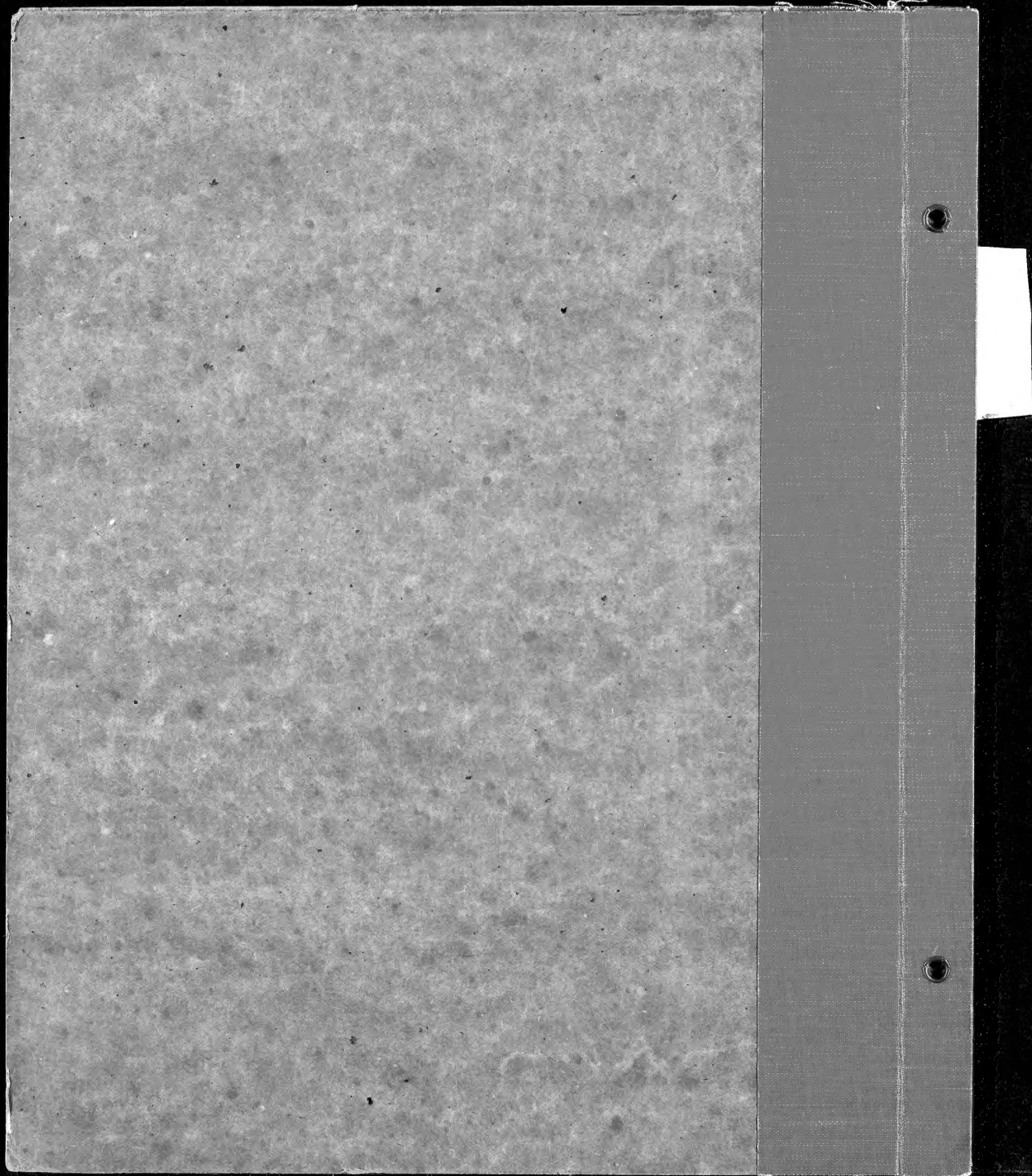


Journal, 1910.



Cambridge, Mass.

1910.  
Jan 1

About eight o'clock this morning I was looking out over our garden through one of the windows at the rear of the house when an English Sparrow came in sight, closely pursued by a hoopoe Shrike. The two birds were some a yard apart when they reached the lilacs which were bent and broken down beneath heavy masses of snow that fell nearly a week ago. Under them the hunted Sparrow at once sought and found safe refuge. For although the Shrike made repeated attempts to discover or to dislodge his prey, hovering over the thicket on rapidly vibrating wings—precisely as a Kingfisher hovers over water—and occasionally even plunging down headlong, apparently quite at random, through the branches, sending up jets of snow dust that glittered in the sunlight, he had finally to abandon all hope of securing this particular Sparrow and to go elsewhere, probably in search of another.

hoopoe  
Shrike  
chases  
a Sparrow  
into one  
lilac &  
breaks it  
down.

Boston, Mass.

1910

Jan. 12

Yelloubrook to Boston

Jan 12. 1910

Dear Mr. Brewster,

There is an extraordinary opportunity to see ducks at close range at Severett Pond near Brookline village a few steps from Huntington av. Wright called my attention to it & I went there this morning.

Besides 16 or 18 Mallards there are 3 ♂ Baldpates and 1 ♀ or young. 1 ♀ Redhead, 1 ♂ Cawwassuck, 1 ♂ Ringneck. All at times can be seen within 20 feet. The sea ducks were all diving this morning and it was very interesting to watch

them  
Tell Dana.

Yours  
Charles W. Townsend.

Ducks in  
Severett  
Pond,  
Brookline.

Cambridge, Mass.

1910,  
July 30

A Northern Shrike seen in the Garden this morning was certainly not the one noted on Jan. 12<sup>th</sup> for it was a fully mature and very handsome bird with pure blue-gray upper parts, nearly white lower parts and jet black wings and tail. When I first noticed it (about 8.30) it was flitting through the lilacs with a dead House Sparrow held firmly in its bill, evidently looking for a place to suspend its prey. Presently it found one in the fork of a branch which, however, proved too spreading to answer the purpose although the Shrike did not seem to realize the fact until it had worked for fully five minutes trying to draw the head of the Sparrow sufficiently far back to make it hold in the angle made by the abruptly diverging boughs. Another similarly wide spreading fork a few yards off was next tried

Northern  
Shrike  
suspends  
House  
Sparrow in  
fork and  
then eats  
a portion  
of it.

Cambridge, Mass.

1910.  
Jan. 30  
(no 2.)

with less persistence and equally poor success.

Shrike &  
House Sparrow

After this second failure the Shrike left the Sparrow entangled among some twigs and went on a prospecting tour through the lilacs, examining critically every fork that attracted its attention. After leaving from branch to branch it passed around a jutting corner of the house and was lost to my view for several minutes. When it returned I knew at once that it had found what it was seeking for it picked up the Sparrow in its bill and again flew around the corner of the house, this time in a direct, decided course. Following the line of its flight I came upon it in the eastern cluster of lilacs near the gate that opens into the head of our driveway. Here it was engaged in pushing the neck of the Sparrow into a fork which proved sufficiently narrow at the base to prevent the head

Cambridge, Mass.

1910.

Jan. 30  
(no 3)

from slipping through. It tugged hard at this hook, pulling the Sparrow's head towards it with a succession of vigorous jerks leaning well backward the while but not making any use of its wings as I have known Shrikes to do when similarly employed. After securing the Sparrow to its satisfaction it began devouring it first plucking most of the feathers from the head and neck and then eating the entire head and most of the neck well down to the body. After the head had been so reduced in size that it threatened to slip through the fork the Shrike drew the Sparrow up and across the two diverging twigs when it finally left it lying after eating the parts I have mentioned. After this it flew off into the jungle but soon came back to flit about about me acting as if it feared I might not let it go when I would of its prey. The Sparrow had disappeared when I next visited the place about 5 P.M.

Shrike &  
House Sparrow

Cambridge, Mass.

1910.

Feb. 6

Clear and cold with fresh N. W. wind.

Nothing  
seen of  
Gray Squirrels

During the past two or three weeks the Gray Squirrels on our place have been acting as if this rutting season had begun or was close at hand. I have frequently seen them toying with one another in the trees in a suggestive way (this they do more or less at all seasons, however) and twice or thrice have watched a protracted chase in which two or three took part and which was conducted chiefly over the snow-covered surface of the ground, the leading animal keeping a yard or two in advance of her pursuer or pursuers and running at top speed for several minutes at a time, during which almost every part of the garden was traversed. All this has hitherto ended in nothing definite, as far as I could observe; but early this morning I saw the act of copulation performed, probably at the termination of a rather long pursuit.



Cambridge, Mass.

1910.  
Feb. 6  
(No 2.)

Although when I first noticed the pair (from the windows of my dressing room) they were making for the elm that stands at the head of our driveway. On reaching it the female started up the trunk but after ascending only a yard or two she stopped and allowed the male to overtake her net, however, without making at the very last a pathetically sham attempt at containing her upward flight. On reaching her the male at once covered her, first clasping her body in his fore arms with his feet pressed in under her shoulders and then almost instantly securing a full connection, apparently without much difficulty. At its beginning the act was rather comical, for the female remained passive with her tail hanging down limply and her head pointing straight upward. While the male showed comparatively little ardor; but as the affair progressed and the male wound to his coils the female

Gray  
Squirrels  
engaged in  
copulation

Cambridge, Mass.

1910.

Feb. 6  
(No 3)

began to respond to his vigorous and rapid masculine  
thrusts with reciprocal movements and at length, apparently  
exhausted beyond control, by passion, ran up the trunk for  
a distance of a yard or two and then stopping abruptly  
let go the hold of her hind feet. During the next few  
seconds which, I think, probably marked the period  
when the final, supreme orgasm was taking place and  
the seminal fluid was discharged, the bodies of the  
two Squirrels were so closely welded together that they  
looked like one animal of abnormally elongated shape  
for the head of the male was flattened on the back  
of the female about at her shoulders and their only  
points of mutual attachment to the trunk were  
afforded by the fore paws of the female above &  
by the hind feet of the male below. The latter fact  
was unmistakable for during the period to which

Gray  
Squirrels  
Copulated

Cambridge, Mass.

1940.  
Feb. 6  
(No 4)

I am now referring the two books, looking and moving as one, soon alternately flattened against the trunk and sprung out from it in a strongly outthrust arch which obviously touched the trunk at two points only. Thus they swung out and in with rhythmic pulsations until the sexual ecstasy was over and the sexual act finally accomplished. During its continuance I heard no sound from either Squirrel. After it was ended they separated at once and rambled off in different directions through the branches of the alder. I do not recall ever witnessing any act of cohabitation among the so-called lower animals which has interested me so much as this. I think it was perhaps somewhat over-charged with salacious suggestiveness it impressed me on the whole simply as a natural and perfectly wholesome manifestation of admirable sexual vigor on the part of two creatures engaged in a

Gray  
Squirrels  
copulating

Cambridge, Mass.

1910.  
Feb. 6  
(Ms.)

timely and legitimate endeavor to fulfill the duties  
of preservation. Only once before have I seen Squirrels  
of any species thus occupied. That was many years  
ago when I watched a pair of Red Squirrels copulating  
in a Norway Spruce near the head of Buckingham  
Street, Cambridge. For nearly half an hour, if I  
remember rightly, their sexual contact was not once  
broken nor the sexual movements of the male suspended  
for more than a few seconds at a time. I think,  
however, that I found and left them thus engaged  
and that they kept up a constant low whining or  
chattering cry. But I am writing now from  
memory. Probably the observation is recorded  
somewhere in my journal. The experience happened  
~~during a session~~ when we were taking our meals at

Gray  
Squirrels  
Copulating

Mrs. Scudder, certainly in summer or early autumn, &  
probably from 12 or 15 years ago.

Cambridge, Mass.

1910.

Feb. 14

The only birds that have visited our place with any regularity this winter and the only ones I have seen there at all thus far in the present month, are Flickers.

✓  
Flickers  
in the  
Garden.

Once I noted four and on several occasions three together but ordinarily there have been only one or two seen at any one time. Their visits have been much of the sort in the morning about 8 or 9 o'clock. For a time they contented

themselves with feasting on the berries of one holly berry & Poston apple trees. About two weeks ago they began working on the trunks of two large pear trees. After

knocking off the lower scales of outer bark they pecked and jacked at the inner bark until the cambium layer was exposed in many places over spaces as large

as the palm of one's hand. All this was done in a leisurely and deliberate way as if the birds

were merely amusing themselves which, indeed, I suspect

Cambridge, Mass.

1910.

Feb 14  
(no 2)

was really too bad for they did not seem to be  
obtaining anything in the way of food. After they had  
done really serious damage to the trees (one of which is  
a sound and valuable specimen for the other an old & nearly  
worthless one) I protected the trunks from further injury  
by wrapping them in burlap. A few days after this  
I heard the sound of intermittent tapping about my  
study in the museum & very soon and then a heap  
of mortar fell into the fireplace from above. I think this  
happened first on the 12<sup>th</sup> and an other it happened  
yesterday (13<sup>th</sup>). To-day it began again and I at  
once went out taking my spare gun. As soon as  
got a clear view of the museum chimney I perceived  
a ♂ Flicker clinging to its eastern face about 50 ft.  
below the top, busily engaged in plugging a hole  
with the mortar between the bricks. He would work

Flickers  
barkling  
near trees

Cambridge, Mass.

1910.

Feb. 14  
(123)

at it for half a minute or so, alternately pecking  
and prying with his bill, and then rest for a somewhat  
longer period before beginning again. I watched him  
for ten or fifteen minutes. Near the end I thought I  
saw him swallow a small fragment of the hard mortar  
- it is years since the chimney was re-pointed - but of  
this I could not make sure. That he had done  
down considerable damage was evident enough for  
with the aid of my glass I could see that the  
lines of "pointing" were broken in many places  
by the recent removal of mortar or bits mortar.  
He must have been working at the mortar as capping  
on the top of the chimney when he sent the  
fragments down into my fireplace but that I did  
not see. Truly "the devil finds mischief for idle  
hands [and bills] to do."

Flicker  
pecking &  
prying off  
mortar from  
Museum  
chimney

Cambridge, Mass.

1910.

Feb. 16

Roland Thaxter told me this evening of watching Flicker  
a Flicker picking out mortar from the vertical face eating  
of the brick wall of the Museum of Comparative mortar  
Zoology within a few feet of his windows. I at Mus.  
understand him to say that this happened within Comp. Zool  
the past two or three days. He was so very near  
the bird that he could see, without possibility of mistake,  
that it ate small pieces of the mortar. I was very  
sure that any bird was doing the same thing (on the  
14<sup>th</sup>). It would be interesting to know whether the  
mortar is eaten for the sake of the lime it  
contains or as a substitute for gravel which may  
be rather difficult to obtain near the ground  
is largely covered with snow.



Arlington, Mass.

Brant  
taken in  
Arlington,

1910  
Feb. 24

Dr. A. M. Tuttle tells me that a mounted specimen of the Brant Goose, now on exhibition at the Middlebury Sportsmen's Show in Arlington, has the following interesting history. In company with half-a-dozen or more birds of its own kind and about an equal number of Canada Geese it alighted, during a heavy storm, late last autumn (in November, he thinks), in a cultivated field not far from Robbins Spring Hotel near the bridge & the tracks of the Lowell Railroad just to the eastward of Arlington Heights Station. Some laborers discovering the birds chased them about and captured two or three of the Brants but all the Canada Geese took to flight and escaped. One of the captured Brants was given to a Mr. Farmer, the owner of the land on which it was taken. He had the specimen preserved and it is still in his possession. Dr. Tuttle has examined it and believes for the fact that it is a typical Brant.

Cambridge, Mass.

1910  
Feb. 28

At intervals through the day, from 8 a.m. to 4.30 P.M., and not less than ten or a dozen times in all, I heard, as I sat writing at my desk in the Museum, with the windows closed, the sharp clar-clar-clar-clar of a Sparrow Hawk. The sound came to my ears distinctly, evidently from a bird flying low overhead, but when I went out to look for him it usually was before

Sparrow  
Hawk  
flying over  
our Garden  
at intervals  
through day

I left the door. At length I got a good, if rather brief, view of him as he circled swiftly just above the tops of our windows. After this I repeatedly heard him in the direction of Westford Park and to the west & north of the Museum. He seemed to be making repeated tours of the entire neighborhood about our place & to be proclaiming his presence brazenly. I fancy it may have been a lone flight (the bird looked like a male) but why should he come here for that purpose?

1910.  
March 2

Cambridge, Mass.

Clear, calm & mild but chilly.

Sparrow  
 Hawks

About 8 a. m. I was looking out of one of the north windows of our house when a ♂ Sparrow Hawk appeared, coming low over the garden towards me, flying nearly straight and very sluggishly with long, slow, irregular wing beats. On reaching the house he rose and apparently passed over it although that I could not see.

At 9.30 a. m., as I was writing in the Museum, I heard his shrill screaming. Looking out I again saw him pass over the Garden taking nearly the same course as at first but at a greater height so that when he came to the house he cleared the tops of the by windows about it without rising perceptibly. Thus far he had flown nearly straight and very slowly, vibrating his wings incessantly; but on reaching Hubbard Park and turning to the westward he began soaring in circles, shrill screaming at intervals. I now saw for the first time a ♀ Sparrow Hawk circling in silence about 100 yards from the ♂. Keeping about this distance from one another the two birds drifted off towards the south-west & were soon lost to my sight.

About 10 a. m. the ♂ again appeared circling about our windows with loud cries (klaa-klaa-klaa), swooping downward nearly to the eaves from an elevation of 50 feet or more and then rebounding as it were to this height to immediately descend and rise again. These evolutions may be represented by a series of deep curves UV. They were not unlike those which I have repeatedly seen the Marsh Hawk & the Cooper's Hawk perform in early spring but even more spirited & frequent. Hubbard doubt they were low flights. I saw no further this time, however.

Cambridge, Mass.

1910

March 19

A Northern Shrike spent fully two hours this morning (8-10 a.m.) sitting on a twig in the top of  
[in our garden,  
a large apple tree] singing almost continuously. Not  
once during this time did it change its perch or  
even its position although it moved its head freely  
looking, as I thought, a keen look over all the  
vicinity for possible prey. It was a fully mature bird  
with black markings, chest-bluish gray back and white  
under parts. Its voice was strong and clear and some  
of its notes decidedly sweet and musical. It often  
repeated one of them several times much as the Brown  
Throated repeats its notes. Its song had some general  
resemblance to that of a Thrasher in other respects  
but was decidedly less continuous or flowing and also,  
of course, less pleasing. It is surprising that a bird  
ordinarily so nervous and restless as a Shrike should  
have remained so very long in one place. It was probably  
there this evening for I heard its singing about 7 o'clock when  
it was up & down

Northern  
Shrike  
Spent two  
hours on  
one perch,  
singing.

Cambridge, Mass.

1910.

March

19

(No 2)

Not long after the preceding journal entry was made and about 5 P.M. the Shrike began another outburst of song in the Garden, keeping it up for nearly half-an-hour. Either his voice was louder now than before or it sounded so because the air was stiller & less disturbed by the noise of city traffic. It seemed to fill the entire neighborhood being, indeed, almost, if not quite, as dominant and conspicuous as the voice of a Robin in full song. Never before have I heard a Northern Shrike sing anything like so loudly continuously and melodiously.

Song of  
Northern  
Shrike on  
evening

Speaking of Robins I wonder when they are! A heavy flight was reported from country districts (such as Arlington, Decatur etc.) early in the month but no birds have invaded our city as yet. Yet conditions have been apparently right for them to appear for a week or more past.

Robins  
late

Cambridge, Mass.

1910.

March 26

A Northern Shrike in the Garden nest of the latter Northern  
Shrike.  
half of the afternoon - an old ♂, apparently the same in the  
which I noted on the 19<sup>th</sup>. As on that occasion he Garden  
was in full song much of the time to-day, at first (for 10  
minutes) in  
the top of a little tree by the pond in front of Museum,  
next (for 5 minutes) in the upper branches of one by  
Catalpa tree, finally in the Poolman's apple. His  
song was quite as loud as on the 19<sup>th</sup> but less musical Song  
and very much less varied, the same note being repeated  
over & over, sometimes as many as six or eight times  
in succession. There when this happened the bird He quivers  
crouched low on the branch with lowered & extended his wings  
head and neck, quivering his half-opened wings as if quite isolate  
carried away by emotional feeling. It seemed as if there singing.  
must be a ♀ near at hand to account for this unusual  
display (quite new to me) of feeling on the part of a

Cambridge, Mass.

1910

March 26

(No 2)

Buteo-bird but I saw none. The note given

Northern  
Shrike

at this particular time was not unusual but by no means

one of the Shrike's best - to my taste, at least. When

He chased

he was in the Catalpa tree a number of birds alighted,

a Downy,  
a Flicker &  
Grackles

~~one after another~~ within a few yards of him. A cock

House Sparrow (apparently oblivious of danger) was quite ignored

<sup>he</sup> ~~but~~, drove from the tree in succession a Flicker, a

Downy Woodpecker and three more Brown Grackles,

flying at them aggressively and chasing two (two Downy &

Flicker) several rods but not showing any indication of real

murderous intent. One and all of these birds behaved

towards him as they might towards any harmless bird

of similar size, evincing little fear of him and apparently not

suspecting his true character, I thought. After reaching

the Postwoman's apple he sang for awhile in its top &

then dove down into the tangle of closely imbricated

Cambridge, Mass.

1910.

March 26  
(No 3)

Northern  
Shrike

branches and twigs near the ground. The next instant I heard what seemed to be the agonized cries of some small bird in extreme pain or terror. Feeling sure that a sparrow was undergoing torture & death I rushed out only to find the Shrike hopping about in the thickest parts of the tangle just by himself flapping his wings & jutting his wide-spread tail much in the manner of an excited Towhee. He kept uttering the wounded-bird cries at intervals, usually loudly at first, then more & more & more feebly until they could scarcely be heard. So perfectly did they resemble the outcry of a small bird when caught and rather slowly killed by a Hawk or Shrike that I could not help thinking that they represented a deliberate imitation of such cries, based on long personal experience on the part of the Shrike and that they were designed by him on this occasion to entice little birds to the spot by sounding on their sympathy or curiosity if so they failed to serve <sup>that purpose</sup>.

Imitates  
outcry of  
wounded bird  
in clutch  
of back of  
wing



Cambridge, Mass.

1910.

March 27

Clear and cool with light N. W. wind.

