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vol. 4, no. 1.

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THE

JOURNAL

...OF...

The Maine

Ornithological Society



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# ◇ BIRD--LORE ◇

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The Journal of  
*The Maine Ornithological Society.*

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A QUARTERLY JOURNAL OF MAINE ORNITHOLOGY.

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"BIRD PROTECTION, BIRD STUDY, THE SPREAD OF THE KNOWLEDGE THUS GAINED,  
THESE ARE OUR OBJECTS."

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VOL. IV. FAIRFIELD, MAINE, JANUARY, 1902. NUMBER I.

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The Maine Ornithological  
Society.

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WILLIAM L. POWERS, Gardiner, President.  
CAPT. H. L. SPINNEY, Seguin, Vice President.  
A. H. NORTON, Westbrook, Secretary—Treas.  
J. MERTON SWAIN, Fairfield, Editor.  
PROF. A. L. LANE, Waterville, Councillor.  
ORA W. KNIGHT, Bangor, Councillor.

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All subscriptions, business communications and articles for publication should be sent to J. Merton Swain, Editor and Publisher, Fairfield, Me.

All communications requiring an answer must be accompanied by stamps for reply.

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SUBSCRIPTIONS.

50 cts. per year. Single copies 15c.

Advertising rates, 25 cts. per inch, each insertion. Nothing inserted for less than 25 cts.

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Seventh annual meeting to be held the Friday and Saturday following Thanksgiving, 1902, at Portland, Me.

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Editorial.

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With Vol. IV, the society votes to raise the subscription price to 50 cts. The Journal will be issued quarterly, and we shall endeavor to give our readers their money's worth in valuable contributions to Maine Ornithology. Several papers, which were read at the annual meeting will appear in the

future issues and we feel certain our readers will be anxious to have Vol. IV complete. Capt. Spinney's paper, treating on recent observations among certain of our rarer sea birds will soon appear. We feel positive our old subscribers will await its appearance with much anticipation. There are many, not now subscribers, who certainly ought to have this valuable contribution.

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We are enclosing in this issue a renewal blank, showing each subscriber when his subscription expires. We hope to receive your renewal promptly and that you may be able to send us a new subscriber. With a little effort on your part you can aid us in enlarging our paper to a bi-monthly, with illustrations. By so doing you will confer a favor upon your friends, as well as upon our society, and thus aid us in a good and just cause. Let us hear from you.

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We are enclosing, also, a subscription blank to Mr. Knight's new list, (see ad in this issue.) All those having the old list will be very anxious to obtain this new list. It will be a work, complete in itself, of much value to all who are interested in the birds of the extreme northwest. The sooner the required subscriptions come in, the sooner this list will be ready for distribution.

We have seen several flocks of Goldfinches in Knox, Lincoln and Kennebec counties. Large flocks of Snowflakes are also common. A robin was feeding beside the shore of the lake at Liberty on Thanksgiving morning. The night previous was very cold and windy, yet he seemed as bright and cheery as though he had just returned in the spring. An American Creeper was seen creeping on the trunk of a large elm in Waterville on Dec. 30th. I also saw a small flock of Red Crossbills in Knox Co. late in November. Mr Briggs reports the Pine Grosbeak quite common in Livermore, in Franklin Co., late in November. I saw several flocks of them while in Farmington on December 28th-30th. Also a small flock in Waldo Co. on January 2nd.



From a recent letter from Brother Morrill dated at Southern Pines, North Carolina, we are pleased to learn that he is still improving in health and expects to do some work among the birds in the coming spring.

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THE SIXTH ANNUAL MEETING  
OF THE MAINE ORNITHOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

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The sixth annual meeting of the Maine Ornithological Society was held in the office of the Commissioners of Inland Fisheries and Game, Augusta, Maine, November 29-30, 1901.

The meeting was called to order at 3.30 P. M., Nov. 29, by the President William L. Powers of Gardiner.

The president delivered his annual address which appears in full in the "Journal," Vol. 4, No. 1, Jan. 1902.

The report of the financial officers followed and showed that the cost of

the work of publication, mailing, and efforts at protection had exceeded the dues and other revenues.

Messrs. Homer R. Dill and A. P. Larrabee both of Gardiner were appointed auditors.

The recommendations of the president were then taken up for consideration and were disposed of as follows:

The matter of a change of name for the "Journal" was discussed and laid upon the table until the next business session of this meeting.

The matter of increasing the dues of members and price of the Journal was committed to Messrs. A. H. Norton of Westbrook, J. M. Swain, Waterville and C. C. Spratt of North Bridgton.

The subjects, of associate membership and Audubon Society were committed to Messrs O. W. Knight of Bangor and C. C. Spratt of North Bridgton.

The matter of publishing the new list of Maine Birds was committed to Messrs. O. W. Knight of Bangor, A. P. Larrabee of Brunswick and Prof. L. A. Lee of Brunswick.

Nomination of officers for the ensuing year was committed to Messrs. O. W. Knight, Bangor, H. R. Dill, Gardiner and G. H. Briggs of Livermore.

Resolutions to Messrs. Larrabee, Brunswick, Dill, Gardiner, and Swain, Waterville.

After these matters Dr. C. E. Norton of Auburn and John P. Chadwick of Saco were admitted to membership, and the session adjourned until 8 P. M.

Evening session was held in Representatives Hall, at 8 P. M. with President Powers in the chair.

After a brief introduction by the President, Prof. L. A. Lee of Bowdoin College took the floor and gave an exhibition of about eighty new lantern slides of birds, their nests, eggs, young and views illustrating their



life histories, made by himself from negatives taken by members of the society.

As the slides were exhibited explanations were made as follows:

Prof. L. A. Lee, slide of the Caspian Tern in the Museum of Bowdoin College, taken in Casco Bay, May 11, 1901. (Journal III, No. 3, P. 29): Slides showing a Tree Sparrow suspended in the fork of a bush, by a Shrike. Slide of a nest taken in Bucksport, supposed to have been that of the Alder Fly-catcher.

Two slides by Nettie Burleigh, entitled "Feeding the Chickadee," explained, in absence of Miss Burleigh by Prof. W. L. Powers.

Series of slides of Birds and Nests taken in Cumberland County, Maine, explained by A. H. Norton.

Slides illustrating a paper entitled One Yellow Warbler Family by Homer R. Dill, explained by himself.

Series of slides of birds and nests by Everett E. Johnson, taken in Andros-coggin County; in the absence of Mr. Johnson, the paper of explanation was read by Mr. J. Merton Swain.

Series of slides illustrating a paper by Capt. H. L. Spinney, entitled "A Trip to Muscongus Bay, Maine, July 4-5, 1901." In the absence of Capt. Spinney explanation was made by A. H. Norton.

This ended the series of new slides made by Prof. Lee.

A series of about thirty slides made by Mr. O. W. Knight, was then exhibited and explanations made by the author.

These were followed by the slides made last year by Prof. Lee and exhibited at the fifth annual meeting at Lewiston, explained as last year. (See Journal Vol. III, P. 2.) this made a total of about one hundred and ninety slides exhibited.

The exhibition was open to the public and well patronized by an ap-

preciative audience.

The meeting adjourned until Nov. 30, at 10 A. M.

November 30, 1901. Morning session was called to order by the President, W. L. Powers at 9.40 A. M. The minutes of the last business meeting were read and approved.

The change of the name of the Journal was taken from the table, and settled by voting to retain the present name.

Mr. Knight, chairman on associate membership, rendered the following report:

"Committee on Associate Membership recommend to admit associate members, and fix dues at 50 cents per year. Associate members shall receive the Journal but shall not have the privilege of voting. Associate members shall have intrusted to their care, the protection of birds to the best of their ability and desire."

Voted to adopt the recommendation.

Mr. Swain of the committee on price of membership and Journal, made the following report:

"We recommend that the price of the Journal be raised to 50 cents per annum."

Voted to adopt the recommendation.

Mr. Knight, chairman of the committee to nominate officers for the ensuing year, reported, recommending the re-election of the present board.

Voted to accept the report and authorize Mr. Knight to cast the ballot for the society, whereupon the following were declared elected.

President, William L. Powers, Gardiner; Vice Pres., Herbert L. Spinney, Seguin Light Station; Secretary and Treasurer, Arthur H. Norton, Westbrook; Editor, J. Merton Swain, Waterville; Councilors, A. L. Lane, and O. W. Knight, Bangor.

Mr. Austin P. Larrabee, chairman of committee on resolutions made the following report:

"Be it resolved by the Maine Ornithological Society that thanks are due and are hereby extended to the Maine Central Railroad for the reduction of rates.

To Col. E. C. Stevens for admission into the State House, and to Hon. L. T. Carleton for the use of the Fish and Game Commissioners room and to these and other officials for the many courtesies extended to the society during the course of the meetings.

To Frank T. Noble for his kindness in throwing open his excellent and interesting collection to the inspection of the members.

To Miss Hodgdon for her kindness in taking a stenographic report of Prof. Stanton's lecture so that it may be published in the Journal."

Voted to adopt the report, place the same upon the records of the society, send a copy to each person named therein, and to the local dailies.

Voted to commit the matter of an associate editor to the President, Secretary and Editor.

Voted to request the council to consider the matter of holding a special meeting in April or in the summer.

The reading of papers was begun, the first being entitled "One Yellow Warbler Family", by Homer R. Dill, read by Prof. W. L. Powers. The second paper was by Mr. J. Merton Swain, entitled, "A Ramble in the Woods in May." The next was "A Trip to Muscongus Bay, Maine, July 4-5, 1901," by Herbert L. Spinney; in the absence of the author it was read by Arthur H. Norton.

The committee to consider the publication of the new list of Maine Birds through the chairman, Mr. Knight, read the following report:

"Committee on Publication of List, recommend that the List include a map showing the faunal areas and also a brief summary of the distribution of each species in the State.

Recommend that two editions of the 'List' be prepared one of which shall have blank pages bound, interleaved and the price shall be 50 and 75 cents respectively.

Recommend that advanced subscriptions for the "List" shall be secured by advertising in the Journal and by other means, and the publication shall be withheld until sufficient money shall be assured to pay expenses of the same.

Recommend that Mr. Knight be allowed fifty copies of the "List" without expense to him, as a recompense for labors of preparation and publication.

It seems to be unwise to undertake the publication of an "Introduction to Ornithology" in the present financial condition of the Society; but in view of the fact that such a publication would be of inestimable value in advancing the study of Ornithology in the State, it is recommended that Prof. Powers be requested to prepare and print such a work, to be published at his expense, the profits therefrom to be his.

It is believed that such a work together with our List would form an admirable manual of Maine birds.

It is recommended that both works be advertised and sold together. Signed by the full committee.

Voted to adopt the recommendation of the committee.

Prof. J. Y. Stanton of Bates College was then called to the floor, and he gave a most pleasing talk upon birds which was listened to with great interest. The subject was a general one, bearing upon the structure of birds, the beauty of birds, their flight, songs, utility, and intelligence.

Miss Hodgdon of the Fish and Game office, very kindly took a stenographic copy of the lecture, which, therefrom, will appear in a number of the current volume of the Journal.

Papers prepared by Guy H. Briggs, Livermore, Austin P. Larrabee, Brunswick, L. W. Robbins, Gardiner, A. H. Norton, Westbrook, were referred to the editor without being read, owing to lack of time.

Session adjourned to meet after dinner, at the office of Mr. Frank Noble, where the members had been entertained earlier in course of the meetings.

The afternoon session was informal, the time being chiefly devoted to the viewing of Mr. Noble's collection of choice specimens of birds, nests, eggs, historic firearms, Military relics, and coins. During the afternoon Mr. Noble read a paper entitled "An Encounter Between a Bird and a Snake." This was received with great interest, and remarks followed by Prof. Stanton. During the meeting the council decided to hold the next annual meeting in Portland, Maine, Friday and Saturday, following Thanksgiving, 1902.

Meeting adjourned.

ARTHUR H. NORTON,  
Secretary.

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PRESIDENT'S ADDRESS.

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Officers and members of the Maine Ornithological Society:—

At the fifth annual meeting of our society held at Lewiston, last year, I indicated, under the title of President's Address, the urgent needs of the society at that time. If it served no other purpose it certainly did expedite the work of the business meeting by its orderly arrangement of topics for discussion. And I wish to state that the results were very gratifying to me for the suggestions, without exception, were adopted by the society and some of them incorporated as a fundamental part of our organization.

But there are yet many changes to be considered, and much energy must be put forth by officers and members before we can hope to enjoy such prosperity as the founders of our society anticipated. The progress already made, and the work thus far accomplished incite us to increased activity.

In my address last year I cited what had been done previously for the promotion of Ornithological science in our State, and it may be a matter of surprise to the members and it certainly will be a great delight to all to learn that our work since that time has attracted the notice of foreign scientists.

December of this year I received the following letter from the Concilium Bibleographicum Opibus Complurium Nationum Turici Istitutum.

Zurich Neumunster 1, XII, 1901.

Prof. W. L. Powers,

Gardiner, Me.,

Dear Sir:—

I take the liberty of appealing to you as president of the Maine Ornithological Society in order to obtain for entry in the International Bibliography of the publications of this young society. At present this is almost the only ornithological society in the world that has not favored us by sending in its publications for record, the example having been set in America by the A. Q. U., the Cooper Ornith. Club, the Michigan Ornithological Union. I venture to hope that the same course will be followed by your society and take the liberty of sending you under separate cover printed notices in regard to our work. Awaiting the favor of your kind reply, I am

Yours faithfully,

HERBERT HAVILAND FIELD,

Director.

I have given direction to our secretary and to our editor to place Dr. Field's name upon our mailing list.

But perhaps the most important work that has been accomplished by the society was the passage by the State Legislature last winter of a new law for better bird protection. This law was placed upon our statute books as the result of our labors solely, and great credit is due our committee for their work in this direction. Mr. Jed Frye Fanning of Portland, drafted the bill, Mr. Dutcher, Treasurer of the A. O. U., and Dr. Palmer of the Biological Survey at Washington came to Augusta to speak in its behalf before the Legislative Committee to which it was referred. They brought with them many beautiful colored lantern slides of Maine Birds, and Prof. Lee of Bowdoin College not only furnished lantern but also exhibited the slides to a large and appreciative company in the evening. Several members of the society appeared before the committee and ably seconded the work of Mr. Dutcher and Dr. Palmer.

We were fortunate in having on the floor of the House two of our most active and influential members, Leroy T. Carlton of Winthrop and James Carroll Mead of North Bridgton. The bill was passed without a dissenting voice, and has already done much to stop the ruthless slaughter of our insectivorous, song and shore birds. I know this to be a fact from personal observation.

There is yet, however, one class of people which has not learned of this law. I refer to the milliners. Many that I have talked with had not the remotest idea that the sale of bird skins was prohibited by law, and I recommend that steps be taken to disseminate more widely the fact that all birds in our State with the exception of crows, hawks, owls, and house sparrows are protected by law.

Another great work which is being done by our society is the preparation

of lantern slides by Prof. L. A. Lee from negatives of birds, nests and eggs made by the members. Any member of the society that will send him a clear negative of an Ornithological subject will receive from him in a short time thereafter not only the negative in good condition, but also a finished lantern slide of the same. The only stipulation made by Prof. Lee is that he be allowed to retain one copy in the form of a lantern slide.

As a result of this generous conduct Prof. Lee now has in his possession 160 beautiful slides of Maine birds, their nests and eggs. Moreover these slides may be borrowed by any member of the society who wishes to use them for lecture purposes. To be sure many of them are duplicates in this respect that they are pictures of the same species though not of the same individual. But there are enough to furnish a generous set for an evening's entertainment. If this work should continue for several years there would then be enough slides on hand to illustrate the life history of many of our common birds. The value of such a collection to our society and to the State at large cannot be told. Ex. Pres. Knight has also made several slides from his own negatives and the exhibition of all these slides has become a most important feature of our annual meeting. Representatives' Hall was well filled for the Friday evening lecture this year. I cannot too strongly urge upon each and every member of our society the value of this work and the necessity for individual effort in this direction.

The first edition of Mr. Knight's "Birds of Maine" has long since been exhausted. And though almost the entire edition was given away, so valuable have they proved to be and so rare have they become that they are now listed at \$1.50 in paper covers.

Many of the recent members have been unable to secure one at any price and a second edition has been in preparation for the past year. I am happy to be able to state that it will be ready for the printer in January.

Now it seems to me that the most important thing for us to consider at this meeting is the publication of this new list. How it shall be put out, to what extent it shall be illustrated, if at all, and where the money is coming from to meet the expense must be decided upon before this meeting closes. I hope that each one will feel it his bounden duty to propose a feasible scheme.

The election of a new board of officers will require judgment on your part that the work already begun may go on without interruption. I recommend that the present editor be retained if he will again accept the position, for I feel that his energy and industry have done much to make our Journal a success.

He has been successful in interesting advertisers, and now that the door is open others may be induced to enter. The price for space in our paper, if not satisfactory to all, should be settled at this time.

The addition of an associate editor would lighten the work of publication, and if a woman were elected to this position and made one of the council, she would add not a little to our effective working force. The changing of our Journal to a monthly publication would then be a lighter task for all, and the increased interest on the part of subscribers would be felt by the society as a whole.

The great increase in the sales of Nature Study books and Journals, many of which, however, show a lamentable dearth so far as study is concerned, seems to indicate that the public is yearning for more of the

same thing. In view of the facts that there is no Audubon Society in Maine, and that ours is the only Journal in our State devoted entirely to the subject of nature study, it would seem that a proper presentation of its claims in this direction would merit a much larger appreciation from the public in the form of a greatly increased subscription list.

Another feature that would add much to the effectiveness of our Journal would be the addition of a department or column giving in each publication the titles of those nature study leaflets on the subject of Ornithology which have been published by the Department of Agriculture at Washington, the University of Maine, Clark University and Cornell which may be procured for the asking or for a few cents. Many persons, especially teachers, would make use of them if their attention were directed to them.

There is no Audubon Society in our State, yet we are doing the same work that these societies are taking up elsewhere. If mention were made of this fact in our Journal, on our letter heads and envelopes it would bring many to a better appreciation of our aims and purposes. And while we should stand or fall on our merits alone, we should not hesitate to avail ourselves of every merited support.

The printing of the names of all subscribers in the January number each year would serve to bring us more in touch with each other, to arouse an interest in our membership and to increase our knowledge of the work that is being done throughout the State in the subject of Ornithology.

It now remains for me to speak of the great need of our society at the present time. I refer to the condition of our treasury.

Much that might be done to extend our influence and to increase our mem-

bership must remain undone from lack of funds. Hitherto the honor of holding office has brought with it the responsibility of meeting current expenses by donations from the officers' private resources. More than \$20.00 were contributed by the officers during the past year. How this difficulty can be successfully overcome must be your first consideration. All other questions are secondary to this and must wait for its successful answer before they may be considered.

One scheme for increasing our funds is to make the price of the Journal fifty cents per year instead of twenty-five. This change would double the income received from all subscribers who are not active members of the society. I am informed by our editor that we have ninety of these on our list, and hence the increased revenue from these alone would meet future outlays.

And now with confidence in our cause and with expectation of our ultimate triumph and success, I wish to thank you for the honor you have conferred upon me by twice electing me to the honorable position of president of The Maine Ornithological Society. May our efforts be crowned with success.

WM. L. POWERS,  
Gardiner, Me.

#### SOME ORNITHOLOGICAL PROBLEMS FOR MAINE.

Read before the Maine Ornithological Society at Augusta, Nov. 30, 1901.

Having through a correspondence and experience, extending back a number of years, come to a realization of the impetus given the study of any branch of Natural history, that has, in view, definite objects for investigation, that promises the possible

discovery of some new organism, or some new fact of general interest. I have chosen the present subject for the purpose of this meeting.

No attempt has been made to treat the matter exhaustively, time, space and my own inability forbid such an attempt. I have only aimed to bring briefly, before the attention of a certain class of students, a number of cases which I have found in my investigations still open before us, hoping, thereby, to be benefitted, mutually with them.

Another might find other species; equally entitled to attention, with certain of these here mentioned. Works describing birds are now so numerous and inexpensive that descriptions are here superfluous.

While living birds appeal to all, there is an interest attached to fossil birds which appeals especially to the scientist. The number of fossil forms known to science is indeed very small and each earnest student should be zealous to increase the number. Therefore every opportunity to explore any geological outcropping of a more recent period than the jurassic, should be improved with that end in view. Another field, which has not been exhausted, is the shell heaps of the aboriginal tribes, which are so conspicuous in many places. The little work that has been done upon the bones found in these heaps, as they are in Maine, has been very interesting and they still have much to contribute to our knowledge of the earlier distribution of many of the larger birds.

Taking the standard American list of birds for our basis, the Black Throated Loon is the first to appeal to us in the present connection. It is an aquatic species, smaller than the large specimens of the common loon, and in nuptial plumage differs markedly from that species.

But the first winter plumage examples of the two, intergrade in size and coloration, so completely that the utmost care is required to discriminate between them.

Collectors of the seabirds should neglect no opportunity to examine the Sea Pigeons in winter, hoping thereby to obtain Mandt's Guillemot. The species (?) having its greater wing coverts white to their extreme bases. Attention may be briefly called to that largest of the gull chasers, *Megalistris skua* which has few North American records. This should be looked for off the coast and reported with the fullest possible data.

Among the gulls there is still room for original work in the determination of the status of certain alleged species and subspecies with perhaps the results of eliminating of certain names now current, (a superfluous name is a burden and he who disposes of one is a benefactor to the cause.) Maine affords a rich field for the student of this group and especial attention should be directed to the collection of the immature stages of plumage of the different species visiting our coast. Observations should also be made and preserved of the extent of the visitations of boreal forms to our limits, together with their times of arrival and periods of sojourning and their feeding grounds. Called together as the gulls are, by common interests, such as the schooling of fishes, the rising and falling of the tides, storms, gales and other causes they mingle in great companies, yet the observer can detect specific preferences for companionship, feeding grounds, resting places, etc. An elaboration of extended observations of this kind might be turned to good service in collecting the different species. The Roseate Tern has a record as a Maine bird, not as fully understood as it is to be hoped that

it may soon be. The deplorable destruction of the terns of all species within the last fifteen years and utter annihilation of many of the largest colonies has of course removed much of the means of a full tabulation of this bird's breeding range within our limits. Hence all authentic data should be recorded. Need attention be called to the meagerness of our knowledge of the entire group of Petrels visiting our coast?

Which of the species occur within the limits of this State and under what conditions? Which of the little known ones are stragglers, and which are regular visitants or seasonal residents? Where are their feeding grounds and where are their routes of migration.

Eight years ago (Wm. Palmer, Auk. XIV, P. 2, 97) a new species was added to the fauna of the Atlantic coast of the United States and since that time, nothing has come to light concerning it. Though pelagic birds, specimens occasionally are blown or wander well inland. So all may well be on the lookout for them.

Among the ducks we have as yet no Maine record for the European Teal, a species not infrequently straying to northern North America, reaching Massachusetts occasionally. Great care should be exercised to distinguish it from the common Green Winged species. Careful attention directed to the Goldeneyes, especially the young males and females, is likely to bring to light a better knowledge of the status of the Iceland or Barrows Goldeye.

Cory's Bittern should be looked for in Maine, among its relatives. Only about fifteen specimens are known, several from Toronto, Canada.

It is perhaps a trifle smaller than the Least Bittern and has the buffy tints of that species replaced with rufous chestnut and is strikingly dark-

er than our bird. Its status was fully reviewed by Mr. Chapman in 1886, (Auk, XIII, P. 11.)

Another bird of great rarity in collections, in a large measure due to its secretive habits, no doubt, has previously been reported from Maine. The bird in question is the Little Black Rail, or Jamaica Rail. The report alluded to is contained in Mr. Smith's Birds of Maine, and as it illustrates the habits of the present species I may be pardoned for quoting it in full.

During the autumn of 1881 great numbers of Carolina Rails were shot in the vicinity of Portland, Maine, as also numerous Virginia Rails, Yellow and a King Rail. Upon the 4th of Oct., while my friends, Jonas Hamilton and Alpheus G. Rogers of this city, were shooting in Scarborough, Mr. Hamilton's dog brought to him alive and unhurt, a Black Rail. The bird was probably of the species *Porzana jamaicensis*. Both gentlemen have a familiar knowledge of our common species of rails, and especially noted that this bird differed from the Sora or Carolina Rail, and the Yellow Rail in form as well as in plumage. Unfortunately the specimen was not preserved, and it may possibly have been an instance of melanism in the young Yellow Rail." (Forest & Stream, Mch. 15, 1883, P. 124) In Dr. Allens' review of this species (Auk, XVII, P. 1) it is shown that it has been observed in Jamaica to hide its head and "cock up the rump," when it is easily caught. Let it be remembered that Audubon's specimen was caught as well as others in the vicinity of Philadelphia. The name implies a dark species, which would be the index for the field collector. Mr. Wm. Brewster has lately described its supposed notes as kik-kik-kik, queeah (Auk XVII, P. 321), the final note being in the nature of crowing. If the notes be-

long to this bird as supposed, it is nocturnal in its habits.

Of the large and interesting group of shore birds, with its many stragglers, I will call attention to only two species. The hordes of Semipalmated Plovers which bi-annually pass our coast line, should receive careful attention, with the hope of an occasional Ring Plover. *Aegialitis hiaticula* which breeds on the shores of Cumberland Sound. These birds normally migrate to the old world in autumn. But some undoubtedly join the flocks of allied birds and pay passing visits to our shores on rare occasions. The other species, The Piping Plover is probably extirpated as a summer resident of Maine, but records of its former breeding colonies are very desirable and notes on its occurrence are worthy of record.

In the same connection should be cited the Spruce Grouse, not for its rarity, but for its past distribution. It is one of the most unsuspecting birds in our State and has in consequence been nearly exterminated, wherever settlers or lumbering interests have penetrated its range. Hence it is now important from the stand point of the faunist to collect and record all reliable data concerning its former distribution. The Passenger Pigeon, should even now be carefully looked for. The collector who might secure one would be indeed fortunate.

Though the Golden Eagle and Duck Hawk are worthy of report wherever found, the interest in the raptorial centers around that little group of powerful arctic hawks, the Jerfalcons. Rivaling the Goshawk in size, ranging from the purity of the Snowy Owl, to an unbroken dusky shade. Their relationships are somewhat questionable. They visit our State on rare occasions during the cold season. The Horned Owls are deserving of attention and all very dark and very light speci-



mens should be preserved and recorded.

The Horned Larks present a case of interest even though so common. Records of the larger, brightly colored bird, from the interior of the State are still to be sought. While for the smaller, grayer form, all notes, and those from the coast, in particular, are much to be desired. As well as its breeding season in any unreported section. Data showing the breeding distribution of the Canada Jay, its winter distribution and time of migration are much to be hoped for, although, even now, in part, believed to be a permanent resident, wherever found. It is a species, which winters considerably further South than its summer home extends. When observing or collecting the winter finches, thought might profitably be directed to the possible recurrence of the Evening Grosbeak. The Red poll afford a promising group for the collector, and among the flocks of these busy little birds, are likely to be found stray specimens of the Hoary and Holboells Redpolls, with frequent specimens of the Greater or in some seasons the latter may equal the common species in numbers. They are active little creatures and will require the closest attention. Indeed the specimen in hand, is the only positively satisfactory identification. Another of the boreal finches, promising a worthy reward, to the careful student, is the Lapland Longspur. By the records collected by Mr. Knight, we learn of its occurrence in the interior of the State. I believe that it will be found a not uncommon migrant along our coast or perhaps, an occasional winter resident. It has been said to have habits similar to those of the Snowflake, and to move with that species. With my own experience, I must take exception to the first of these statements. The Snowflake is a more vigorous species,

in its actions, feeding in a body, moving in the same direction. Those in the rear are constantly leaping into the air, and passing over those in advance, and thus are flashing into view and out in a comparatively animated way. The Longspurs seem to strike the ground and disappear like the Horned Larks. If an observer is near they seem to be crouching low by some clod or other object, evidently for concealment, as they scan the premises. This seems to be a characteristic habit as it was noticed also by Ernest Seton Thompson (*Birds of Manitoba*, Proc., U. S. N. M. Vol. XIII, P. 5, 90.)

