of them was very pale colored a sort of faded yellowish and its ears looked thin & rigid as if it was unwilling. The other was bigger and dark brown with the white spots black. This I saw once as the animal was going west in a good light. The other two already was in a old grove and not in view. I went about the tree, although these Deer could see so clearly & had one would they would always see us for fully five minutes, within thirty yards. The pale, mousy looking doe who appeared to be the leader of the two stamped with her right foot many times as if angry & over the advanced a few paces. All the while we talked in low tones & barely whispered in high ones. At length I let him go & he sprang forward at top speed. Then the Deer threw up their "flags" and bounded off but at his great speed. So directly the little dog did not alarm them greatly. The Common Crow within has been for minutes. Practically a loose Crow on his nursery about a week ago.

Concord, Mass.

1907

Oct. 2

Clear with light N.W. wind. A hoar frost in early morning. Middle of day deliciously warm.

While we were at breakfast this morning (7 a.m.) a Mexican Thrasher appeared in the shrubbery within two yards of the windows at the rear of the farm house and began eating the fruit of the snow-berry bushes there. I saw him peck and swallow several of the large, round snow-white berries. Mr. F. Osborn tells me that this is new to him.

Late this afternoon - in fact not long before sunset - I heard a Woodpecker drumming at short regular intervals in the big elm in front of our barn. Following up the trunk (which was reported at least a dozen times) I found the bird to be a male Downy. This is the first time this autumn I have heard a Woodpecker drum. The afternoon was warm & mostly windless.

A Partridge drummed a number of times early this forenoon at the foot of Rowell Run. I have never seen a single bird of this species since June 7 & this is the first time I have heard one drum this autumn.

Several Partridges are scarce here, though they have been seen before in my neighborhood.

A Cat bird was singing last evening, more delightfully than in any instance in the busy season upon the pond.

Its notes were given from above a strip of but they were exceedingly sweet & tender.

Aquila chrysaetos.

1907,
October 30.

Andover, Me.

Vocal notes.

I saw John Thayer's Golden Eagle to-day (in Lancaster, Mass.). It is in superb plumage and has lost practically all trace of white in the tail. It was a young bird not long out of the nest when he got it at Andover, Me., and he has had it nine years. It frequently utters a hew-hew-hew-hew-hew-hew-hew, rather mellow in tone and suggesting the call of a hen Turkey. This cry is the only sound Thayer has ever heard it make. The tone is varied somewhat as are the number of notes.

Concord, Mass.

1907.
Nov. 23

Forenoon brilliantly clear with keen, rather strong N. W. - wind but brighter warm sunshine. The wind fell early in the afternoon and after an interval of quiet calm a light, easterly breeze started bringing clouds and permanent chilliness.

To Concord for the day, taking the 8.1 train from Boston and leaving it at West Bedford.

On reaching the woods by the river I found in them a small mixed flock of wintering birds consisting of four Chickadees, two Golden-crowned Kinglets, a Brown Creeper and two White-bellied Nuthatches, both apparently neals for both had full black caps.

Launching the little cedar canoe I paddled across the flooded meadows which were wholly free from ice (although frozen over last week, I am told), and up the channel of the river as far as the Beane Dam Rapids. It was sunny and warm under the lee of the wooded hills that here bound the river on the north and the morning light was remarkably clear and strong bringing out the russets and dark purples of the oak foliage and the blackish stems yellow or yellowish green of the grasses along the edge of the water. For a time, indeed, the coloring was very rich and pleasing, if somewhat subdued, but later in the day it faded, almost to a monochrome, as the light waned and the sky clouded over. As I skirted the shore of Balls Hill I heard Chickadees and a Nuthatch (perhaps the same nest with across the river) and saw two Blue jays flitting about among the oaks. Two

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Crows were flying low over the submerged meadows alighting, every now and then, on bushes or on floating weed-ops. There must have been a *Tray Sparrow* in the bushes near the cabin for I found one there in the afternoon. There were all the birds I know or heard anywhere near the river.

Standing in the lower part of the cabin I walked to the farm by way of Pine Ridge, Tavernier and Birds Field proceeding slowly and stopping often to look about and listen. During this walk I started Goldfinches in one place and *Chickadees* in another. One *Tit* was seen in a single *oak* leaf of *one* *tree*.

On reaching the farm I first saw a hawk in the open air in front of the barnyard where *Swallows* and many bees were busily about. I was about alighting on the pond. Next I went to the Perry Pasture which seemed to be quite bottom of bare life. The pond was full and a considerable volume of water was flowing over the stone dam.

Honeycreepers
& Kinglets
still out.

Returning to the house I was standing in front of it talking with James when I saw a Hawk coming from the apple orchard. As it passed just behind and very close to the pigeon house, within perhaps fifty yards of me, I saw distinctly that it was a fully adult Goshawk. After it had passed behind the house and appeared to be westward of the big oaks by the road I had a hard a firm view of its upper parts through my glass as it crossed the open fields towards the Saltwater woods. In the sunlight the clear, pure ashy coloring of its back wings and tail showed very plainly and I could even

Goshawk

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Goshawk

See the dark markings on the side of the head.
Altogether the identification was perfectly satisfactory,
and quite conclusive. Never before have I had an adult
Goshawk so long in view under conditions so favorable
for observing it. The bird was evidently one as way
from our court to another and not looking for prey.
Flying at a height barely sufficient to clear the tops
of our apple trees and somewhat below those of our
elms it passed almost over our terracing flank of
Plymouth Rock fields without doing us harm then
and one of the pigeons crossed its line of flight.
It looked as large as a big Red-tailed Hawk and
like that bird heavy bodied and broad-chested but
the long tail suggested the Accipiter. It moved in
a perfectly straight course, alternately flapping and
gliding, much in the manner of a Buteo and was
much smaller I thought. Its wing beats were easy
and seemingly almost effortless. I doubt if Cooper's
Hawk can fly in so leisurely and easy and
so comparatively slowly. This is the first Goshawk
I have heard of this season. They were very
numerous throughout New England last autumn &
winter.