Crows have been haunting our place for the  
past two or three weeks coming occasionally in the  
hundreds at sunrise and appearing in the Gordon lawn  
in the day. I saw one on the lawn this morning  
(8 a.m.) engaged in a search for nesting material.

After picking up & discarding several sticks which  
seemed not to its liking it finally got something  
that looked like a strip of grape vine bark three or  
four feet long and flew off with it (in its bill)  
across Brattle Street to a cluster of Norway Spruces  
in Hubbard Park where I could see it at work  
adjusting the ball in what looked like a nest near

the top of one of these trees. Another Crow, probably the  
mate of the nest builder, was flitting about in some trees  
fifty or sixty yards away.

Fredie tells me he hears Crows nearly every morning  
now in Louisburg Square, Boston.

Crows in  
Louisburg Sq.  
Boston.

Concord, Mass.

1910.

March 31

Cloudy with chill east wind.

Balti Hill.

I came to Concord late this afternoon to spend a week or so at the cabin which I have not visited since last November. As I walked down to the boat house from the West Bedford Station I heard Robins, Song Sparrows, Red-wings and Thrushes singing in every direction. A Thrush was just as I entered the woods bordering Mr. Grater's field. The river proved to be low for this season, indeed almost down to average summer level, nearly all the meadows being exposed but dotted with pools of water which has not had time to drain off or to evaporate. After crossing the river I went around behind the hill where I located another Grass and saw the remains of several Grasshopper. I found Hepatica, Blood root & Claytonia in bloom in front of the log cabin.

I settled at  
Cabin

Robins,  
Red-wings,  
Thrushes,  
Song Sparrows

River low

Hepatica  
Blood root  
Claytonia  
in bloom

Concord, Mass.

1910.

April 1

Brilliantly clear. Light, cool N.W. wind in forenoon;  
afternoon calm and very warm.

Were I to judge of the date by the general aspect  
of the country here just now I should not set it earlier  
than April 25<sup>th</sup>. Never before have I known vegetation  
so far advanced at this season. The fields are vivid  
green, the sprouting "blue joint" (Phlox) on the river  
meadows is five or six inches high, hepaticas, blood root  
& Claytonia are in full bloom in the woods, a few  
blossoms on the big Forsythia bush in front of the  
Barnett house opened this forenoon, the gooseberry bushes  
are green with small, snowy-angled leaves, the Wood  
Frogs have nearly ceased croaking, the Hylas and  
Scopied Frogs are in full cry both by night & day.

I went to the Farm this morning & spent the  
day there. Blue birds, Robins, Song Sparrows, Chickadees

Exceptionally  
early spring.

Vegetation

Fields green

Blue joint  
6 in. high

Forsythia in  
bloom.

Gooseberry  
bushes in leaf

Frogs

Concord, Mass.

1910

April  
(No 2)

a Purple Finch and a White-bellied Nuthatch were  
singing, a Flicker shouting & a Downy woodpecker near the fence  
house. A single White-bellied Swallow was flying about  
the bird boxes. I heard a Pine Warbler at Balls Hill  
& Phoebe there, at Pine Point, at the Ritchie place &  
at an old barn. The Fox & the Sparrows down to down  
gone by but I saw a solitary Junco. Red-wings &  
Rusties were flying to & fro over the uplands & singing  
along the river. Heard a Hairy Woodpecker at the house  
& another in Balls Field. Heard a Phoebe coming in  
the direction of the pond in our Back Pasture; James  
reports seeing him there daily for a week or more.  
Heard Red shouldered Hawks screaming at Balls  
Hill & at the Fences. Started a ♂ Cooper's Hawk from  
the house behind the hill and saw a Marsh Hawk  
feeding over Purple Throat woods.

Common  
birds.

Concord, Mass.

1910.

April 1  
(No 3)

Saw deer tracks almost everywhere to-day, James tells me that the number of Deer present during the past month has positively decreased here because of the menace to our crops. He saw two at one time in the Kestlin field about a week ago & Benson reports that nine crossed his field together at about the same time. James saw four files through our deer yard and four looking through the wire fence of the partly yard. They show little fear of man and none whatever of bird dogs. Our flower garden is covered with their tracks & I actually found two rather fresh foot prints in our bean alleys.

Partridges are said to be more numerous than for several years past. I flushed at least five different birds to-day between Bonis Hill and the farm, without leaving the roadway that leads there through the fields and woods.

Deer  
abundant

Partridges  
numerous

Concord, Mass.

1910

April 2

Clear and warm with light, variable winds chiefly from N. W. and N. E.

Arrivals Kingfisher; one, seen first at 7 A. M. and many Arrivals  
times later in day, flying past cabin.

Bittern; one, seen first at 8 A. M. flying low over meadows opposite Ball's Hill. Afterwards seen there on four times in same locality. It uttered a guttural oc-oc-oc but did not "jump".

Wilson's Snipe. As twilight was falling this evening Snipe  
a Snipe began drumming over the meadows directly opposite the cabin at Ball's Hill, keeping it up for nearly half an hour. During this period I heard several others uttering the scrape note as they rose from the meadow and flew above me, unseen in the gathering gloom. As many as I could tell by their cries there were as all at least five or six different birds. The music of the drumming was unusually strong & loud & constant. It is among the sweetest of all bird sounds.

About 10 A. M. we heard the wild clamor of Canada Geese Canada  
coming from the far distance towards the south-west. A minute Geese  
or two later we saw the birds advancing directly towards us over Great Meadows. There were 2 flocks, one following in the wake of the other, perhaps 300 yards behind it. I counted 85 birds in the first flock & 28 in the second. Rarely if ever have I seen Geese flying so very high. When directly over us they looked no larger than Robins seen near at hand. Up to this time they had been heading north-west but before reaching Davis Hill they turned sharply to the right and made off out of sight and continued. Just before this change

1910

April 2  
(no 2)

Change of direction was made a remarkable thing happened Canada  
One of the birds in the smaller (ear) flock left its  
companions and rising above them made a complete circle  
apparently on jet wings. Just as it regained them the small  
flock and the large one turned simultaneously towards  
the east. It looked as if the bird I have just referred  
to was the leader of the whole assembly but if so why  
was he with the background? He apparently soon asked the  
others to look for some Canadiane which could not be seen  
from their position. He must have been fully 100 feet above  
the rest when he described the circle which was about  
100 feet in diameter. During the whole time these Geese  
were within hearing they gave tongue as incessantly as  
a pack of hounds following a hot scent. Their sonorous  
voices seemed to dominate all other sounds and to  
fill the whole air with thrilling music more suggestive  
of this peculiar season than any other I know.

My men & I were alike impressed by the brevity  
of the period during which these Geese were in sight.  
I doubt if it exceeded three minutes yet we must  
have watched them for a distance of fully three miles.  
Pat Fleming had Canada Geese passing over Cassard  
springs at 8 o'clock last night and at the same  
time I have heard them at very far. It is probable  
that both heard the same flock. Neither had seen  
or heard any before this date.

Pat Fleming has seen only one flock of  
Juncos this spring. They flew past Ball's Hill as  
he was taking lunch about two weeks ago. He thinks  
they were Juncos.

Duck

Concord, Mass.

1910.  
April 3

Clear with fresh north-west wind. The ground from last night but it was delicious, warm though the day.

Spent most of forenoon soaring about in the woods visiting Holden's Hill & Davis Hill. The Red-shouldered Hawks were near the nest in the big chestnut where they have bred for several years past. I saw only the ♂ (now in fully adult plumage) but both birds were filling the air with their wild, ringing music (to my ears their screaming is highly musical besides being very thrilling) as I entered the woods.

Red-shouldered  
Hawks at  
Holden's Hill  
again.

A Brown Creeper was singing on Davis Hill. I wonder if he is the same bird that had a nest there last year under a scale of <sup>limes</sup> bark on the big dead pine.

Brown  
Creeper in  
song.

Chickadees, Song Sparrows, Phoebe, Red-wings, a Pine Siskin, a Flicker & a Robin singing on Balls Hill.



Concord, Mass.

1910  
April 3  
(No 21)

Raymond Emerson called at the cabin this forenoon.  
He gave me the following interesting notes:

On March 23 he started a flock of nearly if not quite 100 Black Ducks from the river a little below Parish Island. He saw a lesser flock of Winters near the lower place that same day and another in the month 25 or 30 of them on the flooded Great Meadows. On the 23<sup>rd</sup> March he saw a Wilson's Snipe just below Collier Bridge. It was flying about & came nearly over him. Further down the river he does not know or may not have seen the same Snipe. He tells me that 2 Otters were seen near Clave Shell Hill and one just below Washburne Bridge, last summer and then or four years ago

one was killed in Mason's Ice Pond on Spruce Brook. Muskrat have been rather scarce this spring. George Holden got only 36. The best Otters have sold as high as \$1.25

Loops  
flock of  
Black  
Ducks

Golden  
eye Ducks

Early date  
for  
Wilson's  
Snipe

Otter

Concord, Mass.

1910.

April 5

The Hon. Mr. Dexter of Concord, who is deeply interested in birds and apparently a careful and trustworthy observer, called on me at the cabin this afternoon. He says that Wilfred Holscher saw a flock of about 25 Snow Geese in Concord last autumn. They were flying southward, a flock of Canada Geese were in sight at the same time, moving in the same direction, their flight was so much slower than that of the Snow Geese that the latter passed them and were lost to sight in the distance some time before the Canada Geese disappeared. I wonder if these Snow Geese may not be the same birds that Mrs. Bridge saw.

Snow Geese.

Mr. Dexter says that Richard <sup>5000</sup> has seen a flock of four Gooseanders during the past week and that one or two great horned owls were seen about the middle of March.

Gooseanders.

Concord, Mass.

1910.

April 6

Progress of  
the season.

This phenomenally early season moves steadily on  
 without a set back thus far. Yesterday was very warm  
 and to-day like summer with a moist balmy S.W. wind.  
 Buds are on the point of opening & blossoms & the white  
 willows show just a trace of green foliage. The river  
 meadows are bright green in many places. They are in  
 perfect condition for Snipe which are here in numbers  
 apparently and drawing away every evening. I heard one this  
 morning at daybreak and again from 8 to 8.30 A.M. when  
 the sky was clouded over and the air thick with mist.  
 This bird was circling over the meadows opposite the cabin  
 when I heard him again this evening from 7 to 8 o'clock.  
 Working up along the river path to Holden's Hill I heard  
 him faintly still and very distinctly another one over  
 Great Meadow when I saw a Snipe circle & alight this

Wilson's  
Snipe  
drawing

afternoon

Concord, Mass.

1910  
April 6  
(Ms. 2)

For several seasons past Johnson I have been staying  
at Ball's Hill I have heard at morning and evening,  
coming from the open fields and meadows on the West  
Bedford side of the river what I have taken to be  
Guinea Hen's calling. On several occasions I have thought  
that the sound was not quite like that made by Guinea  
Hens but as it usually comes from the direction of  
Mr. Grotter's poultry yard and as he keeps (or used to keep)  
a few of these birds I did not give the matter any  
particular attention. For the last three or four weeks this  
calling has <sup>been</sup> frequent and insistent for half an hour or more  
after breakfast and again about sunrise or before. Last  
evening I heard it to uncommonly good advantage and  
studied it attentively. I soon satisfied myself that it  
was not the call of a Guinea Hen. The voice is less  
harsh, the notes given more slowly. They have a peculiar

Evening  
Call of  
Guinea Hen  
Phonograph

General, Maine

1910.  
April 6  
(183)

quality which I find rather pleasing because of its plainness. Sometimes they remind me of two shrilling notes of a Flicker heard in the distance, or two of of the notes, resembling whistles of a Golden Rail in late autumn. The bird heard last evening was at first in the direction of Mr. Grath's barn but afterwards changed his position twice and finally called several times just across the river near my Stone Boat house. Although I have as yet no positive clue to the author of these sounds I am nearly convinced that they are made by the Ring-necked Pheasant which are now numerous in the fields & meadows on the bank of the Stone Boat. I picked up one of the long tail feathers of a wild Pheasant on my own land yesterday but as it was among the cornfields & such places at high water made it probably floated there

Phasants

Concord, Mass.

1910.

April 7

Morning cloudy & calm; afternoon sunny with fresh W. wind changing to N. at sunset. Another summer-like day, less warm than yesterday, however, & pleasantly cool at evening.

A Yellow Red-bell Wren singing near cabin at 6 a.m. Arrivals

At 7 I heard a Wood-scorp and later still found three males of the latter species flitting about in the oaks on the hillside.

At 7 a.m. a Belted Kingfisher jumped over (jumping over me not); just before sunset he went through the whole performance, Belted Kingfisher begins jumping. repeating it at the usual intervals for fifteen or twenty minutes. This is the first time I have heard one this spring. The bird was in the meadow directly opposite my cabin.

No Snipe were heard this morning (although I was awake Snipe at daybreak) but at evening two drummed for half an hour or more over the meadow across the river from the cabin and I heard a third scoping as it rose from drumming Great Meadow opposite Brown Dam Chapel.

Concord, Mass.

1910.

April 7  
(No 2)

A Kingfisher is haunting the river by day, flying back & forth from the cabin at all hours, ranging as far as Dean's Hill in one direction and at least to Rollin's Hill in the other. He regularly goes to roost about sunset in the dense young pines on the south side of Rollin's Hill midway between the cabin & back gate and some twenty yards back from the river. I have started him from there two or less than three evenings this week. He takes wing in silence and after flying out over the river doubles back and alights in some taller pines near the crest of the hill where he usually utters his rattle a number of times as I pass on along the road that skirts the base of the hill. It is odd to hear his familiar cry issuing thus from thick woods. The smallest pines where I first started him have been the favorite roosting place of Kingfishers at all seasons for years past but only one bird (perhaps among the same individual) is to be found there as yet on them.

Kingfisher  
roosting  
in dense  
young pines  
hill

Concord, Mass.

1910.  
April 7  
(No 3)

The Cowbird bush near the cabin was in full bloom to-day. The shrub looks to me as if they might open their blossoms at any moment. The common Saxifrage & a few ground pink blossoms appeared on the south side of the hill. Bocking bushes have unfolded small leaves and the tender young foliage of the white willow is apparent at considerable distance. The red maples are still very beautiful but their blossoms are beginning to fall. The country looks as it usually does about May 1<sup>st</sup>

Progress  
of  
vegetation

About 10 A.M. we heard Canada Geese flying in the distance. Benjamin ran to the river bank to look for them. Presently the flock appeared at an unknown height (fully 4000 ft. I should say). Gilbert counted 42 birds. They passed to the east of Balls Hill & kept on in a perfectly straight course towards the north-east. They looked no larger than Pigeons. No sound came from them after we first saw them.

Still  
ascertain  
flock of  
White Geese



Concord, Mass.

1910.

April 17

Brilliantly clear and bracingly cool with strong, <sup>Thunders</sup> <sup>blowing</sup> <sup>from</sup> <sup>the</sup> <sup>East</sup> wind.

Thunders  
blowing  
from  
the  
East

The marsh on the south side of the river directly opposite Ball's Hill looks, as far as I know, as smooth and broad as a well-kept lawn. It was <sup>once</sup> all water, <sup>late</sup> last summer and having been free from flood water for upwards of a month past, is now covered everywhere with young grass three or four inches in height. Although the ground is so low for birds much larger than a Snipe the marsh has been frequented much of late by Billions. At morning and evening I have heard them pumping, there or have seen them flying to and fro a landing short with heads and necks stretched up on the water for longer but previous to to-day have paid but little attention to them.

Concord, Mass.

1910.  
April 17  
(No 2)

Remarks  
Behavior of  
Flocks

Two which I saw this morning, however, presented such a strange appearance and acted in such a remarkable manner that I watched them for half-an-hour or more with absorbing interest. When I first noticed them they were on the western margin of the little permanent lagoon where the thick-leaved grasses breed so abundantly, moving first in easterly direction if not quite as fast as a man habitually walks on smooth, plain ground, one following directly behind the other at a distance of fifteen or twenty yards. Thus they advanced not only rapidly but with very easy, with a smooth, gliding motion which reminded me of that of Gallinaceous birds and was very un-human-like. Occasionally they would stop and stand next for a minute or so but when walking they invariably

Barnes

1910.

April 17  
(No 3)

maintained a crouching attitude, with the back  
thoroughly arched, the belly almost touching the ground,  
the neck so shortened that the lowered head and  
bill seemed to project only a few inches beyond the  
breast. This in general shape and carriage, as well as  
in gait, they seemed to resemble  
Pheasants or Geese much more than terns. But  
the strangest thing of all was that both birds  
showed extensive patches of what seemed to be pure  
white on their backs between the shoulders. This  
made them highly conspicuous and quickly led me  
to conclude that the birds must be something quite  
new to me and probably - because of their attitudes  
and swift, gliding movements - Pheasants of some  
species with which I was unfamiliar. Therefore  
I had been forced to view them with unaided eyesight  
but when I had reached the cabin and they too

Bitterns  
with white  
plumage

Concord, Mass.

1910.

April 17  
(No 4)

edge of our boat canal directly opposite, I secured  
my opera glass and by its aid quickly convinced  
myself that despite their unusual motions and  
the conspicuous white on their backs they could be  
nothing other than Bitterns.

Bitterns  
with white  
plumage

I was now joined by Miss G. R. [unclear]  
Miss Alice Eastwood (the California Colonel) and  
my assistant W. R. C. Gilbert, all of whom became  
at once deeply interested in the birds which were  
now standing erect by the canal about twenty  
yards apart. Suddenly both rose and flew  
straight on one another, meeting in the air at  
a height of eight or ten feet above the marsh.  
It was difficult to see just what happened at  
this precise instant but we all agreed that  
the birds came together with the full force of

Bitterns  
fighting

Danvers, Mass.

1910.

April 17  
(No 5)

The momentum of rapid flight then changing  
in some way, apparently with both feet and bills,  
descended nearly to the ground. Just before landing  
it they separated and sailed (not flapped) off to  
their former respective positions. After resting thus  
a few moments the mutual attack was renewed  
in precisely the same manner as at first, only  
struck less vigorously. It was not repeated after this.

Bitter  
fighting

Although a most spirited tilt (especially on the  
first occasion), by antagonists armed with  
formidable weapons (the dagger-like bills) we  
could not see that any harm resulted from it  
to either bird. When we crossed the river in a boat  
some fifteen minutes later both returned near their

stomping near the canal. Up to this time both had  
shown the white continuously but at disapproval as we  
were approaching them. Our boat stopped when we were in  
the middle of the river. We got within 20 yards of the other  
before it would allow it to be called off from the river.

Concord, Mass

1910.

April 18

Bitterns

Cloudy with fine, steady rain. Forenoon cool with  
chill east wind; afternoon warm with light, soft, south wind.

Gilbert kept a close watch for the bitterns during  
the forenoon (when I was at the Farm) but nothing  
was seen of them until about 2 P.M. when both  
birds appeared in the marsh near the canal but  
on its eastern side. H.G. Purdie was now with  
us (having come to Ball's this yesterday morning). Mr.  
Gilbert and I had the Bitterns under observation  
for more than an hour, using our glasses freely, of  
course. During this time the birds remained about  
one or two hundred yards in extent of the low-lying  
marsh, keeping for the most part, however, near the  
edge of the trees, here about 150 yards in width.  
There was no talking on this occasion except that they  
once approached each other nearer than thirty yards while

Concord, Mass.

1910.

April 18  
(No 2)

not infrequently they were more than 100 yards apart. Bottoms  
his sons. The sea yesterday they carried their bodies  
my low and at times in shallow, is his general  
that they resembled big, deep-breasted water  
rather than birds, as they would in and out  
during the life. None for in this case in my  
judged obvious causes which usually include near  
the starting point. They did not seem to be looking  
for food but rather to be inspired by restlessness  
or perhaps, as I was inclined to think at the  
time, by a spirit of rivalry. For as both birds  
"jumped" at frequent intervals I concluded that  
both must be males and this was much connected  
with their behavior which suggests that they were  
chiefly engaged in "showing off", apparently to each  
other solely, for if there was a female anywhere

Concord, Mass.

1910

April 18  
(No 3)

near at hand I failed to see her. Whenever one of them "jumped" the other was seen to respond within two or three seconds, sometimes facing her rival, sometimes turning in another direction. During most of the time when they were in this marsh together both birds showed the white comb we saw yesterday but when one of them finally flew away the other ceased altogether to display it although we had him in view for a considerable length of time (fully 20 minutes) during which he jumped repeatedly. I will never pretend to describe it more fully than I was able to do yesterday. It was seen much better and for a longer period to-day with the added advantage that on this second occasion I was able to check as well as supplement my own

Beltman



Bowcord, Mass.

1910.

April 18  
(No 4)

observation and comparison by three of Parker & Gilbert, both of whom were with me the whole time and paying equally strict attention to the matter. At first we differed even before in certain minor details but all these differences of opinion were finally harmonized and what I am about to say is now subscribed to by all three of us.

The white first appears at or very near the shoulder of the folded wings and then spreads, sometimes rather quickly (more abruptly, however) but often very slowly until, spreading simultaneously from both sides, it forms two ruffs ~~not~~ fully equal in length and breadth (apparently) to the hands of a large man but in shape more nearly like the wings of a swan or heron. Their tips point sometimes nearly straight upward, sometimes

Particulars

Concord, Mass.

1910  
April 18  
(No 5)

more or less backward, also. As they rise above Bitterns  
the shoulders they spread towards each other  
at right angles to the long axis of the birds  
body until at their bases they nearly meet  
in the center of the back. They may be held  
~~without apparent change in area or position,~~  
thus, for many minutes at a time, during which  
the bird may move about over a considerable  
space of ground or perhaps merely stand or crouch  
in the same place. We frequently saw them  
fully displayed when the Bitterns were pumping  
but not more so nor in any different way than  
at other times. When the bird was moving  
straight towards us with his body carried low  
and his wings fully expanded he looked like  
a big white fowl having only the head and  
beak dark-colored, the breast often looking nearly

Concord, Mass.

1910.  
April 18  
(No 6)

Bittens

(black) ~~found~~ ~~this~~ ~~specimen~~ ~~at~~ ~~the~~ ~~distance~~  
at which we viewed him (perhaps 200 yards) the  
broad ruffs, lying above and reaching well out on both  
sides of the back and shoulders completely masked  
anything on their rear. While the head and the  
throat and neck were carried so low that they were  
seen against the breast and hence added nothing  
to visible area of dark plumage. When he was  
moving away from us in the same waddling  
attitude the ruffs looked exactly like two  
white wings nearly as broad as those of a domestic  
pigeon - but less long - attached to either side of  
his back just above the shoulders. When we  
had a side view of him the outline of the  
ruffs was completely lost but there seemed  
to be a band of white as broad as one hand

Coussard, Mass.