They feed, running about (not hopping) hither and thither, inspecting each tuft of vegetation, mass of seaweed or drifted matter, and are seen scattered over a small area. Their uniformly dark upper parts and wings, gives them quite a resemblance to the larks (with which they sometimes, at least, associate.) This, no doubt, has caused them to escape detection, with us. Compared with the larks, they are slightly smaller than Alpestris. Perhaps one may detect a browner shade as they fly. In flight they seem more sprightly. The crouching bird will be found in favorable light to lack the black bars on the sides of the throat, which under the same conditions will be found conspicuous in the larks. Watch then, the larks with the utmost care. Another of the interesting group of sparrows, occasionally to be found within our borders, is the little Yellow-winged or Grasshopper Sparrow. It is a bird of the grass fields, inhabiting places where the Savanna Sparrows abound and breed. It is probably easiest of all our eastern Sparrows to be overlooked. Its weak song has been mistaken for the stridulating of some strange grasshopper, nor is it to be wondered at. It is very inconspicuous and in habits

extremely secretive, hiding in the grass if alarmed, and flushing only from one's feet.

The possibility of finding its relative, Henslow's Sparrow, should also be kept in mind. The attention of winter observers should be directed toward the direction of the large and beautiful Bohemian waxwing and care should be exercised not to confound it with the common Cedar bird, which rarely occurs at the same season.

The Philadelphia Vireo is a bird whose song and notes are much like those of the Red-eyed species. In habits, it is partial to alder groves and has yet to have its Southern breeding limit in our State, determined.

A secretive pigmy among birds, is the Marsh Wren. Inhabiting the flags of reedy swamps and streams it is difficult of observation and has so far been positively identified at only one section of the State. But there is little doubt that it occurs at several other stations and perhaps is not of such limited distribution as our present knowledge indicates.

The Hudsonian Chickadee is a species which it seems has its distribution and status imperfectly understood. To what extent it is a summer resident is a question which I think should be considered far more than in the past.

The Wood Thrush, a species now known only as a rare summer visitant or resident, should be looked for wherever the Rose-breasted Grosbeak, Scarlet Tanager and House Wren are regular visitants. The determination of its range is a phenomena of much value in considering the limits of the Alleghanian fauna in Maine. It should be sought even though the results be negative. Two other thrushes claim attention. One, the darker form of the Wilson's Thrush, lately recorded as a late migrant through the Gulf of St. Lawrence. This should be looked for also in the collections now extant.

The Bicknells' Thrush should also be looked for during migrations, and upon the islands at our eastern boundary, even westerly to Mt. Desert, if not to Isle au Haute. Its northern breeding limit is unknown. The Wheatear may be confidently expected to occur in Maine, on rare occasions, and should be patiently and zealously watched for.

Indeed with our vast area of unexplored territory, our small number of observers, zeal and patience are the requirements of success in the demonstration of the numerous problems which, mentioned and unmentioned, confront us.

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#### A DESPERATE ENCOUNTER BETWEEN A LOGGERHEAD SHRIKE AND A SNAKE.

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On April 28th of last year, while riding along the Pond road, so-called, in the town of Manchester, I experienced a most novel and remarkable adventure, one of those strange and curious happenings which falls to the lot of the amateur naturalist but once in a life time to observe and to participate in.

While travelling beside a field, containing a few apple trees and bordering upon the highway, my attention was attracted to a bunch of gray and white feathers tumbling about in the grass somewhat after the manner of a hen whose head had been chopped off. A homely comparison, perhaps, but it fits the case exactly and instantly came into my mind as I watched it with surprise.

The object was within a few feet of the roadway and as I drew nearer I saw it was a Shrike of some kind and in serious trouble but just what the nature of the difficulty was, it was im-

possible to make out. There appeared to be a string or something attached which dangled from the bird and could be plainly seen at such times as the bird fluttered or hopped into the air. It seemed trying hard to fly but after reaching a height of perhaps three feet would fall back in the grass in an aimless and decidedly crazy manner.

I jumped from the carriage and running to where the bird was rolling about, attempted to grasp it in my hands, but at my near approach additional fear seemed to possess it and making a still greater effort, apparently, it raised itself on its wings and half flying, half scaling flew some fifty feet, and again fell, apparently exhausted, in a heap in the grass. In this flight as in the other shorter excursions into the air the same long, stringy object dangled along with the bird hanging some foot or more.

In my second attempt at capture I was more cautious and using my hat for a net I held the bird in my hand a second later and the mystery was solved.

The bird was a Loggerhead Shrike, *Lanius ludovicianus*, and coiled tightly about its neck, was the third quarter of a striped snake. The snake was dull yellow with brown stripes was about 18 inches long and somewhat larger around than a leadpencil and while the head of the snake had evidently received very hard usage from the sharp and strong beak of the shrike, its body was decidedly full of life.

The situation showed plainly a fight to the death, with the honors divided about as follows: The bird had sadly battered the head of the reptile and one claw was deeply, very deeply imbedded in the snake's body some four inches from the head, while his snake-slip had two coils of the latter part of himself tightly about the bird's

neck and was choking him as hard as he knew how.

The shrike did not take kindly at all to my efforts at rescue for it pecked fiercely at my hand, even tearing the heavy kid driving glove I wore and struggled hard to free itself from my grasp, but I persisted in my philanthropy nevertheless.

I first tried to uncoil the snake by reversing the coil with its tail but the instant I tried this the snake instinctively contracted the remaining coil the more tightly until from the way the bird cried and ran out its tongue it was plain the remedy was worse than the disease, besides the bird's neck and body offered so little resistance in comparison to the strength of the snake that it appeared to be wholly impossible to accomplish my object in that manner.

And again, the moment I relaxed my hold on the snake's tail, presto, two more fresh coils would be added to the poor bird's neck, whose cries of pain or horror or both, were truly pitiful. Several times I tried this uncoiling process and each time gave it up as liable to result fatal to the bird.

It would naturally seem to the listener of the story that to uncoil the snake were a simple thing to do. I only wish you might have an opportunity to try for then only would you realize the difficulties presented in the shape of a struggling bird, whose soft body you could not grasp tightly without danger of squeezing out forever what little breath the coils of the snake allowed to enter its lungs, and whose neck afforded no resistance whatever in the necessary pulling process.

This with the additional pressure of the coils by the snake, instantly I tried to remove him made the problem a decidedly tough proposition. It was evident the bird would die if not

speedily released and the law of necessity prompted me to a happy thought. I have for years carried as a companion to my pocket knife a small pair of scissors. No sooner thought of than I had them in my hand and with them I very carefully snipped one of the coils close to the birds neck, severing it completely and yet without harming a feather. Instantly there was a transformation scene. The rear half of the snake lay in the grass at my feet while the shrike went through my hand like a shot and was flying away to the top of an apple tree with the other half dangling from its claw which was so firmly imbedded that he could not shake it off.

I watched him from his elevated perch for some time and he never moved apparently a muscle or a feather. There he sat thinking it all over and I was forced to smile as I imagined he was wondering if he had simply been "seeing snakes" like ordinary human beings.

My explanation of it all is this, that finding the snake in the grass the shrike had pecked its head until he supposed it was dead and then picking it up to carry away it proved to be more alive than dead and throwing its tail about in an aimless way, it happened to light on the bird's neck and he took a few turns just for luck. The shrike in its struggles set one claw in the snakes back so deeply he could not withdraw it and it then became a case of "nip and tuck." How long the bird had been undergoing the squeezing process I don't know, but probably not long as I had passed that locality but a short time before.

I am strongly of the opinion that this particular shrike will give snakes a wide berth after his narrow escape from such a novel but relentless guillotine

FRANK T. NOBLE.

Nov. 29, 1901.

## ONE YELLOW WARBLER FAMILY.

In the latter part of May, 1901, I noticed a pair of Yellow Warblers in a lilac bush directly under my chamber window. They seemed so busy I went close to the window to see what they were about. I very soon saw that they intended to build a nest there, and in fact, had all ready begun operations.

To the casual observer the male and female birds would look alike, but there is quite a difference. The male, as in most birds, is higher colored and in this particular case had a quick, nervous way of moving about much different from the female.

The birds soon became accustomed to having me watch them for I went to see them at least once a day and when I had nothing else to do I would sit and watch them by the hour.

The female seemed to have more skill in nest building than the male, and she fashioned it to suit her taste. The male brought the larger part of the material and she, sitting in the nest, wove the straws into place with exquisite neatness. The male bird would sit and watch her with a straw in his beak, and sometimes delayed the progress of the work just to make love to her.

At last the nest was ready for its lining, and imagine my surprise when I saw them lining it with some red wool I had thrown out of my work room window. They surely showed good taste. The nest when finished looked so smooth and pretty I was tempted to take it.

Now that the nest was all completed I began to look for some eggs, and it was not long before I saw a beautiful, speckled, blue egg and in a short time another, then another, until five were laid, I did not expect

to see any more eggs but to my surprise and disgust, one morning, when I went to the nest I found a larger, dark-colored egg which I at once recognized as the parasitic Cow-bird's.

Perhaps, for the benefit of those who are not acquainted with the Cow bird it would be well for me to say a word in regard to its habits.

It is a bird more than twice the size of the Yellow Warbler. It builds no nest of its own but drops its eggs into the nests of smaller birds. When the egg hatches, the young bird is, quite naturally, larger than the others and crowds them, getting the larger part of the food which the old birds bring, thus making lots of extra work for its foster parents and stunting for the time, the growth of their own fledgelings. As soon as it can fly, it leaves its foster parents not even thanking them for their trouble.

At first, I was tempted to destroy the egg but finally decided to let it remain.

Now that the eggs were all laid the little female began to sit in earnest. How patiently she sat there day after day through sun and rain! The little male bird was very faithful to his charge, bringing her nice fat worms and flies to eat and even water to drink.

The first time I saw him bring water I was not quite sure about it but as I was within three feet of the nest and watched very closely, I soon saw him come with more water and was then convinced.

When she got very tired he would sit on the eggs and let her take needed rest and exercise. After a while the eggs began to hatch and a prouder pair of birds were never seen. As soon as the eggs were all hatched the Cow bird's included, the male came with some flies and worms to feed them but the female would take them

from him and break them in pieces and then feed the young herself. But as the young birds grew older and required more food the mother bird could not be so particular as it kept them both busy to find food enough.

The nest was situated so that during a part of the day the sun beat squarely down upon it making it very uncomfortable for the young birds. The mother bird did not wish to sit on the nest, as the young birds needed the air, and she did not wish to have the sun on them. So she would stand on the side of the nest with her wings extended making an awning of herself. And there she would stand until the sun changed its position.

The birds were very neat about their housekeeping, all the excrement of the brood being carried away by the old birds. They did not drop it near the nest, as that would soon mark the place so their enemies could find them, but it was carried a long distance, often many hundred yards from the nest. Nature has wisely provided a film-like coating over the excrement which prevents soiling the nest and makes it convenient for the old birds to carry.

I tried many times to make a picture of the nest and birds and after many failures succeeded in getting a fair picture, but not as good as I would like to have.

At last the young birds became crowded and one by one they began to stretch out their wings and preen their stubby feathers.

One morning when I went to visit the nest, I found it was empty and not a sign of a bird to be seen. I thought at first, that it was the work of some owl, but I soon found that the whole family were in an apple tree quite a distance from their home. They were perched about among the branches and it was some time before I could locate them, but they were all there,

the Cow bird included. But let me say right here that he did not stay around long, notwithstanding the good training and good influence that had, I am sorry to say, been wasted on him. He soon went his way to follow the slack, lazy habits of his tribe.

The young Yellow birds soon became as large as their parents and with the fluffy plumage, which had grown on them, they looked larger.

They did not seem to have any fondness for their old home in the lilac bush now, and never again went near it, so I did not see quite so much of them. But occasionally I saw them hopping about among the branches of the apple trees, until at last it came time for them to leave for the South.

And may the kind Providence, who marks the sparrow's fall, watch over and guide them safely to their Southern home. And when spring returns to our Northern clime, may the same guiding hand bring them safely back to the home of their nativity to gladden the heart of man.

HOMER R. DILL,  
State Taxidermist.

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### THE BLUEBIRD.

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*Sialia Sialis* (Linn.)

This name brings to my mind thoughts of springtime, the melting of the snow and the bursting of the buds and the return of summer with its many Ornithological joys and sorrows, for they are the first of our insectivorous birds to arrive from the South and tell us that the dreary winter has passed away. They are also the last to leave us in fall and their sad, mournful notes tell more plainly than the cold and storms that a Maine winter has come again. In years past the bluebird was an abundant summer resident in this locality (Livermore), but each year it has grown less com-

mon until now they can only be called fairly common, what has caused this I am unable to say. But this season I think they were more plentiful than for several years past and I have had the pleasure of becoming better acquainted with this bird. I have found them nesting quite common and have had the pleasure of taking five sets of five eggs each, with nests, of this species, all the eggs were pure white, all from the same pair of birds and from the same old orchard of apple trees. Perhaps a brief description of the nests and eggs would not be uninteresting to many. It is as follows:

Set No. one, now in the cabinet of Mr. J. Merton Swain, Waterville, was found May 1st, 1901. The nest was situated in a hollow apple tree in the vacated nesting cavity of a Northern Flicker, and contained four eggs, May. 2d the set of five eggs was completed and May 10th I collected the set with nest which was composed of dead grasses and rootlets and was very large and bulky. For a complete description of this nest and set of eggs see (The Oologist for August, page 121.)

Set No. two, now in the cabinet of Mr. Everett E. Johnson, Lewiston, was collected May 27th. Situated in a hollow apple tree only a short distance from the first nest. Nest composed of course dead grasses and rootlets with a lining of the same and a few feathers and like the first was large and bulky.

Set No. three, was collected June 13th. The nest was built in a small box placed in an apple tree about 12 feet from the ground. The nest was composed of rootlets and dead grasses and lined with fine grasses and feathers.

Set No. four was collected June 24. The nest was built in the same cavity as nest No. one and composed of nearly the same material.

Set No. five and the last was collected July 6th, the nest was built in the same box that set No. three was found and was composed of the same material as that nest and was fully as large and bulky as the others.

Thus during a period of a little more than seventy days this pair of birds had built five bulky nests, the female had laid twenty-five eggs and had about one-half incubated the first three sets, the last two were perfectly fresh. Thus I have allowed this pair of birds eleven days in which to build their nest and the female to lay her set of five eggs. The first three sets, nearly one-half incubated, or seven days incubation for each set, making seventy-six days for the out-side limit of what this pair of birds accomplished. There was comparatively little variation in the size of the five sets of eggs, all of them were very smooth and glossy and resembled eggs of the woodpeckers, especially those of the yellow-bellied Sapsucker, both in size and color. What caused this odd departure in the color? Were the birds albinos, or was it from lack of pigment? I think the latter, for I understand that birds that are typical specimens of their species and perfectly healthy, are known to lay eggs that are albino's and from a close comparison of these birds with typical specimens of this species I could find no departure from their usual color and size.

In Davies, Nests and Eggs, (4th edition) he states that blue and white eggs are never found together in the same nest. I am informed by Mr. Everett E. Johnson of Lewiston, that in 1880, he found a nest of the blue-bird in the town of Sabatis, containing five eggs, three of which were blue and two pure white.

The number of the eggs of the blue-bird range from three to six. In all nests I have found most commonly sets of three and six are not uncom-

mon. As a bird of insectivorous value the bluebird holds high rank as the farmers' friend and they should receive the protection of every class of people, not only for their value to agriculture but for other reasons as well, for do they not, bear the same colors, the red, white and blue as those that float over the grandest, most progressive and most beautiful country that the world has ever known?

GUY H. BRIGGS.

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ADDITIONAL LIST OF BIRDS FOR  
WALDO AND KNOX COUNTIES.\*

*Sterna nigra surinamensis*—Black Tern, seen near Castine, on August 14, 1901, by G. C. Shattuck.

*Puffinus gravis*—Greater Shearwater, seen near Islesboro on August 10, 1901, by Dr. J. C. White.

*Phalaropus lobatus*—Northern Phalarope, seen near Islesboro on September 4, 1901, by G. C. Shattuck.

*Philohela minor*—Woodcock. One was shot by Charles Homer, about Sept. 15, 1901, near Dark Harbor, Islesboro.

*Vireo solitarius*—Solitary Vireo. One seen at Islesboro on September 21, 1901, by G. C. Shattuck.

Besides these species new to the list, Mr. Shattuck, who kindly supplied me with the above notes, tells me he observed at Islesboro a Great-crested Flycatcher on July 8, 1901, a Leach's Petrel in Penobscot Bay, near Ensign Island on July 11, 1901, while on August 4, 1901, Dr. G. G. Sears saw a Bartramian Sandpiper on Job's Island,

Islesboro, and Dr. J. C. White an American Bittern on Islesboro on August 10 and 12, 1901.

\*See Journal Maine Ornithological Society, Vol. II, No. 3, July, pp 28-32, 1900, and Vol. III, No. 1, Jan., pp 14-15, 1901.

REGINALD HEBER HOWE, Junior.

THE BLACK NECKED STILT IN  
MAINE.

I ran across, the other day, a Maine record for the Black-Necked Stilt, (*Himantopus mexicanus*), that must have been overlooked when the State list was published. In the O. & O. for 1889, Vol. XIV, No. 5, May, P. 78., a record is given of the capture of this species, at Rockland, Me., early in May (1889). The bird was received by Chas. K. Reed.

REGINALD HEBER HOWE, JR.  
Longwood.

Dr. Soule, saw, while gunning in Unity, Me., in Sept. '99, a male Bobwhite (*Otyx virginianus*) and heard his usual call.

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Seventh annual meeting to be held the Friday and Saturday following Thanksgiving, 1902, at Portland, Me.

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### Editorial.

The April weather we have had in March has brought the birds back to us more than two weeks earlier than usual.

We are publishing in this issue, a photo of our ex-President Ora W. Knight M. S. of Bangor. Mr. Knight

is still working on the new list of Maine birds.

Bro. Norton wishes to conduct a systematic study of the bird migration in the State, under the auspices of the society, the results to be tabulated for publication in the Journal. Will all, who are willing to co-operate, send to A. H. Norton, Westbrook, Me. for blanks and thus aid him in a State migration report?

Guy H. Briggs of Livermore sends the followign arrivals: Feb. 26, Crows; Feb. 28, Bluebird; March 1, Robins; March 7, Song Sparrows; March 7, Red Sh'd. Hawk; March 11, Fliker; March 13, Red-wing Blackbird. These are unusually early arrivals. He also states: "Associate members are not very plenty."

We wish to call the attention of our readers to some of our ads. which appear in this Number. You will note some very reasonable prices on bird books and magazines in Benj. Hoag's ad. If you need a Chapman's Handbook or anything obtainable, we believe he can save you money. Should you send for Lattin's lists, you would be sure to find something you would want. Webb of Rochester lists some rare works on Ornithology and his prices are right. In fact, we know all our advertisers to be thoroughly reliable.

A TRIP TO MUSCONGUS BAY,  
MAINE, JULY 4 AND 5, 1901.

[Read before the Maine Ornithological Society, at Augusta, Nov. 29, 1901.]

It was a cloudy morning, with the sun now and then breaking through the clouds, that Mr. Arthur H. Norton and the writer left Seguin Light Station on a trip to Muscongus Bay.

At 5 A. M. we left the boat-house in a fourteen foot dory, with all the paraphernalia necessary for a stop of two nights or more.

The object of our trip was to secure young birds in the down, of the Arctic Tern (*Sterna paradisaea*) Brunn, the Black Guillemot, (*Cephus grylle*) Petrel (*Oceanodroma leucorhoa*) Vieill. and Laughing Gull (*Larus atricilla*) Linn, which were known to breed on certain rocks there.

Of the last named, this locality is the only known breeding ground north of Massachusetts.

As we pulled out over the spur, (a submerged reef of rocks) not a ripple on the water except those made by our oars could be seen, while the restlessness of old ocean was manifested only by a gentle swash against the rocks.

Pumpkin Knob, a small island seven miles distant, at the most Southern and Eastern point of Sheepscoot Bay was to be our first stopping place, as we wished to learn what old breeding places between Seguin and our destination were still used by the sea birds peculiar to such places. As we rowed along nothing broke the stillness but our conversation, fertile with hope and imagination of the secrets of bird life we expected to meet with, or the steady splash of our oars as they cleft the water.

As we were awake to all of nature's

treasures, we soon espied from the clear depths of the ocean, numbers of *Aurelia flavidula* swimming along, now and then changing their direction with a lazy contraction of the disk, all floating around in a seemingly aimless way, their four eye like spots giving a very daft expression to their jelly like bodies.

Again we would notice *Idya roseola*, bag like body glinting in the light, each movement flashing to view, the beautiful color suggestive of its name.

Now and then *Cyanea arctica* could be seen, its large red body drifting lazily about, while streaming behind could be seen its tentacles so fatal to the forms upon which it subsists when they come in contact with them.

Once our attention was attracted by a large shark splashing the water as it no doubt caught some small fish, reminding us that "might was right" in that case at least.

Pumpkin Knob, which at first appeared like some small object adrift on the ocean, commenced to assume a definite shape, gradually rising to its full height as we neared it.

At 7.30 we reached the Motions, a reef of rocks extending some distance south of Damiscope Island. There we stopped rowing for a short time while we made exposures at the U. S. Life Saving Station which is on the island just named.

After exposing a few plates with the cameras, and taking a drink of Adams ale, we again rowed for Pumpkin Knob, then about a mile distant. We had been told that the Herring Gull (*Larus argentatus smithsonianus*) Coues still bred on that island although Penobscoot Bay was said to be its most western breeding ground, and with the anticipation of giving *Larus argentatus smithsonianus* a more westerly breeding range, we eagerly pressed on to the goal.

When near enough to disturb the gulls or terns which might be breeding there, not a bird could be seen, and our hopes which had helped to pass the seven miles now left behind, seemed about to be disappointed.

With the field glasses we saw a Herring Gull rise from the top of the island, and on closer observation a number of others could be seen sitting on the rocks.

The hopes, which a few moments before had gone below par, at once advanced a hundred per cent.

As we neared the island, the gulls commenced to act uneasy, some could be seen alighting with others that were resting near the southwestern bluff of the island, while others would leave the rocks to gyrate over the island.

On approaching nearer, there could be seen some fifty, or more, gulls sitting near the bluff, all more or less uneasy by our proximity to them.

We then stopped rowing, and after exposing a number of plates at Pumpkin Knob, made ready to secure an exposure of the gulls when they should all arise from the rock; which soon happened.

Having secured the desired exposure, we then pressed on to find a landing place, feeling sure our anticipations were about to be realized.

Skirting along the southern point of the knob, we passed along the eastern shore looking for a landing place, which, owing to the jaggedness of the shore and the surf tumbling upon it, was not found until we reached the northeast shore of the island.

As we rounded the northeast point of the island we came suddenly in view of twenty, or more, Harbor Seal (*Phoca vitulina*) that had crawled up on the rocks exposed last by the receding tide.

Upon seeing us, most of them took a promiscuous tumble into the water.

those that remained rearing up on their fore limbs to inquisitively watch us for a moment, and then follow the rest of the herd.

Running in on the crest of a friendly wave we landed in smooth water among the Algae grown rocks, and hastily securing our boat, started for the top of the island with cameras and other collecting material.

We then noticed that the Herring Gulls instead of manifesting the usual solicitude when disturbed on their breeding grounds, had all flown to some rocks exposed by the receding tide some distance from the island.

With this discovery our hopes were at once annihilated, and with feelings known only to the Ornithologist under such conditions, we reached the top of the island.

A hasty search where the gulls had been sitting too, soon convinced us of the futility of our hopes that the Herring Gulls still bred on Pumpkin Knob.

A hasty survey of the island showed it to be of some three or more acres extent, the western side sloping toward the north, composed of a coarse, crystalline rock terminating in a bluff at the southwest end. The top of the rock was covered with irregular patches of black, tough soil, scantily covered with grass, in which were numerous burrows of Leach's Petrel (*Oceanodroma leucorhoa*).

Brother Norton at once went to work on a petrels burrow and, had his arm been long enough, would, I think, soon have had a subway encircling the island.

A number of the burrows had been disturbed, and the lamentable sight of two dead petrels decaying close by, told only too plainly that the once flourishing colony had, possibly, met its death blow.

The burrows ran in a tortuous way

some distance under ground, many of them accessible by two or more entrances.

After digging out a number of burrows to satisfy ourselves no petrels were breeding there, we then turned our attention to what else might be of interest on the island.

We found the middle of the island to be covered with a good depth of soil which afforded a luxuriant growth of vegetation common to such islands on our coast.

The eastern part of the island was much lower than the western and composed of metamorphic rock intersected here and there with small crystalline dikes and very jagged, especially along the water line.

Numbers of Spotted Sandpipers (*Actitis macularia*) Linn, were noticed running about on the island, which, by their uneasiness, gave evidence that they were breeding there.

The Savanna Sparrow (*Ammodramus sandwichensis savanna*) Wils, was undoubtedly breeding there also, as a number of them were seen.

One specimen of *Helix hortensis* of the yellow unbanded phase, was found by Mr. Norton in a petrels burrow.

Having collected several plants of some local interest, we then started for our boat.

When nearing the boat a Common Tern (*Sterna hirundo*) Linn, flew over our heads uttering its call peculiar to the species.

That was the only individual of that species seen at the island to remind us of the large colony which, only a few years ago, bred there.

On reaching our boat we again made ready and started in a northeasterly direction for Pemaquid Point, some six miles distant.

The sun was well up toward the zenith, the sky clear, and enough southwest wind to slightly ripple the water.

Passing along, we again discovered *Aurelia flavidula* in incredible numbers.

As far as the eye could reach, in depth or any direction on the water, nothing but countless numbers of jelly-fishes, as they are commonly called, could be seen; and for the distance of half a mile it was the same.

Passing the Heron Island on our left, its feld-spathic bluff glittering in the sun, contrasted by the dark green of the spruce and fir above, we pressed on for Pemaquid; where we arrived about 11.30 A. M.

Here we again met with some difficulty in finding a suitable landing, but with the kindly aid of Mr. Clarence Marr, keeper of the light station, a landing was soon effected.

We were given a most cordial reception by Mr. Marr and family, who invited us to the station where we partook of a most excellent dinner, which, we can assure you, did not come amiss.

After dinner we were shown around the station, and having made exposures of the peculiar geological surroundings, gathered a few more plants and had a pleasant chat with Mr. Marr and family, at 2 P. M. we again started on our last three miles.

As we passed around the southeastern point of Pemaquid, a beautiful view was presented, of the before mentioned geological formation. Stretching for some distance to the north and facing Muscongus Bay, the shore line rose in bold cliffs eroded and weather worn in a most fantastic manner.

So grand was the view that we stopped rowing and made a number of exposures of the most pleasing views.

Having secured desirable exposures, we again rowed for the island, then two miles distant, where we arrived at 3.30 P. M.

During all the journey, over miles

of open sea, the Herring Gulls were the only sea birds observed.

As we neared the rock, a number of Black Guillemots (*Cephus grylle*) were noticed resting on the water, each holding some object in its bill.