I found a small hawlock in the woods near Purport
Rock that had recently been almost completely stripped of
its bark and of many of its branches also. This was
evidently the work of a small Deer, a young one apparently,
whose tracks were all about the spot. I noticed the
foot prints of a large buck in the main path at
Ball's Hill.

Deer.

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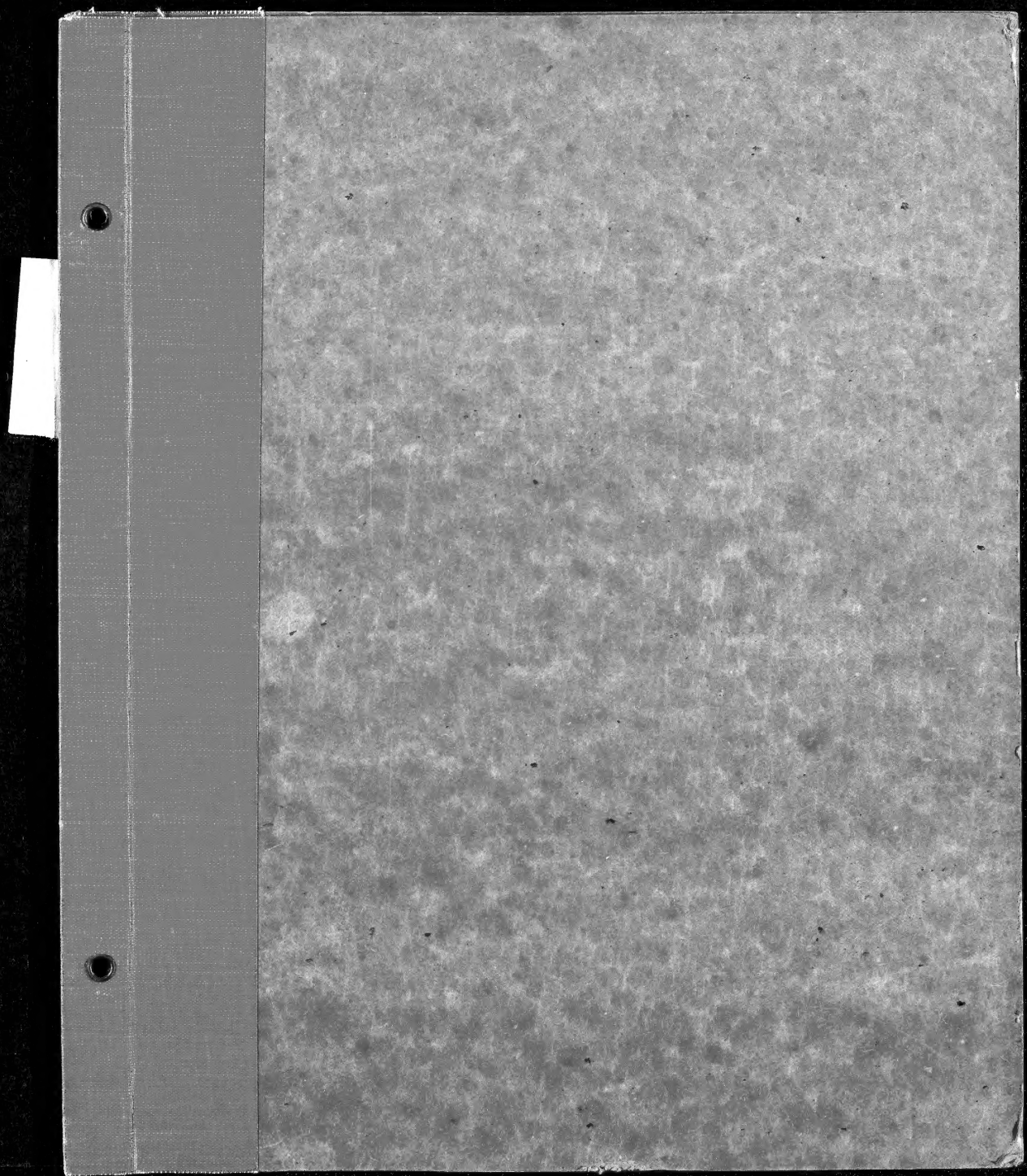
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In very many places that I visited to day the sandy soil was dotted with the foot prints of Skunks and I found one grassy spot where these animals had been digging for crickets very recently.

Skunks.

I saw Gray Squirrels about the farm house and on Holden's Hill which I passed on my way back to the river. A Red Squirrel was chattering on Pine Ridge and I heard another in the Pulpit Rock woods. The Chipmunks have probably gone into winter quarters for I noticed no signs of them anywhere.

Squirrels



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