1910.

April 18  
(No 7)

extending between the shoulders quite across between  
the back. Thus whichever way he moved or faced  
the white was always there. Most conspicuous,  
however, when he turned towards us. It was  
not ever dull or faint or even yellowish, when  
seen in bright sunlight, as on the morning of  
the 17<sup>th</sup>, or under dark overcast skies, as  
on the afternoon of the 18<sup>th</sup>. The the the the  
at all times and under all conditions when  
we saw it at all it appeared to be pure  
white. When the bird was rambling through the  
thick, rich green grass or over blackish mud, at a  
distance of two hundred yards or more, the  
white was often the only thing we could see. It  
made an odd impression on the mind, as it  
moved about without visible means of propulsion

Concord, Mass.

1910.  
April 18  
(No 8)

and had no one known just what it was it Belted  
might well have passed us to account for it.  
When the bird was standing or crouching  
rather was down the same conditions of  
environment it looked exactly like a  
small patch of moss or a good-sized  
sheet of white paper, lying in the marsh.  
It was to my conception that any one looking  
out casually over the marsh could not  
have failed to notice it at the first glance.  
As I have said it opened out rather slowly  
as a hole and never very abruptly. Its  
disappearance was effected in a corresponding  
manner. With the help and under the criticism  
of Percie & Gilbert, & with the birds showing it  
conspicuously at the time, I made a model of it

Covehead, Mass.

1910.

April 18

(no 9)

cut from a sheet of brown paper as in Picture  
shown by the wire in front of the cabin. This  
model I now paste on this sheet of the journal  
folding it of necessity. When opened it shows  
the eggs fully expanded & of their actual size  
as they looked to us; ie really, no allowance  
for the distance at which they were seen.

Concord, Mass.

1910.

April 18

(no 9)

Cut from a sheet of brown paper & on Bottom.

stand by the line in front of the table. This  
model I use first on this sheet of the journal  
folding is of necessity. When opened it shows  
the legs fully extended & of their actual use  
as they looked to us; it was no allowance  
for the distance as which they were done.

Concord, Mass.

1910.

April 18

(No 10)

Bitterns.

On reaching home, late this afternoon, I at once examined all the Bitterns in my collection. Most of them unfortunately are females or males killed in autumn, none of which have white or whitish any where save on the throat. But less or than adult males taken in spring possess tufts of yellowish white feathers of peculiar <sup>structure</sup> & apparently <sup>special</sup> structure which are attached to the sides of the breast just under the shoulders. By trying & spreading these I have been able to produce something resembling what we saw at Concord only very much smaller and not from white. Gilbert, who has just looked at them, agrees with me that the Concord birds (he saw them showing again on the morning of the 19<sup>th</sup>.)



Covead, Mass.

1910.

April 18

(No 11)

must have had plumes more than double  
the size of those in my skins and fur,  
not yellowish, white. When I gave an  
account of the matter at a meeting of  
the Entom Club this evening one of the  
members (Mr. Freeman) suggested that the  
cuticle may increase the effectiveness of  
the display of these feathers by inflating  
the skin to which they are attached and  
thus causing them to stand out much  
further than they otherwise would. Even  
if this be so I doubt if feathers as large  
or more numerous than those possessed by  
my specimens could be expanded into the  
broad, full, sunny ruffs shown by the  
Baltimore seen yesterday & to-day at Covead.

Baltimore

Lowell, Mass.

1910.

April 18

(No 12)

It is conceivable, of course, that the Bitterns ruffs displayed by the living birds were much less large and white than they appeared. I should certainly suspect that this may have been the case were it not that the observations I have just noted were made with such care by five different persons and under widely varying conditions of light and shade. Hence I have felt justified in recording our mutual impressions of what we saw despite the fact that my skins of Bitterns do not seem to confirm it altogether. One thing, however, is quite sure viz. that the plumes, be they long or short, white or yellow, are used for display in the interesting way I have described.

Cambridge, Mass.

1910.

April 20

A pair of 12 Cedar Birds in the Park across  
 apple tree in our garden early this forenoon.  
 They are the first that have appeared here this  
 Spring. As I was watching them two birds  
 perched on the same twig about six inches apart,  
 passed one of the tiny apples (as large as  
 blueberries) back and forth a dozen times or  
 more in quick succession, each holding it but  
 for a second or less in the tip of its bill.  
 One stood erect and still the whole time; the  
 other on receiving the apple regularly made a  
 complete turn on its perch before passing it back  
 again. This movement was accomplished so  
 quickly and deftly that it was difficult to follow  
 with the eye but as nearly as I could make out the  
 birds simply gave a slight exposed hop and then turned  
 in the air without opening its wings. It was one of  
 the very prettiest things I ever kind I have ever seen.

Cedar Bird  
 passing  
 a berry  
 back &  
 forth.

do not know how the apple was finally disposed of.  
 It did offend. One of the birds was very near when  
 it or it may have been the other, I know not which.

Concord, Mass.

1910.  
April 20  
(No 2)

Clear & warm with fresh S. W. wind.

I came to Concord late this afternoon provided Bitterns with a gun and prepared to shoot a Bittern if I could but find one showing white ruffs. Three males were jumping at 6 P. M. & later, one in Pallen's meadow below the cabins, one near the middle of Great Meadows, the third was at the edge of the river in the marsh directly opposite Bursin's Landing, and was accompanied by a smaller, darker-plumaged bird which, without doubt, was a female & his mate. I watched the pair for more than half an hour. Although the male jumped at frequent intervals he showed no trace of the white ruffs. During most of the time the female was within twenty yards of him and for ten or fifteen minutes within three yards. He invariably faced her ~~and~~ she him when he was jumping but neither bird showed any trace

Concord, Mass.

1910.

April 20

(203)

of sexual order or excitement and there was nothing Bitterns  
suggestion of the demonstrations of courtship on the part  
of either. Both behaved altogether differently from the  
Bitterns seen on the 17<sup>th</sup> & 18<sup>th</sup> and, indeed, quite  
after the usual manner of their kind. When they  
walked it was with dignified slowness standing well  
up with bodies raised lifting and putting down their  
feet with marked deliberation. They croaked a few  
times over a pool of water remaining there for many  
minutes, evidently on the watch for prey, ~~in an attitude~~  
closely similar to that of the Night Heron & Great Blue  
Heron when similarly engaged. Once then I plunged  
her head suddenly under water & drew out something  
which she first shook violently & then swallowed.  
She spent very much of the time with her bill pointing  
straight upward, her neck elongated, her body plump.

Barnard, Mass.

1910.

April 20  
(No 4)

Compressed, the head, neck & body looking all about of Bittern  
a size and vast much larger around than a wren's  
crest and the whole bird resembling very closely a  
state nearly a yard in length being straight up  
out of the marsh & of a weathered grayish color.  
The ♂ did precisely the same thing but less often  
and for shorter periods. It was perfectly evident  
that both birds were apprehensive of danger of  
some kind and <sup>almost</sup> constantly on the watch for it.  
Indeed they appeared much more alert and suspicious  
than any of the other terns, such as the Great Blue  
or the Great White Egret when seen under similar conditions.  
I was somewhat surprised at this and altogether  
delighted by their wonderful grace of form and  
movement. Seldom if ever before have I had so favorable  
an opportunity to watch Bitterns which were pursuing  
their usual avocations wholly unaware of my near presence.  
For I was wholly concealed from their bills

Coward, Mass.

1910.

April 20

(No 5)

Bittern

During the time I had them under observation they moved around in a nearly straight course along the edge of the river but so very slowly that the total distance covered was not more than forty yards. At length the male rose and flew down river two or three hundred yards. Although he jumped a number of times in this new station the female did not follow him. .

Concord, Mass.

1910.

April 21

Sunny but hazy; forenoon calm; fresh S. wind in afternoon

Spent almost entire day watching Bitterns. Three Bitterns

seen two males pumping in Great Meadow sometimes within 50 yards of our window, sometimes 200 to 300 yards apart. Whenever they approached one another within 100 yards they acted like the two seen on the 17<sup>th</sup> & 18<sup>th</sup> crawling about over the meadow and showing the white ruffs more or less conspicuously. One appeared to have small <sup>yellowish</sup> ruffs, the other large pure white ones. When the latter bird was facing away from me the ruffs looked exactly like a pair of white wings shaped much like those of a Domestic Pigeon but smaller (perhaps two-thirds as large). They seemed to <sup>lie</sup> ~~seemed to lie~~ nearly flat on the back with the tips pointing straight backward thus.





Concord, Mass.

1910.

April 21  
(No 2)

But whenever Tom Bottom turned his side towards me the ruffs seemed to stand almost straight out on each side of the neck just above the shoulders thus:

White  
Nuptial  
plumes of  
the Bittern



When he faced me the effect was like this: -



When in the last mentioned position the ruffs made much less show than those seen on the 18th which were more like this



I tried in vain to shoot the white-ruffed birds seen to-day. They would not let me get nearer than 100 yards before taking wing. Neither attempted to hide but merely stood looking at me until they

Concord, Mass.

1910

April 21  
(No. 3)

thought I was getting dangerously near when they flew to a distant part of the meadow returning to their original stations soon after I went back to my course. There was simply no cause of any kind and it was impossible to stalk them.

As I was talking a well known Pine Parakee just after sunset I heard something making a loud continuous rattling among the dry leaves on the bark of Oaks here. Presently a very small Pine Parakee appeared walking slightly down the trunk. On coming under a wind of the tree these birds on the edge of the woods she flew straight up into it without making the slightest sound of wings and began Chattering. Standing within thirty yards of the tree I watched her closely through my glasses.

Pine Parakee  
Chattering

Concord, Mass.

1910.  
April 21  
(No 4)

She worked very busily for about 15 or 20 minutes, "Partridge  
"budding"  
pecking at the buds almost as fast as a hen pecks  
up corn and making, as nearly as I could average it,  
about two pecks every three seconds. They were made  
in every direction, straight up and down as well as  
to all sides. Every minute or two the bird changed  
her perch, walking, sometimes, a yard or two among  
the smaller twigs just as if she had been on the  
ground. When reaching for buds below her feet held  
the world level for forward and downward with  
outstretched neck but I did not see the tail  
cocked up above the line of the back as happened  
with the birds observed at Ten Town in March  
eight or ten years ago. This Partridge seem to, eight  
called every few minutes kreat, kreat, kree-2-2, kree-1-1.  
in rather peevish tones. After finishing her supper she  
flew down to the ground with a heavy fluttering sound &  
I saw no more of her. It was three weeks dead (7.05 P.M.)

I do not think the bird caught sight of me, I was behind a tree  
or can suspect any person. During the whole time she  
kept about 100 yards from passing to look about her  
any or I could see.

Bowcord, Mass.

1910  
May 8

Forenoon sunny & warm; afternoon cloudy & cool with showers.

As I was crossing the opening behind Ball's this <sup>the morning</sup> I heard a rustling in the dry leaves on the edge of the woods near a large woodpile; the next instant I saw a small hen Partridge scuttling off in a peculiar manner with her body flattened close to the ground, her head & neck curved low, her wings partly open & their tips trailing. She moved very quickly and evasively but in a decisive course, winding in & out among the stems of the trees. After going about ten or fifteen yards she took wing in the usual manner & flew off over the stump. Feeling sure she had started from a nest I advanced cautiously & presently caught sight of the eggs, wholly unincubated, in a depression on the foot of a gray birch on the very edge of the cover about 15 yards from where I had stood when I first saw the bird & about 20 yards from the mountain laurel in which a Partridge would last year hold her brood. There were 12 eggs in the nest found to-day; two on top of the others.

nest of  
Ruffed  
Grouse

Concord, Mass.

1910.

May 8

(No. 2)

When I last visited the farm on April 18 there

Bats in  
wood shed.

were no bats in the loft over the wood shed. To day

I found 12 there in a cluster in the usual place.  
Judging by the quantity of dung on the floor beneath they  
must have been there about a week.

The Broad-winged Hawk on back in this usual Wood shed  
haunts at the farm. I heard her of three times  
afternoon and soon afterwards saw her soaring over  
the sun. Half an hour later I saw a bird which  
I took to be the ♂ although I was not sure it  
was not the female. It was flying over the oak  
woods near where the nest was last year, screaming.

Deer are said to have been numerous of late.

Deer.

Our farm hand, Harry Adams, saw two near  
Susan's house this morning. I found a fresh track  
in the cut road behind Paul's Hill

Concord, Mass.

1910.

May 8  
(No 3)

The discomfort of lying awake the greater part of last night was compensated for in large measure by the interest of hearing Scrub Sparrows singing almost incessantly for two or three hours before daybreak. There were at least two and I think three of them. During the period just mentioned (probably from 1 to 3 a.m.) I heard one or more of them every few or five minutes, and often there would be two or three songs uttered within the minute.

Billows, also, were heard every five or ten minutes during this same period. It is very unusual, according to my experience, to hear them jumping in the middle of the night or indeed at any time when there is not at least some daylight.

The stars were shining brightly all night but there was no moonlight. The air was calm & warm.

Scrub Sparrows  
singing  
freely in  
middle  
of night

Billows  
jumping  
in middle  
of night

Barnard, Mass.

1910  
May 10

Clear and cool with fresh N. W. wind.

I walked by the Partridge on her nest this morning within 20 Partridge  
yards seen from without starting her but when I stopped and turned about nest.

To look for her with my glass she left her eggs at once (although  
I was then fully 40 yards away) and scattered off in a rather  
strange manner as on the 8<sup>th</sup> rising on wing after going down  
about 100 yards. As she was rising she reminded me of a Wood  
chuck by her general appearance & movements.

As I was strolling through Pine Park this evening I Partridge  
started a Partridge from the wild apple tree where I watched breeding (?)  
one breeding on April 21<sup>st</sup> last. - which I have no real  
proof that the bird seen this evening was (or had been before  
I started her) similarly engaged I do not doubt that such  
was the case. If so it is the latest date in spring when  
I have known a Partridge to "breed", I did not see the  
bird to night very distinctly, as it was late & the light was poor.  
She made a loud noise with her wings as she left the tree.

Concord, Mass.

1910.  
May 8  
(No 4)

Shortly after breakfast I noticed unknown numbers  
of newly-hatched larvae of the Gypsy Moths crawling up  
the trunks of the trees along the south side of Rolle's Hill.  
Some of the gray birch stems were literally black with  
them. Large numbers were following an intricate chain  
along three strands of spider web that led from a  
cluster of small hemlocks to the roof of the cabin  
across an intervening space of nearly 20 ft. The strands  
were several feet apart and eight or ten feet above  
the ground. They swung slightly in the light breeze  
but this motion did not check the tiny caterpillars  
which kept steadily on in endless procession, one their  
fine gossamer suspension bridge. Of what avail com-  
"tough foot" to be on a tree trunk against such daring  
& successful invaders? My cotton night shirt hanging  
on a nail on the cabin's roof was quickly covered with them.

Newly hatched  
larvae of  
Gypsy moths  
follow a  
single  
strand of  
spider web  
to roof  
of cabin



Concord, Mass.

1910

May 15

Morning clear & warm up to 10 o'clock. Remainder of day cloudy with frequent light showers of fine rain.

Two Yellow-bellied Cuckoos, the first seen here this Spring, appeared in the trees in front of the cabin about 9 a.m. I think they were a mated pair. One in a large maple uttered the long call ending with tan-tan-tan. The other in an oak but thinly foliated gave the single coo and also a peculiar low, wailing cry which I do not remember ever hearing before and which in quality but not in form reminded me of the continued voice of the Screech Owl. Both birds remained nearly motionless on the same perches for eight or ten minutes uttering their different notes, one answering the other.

Notes of  
Yellow bell  
Cuckoos.

A Thrasher sang vigorously all the morning in the thickets across the river. Near the cabin we had a Grackle, a Phoebe, two Song Sparrows & a Nashville Warbler. At evening a Very in-fall song & a Whippoorwill across the river. A Winter Yellow leg came over the marsh & river at 10 a.m. - interesting.

Birds  
singing  
near Ball's Pt.

Concord, Mass.

1910

May 15  
(No. 2)

Yesterday afternoon and to-day at the same hour I saw a pair of Spotted Sandpipers feeding along the margin of the little pond dug last year in front of the house shed on Ball's Hill.

Spotted  
Sandpipers

They were very tame allowing me to approach within 20 yards. As they "teetered" along the margin of the water this motion obviously tended to conceal rather than to reveal them. I saw them first and several long worms (earth worms, apparently) from the mud and swallowed them. One bird looked a third larger than the other. This one I took to be the male. He "showed off"

Showing off

every now and then by spreading his tail, half opening his wings and ruffling the body plumage so that he looked even larger than before. Both birds kept up a low conversational whistling in apparently direct & lateral lines using the ordinary spring call, subdued as to volume.

Dorchester, Mass.

1910.  
May 15<sup>th</sup>  
(the 31)

Harry O. Adams, our farm hand, found a Hawk's nest in the Barrett run. It contained one egg about warm. He said the bird came about "making a whistling noise". I visited it this evening about 7 o'clock. As I had expected it proved to be a nest of two Broad-winged Hawks which have bred in these same woods for several years past. It was fully 300 yards from the site of their last year's nest (in which they raised 2 young) on the south side of the run in a straight, rather slender, young <sup>white</sup> pine having dead lower branches nearly down to the ground. The nest is scarcely larger than a wide bird's feet hole & is about 18 ft. above the ground. The tree stands on the edge of a wood road. As I approached it, walking slowly along the road, the bird (♀, I thought) left the nest when I was some 20 yards away & flying about 30 yards alighted in a maple within the lot looking down at me in silence. I then walked quietly off & left her.

Nest of  
Broad-wing  
Hawk

Loxwood, Mass.

1910  
May 15  
(No 4)

As I was returning from the Farm about seven o'clock this evening I was not a little surprised as well as delighted to hear a Hermit Thrush in full, continuous song in Bush Field or rather in the larger trees which border it on the South side near the Spring. As I stood listening to his glorious music another Hermit began chucking on the other side of me and out among the Birches. There can be no question that this was not the singer for his liquid notes continued to come from the deeper woods of old trees all the while that the chucking was coming from the bushes in the opening. I cannot help hoping that the presence of these Thrushes here, with ~~one~~ in song, at least a date, means that they are a winter pair which have settled for the summer in what is really a haunt admirably adapted for a breeding ground.

Two Beech Song were heard this evening.

A Hermit  
in full song  
& another  
bird chucking,  
in Bush  
Field at  
evening

Concord, Mass

1910

May 17

Clear & warm with southerly winds. Hoar frost in early morning.

Two Red-eyed Vireos (in song) were the only animals noted. There

should have been a good bird hoar with this warm one.

As Gilbert & I were at breakfast this morning (about 7.30) we saw what we took at first to be a Mink <sup>not</sup> swimming across the river. When it first attracted our attention it was out two or three rods from the Railroad shore opposite the mouth of our boat canal. It came directly towards the cabin swimming very fast with its head held high. As it approached more we caught sight of a broad fluffy tail held a little above the surface and by this recognized that the creature was a Gray Squirrel. It landed near our canoe first. As it emerged from the water its legs feet belly & the tip of its tail were soaking wet but its head, back, sides & most of the tail

to that perfectly dry. For a minute or more after reaching firm ground it remained in one spot lifting up its feet, one after another, & then stamping them down as if they were chafed. Finally it bolted to the trees & disappeared. It was a rather small "Gray". Although its general course across the river was straight I noticed that it kept zig-zagging a little by inclining alternately to <sup>the right & left</sup> ~~the right & left~~ <sup>I have never seen a Gray Squirrel</sup> ~~to the right & left~~ <sup>in the water before</sup>.

Gray Squirrel  
swims across  
Concord River

Concord, Mass.

1910

May 17  
(No 2)

Fish of many every kind appear to be very scarce in the river this spring. We have tried for them repeatedly but have caught only a few Pike, an Eel and three Perch. No Brown nor Shiners have taken our hooks. Rouse thinks that the chemicals discharged into the outlet at Maynard are killing the fish here as well as above. He tells me the river banks were lined with dead ones last summer. It may be that he is right but the river has been fished very hard for several seasons past & I suspect there has been something to do with it. I have looked in vain along our stream for nests of the Brown or Sun Fish. There was one for every yard or two of gravelly bottom only a few years ago. We caught the last fish of this species in 1908 trying for them without success last year.

Scarcity  
of Fish

Due to  
chemical  
waste from  
mills at  
Maynard,  
perhaps!

Concord, Mass.

1910.

May 19

Clear & cool with fresh N. W. wind.

Late yesterday afternoon and early this forenoon  
I went over the farm very thoroughly with a view  
to getting as nearly complete a list as possible of  
the birds that have settled here for the summer for  
purpose of comparison with a list to be made a  
few days after the grounds have been sprayed. The  
men began this work this morning, using a hand pump  
barrel sprayer in a wagon and a mixture of lead  
mixed with well water in the proportion of

Birds at  
Farm

. I have never known birds more numerous  
or in greater variety (save for the almost entire absence  
of north-bound migrants) than they have been on both  
these days. I noted only those which were seen or

heard within 100 yards or so of the house, mostly in  
the elms, the orchard, the lines of trees along the lower  
the berry pasture & the outskirts of the boundary woods.  
The list follows on the next page.

Concord, Mass.

1910.  
May 18-19  
(No 2)

Birds noted on Barrett Farm just before it was sprayed

Census of

1. Merula migratoria. - About 8 pairs. Two new nests one birds at the on house, four in apple tree (1 with young 1 with 2 eggs). Farm
2. Galuscoptes Carolinensis. - One singing in shrubbery front of house 18<sup>th</sup> the pair together in garden, 19<sup>th</sup>
3. Harporhynchus rufus. - One singing in second growth behind old barn (near hen house)
4. Sialia sialis. - One in field across road where I think there is a nest in the box in old apple tree.
5. Panes atricapillus. - One whistling perch in orchard
6. Sitta carolinensis. - Pair feeding young in nest in hole in big elm front of old barn.
7. Mniotilta varia. - Two singing along wood edges.
8. Helminthophila chrysopleura. - One singing in Berry Pasture on afternoon of 18<sup>th</sup> (possibly migrant)
9. Coropsothlypis a. ussuri. - One singing in oaks near old barn (doubtless a migrant).
10. Dendroica aestiva. - Two males singing near house on morning of 19<sup>th</sup>, one afternoon of 18<sup>th</sup>
11. Dendroica maculosa. - One singing in the Park on 18<sup>th</sup> & 19<sup>th</sup> (a migrant, of course)
12. Dendroica pennsylvanica. - One singing behind barn, another on edge of farm.
13. Dendroica blackburni. - One singing near Puffer Rock on 18<sup>th</sup> (doubtless a settled bird)
14. Dendroica virens. - Two singing along wood edges.
15. Seiurus aurocapillus Two singing in woods.