As we were about to land, a Falcon was seen to leave the island which was perhaps *perigrinus* although it looked much larger and had a darker appearance.

We also noticed the strong odor characteristic of the petrels breeding ground.

A landing was easily made on the northwest part of the island, the boat unloaded, and after much labor, was dragged up the jagged shore to a suitable camping place on the top of the island.

Our luggage was then brought up, and having turned the boat bottom upwards for a tent, we made ready for the night.

Having completed our house work, we started out to learn what Ornithological material the island afforded.

The island was of an angular shape of some three or more acres extent, and composed of a coarse, granitic rock, with a sea wall around it of rounded and slab shaped stones of the same material which had been thrown up by the sea.

The top of it was well turfed and supported a rank growth of grass among which were conspicuous, many nettles and Umbelliferae.

Among the tangled mass of plants were many of the slab shaped stones already mentioned which at some period had been cast there by the sea, which we soon found to be the roof of many petrel burrows.

We had expected to find a large colony of the Common, and perhaps, Arctic Terns on the island.

Up to that time we had only seen two or three of the first named species which had flown in, high over our

heads, uttering their alarm call.

Walking along, we flushed another from her set of three eggs, and close beside the nest under the edge of one of the already mentioned slabs, we discovered the entrance to a petrel's burrow, and lifting the slab on edge, we discovered a petrel sitting on her single egg. The nest was a slight hollow in the ground containing a few grass stalks on which the egg was laid. Of a series of nests examined by us they were all constructed the same.

When first uncovered the strong light seemed to blind her, as instead of flying away, she groped around trying to find some hole to hide in. A number of times we returned her to her egg but each time she would hurry away with breast close to the ground, poking around with her head and bill for a place of concealment, nor did she fly away until we tossed her in the air, where she struggled awkwardly for a few moments with her wings and then flew out to sea.

All of the petrels examined by us in their burrows, when brought to the light, invariably performed the manoeuvres already mentioned.

Up to that time not a sound had been heard, or a petrel seen, excepting the one just mentioned, to suggest that a petrel was breeding on the island; although there proved to be hundreds of them.

Stamping on another slab beside which was an entrance to a burrow, the disturbance was greeted with a most guttural chuckle which, from its location, sounded very weird.

We made several exposures of the birds in their burrows in different positions, but owing to the lateness of the day, the light was too poor to get favorable results.

The petrel when taken in hand, almost invariably ejects from its mouth a small quantity of light yellow oil,

which has a most nauseating smell.

Should any of it come in contact with your flesh, or clothes, it will "stick to you closer than a brother."

I would advise any one to handle a petrel the same as they would a gun, as though it were always loaded.

As the sun was then well down in the west, we turned our attention to the sea wall for Black Guillemots which, we judged, were breeding among the loose rocks just above high tide limit.

As we came in sight of the water on that side of the island, a number of guillemots were noticed a short distance from the shore, each holding some small object in its bill which we judged to be food for its young; these we afterwards learned were small fish known as Rock Eels which can be found between tides under loose stones.

After hunting sometime among the rocks for signs that might help us discover their nests and meeting with no success, we concluded to conceal ourselves behind some rocks and, by watching, locate their nests when they flew in to feed their young.

The guillemots manifested their uneasiness at our presence near their breeding ground, by their restless movements.

They were sitting on the water with tail and head erect, which gave them a very stiff appearance.

They would turn around a number of times very quickly, and kept dipping their bills in the water, a characteristic of the species.

Now and then one would leave the water and fly in along the sea wall, and describing a half circle in its flight, fly some distance out to sea, again lighting on the water.

Although we saw them repeat such movements a number of times, not while we were watching (which was more than an hour) did any of them

go to their nests.

It then being twilight, we turned our steps toward our tent, and having eaten our supper, we again started for the petrels nesting ground first visited.

The moon had passed its full by a few days and we hoped, with the aid of its light, to learn something of the nocturnal habits of the petrels. Unfortunately for us, soon after the moon arose the sky became cloudy, which prevented us from observing their habits as closely as we wished. When we reached the above mentioned ground, what a change had taken place!

Instead of the silence of the late afternoon when first visited, a babel of sounds now reigned.

I hardly knew whether I was on an island in Maine, a Chinese laundry, or a Choctaw reservation.

From every rock the same gibberage was repeated, so I soon concluded it must all be one language.

The air was full of dusky forms flitting here and there, while others were appearing and disappearing among the rank weeds which concealed many of their homes.

Sitting down among the weeds and stones, we watched the manoeuvres as best we could, of our dusky neighbors.

Suddenly a form would appear and gliding in among the weeds or running down over a rock, disappear, and a moment later a greeting would be heard which I interpreted like this:

"Go get your supper my dear woman, I'll take care of that egg," and the next moment a form would appear and glide off into the darkness. The birds were gliding about in all directions within arm's length of us, and a number of times they were felt to touch us as they passed by.

Two were seen to cross each other's course, and their wings were heard to clash together as they passed each

other in unchecked flight.

A number of times one was seen to light upon a rock, and with partly closed wings run down to the edge of it, and rising on its wings, disappear to windward; to again reappear from leeward.

It seemed wonderful to me that in the dark each bird could find its burrow among hundreds of others, as the surrounding conditions all looked the same to me.

That they do ever make a mistake in going to their burrow would be an interesting point for some close observing Ornithologist to prove.

With an insect net which I had taken with me, I found them an easy victim, taking a number in that way.

We watched the nocturnal exhibition until 11 P. M. when fatigue warned us that it was time to seek some rest as beside other labors of the day we had rowed seventeen miles, or more.

As we walked toward our camp the surface of the island seemed alive with birds, and from all directions, on the ground and in the air, could be heard the sounds already mentioned.

Reaching our camp we prepared for sleep and were soon in the arms of— Did I say Morpheus? I meant mosquitoes!

Brother Norton and I were soon engaged in most laborious gesticulations, each trying to out do the other.

Brother Norton said the mosquitoes bothered me much as they did him when on a former visit four years before.

To that information I made no reply but was very careful a fist did not meet me in the face, with which the air was filled.

Having gone through all the muscular movements known to me I concluded to leave Brother Norton master of the situation.

Donning a sweater I again started

over the island to watch the petrels, for sleep, to me, was impossible.

I soon settled myself among our early evening friends and listened to their droll chuckle, my imagination forming most fantastic shapes. Suddenly a thought occurred which startled me from my dreams; Brother Norton was a martyr for the cause of Ornithology.

A feeling of envy came over me as I recalled the tales I had read: how people had given up their lives for their cause; how, under the most cruel torture they had expired with a smile on their faces and I at once concluded Brother Norton should not have all the honor of the expedition, so I speedily returned to the camp.

Before again lying down I concluded to build a small fire, or smudge as it is often called, to drive away our enemies and at once had a blazing fire which illuminated our surroundings.

I then turned my eyes toward my companion who, exhausted with his efforts to protect himself, had at last relapsed into forgetfulness.

The light from the fire shed its glow upon his face, and such an expression may I never see again; the envious feelings which had at first taken possession of my mind were substituted by those of pity, and again lying down beside him, I, too, gave myself up to the miseries of the night.

About 5 A. M. I awoke. The sky was cloudy and looked as though it might rain.

Awakening Mr. Norton we at once commenced our labors for the day.

Another hasty survey of the island soon convinced us that others had been there before us, and not for scientific purposes either. The fact was manifested by the trodden grass and plants, and the number of empty nests bore testimony that man had not gone away empty handed.

A number of Common Terns were now observed flying above our heads, and on the ground, on barren spots and among the grass a number of their nests were found containing from one to three eggs.

The nests, as usual, were but a slight depression; the eggs resting on the bare ground.

Two Laughing Gulls were also noticed with the terns, all keeping well out of range.

For some distance from the sea wall in toward the center of the island, and continuing all around it, the ground was tunnelled with petrel burrows, every stone covering one or more burrows, according to the size.

Numbers of the Spotted Sandpipers were seen, all no doubt with young, a few of which were seen.

As it still looked as though it might storm, we decided to make sure of a few exposures although the light was very poor.

Hastening back to camp we got our cameras and returned to the place we had just left.

Mr. Norton was the first to find the nest of a Laughing Gull which was at once photographed.

The nest was placed on the ground among nettles and other plants, and contained one egg.

I was fortunate enough to find the next, and last, nest of this species.

The nest was some thirty yards away from the former, among tall weeds and flags, and contained two eggs.

Both nests were slight depressions in the ground, the eggs resting upon such dead weeds as were at hand.

Having made exposures of both nests from different points of view, and also a number of the most pleasing nesting sites of the Common Tern, we again returned to camp.

During the time passed in photographing the different nesting sites, the number of Laughing Gulls had

slowly increased, and at the time just mentioned, a dozen of them could be seen, circling over the nests we had just left.

Eating a hasty breakfast, we again started to explore the Guillemots' breeding ground before mentioned.

The threatening aspect of the sky had cleared away, and old Sol once more shone upon us.

On reaching the locality, we again commenced a vigorous search for a Guillemot's nest, but did not meet with success until attracted by the squalling of the young.

Although we could hear them every now and then, it was some time before we could definitely locate them.

Having removed two tons, or more of rocks, many of them requiring our united strength to be moved, the birds were at last discovered far in among some larger rocks.

Should any one who may read this discription desire to follow our example, I would suggest that they first put themselves through a course of training before trying to find a young Guillemot. You should first assume a position such as is much used in the Celestial Empire, then after gazing into space behind you an indefinite length of time, you will experience much the same feelings as did the writer of this tale.

The nearer we got to the birds, the harder was the struggle, until with dirt and perspiration streaming from our faces, the birds were reached.

The nest was well down among the rocks, and was but a slight depression among broken mussel shells washed there by the sea.

The egg shells had been removed, and no excrement was noticed around the nest.

The young birds were removed and placed upon the rock above, and we then noticed the undigested tail of a rock eel protruding from one of the



young birds' mouths.

The fish being too large for its stomach to receive, remained in that position until digestion caused it to slowly disappear from sight.

The forenoon was then well advanced and, as we wished to visit another rock a mile distant to the south, we hastened to collect such other material as could be found.

On the shore exposed by low tide, Mr. Norton found a group of six Least Sandpipers (*Tringa minutilla*) Vieill, of which a specimen was captured that was in worn nuptial plumage.

Having collected some plants of interest and secured a Common Tern with its downy young, the only ones found during our trip, we prepared to leave for the next rock.

During all our stay on the island, the terns were constantly approaching and leaving the island, high over our heads, which only too plainly convinced us of the persecutions the birds had already met with on their breeding grounds.

Twenty-one of the Laughing Gulls were then counted which, no doubt, represented the size of the colony which were trying to breed there; as that was the largest number seen at one time by us during our stay.

Returning to our camp we then made ready to leave.

Launching our boat and loading in our outfit, we started for the southern rock.

As we rowed away from the island the terns and gulls were seen flying over their breeding grounds.

Some would poise in air and with steady beating of their wings, would remain thus for some moments, closely scanning the locality of their nests.

A row of half an hour against a southwest wind and chop, brought us to the other rock.

There, owing to the heavy surf upon

the rocks, we could not haul our boat out; watching the sea, I succeeded at a favorable moment, in landing Mr. Norton on the island, and rowing away from the line of surf, waited for him to make the necessary observations.

This rock was about the size of the one we had left, but supported much less vegetation.

The western shore was composed of a coarse Porphyritic gneiss, the large square like feldspar crystals showing very vivid on the surf wet rock.

Three black guillemots were noticed sitting on the water, acting the same as those observed at the first rock, but with no objects in their bills as at the former place.

Three were also seen to fly from out among a pile of angular shaped blocks of granite, at high tide limit; and later Mr. Norton's efforts were rewarded by finding an egg of that species.

As Mr. Norton reached the north-eastern shore of the island, he again started the falcon of the day before, which was perched on the edge of a high, rounded ledge.

At his presence it took flight and flew around the north end of the island to return to the first rock, when an ineffectual charge of small shot, followed by a larger from my gun, reminded it that if it did not observe the laws of Maine, it would be taught to do so.

A search around the ledge from which it flew discovered a number of its cores, which upon examination were found to be composed of petrel remains, and one contained those of a tern which testified as to what composed its diet.

A hasty search revealed a number of nests of the common tern, but only one of the birds were seen, which was no doubt due to the presence of the falcon.

The petrels were breeding as on the other rock, but in much less numbers.

There the work of man was again manifested, by the number of petrels' burrows which had, wantonly, been destroyed.

Two petrels were found in an unfinished burrow, while the others examined, contained but one egg, the invariable number laid by such birds.

It was then 3 P. M., the time when we must start for home, and Mr. Norton once more in the boat, we turned our faces toward Seguin.

Rowing against a stiff southwest wind and chop, we passed Pemaquid upon our right, and a few miles farther on, Thrumcap reared its barren cliff above our heads.

Ram Island Light came next in turn upon our left, while Squirrel Island some distance to the right was left behind, its white shore gleaming in the fast descending sunlight.

The wind, which had blown all day, had then died out, and wearily rowing along we, at sunset, passed the Cuckolds, two small islands at the southwest entrance to Boothbay Harbor, on one of which is a fog signal. Seven miles distant we could see the beacon of our home where we arrived at 9.30 P. M., tired, but well satisfied with our experiences of the trip.

The conclusions which may be drawn from our trip are these:

First, that the gulls seen at Pumpkin Knob, were barren birds.

Second, that the large colony of common and, no doubt, arctic terns which a few years ago were known to breed there, have deserted that breeding ground, and that the summer of 1901 perhaps dates the disappearance of leach's petrel from there also.

Third, that the number of birds breeding on the rocks we visited are as follows:

On the first, five pairs of black

guillemot, as ten birds were the largest number seen at any one time. Ten pairs of the laughing gull. Perhaps twenty pairs of common tern; and from three to five hundred of leach's petrel.

On the other rock, three pairs of guillemot, possibly ten to fifteen pair of common tern, and perhaps one hundred petrels.

Fourth, that no arctic terns were breeding at either rock, as, during our stay, none of that species were observed, although Mr. Norton found them breeding there when on a trip four years before.

Fifth, that the small colony of laughing gulls, then breeding on the island need all the protection their friends can give.

Sixth, and last, that the warden paid to protect those grounds did not do his duty, as the trampled grass and empty nests of terns did testify.

The next morning, July 6th, one of the young guillemots was found to be quite dead, no doubt from being chilled; which would indicate that the parent bird must hover them during the night.

The other was quite smart, and at once commenced to open its mouth for food, at the same time uttering a tremulous whistle.

Some rock eels were soon found under the loose rocks near low tide limit, with which, we at once commenced to feed it.

Taking an eel by the tail, we exposed it to the young bird's view, which at once opened its mouth, all the while uttering its whistling notes, and at the same time fluttering its small wings against its sides.

When offered the fish, it would eagerly grasp it by the head with its bill; and, if the fish was not too long and large, would, with a number of bobbing motions of the head and neck, at

once swallow it. If the fish was large and long, it would commence trying to dispose of it with the appearance of trying to haul its body on over the fish, instead of swallowing it.

Resting on its tarsus, with neck and bill pointing upwards, it would commence the bobbing motion before mentioned, such efforts causing it to have a slipping motion forward and backward, reminding one of a child trying to slide a sled on bare ground.

When tired with its exertions, it would rest for a few moments, all the time uttering its peculiar whistle.

After a few moments rest, it again repeated the struggle; the fish slowly disappearing from sight.

As its stomach became filled, its struggles grew harder and harder, accompanied with strenuous twistings of the neck, and muscular contractions of the esophagus, repeating such manoeuvres until its stomach could receive no more.

It would then sit in a most dejected attitude, the tail of the fish protruding from its mouth, with esophagus distended in a very distressing manner.

Sometimes we would gorge it with a number of small fish, then offer it a large one which it would at once try to swallow; the effort causing it to perform some most ludicrous movements.

After a few hours it would again be heard, uttering its call for food.

During the few days it was kept alive, it proved a very interesting subject, but desiring a specimen of the guillemot in natal down, I reluctantly gave it room among my other stuffed specimens.

Many pleasant memories will always dwell in my mind, when I recall the time spent with Mr. Norton at Muscongus Bay, Me., July the fourth and fifth, 1901.

May the time again come through wise legislation of our State, when the many silent breeding grounds along

our coast shall again be populated with their feathered hosts.

HERBERT L. SPINNEY.

#### SHOOTING MATCHES.

It is the custom among unthinking people,—and many others who would hardly care to be classed as such,—to divide all living things into three groups: Those which are useful, those which are harmful, and those which are indifferent. This is rather a trite statement; but it serves to preface what I wish to say on a subject which is very interesting to me, and which seems worthy of discussion by all who are interested in the habits of our birds.

In a certain small Maine village it has been the annual custom, apparently for many years, to organize fall "shooting-matches." The two most noted hunters of the place are nominated as captains and they choose sides until all the available fighting force is ranged on one side or the other. Then, on a predetermined day, the match begins. The idea is as follows: The members of the rival camps are given a number of days to scour the woods and fields for such birds and animals as are not protected by law, and slaughter them in as large quantities as possible: Each bird or animal having been given a definite value, as fifty for a fox, twenty-five for a hawk, etc.

At first sight we are likely to agree with the participants, that only such creatures as are annoying to the farmers are killed, and that the hunters are really conferring a great benefit on the community. But a little deeper investigation will show a great many flaws in the argument; and I, for one, have serious doubts as to the economic value of any such organized "killing-

bee." I shall attempt to show the reason for these doubts.

First of all, I have not been able to discover that those who should be most interested, the active, hard working farmers, have been instrumental in putting the scheme in motion. In the case which has come particularly under my notice, the participants are largely village loafers, (I regret the term, but can find no better), who go into it for the sake of the shooting, and to get out of doing anything useful. I cannot discover that any of them take any thought as to the use of what they are doing, the whole idea is to make the best score.

Next, setting aside the question of foxes and other mammals, are the birds that are killed really injurious? If we examine the list we will find that no distinction is made among the hawks, except perhaps that a small one is given a lower value than a larger one. Now, out of all the hawks that are common in the State, we can at once pick at least three which do the farmer absolutely no harm, the Sparrow Hawk, the Broad-Winged Hawk, and the Fish Hawk. Of the others, he groups several large species together, calls them all hen hawks, and once in a great while takes it upon himself to make war upon them. It is certainly true that these birds are responsible for the death of a large number of chickens, but to anyone who will look into the question thoroughly and fairly there is plainly another side. Does anyone imagine for a moment that the number of chickens stolen each year can anywhere near suffice to feed the thousands of hawks that make Maine their home? And what, then, makes up the rest of their diet? The question is not difficult to answer, the number of mice, and other small rodents, killed by the hawks tremendously exceeds the number of chickens that could possibly fall a

prey to them. That this is not a mere matter of guess work is shown by a government report on the food of hawks and owls, published some years ago, and quoted in Chapman's "Birds of Eastern North America."

Now it is a fact that admits of no argument that even with plenty of hawks in the neighborhood, the damage done to young trees, etc., by these small animals is a noticeable factor in farm economy, and it is plain to see what would be the inevitable result if an indiscriminate slaughter of the hawks were to take place. And the same things hold good for the owls, with the exception that there is not half the ground for killing them that there is for killing the hawks. And so on, from an economic point of view it is the worst policy imaginable to kill off birds or mammals merely because they do harm, without stopping for a moment to enquire as to the possibility of their doing good. In all probability it could be shown that the harm done by any of the so-called bird enemies of man is far outweighed by the help they give him in destroying the smaller, and less easily detected enemies.

The trouble is, we are too ready to condemn a whole family of animals merely because one member has been caught in a nefarious act; most of us are willing to take the guilt of the rest on faith, without bothering to enquire into the matter. We brand all Hawks and Owls as "a thieving race," and hesitate to believe any good of any of them:—as a natural consequence the beneficial are destroyed unthinkingly with the harmful. Every farmer's boy knows perfectly well that some hawks,—as the White Tail,—spend hour after hour winging up and down over the fields and meadows, looking for mice; every farmer's boy also knows that mice are among his

worst enemies; but give the boy a gun, and he will shoot this hawk as readily as another. And, strange to say, the act will be commended as a service done to the entire farming community.

There is also another, and very important, side to the question; that is, the effect that organized and unlimited destruction of this kind may have on the enforcement of laws made for the protection of other birds. At best it is an extremely difficult matter to insure the proper carrying out of protective laws;—and we know that absolute license in one direction is almost sure to lead to looseness in other directions. It seems to me, then, that to insure a proper enforcement of these laws, it is advisable at least to discourage such matches as I have mentioned.

Would it not be well, considering these points, to take such measures as are possible toward giving the farmers, and also the general public, some definite idea of the true relations which hawks and other birds bear to man? Of course it would be deeply-seated prejudice; but much could easily be done toward this end by leading thinking people to take a proper and fair view of the true state of the matter.

F. F. BURT,

Pomfret School, Pomfret Ctr., Conn.

[This old time custom, the shooting-match or annual hunt, is not so prevalent as in former years. Several years ago, in many of the Maine towns, they held their annual shoot, the losing side furnishing a game supper for the crowd.

As game has grown more scarce near our country villages, this custom has gradually become a thing of the past. Many harmless birds and animals naturally fell a victim to the ruthless gunners. Three such matches occurred on my territory the past fall. One at Whitefield, (Kennebec

County,) and one in Damariscotta and New Castle (Lincoln County) and one in Thomaston (Knox County.) The hunt at Whitefield did not bring in game enough for the supper, as I saw some of the members of the gun club killing chickens for the "game supper."

I examined the game brought back on all of these matches and found practically nothing but legal game. A large lot of ducks, and smaller game birds, and a fine large buck fell to the gunners at the "scotta hunt." At Thomaston one of the Cpts. told me, (by the way most of the gunners I saw at this hunt were feeling rather hilarious, at night, and their breath savored of "fire water".) that he did not believe there was a man on the list who would buy any game, yet, not an hour before, I saw one of his chosen men, who sat at the hotel table with us, as he spoke, who picked up a crow, that one of the village boys had shot a few hours before, and placed it in his game bag.—Ed.]

#### A PHOEBE'S SUMMER.

By C. H. Morrell.

A little later than the Robin, Blue-bird, and Song Sparrow, but well ahead of the main army of returning migrants, comes the hardest of the Flycatchers—the plain-colored, active, restless Phoebe, better known as the Bridge Pewee.

Too social to desire seclusion, too common to escape attention, it is known to everyone who gives the slightest attention to the birds—and such attention is never regretted.

It was the morning of April 15th, about the average date, that I heard the "pe-er-wee" of the first Phoebe. The first bird was quickly followed by

others—"One swallow don't a summer make," but he is an assurance that others are just behind—and in a few days they were common.

This year they seemed a little more plentiful than usual, and soon after they became common a pair was noticed around the buildings, evidently considering the problem of a home and family cares. For several days they leisurely looked about, but no choice of situation was made until the 28th, when the first work on the nest commenced. The situation chosen was a cleat nailed to one of the timbers supporting the walk on which the horses traveled in their weary round on the sweep of the brick machine. As the machine was not then in use, the locality seemed quite suitable and not very unlike the more frequently used bridges.

The bird brought the mud, more or less mixed with roots, from neighboring ditches. Not much was done the first day, but the work progressed rapidly thereafter, and on the second of May the nest was finished and ready for the eggs. It did not differ much from nests under bridges, save that there was very little ornamentation of moss and lichens, these not being available.

After the nest was finished the birds disappeared for two days, on a visit, perhaps; but on the morning of the fifth they were back, and the first egg was laid on the seventh. An egg was added daily until the sitting of five was completed.

By this time it had become evident that the machine would be used before the eggs could hatch, and there could be no doubt but that the bird would desert the nest when work commenced, so I took the nest and eggs with the hope—a hope justified by previous experience—that the bird would nest elsewhere in the vicinity.

The nest was taken on the fifteenth and incubation was begun in all the eggs. The birds did not seem much disturbed, in fact, birds seldom are much disturbed over the loss of eggs, though they display much solicitude for young.

It was a satisfaction to note that they did not leave the locality, and on the 25th the bird was seen carrying building material under the eave of an open woodshed. A little was carried in on the 25th, but next morning another commencement was made under the same eave, about four feet from the first. As on the first nest, work was done rapidly, and on the 31st, the nest was ready for eggs. No visits were made this time, and the first egg was laid June second. Four eggs completed the sitting and the bird commenced incubation.

Every morning from the roof of the shed, we were greeted with the emphatic "pe-er-wee" of the watchful male. All that the song lacked in music was made up in persistence, indeed the bird seemed well satisfied with his effort, for every note was accompanied with a complacent dip of the tail. Restless and watchful, unlucky was the insect that ventured near, for with a swift dash and a snap of the mandibles it was disposed of.

Steadfastly the mother brooded over her eggs, and on the 20th, just at night, one little, pink, ungainly bird appeared. Four were there next morning, and the task of filling the ever-open months commenced. Back and forth the parents went and many must have been the insects destroyed. The young birds grew rapidly, and when the nest was looked into at noon on July sixth they paused for a moment only, then each went in a different direction and the nest was empty.

It is doubtful if there were many regrets at parting with home, for despite

the endeavors of the parents to keep the home clean, thousands of mites had appeared and swarmed over the nest, birds and surroundings. Very wisely, since a house with three cats is not a good locality in which to train untried wings, the old birds led the brood away.

Some time later, when the southward migration was well under way, a family of Phoebes paused for a time about the place, and I regarded them as my summer friends, bidding adieu to their summer home, though perhaps they were not the same birds. Will the coming year bring them back? It is likely, for the birds do not forget their home.

[This paper was read before the 3rd annual meeting at Brunswick. The Lewiston Journal asked for the mss. and when I asked for its return, they said this with several other papers had been lost. In Feb. '02, they published the article in their weekly. Perhaps, after they thought we had forgotten the circumstance.—Ed.]

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#### WINTER BIRDS OF SOUTHERN PINES, N. C.

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The town of Southern Pines, N. C. is situated on the line of the Seaboard Air Line R. R. about thirty miles from the South Carolina border and inland some sixty miles. It is quite well known as a winter health resort—among those who have never been there.

This part of No. Carolina is covered with a deep bank of sand forming low rolling hills. There are no rock formations in the vicinity and no water of any extent.

The sandhills are covered with low scrub oak—the “Black jack” of the south—with the long leaved pines more or less thinly scattered about.

The soil is extremely barren. A grass like growth is seen in bunches quite thickly in the oak scrub and some weeds and plants, but the ground is mainly bare and dry.

There is little to sustain bird or animal life and there seems to be a consequent scarcity. Between the hills, it is usually damp and the ground is watersoaked and frequently a tiny stream trickles between the hills. In such places the trees and shrubs grow thickly and vegetation well covers the ground. It is probably in these places that most of the birds nest, for it is rare to see a nest in the oaks. The number of birds seen during the winter is small, it seems to me, both residents and winter residents. The commonest bird was the slate colored Junco. They were always to be seen and were in considerable numbers. The Bluebirds and Flickers were quite common all winter. Robins were plenty until about the first of December, when they evidently went south, as none were seen during the winter. Sparrows were not at all common, though Song, Chipping, Field and White-throated Sparrows were occasionally seen throughout the winter. Kinglets, I thought them Ruby-crowns, were several times seen. Also small flocks of Gold-finches.

A few Yellow-bellied Sapsuckers were here in October, but soon disappeared. On Nov. 6 a small flock of Red-winged Blackbirds, on the 11th a flock of Cedar Waxwings, and on the 26th a single Palm Warbler.

One Fox Sparrow was found dead on the trolley track but no live ones were seen.

A small Flycatcher, which I took to be a Wood Pewee was several times seen and some species of Thrush which was too wild to admit identification.

Of the resident birds, the first to attract attention was the Turkey Buz-

zard. They were very plenty during the fall but seem less numerous later in the winter. With them were frequently seen several Black Vultures, easily distinguished by their flight and markings. The Mocking bird has done credit to his reputation, for fair weather or foul—and it was mostly foul—he has trilled and whistled all winter long. The Tufted Tits were cheerful little fellows that I met here for the first time, and the Carolina Chickadees seem no different from the ones we are so familiar with at home. Once I saw a House Wren and a pair of Carolina Wrens have been in the door yard at frequent intervals all winter.

The Bobwhite is fairly common and the Wild Turkey is found in the vicinity. A fine gobbler was brought into town late in January. The Sparrow Hawk seems quite common but no other species of hawk has been seen. Meadow Larks are plenty and Cardinals are often seen.

Once I saw a Pileated Woodpecker, but have seen none of the southern woodpeckers which one would expect to find here. The Blue Jay is often seen and Crows were seen, at times, all winter. The Carolina and Brown-headed Nuthatches seem quite common, the former hardly recognizable, they are so soiled and dirtied by the smut of the charred pines.

As before stated the list is small. It is but fair, however, to remember that my health would not permit extended observations, and the winter here has been one of unusual severity. It has been cold and frozen most of the time, the thermometer registering as low as 90 degrees in December, while in February we had a foot of snow.

The birds may well be excused for not stopping to winter in so un congenial a climate.

On the 19th of February a flock of Robins returned and a few days later

the Myrtle Warblers were seen, so the spring movement is commencing, and soon the birds will be pushing north in numbers.

C. H. MORRELL.

March 1st, 1902.

We clip the following from the Boston Sunday Globe:

#### BIRDS ON BONNETS.

Illinois Society Will Try to Stop the Fashion.—Chicago Milliners to be Notified of Illegality in Trade. Prosecutions Will Follow if the Law is Not Complied With.

Chicago, March 8—The Illinois Audubon society is going to strike a blow at the root of the fashion of wearing sea gulls and terns for bonnet decorations. The society has decided that moral suasion with the women is not effective, and that the people to get after are the dealers.

Every millinery house in Chicago, wholesale and retail, is to be served with a notice that the selling of skins of gulls, terns and song birds is illegal under the law of Illinois. The name of each bird which it is forbidden to buy or sell will be given, in order that ignorance cannot be pleaded as an excuse for law violation.

A committee chosen by the directors of the society will visit the retail milliners, and after an inspection of the stocks will point out to responsible persons the birds which it is unlawful for them to sell. The committee will then request that the prohibited birdskins be returned to the supply house from which they were purchased. If the merchants agree to do this they will avert prosecution.

[This is a step that ought to be taken in every State, where sufficient laws have been enacted to help out the societies interested in this work. It has been my experience in this State



that, not one retail milliner in fifty, knows the State laws relative to the sale of birds and parts of birds, and all seem very much surprised, that there is such a law in our State. A circular letter addressed to the milliners, calling attention to the law and its requirements would stop the sale of much that is now sold contrary to the law.

By the way, we have called on a large list of retail milliners, and many laughable incidents have arisen there from. All kinds of excuses are offered and various opinions have been offered as to our law, being a good law or not. But ignorance of such a law, has been plead in nearly every instance.

Of course, we had hardly the nerve to quote that old saying: "Ignorance of the law, etc.," which came to our mind.—Ed.]

#### PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

Am. Ornithology, II, No. 1, 2, 3, Jan. Feb. and March '02. Auk. XIX, No. 1, Jan. '02. Am. Botanist, II, No. 2, Feb. '02. Birdlore, IV, No. 1, Jan. and Feb. '02. Birds & Nature, XI, No. 1, 2, 3, Jan., Feb. and March '02. Bulletin No. 50, U. S. Nat. Museum. Bryologist, V. No. 1 and 2, Feb. and March, '02. Bird-Killing, A Method in Ornithology, by Reginald C. Robbins. Condor, IV, No. 1, 2, Jan. Feb., March and April, '02. Forest and Stream, LVIII., Jan. to March '02.. Maine Sportsman, Jan., Feb. and March, '02. Mayflower, Jan., Feb. and March, '02. Notes on R. I. Ornithology, III, No. 1, Jan. '02. Nature Study, II, Nos. 8, 9, 10, Jan., Feb. and March. '02. Osprey, new series, I, No. 1 and 2, Jan. and Feb., '02. Oologist, XIX, No. 184, 185, 186, Jan., Feb. and March, '02. Plymouth Review, VI, Jan., Feb. and March. Proceedings Del. Orn.

Club, No. IV, 1900. Plant World, V, 1, 2, Jan. and Feb., '02. Recreation, XVI, 1, 2, 3, 4, Jan., Feb., March and April. Rhodora, IV, 37, 38, 39, Jan., Feb. and March. Wilson Bulletin, IV, No. 38, March '02. Young Idea, XV, 3, March '02.

#### OUR EXCHANGE TABLE.

The February and March issues of Am. Ornithology contains a colored chart of several of our N. A. birds, which we believe will be of great help to beginners. This chart is to be continued through the year. The February number contains a very interesting article by C. A. Reed, entitled Feathered Acrobats. It being a most pleasing account of a nest of House Wrens. It is profusely illustrated by plates from life.

The January and February numbers of Bird Lore contains two reminiscent articles on Dr. Coues which are very interesting to bird students, besides other interesting matter to students and bird lovers.

We note quite a change in the Osprey with the January number which begins a new series. The January and February numbers contain some interesting notes to Maine bird lovers by W. C. Kendall of the U. S. Fish Commission entitled "Random and Reminiscent Maine Bird Notes." An article "General History of Birds" is begun in the January issue, which promises to be very interesting to ornithologists and bird students. We believe the new series is an improvement over the old.

The February number of the Oologist contains an article on the Brown Creeper by C. H. Morrill, which is of much interest to our members and readers. An article in the January number "A Novice's Note-book" by

Prof. P. M. Silloway makes us smile as we read it, for it carries us back to our early days of interest in ornithology.

We note the following articles of interest in Nature Study, published at Manchester, N. H., in the December issue an article by F. W. Batchelder, entitled "A Revised Creed," it treats on the House Sparrow in an interesting way. An article of interest in the March number "The Gulls and Terns of New England" by W. R. Varick, M. D.

With the January-February issue of the Condor, which begins Vol. IV, we note a change in cover and design which is pleasing. This interesting Western bird magazine has heretofore confined its notes to Cal. ornithology, but with Vol. IV they will branch out and treat on the birds of the West.

The Cooper Ornithological Club is a large and enthusiastic society and we wish our Western brothers the success they so greatly deserve.

The Wilson Bulletin for March contains several articles of very general interest.

#### A PARTIAL LIST.

Of publications on the subject of Ornithology that may be procured for a nominal price

Publications of the U. S. Dept. of Agriculture.

**Publications Available for Free Distribution.**

Farmers' Bulletin No. 54, Common Birds in relation to Agriculture.

Circular No. 12; directions for collecting the stomachs of birds (1891).

Circular No. 17; Bird Day in the Schools (1896).

Circular No. 29; Protection and Importation of Birds Under Act of Congress, approved May 25, 1900.

Circular No. 30; Wild Animals and Birds which May Be Imported With-

out Permits (1900).

Circular No. 33; Protection of Birds and Game. Directory of State Officials and Organizations for 1901.

Circular No. 34; Laws for the Protection of Birds and Game in the District of Columbia (1901).

Hawks and Owls from the standpoint of the Farmer. (Reprint from Year Book 1894).

Food of Crow Blackbirds. (Reprint from Year Book 1894).

Food of the Meadow Lark and Baltimore Oriole. (Reprint from Year Book 1895).

Birds That Injure Grain. (Reprint from Year Book 1897).

Danger of Introducing Noxious Animals and Birds. Reprint from Year Book 1898).

Review of Economic Ornithology. (Reprint from Year Book 1899).

Food of Nestling Birds. (Reprint from Year Book 1900).

How Birds Affect the Orchard. (Reprint from Year Book 1900).

**Publications for Sale by Superintendent of Documents.**

Bulletin No. 9, Cuckoos and Shrikes in the Relation of Agriculture. Price 5 cents.

Bulletin No. 10; Life Zones and Crop Zones of the United States. Price, 10 cents.

Bulletin No. 12; Legislation for the Protection of Birds Other than Game Birds. Price, 10 cents.

Bulletin No. 13; Food of Bobolinks and Blackbirds. Price 10 cents.

Bulletin No. 15; The Relation of Sparrows to Agriculture.. Price 10 cents.

Bulletin No. 16; Digest of Game Laws for 1901. Price 10 cents.

N. H. College Experiment Station Bulletin 55, Durham, N. H.

The Feeding Habits of the Chipping Sparrow.

Cornell University, Cornell Leaflets.  
Clark University, Hodge. Our Com-

mon Birds, Suggestions for the Study of Their Life and Work, 10 cents.

These works are classics and should be in the hands of every student, whether he be an ornithologist or not. A perusal of their contents cannot fail to arouse an interest in our feathered friends.

Those having no price given are free.

U. S. Department of Agriculture  
Biological Survey  
Washington, D. C.

T. S. Palmer, Asst Chief.

C. Hart Merriam, Chief.

February 7, 1902.

Prof. Wm. L. Powers, Gardiner Me.:

My Dear Sir:—

I am glad from your letter of January 27 and from the last number of the 'Journal' of the Maine Ornithological Society that you are endeavoring to assist teachers in securing publications on birds. The reports of this Department may be divided into two categories; those intended for free distribution and those placed on sale with the Superintendent of Documents. The publications for gratuitous distribution are Farmers' Bulletins, Reprints from Year Books, and Circulars. The regular Bulletins are published in much smaller editions and placed on sale, so that after the quota of the Department is exhausted they may still be had from the Superintendent of Documents. I enclose herewith a list of the publications on birds now available for distribution. In remitting for publications to which a price is attached, letters should be addressed to the Superintendent of Documents, Washington, D. C. Two of our reports mentioned on page 17 of the January number of the 'Journal' viz. 'The English Sparrow in North America' and 'Food of Woodpeckers' are out of print.

Very truly yours,

T. S. PALMER,  
Asst. Chief, Biological Survey.

## A PET CROW.

While driving through Knox County I have noticed a tame crow at a farm house near Razorville. At all times of year I have observed him, in both the sultry days of summer and the cold or windy days in winter. He has usually been observed on nearly every three weeks' trip for the past two years I have been driving there. One day I called at the house to inquire about him. Mrs. Lessner, the lady of the house, told me her son, Geo. Lessner, got the crow three years ago when he was young and about to leave the nest. She states that it is very surprising to see the display of so much cunning and intelligence. The crow sleeps in the barn, and comes to a perch in front of the kitchen window in the morning to be fed. He will hop into the house if no strangers are about. He is very shy of strangers. A little boy from Boston visits the place every summer and calls the crow his own. Although the boy stays but a short time on the farm, when he returns again in the summer the crow seems perfectly delighted to see the boy and will at once fly down and perch on his shoulder or head. As is usual the crow is very mischievous. He has a great fondness for Mr. Lessner and when he goes into the woods to work, the crow follows him. A short time ago Mr. Lessner staid rather late in the woods, and the crow perched in a thick clump of spruce and went to sleep. Mr. L. thought he had gone home, on arrival home the crow was not there, but he came in the morning to his perch before the window to be fed.

J. M. S.

"Bird-killing As a method In Ornithology" is the title of a 16 page pamphlet written by Reginald C. Robbins and placed "Formally before the main body of American ornithologists through the courtesy of the distributors of The Auk." After wading through the grandiloquent renderings of the English language which appear in this pamphlet we are forced to conclude that the author has either just finished reading "Wormwood" and taken it as a model for his appeal, or that a dose of "hashish" is responsible for the free and easy flow of language. After much gastritis and gastralgia we have managed to digest most of the article, and have concluded that it was whitten to prove that bird killing for scientific purposes

serves no useful end and is unpermissible

O. W. K.

We wish to call the attention of our members and readers to our "ads." in this No. Each magazine advertised on the several subjects, are very interesting indeed, and all who are interested in the subjects, on which they treat, will do well to send for sample copy. Those in need of books, magazines, specimens or supplies, will do well to note Mr. Hoag's ad. in this issue. His prices are the lowest, and any work he cannot get for you, is hardly worth looking further for. In fact, all our advertisers are thoroughly reliable.

## ERRATA.

Page.	Column.	Line.		
8	1	5	for	Natural read natural
9	1	13	for	Megalistris read Megalestris
9	1	23	for	current, read current.
9	1	23	for	a superfluos read A superfluos
9	1	43	for	companionshp read companionships
9	2	20	for	migration. read migration?
10	1	6	for	pre— read pro—
10	1	7	for	viously read visionally
11	1	10	for	As read as
11	1	11	omit	season, read breeding in any
11	1	15	for	far, read for.
11	1	18	for	found, read found.
11	1	18	for	it is read It is
11	2	21	for	seen read soon.
11	2	29	for	Al— read al—
12	1	8	for	direction read detection
1	2	30	for	North-west read north east.
2	1	16	for	Franklin Co. read Androscoggin Co.
18	2	25	for	Otyx read Colinus



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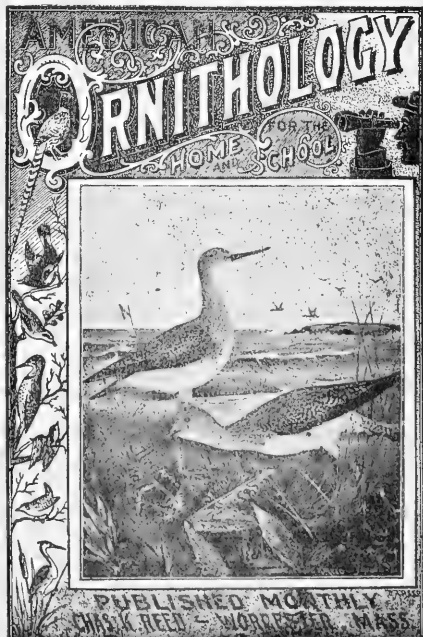
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Vol. 4, Pt. 3.



THE

JOURNAL

OF

The Maine

Ornithological Society



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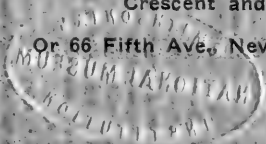
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The Journal of

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A QUARTERLY JOURNAL OF MAINE ORNITHOLOGY.

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"BIRD PROTECTION, BIRD STUDY, THE SPREAD OF THE KNOWLEDGE THUS GAINED,  
THESE ARE OUR OBJECTS."

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VOL. IV.

FAIRFIELD, MAINE, JULY, 1902.

NUMBER 3.

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## The Maine Ornithological Society.

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CAPT. H. L. SPINNEY, Seguin, Vice President.  
A. H. NORTON, Westbrook, Secretary—Treas.  
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Seventh annual meeting to be held the Friday and Saturday following Thanksgiving, 1902, at Portland, Me.

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Entered as second class mail matter, Fairfield, Me.

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## Editorial Chat.

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Circular No. 1 has been printed and sent to the officers and members for distribution among their friends, with the hopes that we may increase our membership. We are very anxious to get as many names of our

teachers in the state as is possible, on our subscription and membership list. It costs but 50 cents to become an associate member with the Journal for one year. We believe the teachers would receive good value for this small sum if they would join our ranks. Any one wishing more of these circulars can have them by sending a card to the editor.

—o—

Editor Dingley of the Lewiston Journal wrote the editor of the Journal M. O. S. that he thought it unkind to publish the remark your editor wrote, following Bro. Morrill's art, Journal vol. IV., P. 33, we at once wrote him the circumstances, stating how we were troubled to get back our manuscript from Mr. Noble (then one of their reporters) in time to publish in our Journal. It seems to have been through Mr. Noble's neglect that our grievance came about, and not the fault of the Lewiston Journal. Editor Dingley states: "The Journal's motto in all cases of this nature is the Golden Rule, which is a pretty safe one, we think." We can heartily endorse this and trust our relations in the future may be mutually pleasant.

—o—

The article on shooting matches in our last Journal was written by Mr. F. F. Burr, instead of Burt. For which mistake the editor begs to offer his apology to the writer.

We very much regret that the talk

on birds, which was so much enjoyed by all present at our last meeting, by Prof. Stanton of Bates College, and which Miss Hodgdon of the Fish and Game office, so kindly took a stenographic copy, has been lost. Miss Hodgdon had the note-book containing her copy under her arm, among other books, during a big snowstorm, last winter, while on her way to the State House, and very unfortunately, it slipped from among the other books and papers, and became lost in the snow, and could not be found. But we hope to have a paper by the Professor for our October Journal.

—o—

After my day's outing at Bangor, on June 11th, while driving from Burnham to Unity (Waldo Co.) when near a wet place near the Sebasticook river, I heard the song of a Yellow Palm Warbler. Hitching my horse beside the road, I at once made search for the bird, which I soon located. After a half hour's search, I located the nest with four young. This nest was placed in a dryer situation than was the nest found at Hermon, it being waste land with grey birches thickly scattered in patches. The nest was well hidden in a tuft of grass, composed very similar to the nest found in the bog. The young were apparently about a week old.

This same day, while crossing the large meadow known as the Unity Flats, I heard the peculiar stridulating song of the Grasshopper Sparrow. I immediately anchored my horse to a bush and gave chase. It was wild and wary, as was the one which Bro. Morrill and myself saw at Pittsfield last year.

#### FIELD NOTES.

Many of our members and fellow observers have remarked on the unusually large number of Bluebirds

they have noted the past spring. In fact, everyone concludes they never saw them so plenty, even before their numbers were so greatly decimated several years ago.

We have been on the lookout for new localities where the Prairie Horned Larks may be found breeding, with the following results: One pair were found nesting near the Kennebec river at Benton Station. Five pairs were noted, through the season, along the river up as far as Canaan. One pair were seen between Hartland and Pittsfield, and a pair were noted near the village of Pittsfield. A nest with young was located near Liberty (Waldo Co.) and another in a stubble field in the town of China (Kennebec Co.) Another pair were seen frequently near Unity (Waldo Co.) and Mr. Knight informs me he is reasonably certain a pair were nesting in Aroostook county. Mr. Briggs reports a pair found by Mr. Teague near Livermore. This bird seems to be getting more common in this part of the State, and presumably in a few years it will become a fairly common summer resident in these parts.

I have noted several pairs of Golden Crowned Kinglets nest building in different localities. In fact, they seem to be a rather common nester in many places. One nest only was located, this in the town of Palermo (Waldo Co.) in a large growth of fir and spruce trees near China lake. It contained young.

We spent Saturday, May 31st, with Bro. Knight looking after Marsh Birds. After exploring the grounds about the University at Orono, where there are Bronzed Grackles nesting in the spruce and fir balsams about the campus, also many other birds are found there. We wended our way through the fields along the river.

Spotted Sandpipers were very common. We searched for nests of the Canada Nuthatch and Myrtle Warbler. While both were very plenty, we did not locate any nests. Nests of the Song Sparrow and Savanna Sparrow were found and marked, so to return and make photos of them.

Eating a lunch at Oldtown, we then proceeded down the wheel path of the Niben Club toward Bangor. Kinglets were common, nestbuilding, but no nests were located. We searched the marsh on either side of the path where numerous warblers nest. The song of the Yellow Palm Warbler attracted our attention, in the Orono bog. We did not search long for nests, as we proposed to go to the Hermon bog, about five miles from Bangor. We waded the grass and reeds, looking for the Short-Billed Marsh Wrens, but nothing but their saucy chatter was recorded. We sat down to rest a moment, on a bridge, and a new bird note was soon wafted over from the reeds and cattails; one new to us, yet one we had fresh in our minds, one we had hoped to hear. It said Kik-kik-kik, kik-kiker, kik-kik, kik-kik, occasionally uttered with that que-eah for an ending, which was mentioned by Bro. Norton in his article (Jan. No. Journal, Vol. IV., Page 10.) and has been described by Wm. Brewster, (Auk XVII, P. 321) in his article: An Ornithological Mystery. We listened perhaps a half hour to this strange kicker. He was well concealed, but very near to us. Yet we could not learn what he was kicking about. On preparing to start for the Hermon bog Mrs. Knight very kindly offered me the loan of her wheel, and in company with Mr. Billings and Mr. Hall, who were interested more especially in botany, we formed a line and headed for Hermon Pond. Every field worker knows of

the appearance we put up and can well picture the looks and remarks that the good people of Bangor gave us from either side as we wheeled along the streets, loaded with grips and boxes, field glasses and various other implements, such as only a set of bird cranks would carry afield. Not discouraged, we crossed the railroad, and leaving our wheels in an old building, beside the bog, we donned old shoes and prepared to wade the swamp. Yellow Throats and Parulas we at once noted to be common. A pair of Swainson's Thrush next attracted our attention, while the other two gentlemen went in search of the yellow ladies' slipper. Canada Warblers were there nesting, while Swamp Sparrows were nesting, as were the Song and White-Throated Sparrows. Soon the peculiar song of *Dendroica palmarum hypochrysea* was heard in different parts of the bog. We commenced searching for the nests, gathering plants and flowers as we gyrated about the bog. We were searching about near where a male was singing when Mr. Billings flushed a bird from a tuft of grass and weeds between us, and on looking at the spot where she got up, there was the nest with five eggs. We called Mr. Knight and waited till the bird returned. A Yellow Palm sure enough. The eggs were well incubated, probably having been laid about two weeks earlier. The nest was placed in a tuft of grass beside a small spruce bush, completely concealed, and well up above the water that was so thoroughly soaked into the moss which completely covered the bog. An abundance of lamb-kill and Labrador tea was growing about the site. The nest was well built of weeds, roots and grasses, elaborately and warmly lined with fine grasses and hairs. This is; so far as I know, the third

locality where this bird has been found in the State, Mr. Knight having found it nesting in the Orono bog, Mr. Morrill also found it nesting near Pittsfield. Soon we heard a peculiar bird note, which we judged was another Yellow Rail, which was, no doubt, nesting somewhere in the marsh bordering this bog. But no amount of searching could gain us a sight of this bird, which seemed to keep just ahead, yet very near to us. As we neared the edge of the bog, I flushed a warbler from a nest at the roots of a thick clump of alders. At first, I thought it a Yellow Throat, but soon I saw it was not of this variety. Both birds kept flitting through the dense foliage, but not near enough to get a good view of them. I called Mr. Knight and began looking for the nest, which I soon saw, hidden under the roots of the alder clump. A neat nest, well covered over with weeds and grasses, containing five eggs, much resembling the nest and eggs of the Nashville. We could not decide what it was, so Mr. Knight suggested we ride back and get the camera and a supply of dry plates and come back and photograph these rare nests. A Kingfisher excavation attracted our attention on our trip back; also a Meadow Lark perched on a tree convinced us a nest was somewhere hidden in the meadow below. A pair of Red Crossbills with four or five young were noted near Bangor. The young were already on the wing. Returning with camera and outfit, we proceeded along our trail to the bush near the nest which I had located, where I had tied my handkerchief to mark the spot. The female was on the nest; and allowed us to approach very close. I noted the black cap and the yellowish patch at the base of the bill. Wilson's Black Cap we both exclaimed in a moment. The male kept flitting

nervously about near the nest while we were preparing to photograph her, which we did on the nest. After we flushed her, we made two exposures at the nest and eggs, which proved to be fresh. The nest was of fine grass and weeds of the same material. After locating two nests of the Swamp Sparrow, one with three young and an addled egg, the other with three fresh eggs, we then proceeded to the Kingfisher's nest before mentioned, and while Mr. Knight was getting a photograph of this nesting site, I crossed the track to a clump of pines and spruces. A Hermit Thrush was beginning to sing his evening song. His nest was somewhere on the side hill, but I did not locate it. A pair of Myrtle Warblers had a nest completed in a pine tree about twelve feet up, but no eggs were laid at this date. Many other birds were nesting here, but as Mr. Knight had completed his exposures, we decided it time to return to the city. Tired and hungry, we pedaled along, walking all the hills and discussing our exploits of the day. Hermon is the second locality in the State, so far as I know, where the nest of the Wilson's Black Cap has been found nesting, Bro. Morrill having found several near Pittsfield.

A pair of Bank Swallows were observed in Cornville (Somerset Co.) near a large steam mill. A large pile of sawdust had accumulated and men had been carting it away. As they shoveled it away, a bank was left, and here I saw a pair of Bank Swallows trying to excavate a nest burrow in the side of this sawdust bank. They worked away busily, but the sawdust was light and crumbly, and after they would get a good start, down would come the sawdust, they having to flutter smartly to keep from being buried in the falling dust. They were determined little chaps and kept per-



sistently at it and as often as they got a fair start, so sure was the bank to crumble and let them down. I watched them as long as I could spend time, and went away and left them. On my next trip, three weeks later, I found they had become discouraged and gone to some other place where the bank was not so soft.

AMONG OUR MEMBERS.

At the last moment before going to press we have to record the sad death of our former Editor, Clarence Morrill of Pittsfield, July 15 at 5 P. M. Further notice of same will appear in our October number.

Capt. Spinney, we learn, is likely to get an appointment as keeper of a light in shore very soon. We hope this may come in the near future, as we all want to see his smiling countenance once more on this terrestrial earth. We need the captain at our meetings, and this ought to make it possible.

We are glad to note that our former editor and ex-president, Hon. James Carroll Mead of North Bridgton, has been unanimously chosen to represent his district again in the next session of Legislature.

Prof. Knight expects to do a lot of photographic work and also biological work at Deer Isle in July and August. He has recently been appointed State Assayer.

Bro. Norton states he is getting some very satisfactory reports on bird migration. Give him a good, full report on fall migrations.

BOY LOGIC.

By Joe Carey.

We boys like the April showers—  
 All the drizzling and the swishing,  
 For it's just the finest weather  
 For a chap to go a-fishing.  
 Then for building dams and sluices  
 Or exploring new-made lakes  
 There is nothing like a freshet;  
 Such a lot of sport it makes.

All the flowers love the showers,  
 Trees and grass, and like of that,  
 All except the giddy roses  
 On my sister's Sunday hat.

Seems as if the birds sing sweetest  
 Just when it has stopped a-raining,  
 And they drink and shake their  
 feathers,

They are not a bit complaining.  
 But they don't look half so draggled,  
 You can just depend upon it,  
 As the stiff and silent pigeon  
 On my mother's rain-drenched  
 bonnet.

Now it looks to me just this way—  
 That those jolly April showers  
 Were not meant for hats and bonnets,  
 But for living birds and flowers.

So there comes another question,  
 Will some woman answer that?  
 Is a bird that loves the rain drops  
 Ever meant to trim a hat?

SEGUIN LIGHT STATION, ME.

The first arrival of spring birds thus far at this station for 1902 are as follows:

Slate-Colored Junco, March 8. On the same day I received a fine male of the Blue-wing Teal in nuptial plumage, taken at Georgetown, Me. March 12th, Robins were seen today, the first ones for the season, a half

dozen being seen. Also five Orchard Bluebirds. Of the last named birds, I have seen more of them at this station this spring than in the other eight years of my stay at the station put together. The Bluebirds were not uttering any song, although when before seen here they have always been heard to sing.

The 13th. Large numbers of Juncos Robins and Song Sparrows arrived and six Canada geese were also noticed.

On the 23rd another flight of the last mentioned birds arrived, and Shore Larks and Snow Flakes were seen passing over the island in small numbers. A Purple Grackle and Sparrow Hawk were also noticed. Nothing was noticed to arrive from the 23rd until the 31st, when another large flight of Juncos, Song Sparrows, a few Fox-Colored, and more Robins.