Boncourt, Mass.

1910  
May 18-19  
No 3/

Birds noted on Barrett Farm just before it was sprayed.

Census of  
birds at the  
Farm

16. Setophaga ruticilla - ♂♀ in grass behind barn, another  
♂ singing at foot of corn.
17. Vireo olivaceus. One singing near barn.
18. " solanus. Pair with nest in wood apple tree  
in front of old barn. One bird on nest. Nest empty.
19. " flavifrons. Pair at wood on nest in elm  
just behind wood shed.
20. " gelatus - One singing in big elm front of house  
evening of May 19. Possibly not better here.
21. Troglodytes didon. Silent bird in wall by end of shed  
on 19<sup>th</sup>
22. Hirundo erythrogaster. Two flying about.
23. Tachycineta bicolor. Pair with nest in box at hen house,  
another in box near house. Two pairs at Retchin place.
24. Piranga erythronotus One singing at edge of woods.
25. Cardinalis purpureus. One singing near house. It  
has been here ever since April!
26. Spinus tristis. A pair eating dandelion seeds (15<sup>th</sup>)  
A male in full song (19<sup>th</sup>)
27. Poocetes gramineus. At least one pair in field  
across road (Lawson's field)
28. Spizella socialis. At least four pairs with two  
more at Retchin place. Nest 1 egg, May 19. in  
apple tree just behind our house.
29. " pusilla. One singing in Berry Pasture,  
another in Retchin place (both May 18/)

Concord, Mass.

1910

May 18-19  
(No 3)

Birds noted at Barnet farm just before it was sprung.

Census of  
Birds at the  
Farm

30. Melospiza melodia. One pair along lane, another in garden at rear of house.
31. Pipilo erythrophthalmus. A pair in thicket front of house & in berry patches also.
32. Hydromela ludoviciana. One singing in orchard & in trees along lane. Several notes.
33. Cyanospiza cyanea. A ♂ singing in elm over lane on both days.
34. Dolichonyx orizivorus. A ♂ singing in (Lawrence's) field across the road from my house.
35. Molothrus pectoris. One heard.
36. Sturnella magna. One singing in (Lawrence's) field just north of our hen house.
37. Icterus galbula. Two males singing & flushing through thin elm foliage in pursuit of a ♀.
38. Corvus americanus. Several flying about.
39. Cyanocitta cristata. Heard in distance. (Bird on nest in deep hollow hole to barn)
40. Tyrannus carolinensis. One in orchard front of barn on May 18.
41. Myiarchus cinchus. One in orchard front of barn, very noisy. (Heard first May 12.)
42. Sayornis phoebe ♂ singing, ♀ sitting on nest in barn cellar. (Same nest as last year). Another pair nesting at Platanus flower.
43. Empidonax minimus. Pair in orchard at rear of barn.

Concord, Mass.

1910

May 18-19  
(no 4)

Birds noted at Barrett farm just before it was sprayed

Census of  
Birds at the  
Farm

44. Trochilus colubris. ♂ perch on clearest twig of apple  
tree in flower garden (his old stand) on 18<sup>th</sup>
45. Chaetura pelagica. Two flying above house.
46. Dryocotes pubescens. Pair nesting in elm over shed
47. Colaptes auratus. One in orchard on 18<sup>th</sup>
49. Buteo calurus. Pair nesting in elm. One bird  
heard over west on 18<sup>th</sup>
50. Bonasa umbellus. At least one pair in den.
51. Phasianus colchicus. One among in Hens field  
opposite Retkin place, another on  
road to Barrett's

Smelling as certainly migrants the Parula Warbler  
and the Magnolia Warbler we have left 49 species  
which may be safely classed as summer residents of  
this farm. Allowing most of them to be probably  
noted the total number of in div idual birds would be  
about 130.

To the above list I added this evening (19<sup>th</sup>)

52. Geothlypis trichas. - One singing in Berry Pasture
53. Turdus fuscescens - " calling " " "
54. Antrostomus vociferans One singing in Barrett Thicket.

Concord, Mass.

1910.

May 19

On May 12<sup>th</sup> I visited the cellar under the Little Shop on the Ritchie place finding there a Phoebe's nest with four eggs. I examined the nest again yesterday afternoon when it held five eggs. On both occasions the eggs were cold. On neither did I see or hear a bird about the place. But as I was approaching the shed this afternoon (about 5 o'clock) a Phoebe came flying swiftly towards me from the direction of the cellar closely followed by another. After several sharp turns & twists the two birds came together in the air at a height of about 15 ft. and there descended rather slowly to the earth chucked together and wheeling around and around. At first I thought it was a fight between rival males but when I got within 15 or 20 feet I saw that the birds were copulating. Never before have I seen the sexual act performed in anything like the same manner by birds of any kind. It lasted at least five minutes during which the contact was

Remarkable

sexual act

by pair of  
Phoebes

Concord, Mass.

1910

May 19  
(No 2)

not over broken. Moreover the motions of the male were very  
unlike those of other birds I have seen similarly engaged and  
very like those of certain mammals, consisting of a great number  
of rather slow, deep thrusts given, however, with exceeding vigor.  
Indeed his sexual order seemed to amount almost to frenzy,  
and to suffer no abatement as the minutes passed. The female  
meanwhile lay prone on the ground with wings half spread  
and tail under spread, her body herring & palpitating. The  
male held her firmly by the feathers of the occiput, with  
his bill. Every now & then he would shake her violently  
when she would flutter her wings. Once when he did  
this the two birds rolled completely over without separating.  
Even when at length she freed herself and flew off to  
a telegraph wire he pursued her readily & attempted to again  
unite with her his passion evidently not sated. Altho  
it was a most surprising exhibition for a pair of birds.

Sexual act  
of  
Phoebe

Concord, Mass.

1910  
May 19  
(No 3)

A line of tall oaks with undergrowth beneath them ascends the hillside on the north of our farm orchard ending, a little below the barn in a cluster of larded apple trees. As the men were spraying one of these this morning I noticed a pair of Solitary Vireos flitting about, keeping just beyond the cloud of poison - laden mist, whirring in low, querulous tones as they are given to doing when disturbed. After the men had passed on my eye was caught by a bird's nest suspended in one of the apple trees just mentioned at a height of about 9 or 10 feet above the ground. On it a Solitary Vireo was sitting quietly. I went to the house for my nest examining mirror. When I returned the Vireo was gone. The nest proved to be empty but recently finished indeed. No doubt the Jays have completed this pair of birds that their eggs are not safe in least words such as they can be.

Nest of  
Solitary Vireo  
in apple tree  
near barn

Saw a pair of Yellow-throated Vireos at a nest in the elm behind our wood shed where they had one last year.

Nest of  
Yellow-throated  
Vireo

Concord, Mass.

1910  
May 20

Clear & warm (about 80°) with light southerly winds.  
The most summery day of the month thus far.

No signs as yet of any ill effects on the birds from  
the spraying of our orchard & other trees yesterday. It is  
true that the Solitary Tanager was not seen near their nest  
& that the Golden-cingal Warbler was not heard but pretty  
much all of the other birds noted yesterday were observed  
in the same places to-day. I noted nothing new to my  
May list and the only north-bound migrants seen or heard  
were two House Wrenblers and one dull-colored White-throated  
Sparrow. Where are the Black-poll, Bay-breast, Black-throated  
Blue and Canadian Wrenblers, the Wilson's Black-caps and  
the Water Thrushes? Not one of them\* has as yet come  
under my observation and the month is now passing  
it out. Richardson, whom I saw this morning, says that  
birds of almost every kind are scarce at Concord. So  
are they heretofore except on this farm.

Effects of  
spraying

\* The Rev. Mr. Dyer of Concord has just telephoned  
me that no one of these species has been  
noted by him to date. He is a keen observer  
& much in the field & surely saw the Yellow

Conesville, Mo. H.

1910

May 20  
(No. 2)

Robins are unusually numerous about the farm house but strangely silent. Not once have I heard near them one singing at any one time and during storm days I have failed to hear even one; yet yesterday & to day I have found no less than seven new nests<sup>#</sup> within 100 yards of the house on six of which I saw birds sitting. Two of these nests are in leafy apple trees; the other two are on the front of the house at its opposite ends and have only about 25 feet apart, on corners just under the projecting eaves. One nest has three eggs, the other three or four young about a week old. I have seen the old birds on both nests at the same time, or rather one was on just as the other was flying off, which comes to the same thing. I doubt if there is a single Robin's nest anywhere in the woods on the farm nor do I know of one at

Abundant

of Robins  
at times

\* On May 22 I found two more nests open with young. The other with bird sitting back in front. These are of course of your Robins. I have seen a pair of Robins sitting on a nest of this kind in the yard of the house at Conesville, Mo. H.

House Hill, The Jays have taught the Robins a better lesson of late years & they have clung close to the neighborhood of the



Barnstead, Mass.

1910.

May 20  
(No 2)

A pair of White-bellied Nuthatches have frequented the  
Nest from ever since I have known it. During most springs  
they have withdrawn to the woods to breed but this year I  
have seen them in the large trees about the house up to the  
present time. Yesterday and again to-day I observed them  
taking food to a large horizontal branch of the big elm that  
stands in front of the bird. First one and then the other  
bird would come from the orchard with a small grub in the  
top of its bill and alighting on the branch would run quickly  
to a certain place on its upper side and then dodge down out  
of sight, soon reappearing with the grub. These must be  
a nest tree but from the ground I can see no hole of course.  
Repeatedly the ♀ did a very odd thing, usually when the ♂ was

in the supposed hole & out of sight. Standing in our place on  
the upper side of the branch very close the hole (?) she would  
swing her head from side to side just as a mouse always  
does, her bill just touching the bark. This movement was  
kept up for half a minute at a time with great vigor, always  
when the ♂ was on the hole. Sometimes she would show a slight  
quiver of her bill, exactly as the mouse does.

White-bellied  
Nuthatches  
feeding young  
in nest

Concord, Mass.

1910  
May 21

Cloudy with light southerly to easterly winds & increasing misty rain.

Arrivals Water Thrush 3 ♀, Geothlypis trichas? 1 ♀. No other new birds found Arrivals  
migrants of any kind seen or heard. I had expected a  
big bird over to-day following the warm weather yesterday (last  
night was very warm) but it did not come.


No less than three pairs of Orioles are building in the elms Orioles  
on the Farm, a number never before equalled, I think, since I nesting at  
have owned the place. One nest (found to-day) is in an elm Farm  
in front of the Bungalow at the back end of the garden, another  
in the young elm just at the rear of the house, the third in  
the big drooping elm in our close yard (about 20 yards from  
the second nest and 100 yards from the first). The first two  
nests were begun, I should judge, on the 19<sup>th</sup>. I saw the bird  
begin the third yesterday morning about 8 o'clock. As I was  
standing under the tree she came with a single strand (it

looked like a strand of wool fiber) and looped it between two  
things not far feet above my head. I could see distinctly that  
it was the very first. The bird knotted one end above the twig  
& pulled at it long & hard several times, then drew the other end in  
the same way. She worked at least 5 minutes before she finished  
it was most interesting to see her push & draw the end under & over the strand & twig

Concord, Mass.

1910.

May 21  
(M.H.)

using her sharp bill most deftly. When she pushed at the strand to lighten the knot she put forth her utmost strength tugging & tugging and every now & then flopping her wings as she threw her head & body backward. When finally released the strand hung in a wide, deep loop like this  flying <sup>very</sup> <sup>slow</sup>. She walked nearly all day yesterday and quite all of to-day in the rain. The nest looked like a very flimsy affair this evening. The male occasionally accompanied her to the nest showing off & "flirting" but he gave her no help. The other two birds walked through to-day also & their notes heard in the same way. There was only little singing on the part of any of the males either yesterday or to-day. All the apple trees were sprayed with arsenate of lead on the 19<sup>th</sup> but none of the elms have been sprayed as yet. All these male Orioles are fair singers of the old-fashioned type. All are new to this place & I may judge by their ~~notes~~ <sup>notes</sup>.

Oriole  
building  
nest.

Concord, Mass.

1910.

May 21  
(No 3)

As I was on my way to the farm from Ball's Hill, on  
May 18<sup>th</sup>, I saw a Blue Jay sitting on her nest in a small  
white pine within 20 feet of the road where it dips down  
into the hollow just this side of Benson's. To-day I  
visited the nest in company with the Misses Dexter. The  
bird was on sitting with her tail perpetually over one side  
of the nest and her bill pointing upward at an angle of  
45° over the opposite side. He stood directly beneath her for  
several minutes, talking, without disturbing her. Then by  
standing on tip-toe I reached up and touched her tail with  
my fingers at first stealthily to under side gently, then touching  
it hard finally pushing it up and holding with some  
pressure. I failed in this way to elicit any mark of alarm or  
alarm notes on the part of the bird; but when one of the Misses  
attempted to touch her bill she bounded up into the air &  
flew off with a loud scream.

A flock of six Blue Jays ranged back & forth over the whole  
farm & neighboring woodlands through the entire forenoon. Several  
landed & joined the Hawk which they acted like a kind of noisy attendant.

Nest of  
Blue Jay  
I touch  
the bird  
on the nest.

Concord, Mass.

1910.  
May 22

Forenoon sunny & warm; afternoon cloudy with chill east wind.

No arrivals noted, no north-bound birds of any kind seen or heard. It looks as if the migration were practically ended. The woods dense with foliage and very many of the trees, such as maples & birches, in full leaf.

About 7 o'clock this evening I hear from our former home, faintly but with perfect distinctness, the song of a Hermit Thrush coming from a considerable distance towards the woods, apparently from the young oak woods on Gannett's land beyond my Berry Pasture. The bird continued singing as long as I remained listening or about five minutes. I wonder if it was the same Hermit I heard in Birch Field a few evenings ago.

Hermit Thrush  
singing near  
Berry Pasture

Edbert found a Yellow Warbler's nest this morning. It is very conspicuously placed in the very top of a thin-folaged snow-berry bush just behind our house within five feet of the paring window. Soon after he showed it to me I heard the birds making a loud, continuous chirping similar to that of a small bird in the chattering of a hawk or cat, c-c-c-c-c-c-c very shrill and plaintive. Hurrying to the window I saw the ♀ Warbler flitting excitedly above the nest & turning in it her wing, tail spread, her bill wide open. Within two feet of her was a ♂ Baltimore Oriole sitting motionless regarding her with what seemed to me a cynical expression. A moment later the Oriole fluttered to the nest and the Yellow Warbler left it precipitately. Just as the Oriole began tearing at the outer cover of the nest, evidently to penetrate it of intention to work into her own in the due season, I rapped on the window loudly & frightened her away. Soon after this the Warbler came back & inspected the nest carefully. It is practically finished but empty.

Oriole tries  
to steal  
bird's  
nesting  
material  
from nest of  
Yellow Warbler

Cousad, Mass.

1910.  
May 23

Cloudy with storm, breeze S. W. wind.

The migrations still "hang fire" if, indeed, they be set over after having shown us the merest trace of what we usually see during the month. Not a single northern breeding species has come under my notice since the 21<sup>st</sup> & Mr. Dexter reports the same experience in the neighborhood of Cousad Bridge.

No migrants  
passing now.

As I listened, this morning, to a Redstart singing in the oak grove behind our barn it occurred to me that a crow might well have thought he was hearing at least three or four Redstarts. For the bird kept varying his song and it was sufficiently varied in character to seem to come from several different directions in the course of a minute or two.

Song of the  
Redstart.

Carolina Doves have been very scarce here this spring and I have not yet heard one crow. But I had the pleasure of seeing a pair and a single bird flying low over Green Field this afternoon.

Carolina  
Doves  
in  
Green Field.

There is much freshly ploughed land there now & that always attracts them.

Concord, Mass.

1910.

May 23

(No 2)

The single bird made a continuous, rather hoarse, whistling sound with its wings which I could hear distinctly at a distance of over 100 yards but the other two flew close past me in perfect silence. They alighted in a tall tree with the down remarkable abruptness that is so characteristic of the Passenger Pigeon checking their great speed only at the last moment, when within a few yards of the chosen perch, they turned suddenly vigorous & pronounced wing strokes. As the single bird passed me it looked exactly like a Passenger Pigeon and quite as large, I thought. Indeed for an instant I was troubled by the suspicion that it really was a Pigeon & then I heard the hoarse whistle of wings which, of course settled the matter the other way. I know of few more graceful and attractive birds than these Doves, especially when seen in flight circling over our open fields.

Carolina  
Dove.

Concord, Mass.

1910.

May 24

Clear and very warm (about 85°) with light S. W. wind.

There was evidently a light bird wave of north-bound migrants passing to-day. Soon after breakfast I heard singing in the elm at the Farm a Wilson's Black-cap (not previously noted this spring) and two Black & Yellowthroats (of which I have found but one individual before). Mr. Dyer reports by telephone that two or three Black-jacks and four or five Black-throated Green Warblers were singing in the village elms on Concord in the early morning. During his morning walk he found a Heucteria and a Savannah Sparrow singing in the fields near the Post Farm where I found both species breeding in 1886 or 1887 (I have not looked for them there since).

A light  
bird wave  
arrives.

Heucteria &  
Savannah  
Sparrows.



Concord, Mass.

1910.

May 25

Cloudy with strong, warm, humid S.W. wind which brought light rain in late afternoon.

A Black-face Woodpecker singing in the oaks & elms near the house was the only north-bound migrant noted here to-day.

Only one north-bound migrant.

As I was strolling through the garden about 8 o'clock this morning I heard the shrill squeak of a Hummingbird coming from one Syringa hedge. Approaching this I was not a little surprised to see a ♂ Hummer in hot pursuit of a ♀ who was dodging about through the densest possible tangle of twigs in the very heart of a large Syringa bush. For nearly a minute

Love flight of Ruby-crowned Hummingbird. He chases female about in dense bushes.

The two birds kept up their game of hide and seek with one over the other very short flights—often not more than two feet—from twig to twig showing themselves feebly. Then the ♀ engaged with the ♂ in

He makes three different sounds at once.

close chase. She must have returned to the Syringa bush after

doubting back (although I did not see her again) for the

next quickly came back and began the pendulum low flight directly over it swinging down and up in a deep curve a

1960

May 25<sup>th</sup>  
(No 2)

down twice or more his gape expanded and glowing like  
a burning coal or a big ruby. Standing within two yards of  
the bush (which he just brooded at each downwood swing) I  
distinctly heard him make three different sounds at once.  
One was the shrill squeaking note at all seasons, by  
both sexes, when disturbed or excited, another the loud  
bee-like droning sound of wings (sometimes varied to  
a sharp buzzing rather than a droning sound), the third  
a humming-like sound very like that made by Sceloporus  
gracilis as I heard it in Colorado years ago. The  
squeaking & droning were associated or mixed; the  
humming like sound was emitted most of the time when  
the bird was rising & falling but it ceased for an  
instant when he was perching. I have never heard

T. colubris make it before perhaps because I have never seen  
near enough to a flying ♂. The mystery is how could the  
bird make this sound & the humming or droning one at the same  
time. That he does it is beyond all question.

Lowell, Mass.

1910.

May 26

Partly cloudy. Warm with fresh S. W. wind changing to N. W. at evening.

Arrived. Night-hawk 1 perching in our big elm at 8 a.m.  
A Black-poll 8 & a Black & Yellow Warbler 8 of the only northern migrants noted.

Migration

Since our apple trees were sprayed (on May 19) I have not noticed any falling off in the numbers of our local birds.

Barnet Farm  
sprayed a  
second time  
(Coles, elsewhere)

Indeed I feel reasonably sure that there for any home nest.

been affected by the poison to any extent. To-day I had the large elms about the house, the oak grove behind the barn, the willows between the barn & the Brigadier, the line of tall oaks, elms etc. leading from the back yard down towards the woods, and the borders of the wood roads leading to the Ricketts place and to Bush Field, very thoroughly sprayed with a strong solution of arsenate of lead. This, I fear, may lead to a good deal of damage to the birds. Gilbert picked up a dead 8 Oriole this morning in the road in Colville where spraying by the town has just been done.

Dead Oriole  
found in  
road

Concord, Mass.

1910.

May 26  
(no 21)

When the men were spraying the large elm in front of the barn this morning the pair of Nuthatches were greatly disturbed flying close about them & calling loudly. Harry Adams examined the nest and reported that he could see several young birds in it. The hole enters directly in from the upper side of a horizontal branch as thick as a man's thigh & then runs back nearly level for a distance of about 12 inches. Both old birds carried food into it after the men were long gone.

Visited a Field Sparrow's nest with 5 eggs found yesterday by Giddist. It is in a little nest case on the knoll at the Robin's place about 12 inches above the ground. I do not remember ever finding one in a cedar before.

The young in one of the Robin's nests on the front of our house were out of the nest in the breast this to-day. The other Robin has hatched her young. It was pretty to see her fondling them this morning as she sat on the nest. Rising slightly she would peep beneath & thrust her bill in under her breast at the same time calling cac-cac-cac very like a Blackbird (in Agassiz). I do not recall ever hearing a Robin make this sound before.

Robins  
with young

Coxsack, Mass.

1910.

May 26

11631

Although during the past week I have never seen more than two male Orisks about the Town or any one time I found, in the chow near the house, two nests well begun on May 20 and a third which the ♀ was liberally beginning with the very first string, on the 21<sup>st</sup>. All three birds have been at work more or less constantly ever since up to to-day when they seemed to have all finished their labors. Later day they were leaving the nests with dry grass. I think the two found on the 20<sup>th</sup> must have been begun the day before that. There it would seem that the time required for completing the nest varies somewhat with different birds, ranging at least from four to six days.

Three nests  
of Belted  
Oriskany  
in form  
4 to 6 days

Concord, Mass.

1910.