A Rusty Grackle was seen on the same date, and also a Shrike, which was undoubtedly the Northern.

April 1st more Fox-Colored Sparrows arrived, and also some White-Throated.

April 3rd a Meadow Lark appeared. On the morning of the 5th, 2 A. M., a woodcock flying around the light and a number of times lit on the walk encircling the light. All my efforts to capture it proved unsuccessful.

A number of Fox-Colored, Song and White-Throated Sparrows were on the lantern sash at the same time.

The 8th a Marsh Hawk was noticed and the first flight of Scoter Ducks was seen.

The 14th a White-Bellied Swallow and Brown Creeper were seen, and a large flight of Golden-Winged Woodpecker arrived.

The 16th Vesper and Savanna Sparrows were seen for the first time.

The 23rd a large flight of Myrtle and Yellow Palm Warblers arrived today, accompanied with many Robins

and Sparrows, and the first Hermit Thrush was also seen.

Nearly all the flights of birds thus far have appeared when the weather had been easterly for a number of days.

Sept. 13, 1900. I came in possession of a Marbled Godwit taken at Popham Beach, Me. This is a species I have long looked for, but the specimen mentioned is the first and only one I have ever seen.

Oct. 5, 1900. It has been foggy for 48 hours with light winds, varying from southeast to west-southwest. At 1 P. M. when the fog cleared, the sun coming out hot, with very little wind. At 5 P. M. the wind hauled to the southeast and commenced to blow fresh, gradually changing to northeast. With the shifting of the wind the fog came, but at 8 A. M. again cleared, the wind blowing very hard.

All at once a large number of birds could be seen gyrating around the light, and with them at intervals could be heard the notes of the Yellow Leg, but of what species I could not tell. The smaller birds proved to be Fine Warblers, with the exception of three or four Maryland Yellow-Throats. They continued to arrive until morning, the mortality being very large. At daylight I picked up 275 dead birds and judged there were enough more injured and dead to swell the number to nearly 400. Among the dead picked up was a fine male specimen of the Yellow-Breasted Chat. This was a great surprise to me, as I had never hoped to be so fortunate as to find the bird in our State.

October 12. I came into possession of the Clapper Rail, the bird being taken at Popham Beach, Me. It was found in a marsh, and in a few days I also saw another at the same place, which I crippled. Although I had a dog with me and saw where the bird lit down (it flying some distance

after being shot at) I or the dog was unable to find it, although I spent an hour searching for it.

November 7, 1899. Received from Winter Harbor, Mt. Desert, Me., a Purple Gallinule. This bird was taken during a thick fog on a small island at the above mentioned place, and was a male bird in immature plumage.

May 9, 1901. Received a female of the Little Blue Heron taken at Popham Beach. It was in the white phase of plumage and the condition of the ovaries indicated that the bird would have bred under favorable conditions. It was noticed for a number of days to leave Popham Beach late in the afternoon and flying across the river to Georgetown, returning quite early the following morning.

December 13, 1901. Took my first specimen of the American Pipit. It was hopping around on the ground the same as a sparrow, and the dark color of breast and white on tail feathers attracted my attention.

CAPT. HERBERT L. SPINNEY.

(Note—An article appears in the Osprey, May number, by B. J. Bretherton, "The Destruction of Birds by Lighthouses," which is of very general interest.—Ed).

I sat in meditation one sultry summer day,  
 Upon the Homestead Hills, that overlook the bay;  
 I gazed up Widgeon Cove and on Orr's Island shore,  
 And fancied I was back again, some sixty years or more.

The scene was just as lovely, as sixty years ago.  
 The waters still continued their constant ebb and flow,  
 The landscape was the same, the ocean and bay,

Because where God had placed them,  
 there they had to stay.

The cooling ocean breeze, caressed my wrinkled brow,  
 And whispered of enjoyments almost forgotten now;  
 Disturbed the banked up fires of memory and then,  
 Fanned their dying embers into life again.

The air was most delicious, the sun was shining bright;  
 The ripples on the water sported with delight.  
 Remembered scenes around me made my heart to thrill,  
 And yet my longing soul was strangely longing still.

But there was something lacking,  
 what could that something be?  
 In hopeless expectation, I looked around to see.  
 I listened most intently for some familiar sound,  
 But a deathly stillness had settled all around.

At last it dawned upon me, that worse than any Turk,  
 The wicked modern hunter had here got in his work.  
 Not a living object was anywhere in sight,  
 The most of them are dead; the rest have taken flight.  
 The tamest birds are slaughtered, the Osprey with the rest;  
 Banished him entirely, not even left his nest.  
 The patient watchful Heron from the scene has fled;  
 We miss his stately presence out on the mussel bed.

We listen for the chitter of the squirrel in the trees;

And all the sound we hear is the rustle of the breeze.

The Kildeer and the Plover, that once were here so tame;

Their cheerful notes are lacking; the place is not the same.

In our early youthful days, we thought it wrong to kill

Any living creature to simply show our skill.

That all created things had some right to live;

And we therefore thought it wrong to take the life we could not give.

In this our present day, how different from then;

Instead of heartless ruffians, it now is sporting men

Who kill our feathered songsters with double-barrelled gun;

It seems to us most cruel, although they call it fun.

The present generation will surely never know

How cheerful were the songs of birds of long ago.

The birds are now suspicious and flee from human sight;

Now their cheerful songs have changed to shrieks of fright.

Then the Robin built her nest wherever she might choose,

Thinking only thieving hawks would her this right refuse;

Not only ragged urchins, but men as hunters dressed,

Are banded now together to give the birds no rest.

A flood of sad reflections is o'er my spirit cast,

When mentally comparing the present with the past;

Are all our present comforts really worth the cost

Of Nature's sweetest music, that now to us is lost?

There surely is a reason, without a shade of doubt

How this change of sentiment was really brought about.

After due reflection we possibly may find,

That truly "Education forms the common mind."

With higher institutions we have no fault to find,

Because it is their province to educate the mind;

But our modern primaries from the very start,

Force the mental faculties and disregard the heart.

Farewell to these reflections, and let them not alloy

The comforts of the present, which we so much enjoy;

We are but fleeting mortals, and have not long to stay,

So let our present blessings cheer us on our way.

But the mournful silence in the wood and field,

Chills our hearts with sadness that cannot be concealed;

And this our last petition would be to ask the State.

To save remaining innocents from their impending fate.

CAPT. L. H. STOVER.

Brunswick, Me.

#### A BIRD TRAGEDY.

Dr. A. E. Bessey of Waterville, tells the editor of an incident which scores against the red squirrel.

In the month of June, 1900, while the doctor's family were located at his summer cottage on the shores of Great Pond, in the town of Belgrade,

Me., the doctor discovered a nest and young of the American Redstart (*Setophaga ruticilla*) in a small beech tree only a few feet from his cottage. The doctor and his family are much interested in the birds, and watched these little warblers with much interest. †

One day while the doctor was watching the mother bird hovering her nearly fledged nestlings, he observed a red squirrel sneaking up toward the nest. Instantly the squirrel darted forward and seized the female from the nest, by fastening his sharp teeth into the poor mother bird's head and neck. The doctor hastened to the tree, and shook the squirrel from the tree, but too late to save the bird. The squirrel dropped the bird and scampered off, chuckling to himself and congratulating himself on his narrow escape. The poor bird fell to the ground too badly bitten to recover. The doctor watched, but hardly expected to see the little red scamp return, but having had a taste of blood, he could not resist his appetite for more. Stealthily he returned and tried to get one of the young from the nest, but the doctor prevented him from doing so. One of the young fluttered to the ground, and the doctor carried him to a neighboring cottage and placed it where the male bird could find it.

As the doctor went away the next day, he does not know, but hopes the little ones reached maturity. But before going, he borrowed a shotgun and shot the squirrel, to prevent him from destroying all the small birds that nested about in the grove on the shore of the lake.

The doctor enjoys seeing the saucy little squirrels running about, but decided to punish this saucy little depredator. He states he had given up shooting, on the ground that several years ago he shot a red squirrel and

not killing it, it ran off and hid with its entrails hanging, and he decided this was rather poor sport. He mentioned having previously seen the red squirrels destroy the eggs and young birds from a nest, and watched the bird tear out the lining of the nest. He also mentions watching a bird, in the latter part of April, with his field glass, which he decided was a Prairie Horned Lark (*Otocoris alpestris praticola*) at so late a date that the grain was springing up. There can be but little doubt that the bird was breeding in the vicinity.

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#### A BABY VIREO'S BREAKFAST.

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Two or three summers ago I was much interested in the *modus operandi* employed by a mother vireo bird (*Vireo olivaceus*) to get a luncheon into the digestive tract of her young offspring. Though quite likely an old-time proceeding, it was new to me.

I had found the nestling in the late twilight, peeping forlornly under a tall maple tree. He might have fallen from the nest and disgraced himself, or perhaps he had wandered too far in his first day's outing. Be it as it might, the parent birds seemed to think the proper place for birds at that late hour was at home, and, therefore, there they staid. So the foundling was taken into the house, away from the danger of night prowlers. With the judicious manipulation of a wooden toothpick, he was enticed into swallowing several flies and millers, which somewhat appeased his hungry calls, and at last he subsided for the night.

In the morning, he became vociferous again. On going into the garden several cabbage worms graciously disclosed themselves. I fed them to him in dainty sections, and then perched him on a crab apple tree to see if a

parent bird might not come to claim her baby. One appeared almost as soon as I withdrew and the joyous peepings and fluttering of wings on the part of the waif as soon as he recognized her presence, attested the relationship. I thought him sufficiently fed for a while, but Mamma Red-eye apparently thought otherwise, and hurrying off, directly after greeting the wanderer, straightway returned, bringing, as if in measure of her joy, a large sphinx larva, which far out-sized the worms I had so carefully sectioned.

I wondered how in the world it was to be gotten down. Mamma Red-eye delivered it into her baby's bill, and the baby essayed to swallow it—tried and tried again! The great fat green delicacy could not be managed, but would keep curling around and tumbling out of the inexperienced bill. And this is how it was finally accomplished. Of course, Madam knew how to feed her baby. What are mothers for? Taking one end of the worm in her bill and again presenting it, as soon as the novice had a firm hold upon the other end, she moved slowly and carefully away. Any worm will become small around with stretching, you know! Then the novice began to swallow and Madam to dole the luncheon out. Gulp, gulp, gulp—and at last it was down! The dote stretched up several times, as if pulling himself over the worm—first on one foot and then on the other, and perhaps,

"On which one he felt the wust,  
He couldn't ha' told ye neither."

He had rather a surprised look, turning and twisting his head, as if saying: "Why, where is it all? Did it all go down? Oh, my!" Then, after a little time he settled down upon the twig and puffed himself out in a very ludicrous fashion with the evident in-

attention of taking a long morning nap.

There I found him two or three hours later in good spirits, but with no disposition to fly. I searched about and finding another worm, perhaps half as large as Madam's, succeeded in persuading his little self that it was quite as good in flavor as the one his mother had brought and that I could manage the extension act equally well. But Madam's motherly instincts were now thoroughly aroused. With tempting dainties she coaxea her birdling to a higher and yet higher branch, then to a birch tree and over to the tall maple beyond. And there I left them.

ABBY F. C. BATES.

Waterville, Me.

#### THE SONG OF MISS TOOLOORAL.

Recently while passing through the orchard at my home, where the least flycatchers are plentiful and have nests, I heard a sweet, pretty song in one of the apple trees. This seemed to be a bird that I had never heard before. I walked up quietly and as I caught sight of it, it flew upwards and began to sing an entirely different song, which sounded to me very much like the Indigo Bunting. After flying wildly about high in the air, singing continually, it flew downward, and I could distinguish the notes chebec, chebec, chebec, uttered in quick succession. As it lighted in a tree near me I saw that it was a Least Flycatcher. This occurred at dusk.

Avon, Me. DANA. W. SWEET.

Mr. J. M. Nichols of Portland took a specimen of the Red-Headed Woodpecker in a wood near Biddeford in May, 1900. He mentions several other specimens seen near the New Hampshire line in the southern part of the State.

THE NEST AND EGGS OF THE  
OLIVE-SIDED FLYCATCHER.

(*Contopus borealis*.)

How many of the United Ornithologists of Maine have ever discovered the nest of the Olive-Sided Flycatcher (*Contopus borealis*) Swainson? Fortunate indeed is he or she who can answer "aye." For this pugnacious bully, this swaggering, overbearing fighter of a fighting family, is far from common during the breeding season anywhere in our State, and when he does condescend to tarry and rear a family, is exceedingly clever in locating the nursery.

The writer has spent many years studying or attempting to study the wonders and mysteries of Old Dame Nature as they are unfolded to us in our glorious Maine woods, the beauties and treasures of bird life receiving always the lion's share of thought, time and effort; and although many a choice "find" has been his good fortune, still he can count upon one finger of one hand the number of nests with eggs of this king of the flycatchers that he has been able to discover. And this is how it all came about. For several years past I have spent a portion of the nesting season close to the shore of Old Ocean at Boothbay Harbor, and have among the coniferae, many nice things from an ornithologist's standpoint were picked up from year to year. The one particular nest, however, always sought, but never found, was the home of that pugnacious flycatcher *C. borealis*. The birds themselves were always in evidence. From the piazza of my cottage its sharp and piercing cry of o-wheo, o-wheo, uttered methodically could be heard every morning and afternoon through perched on the tip of some blasted tree top a quarter of a mile away.

It was the breeding season. His home must be near and it must be found.

The saying that hope springs eternal in the human breast is particularly true of the ornithologist, and I reasoned that with persistent work it was only a matter of time when the spotted treasures he was so carefully concealing should be mine by right of discovery.

But season after season passed without result. Every June would find him upon his elevated perches and uttering his plaintive call note, while I was pretty sure to be nearby, watching and hunting for his home. Hour after hour I would patiently do this, watching and waiting for some sign or indication (which, however, never came) that might lead me to his nesting place; but his sallies forth after venturesome lepidoptera were almost without number, his appetite for insect life being apparently insatiable, and his contentment when he was more than satisfied with his lot, even if I was not with mine, and had no idea of going home. He was doubtless fully aware that everything was all right at that end of the route, for his call note would be answered by his mate from some far-off spruce.

My, but it was tough sometimes. What with the heat in the thick, swampy woods, where the sun could penetrate, but the sea breeze never, tormented by myriads of mosquitoes, more thirsty for gore than the old pirates of the Spanish Main, the waiting and sweltering under such circumstances was almost unbearable.

Generally, like a hard conundrum, I gave it up after a while. If I persevered and stuck it out, perchance he would allow me the privilege of following him to another tree, possibly two, a long distance away, over a not altogether attractive country for a pedestrian, only to discover at last I

was being fooled and that when he really started for home in dead earnest it was a good half mile fly across some dense swamp or tangle where a fellow couldn't go and retain his self respect.

Day after day it was the same experience, until one morning, late in the season, I accidentally discovered the old bird going to his nest with food in his bill, and of course I followed. All was plain now. I had located the home site at last. This fact apparently didn't disturb him in the least. He knew I didn't care a rap for chickens and I was welcome to look all I liked. But it was a great mistake on his part. He had given me a tip and I proposed to profit by it, for knowledge in this case was power. I beheld for the first time the long-looked for nest and made a careful mental note of its location and general surroundings.

You have seen one perhaps, a mossy saucer placed near the end of a spruce limb, some 20 feet up, just about impossible to see from beneath, for the fur fingers are thick together. The nest was, as I expected, filled with young chicks a few days out of the shell, of no use in themselves, but valuable as data. Half the victory was at last won. The building site was made known and I said to myself another season is coming and if you feed your young the first of July you must have fresh eggs the middle of June. "All things come to him that waits" and keeps his eyes open.

The scene changes. It is Bunker Hill day, June 17, 1896. With a young companion, a chip (ornithologically) of the old block, who can call the tune on a bird note as easy as he can repeat the multiplication table. I am hunting that same old swamp for that same old "will-o'-the-wisp."

The air is odorless with the sweet fragrance of conifers and redolent

with mosquitoes—regular "gallinipers." The temperature is anywhere from 90 to 100. It feels like 150, and although within two hundred yards of the open sea, we might as well have been two hundred miles away for all the good we derived from its proximity.

We had about given up locating Mr. Borealis for the day and were hurrying through the thick brush and small growth toward the cliffs that overhang the sea, caring little else than for a breath of fresh air, when a peculiar snapping sound over our heads suddenly attracted our attention and caused us to pause a moment; and looking up a pair of Olive-Sided Flycatchers were wheeling and darting about just above us, angry and defiant. Surely we were on a hot trail and when we least expected it.

A close examination of the likely trees was quickly made and a rather small spruce with lower limbs quite well up for its size, looked decidedly suspicious. Close to the end of a limb about the third from the lowest and about 20 feet up, could be discerned from beneath a thickened place like as if some refuse had accidentally lodged upon it, and a climb for examination was begun. The birds all this time had been perched upon neighboring tree tops, calling to each other in excited tones, but keeping reasonably quiet; but now all was changed, and from quiet attentive observers, both quickly changed to miniature furies and angry antagonists, flying about close to our heads, darting at us and snapping their bills like birds of prey. A climb of some 20 feet and the nest was disclosed to view, and what a sight!

It has been my good fortune to see many beautiful things in the way of nests and eggs, but never before in all my experience had such a charm-



ing combination of nest, eggs and surroundings met my gaze.

Imagine, if you can, lying upon one end of a bright green limb, a shallow saucer of light green Spanish (usnea) moss, the outer edges fading off into delicate tracing against the darker and richer green and reposing in the centre depression three rich, creamy eggs, whose bright spots were fairly brilliant in the dazzling sunshine; all this with a dense background of the richest green, for looking down as we were, nothing beyond the foliage could be seen.

It was a sight I shall never forget, and it marked a red letter day in my collecting career. I sincerely wish the sight could have been enjoyed by every member of the U. O. of Maine; for although the nest and eggs now occupy a proud position in my cabinet, where all are welcome to examine it, still the charm of their original surroundings are lacking, though the eggs repose in the nest as found.

I will not weary the reader with the details of securing the prize and their conveyance to a place of safety, sufficing that the efforts were successful, though extremely difficult. The nest itself proved to be a platform of small dead twigs and a few (three or four) roots interwoven throughout with Spanish (usnea) moss. It measured about 7x7.50 and was rather irregular and scraggly about the outer edges. The depression in the centre or nest proper being about three inches across, its composition not differing in the least from the entire structure. There was absolutely nothing in the construction of the whole affair but twigs and moss except the three small rootlets, and no attempt at a lining had been made. Indeed, where the eggs lay the small twigs were as much in evidence as the softer moss. It looked to me as if the entire platform had first been

completed and the depression in the middle gradually made by the bird's body.

The eggs were three in number, perfectly fresh. They resembled those of the Wood Pewee (*C. virens*) though much larger, measuring 85x60, and while the latter are white or nearly so, those of *Borealis* are a very rich cream or vinaceous buff, marked with sharply defined and obscure spots of light and dark brown interspersed with lilacious shades. These colorings were mostly at the larger end, forming an irregular wreath, occasional spots appearing well down toward the smaller end of each egg. The point and centre of the larger end were in every case spotless.

In closing this humble contribution to our society's columns, may I endeavor to impress upon collectors the importance of so planning and arranging their cabinets that the nests and eggs can be displayed together just as they were taken, and not separated as is the usual custom. To be sure a little more cabinet space is required, but the satisfaction of being able to examine at once and with the eggs the marvelous house building of our feathered friends amply repays for the extra outlay. It is the usual way I know to box the nests and "put them away" until some convenient day that never comes, when they are to be arranged and displayed by themselves, and thus the beautiful eggs are robbed of half their charm.

Turn over a new leaf. Have your nests with the eggs, that they may be examined and enjoyed, for of the two, they are far more interesting and instructive. You can at least have a specimen of each species, excepting perhaps birds of prey and sea fowl, and then if limited for space arrange the duplicate sets nearby. Try it and you will like it.

FRANK T. NOBLE, Augusta, Me.

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# Check List of Maine Birds.

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The manuscript for a new edition of the List of the Birds of Maine is nearly ready for the printer, and its publication will be undertaken by the Maine Ornithological Society as soon as enough subscriptions have been received to insure the payment of the cost of publishing the work. The List has been prepared by O. W. Knight, and contains full and accurate statements regarding the distribution and status of our Maine birds at the present time. The scientific nomenclature has been changed in accordance with the recent rulings of the A. O. U. Committee on Nomenclature.

Two editions of the List are offered. The best edition is bound in paper covers with blank pages between those of printed matter so that sufficient space is given for the writing in of such notes as the purchaser may deem desirable. This will cost seventy-five (75) cents. The other edition without the blank pages will cost fifty (50) cents.

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The following table was filled out by \_\_\_\_\_

Indigo Bunting, .....				May
Purple Martin, .....				Apr 1
Cliff Swallow, .....	Apr 23,	May 10	Apr 30	Apr
Barn Swallow, .....	Apr 16, 19		Apr 16	May 1
Tree Swallow, .....				May
Bank Swallow, .....				May
Cedar Waxwing, .....				May
Loggerhead Shrike, ....				May
Redeyed Vireo, .....				May
Warbling Vireo, .....				May
Black and White Warbler,				May
Nashville Warbler, .....		May 12		
Parula Warbler, .....		May 13		
Yellow Warbler, .....				May
Blackthroated Blue Warbler,	Apr 16,	May 10	Apr 15	May
..... Warbler, .....	Apr 10			May









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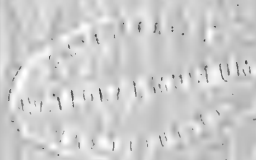
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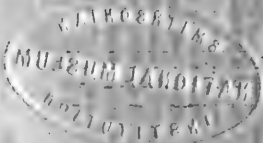
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VOL. IV.

FAIRFIELD, MAINE, OCTOBER, 1902

NUMBER 4.

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The *Maine* Ornithological  
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Seventh annual meeting to be held the Friday and Saturday following Thanksgiving, 1902, at Portland, Me.

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Entered as second class mail matter, Fairfield, Me.

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Editorial Chat.

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With this issue, we are publishing a list of members of our Society. Our list of active members is quite satisfactory, but the list of associates is not what it ought to be. As our next annual meeting is to be held in Port-

land, we ought to have a large attendance, and ought to add at least one hundred new names to our list of associates.

—o—

Sec'y Norton writes us that the outlook for the annual meeting in Portland on November next is very promising. We ought to have out a larger attendance than at any previous meeting, and the public attendance will probably be the largest we have ever enjoyed. A very interesting program is assured.

—o—

It was a sad surprise to most of our members and friends of our late fellow member, Bro. Clarence H. Morrell of Pittsfield, that his death occurred so soon after his return North. But few realized that his death was so near. While we all realized he was slowly failing, we did not look for the end so early in the summer. Even I, who had seen him for a few moments on nearly every third week after his arrival home, could not realize he was to be taken from among us so soon. Three weeks before his death, I called to see him and saw he had failed very fast since the trip before. He talked cheerfully and as I took my leave, he said, "Well, Merton, call to see me on your next trip, I think I shall be here then." How little did I realize that on three weeks from that day he would be no more! Yet, he realized his stay was to be, at the most, but a

few weeks. On Tuesday, July 15th, I reversed my trip, going to Pittsfield on Tuesday, instead of Wednesday, as was my usual trip. Just why I did this I never knew. I arrived at his home between 3 and 4 P. M. and at 5 o'clock he passed out into eternity. It was a peaceful ending, for as he said: "He welcomed death as a relief from his sufferings." He was prepared to go, for he had learned to know the God of the trees and flowers, the fields, the birds and all that is beautiful in his search for the truth in Nature. It was his expressed wish that his intimate friends should bear his remains to their resting place. After his demise, I at once telephoned Bro. Knight, at the request of his parents, to know if he could be present on the following Thursday. But unfortunately, the heavy showers of Wednesday crippled the wires so Mr. Knight did not get the message as to the hour the funeral was to occur on the next day. So he could not get a train in season. The other pall-bearers were chosen from his school friends who lived in town. Many and beautiful were the flowers given by his numerous friends, as a last, sad, tribute. A more extended paper on his life work, and his last days, will be read at the annual meeting in November and published in the Journal in the January issue following.

—o—

We are including in this issue a cut representing our former editor, Mr. Clarence Henry Morrell, formerly of Pittsfield, (now deceased). This picture was taken at about the time he joined the M. O. S., in 1887, and is a good likeness of him at that time.

#### NOTES.

The Meadow Lark seems to have disappeared from this locality, none having been seen since early in

September. While on a hurried trip through the States of Rhode Island and Connecticut the first week in October I saw several near Newport, R. I.

While in John Lord's rooms a few days ago, looking his birds over, I saw five Least Bittern, three Black Tern, one Piping Plover, eleven Stilt, one Willet, and one Godwit, which were all taken around Portland and vicinity, which seem rare enough to be deserving of mention.

#### A RAMBLE AMONG THE BIRDS IN MAINE.

Shall we take a stroll through the woods that lie along the banks of the Wilson's Stream, to observe the bird-life found there? Would you get a glimpse of the ways of our feathered friends, that seek the shade of a quiet patch of woodland, and there make their summer home, rearing their young unmolested? Well then, let us take a look about us. We are standing beside the stream, in the town of Farmington, in Franklin County. This stream is about four or five rods wide at this point, and wends its way, twisting and turning, on its way to join the Sandy River, several miles below.

Just below us, the stream bends out around a small point of meadow, and turns sharply around, passing nearly parallel with the down turn, thus forming an ox-bow, as it is called.

A narrow stretch of meadow reaches up the stream, bordered by a piece of woods, of birch, beech and maple, with here and there a clump of hemlock and fir balsams. The trees are mostly of young growth, but here and there stands a tall scraggly rock maple or yellow birch, and several poplars. A dense growth of underbrush makes it difficult to penetrate, in patches. To the westward of this



wood rises a stretch of high hills, covered with old growth sugar maples. It is Memorial Day, and although it is early in the morning, it bids fair to be a warm, sunny day.

The birds are here before us, and are catching insects, and we are at once impressed with the variety of birds that are here in numbers. As we stand near the edge of the woods, watching the different species flit here and there, we hear the shrill cry K-a-e, K-a-e, of a Red Shouldered Hawk (*Buteo lineatus*). Looking to the westward, to the hill tops above, we see a pair of these hawks (old settlers, having nested in this vicinity for years). They shoot down toward the river bottom, as like an arrow, with not a flutter of their wings. They pass over the treetops, just out of gunshot, and circle, higher and higher, occasionally uttering their shrill cries. They seem to be watching the ground below. Presently their circles take them nearer a wet, marshy stretch of unoccupied pasture land, overgrown with clumps of scrub spruce, fir balsams and gray birches. Down they go toward a strip of cattail flags and disappear from our view. We conclude they have spied a frog or a snake in the wet grass. Had it been earlier in the season, before the frogs, snakes and mice had thawed out, we might conclude they were after a hare (*Lepus*), or a Grouse (*Bonasa*). Presently they rise up over the tops of the tall poplars and maples, and pass over our heads, and with our field-glass, we discern one of them has a frog in his talons. With shrill cries they pass on, up the stream, and the small songsters scurry into the thick, new foliage and are still till their harsh cries have died away. As we follow this pair of hawks, up the stream, with our eyes, we learn they are relining an old nest, used in years past. What,

nest building! You say, and this the 30th of May? Yes, nest building. Twice have they made an attempt to rear their young and have been disturbed. But this locality has been their summer home for many years, and they cannot make up their minds to nest elsewhere, for this seems like home to them. Along the latter days of April they came, while there was yet a patch of snow here and there, and relined an old nest, near where we now stand, with green hemlock boughs, in the southern part of this woods. This nest, they had occupied in years past. But a boy had watched them relining this nest from the hilltop above, and after the eggs were laid, he had climbed to the nest and taken the set of three.

Then they went to a tall maple, across the stream, and repaired another old nest. But this boy wanted a series of eggs from the same pair of birds, to show the similarity in the markings, so he removed the two eggs they had deposited there. We will pass up across the meadow to a tall, old yellow birch, near the bank of the stream, to observe this nest. The air is full of bird songs. The crows are busy feeding their young, and set up a loud cawing as we enter the woods.

A male Downy Woodpecker (*Dryobates pubescens medianus*) is on that tall, stately, old elm, and on a dead limb he is drumming away to his mate below. When suddenly he flutters down to a maple stub, where he and his mate are excavating their summer home. We come to a wet creek and cross on a fallen log, and as we work our way through the dense underbrush, we hear the peculiar Yank, Yank, of the White Bellied Nuthatch (*Sitta carolinensis*). See him there, running up and down that birch stub, and round and round it? He does not seem to care whether he goes head first or not. But what is it

we see at the foot of this old decayed stub? A fallen tree-top rather obstructs our view, but we see tail feathers protruding up against the trunk and as we kneel to peer through the brush, we catch a pair of eyes. Not a move, not so much as a wink! Still as a mounted bird this little mother sits on her eleven brown beauties, which are about to give forth eleven little, fluffy, yellow, downy sprites, which will out of the nest and dart under a green leaf, with a flea-like movement, in a few days. This is a female Canada Ruffed Grouse (*Bonasa umbellus togata*). She allows us to kneel before her only a few feet away. With a sad, startled look in her pretty eyes, she reluctantly leaves the nest and flies off into a thick clump of bushes beyond, scattering the dry leaves about the nest, and over the eggs, nearly concealing them from our view. A little cry from the clump where she flew, nearby, warns us that the mother bird is anxious to return to her treasures, lest they get damp and cold. Not for the world would we detain her, so we hasten our steps toward our hawk's nest, which we believe to be in that old, yellow birch that leans out over the brook, a few rods hence.

As we approach this tree we can see through the young leaves a large nest of sticks and twigs. Stealthily we creep along, as we near the tree, a hawk, perched on a tall stub beyond, gives utterance to a warning cry, and the other bird (female, we presume) silently leaves the nest, and together they cross the stream to the other side, and remain in silence. We can see the green hemlock twigs and strips of yellow birch bark, with which they are relining this old nest. We presume the boy will allow them to hatch the single egg they will lay in this nest, undisturbed, so not quite discouraged, they will re-

turn another year. As we stand gazing at this nest, we see a crow (*Corvus americanus*) noiselessly flap through among the tree-tops, to a tall hemlock nearby. In silence we watch her, for she has food in her mouth. She goes to a bulky nest of sticks and dead bark, part way up the hemlock. Perched on the edge of the nest, with our glass we watch her deposit food in the mouth of her young. We are well concealed behind a thick clump of spruce bushes, or her quick eye would have detected us.

Carefully she re-arranged a bit of the bark lining the nest. This is nothing but a black crow, but see how she fondles those, little, ungainly nestlings! Are they not as dear to her as though they never would have an appetite for corn? Did they not receive their liking for corn from the same source that man received it from? Is it such a sin to like corn? Are there not beings of a higher order who have a strong liking for corn and its various products? At first, as we watched the crow, perched on her nest, we were tempted to raise the gun and shoot. It seemed to be the natural thing to do, but as we watched her feed her helpless young, and caught in her eye that wary, hunted look, our hearts softened toward the crow, and were there a bounty on crow's heads, we would not take from the young nestlings their mother. Not even to hear the farmer, whose long rows of corn stretched beside the stream, say: "I'm right glad you got that old black fellow," would we shoot this bird. Silently she leaves her nest and young and flies off for more food, for there are five young with growing appetites in this nest. Suddenly, from over the brook, ripples a wild, bubbling song, and such a song! Positively nothing like it anywhere! It gushes on. Will it never stop? Judging from the volume of it,

we creep forward, expecting to find a bird of considerable size. There he goes! Why, you little midget; could that be you, making all that noise? A little mouse-like bird, about three inches long, darts from out a clump of dead brush, alights on a dead twig, crouches nervously, as though undecided what to do next, and pours forth one of the sweetest and most unique bird songs we ever listened to. This is the Winter Wren (*Troglodytes hiemalis*). He breaks off short, in the middle of his song, and nervously flits to a hollow log, lying on the ground and moss grown. He darts into the end of the log, and all is silence for a moment. We hear two or three sharp alarm notes, and he dashes off to his mate and his mossy home in some hollow stump or upturned roots of a tree; but try as hard as we may, we are not able to locate this nest. In trying to locate this nest, we hear the love call of a chickadee (*Parus atricapillus*) and as we approach a short dead stub, in the edge of a wet slough, we are met by Mr. Black-cap with a sharp challenge: Chic-a-dee-dee-dee! He scolds only a moment, for he is too busy to pay too much attention to us, for in that stub are seven or eight little Black-caps, and all so hungry!

We wonder how they store away so many little fluffy fellows in so small a cavity. Passing on through a thick belt of hemlock and fir, we near the outer edge of the woods. Beyond us are gray birches and alders. We hear a low stifled sound, of some bird scolding, way down in his throat, yet he fears we shall hear him. He is scolding to himself. We see a blue streak flit past and decide this to be a Blue Jay (*Cyanocitta cristata*). Pushing through the thick evergreens, we emerge into the alders and gray birches, and soon we spy a bulky nest of sticks about eight feet up, in a

small pine. We gather several of the saplings together, enough to hold one of us, and assisted by the other, raise up and look in. Three eggs meet our gaze, and the two Jays drop down upon us unexpected and utter their harsh cries, then skulk off and hide in the thick tops of the hemlocks near. Pik! Pik! Whe, Whew! and an Alder Flycatcher (*Empidonax traillii alnorum*) alights on a low twig before us, flutters his wings and stares at us with his large, wondering eyes. He sees a fly and off he darts, and as he catches it on the wing, we hear the loud snap of his bill. He seems not to have much to do, yet he is happy. Nest building will soon begin.

We spy a nest well concealed in a clump of hardhacks. Perhaps this was his nest last year. From across a wet sag comes a clear whistle. What's that he said? Old Jack Peabody, Peabody, Peabody! Crossing the wet sag, we flush a bird from the grass beside a clump of high bush cranberries. The alarm note tells us it is a sparrow. The nest with four eggs, well concealed in the tall, young grass, meets our gaze and the owner flits nervously from bush to bush. It is the White Throated Sparrow (*Zonotrichia albicollis*). Passing on to a higher ridge we flush a Thrush from a bulky nest of leaves and weeds, placed near the base of a scrub spruce bush. Four greenish blue eggs are in the nest. Wilson's Thrush (*Turdus fuscescens*) you exclaim, and we pass on. Among the thick alders, as we push our way through, now and then wiping the cobwebs from our eyes, we locate a slight nest of twigs. Can this be a nest? you say. We approach it and on this slight platform of sticks, lays two roundish, blue eggs, and perched on a limb, a few feet away, sits a Black-Billed Cuckoo (*Coccyzus erythrophthalmus*) lazily watching us, her

long tail drooping below the twig. As we spy her she darts off through the dense bushes and hides from our view. Recrossing the wet run, we pass on to a higher ridge, where the bushes are taller. Chebec, Chebec, falls upon our ears. A male Least Flycatcher (*Empidonax minimus*) is darting here and there, catching flies. We hear the snap of his bill as he catches a fly or some winged insect. In the fork of a small maple, about 12 feet up, we spy Mrs. *Empidonax* settled on a neatly woven nest, with three creamy white eggs therein. She, too, gazes at us with large wondering eyes.

A Sharp Shinned Hawk (*Accipiter velox*) dashes into this clump and Mr. Least Flycatcher dodges off into the dense foliage, barely escaping the sharp talons of this dashing little depredator. We now turn toward the heavier wood, to cross again toward the river, and at the edge of the thick firs we are met with several familiar warbler songs. The Black-Poll Warblers (*Dendroica striata*) are gleaning among the trees of the taller poplars. They are in full migration. In a few days only a straggling pair will remain, the bulk passing to the northward to breed.

A bright-colored Warbler dashes past, closely chased by her mate. It is the Black-Throated Green Warbler (*Dendroica virens*) and they disappear into the thick spruce bushes. The drawling song of the male is occasionally heard. We feel quite positive that somewhere in the top of some one of the many spruces or hemlocks there is a dainty, cup-shaped nest, neatly lined, containing four eggs of this Warbler, nearly ready to hatch. But after a careful search, we give up the task and search among the lower branches for the nest of the Magnolia Warbler (*Dendroica maculosa*). Ah, here it is! A neat nest,

lined with black roots and hairs, saddled on a spruce bough, about five feet up, situated out two feet from the trunk of the bush. Four handsome eggs, heavily wreathed about the larger end. The dark appearance of the shell, indicates they will hatch in a few days. The female stays nearby, watching us, keeping concealed in the thick foliage. Her mate scolding not far off, we hear him say, Wil-o-weechy, as he busily gleans among the boughs for small insects, so abundant there. As we pass through the dense growth of spruce and firs, we emerge into a spot more open, yet a luxurious growth of young poplars abound. Suddenly a small bird darts from beneath our feet and disappears, hardly giving us a chance to catch sight of her. Carefully laying a hat where we flushed the bird, we seek to catch sight of our bird. We soon see a small bird, a Warbler we feel certain, feeding leisurely, but shyly, keeping from our sight most of the time. We catch that dark ring that circles low on the throat of yellow, and now we know this is the Canadian Warbler (*Sylvania canadensis*). Returning to the hat, we carefully search among the dead leaves and ferns and locate the nest, well concealed by a clump of dead ferns. Four eggs rest beautifully on the lining of pine needles. We congratulate ourselves on this rare find.

As we work our way through the thick woods toward the river, we are occasionally startled by a Hare (*Lepus americanus*) scudding along through the underbrush, quickly hiding from our view. As we near a tall old growth maple, containing an old, dilapidated hawk's nest, we are again startled by a small bird running from beneath our feet, disappearing among the thick growth of ground dogwood, now in full bloom. Carefully we search for the nest. We discover an

elevation of dried leaves. This proves to be an Ovenbird's (*Sierurus auricapillus*) nest. Neatly arched over the top and completely hiding the eggs from our view. We raise the lid and behold five handsome eggs of white, dotted with large brown spots. The owner up in the tree, is calling Teacher, Teacher, Teacher! At first, uttered low and sounding quite distant, yet increasing in volume till we behold the singer directly over our heads. It is getting late, consulting our time pieces, we find it is long past lunch time; and we now realize we have developed a good appetite. We have been so carried away with the delightful surroundings that we had quite forgotten our lunch baskets.

So, repairing to a cool spring, near the bank of the stream and in the edge of the woods, we make a drinking cup of white birch bark, peeled off with a pocket knife. We sit down on a fallen log and enjoy our lunch. Busily discussing our delightful experiences between the bites of our cold sandwiches, occasionally slaking our thirst with the cool springwater which bubbles from out the ground near our feet.

A pair of Canada Nuthatches (*Sitta canadensis*) can be heard across on the other bank. They, no doubt, are nesting in one of the many dead stubs and their young have kept them busy all the morning securing food for them. We onw and then catch sight of a pair of Yellow-Bellied Woodpeckers (*Spyrapicus varius*) who have dug through the hard outer part of some dead poplar into the decayed heart, and have deposited their four pearly white eggs on the chips at the bottom of the cavity. We have seen this pair before, for they were nesting in a Woodpecker colony near by, last year, (See Journal Vol. III, Apr. P. 27). The pair of Hairy Woodpeckers (*Dryobates vilosus*) mentioned in

the above article, are here, too, feeding their young in the same excavation in the top of a tall dead poplar. A Hummingbird (*Trochibus colubris*) is darting among the wild flowers and the occasional song of the North Parula Warbler (*Compsothlyis ameri-usnear*) can be heard among the tall tree tops.

After finishing our lunch, we cross the meadow to the banks of the stream, and find a pair of Catbirds (*Galeoscoptes carolinensis*) are scolding us for intruding upon them. Their nest is carefully concealed among the thick chokecherry bushes that line the banks of the stream. Yellow Warblers (*Dendroica aestiva*) are common along the banks and are nesting in the low bushes there. We now leave the river and pass on across the old fields toward the higher hills, to the westward. The Grassfinch (*Pooecetes gramineus*) and Savanna Sparrows (*Amodramus sandwicensis savanna*) are seen scattered about in the dry grass. As we climb the hills through a sugar maple orchard, we find a pair of Phoebes (*Sayornis phoebe*) have a nest under the eaves of an old sugar camp. The Wood Pewee's (*Contopus virens*) song is heard in this grove. Here, too, the Flicker and Bluebird are nesting in the hollow stubs. A Hermit Thrush (*Turdus aonalaschkae pallasii*) is running along the ground over the dry leaves, stopping occasionally to stare at us with large wondering eyes. We pass up to the upland field, where the rollicking song of the Bobolink (*Dolichorvorus oryzivorus*) is heard. Other songs greet our ears on every side, and as we reach the farm house where we are spending our short vacation, we realize we have taken a long tramp, and are tired. Yet, we have had a very enjoyable day, and feel well repaid for the long tramp, since it has taken us among our feathered

friends, and brought us into a closer touch with their ways and lives. We have thrown away all care and had a day of enjoyment such as only those can appreciate who love the beautiful and enjoy getting deep into the heart of nature and her many strange ways.

J. MERTON SWAIN.

\*Read before the Maine Ornithological Society at Augusta, Nov. 30, 1901.

### THE SONG OF THE THISTLE-FINCH

As I lay in my hammock musing  
Over the cares that were hedging  
my way,  
Sad thoughts within me refusing  
Sweet peace from the waning of  
day.

There passed in the twilight darkening,

A bird with a gladsome song;  
My spirit within me hearkening,  
The hopes of my soul grew strong.

A thistle-finch sang in the gloaming  
A song that was clear as a bell;  
And the thoughts that in sadness were  
roaming,  
Were stilled as if under a spell.

The sky hung in silence above me,  
The bird passed between in its  
flight,  
It sang how the Father did love me,  
And the darkening day grew bright.

For the song was glad in its ringing,  
Alone in the still, upper air,  
New strength to my spirit bringing,  
Lie the comfort that follows  
prayer.

The bird sang as it flew, and swift  
its flying,—  
Sweet waves of its song and its  
flight;  
The day in the West was still dying,

But the heart that was in me grew  
light.

It flew as it sang ;in clear notes of  
gladness

It poured forth its soul to the sky;  
Sing, heart, at thy toil, in joy or in  
sadness,

The day never-ending is nigh.

Dear bird of glad song, to thee do I  
render

All thanks for thy mesage of cheer,  
Then onward again with true heart  
and tender,

Whether come a smile or a tear.

A. L. LANE.

### OUR SEVENTH ANNUAL MEETING.

As the time draws near for our next annual meeting, it seems proper to make this the most profitable convention of the society.

We are all busy with the cares of life, and some of us live at considerable distance from Portland. Yet no one who has attended our meetings in the past has failed to find ample compensation for every sacrifice made. This was particularly true of the Augusta meeting last year, and every one who inspected Mr. Noble's beautiful collection and listened to the papers, went home full of inspiration to do more careful work in the future.

The meetings this year will be held in the rooms of the Portland society of Natural History and this fact alone should insure a full attendance.

In view of the fact that every number of our Journal this year has stated that the seventh annual meeting would be held in Portland on the Friday and Saturday following Thanksgiving, it does not seem necessary to reiterate that statement.

The program has not been completed yet but will be essentially as follows:

Friday afternoon:—1.45, Business Meeting, President's Report, Treasurer's Report, Editor's Report, Mr. Knights' report on the "Birds of Maine." Discussions. Election of officers.

Friday evening:—Illustrated Lecture, Prof. Lee.

Saturday morning:—9 o'clock, presentation of scientific papers.

Saturday afternoon:—Unfinished business and papers not read in the morning.

It is hoped that arrangements can be made to visit some of the local collections.

Special rates will be given by the railroads from every town where members reside.

WM. L. POWERS.

**ACTIVE MEMBERS OF THE MAINE ORNITHOLOGICAL SOCIETY, OCTOBER, 1902, AND WHEN ADMITTED.**

- Anne, Miss Ethel, Gardiner, 1902.  
 Barrell, Miss M. O., York Corner, 1902.  
 Bessey, Dr. Merton W., Waterville, 1899.  
 Bates, H. D., Waterville, 1899.  
 Briggs, Guy H., Livermore, 1899.  
 Brock, Dr. H. H., Portland, 1896.  
 Brownson, W. H., Portland, 1902.  
 Burbank, Wm., Lewiston, 1900.  
 Burleigh, Clara, Gardiner, 1902.  
 Burleigh, Nettie, Vassalboro, 1902.  
 Carleton, Hon. Leroy T., Augusta, 1900.  
 Chadwick, John, Saco, 1901.  
 Chappell, Rev. F. E., Presque Isle, 1901.  
 Cobb, Miss Ina, Gardiner, 1902.  
 Cooper, Wm., Milo, 1901.  
 Day, Emma, Gardiner, 1901.

- com-Day, Wallace E., Livermore, 1901.  
 Dill, Homer R., Gardiner, 1894.  
 Doe, Annie M., Randolph, 1902.  
 Douglass, H. L., Gardiner, 1902.  
 Emery, Frank C., Gardiner, 1902.  
 Fanning, Jed Frye, Portland, 1896.  
 Felch, Llewellyn M., Houlton, 1902.  
 Fossett, Richard, Gardiner, 1902.  
 Gerrish, Leon W., Milltown, 1902.  
 Gilmore, Mrs. A. F., Brooklyn, N. Y., 1902.  
 Griggs, Elizabeth M., Westbrook, 1898.  
 Hall, Elizabeth M., Lewiston, 1901.  
 Holt, Frank, Gardiner, 1901.  
 Johnson, Everett E., East Hebron, 1895.  
 Johnson, Wm. H.; Lewiston, 1902.  
 Knight, M. Sc., Ora W., Bangor, 1895.  
 Lane, Prof. Asa Lyman, Waterville, 1896.  
 Larrabee, Austin P., Brunswick, founder.  
 Lee, Prof. Leslie A., Brunswick, 1896.  
 Libby, Geo. D., Gardiner, 1896.  
 Mead, Hon. James Carroll, No. Bridgton, 1895.  
 Merrill, Arthur, Wilkinsonville, Mass., 1895.  
 Morin, Joseph, Ft. Kent, 1902.  
 Moulton, David E., Portland, 1901.  
 Noble, Frank T., Augusta, 1901.  
 Norton, Arthur H., Westbrook, 1896.  
 Norton, Mrs. A. H., Westbrook, 1899.  
 Palmer, Ernest L., Bowdoinham, 1902.  
 Powers, Prof. Wm. L., Gardiner, Founder.  
 Richards, Frank M., Farmington, 1895.  
 Richards, Gen'l. John T., Johnson, Tenn., 1898.  
 Richards, Rosalind, Gardiner, 1902.  
 Ridley, Miss Mabel P., Castine, 1902.  
 Royal, Maurice, Gardiner, Founder.  
 Russell, W. E., Gardiner, 1902.  
 Sawyer, Clarence Evans, Brunswick, 1901.  
 Snow, Mary, Brooklyn, N. Y., 1898.  
 Spinney, Capt. Herbert L., Popham Beach, 1896.  
 Spratt, Prof. C. C., N. Bridgton, 1896.

Stanton, Prof. J. Y., Bates College  
Lewiston, Me., 1896.  
Swain, J. Merton, Portland, 1895.  
Sweet, Dana W., R. F. D. No. 2,  
Phillips, 1902.  
Teague, J. E., Livermore, 1901.  
Winslow, Harvey, Gardiner, 1902.  
Young, Cassie E., Togus, 1902.

#### Associate Members.

Bennett, W. W., Livermore, Me.  
Coombs, Miss Emma, Bath, Me., 1902.  
Cobb, Fannie A., Salem, Mass.  
Chamberlain, Alice, Bethel, Me., 1902.  
Dewolf, Gertrude, E. Boston, Mass.,  
1902.  
Danforth, Chas., Norway, Me., 1902.  
Foss, Mrs. W. G., Bridgton, Me., 1902.  
Fogg, Wade A., Bangor, Me., 1902.  
Foster, Bertha E., Pittsfield, Me., 1902.  
Philoon, Harold, Livermore, Me.  
Rundlett, Mrs. E. B., Portland, Me.,  
1902.  
Rich, Walter C., Portland, Me.  
Richie, Sanford, Dover, Me., 1902.  
Soule, Dr. E. M., Unity, Me., 1902.  
Skillings, Mrs. Chas. A., Portland, Me.  
Sweet, Dana W., Phillips, Me.  
Swain, Mrs. J. M., Portland, Me.  
Wentworth, Della F., Portland, Me.,  
1902.  
Young, Daisy E., Augusta, Me., 1902.

#### HONORARY MEMBERS.

Brewster, Wm., Cambridge, Mass.,  
1896.  
Hardy, Manly, Brewer, 1896.  
Merrill, Harry, Bangor, 1896.  
Smith, Everett, 105 State St. Port-  
land, 1896.

#### DECEASED MEMBERS.

##### Active Members.

Anne, George, Jan. 1899.  
Crosby, Sumner L., Dec. 1, 1899.

Lincoln, Benjamin, Dec. 1, 1899.  
Morrell, Clarence, 1902.

#### Honorary Members.

Boardman, Hon. George A., Jan. 11,  
1901.

#### PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

1. A Review of the Genus *Otocoris*  
Oberholser.
2. Am. Ornithology, Nos. 4, 5, 6, 7,  
8, 9.
3. Auk, Vol. XIX, No. 3.
4. Bird-lore, Vol. IV, Nos. 2, 3, 4, 5.
5. Birds of Oregon, Ex. Sta. Bulle-  
tin No. 18.
6. Biological Survey, Circular No.  
38.
7. Bryologist, V, Nos. 3, 4, 5.
8. Condor, IV, Nos. 3, 4, 5.
9. Forest and Stream, LVIII, Mch.  
to Oct. 4.
10. Gamophyllous, Vol. 2, Nos. 1-8.
11. Game Laws for 1902, U. S. Agr.  
Dept. Farmers' Bulletin No. 160.
12. Me. Sportsman, Vol. IX, Nos.  
102-109.
13. Maine Woods, Northern Me.,  
weekly sporting paper.
14. Mayflower, Apr. to Sept.
15. Notes on R. I. Ornith, III, Nos.  
2, 3.
16. Nature Study, II, Apr. to Sept.
17. Osprey, I, Nos. 3-6.
18. Oologist, XIX, Apr. to Sept.
19. Plymouth Review, weekly, Apr.  
to Oct.
20. Portland Daily Advertiser,  
every Monday's issue, containing  
valuable notes on arrivals and life  
histories of birds, by Editor Brownson,  
Jan. to Oct.
21. Plant World, V, Nos. 3 to 9.
22. Rhodora, IV, Apr. to Sept.
23. Willson Bulletin, IV, No. 39.
24. Young Idea, XV, Apr. to Sept.
25. Yearbook, Dept. Agr. 1901.



**A PARTIAL LIST.**

Of publications on the subject of Ornithology that may be procured for a nominal price.

Publications of the U. S. Dept. of Agriculture.

Publications Available for Free Distribution.

Farmers' Bulletin No. 54, Common Birds in relation to Agriculture.

Circular No. 12; directions for collecting the stomachs of birds (1891).

Circular No. 17; Bird Day in the Schools (1896).

Circular No. 29; Protection and Importation of Birds Under Act of Congress, approved May 25, 1900.

Circular No. 30; Wild Animals and Birds which May Be Imported Without Permits (1900).

Circular No. 33; Protection of Birds and Game. Directory of State Officials and Organizations for 1901.

Circular No. 34; Laws for the Protection of Birds and Game in the District of Columbia (1901).

Hawks and Owls from the standpoint of the Farmer. (Reprint from Year Book 1894).

Food of Crow Blackbirds. (Reprint from Year Book 1894).

Food of the Meadow Lark and Baltimore Oriole. (Reprint from Year Book 1895).

Birds That Injure Grain. (Reprint from Year Book 1897).

Danger of Introducing Noxious Animals and Birds. (Reprint from Year Book 1898).

Review of Economic Ornithology. (Reprint from Year Book 1899).

Food for Nestling Birds. (Reprint from Year Book 1900).

How Birds Affect the Orchard. (Reprint from Year Book 1900).

Publications for Sale by Superintendent of Documents.

Bulletin No. 9, Cuckoos and Shrikes in the Relation of Agriculture. Price 5 cents.

Bulletin No. 10; Life Zones and Crop Zones of the United States. Price 10 cents.

Bulletin No. 12; Legislation for the Protection of Birds Other than Game Birds. Price 10 cents.

Bulletin No. 13; Food of Bobolinks and Blackbirds. Price 10 cents.

Bulletin No. 15; The Relation of Sparrows to Agriculture. Price 10 cents.

Bulletin No. 16; Digest of Game Laws for 1901. Price 10 cents.

N. H. College Experiment Station Bulletin 55, Durham, N. H.

The Feeding Habits of the Chipping Sparrow.

Cornell University, Cornell Leaflets.

Clark University, Hodge. Our Common Birds, Suggestions for the Study of Their Life and Work, 10 cents.

These works are classics and should be in the hands of every student, whether he be an ornithologist or not. A perusal of their contents cannot fail to arouse an interest in our feathered friends.

Those having no price given are free.



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# Check List of Maine Birds.

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The manuscript for a new edition of the List of the Birds of Maine is nearly ready for the printer, and its publication will be undertaken by the Maine Ornithological Society as soon as enough subscriptions have been received to insure the payment of the cost of publishing the work. The List has been prepared by O. W. Knight, and contains full and accurate statements regarding the distribution and status of our Maine birds at the present time. The scientific nomenclature has been changed in accordance with the recent rulings of the A. O. U. Committee on Nomenclature.

Two editions of the List are offered. The best edition is bound in paper covers with blank pages between those of printed matter so that sufficient space is given for the writing in of such notes as the purchaser may deem desirable. This will cost seventy-five (75) cents. The other edition without the blank pages will cost fifty (50) cents.

O. W. Knight, 84 Forest Avenue, Bangor, Maine.

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VOL. V.

JANUARY 1903.

NO. 1.



THE

JOURNAL

...OF...

The Maine

Ornithological Society



FF

THE BIRDS

THE BIRDS

# Important Notice

TO MILLINERS AND OTHERS.

Chapter 142. of the Public Laws of 1901. provides as follows; that:

"No person shall, within the state of Maine, kill or catch or have in his or her possession, living or dead, any wild bird, other than a game bird, nor shall purchase, offer or expose for sale, any such wild bird after it has been caught or killed. No part of the plumage, skin or body of any bird protected by this section shall be sold or had in possession for sale. Nor shall any person within the state take or needlessly destroy the nest or the eggs of any wild bird, nor have such nest or eggs in his or her possession. The English or European house sparrow, the common crow, and the hawks and owls are not included among the birds herein protected; for the purposes of this Act, the following only shall be considered as game birds: the anatidæ, commonly known as swans, geese, brant, and river and sea ducks; the rallidæ, commonly known as rails, coots, mud-hens and gallinules; the limicolæ, commonly known as shore birds, plovers, surf-birds, snipe, woodcock, sand-pipers, tattlers and curlews; the gallinæ, commonly known as wild turkeys, grouse, prairie chickens, pheasants, partridges and quails.

Nothing in this section, however, shall be construed to affect in any way the protection of game birds as provided in sections 11 and 13 in the Act hereby amended.