May 27

Early morning clear with cool N. wind. Afternoon cloudy & warm. Light thunder shower about noon & heavy one at 5 P.M.

Arrived. Wood Thrush 1 singing at morning & evening in Barrett Run.

Arrived

Wood Pewee 1 " near stem boat house opp. Ball's Hill, same.

1 " at Farm behind barn at 7 P.M.

North-bound migrants, previously noted, were Black-bell Woodpecker 1/2,

North-bound

Usnea Warbler 1/2, Wilson's Black-cop 1/2, Horn Thrush 1/2.

migrants

A Very loud Gallows-throat at Ball's Hill especially began his song (otherwise normal) by a peet-weet as long as that of the Spotted Sandpiper that I thought for some time that there was a Sandpiper calling otherwise the Gallows-throat sang.

Marginal

Gallows-throat

was odd

song.

None of the Orioles settled at the Farm seem to have suffered any injury as yet from the spraying. I think saw a pair at the nest one one damaged this forenoon. As sunset I saw all their nests within a foot or two of one another in the top of a large white oak that has been half-stripped of its foliage by brown birds. They were feeding on large hairy caterpillars which looked like brown birds. I saw them pick them off the leaves and then shake & batter them against the twigs just before eating them. One bird descended from one of these caterpillars which I was watching him. The oak stands near the road just behind our house. I saw the house lower spruce along it with frozen water yesterday but some of this frost reached the twigs when the Orioles were at work this evening.

Orioles

eating caterpillars

of brown birds

settled in

spruce oak

Concord, Mass.

1910.

May 28

Partly sunny, pretty cloudy; cool with high north wind.

Arrived. Tennessee Warbler, a ♂ in full song 7.30-9 a.m. in the oaks behind our house and in the line of winged oaks, elsewhere on north side of orchard. In these same trees or trees some hours I heard singing 2 Black-polls, a Wilson's Black-cap, an House Wren and a Black & Yellow Warbler. Another Black & Yellow was singing near Ball's Hill in the woods behind Rogers' Knoll. Thus there has evidently been another light flight of north bound migrants.

At Ball's Hill, where I spent most of the day, there were only a few birds although more than I have found there before this month. A pair of Grackles, a ♂ Starling, a Red-eyed Vireo, two Maryland Yellow-Anthro (♂♂), a Black-throated Green Warbler, an Oven-bird, the pair of Phoebe's, two or three Robins, three Blue Jays & two Yellow-billed Cuckoos make up the full list of those noted actually on the hill or at its base.

Concord, Mass.

1910  
May 30

Cloudy & cool with fresh E. wind

At Balls Hill a Water Thrush was singing near the cabin at 9 a. m. and a night-hawk jumping somewhere in the distance about 3 P. M. These were the only north-bound migrants noted to-day.

On May 8 I recorded in this journal the finding of a Partridge's nest within a few yards of a large woodpile on the edge of the opening behind Balls Hill. A few days later Harry O. Adams, our intelligent farm hand, reported finding what we both supposed was the same nest since he said it was very near the woodpile. His count of the eggs, however, was 11 whereas I had made the number 12. Since then I have visited the nest a number of times always finding the bird sitting until to-day. He has not been there again until to-day. At 4.30 this afternoon I stumbled on a hen Partridge with a brood of young on the crest of the hill behind the cabin & was over 80 yards from the woodpile. Meeting Harry a few minutes later I said "I think our Partridge has hatched her eggs", telling him what I had just seen. He suggested a visit to the nest to make sure. As we approached the woodpile he turned in to the right of it, I to the left. Instantly a dispute arose as to just where the nest was each of us maintaining he was headed straight for it: I knew its exact position to a foot & Harry thought he did. I had difficulty to get him to back in any place & when he saw the eggs (there were 11, not 12, & very yellow very dense as if about to hatch) his face expressed utter astonishment & mine, no doubt, triumph. After looking keenly about him for a moment he said with great assurance "Mr. Brewster that is not my nest, let me now show you mine." He then led me straight past my nest to a distance of not over 30 or 35 yards where by the side of a disused fence path on the edge of the woods,

A colony  
of breeding  
Partridges



Covered, Mass.

1910

May 30  
(No 2)

among thick bushes, under a clump of ferns ~~was another nest~~,  
also with 11 eggs. These looked brighter and fresher but it is now  
over two weeks since he found them. The bird was not seen at this  
time (ie when he showed them to me) nor was my bird seen.  
But a hour or more later I found my bird on the nest as she  
was yesterday afternoon. I did not go to Harry's nest a second  
time to-day as the light was poor. Then I found I could  
not see her without disturbing her as the spot is very densely  
shaded.\*

In all my life I have never before found nor heard of,  
two nests of the Partridge any thing like so near together. There,  
too, there was the hen with the brood of young. Although  
apparently several days old they must have been hatched in  
the immediate neighborhood of Balls Hill (Harry saw a brood on  
the 26<sup>th</sup> May in Pine Park about 100 yards from where I met  
with them to-day). To add to the mystery it is several  
years since I have heard a cock Partridge drum anywhere  
in the Balls Hill region (on April 2, 1910 Gilbert heard one  
on the South side of the hill not far from the Coburns but  
he heard it only a few times, all the same morning). I  
have reportedly seen an old cock drum, however. He  
must be an odd bird if he can manage to attend to  
himself & to keep their voices without ever giving them  
a tremor. And if there be more than one cock it is  
hardly strong that I have heard us drumming especially as  
I have been living at the hill a long part of the past  
Spring. Taking it all together I am sorely puzzled to  
understand the matter at all. It certainly looks as if  
the two hens which still have eggs must belong to a single  
cock however the cock may be with the hen which has  
young.

Colony of  
Breeding  
Partridge

\* Harry visited  
The nest again after I started for the  
farm. As the bird was not there he  
examined the egg case & found that  
my own hen's eggs were almost done & that  
the other was fresh. He found the  
nest empty.

Concord, Mass.

1910.

May 31

Forenoon rainy; afternoon fair with occasional gleams of sunlight.  
Cool with wind at first easterly, afterwards W. to N.W.

The only north-bound migrant noted was a Black-bellied Warbler singing in the oak grove at the farm.

I spent most of the day rearranging things in one barn cellar with the help of two men. The Phoebe has a nest there in the usual place on a shingle nailed to a beam over an open window, at a height of about seven feet. At first they were greatly disturbed by our presence but they became reconciled to it as the day wore on. They were feeding five young almost fully grown & fledged but still in the nest. Both birds came with food in their bills every two or three minutes & sometimes very minute. Sometimes they came together, sometimes singly. Nearly half the time they brought Dragon-flies some of the largest size. These were given to the young just as they were caught with the long gauzy wings, the long body etc. intact. They were swallowed almost at a gulp by the ravenous young which kept up a hissing

Phoebe  
feeding young  
in nest on  
Dragon-flies

Lowell, Mass.

1910.

May 31  
(No. 2.)

Chirping sound suggestion of unappetized hunger. The old birds usually alighted first on a box and then flew up to the nest joining in front of it on rapidly beating wings for two or three seconds. Once I saw one of them fly off with a white element back. At one time when two of my men were working almost directly under the nest an old bird went to it & fed the young. The old ♂ (I assume it is the ♂) roasts regularly in the wood shed attached to our house, flying into it as twilight is falling.

The Nuthatches are still feeding their young in the nest in the elm in front of the barn. I watched them for nearly half an hour this morning. They usually came to the nest once every two or three minutes. When one came just after the other had fed the young & was apparently about to leave the branch it often transferred its morsel of food to the bill of its mate who at once turned about & entered the hole with it for the young. Moreover I noticed this closely it was the ♀ who brought & the ♂ who received & took in, the food. This was always a small rounded object like a beetle or a larva.

Nuthatches  
feeding young  
in nest.

Concord, Mass.

1910

June 7

On June 4 I saw three Cow-birds, 2 males & 1 female, Cow-birds  
flitting through our orchard apparently looking for birds' nests.  
These were then together there again this morning but with  
the proportion of sexes reversed as there were 2 females and  
only 1 male. The lot perched close together on a dead branch  
for several minutes. Shortly after this I saw a ♀, presumably  
one of this trio, fly straight to a last year's nest of birds  
floriflora in one of our large elms. Alighting on its rim  
she looked down into it intently and then flew away in  
apparent disgust closely pursued by a female Redstart and  
one or two other small birds that I could not identify.  
They made a rather loud outcry such as would have been  
the case had they been disturbed by the presence of a Jay or  
Hawk. This seemed to me to indicate plainly that they  
were quite aware of the indirect danger due to the presence  
of the Cow-bird. I had not known before that her real character  
is thus known to any of the birds she visits on.

Dorchester, Mass.

1910.

June 9

Clear & warm. Cloudy in later P. M. with distant thunder.

Helminthophila  
leucobronchialis  
♂ & ♀ nest  
5 egg-young.

I went to Dorchester this morning to see a nest of Helminthophila leucobronchialis. Walter Foxon & his friend Dr. Tyler found it on June 5 when the ♀ was sitting on 5 eggs and when they saw, fleeing about in the trees nearby, singing and chasing one another, a ♂ H. leucobronchialis and a ♂ H. chrysoptera, both typical birds. The nest was not visited on the 6<sup>th</sup> but on the 7<sup>th</sup> Mr. Foxon went to it & found the ♀ sitting. He did not disturb her. The next day (8<sup>th</sup>) he went again & found her flushing for young apparently only just hatched. On this last occasion he saw the ♂ leuc. near the nest but the ♂ chrysoptera was not there.

Then he, Percival & I went to the place about 10.30 this morning we found the nest undisturbed & new birds were in evidence.

It was built well up above the ground on the side of a dry ditch between a clump of meadow reed and one of Golden rod (S. rugosa).

Leopington, Mass.

1910  
June 9  
(No. 2)

The spot was rather densely shaded by a big *Ulmus* tree but just beyond the watercourse which formed one side of the ditch lay a comparatively open, sun-bathed space growing up to bushes Black-berry, Boston etc. On the other side was an extensive tract of lowly woodland with large trees, chiefly Maples, Cornus which forms of various kinds grow in great luxuriance and profusion. From this latter side we made our first approach to the nest. I saw it almost at a glance from a distance of fifty or ten yards for it was a bulky affair (square base on an average with of *Ulmus* branch) and only imperfectly concealed by the foliage of the tree & golden rod that was above it while the bottom of the latter was thick in front of it was covered only with a patch of short, firm grass. The young raised their heads & opened wide their mouths when I looked down at them. They were about double the size of the eggs of a *Helminthophila* & although chiefly washed

*Helminthophila*  
*leucostriata*

Lexington, Mass.

1410  
Jan 9  
(No 3/)

showed a few patches or tufts of light yellowish down which *Holmiv.*  
Faxon tells me he saw in town of yesterday. *leucostriata*

Within two or three minutes after I had looked at the young  
the ♀ parent came with food in her bill. We were then standing  
by the trunk of the pine about 15 feet from the nest. The bird  
saw us and began chirping very like a Maryland Yellow-throat.  
A few moments later she began making a wholly different  
noise, very harsh and abrupt sounding, like the harsh grating  
chatter of a Marsh Wren. Evidently she was now greatly disturbed  
by something, apparently a Chipping Sparrow which appeared on the bank  
just above the nest. He kept steadily on & as soon as he was  
out of sight the bird ceased chattering & began chirping again.  
We saw her now to the best possible advantage as she hopped &  
flitted about among some low shrubs close to the nest, especially  
alighting on the top strand of a willow fence in full sunlight  
& showing her upper & under parts & her sides, by turns.

Dorchester, Mass.

1910.

June 9

(No 4)

She was unmistakably a Leucobronchialis having no trace of Helmin  
Leucobronchialis  
ashy on the throat or cheeks. Her entire under parts looked uniform  
dull white save on the breast which was lightly suffused with  
pale yellowish. There was a narrow well defined line of blackish  
through the lores but it did not seem to reach back of the eye.  
The crown was dull yellow, the back greenish olive. There  
was a double wing band of yellow rather bright and fine  
for a female bird - the line of separation between the two  
yellows bars being distinctly marked. The bird was very  
restless and active keeping constantly on the move, ~~and~~  
flashing her tail (which she carried rather high) and wings.  
She did not go to the nest at this time & after carrying the  
food for several minutes it disappeared. At length she was joined  
by a ♂ H. chrysophanes who had food in his bill. This he gave  
her almost at once, both birds standing on a low branch & flashing  
their bills as the morsel was passed from one to the other. The



Lexington, Mass.

1910.

June 9  
(1904)

failed to see where one of said birds is. The male was a perfectly Helmin.  
leucostriata.  
typical Chrysopygia in high plumage with jet black throat & cheeks.

Soon after this we heard the song of what I should  
have unhesitatingly called a Golden-crowned Kinglet coming  
from a solitary oak tree stood in the open being there  
about 30 yards from the water. After seeking about this tree  
for several minutes we finally saw the bird and he proved to  
be the leucostriata an exceedingly beautiful and  
extra typical one. There was not the slightest trace of yellow on  
his under parts which seemed to be everywhere clean, shining  
white from the chin to the crotch including the sides. The black  
line through the eye was very strongly marked, the yellow of the  
crown deep & rich, the ~~upper~~ back clean ash. The yellow bars  
on the wings were broad & well-defined. All this  
we saw distinctly for the bird was in full daylight much of the  
time. He sat for minutes on a dead twig singing many times without

Dorington, Mass

1910.

June 9  
(no 6)

morning anything but his kind. At first he sang the  
ti-ti-ti-ti, Zeeee song (which The Golden-wing also was).  
repeating it a score or more times without variation. It  
reminded me very strongly of the song of the Yellow-hammer  
of Europe. At length he changed to the Zee, dee-dee-dee-dee  
song which as far as I could make out was exactly  
like that of Chrysospiza. Altogether he spent at least  
ten minutes singing in this oak and then flew away  
over an open meadow to distant woods. After he began  
singing he neither sang nor heard anything of the other two  
birds, at least until sometime later. When on returning to  
the place from visiting the opposite side of the swamp, we  
found the ♀ sitting quietly in the nest. She came so close down  
in it that one had to stand directly over it to see her. She  
frequently had bill well upraised & her long dark eyes looked  
straight into mine as I bent low over her. We did not speak

Holmes  
Leucosticte

Lexington, Mass.

1910  
June 9  
(No 7)

One sitting down on the base of the pine covered ground  
in hopes one of the birds would come. At the end of a  
very few minutes the Chrysomitris appeared with food  
in his bill. For at least ten minutes he flitted close about  
the nest sometimes approaching it within a couple of yards  
and evidently wishing to visit it and feed the ♀. But  
he could do us and he was suspicious. At length  
he settled on a low twig & sat there almost motionless  
for a long time. Still holding the food in the tip of his  
bill. Finally he flitted off through the shrubbery & the  
same bird we know. He all agreed that he must be  
the mate of the ♀ "Leuco." Although up to this morning  
the evidence had all seemed to indicate that the ♀ Leuco  
was her mate. The latter looks exactly like the bird Foxson  
found three years ago on the other side of the branch  
about 150 yards from where the nest is this year (see also  
recs.)

Helmin.  
Leucobronchialis

Buxington, Mass

1910  
June 4  
(No 8)

In the afternoon Foxon took us to the Golf Links on the north side of Davis Hill where he & Dr. Zylor have seen two pairs of Prairie Horned Larks of color and heard them sing. They were first noticed there by Dr. Zylor two years ago. He saw only one to-day a typical ♂ without trace of yellow on throat or legs. He was feeding on a broad sward of clover and turf & allowed us to approach within about thirty yards.

We had him under observation for ten or fifteen minutes. During this time he made no sound nor did he call when he finally took wing and flew to a distant part of the grounds. A number of hawks were flying high in the air & several parties of them passed near the spot where he was feeding without disturbing him. "There can be no question of course

that these larks are breeding here, probably in one or another of the patches of wood that are heavily grass scattered over the open hills."

Prairie  
Horned Lark  
Breeding in  
Buxington

Concord, Mass.

1910

June 11

For nearly if not quite a week the Downy Woodpecker  
 nesting in the den over our shed have been feeding their young  
 at the mouth of the hole. Yet I have failed thus far to see  
 anything of the young even when the act of feeding took place. I  
 do not think it is now done by regurgitation, after the manner  
 of the Flicker, for whenever one of the parent birds comes  
 to the nest the food held in the tip of its bill is very  
 obvious and usually of the size of a red beetle or Cyn. Moreover  
 the bird disposes of it very quickly & without any peculiar motions  
 of the head merely thrusting its bill into the hole and a few  
 seconds later withdrawing it & flying off.\* From morning to night  
 the young keep up a ceaseless clatter doubled in volume when  
 the parents appear. It is unlike the sound made by young  
 Hairy Woodpecker or Flicker and very similar in a general way  
 to the chirping of black field crickets only louder & more  
 insistent. It is exceedingly tiresome & is getting on my nerves.

Nest of  
Downy  
Woodpecker

\* On June 12 I saw the parent feed the young under conditions  
 so favorable for observation that I can very truly say that  
 probably that regurgitation was not used. The bird simply inserted  
 the food as a Flicker in a chatty manner. I saw it enter the hole  
 all five short seconds in the entire process. I saw it enter the hole  
 the whole time. I saw it enter the hole. I saw it enter the hole.

Concord, Mass.

1910

Jan 11  
(No 2)

This is the sixth consecutive year that the Downy Woodpecker <sup>nest of</sup>  
Downy  
(presumably the same pair) have bred in the same long, much horizontal  
decayed branch of the elm by our shed. A fresh hole has  
been made every year so that there are now six of them  
in a long straight line on the under side of the branch  
which is nearly horizontal. During the time when the birds  
have eggs and young the entrance hole is invariably so when  
it was first made and so very small that the Woodpecker  
can only just manage to squeeze in & out by wiggling head  
for a second or two. About sometime the following autumn  
(I do not know just when)  
or winter, the hole is nearly doubled in size so that one  
might mistake it for that of a Hairy. This at least has  
been the case with all the nest but one which is, I think,  
the last but opening of which still remains as it was at  
first. I have little doubt that all Downies regularly enlarge

their nesting holes in autumn to provide sleeping quarters during  
the winter <sup>where it does not matter if the entrance is commonly large</sup>  
or <sup>an adult bird can in little or no degree of activity or</sup> <sup>and</sup> <sup>and</sup>

Concord, Mass.

1910.

June 12

The young left one of the Robins' nests under the eaves on the front of our house on May 26. Since then I have seen them with their parents about the place almost daily but not until this morning have I seen either of the parent birds at the nest. The female came to it with a bill-full of dry grass which I was observing this morning, however, and after that I saw her make repeated trips of the same kind. Ever shortly she is relining the nest preparing to lay a second clutch of eggs in it.

Robin  
relining nest  
for second  
clutch

Blackburnian Woodpecker are breeding as numerous on our place here this season as they do in the main woods. There are two males singing in Peppin Rock woods, one in Prescott's pines, one on Davis Hill, one on Pine Ridge and one at North Hill. - None before have I known so many here in summer. I attribute this increase to the crowding in of birds driven from nearby localities by the cutting or thinning of the pine woods which has been so general in Concord of late.

Unusual  
abundance  
of breeding  
Blackburnian  
Woodpecker

Concord, Mass.

1916

June 16

Within the past three or four weeks we have sprayed practically every tree and shrub within 150 yards of the farm house besides some thirty acres of woodland at Birch Field, Purple Rock, Bow's Hill & Davis Hill. As far as I have been able to determine no harm has resulted to the birds. They continue as numerous as usual in the sprayed woodlands and they are much more numerous than I have ever before known them to be at this season in the orchards, shade trees and woods on the farm. Although I have kept the closest possible watch on them in the immediate neighborhood of the house when almost every leaf is blue with alarvins of ash (& has been so for weeks) I have found no dead birds nor missed any living ones. Here they are having exceptionally good success thus far with hatching & rearing their young for the Jays, Crows & Red Seminals have neglected them but little if at all. I see them getting food (consists of acorn's kernels) among the pinecones & feeding it to the young



Lonsand, Mass.

1910.

June 16  
(no 2)

in the nests apparently contains its effects. The only evidence to the contrary thus far secured is that furnished by a ♂ Oriole which Gilbert found dead in the road in Carlisle under down trees which had just been sprayed.

Over three pairs of Orioles on the farm are all busy now with the care of their young in the nests. I see the ♂♂ as well as the ♀♀ bringing food to the young, chiefly small, smooth, green caterpillars which look like garden worms. The ♂♂ bring food when their bills are filled with them.

The Redstarts have young in the nest in the Hawthorn opposite tree in the garden. I saw the ♂ (a fine adult bird) feed them this afternoon. (Afternoon (June 17, 18) saw this many times.)

The brood of young Downy Woodpeckers apparently left the nest in the elm over the shed yesterday or the day before. Gilbert found the remains of one of the young (fully fledged) under the tree yesterday morning. One (or both) of the old birds descended persistently to day in the nesting tree & behind the barn. I saw it only once & then it was the female. I could not find the young -

Concord, Mass.

1910.

June 18

A hot, sultry day, calm for the most part, clear but with clouds gathering in late afternoon and thunder thunders booming about, some coming near us.

Most of the numerous birds which are nesting close about our house are having exceptionally good success in hatching and rearing their young. The Crows, Jays and Red Squirrels are not molesting them at all this season perhaps because the presence of the brown tailed & gophery moths supply them with abundant food in the woods. I have both Crows & Jays daily in the distance but I have seen them only occasionally along the wood edges of the farm and not once near any of the bird-nests. A Red Squirrel appeared in the elms in the clove yard yesterday & spent an hour there. I thought at first he was out hunting for he searched every branch from base to tip with the closest attention. But he caused no alarm among the Orioles, Robins, bees etc. and after getting out the gun I fired at him again when I saw him reportedly take from the under side of a leaf & eat what I am nearly sure was a bee caterpillar.

Concord, Mass.

1910.

June 18  
(No 2)

Whenever I pass very near the apple tree in which the  
Crested Flycatcher are nesting one of the birds is sure to  
fly out of the hollow branch which I first saw two years  
ago & in which I found a nest at the close of last  
summer after the Flycatcher had gone. To day I approached  
the tree very carefully making our nearly ploughed road  
where my footsteps made no sound. Yet the Flycatcher  
must have heard me coming for before I got under the  
branch (which hangs about 15 feet above the ground) she  
appeared at the mouth of the hole. For a few seconds  
she remained there motionless and then flew to another  
tree in perfect silence. This behavior is quite characteristic  
of her and her mate. They flit about unseen when very  
near our walking under a mass of trees which shelter the  
nest but I never hear them utter any sound there although

Behavior  
of  
nesting  
Crested  
Flycatcher

they can still sing enough at times (last often than a week or  
two ago, however) in other parts of the orchard or in neighboring woods.