Any person who violates any of the provisions of this section shall be guilty of a misdemeanor, and when convicted therefor, shall be fined five dollars for each offense, and an additional five dollars for each bird living or dead, or part of bird, or nest or eggs possessed in violation of this section, or to imprisonment for ten days, or both, in the discretion of the Court."

(Note. The only birds, other than game birds, not protected are CROWS, HAWKS, OWLS and English Sparrows.)

It is the purpose of the Commissioners of Inland Fisheries and Game to see that this law is strictly enforced. Attention is called at this time to that part of the law prohibiting the selling, offering for sale, or having in possession, any dead bird or part thereof.

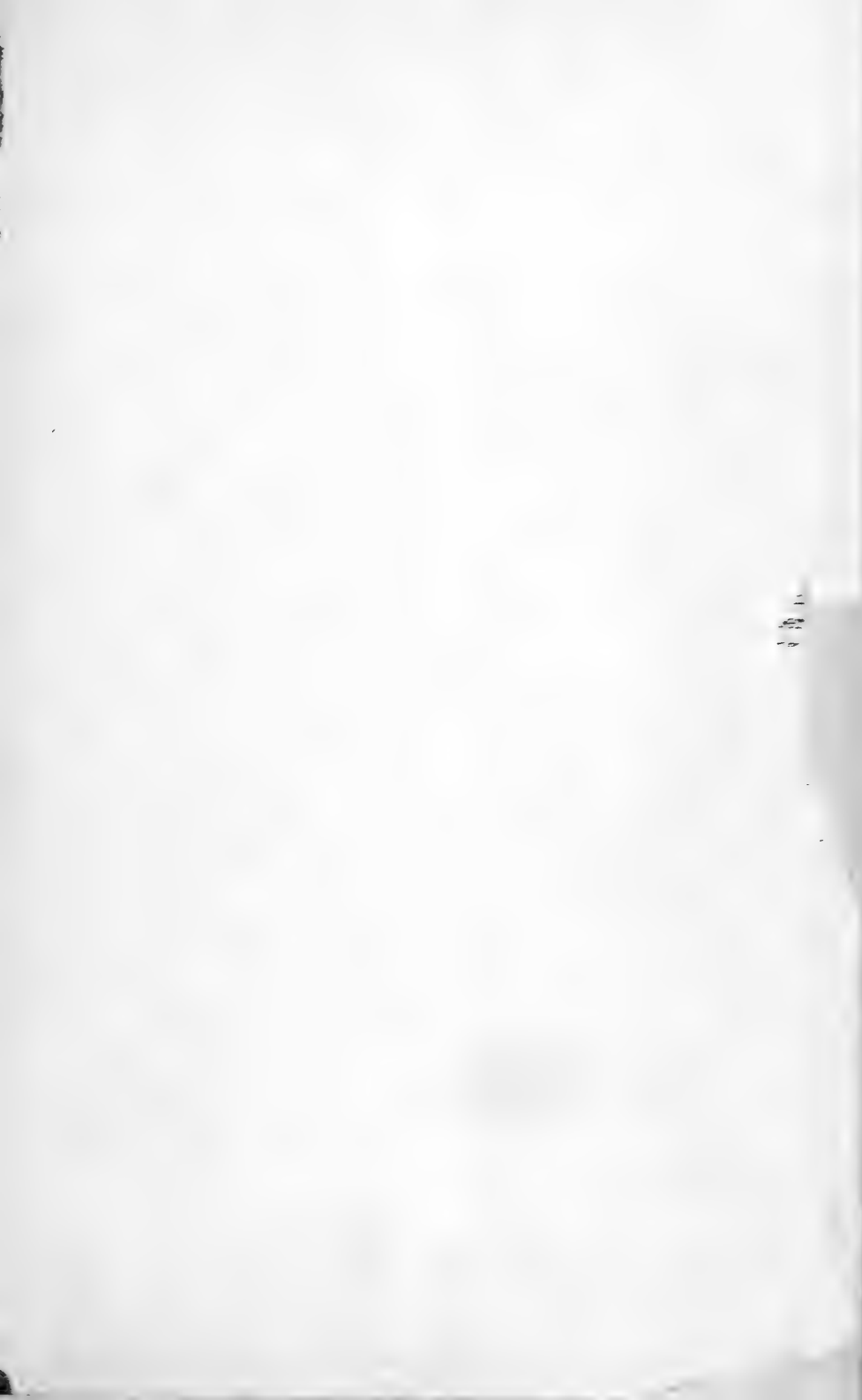
L. T. CARLETON,

H. O. STANLEY,

E. E. RING.

Commissioners of Inland Fisheries and Game.







Sec'y, and Treas. WM. L. POWERS,  
Gardiner, Me.

# The Journal of *The Maine Ornithological Society.*

A QUARTERLY JOURNAL OF MAINE ORNITHOLOGY.

"Bird Protection, Bird Study the Spread of the Knowledge Thus Gained,  
These Are Our Objects."

VOL. V.

FAIRFIELD, MAINE, JANUARY, 1903

NUMBER 1.

## The Maine Ornithological Society.

CAPT. HERBERT L. SPINNEY, Popham Beach, Me.,	President.
PROF. LESLIE A. LEE, Brunswick, Me.,	Vic-President.
PROF. WM. POWERS, Gardiner, Me.,	Sec'y. and Treas.
J. MERTON SWAIN, Augusta, Me.,	Editor.
PROF. A. L. LANE, Waterville, Me.,	Councillor.
ORA W. KNIGHT, M. Sc., Bangor, Me.,	Counsellor.

All subscriptions, business communications and articles for publication should be sent to J. Merton Swain, Editor and Publisher, Augusta, Maine.

All communications requiring an answer must be accompanied by stamps for reply.

### SUBSCRIPTIONS.

50 cts. per year. Single copies 15c.  
Advertising rates, 25 cts. per inch, each insertion. Nothing inserted for less than 25 cts.

Seventh annual meeting to be held the Friday and Saturday following Thanksgiving, 1903, at Bangor, Me.

Entered as second class mail matter at Fairfield, Me.

### Editorial Chat.

This issue marks the beginning of Vol. V. We have reasons to feel encouraged in very many ways. We are gaining in membership, slowly but surely. We are adding new names to

our subscription list, constantly, and the public are beginning to realize that we stand organized for a purpose, and are accomplishing some of the results to be desired. Our 7th annual meeting was much more satisfactory than any held previously. A much deeper interest was shown at this meeting, than heretofore. Already we have some very interesting material for our Journal, that promises to make it an improvement over Vol. IV. We shall strive to give our readers about twenty pages of interesting matter in each issue. The migration reports will be continued and promises to be of interest. Our exhibition of Lantern slides at the meeting proved a greater success than ever before. The lecture room was full to overflowing and the public went to their homes well pleased with the exhibition.

—O—

We were very much pained to learn of the death of Chester Barlow, editor of *The Condor*. The official organ of the Cooper Ornithological Club of Cal. on Nov. 6. His charming letters will be missed by his numerous friends and correspondents. We extend our deepest sympathy to the Cooper Club boys for this great loss which they have sustained.

—O—

We had the pleasure of Dr. Kendall's of the U. S. Fish Com. at Washington, D. C., attendance at our annual meet-

ing. But better still of adding his name to our membership list. The Doctor favored us with a fine paper on his observations in Northern Maine during the past summer.

—O—

Hon. John Lewis Childs of Floral Park, N. Y., one of our members, writes us that The Warbler will be published as a separate magazine, having been previously a part of The Mayflower. Rev. H. C. Munson of Buckfield, Me., is to edit this new departure, which is a guarantee that it will be of interest to lovers of Nature. We wish this new publication success.

#### PRESIDENT'S ADDRESS.

Seventh Annual Meeting of The Maine Ornithological Society, Portland, Me., Nov. 28, 29, 1902.

Members of the Maine Ornithological Society:

The efforts we have put forth during the past seven years to establish a Natural History Club in our State seem at last to have been rewarded. With a membership large enough to pay the current expenses of the year, with a publication that wins honor in our own state and respect abroad, we may feel certain that we have thus far performed our mission well. It is, therefore, with deep feelings of pleasure that I greet you today. In behalf of that love of nature which like the renaissance of the middle ages has in the last few years touched with a living flame the hearts of men; for outdoor life which is giving to wearied nerves a quiet calm, in behalf of our mute brethren of the earth and air, and in behalf of the boys and girls of Maine, I greet you.

The past year has been one of pleasure and profit. We have seen many of our cherished hopes come to fruition, and we have increased our mem-

bership to an extent that promises much for the future.

Circular No. 1 has been issued and has done much to spread the fact of our organization and explain our mission

Our editor has not been hampered by lack of copy or by lack of funds to promptly publish the same. The Journal has by the intrinsic worth of its articles commanded the respect of the ornithologists of the land. Advertisers have begun to seek its aid in the disposition of their wares, and exchanges have been uniformly courteous and complimentary. I can not too highly praise the work of Mr. Swain, our present editor, and I recommend his re-appointment if he can be persuaded to assume for another year the most arduous office within the gift of the society.

The editor's chair is the only one that calls for constant and unremitting toil, and contributes more to the standing of our society than all the other officials can possibly bring about. "By their works ye shall know them;" and as the Journal is the only work that, in the eyes of many, emanates from our society, we should see to it that it represents the best that we can give. The Journal is the voice of our society, and speaks for us to the ornithologists of the world. To the extent then that our articles are clearly, forcefully, and beautifully written, to that same extent are we dignified in the eyes of its readers. One error in the record of occurrences, one hasty, careless note, one undignified article may belittle us forever.

Scientific men are critical to a fault. We might even call them cranks, but I like better to say that it is this very exactness in details that makes them scientific. So long

then as our articles are mainly of a technical nature it will be necessary for us to see that the combined knowledge of the members be brought to bear on every paper before it is permitted to seek the publicity of print.

Every society organ that I am acquainted with is in the hands of a board of editors selected for their particular fitness to serve in their respective positions. They have their literary editors, their exchange editors, their local editors, and business managers. In this division of the work the societies are more largely represented and the result more largely representative.

I believe the time has come for the Maine Ornithological Society to adopt such a measure. By so doing we might add to our Journal at least two new departments. One of these might well be the department of popular ornithology. The scientific side of our work has always been well represented, but there are many of our readers who do not care whether a typical "umbellus" has ever been found in our state or not, and who spurn to wade through argument to establish the validity of *Larus argentatus smithsonianus*, (Coues). Yet these same readers devour with avidity Mr. Dills paper on the Brown Pelican, and Mr. Noble's "Encounter between a Loggerhead Shrike and a Snake."

The other department which should be entrusted to the joint editorship of three of our best observers, should be the life histories of some of the families found in our state. The family of wood warblers, if written up as suggested, would furnish work for more than one edition of our Journal, and the completed work would be a monograph that would be in demand the world over. Our numbers are now large enough to warrant the undertaking of such a stupendous work, and if

the board to whom it was entrusted should so divide their labors that one should be concerned chiefly in the collecting of data, the other two could devote themselves to arranging and classifying the collected material and harmonizing it with their own observations.

In connection with this thought it seems fitting to consider the distribution in the name of the society of suitable data blanks for the use of the members. Such blanks could be modeled after those issued by the Agricultural Department at Washington, and, with the necessary changes, would do much to collect the scattered observations of the wide field entrusted to our care. And if no immediate use were made of them, they would serve as a fund of information for future bird essayists, second only in value to that unique collection of lantern slides yearly increasing in the hands of Prof. Lee of Bowdoin college. One column of these blanks should be so arranged that the observers could state whether a skin or mounted specimen had been retained, and where either may be found.

This would enable the reviewers to accurately locate such specimens as might be desired for examination, and would settle once for all the question of identification. I sincerely hope you will take some action on these all absorbing questions.

In view of the fact that our publication goes the length and breadth of our land, and in accordance with the broader principle that every individual and every organization of individuals should stand for something definite. I recommend that we formulate the principle which shall hereafter govern the acceptance of articles for publication. I believe the time has come for us to state positively our position in the matter of "takes" and

"finds." I am aware that some of our subscribers look for notices of "clutches" of rare eggs and captures of rare birds, and that if we see fit to exclude such from our pages, we may lose members thereby. But if we can justify our action in refusing to patronize, as our official organ, a sporting paper, the sole mission of which is to publish to the world the shooting of animals and birds and the capture of trout and salmon, we can hardly justify lauding in our own Journal the destruction of innocent song birds, though it be in the cause of science (?)

I know, too, that subscribers have sent in their resignation because such articles have been printed and that there are many persons ready to ally themselves with those who adhere to the principle that every bird's life is sacred. It was Wadsworth who said: I would not enter on my list of friends, Though graced with polished manner and fine sense

(Yet lacking sensibility), the man

Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm,

And the sooner we adopt this noble sentiment for our motto, the sooner we shall put ourselves right in the eyes of many. A lack of such action may defeat in a large measure one of the very ends for which we are striving, viz., the protection of our birds.

We have a commission at Augusta heartily in sympathy with our society. That commission stands ready to assist us in every way. It has recently sent to every milliner in the state a copy of our Bird Law, and what is better, it proposes to see the law enforced. I recommend the printing of that law in every number of the Journal on the inside page of the cover where it can not be over looked by any one into whose hands it may come. And I further recommend that the society send to every taxidermist a copy of

the law, with a request to post it in a conspicuous place in his workrooms. No right minded man will refuse to do so on the ground that it may injure his business, for there is so much game mounted in these days, that no taxidermist will lack for work. I know of one who does not hesitate to condemn the wicked shooting of harmless birds that have been brought to him for mounting. His action in this matter has brought to light a surprising ignorance and indifference on the part of the careless sportsman, but has not failed to give this taxidermist prestige in the community without in the least injuring his business. One of Commissioner Carlton's registered guides fined his employer five dollars for wantonly shooting a woodpecker in the wilds of Maine.

It is time, I say, to see to it that these same registered guides do not point out to us our bounden duty along these lines. In a recent number of the Lewiston Journal one of Lewiston's leading merchants advertised black-birds in unlimited numbers, 98 cents only, for women's hats. There is yet work for us to do. I wondered for a long time how we should go to work to stop this unlawful sale of birds, but without reaching any practical conclusion. But I now think I have discovered the best method of procedure, which is to further in every way in our power the Fish and Game commissioners in securing convictions. I wish we might have a commissioner appointed, one who is thoroughly posted in the science of ornithology and who could look after this part of the work.

It is time for us to make a more strenuous effort in securing the appointment of one of our members whenever a vacancy occurs.

There are two men who have aided

our society materially in securing legislation for bird protection. As a society we have never expressed our appreciation of their kindness in coming long distances and from engrossing cares. In my address last year I credited them with no small share of the conception and successful termination of our present statute law regarding birds. But this does not seem enough and I recommend that Dr. Palmer and Wm. Dutcher be made honorary members.

Our supply of constitutions has become exhausted and the matter printed on them is very much out of date. If new ones could be prepared that should embody recent changes, a short review of the bird law, and a brief statement of what has already been accomplished by the society. I believe they would aid in securing new members. In connection with this point I would suggest that some action be taken in the matter of society stationery. As a preliminary to that we should select some typical Maine bird to be engraved on our publications, letter heads, and envelopes, and submit the scheme to artists for a design. After a design has been selected by the society, half tone cuts could be procured at moderate cost and used on all our printed matter. In view of the fact that we number among our members a bird artist second to none I suggest that we entrust the whole matter to him, especially since he has a printing plant and can do the entire work himself. The design could be placed on badges to be worn during the annual meetings and these would add not a little to our distinction at such times.

The matter of a summer meeting has engaged our attention at different times but nothing has been accomplished in this direction. Yet it seems to be the settled conviction of

most of the members that this could be worked up into an exceedingly valuable factor of our usefulness. If anything is to be done during the summer of 1903, the location and full program for the meeting must be determined upon at this session. We all plan to have at least one week's outing during the hot months, and I can conceive of no more agreeable companions than the members of our society, and no more restful occupation than a tramp afield with them under the leadership of any one of our active members during the early morning hours. A quiet, lounging chat under a broad verandah on a sultry afternoon, and a lecture in the cool of the evening would complete for me an ideal day's program, not for one short week only, but for the remainder of my natural life.

There remains one thing more that I wish you to consider and I am done. When the present date for our annual meetings was decided upon it seemed that nothing further could be desired upon this question. So many were busy at Christmas time that our attendance suffered, and the days immediately following Thanksgiving were chosen as the freest from cares for all. But in view of the fact that many of our New England people visit their childhood homes at this time we still find our attendance small. The successful editing of the Journal seems to require that the new editor assume his duties with the new year when the supply of copy is at high tide, and this presupposes our annual meeting in November or December. The latter date has certainly proved a failure. Can the present date be advantageously given up.

Thanking the members of the society for the honor they have conferred upon me during the past year and pledging my best endeavors towards the furtherance of the material well be-

ing of the Society during the future,  
I pass on the reins into other hands.

W. L. POWERS.

Boston, Dec. 15th, 1902.

Journal of the Maine Ornithological  
Society, Waterville, Me.

Gentlemen:

Perhaps the following note may be  
of interest to your readers, either as  
a whole or in part:

Messrs. Dana Estes & Co. announce  
that the fifth revised edition of the  
Key to North American Birds by Dr.  
Elliott Coues, so long and patiently  
awaited by the public, will be ready  
in the spring of 1903. The reason for  
the unusual delay in its publication,  
may be briefly stated. When Dr.  
Coues died in 1899 he left the manu-  
script wholly finished, but the copy  
was rendered hard to decipher without  
the exercise of most intelligent care  
by reason of innumerable interlinea-  
tions, erasures, abbreviations, "riders,"  
and detached notes, written in a minu-  
te and sometimes difficult handwrit-  
ing. It was evident that had the Doc-  
tor lived he would have cast his mater-  
ial, although entirely completed as he  
left it, into a form which would pre-  
sent fewer difficulties to the composi-  
tor. His sudden death left the copy in  
such shape that the task of revision  
and preparation for the press requir-  
ed double the amount of work that had  
been anticipated. The publishers, how-  
ever, have had the good fortune to ob-  
tain the services of a thoroughly  
equipped ornithologist, who has read  
the proof with the most painstaking  
care, which has been ably supplement-  
ed by the efforts of a number of pro-  
fessional proof readers. The result is  
a book which Dr. Coues would have  
been proud to own as the crowning  
work of his life. The publishers an-  
nounce it as being absolutely authori-  
tative and definitive, and express con-

fidence that it is entirely free from er-  
rors of statement or form.

Some of the features which will  
make the work more than ever indis-  
pensable to ornithologists, profession-  
al as well as amateur, may be briefly  
summarized:

1. The detailed, careful descriptions  
of species—as in former Keys.

2. The accounts, much fuller than  
in former editions, of the breeding  
habits of birds, dates, nests, and par-  
ticularly the detailed description of  
eggs with careful measurements of  
same.

3. The full collation in the text (not  
in an appendix as in former editions) of  
the nomenclature of species in the  
Key, with the nomenclature and num-  
eration of the American Ornitholog-  
ists' Union Check List (of especial  
help to students).

4. The full synonymies and biblio-  
graphical references in the case of  
nearly all species—a new feature of  
the Key, and invaluable to students  
of all degrees of advancement. To the  
preparation of this important feature  
of the last edition of his Key, Dr.  
Coues brought his rare gifts as bibli-  
ographer and nomenclator. The amount  
and painstaking character of this work  
make it possible for the student to ex-  
tend with ease his researches in the  
case of a great many species.

5. The professional discussion of  
questions of classification and nomen-  
clature by perhaps the most eminent  
of modern ornithologists.

6. The introductory (i. e. general)  
descriptions of original family, and  
other groups, are much amplified over  
those in preceding editions of the Key,  
being of a broad scope, which make  
plain the comparative relationships of  
North American families, genera, and  
species of birds, with extralimital  
forms (Old World and neotropical):  
This broad treatment makes of the



Key more than the merely faunal work which its title would imply—i. e., while it is still emphatically a Key to North American Birds, it contains more than ever in the past, much general information in regard to birds.

7. An invaluable feature of preceding editions—the scholarly explanation of the etymology of scientific names—is retained, and will continue to make the Key unique among works of its class.

Throughout the Key—in all departments, life histories, descriptions, etc.—Dr. Coues' famous descriptive powers are fully displayed as in the past.

Trusting that the foregoing may prove of interest to your readers, we are,

Yours very truly,

DANA ESTES & CO.

The above seems worthy and of sufficient interest to our readers to publish in full. (Ed.)

#### IN MEMORIAM.

For the first time in the history of "The Maine Ornithological Society," we are called upon to mourn the loss of one of our active fellow workers, who has passed out from our ranks, into the great beyond, and it seems fitting that here at our annual meeting, we pay tribute to his memory. Bro. Clarence Henry Morrill of Pittsfield, our former editor and one of our most active members, one of our staunchest laborers in the field of science, on the 15th day of July last, heard and answered to the call to lay down the work here and passed from the known to the unknown.

He was born at River Hobart, Nova Scotia, February 27, 1872. When he was still a young man his parents moved to Pittsfield, at which place he spent the greater part of his life. His interest in bird life began when he was very young, and as he grew older, his enthusiasm waxed greater for his chosen life study. It ever grew deeper and

continued even down to his last days of illness and pain. His love for the birds seemed to occupy his mind and soul, for as his parents have truly said, "Everything else in life, even his work was carried on vigorously, but with that all absorbing end in view, to further his work along the line of bird study." His every spare moment was grasped, eagerly and his whole attention was turned to the birds about him.

While other boys, when a holiday was offered them, would usually spend their time in play, his only thoughts were to get away among his feathered friends.

While but a boy he was working along these lines alone, with but little encouragement, for no one about him was so deeply interested in his pet hobby and so, he toiled on alone, feeding his hopes and ambitions from his own resources. But about '85 he saw an "ad." of a small bird magazine, "The Oologist," a bi-monthly on birds published by a young enthusiast, Frank H. Lattin of Albion, N. Y. This he subscribed for eagerly and perused its columns, till he nearly memorized them. Hardly could he wait for the next issue to come, so eager and thirsty was he for the knowledge it contained. Here he began to realize there were others interested in this all absorbing study and he began to receive an uplifting influence and the subject seemed to grow broader, as the work progressed. Soon he began to realize what an endless task he had before him, to learn to know each bird at sight or by song. He then realized he needed books on the subject and no sooner had he been able to procure one work, when he saw others that he needed.

This desire led him on to increased activity, and he began to build up a library on this most bewitching sub-

ject. His greatest pleasure was to wander along the by-paths, through field, forest and thicket, in search for the bird-life to be found there. Here too, he came to know and realize that all that is beautiful, was placed there, by an all wise Creator, whom to know is to fear and love.

Many happy days he spent, paddling his boat up the stream to the lake, where he would tie his boat to a tree, on the banks of the pond and wander along through the woods, drinking in the pure air and the beauties found there, his eye ever alert for some new or rare species or investigating the nests placed in the stubs or on the marshes that bordered the lake, and collecting what material he needed, to carry on his studies and investigations.

One of his strong characteristics was his care and pains to fully identify every bird or nest that came to his view. His aim in collecting material was not how much he might get together, but how careful he might be, to have everything done right. His series of Warbler sets soon grew to be one of the finest in the State, and contained several very rare sets. Wilson's Black-cap and Yellow Palm were among those rarities that he took pleasure in showing to those who could appreciate what they meant to him. While still in school, he began to write articles on his pet subject, both for publication in the local papers and in the bird magazines. He wrote in a very pleasing manner, and always on a subject of which he knew. Several papers of interest appeared from his pen in the *Oologist*, *Auk*, *Nidologist*, *Osprey* and later, in our *Journal*. After graduating from the Maine Central institute he taught classes of students and teachers there, in Botany and Ornithology, for several terms. In 1896

he became an active member of our Society and at once took an active part in the work. Well do I remember with what pleasure I grasped his hand, on our first meeting, at the 3rd annual meeting, held in Waterville in '98. For I felt I had known him, as a friend, a longer time, as I had corresponded with him for some time and also having read his papers, with interest, that had been published from time to time.

He was, that day, chosen editor of the new formed *Journal* and at once, entered, as was his custom, with his whole soul, into the work, to make our new publication a success. How well he succeeded, you all know, for the pages of Vol. I stand today as a living monument to his earnest efforts. At the close of Vol. I, his health not being good, and the confining work of his store duties, as head clerk in one of the largest retail flour, grocery and grain stores in the state, as well as a feeling that there was a little lack of support on the part of the other working members, prevented him from accepting the duties of editing Vol II of the *Journal*. But he never lost his interest in the *Journal* and ever was anxious for the welfare and progress of the young official organ.

He was ever, even up to his demise, very deeply interested in it and its welfare, and was ever ready to do what he could, to lend his support to its columns, and wrote frequent articles for it. His paper on the life histories of a pair of Pileated Woodpeckers, which he had watched nesting near his home, for several years, was received with applause, when read at the meeting in Waterville, and later with additional notes, it was published in the *Journal*. This was a beautifully written article and called forth much praise from bird lovers, the whole country over, and some very favorable comments from

the other bird magazines. In reading this paper, one can see with his mind's eye, deep down into his very soul, it being so characteristic of himself. This was the last lengthy paper he ever wrote, and in reading its last paragraphs, one can see that he realized that his work along this line, was soon to come to a close. In '95 he was elected an associate member of the "Am. Ornith. Union," and frequently contributed notes to the official organ, "The Auk."

Two notes, one on the capture of a Grasshopper Sparrow near his home in Maine, the other on the occurrence of the Prairie Horned Lark in No. Carolina, appeared in the July No. In the spring of 1900, he procured a camera for bird photography and from then on every spare moment was devoted to photographing the birds, nests and eggs, that came under his observations. He was very busy with his store duties but not so busy but what he hurried home and after tea, would catch his camera and outfit and hasten to the woods or lake, near his home, to get a photo. of some nest or nests, that had been located on some previous trip. Then too, he arose early, as soon as light, to hasten afield to do what he might, before breakfast and the duties and cares of the day. His parents watched his efforts and enthusiasm, as he progressed in bird photography, full well realizing that he was working beyond his strength, occasionally, his mother, in her anxiety over her only son, urged him to not try to get photos. of all the species, in one season, but to wait for another season and rest at times, when his store duties were done. But his ambitions urged him on and nerved him to that state that he could not realize how tired he really was. Had his physical strength been equal to his mental ability and desires,

he might have accomplished great work in the field of study, which he so greatly loved.

In the spring of 1900, the writer was transferred from store duties to the road and Pittsfield was one of the many towns to be visited once in three weeks. Thus offering an opportunity as he remarked, to see each other oftener. Few and far between, were the trips I made there, but what I saw him at the store or spent the evening at his home, talking over our pet hobby or planning trips to be made among the birds about his locality.

Many happy hours we spent in the field in search of rarities that abounded in his locality and in making exposures of the nests and eggs found on our travels afield and about the lake. Several of these trips we made together that were crowned with unlooked for success, will ever stand out in my memory as among the happiest moments of my life. He was a most congenial companion on these woodland strolls, always cheerful, and witty at times, when he could spare a thought to be so. His face ever wore that bright cheery smile, that honest, manly look that once seen, one could not but read the very depths of his soul, "As clear as a crystal." And having seen, one could not but feel very strongly drawn toward him. He had a bad cold and cough during the winter of 1901 and his health failed, so that early in the spring he gave up work at the store. Yet his heart was in his work, and his employers had no reason to complain. He staid to his work longer than he ought. His parents and friends, and in fact his employers urged him to not work so hard and also to give up his work sooner than he did, but he staid at his post as long as he could stand the work.