1910.

June 18  
(No 4)

over. The ground is so covered with lopped off branches  
as to be impossible except by means of the cart paths  
and ancient wood roads along which one may walk with  
perfect ease. I traversed several of them this afternoon.

Over a tract at least 1000 acres in extent there are five  
trees standing which rise to a greater height than can be  
fifteen feet but spruce growth over to their tops of age has  
sprung up comparatively, though the wreckage left by the  
wood choppers. As I had anticipated would be the case  
the entire region literally swarmed with Foxgloves & Chelidonium - Foxgloves  
abundant.

Indeed Foxgloves, and I heard one or two Maryland Yellow throats

although the land is cleared & exceedingly dry. I had not  
thought of Hermit Thrushes but they were there in numbers equal to  
anything one might expect to find in the most favored parts of western  
Maine & New Hampshire. At one time I heard three notes in full song  
and in walking half a mile I must have heard as many as four or five  
all told. One bird was a superb singer. Without doubt  
the bird (or birds) I have noted occasionally on the shores of  
Lake Umbagog from this colony lying less than a mile to the westward.

Brushwood  
Country

Foxgloves  
abundant.

Colony of  
Hermit  
Thrushes

Concord, Mass.

1910.

June 18  
(No 3)

Late this afternoon I walked up the road as far  
as Everett Messer's and then turned in on the left crossing  
his farm and the back pasture where his fine old  
chestnuts formerly stood. Only two or three of them remain  
standing and the lumberman who cut them have utterly devastated  
the beautiful fine woods left them on Abbott Lawrence's farm.  
In cutting the branches and other waste they have seriously  
injured if not quite ruined the great black oak which  
a Black Bear was once shot and which Lawrence would not  
permit them to cut. Its lower branches are scorched &  
burned and it stands alone in a grass & blackened waste.  
The big chestnut and a fine white oak are the only  
other trees of any size that were spared in this once  
secluded and most attractive piece of woodland.  
Most of the country beyond was cut over about the  
same time or shortly before that but it was not burned

Devastated  
woodland

The big  
Bear oak  
burned

Rosecord, Mass.

1910.

June 19

Clear & warm with light westerly wind.

A nest of the Red-eyed Vireo containing three eggs of the rightful owner and one of the Cross-bird was found (by Gilbert) in an apple tree in one orchard on June 8. When I next looked into it on June 17<sup>th</sup> it held a young Cross-bird, newly hatched, and the three Vireo eggs. To day (at 2 P.M.) there were two young Vireos, an unhatched Vireo's egg, and the young Cross-bird. A few years ago a Red-eyed Vireo not only hatched but reared two or three of her own young birds a young Cross-bird, in a nest in this same orchard. I wonder if this will be repeated. The nest now just referred to is the only one that has ever come under my notice when any young of the rightful parent were mixed with a young Cross-bird.

Red-eyed  
Vireo  
hatched 2  
of her young  
besides a  
Cross-bird.

Concord, Mass.

1910.

June 19  
(No 2.)

White-bellied Swallows are now feeding young almost wholly fledged in two boxes at the Farm and two on the Ritchie place. Both sexes share this labor equally and keep at it steadily from morning to night one or the other coming to the box every two or three minutes. As a rule they go no further from it than fifty to one hundred yards, hovering for insects just above the tops of the trees in & about the garden and orchard. The grace and precision with which the becoming bird alights just below the hole with its wide spread tail pressed against the front of the box & its feet clinging to the lower rim of the hole are admirable to watch. The young now show their heads and twitter when they hear the old one approaching. She does not enter the hole except every now and then to remove a small white excrement sac which she carries fifty or sixty yards before dropping it. Altogether I know no more attractive birds than nesting the Swallows with young.

White-bellied  
Swallows  
feeding  
young.

Concord, Mass.

1910

June 19  
(No 3)

One of the Wood Pewees (the male I suppose) of the pair which always nest in the big trees about our farm ~~has~~ appeared at sunset this evening ~~at~~ a height of about fifty feet above the open space formed by the flower garden flying in small, irregular circles on a perfectly level plane calling fee-ee-e, wut'l & wut-l; fee-ee-e, wut'l-wut'l a dozen times or more. I have no doubt this was a true flight song which I cannot remember ever seeing the Wood Pewee perform before although I may have done so & forgotten it. While circling and calling thus the bird beats his wings rather slowly & steadily and kept his tail wide-spread. I hear his sweet, plaintive fee-ee-e (and sometimes the impatient wut-l also), or the "dying fall" form of it, in our tall elms at all hours of the day from dawn to late

into the evening twilight. Perhaps there is no sound more pleasing & restful to the senses in all nature.

Flight song  
of  
Wood Pewee



Concord, Mass.

1910.

June 19  
(No 4)

While Gilbert and I were at Ball's Mill this morning he called my attention to a nest which he had just seen a ♂ Red-winged Blackbird enter and then fly from, a female being within a yard or two of it at the same time. The ♂ was singing near it when I saw it. It looked like a Red-wing's nest but was built on the horizontal branch of a white maple over our boat pit and at least 15 feet above the water. The branch was leafy at the end but not where the nest rested on it. The nest was, indeed, as conspicuous as that of a Robin. Recent heavy rains have flooded most of the river meadows to the depth of a foot or more. This fact may account for the peculiar situation of the nest just described if, indeed, it is, as Gilbert & I think, a Red-wing's. We could not examine it closely to-day.

Nest of a  
Red-wing  
Blackbird  
in a  
peculiar  
situation

Concord, Mass.

1910.

June 20

Clear & very warm with light W. wind.

As I was strolling through dense woods (in the Run) Coe  
this afternoon I heard the shrill clamor that Tree Swallows  
make when in pursuit of a Hawk and perhaps on no  
other time. The next instant a large female Cooper's Hawk  
came over me from the direction of our home, flying  
just above the tops of the trees at amazing speed with  
five or six Swallows trailing along behind but keeping up  
fairly well.

Cooper's  
Hawk

For the first time this year I heard a Dove coming  
not far from the house in a large oak by the cow pasture.

Carolina  
Dove.

I cannot quite understand why these chasing birds  
have so persistently avoided our woods for the past few  
years unless the Hawks & Jays have driven them  
off. But the Cooper's Hawks have been in our woods  
this year & I have seen them there only a few times.

Coward, Mass.

1910

June 20

(No 2)

On June 16 I found the nest of a Brewer Flycatcher Nest of  
Brewer  
Flycatcher.  
in our orchard built in the normal way in the fork of  
a rather stout twig (as thick as my finger) and not  
closely surrounded by leaves. The bird was sitting & I  
did not disturb her. Three days later I found another  
nest in a very unusual situation - about 25 ft. above  
(not thicker than a grass stem!)  
the ground at the extremity of a long slender branch of  
an apple tree in a cluster of leaves so dense that  
I could scarce see the nest from anywhere on the ground.  
My attention was called to it by seeing the bird enter  
it. She did not come out again while I was there.  
On going to the first nest (the trees were only about  
30 yards apart) I found it lying on the ground under  
the tree. As I was looking at it a Flycatcher came  
and looked at the fork where it had been very closely.  
I think we have only one pair of Chicks on the tree.

Barnesville, Mass.

1910.

June 20  
(No 3)

A "creaky" Robin has been at work recently in the open shed at Tom Ritchie's place where, on a long, low beam that supports the roof, I found to-day no less than eight nests, each occupying the space between two rafters that rest on the beam. The central nest of this interesting collection was completely finished & neatly lined but empty. In both directions from it the other nests became less and less complete the outermost ones being merely loose piles of dry grass & wood shavings. Just evidently this was still another case of a straggled bird (Faxon calls such "creaky") who could not remember from trip to trip where she had left her last load of building material since the spaces between the rafters were all exactly alike or, at least, essentially so. A similar instance came under my observation years ago at Haverhill, N. H., & others have been reported elsewhere.

A  
"creaky"  
Robin.

Concord, Mass.

1910

June 28

For the past three or four weeks I have  
been living at the Farm and have visited Balls  
Hill only during the brighter hours of the day.

"The Kicker"  
reappears  
in Great  
Meadow.

Happening to linger there this evening beyond my usual  
time of departure I was not less pleased than  
surprised, on stepping out of the cabin, to hear  
the familiar, if half-forgotten, notes of a "Kicker"  
coming distinctly from the marsh on the opposite  
side of the river. This was about six o'clock. I  
stood listening to <sup>the</sup> call or song for some twenty  
minutes. It <sup>was</sup> ~~rather~~ <sup>rather</sup> at short, regular intervals during  
the whole of this period, and I left the bird still  
singing when I started for the farm. Twice or thrice  
I heard a second bird not far from the first.  
Both gave the normal ki-ki-ki, ki-guee notes.

The evening was calm & warm. Mr. Dexter went down  
to the cabin & out on the river at 9 P.M. but failed to hear the Kicker.

Concord, Mass.

1910

June 24

Clear with cool north wind.

Written  
quest for  
"Killers"

Mr. Dexter and his brother came from Concord in a canoe this evening hoping to hear the "Killers". I stayed with them at Ball's Hill up to 9 o'clock. We ranged up and down the river bank, from Ten Cabins to Holden's Hill, without hearing anything of interest. The reactions were unusually quiet, probably because the air was rather chilly. Only one Bull Frog trumped & no Raids of any kind called. The Dexters heard them or four Short-billed Noddy Terns in Great Meadows opposite the head of Ten Hill on the way down & Mrs. Smith O. Dexter (the one who lives in Concord) heard seven (he thinks as many as ten) from the river opposite Ten Cabins on the night of the 22<sup>nd</sup>

Concord, Mass.

1910.

June 25

Clear and rather cool with light easterly winds changing to south-west at sunset.

Evening on  
the river

Walter Taxon and Dr. Tyler came up this afternoon in the hope of hearing Tom Killee. After a walk in the woods and supper in the old log cabin we went out on the river in the flat boat at 7.30. The evening seemed favorable for our purpose, although a trifle too cool, but for more than an hour we rowed up and down, going as far as the head of Brown's Dam Boggs, without hearing anything more interesting than some or five Blue Ticks, a number of Green Ticks, a few Fowler's Toads, a Marsh Wren (at the rapids) and a Chipping Sparrow. The last named bird was, no doubt, Tom our that has sung opposite the cabin for the past four or five years. He has three in May but not since then. He heard him to-night on the south side of Great Meadows near Three Mile Pond.

Concord, Mass.

1910.

June 25  
(No. 2)

About 9 o'clock, as we were drifting before the light more  
"Killer"  
winds down the middle of the broad reach opposite  
the cabin, a Killer began calling on the Halfpint  
there were the entrance to our boat canal. We  
peered over them at once and got very near him,  
within twenty yards, I thought. For a time he  
called only at long and irregular intervals and  
gave only the queer note sometimes doubling it  
the second syllable having a falling inflection  
queer-queer. His voice sounded very loud  
and squeaking as <sup>the</sup> close range. After awhile he  
was answered by one after another bird further  
off towards the middle of Great Meadow until  
at least four and in thought five different  
Killers were singing at once, more or less conspicuously.  
Soon gave only the squeaking cry which was frequently



Concord, Mass.

1910.

June 25  
(No 3)

doubled, sometimes tripled and twice repeated as <sup>Notes of</sup> the "Kicker"  
but then five times without pause thus: quee-quee  
or quee-quee-quee or quee-quee-quee-quee-quee.  
One or two birds uttered what was very nearly  
the normal song as I remember it in former  
years but with less than the usual number of  
kic-kics. Thus it was either kic-kic-quee  
or kic-kic-kic-quee. The bird nearest us  
used the kic-kic notes only a very few times and  
never uttered more than two of them at a time.  
Evidently he was not in full song and we  
thought that he was calling rather than  
singing as, indeed, was apparently the case with  
one or two of the others. Neither T. or I  
can remember ever hearing the quee used so much  
in this way before or that we ever heard it given

Concord, Mass.

1910.

June 25<sup>th</sup>  
(No 4)

more than ten during any one afternoon of the Observations  
day, in the earlier years. Although I have just <sup>on an</sup> "Killer"  
characterized it as a "Squeaking" cry it is  
so cheery and bright in quality as to be almost  
musical especially when heard very near at hand  
as it was reported to be. At a considerable  
distance it was sometimes so faint as to be nearly  
inaudible when the lic-lics came distinctly to  
our ears; whereas the reverse of this occasionally  
happened, in which the lic-lics were very  
imperfectly and the Squeaking much very plainly,  
both notes being evidently given at the same time  
by the same bird. That a bird of some kind  
was the author of these sounds we are fast  
convinced this evening (Dr. Tyler hearing them for the  
first time). The bird near us apparently moved his

Concord, Mass.

1910.

June 25  
(No 5)

position a distance of fifteen or twenty yards  
which we were listening to him. It seemed to be  
at first in a bed of fallen weed at the entrance  
to the canal, after which further back among  
the grass. The water near where these  
kisses were heard is flooded (and has been  
for the past week or more) to a depth of from  
six to ten inches, the grass rising above the  
water (and concealing it perfectly), to a height of  
from one to two or three feet.

Observation  
on the  
kisses

Taxon & Tyler left me at 10 P.M. to return to  
Boston. After sculling back across the river I  
landed at our boat pit and was standing there  
talking with Harry, with a big lantern on the  
ground between us casting a brilliant light around  
when, to my great astonishment, a Kissar began

Concord, Mass.

1910.

June 25

(No 6)

singing (ki-ki-ki-great) apparently within  
fifties or twenty yards of us and unmistakably  
on the Ball's Hill side of the river somewhere in  
the fringe of bushes beneath the big maples that  
grow along the edge of water just to the eastward  
of the entrance to the boat pier. I heard him  
a dozen times or more before I left the place  
and Harry tells me he kept it up for an hour  
or more later into the night, never before here  
I heard one with such disturbance as to  
apparently wear it round. Just outside the  
bushes is a broad belt of pebbled sand growing  
in water now two or three feet deep. I often  
see Quadrax tracks along this shore in early  
autumn, sometimes half a dozen, half a dozen, through  
the pebbled sand.

A Hesperis  
heard in  
front of  
the cabins  
on the  
Ball's Hill  
shore

Concord, Mass.

1910

June 25<sup>th</sup>  
(No 7)

A sound wholly new to all of us was heard many times to night between 9 and 10.0'clock. It seemed to come from an isolated or island bed of pebbled sand on the edge of the river directly across from the Cobble. It bore some resemblance to the single note of the Yellow-billed Cuckoo repeated eight or ten times but was unlike it in quality having a singular whistling or oscillating tone. When we were near the place (20 to 30 yards) it seemed rather loud but on retreating we found it did not carry to a distance greater than 75 to 100 yards. Beyond 50 yards it was so indistinct as to be unrecognizable. It puzzled us

completely at first but we finally noticed that every time it was uttered several Bull Frogs answered it in great discussion and that the tone was essentially the same as that of the Bull Frog's "croak". So we decided that it must be merely the following of a Bull Frog that had something wrong with his voice. (I learned afterwards, however, on June 30 - that Mr. Sweet O. Dexter heard it on subsequent evenings at several places along the river between North Hill & the Big Spring. That can be heard it answered by another similar voice coming from a spot 50 yards or more away. These facts seem to disprove the theory that it is made by a Bull Frog.)

Boncord, Mass.

1910.

June 26

Clear and warm with light westerly winds: - a perfect June day.

Birds of many different kinds continue to be exceptionally numerous at the Farm despite the fact <sup>in the cultivated grounds</sup> that almost every day within an hundred yards or more from the house and throughout a large part of the neighboring woods or well, has been covered with accounts of food for two or three weeks. Indeed as far as I have been able to observe this explanation and very thorough flying, necessary to prevent the myriads of gypsy caterpillars from eating up all the vegetation on the place, has not resulted in the slightest harm to bird life. It may be that a very few birds have perished but if so their places must have been quickly taken by others of the same species for of all these seen here before

1910.

June 26  
(No 2.)

the Springing began and certainly settled for  
the season (There were some water birds migrants  
passing them) I have not missed one although  
I have kept a close watch on all the water  
parts. These numbers have exceeded anything I  
have ever known here before and their singing  
has been a constant source of delight to me.  
Never before, I think, have I had such a  
force of bird music, in one season, in eastern  
Massachusetts. It still continues almost unbroken  
although a few species like the Connecticut-tail  
Toucan, the Redstart, the Grosbeak and the  
Oriskany are fast lapsing into comparative silence.  
That their defection is largely if not quite made  
good by the fact that the Starling, the Robin  
the Catbird, the Song Sparrow & the Field Sparrow

1910.

June 26  
(L.S. 3)

with a few others, are now at the height of their annual second period of song. Thus from early evening to late evening, through even the very hottest hours of the day, the air rings and sounds clearly on every hand with bursts of delicious melody.

Abundance of both species are far more common this year than I have ever known them to be before in any part of New England. I hear them every few minutes, everywhere I go, whether in cultivated grounds or woodland. No doubt the abundance of hairy caterpillars (tussock, gypsy & brown tortle) accounts for this.

It is a great year for Robins, also. I have never known them more abundant. Yet I hear no chorus singing whatever (I have heard none) although they come from literally dozens with them.



Concord, Mass.

1910.  
June 26  
(No 4)

In my journal for the past season I have made occasional reference to our silence Cat-bird. From the time of his arrival in early May to the present date I have had him under almost constant observation but up to within the past two or three days I have not once heard him in full song and only a very few times have I heard him utter anything more than a low call to his mate. Their first nest was in the Syringa hedge in the garden where they raised their brood without mishap the young leaving the nest several days ago. They have now moved to denser cluster of bushes by the old well in front of the house. Here the male has been singing almost constantly at all hours for the past two days. He is a fine performer and does not seem fat or excited himself in his song.

A Cat-bird  
silence in  
May &  
early  
June  
singing freely  
in late  
June

Concord, Mass

1916

June 26  
(No 5)

Both Robins were sitting on the nests under the  
eaves on the front of our house at the same time  
this morning. I saw one rebuilding its nest about a week  
ago but if the other has made similar repairs to hers  
they have escaped my notice. When I looked into the  
nests (by the aid of a small mirror on a pole) yesterday  
or the day before there was four eggs in one and two  
in the other. The birds are a good deal disturbed by  
our comings & goings past the house and in & out the  
front door but they settle in the nests soon after  
sunset and do not seem to mind the lights after  
dark although the chimney windows are very near  
them nests (within a few feet). As I have previously  
noted full broods of young were reared in these nests  
earlier in the season & the old birds are now sitting  
on their second clutches. I see only a very few young about  
the place, none more than 2 or 3 at any one time.

Two Robins  
by Concord  
clutches on  
nests in  
which they  
reared young  
this season

Boncod, Mass.

1910.

June 29

Brilliantly clear with fresh, cool N. W. wind which died away before sunrise.

As H. A. Purdie and I were sailing past Black Island <sup>Still</sup> <sup>another</sup> <sup>"Killer"</sup> late this afternoon a "Killer" sang a dozen times or more in the meadow grass a little back from the river and about 200 yards to the north of the island (i.e. down river from it). He used the normal song ki-ki-ki, ki-gi-ee. It struck me for the first time, as I was listening to him on this occasion, that the terminal note is very like in general quality that of the clearing ree of the Red-winged Blackbird. It was about six o'clock when we heard him and the river and meadows were still flooded in bright sunshine. No Killers were heard opposite Black Hill although in front west of the day time and did not show on our return to the farm until nearly 7 P.M.

Concord, Mass.

1910  
June 29  
(No 2)

The number of Cuckles present here this season surpasses anything I have ever noted in former years. They seem to be increasing as the month goes by. I see or hear them everywhere I go - from farm to farm of each species every day. Apparently they are evenly distributed over the whole country, in remote woodlands, river banks and farm outlands, instead of being confined to a few localities only as has nearly always been the case hitherto. There can be little doubt, I think, that their unusual abundance is due to that of the gypsy & brown tail caterpillars although that of the latter caterpillar are also exceptionally numerous this year. The Yellow-bills seemed to be more numerous, especially than the Black-bills early in the season but of late it has been the other way.

Unusual  
abundance of  
Cuckles  
of both  
species

Cowdoy, Mass.

1910

May-June

My observations on the Bats in the loft over  
the wood shed at the Farm this season were as follows:—

Bats in  
woodshed

May 1. First date of inspection. Two Bats in shed.

" 2 Second " " " " " "

" 3 Third " " " " " "

" 4 A single Bat clinging to the eave in the usual  
place. It was a large brown one, however, evidently belonging  
to a species different from the kind he usually has in summer  
in this shed.

May 5. Two Bats of the usual summer kind in the wood place

" 6 Four " " " " " " " " " "

" 7-17 No observations

" 18. Sixteen Bats of the usual kind in the wood place

" 19-20 No observations

" 21. Eighteen Bats of the usual kind in the wood place

For a month or more after this the number ranged from twelve  
to eighteen. I have no more this year

Cambridge, Mass

1910.  
July 4

I returned to Cambridge on July 1. Since then I have noted no less than twelve species of birds in the Garden viz. Robin, Red-eyed vireo, Chipping, Goldfinch Crow, Blue Jay, Kingbird, Wood Pewee, Oriole, Flicker Downy & Cherry Script. As far as I have been able to learn no Yellow throats, Redstarts, Cat-birds, or Cuckoos and no vireos except the Red-eye, have bred in or near our grounds this year. As was the case last year we have had only one pair of breeding Robins and they with two or three of their young are the only representation of their kind that I now see in our cherry trees, located just at present with ripe fruit. This would seem to indicate that there are few Robins in this part of Cambridge now. The only other birds I see in the cherry trees are Orioles (a pair with young), Crows, and House Sparrows - the last named in large numbers

Birds in  
the Garden

Scarcity of  
Robins

Cambridge, Mass

1910  
July 4  
(No 2)

Ever since my return to Cambridge I have seen  
or heard Goldfinches at all hours in the Garden  
Often there have been four and occasionally as many  
as five, males flying about to a single female,  
chattering about her in down the top or following her  
short flights from tree to tree, all singing at once  
and producing a perfect flood of melody. This melody  
seems to be shown only by persistent attempts at  
outsing one another for there is no fighting or  
own chattering. Sometimes when all are on wing  
together they wheel about one and through the  
trees in a cluster so compact that a basket basket  
would enclose the whole of them and when they  
alight the mass crowd so closely about the female  
that it is difficult to see her. This behavior reminds

Very often  
Goldfinches  
singing a  
long note

me of that of Horn Lambs in spring -- I do not remember  
ever seeing Goldfinches together in a group

Cambridge, Mass

1910.  
July 4  
(No 3)

Cambridge seems to me a most healthy  
locality with ravens mosquitoes. When I  
go into the Garden they rise in clouds from the  
bushes bordering its walks. They are literally  
as "bad" here as I have ever found them in  
the Maine woods and worse than they ever  
are at Concord. My neighbor Mrs. Harris tells me  
that the people living along Bay State Road in  
Boston are complaining bitterly about them there.  
He suggests that their unprecedented abundance  
may be due to the fact that Charles River is  
now a body of fresh water as far down as the dam  
at Craig's Bridge. I saw Dragon Flies hovering over  
it opposite the forest of Spruce Street for the  
first time on July 2nd of this year.

A plague  
of mosquitoes  
in  
Cambridge



1910.

July 8.

The five male Goldfinches continue their pursuit of the single ♀, day after day, from morning to night, in the garden and through the jungle, singing <sup>rapturously and almost</sup> without pause. The female seemed timid and nervous to-day. When she settled on a perch in some leafy tree the males scattered about in neighboring trees, leaving her unmolested for a time but singing ceaselessly. Whenever she took flight they followed her closely, like so many golden stars in the tail of a comet. As they were chasing her this noon in a blazing sun she sought refuge in the trumpet vine growing over the old Porter apple stump by the pond. She entered it near the top and worked downward through the middle. The five males alighted all over it and fluttered down over and through the outer leaves, suggesting a shower of golden fruit as their bright yellow forms shone in the sunlight and glanced among the foliage. All the while they sang like mad - everyone of them. What does it mean? this incessant, never ending courtship, on the part of so many rival males.

Bowcord, Mass.

1910.  
July 10

Clear & intensely hot with fresh west wind.

I came to Concord yesterday afternoon and spent most of the day going over our place to ascertain what the gypsy cat-fellows were doing. A very small proportion were in the pupa state and a still smaller number had become moths and were beginning to crawl and creep. Not fully 90% were still crawling about or spinning the fine threads of their webs. They had nearly all ceased feeding and partly because there is little left to eat for except about the cabin & in a few other places they had stripped most of the oaks and birches with many of the other trees. Indeed in every direction, as far as the eye could reach, the country presented a scene of ruin and desolation with here and there a pine or maple or cluster of them showing

1910

July 10  
(182)

green in contrast with the generally brownish gray coloring of the nearly leafless woods. On my own land the woods on the Blackmore ridge, on the edge of North Hill except close about the cabins and at the edge of the river, on Davis Hill, on the slope behind Burdick's, and the rear of North Island and along the road that leads from the school house to Burdick's, were practically and indeed almost completely naked - even more so than in winter for very many of the *Pinus foliosa* had not escaped. The fine old ~~oaks~~<sup>pinus</sup> on Davis Hill have been ~~very~~ seriously injured, I fear, although only a few of them have been completely stripped & even these may recover as <sup>has</sup> been the case with a number which were decimated at the farm last year. The Swamps have suffered very

1910

June 10  
(No 3)

little or not at all for the last samples which  
from the chief growth in them seem to be practically  
immune from destruction even when growing on  
high land. The ferns <sup>also</sup> ~~seem to~~ escape when they  
~~stand near~~ <sup>stand near</sup> together in large bodies but whenever they  
occur singly, among oaks or birches, they suffer  
almost as badly as their deciduous trees. The  
oaks suffer more of all and of the oaks the  
white oak is the tree first attacked and  
most severely injured. Many of my finest  
white oaks are already dead and many others  
are obviously doomed to speedy destruction  
if the brown tails attack them again this autumn.  
The large, old trees go first of course but even  
the younger ones perish in numbers in certain  
places. In others they bear their trials very well.

1910  
June 10  
(No 4)

I found to day that several which I had thought  
dead were lying out again. In some parts of  
the woods the timber from & bottom limbs of the  
numerous sapling beams suggested early spring.  
If <sup>the trees</sup> ~~they~~ receive extensively the worst may now be  
over for I found that the gypsy caterpillars were  
dead or dying by billions, of the "wilt" or "with chlora".  
In some of the worst devastated woods I  
failed to discover, after long & careful search, a  
single living and obviously healthy caterpillar  
and in most places that I visited the mortality  
exceeded 75% and often reached 85% to 95%.  
The only ~~places~~ <sup>woods</sup> where healthy caterpillars were at  
all numerous were in ~~strong~~ <sup>these</sup> ~~woods~~ <sup>woods</sup>, which have  
not yet been <sup>excessively</sup> ~~much~~ <sup>so</sup> ~~infested~~ and in ~~places~~ <sup>these</sup> ~~where~~ <sup>woods</sup>.  
I spanged everything last summer. <sup>Among</sup> In the former

1910

July 10  
(no 5)

~~There~~ I include ~~the~~ Hill, which is rather badly eaten this season for the first time yet weather completely stopped. Then I found only from 25% to 50% of the complanis diseased. They were mostly free from disease on those parts of Ross's Hill where the spraying had been apparently thorough and effective to some extent of the foliage. Apparently it had killed just enough of them to keep the survivors in prime condition for propagating this kind this month and making me some trouble another year. Thus it would seem that Prof. Riley was fully justified in what he said to me in 1894 to the effect that the best way to fight gypsy moths is to let them alone. I have felt all along that it might be so both when, that year,

1910

July 10  
1866

I saw everything in my charred woods going  
to apparent final ruin. I could no longer stay  
my hands. How would it have been wholly  
wise to do so for I had to have the foliage  
in at least a few ~~of my~~ favorite spots  
else there would have been no shade nor  
any attractiveness left for present enjoyment,  
however good the trees may look except autumn.  
The truth of this consideration was born in  
one one to day when, after leaving the cabins,  
where the oaks & pines looked as green and  
vigorous as in days of yore, I walked &  
walked through woods where the sun beat  
down on me as mercilessly as if I had been  
crossing open fields. Even in such devastated woods  
there were briars & other birds singing & flying about.

1910  
June 10  
(hr 7)

The "will" began to show itself this year in June, at least their works earlier than was noticed it last year, ~~and~~ when I left Concord at the end of the month it had done very great and general service. Since then it has wrought fearful and almost universal havoc, our worst of any land. <sup>the cost of</sup> On <sup>the</sup> Banks Hill and in the woods east of the Pavilion place I found the "willed" caterpillars ~~to~~ being large in solid masses as broad as my two hands on the tender of lower of the oaks. If but lightly touched they would burst open sending down a trickling stream of chocolate-colored liquid having a peculiarly offensive odor. In this and other places there ~~were~~ seemed to be not enough left to do the least harm another year.



Concord, Mass.

1910.

July 17

I went over one entire place to-day, studying Gypsy  
moth conditions. Some of the larvae are still feeding and  
many are yet in the pupa cases but the majority have  
hatched and mated and the females are laying or have just  
laid, their eggs. The males were to be seen everywhere but  
not numerously except where there were females. When the  
latter were abundant the males were in thousands, literally  
filling the air and tiring one's eyes and senses by their ceaseless  
flicking flight. They seemed to greatly outnumber the females.

The general results of my observations may be summarized as follows:-

Ball's Hill.-- Multitudes of "wilted" caterpillars but not many  
healthy ones and comparatively few nests of either sex. I  
doubt if the trees will be stripped again next year even if  
nothing be done to protect them. The oaks have suffered badly  
and the pines considerably, this season, especially along the  
crest of the ridge and on its northern slope.

Gypsy Moth  
Conditions

Lowell, Mass.

1910.

July 17  
No 2/

Blackman Ridge. - The "wilt" ragged here, also; nevertheless I found plenty of female moths laying their eggs on the trunks of the oaks and multitudes of moths hovering about them. These woods will surely be defoliated next year unless vigorous measures are taken to protect them.

Laying Moths  
Conditions

Holden's Hill. High colony of laying females, hard to deal with because the trees are so tall and slender. The "wilt" has evidently done little good here.

Davis Hill. - Conditions desperate. Immense & thriving colony of apparently healthy insects. Upper branches of the giant firs white beneath with clusters of laying female moths and the males swarming everywhere. The firs evidently much injured many of them being half stripped and some almost wholly bare and apparently dying. Most of the oaks completely stripped and dozens of them already dead. As far as I can see all the trees on this hill are doomed to perish next year unless protected as found elsewhere.

Concord, Mass.

1910.

July 17  
(No 3)

Prescott's Pine. Badly infested in spots but safe, I think, <sup>by long</sup> months  
conulations  
for another year especially if the few deciduous trees be removed.

Birch Island Woods. - Almost completely defoliated yet  
largely free from moths or living larvae. Laying females  
were numerous in a few places, however. It looks as if  
the woods might recover another year although many trees are dead.

Birch Field. - Very few male moths flying and almost  
no laying females seen except along the north edge of the  
lot, next Lawrence's, where the line of tall trees is badly  
infested and along the south edge next the barn where there  
is lighter, yet rather serious, infestation.

Pulpit Rock Woods. Nearly clean except for a few white  
oaks just to the westward of the rock and others on the ledge  
slope towards the cow pasture which are rather badly  
infested and also injured by repeated stripping which has  
caused many or loss of the upper branches to die.

Concord, Mass.

1910.

July 17  
(No 4)

Woods east of Tietze place on road to Burrows. - Here

July 17  
Concord  
Mass.

I found the infestation general but light save in a few places. It is evident that the "swell" has been most actively at work in these woods and has done splendid service for last year. The conditions were as good as could be.

Barrett Run. Infestation bad in spots but on the whole less so than last year.

Outskirts of Van Toren. The large oaks forming the row along the road below the peach orchard and those in the cluster just behind the barn were white with laying needles. The birches on the slope towards the end of pasture appeared to be nearly free from moths or larvae. The berry pasture was badly infested along the wall which crosses it from east to west but not elsewhere.

Cambridge, Mass.

1910.

July 18

I noticed, this morning, that quantities of fresh earth had been thrown out from between the stone flags in the walk in front of the Museum in our garden and wondered what could have done it. The mystery was quickly explained for early in the afternoon I saw a Flecker busily engaged at the walk. Hopping slowly along sideways on the flags he made a dozen or more holes, which I was watching him, in the earth between them. It was packed hard on the surface and he had to work vigorously at first to make any impression on it. The cracks were narrow (not more than  $\frac{1}{4}$  inch wide) in places and none than over he raised his arm and struck his back forcibly against the edge of a stone, making an audible sound. After making these holes he visited and revisited them and others which he had made previously, spending some time at each of them and

A Flecker  
makes  
earth traps  
for ants

Cambridge, Mass

1910.

July 18  
(no 2)

extracted from some of them a quantity of food which I could see him swallow although I could not make out first what it was. Then after he had gone I examined the holes, which averaged an inch or more in depth, finding that most of them contained living ants that had fallen in and were unable to climb up the crumbling sides. Evidently the bird dug the holes not so much to get at the ants (I did not see him get any of them immediately and he invariably moved on and began a fresh hole just after completing one) as to enter them. They were continually running about over the surface of the logs in numbers but he paid no attention whatever to them thus exposed. When he revisited the holes he did not once throw one more earth but simply thrust his bill down slowly into them swallowing readily as he descended it.

Cambridge, Mass.

1910  
July 19

A Flicker on our lawn this morning attracted my attention by remaining perfectly immovable for many minutes. At length I walked towards him. As I approached he gave no sign that he was aware of my presence. Even when I got within a yard of him he continued to maintain his stammering pose. His breathing sound normal and his eyes looked bright and alert but his gaze was directed towards some distant object, I know not what, and he completely ignored me. Although I could detect no evidence of any external injury I felt sure that he must be either seriously hurt or very ill until I advanced my foot when it was within six inches of him he started, as if awoken, from a trance, and flew up into one of the cedars. After this he behaved like a perfectly sane and vigorous Flicker. I am at a loss to explain his behavior on the lawn. He seemed to be indulging in a very prolonged day dream.

Strange  
behavior  
of a  
Flicker

Cambridge, Mass.

1910.  
July 22

On entering the Botanic Garden this afternoon I was not less surprised than interested to find, near the lily pond, a family of Red-winged Blackbirds consisting of an adult ♂ and ♀ and at least two, if not three, bob-tailed young which seemed unable to fly more than a few rods at a time although they kept well up in the trees. One of the gardeners told me that he had seen the old birds about the pond for three or more weeks. My attention was first drawn to them by the anxious calling of the male who was evidently disturbed by the mere presence of a Crow. After the Crow had flown among the Red wing he took himself to the top of a lilac bush where he sang a dozen times or more. Soon after this I started the female and young from some bushes on the farther side of the pond. In it are growing two large clusters of cut-leaved flax quite extensive and dense enough to conceal a Red-wing's nest. That the young I saw were hatched & reared here I consider sooner open to reasonable doubt.

Red-wing  
Blackbirds  
breeding?  
in the  
Botanic  
Garden.



Concord, Mass.

1910  
Aug. 15

I came to Concord on the afternoon of the 13<sup>th</sup> to spend Sunday with John E. Hooper. He met me at the station and drove me to his home. As we were ascending the hill just below it a dozen or more Kingbirds, disturbed by our approach, rose from some shrubbery by the roadside. When I expressed some surprise at the presence of so many in such a place Mr. Hooper added to it greatly by assuring me that they had been there constantly for days past and that the attraction was the berries of a number of Viburnum dentatum bushes which he had expertly watered them eating. Before he told me this I had noticed that they flew from the bushes only. We found them there in undisturbed numbers

on the morning of the 14<sup>th</sup> but all flew up before we got very near it I did not see any feeding there. This morning, however, I distinctly saw one pick a berry from the stem and after holding it in the tip of the bill for an instant swallow it. The bushes are fairly loaded with ripe fruits of the usual dull blue color & very bitter to human taste.

Kingbirds  
eating fruit  
Viburnum  
dentatum

Concord, Mass.

1910.

Sept. 20

Early morning cloudy, misty, chilly & calm. Remainder of day clear and warm with light west wind & north-easterly, storm with violent wind and moderate rain last night.

I have been lying on the colon on Ball's Hill and out of doors practically every hour of daylight since September 1<sup>st</sup>. Up to to-day birds of all kinds have been exceedingly scarce. Most of the summer residents had apparently departed for the South before the beginning of the month and migrants from farther north have appeared only in the lowest numbers and at infrequent intervals. It is apt to be thus when, as has been the case this year, the first half of September is warm and dry with little or no cloudy weather. But this season has perhaps been more nearly "birdless" here than any that I remember for a long time.

Despite the heavy north-easter during the first half of last night - or perhaps rather because of it - the first large bird wave of the season arrived sometime before

Concord, Mass.

1910.

Sept 20

(No 2)

day back and the woods on Ball's Hill and those across  
the river were showing with thousands at sunrise and all  
through the day. Practically all the warblers I was able to  
identify were Black-polls. Indeed I saw no others except 2  
Hooded Mergansers, one an adult ♂ in full plumage.

About 7 a.m., as I was standing by the river in the  
meadow on the east end of Ball's Hill, the singing, falsetto  
flight call of a Golden Plover came distinctly to my ears  
half-a-dozen times or more. The bird was evidently flying  
southward to the east of the hill but I strained my eyes  
in vain in the attempt to catch sight of it. I surely had  
its voice dead away in the distance when I heard and  
at once recognized the greet, greet of a Sandpiper. The  
next instant two birds of this species flying in company  
low (about 10 ft.) over the water passed in within  
100 yards and disappeared around the bend opposite

Concord, Mass.

1910.  
Sept 20  
(has)

Road's boat house. I had an excellent view of them through my glass making out their characteristic color & markings (especially the generally white color & the narrow white bars on the wings) also my entire satisfaction. This is the first time I have ever met with the Sandling on Concord River.

About 3 P. M. I saw a Field Hawk flying S. W. at a considerable height, evidently on migration. And in the evening watched a Great Horned Owl pass over the hill, haunting loudly.

Several days ago I put up a pole in the marsh by our boat house for a bird perch. There was a Kingbird on it on the 18<sup>th</sup> & a Kingfisher to-day. The Kingfisher sat there for many minutes evidently securing the ditch below.

At length he plunged into it with folded wings unspiring with a splash only 3 or 4 inches long. & swimming his tail in triumph as he rose from the water.

Lowell, Mass.

1910.

Sept. 21

Clear and warm with light W. wind. Heavy rain just before daybreak lasting half an hour or more.

Small woodland birds of every kind were scarce again to-day.

Evidently the great flight of Black-bellied Noddies which came yesterday passed on further to the southwest last night for I saw only two or three of them to-day.

The sunset here was calm, mild & very beautiful & peaceful. Being on the river

I passed it on the river in my canoe. At Port Island I saw 2 Rusty Blackbirds go to roost in some bottom bushes and heard 2 Swamp Sparrows chirping. At the big bog, where I spent half an hour or more watching & listening I heard at least four more Swamp Sparrows, a Song-bird Marsh Wren and a Night Heron. Then, with a young Song Sparrow, were literally all the birds I noted along this stretch of river within 13 or 14 miles.

One of the Swamp Sparrows foraged over water on

Concord, Mass.

1910.

Sept. 21  
(No 2)

Beautiful song, repeating it six or eight times at short intervals. It consisted of the ordinary trill preceded, as well as followed by a number of additional notes some of which were especially liquid and tender. This song, which the Swamp Sparrow gives not infrequently in late summer and early autumn, is not unlike the flight song used in May and June and it may be essentially the same although as I listened to it attentively this evening I thought it appreciably different and decidedly superior to any thing one ever hears from the bird in Spring. As far as I could make out the particular bird to which I have just referred was perched among the reeds every time he sang.

Autumn  
Song of  
Swamp  
Sparrow

The Marsh Wren was in a bed of flags at the edge of the Bogazon. For some time he remained concealed among a low caec which I mistook at first for that of a Red-wing. At length he showed himself within a few yards of me and I had him in plain light for several minutes during which, to my surprise, he did not once cock up his tail - a very unusual omission.

Marsh  
Wren

Concord, Mass.

1910.

Sept. 23

A brilliantly clear and delightfully warm day following a sharp, frosty morning.

About 7 A.M. a Black-poll Warbler sang therein in the woods near the station. It must have been an adult bird for its song was nearly as strong and given as prolonged as that which we ordinarily hear in Spring.

Black poll  
warbler  
in woods  
first day

Just before sunset this evening I heard Blue Jays making a lot of noise in a woods of young red maples on the edge of the Swamp behind the house. On going to the place I found a dozen or more of them flitting about in the tops of these trees apparently looking about for the night. I watched them for sometime & finally left them there. They made all sorts of low conversational chirping & chucking sounds but did very little screaming. This is the only occasion I remember when I have seen Blue Jays thus congregating to roost.

A Jay  
roost?

Concord, Mass.

1910.

Sept. 24

Cloudy & cool with fresh N. E. wind which brought rain this evening (about 8 P.M.).

About seven o'clock this morning I saw two Blue Jays passing over Ball's Hill very high in air (at least 600 feet).

Blue jays  
migrating  
at 7 a.m.

Heading due south they kept steadily on until they were lost to my sight in the distance. That they were migrating at the time I feel quite certain.

Ringed Pheasants have begun crowing again after an interval of two months or more of complete silence.

Pheasants  
begin  
crowing  
again.

I heard one over yesterday morning early, in the meadow to the eastward of Ball's Hill. In the same place where was probably the same bird crowed down, if not down, of times this morning between seven and ten o'clock. Several times he either gave a double crow or else another bird crowed just after him. The second crow followed the first so closely that there was little or no pause between the two. This I have never heard before.

Pheasant  
crows double



Bowcord, Mass.

1910.

Sept. 25

A fairly heavy north-east rain storm began soon after dark last evening and continued well through the night but to-day was clear and uncomfortably warm & luscious with light southerly winds.

Birds of most kinds were scarce yesterday but the whole region lying between Balls Hill and the Farm was alive with Black-bats to-day. They were so noisy and generally disturbed that I had

them almost constantly in sight whenever I went. In all I must have seen forty or so of them. This for the second time this month

an exceptionally heavy flight of these hoovers has appeared here on a morning following a night of north-east wind and heavy rain.

I saw also (at the Farm) eight White-throated Sparrows, noted to-day for the first time this autumn.

Many of the Hoovers left almost as soon as it was dark this evening. At least I heard them chirping at frequent intervals high in air over the town about 7 P.M.

Heavy flight  
of Black-bats  
during  
stormy night.

Robin, Grain  
carrion

Concord, Mass.

1910.

Sept. 26

A summer-like day, unforgettably warm and humid with light southerly to easterly winds. Partly sunny, partly cloudy.

Between dinner and eight or nine o'clock this evening a number of birds were singing with a freedom and frequency never in deed at this season. Among the number were Black-bills and Pine Woodpeckers, Solitary Vireo, Song Sparrow, Swamp Sparrow, Phoebe, Flicker and Meadow Lark. For upwards of half-an-hour (7.30) I heard Black-bills in full song, at frequent intervals, in various directions. Evidently at least two or three adjacent males were cutting back in this concert which, as far as I could make out, was very like what we hear from them during their spring migration. One bird, in an oak near the cabin, sang once or twice a minute, for at least ten minutes, and his song at least was of normal strength and quality. The Phoebe, also, sang quite as well as in spring and so did the Pine Woodpecker and the Song Sparrow. The Flicker's throat (given three times) was as loud and free as it ever is in March or April.

Bowcord, Mass.

1910.

Sept. 26  
(No 2)

Whenever during this month the evening hour has been still and calm I have rarely failed to hear, between eight and ten o'clock, some creature making a great splash in the river directly in front of the cabin. The sound is fully equal to that which a large dog would make by leaping well out from shore into deep water. Usually there is but a single splash at a time followed, after an interval of half a minute or more by another with still others or equally long intervals. From this I have inferred that the beast is engaged in diving and that it must leap well out of water just before taking the downward plunge. I heard it to excellent advantage only a few minutes before I began writing these lines. If I go out of the cabin the sound invariably ceases & seldom is renewed again that night. This leads me to conclude that the creature is either shy or timid, I think it must be an Otter.

Am Otter?  
in the  
river at  
Boards Head

Certainly it is something aquatic and very much larger, heavier and more active, than a muskrat.

Concord, Mass.

1910.

Sept 27

Cloudy & rather warm with light easterly winds and a downpour of rain for an hour or two in the middle of the day.

The sounds everywhere about Balls Mill were literally booming again with Black-falls to-day. Mr. Dexter of Concord says the village has been alive with them of late. I noted no other booms to-day except the Yellow-rump of which I heard one or two near the cabin this morning.

Black-falls  
that boom

Yellow-rump  
sings

About noon I found a Sapsucker in the cluster of tupelo trees ~~near~~ over boat landing and saw it eat what I took to be one of the tupelo berries on which several Robins, also, were feeding.

Sapsucker  
eating berries  
of  
tupelo.

As Mr. Dexter & Gilbert were rowing across the river about eleven o'clock they saw what they both took to be four Fish Hawks soaring in company at a great height making their whistling cries. Gilbert tells me they certainly were not Red-shouldered Hawks & that their notes sounded to him like those of the Fish Hawk. About an hour after this I saw a single Fish Hawk flying low over the river just the cabin towards the west & still later another pursuing the same course.

4 Fish Hawks  
soaring in  
company

Lancaster, Mass.

1910.

Sept. 29

Clear and cool with light easterly winds. Early morning calm and brilliantly clear with warm sunlights.

As I was on my way from the landing across the river to the West Bedford station about eight o'clock this morning I heard at least a dozen Song Sparrows singing at short, regular intervals. All seemed to be old birds, yet their voices were subdued and pitched low although their notes were clear and sweet. One followed another so closely that there was almost a continuous volume of melodious sound seeming to come from every direction, far and near, over the grass, sedge fields that border the railway line. It was much like the singing we hear in late March and early April when the Song Sparrows first arrive in force, having then been tender, delicate quality with a touch of plaintiveness and very unlike the full, strong singing of late spring & early summer. I do not remember ever hearing anything like it before in autumn. A Phoebe was in full song near the cabin & a Phoebe coming up for a fly, cackled in the morning.

Several &  
dozens  
singing of  
many  
Song Sparrows  
in every  
morning.

Covent, Mass.

1910.

Sept 30

Briefly done with Cyril's concord cards.

We had an interesting experience with a Skunk at Nobs Hill  
not long after dark this evening. He was a young one about two-  
thirds grown and was first noticed by Harry who saw him only dimly  
as he crossed the path in front of the cabin. After supplying  
ourselves with a portable lantern and two candle lanterns we  
followed him with a cluster of lanterns as he glided along the  
edge of the river. Here he kept slowly back and forth, showing little  
fear of us and never over threatening us in any way although we  
repeatedly stood within a yard of him holding up the lantern directly  
over him as he glided smoothly and noiselessly over the ground  
moving at a snail's pace with body & tail flattened close to the earth.  
At length we forced him out of the thicket into a bed of  
prairie weed. Crossing this & coming to the very edge of the  
river he entered it and swam several yards just outside the  
prairie weed, his white tail sticking out behind and showing only  
casually on the dark water. When he landed he went back into  
the bushes where we finally left him.

Experience  
with a young  
Skunk.

Lowell, Mass.

1910.  
Oct 1

Partly cloudy, partly sunny. Very warm with S. W. wind which blew a little gale most of the day.

About 7 a.m. before the wind rose I was strolling through the opening behind Morris Hill when I heard a sharp, metallic, finch-like note, not unlike that used occasionally by *Dendroica maculosa* but much louder and stronger. This I recognized at once as the characteristic alarm note of the Connecticut Warbler. Gradually increasing in emphasis and frequency of utterance it was repeated dozens of times at short intervals. Presently I saw the bird flitting about in a thicket of young black spruces on the western slope of the hill only a little below the crest. When I got within 20 yards or so it flew to another cluster of spruces. For several minutes more it continued chirping and acting as if it were much excited although I could see nothing to alarm it. Evidently I was near the bird's usual haunts for I was 100 yds off at the back of the hill when I first heard it. The bird then it quivered down and began running about over the ground walking with a dainty, gliding motion much like that of our own bird. I now got within ten yards & had an excellent view of it. It was either a ♀ or a juv. ♂, having a plain buffy throat. Its call note was invariably the same and closely similar to that of the Maryland Yellowthroat. I know no other warbler which makes such a loud note, as I have heard, *D. maculosa*

Connecticut  
Warbler on  
Morrill Hill  
Its call  
or alarm  
note

Boncord, Mass.

1910.  
Oct. 11

Cloudless and warm with fresh S. W. wind. A delightful day.

As Purdie & I were strolling through the orchard at ten o'clock early this afternoon a Sapsucker started from an apple tree over one head & flew into a large oak. Presently it returned and resumed a task which we had evidently interrupted viz. that of completing a ring of holes in the bark of the apple tree. Standing within 15 feet of it I saw it drill two fresh holes. First it did very quietly first striking its bill forcibly through the bark in the same place two or three times and then dragging out shreds of the cambium layer until the hole looked deep & round. I could not see where it ate any of the bark or sipped any of the sap if, indeed, any amount of which I saw no sign. As soon as the first hole was completed it began the second. There were eight or ten holes at least, all fresh looking evenly spaced and extending in a circle around the main stem of the tree where it was perhaps 12 inches in diameter yet still increased in diameter towards base. The holes seemed to be



Covead, Mass.

1910  
Oct. 11  
(No 2)

exactly like those which our friends in almost any other  
apple tree in our Massachusetts orchards and which are probably  
supposed to be made by the Downy Woodpecker. This Sapsucker  
was a young female showing us traces of red on either crown or  
throat. She was silent and very tame. This is the first  
time I have ever seen a Sapsucker or any other woodpecker  
make a hole in the bark of a living apple tree.

Early this morning Pender & I saw a Green  
Nuthawk soaring over Great Meadows about 40 feet above  
the ground. It passed directly through a large flock  
of Titmice which were flying at the same level without  
paying any attention to them or causing them the least  
perceptible alarm. yet several of them seemed to pass (or  
be passed) within a distance of only three or four feet.  
The Hawk was evidently not looking for prey at the time and  
the Titmice did not seem to regard it as a source of any  
possible danger.

Green Nuthawk  
passed  
directly  
through a  
flock of  
Titmice

Concord, Mass.

1910  
Oct. 29

Clear & cool with strong N. W. wind. Country white with  
hoar frost & surface of ground frozen, at Amherst.

About 9 a. m. a flock of Bronzed Grackles, containing, as  
nearly as I could count them, approximately 40 birds, passed just  
above the tops of the tall elms in front of the barn and thence  
due south as far as my eye could follow them. About fifteen  
minutes later a second flock containing about 30 birds followed the  
first at the same elevation, over the same trees, & in exactly the  
same direction. There was no regular or general calling but only an  
occasional low, throaty ack unlike the usual flight call & softer.

Bronzed  
Grackles  
migrating

Both flocks had nearly the same formation, moving in a broad, widely  
expanded front and very slowly. Indeed the speed was nearly  
if not quite double that usually maintained by Grackles during their  
breeding season. Moreover the birds flew on a perfectly level plane  
with constant wing beats, not rising & falling in undulations,  
with intermittent wing strokes as is their ordinary custom. I have  
no doubt that they were engaged in a hurried migrating flight.

Dorset, Mass.

1910

Dec 31

Brightly clear with light contrary winds. Early morning cold (20°)

We had a most interesting afternoon to day with a Saw-whet. Saw-whet  
Owl.

H. W. Henshaw discovered it about 11 a.m. perched in a dead wood  
apple tree in the Board Run within thirty yards of the wood road.  
His attention was called to it by down Chickadees and juncos  
that were feeding close about it. They showed little or no excitement  
and seemed to be merely curious about it, as was a Blue Jay  
who approached it within a yard, apparently hoping to have a good  
look at it. When H. took me to the place some fifteen minutes  
later all these birds had departed and the Owl was left in place.  
He was sitting in full sunshine in a rather open part of the  
wooded swamp about 4 feet above the ground. He seemed rather  
alert and quite wide awake, keeping his eyes open most of the  
time and frequently moving his head, occasionally directing his  
gaze towards the ground as if watching for prey. We took  
Purdie there at 11.30. The Owl was then still on the same perch.

Concord, Mass.

1910.

Oct 31

(No 2)

but his eyes were tightly closed and he seemed to be taking a nap.

Our next visit was made about 2.30 P.M. when we found that the Saw-whet had changed his position a little having moved a foot or more higher up on the branch. He was now as wide awake as any diurnal bird of prey and evidently was watching the ground beneath in the hope of discovering some mouse or beetle there. A few minutes later he suddenly spread his wings and descended smoothly and silently to a spot about 15 ft. off where he rose almost immediately, evidently without any delay, and returned to his former perch. A moment later he swooped again, this time to a spot a few yards further off where he was lost to sight among some withered ferns. Nearly a full minute passed before he reappeared when he flew off through the swamp with a flutter of young pins. Whether or no he captured anything we could not see. We did not follow him but at once returned to the former house.

Concord, Mass.

1910.

Oct 31

(No 3)

At 3 P.M. we went again to the "Cave", accompanied by  
Mr. S. O. Dexter of Concord whom I had notified by telephone  
of the discovery of the Owl. We all felt doubtful about finding  
him again but when we came in sight of the open tree  
then he was back on his old perch and once more enjoying  
a dose in the warm afternoon sunlight. Walking slowly in  
single file we approached within 12 or 15 feet without being to alarm  
him. It was the chance of a lifetime for a perfect photograph  
but no camera was available. He was now looking at us  
fixedly with wide open eyes but apparently with more of curiosity  
than fear. Presently I left my friends and circling around through  
the swamp walked quietly up to the Owl from behind. Slowly  
stretching up my arm until my fingers were within three inches  
of the bird I made a quick clutch at him. It was scarcely  
aimed but without question would have resulted in his capture  
had he not opened his broad wings just as my fingers were

1910

(Oct. 31

No 4)

about to close around his plump little form. By this action he suddenly presented from behind his breast and flew a distance that I could not grasp him although my hand struck him squarely and hard. He flew about 30 yards into some red cedars where we found him again shortly afterwards, perched in one of the trees about 5 feet above the ground. This time he started before I could get my hand nearer than four or five feet and after flying some twenty yards alighted only about 3 feet above the ground in a bushy young white pine. Here Henderson had a try at him getting his hand within three feet of the bird before he flew. After a rather long search he was discarded 100 yards further on perched in a pine tree just above a low stone wall. Henderson again attempted to catch him but he was too alert and when he took wing was too late to get above it and could not again be found. His flight on all these occasions

1910.

(Oct. 31

(No 5)

was noisier and clumsier, as leisurely and effortless as that of a big snipe, reminding me, also, of that of a Whippoorwill flushed by day in dense cover for the bird skinned long over the ground and ready for more than a few yards without making a lateral abrupt turn. I was surprised at his choosing to invariably flex his legs then his feet about the ground and also by the fact that he did not once assume the stiff, erect pose, with feathers clean in light, and eyes reduced to vertical slits, to which the Saw-whet and many other birds is so given. The attitudes taken by this bird were, indeed, all easy and natural (in the sense of being like those of ordinary birds). Frequently his back was nearly horizontal and he was one lot perfectly erect (while his form was plump & rounded. His eyes were very beautiful and beautiful and even gentle being in their expression. His plumage seemed to me grayer than that of most of his

1910.

Dec 31  
(M 6)

kind..and he looked especially gray about the head.

Saw. catbird  
Chick.

When on the water for prey he assumed an attitude very like that of a Bitter regarding first of numbers  
besides a big call with his head lowered and gaze directed downward.

As twilight was falling this evening Pardon & I went to the "run" and missed the water duck hoping to hear the same water call. But the woods were silent as the grass although the air was perfectly still and comparatively mild.

I have just stated that this Owl's eyes had a gentle and confiding expression. As we were watching him in the pine, standing within two yards of him, I remarked to my companion "He looks like a gentle little pet bird, escaped from its cage & not actually unwilling to return to it." To this all the others agreed.



Concord, Mass.

1910

Nov. 2

Cloudy & mild with light southerly winds.

During the first three weeks of October there was a  
 good many Pine Grackles about. I heard them almost every  
 morning and saw several small flocks feeding on bird seed  
 near Ball's Hill. Elsewhere on any place there are few or no  
 young Grackles which have any fruit this year and the Pine Grackles  
 soon stripped the trees at Ball's Hill. I am inclined to  
 think that they have all left this region as I have not  
 seen or heard any since October 27. Late in that month  
 I noticed a few Lesser Redpolls & Doves seen on good-  
 sized flocks. These birds with the Goldfinches are likely  
 to go hungry if they remain here this winter, because  
 of the scarcity of bird cover. I saw ten or a dozen  
 Goldfinches in one orchard to-day feeding on the ground in  
 a patch of weeds with fifty or more Juncos. They Sparrows  
 have been rather numerous of late.

Pine  
Grackles

\* H. B. Parley has seen that a number of  
 Pine Grackles alighted on the stems on which  
 he came to look for them from Ball's Hill. (The  
 high mass of branches) when the bird feeds. (See Oct.

Concord, Mass.

1910.

Nov. 3

Cloudy with strong, westerly chilly north-east wind.  
Rain, which began early last night, continued falling steadily through the forenoon.

About three o'clock this afternoon my attention was attracted by one of the men (Pat Flannery) to a great number of Herring Gulls soaring in circles, in a loose scattered flock at an immense height (fully half-a-mile I thought) directly over the farm house. Several counted 62 and I 63. Rising higher & higher as we counted them they drifted off towards the southwest until we could see them no longer. The sight of so many, behaving in such a manner, is common enough near Boston or Cambridge on this season but wholly without precedent in my experience here. I am inclined to think that they may have been seeking for the great reservoir at Clinton 18 or 20 miles distant & nearly in the direction they were taking.

An  
unprecedented  
flight of  
Herring  
Gulls.

Cambridge, Mass.

1910

Nov. 21

Clear and cool with light westerly winds. Ther. fell to 25° Fahr. last night.

Orange-  
Crowned  
Warbler in  
the Garden

Yesterday forenoon I saw in our Garden what I took to be an Orange-Crowned Warbler getting, however, only a brief glimpse at it from the windows of the Museum as it was flitting about in the Suckle pear tree. That was doubtless the same bird appeared again to-day, (about 2.30 P.M.) in the pear tree just as I came out of the house on my way to the Museum. I followed it about for ten or fifteen minutes. Although restless and close apparently rather shy I had it repeatedly in the field of my opera glass in deeper trees and close sunlight at distances of twenty to twenty five yards, making absolutely sure of my identification that it was H. celata and a typical specimen, very dark in general coloring and almost as greenish and far from yellow on the under

Cambridge, Mass.

1910  
Nov. 21  
(no 2)

Orange Crown  
Wobbler

as on the upper parts. On leaving the pear tree it flew first into a tangle of frost-brighted stalks of asters, golden rod etc. in the flower garden, thence to the very topmost branches of one big white willow, next into a cherry tree on the middle walk, and finally into the Pookmann's apple tree whence it disappeared somewhat mysteriously, giving me no further view of it. It remained longest (perhaps then or from accident) in the willow where, in company with two Chickadees, it hopped and fluttered actively about among the terminal twigs once hanging for an instant back downwards beneath what looked like the webbed end of a brown tail's feather which it tugged at vigorously with its bill & I think, opened. During all the time I had it under observation it was constantly in motion, I heard it utter no sound of any kind. Later - After the above notes were

Cambridge, Mass.

1910.

Nov. 21  
(no 3)

written and about sunset I heard the sharp chick of the Orange-crowned Warbler repeated several times and looking out through my study window saw the bird within ten feet of it in a Japanese Barbary bush. Here he remained for several minutes in company with a female Ruby-crowned Kinglet. The two birds appeared curiously alike in general coloring and also in behavior but the Orange-crown lacked, of course, the light eye ring and wing bars of the Kinglet and was fully one-third larger when under the Kinglet it did not necessarily show its wings.

late  
occurrence of  
Ruby-crown  
Kinglet.

The Garden literally swarmed with birds to-day, especially in the afternoon. Besides the Warbler and the Ruby-crown I noted a Golden-crowned Kinglet, a Brown Creeper, a White-bellied Nuthatch (♂), 2 Chickadees, 2 Blue Jays, a Goldfinch, 6 Fox Sparrows, 4 or 5 Juncos, a dozen or more House Sparrows, and several Crows (on wing) - in all twelve species.

Cambridge, Mass.

1910.  
Nov. 24

Clear & mild with little or no wind.

On November 21<sup>st</sup> last I saw a female Ruby-crowned Kinglet in our Garden, in company with an Orange-crowned Warbler, in a Japanese Bony Bush under my study window where I had a close & close view of it. This, I think, was then the latest autumnal date on which I had ever noted the species personally in Massachusetts. I got a slight later one, however, this morning when I first heard the unmistakable low chattering call of a Ruby-crown near the Museum and then saw the bird in the old red cedar at the rear of our house. It was so high up that I could not make out its sex but it looked like a ♀ I thought.

Ruby-crown  
Kinglet  
again noted  
in Garden

Cambridge, Mass.

1910.

Dec 7

A week or more ago I learned from Roland Thayer that Night Herons have been frequenting Norton's woods of late. He has just given me (by telephone, this evening) the following interesting information regarding them.

Night  
Herons  
in  
Norton's  
woods.

They were first noticed in the summer of 1909 when only one or two were seen. Several appeared early in the following summer (that of 1910), remaining well into the autumn when Mr. Thayer heard them quacking in the evening twilight for a week or more, after his return to his home in Irving Street the last of September.

The neighbors told him that they had been about all summer. Mrs. Dr. Weeks, who seems to have especially interested in them, says that there were at least five birds and that they were accustomed to spend the day roosting in the cluster of tall pines where they flew off at night to distant feeding grounds. She

Cambridge, Mass.

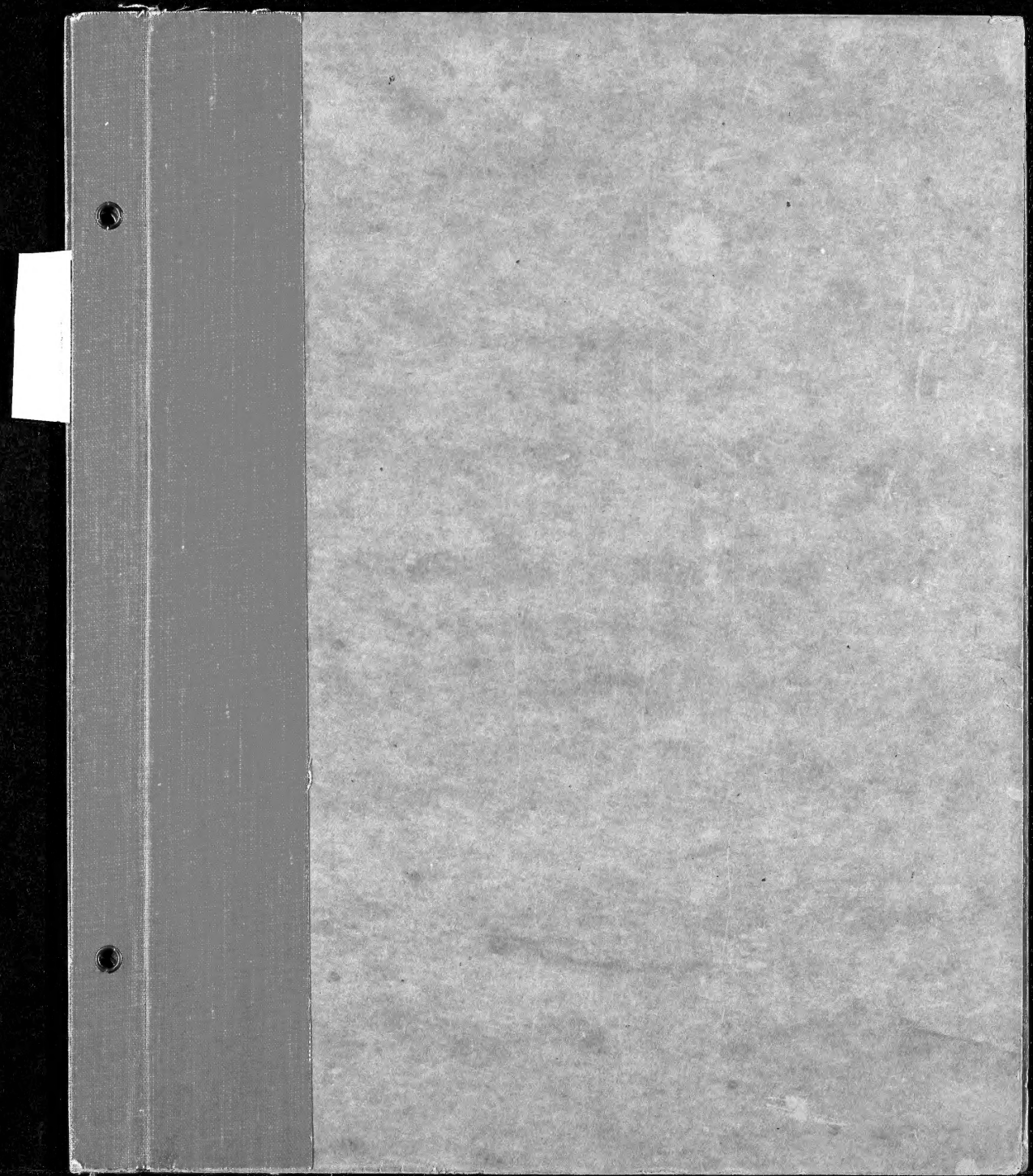
1910.

Dec 7  
(182)

Thinks they must have bred in that time for near  
them, late in the season, she found a young bird  
perched on a fence. Apparently it had not been long  
out of the nest for when she approached and flushed  
it it flew off very feebly after first trying in vain  
to rise into the pines.

In the earlier days of my acquaintance with  
Norton's Hawks, when <sup>they were</sup> of considerable extent, essentially  
primitive and comparatively little disturbed, they were  
never visited by Night Herons at any season as far  
as I could learn. That their first remaining time  
should now for the first time attract and harbor  
these birds is not a little surprising. It would be  
still more extraordinary if as Mrs. Marks believes,  
but I seriously doubt, a brood of young Herons  
were really hatched and raised there last summer.





Jan 10  
100  
100