He coughed badly through the

spring months, and seemed very tired and worn. Yet, with the returning birds, he tried to resume his studies among them, though his strength was not equal to his ambition and he had to make shorter trips. He always spoke of himself and his trouble very cheerfully and hopefully, yet he was beginning to realize that the future was very uncertain. On one of my trips there we planned a half day's trip up the lake to review his favorite haunts, and to get some nest photos. The tramp through the woods seemed to tire him, yet he insisted on pushing forward and doing all he could. On our return home in the boat, he seemed so tired and weary, he at last, let me persuade him to give the oars to me. The trip was beyond his strength, yet as he cheerfully said, when I expressed my fears that evening that the trip had been too hard for him, that he would get rested in a few days and next three weeks' trip we would take another jaunt. But alas! how little did we realize that this was to be his last trip up the lake! His cough grew worse and he began to lose flesh. He was so interested in his pair of *Red-breasted Woodpeckers*, that he persuaded his father to carry him in the team, near the nest site, so he could see, once more, if this pair of birds, which had been his special study for several years, had returned. He was completely worn out on his return and told his mother, that this was probably his last extended trip among the birds.

July came and he seemed to be slowly, but surely sinking and it was decided that he and his mother should go to Nova Scotia during the hot season. When he told me of their trip, his face lit up with a smile as he said, his mother needed the rest and change more than he did. This shows his kindness of heart, as he was ever so thought-

ful of the comforts of others. I spent the evening with him, on my trip before he started north, and though he was as cheerful as ever, I for the first time began to realize that he would never be in better health.

Sadly I returned to the hotel and to the dining room for tea, but left the food untouched, and to my room with a heavy heart, but not to sleep, for the fact came home to me, for the first time, that he whom we had learned to love, that one of the truest and best of friends I had ever known was to be taken from our ranks, and that his stay with us, could be, at the most, but a few short months. On July 15, 1901, he went to Nova Scotia and for a time seemed to gain slowly, after he got rested from the long journey. All that kind friends could do, was done to make his stay there pleasant.

His letters came frequently, and always cheerful and full of hope, yet beneath it all, he realized better than any one, that his chances for recovery were not encouraging. He returned home about Sept. 8th, and began to cough much more than he had done before. Early in Oct. he told me he thought of going South. That something must be done for his cough. Oct. 10th he started for Southern Pines, No. Carolina, and after he felt rested from the journey he began to feel better. His letters ever had that same cheerful tone. A very disagreeable winter was experienced in that locality but he devoted what time he felt able to bird study near his hotel. He was ever a home person and was rather lonesome and homesick for the friends he had left in the North.

He wrote me that "Bird-life was scarce and he did not blame the birds for not staying in so uncongenial a resort." He felt anxious to return home early in the spring and April 19

arrived home, very tired and worn. I visited him soon after his arrival and he greeted me with his usual cordial and hearty hand-shake and his bright, cheerful look.

Nothing could marr his bright, sunny disposition! He failed slowly but surely from week to week, yet he bore his pain and suffering, so patiently, that it was hard to realize what he passed through. His thoughts were never of those about him, who cared for him tenderly, and did not want them to tire themselves in caring for him. In his last days, he remained a true Ornithologist as he often spoke of the birds, and asked his sister to watch the millinery stores for feathers on hats, and if any were offered for sale, to report at once to Mr. Swain, who was on the committee.

He said, on his return that he felt he must do all he could for the Journal, while he was able, and tried to prepare a paper, but his strength would not permit. Once he said: "Little sister. I can think better what I want to write in the night, but I cannot write." Patiently his sister sat up and waited to write his thoughts for him, till long into the night, but his strength failed him and he had to give it up that he had done all he was able.

That he was a keen observer, the following will illustrate: While sitting in his window, and on the steps, he had watched a pair of bobolinks nest-building in the field back of the house.

Carefully he marked the spot and his sister offered to go and locate it for him, but he said "No, I am not going to send you, for you may step on the nest and eggs." He asked for his rubber boots and walked strait to the nest and four eggs.

This was the last time he left the premises in life.

This closed his life-work in the field. He ordered a larger bookcase and as his strength permitted, in his last days, he carefully arranged his books and magazines as he wanted them left. When he had them all arranged, said: "There, we will leave them there, till another Ornithologist shall come into the Morrill family." His specimens he carefully rearranged but did not quite know what to do with them. But said if there ever was a suitable place in school or college, or other proper place where they would be properly appreciated and cared for, he would like them to be placed there, but he knew of no place at present, where they would be appreciated." One of his last mentions of his specimens was "Mother don't let any 'hobo' handle my eggs, for if they must be changed please get one of the boys to do it, as they understand it better." He also instructed his sister how to keep the moths from the specimens.

His mother said she thought one reason why he did not dispose of his books and specimens was, that he thought so much of them that they represented his whole life's work and that he could not bear the thoughts of giving them away. Yet, he wanted them to be where they might be of use.

On June 24 I called to see him and realized he had failed very rapidly since I saw him before. Yet he had retained his usual cheerful spirits. Though he seemed very tired and worn, and to talk was an effort to him. I made my stay short, and as I left the house, he said, "Well, Merton, call next trip, I think I may be here once more." I tried to cheer him as best I could, but left the house with a heavy heart.

Ah, how little did I realize that in three weeks from that day, he would be no more! During the last few days of his life, he wrote to one of his bird

friends, Mr. Hill of Conn. and bade him farewell and said: "Good-bye, my dear friend, I can not write any longer, we will meet again if it be willed. We part with dear ones regretfully but not fearfully, for I have known the God of the trees and flowers, the birds, lake and riverlet. In it I find nothing to fear. I have suffered far more in waiting for the end to come. What a great world we live in, and how

but only look. But we need not kill ourselves as I have done."

Brave heart, brave to the end! On July 15th I reversea my trip, arriving in Pittsfield a day sooner than usual. Just why I did this I do not know. As I entered the home, eager for his usual greeting, the sad look on the faces there, told me before words could be uttered, that the end was near.

He lived about two hours after my arrival. We realized that his noble life was fast drawing to a close. At about 5 p. m. his spirit passed to its reward and our poor, dear brother, was relieved of his earthly sufferings and was at rest.

All that loving hands could do was done for him, but the dreaded disease could not be appeased.

Thus he was taken from our ranks, his life work uncompleted, but leaving behind him a noble example of true manhood. Many and beautiful were the floral emblems given by his many loving friends, as a last sad tribute. On the casket rested a bank of flowers with the letters M. O. S. arranged in the center, given by the fellow officers for the Society. It was his request that his near and dear friends should act as pall-bearers, and as we bore his remains to their last sad resting place, our hearts were filled with grief as we realized we had lost one of the truest and best friends we had ever known.

In his demise, science loses a

staunch worker and our society will ever miss him from our ranks as one of its firmest promoters and one of our staunchest friends.

As a plank of driftwood,  
Tossed on the watery main;  
Another plank encounters.  
Meets and parts again.  
Thus it is with us forever;  
On life's tempestuous sea,  
We meet, greet and sever;  
Drifting eternally."

J. MERTON SWAIN.

Boston, Nov. 16, 1902.

#### PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

- Am. Ornithology, Vol. II, No. 12.  
Auk, Vol. 19, No. 4.  
Birdlore, Vol. 4, No. 6.  
Birds of Middle and Eastern N. A.,  
Ridgway 2nd Vol.  
Condor, Vol. 4, No. 6.  
Farmer's Bulletin, No. 160, U. S. Agr. Dept.  
Forest and Stream, Vol. 58, Oct. to Dec.  
Gamophyllous, Vol. 2, No. 12.  
Game Laws for 1902, Dr. T. S. Palmer and H. W. Olds. U. S. Biological Survey.  
Me. Sportsman, Vol. 10, Oct. to Dec.  
Mayflower, Vol. 18, No. 11.  
Report of Mass. Audubon Society.  
Nature Study, Vol. 3, No. 6-7.  
Notice to Milliners, Me. Fish and Game Com.  
Notes on R. I. Ornithology, Vol. 3, No. 4.  
Plant World, Vol. 5, Oct. to Dec.  
Oologist, Vol. 19, No. 193.  
Portland Advertiser, every Monday's issue, with notes on bird life by Ed. Brownson.  
Plymouth, (Mich.) Review, every week, with notes on birds by Mrs. O. Graffron.  
Plant Travellers, Nature Study, leaflet No. 3 N. H. Agr. Exp. Sta. by Prof. C. M. Weed.

Rhodora, Vol. 4, No. 46.

Summer Birds of Central Texas, A. E. Schutze.

The Greatest Flying Creature, Smith, report by S. P. Langley.

The Willson Bulletin, Vol. 9, No. 4.

The Relation of Birds to the Farmer, Prof. H. P. Atwater, Texas.

#### AMONG OUR EXCHANGES.

Ridgways second book on Birds of Middle and Eastern North America has been received.

The Condor will be under the management of Mr. Joseph Grinnell for the coming year. Edited by Walter K. Fisher of Palo Alto, Cal., associated with Howard Robertson.

Vol. 3, No. 4, "Notes on R. I. Ornithology," completes this magazine, as it was only intended as a supplement to The Birds of R. I. published in '99. Mr. Howe tells us that "The Mss. for the new list is well under way, and its issue during the coming spring is practically assured.

Plant Travellers, is a neat little pamphlet by Prof. C. M. Weed, of the N. H. Agr. College. In his treatise of this subject, Prof. Weed gives the birds due credit, as being one of the important agencies for distribution of plant life.

The Summer Birds of Central Texas by A. E. Schutze, is a very interesting booklet, well illustrated from photos of nests and eggs, made by the author. He gives a short account of each of the summer birds of Texas, with particular reference to their nesting habits and eggs.

A circular, addressed to the milliners and others, calling attention to our recent State laws, relative to destruction of birds, and having them in possession. This circular put out by the State Fish and Game Com. has been sent to all milliners in the State

and posted in conspicuous places. The foot-note is as follows and convinces us that Mr. Carleton of the commission, intends that these laws shall be enforced.

Note: "It is the purpose of the commission to see that this law shall be strictly enforced. Attention is called at this time, to that part of the law, prohibiting the selling or offering for sale, or having in possession, any dead bird or part thereof." This is an important step and must needs bring good results, as the milliners cannot plead ignorance, as they have almost invariably done heretofore.

#### ABSTRACT . PROCEEDINGS . . . OF SEVENTH ANNUAL MEETING OF THE MAINE ORNITHOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

The seventh annual meeting of the Maine Ornithological Society, consisting of four sessions, was held in the lecture room of the Portland Society of Natural History, Nov. 28th and 29th, 1902, with President Wm. L. Powers of Gardiner in the chair.

The following persons were elected to membership at the first session, in their respective classes.

Active membership: Dr. William Converse Kendall, Freeport, Me., (official address, U. S. Fish Commission, Washington, D. C.), John A. Lord, Taxidermist, Portland, Me., Marion Soule and Edmund Welch, both of Gardiner.

Corresponding Membership: Sherman E. Phillips, Madison, N. H., and Hon. John Lewis Childs, Floral Park, N. Y.

Associate Membership: F. E. Sweetsir, Cumberland, Ctr., C. E. Lane and B. F. Stantial, both of Brooks.

The President's annual address was read and appears in full, in this issue.

Letters from the following absent members were read: Prof. J. Y. Stanton, Hon. L. T. Carleton, Prof. Austin P. Larrabee, Prof. Ora W. K'night, Hon. James Carroll Mead and Clarence E. Sawyer, Esq.

Upon the instance of Prof. Knights' letters, a letter written to him, by Mary Crosby, bearing upon various causes and methods of bird destruction and advocating compulsory teaching of protective principles in the common public schools, was read. The report of the Treasurer showed a slight balance in the treasury.

The Secretary's report showed a total membership of 50 last year.

Lost by death	1
Lost by resignation,	2
	—
	47
Admitted during year:	
Active members,	19
Associate members,	19
	—
	85 total

In addition to the fourth volume of the Journal, the Society has published a circular. Circular No. 1, for the purpose of increasing its membership. The correspondence of the Society, beside that of a routine nature, has been with the chairman of the National Audubon Society, several state societies and individuals in the state, interested in the organization of an Audubon Society in Maine. These communications were in the nature of appeals to this Society. One communication asking the recommendation of works on eastern birds, and one on Maine birds were also addressed to the Secretary's office.

This office also received the following valuable and interesting communication:

New York, May 5, 1902.

My Dear Mr. Norton,

I send you some excerpts from a letter just received, which may be of use in the forthcoming list of Maine Birds.

Very truly yours,

WM. DUTCHER.

Excerpts from Chas. F. Seeley's letter, light keeper and engineer, Machias Seal Island, Maine.

"We have a large number of puffins, I should say, hundreds of them" and I am told, this is the only place, with the exception of one more island, on the coast, where they breed. We never allow anyone to shoot them except for scientific purposes. I cannot tell you how many tern we have, many hundreds of them. There are three kinds of them, The Willson's, Artic, and I think the Crested. They come about the middle of May and leave in September with many hundreds of their young. Then we have Leache's Petrel in abundance. They burrow in the earth and hide in day time, and come out after dark and sing all night. We have a number of very pretty swallows. They build in the barn, boat house and around the eaves of the engine room. There are also a few gray birds, that breed here. When we came here, there were only terns, puffins and petrels breeding here." "We have spent many a pleasant hour, in connection with the birds, coming and going. One time my little daughter found a little humming bird almost drowned in a barrel of water in the engine room. She brought him to the house and worked with him, till he revived, feeding him with sugar and water, which he received from her mouth, lapping it with his tongue. She kept him till she saw another one, and thinking it might be his mate, put it out on a flower and it went away with the mate. We have them visit us every



summer and birds of many species during migration. In winter black duck come here and stay nights, getting fresh water from puddles, also a bird the fishermen call old squaw, swim around the island and a number of other kinds of sea fowl, such as coot sea pigeon as they are called here. The island is nothing but a rock, nearly covered with guano, with some grass, Not a tree of any kind. It has never been surveyed, but forming a rough estimate, should say it was in the vicinity of twenty acres."

The editor reported that the outlook for the Journal for the coming year is very favorable. That its success will be greatly enhanced, if each member will take a personal interest in supplying its pages with notes of interest to themselves.

And the bills of the Journal have been paid and a small cash balance remains for the next volume. He recommended that members of the Society and friends of the Journal send the names and addresses of friends interested in nature study, to the business manager, that copies might be sent to them.

That the Journal had been entered as second class matter (after much difficulty). Thus making a material gain in the cost of mailing. That the articles published in the Journal have been frequently copied by papers, due credit having been given.

In the absence of Mr. Knight the chair stated that the required number of subscriptions to the check list of Maine Birds had not been sufficient to warrant its publication, as yet. J. Merton Swain, Prof. Lee, Prof. Powers, W. H. Brownson and Dr. Kendall rose and subscribed for copies, making a total of thirty-seven.

Prof. L. A. Lee was called by the chair to offer remarks for the future

of the Society. Prof. Lee called attention to the collection of lantern slides which he has made from negatives, supplied by members, from year to year. The collection now contains nearly three hundred slides and is of much educational value. The slides are at the service of every member of the Society for lecture or educational purposes, and as they are in demand, they are becoming too numerous to be handled or exhibited as a whole.

He recommended the preparation of a catalogue, showing his catalogue number and subject of each slide, with name of author of negative and publication of this in the Journal. From this, the printing of a number of separates, to be distributed in furthering the usefulness of the collection. Another suggestion was that of forming an album of prints from the negatives, from which the slides had been made, to be kept by him for the convenience of those wishing to select slides for lectures.

He expressed the wish that those who send negatives will state whether they are willing for them to be used other than at the annual meeting of the Society. He stated that the range of subjects submitted, and the quality of the material, is yearly increasing and improving and that an increase in this department of the work and its usefulness is anticipated. He called attention to the advantage of collecting the portraits of the older ornithologists of Maine and the preparation of slides of the same. Also the preparation of a history of the ornithology of Maine and a bibliography of the subject.

Another subject suggested was that of a bird census of individual birds, within the limits of a given area of field, thicket or wood.

Prof. Lee, in closing, pointed out the

fact that his remarks were not for the future of the Society, which he considered assured, but rather future work for the Society.

The Secretary was instructed to offer the Secretary of the Maine Audubon Society space in the Journal, not to exceed two pages each issue. The same to be edited by some member of that Society. Also to correspond with the Secretary of the Josselyn Botanical Society, for holding a joint summer meeting, the result of the correspondence to be reported to the council for decision. Also to request a vote by mail for the choice of a bird to be engraved for an emblem of the Society, upon its stationery. We have the following nominations: Prof. L. A. Lee, The Artice Owl, a bird recognized at once by all, and one that admits of excellent reproduction, etc. Mr. W. H. Rich, The Ruffed Grouse or Canada Jay, as characteristic Maine birds.

The President appointed the following committee: Nomination of officers, Mrs. Emma H. Norton, J. Merton Swain, Everett E. Johnson.

Resolutions: W. H. Rich, Dana W. Sweet and W. H. Brownson.

The Secretary reported an invitation from Mr. Everett Smith to the Society, to visit his collections at 105 State St. Voted to accept the invitation and adjourn the session in time to be at Mr. Smith's at 10.30.

Voted to meet Nov. 29th at 9 a. m. for business and papers. Mr. Walter H. Rich was called and proceeded to arrange for exhibition, thirty-two of the admirable and life like drawings of game birds for which he is noted.

Adjourned to 8 P. M.

#### Evening Session.

President Powers in the chair, who after a brief address to the audience, which filled the lecture room, called upon Prof. Lee. Prof. Lee explained,

comprehensively, the design of the lantern slide collection and the condition under which it had been formed. He then proceeded to the exhibition of slides, as follows:

Nearly sixty from negatives taken in Cumberland, Knox and Washington counties by A. H. Norton, who offered explanations. Two from negatives taken in Sagadahoc county by Capt. Spinney, illustrating from life, groups of purple sandpipers, explained by Prof. Lee. Five slides from life, by E. E. Johnson in Oxford county, illustrating young red shouldered hawk and young redstarts, explained by Prof. Lee.

He also exhibited and explained a number of slides taken in former years.

Meeting closed and those present had opportunity to again view Mr. Rich's drawings.

#### Morning Session.

President Powers in chair, Mr. Swain chairman of nominating committee recommended for President, Capt. Herbert L. Spinney, Popham Beach; Vice President, Prof. Leslie A. Lee, Brunswick; Secretary and Treasurer, Prof. Wm. L. Powers, Gardiner; Editor, J. Merton Swain, Portland; Councillors, Prof. Asa L. Lane, Waterville, Prof. Ora W. Knight, Bangor.

These were elected by ballot cast by Mr. D. W. Sweet for the Society.

Mr. Swain for committee on President's address, recommended the appointments of two associate editors to be made by the Editor, President and Secretary. Also the council appoint some members to write a life history of some family of Maine birds, for the Journal. That the matter of blanks be left with the Council.

Recommended the election of Dr. T. S. Palmer and Wm. Dutcher to honorary membership.

Report adopted and ordered recorded. Voted to elect a committee of five to aid and encourage the formation of Audubon Societies in Maine, and make Miss Edith Boardman of Brunswick a member of same. Dr. W. C. Kendall, member of the original Audubon Society gave a brief and interesting sketch of the early history of the organization. Prof. Lee moved that A. H. Norton be made chairman of the committee with Prof. A. L. Lane and Miss Edith Boardman, two of the members. Prof. Wm. L. Powers and Miss M. O. Barrell of York Corner were nominated.

Voted that Honorary Members who pay annual dues may also be classed as active members, with privileges of both classes.

The following resolutions were adopted:

Resolved, That the thanks of the Society are due and are hereby tendered to Joseph P. Thompson for admission to the lecture room and to the collections of the Natural History Society.

To Mr. Everett Smith, for his invitation to visit his collections and his courtesies to the members.

To the Maine Central Railroad for its kindness in granting reduced rates to attend the meeting.

To the public, who have shown their appreciation of our efforts, by a large attendance at the meeting last evening.

#### Reading Papers.

Prof. L. A. Lee, who had been requested to present a memorial paper upon our late Honorary member, Hon. Geo. A. Boardman, stated that Mr. Samuel L. Boardman of Bangor, has in preparation a memorial volume to contain a biography of and extracts from the correspondence of our late member, with the eminent Naturalists, with whom he labored, together with

portraits, his list of Maine birds and list of published writings which were never lengthy papers, but were numerous.

The volume will not be for sale but will be supplied to libraries.

Dr. W. C. Kendall read a paper upon birds observed during his recent work on the East Branch, Penobscot River and exhibited nine tails of the Can. Ruffed Grouse from that region and four from Freeport.

Mr. Swain wished to be excused from reading in full his memorial paper upon our late member, Clarence H. Morrell, from lack of sufficient time.

Mr. W. J. Corthell of the Gorham Normal School, Mrs. E. P. Wentworth and Miss Nellie W. Jordan, both of the State Reform School, Portland, Me., were admitted to active membership. The Secretary was requested to prepare a copy of the constitution with all amendments to present at the next annual meeting.

Voted to close to visit Mr. Smith's collection and meet at 2 P. M. Members of the Society then repaired to 105 State St., where they were welcomed by Mr. Smith and conducted to his collections, where they were entertained till 12 M. Less than half of Mr. Smith's collection was viewed in this time. Beginning nearly with the order of the A. O. U., checklist, i. e., with lower forms. Especially interesting among the birds exhibited was the rare gull, recognized at *Larus Kumlieni*, Sabines Gull, *Xema sabini* in nuptial plumage, taken by Mr. Smith at Scarborough, Maine, May 31, 1877, (cf. Smith Forest & Stream XX p. 205) The specimen is said to be unique for the occurrence of the nuptial plumage in the United States. Also the first of two Maine specimens of the Reeve or female Ruff, *Pavoncella pugnax* (cf. Smith, Forest & Stream XX p. 85) and a specimen of the European quail, Cot-

urnix communis, and eggs of same, laid and deserted in Falmouth, Me. For attempted introduction of this bird into No. America (cf. Smith report Com. Fish & Game Maine 1880 p. 36). In addition to these excellent series illustrating the plumage and moulting stages of many species of sea birds were also exhibited. A King Eider drake in nearly perfect mature plumage, (for description of this plumage cf. Auk XV 11 p. 16,) and many foreign game birds.

During the P. M. session two papers were read, one by J. C. Mead, upon birds observed near Charleston. S. C. The other by Prof. Austin P. Larrabee, upon the Olive-backed thrush.

Meeting adjourned to meet at Bangor, Me., Friday and Saturday after Thanksgiving 1903.

ARTHUR H. NORTON, SEC.

Judge John Nathaniel Clark of Old Saybrook, Conn., died at his home on January 13th. The Judge was a subscriber to our journal and a very enthusiastic ornithologist. He was a member of the A. O. U. and had spent many years in forming a fine collection of eggs of N. A. birds. His collection is considered to be one of the best if not the best private collection in America. He was a very amiable gentleman to meet and never tired of talking about birds and in telling of his experiences among the birds up in New Hampshire where he usually spent his June vacation. He planned to spend a month vacation with us, about the Rangeley lakes in June 1900, but his sickness prevented us from receiving the visit from the Judge. Many of our members will miss the extremely interesting letters we received from time to time from him. He was about seventy-two years at the time of his death.

#### MERGANSER AMERICANUS.

I was recently shown a fine specimen of the American Merganser or

Goosander which had been shot at Great Pond a short time before by Mr. Soper of School street, Waterville.

Great Pond is the largest of a series of ponds or lakes as they would be called in the states less favored than ours, lying a few miles west of Waterville and furnishing fine opportunities for the hunter and the fisherman.

Usually the smaller ponds freeze over first so that any ducks or other water birds in them are driven to Great Pond where they furnish great sport for the gunner; but this year the sudden cold snap we had early in the winter, made short work of Great Pond as well as the rest.

However, a flock of Mergansers, and perhaps, other birds with them, gathered in Great Pond in numbers variously estimated at from three to five hundred, Mr. Soper thinking three hundred the more correct estimate. I think these birds are rather rare as these are only the third specimens that I have seen in several years. Of the other two of the second was a beautiful salmon color; of this new specimen the head and upper neck were a beautiful glossy green, the breasts salmon, the wings black with white bars and the feet, a beautiful pink. Its most distinctive feature, however, was its bill, which was narrow and slender as compared with a duck's bill and armed within above and below with sharp, teeth-like processes directed backward. The use of this apparatus is obvious. It feeds on small fishes and the like and when its food is once grasped every twist and wiggle will only facilitate its passage towards the digestive apparatus. These birds are quite shy and difficult to approach and this one was shot by creeping carefully towards the flock as they were feeding near a cove.

A. L. LANE.

Good Will Farm, Jan, 5th, 1903.



# Check List of Maine Birds.



The manuscript for a new edition of the List of the Birds of Maine is nearly ready for the printer, and its publication will be undertaken by the Maine Ornithological Society as soon as enough subscriptions have been received to insure the payment of the cost of publishing the work. The List has been prepared by O. W. Knight, and contains full and accurate statements regarding the distribution and status of our Maine birds at the present time. The scientific nomenclature has been changed in accordance with the recent rulings of the A. O. U. Committee on Nomenclature.

Two editions of the List are offered. The best edition is bound in paper covers with blank pages between those of printed matter so that sufficient space is given for the writing in of such notes as the purchaser may deem desirable. This will cost seventy-five (75) cents. The other edition without the blank pages will cost fifty (50) cents.

O. W. Knight, 84 Forest Avenue, Bangor, Maine.

---

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| *112 B | Washington. Trumbull.                   | *16   | His Birthplace, Portland.                       |
| *113   | Martha Washington.                      | 17    | His Home, Portland.                             |
| 1409   | Mount Vernon.                           | 18    | His Home, Cambridge.                            |
| *1410  | Capitol.                                | 618B  | His Home, Cambridge.                            |
| *1411  | White House.                            | *19   | His Daughters.                                  |
| *1412  | Washington Elm. Cambridge               | *20   | His Armchair.                                   |
| *1412B | Washington Elm. Cambridge               | *21   | His Statue, Portland.                           |
| *1413  | Washington Monument.                    | *22   | "Wayside Inn".                                  |
|        |   | *23   | Evangeline.                                     |
|        |   | *45   | James Russell Lowell.                           |
| *1414  | Washington crossing the Delaware.       | *46   | His Home.                                       |
|        |   | *47   | His Study.                                      |
| *1415  | Washington at Trenton.                  |       |   |
|        |   | *96   | Dickens.  |
| *1416  | Washington and Lafayette at Mt. Vernon. | *98   | His Home, "Gadshill."                           |
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The First (1872) Edition of Coues' 'Key,' by its publisher, Prof. F. W. Putnam, with a facsimile reproduction of a page of proof, containing many characteristic annotations by Dr. Coues.

The Mound-Building Birds of Australia with photographs from Nature by A. J. Campbell of Melbourne.

The Songs of our Cuckoos, by William Brewster; The Moulting of Birds, by Dr. J. Dwight, Jr.; How to Study Birds, by Frank M. Chapman; Bird Migration in the Dry Tortugas, by Dr. Joseph Thompson, U. S. N., and numerous shorter articles.

## Bird Lore' Advisory Council

With its nearly fifty members scattered throughout the United States and Canada, will, as heretofore, be ready to give advice and information to all bird students who apply for it. The hundreds of Bird-Lore readers who have called on the Council for help will be glad to know that during the year we propose to publish the portraits of its members, making, in fact, an album of prominent American ornithologists.

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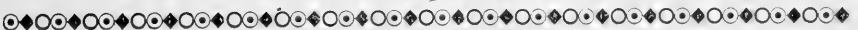
Figures sixty-two representative species of our eighteen families of Perching Birds. From Crow to Kinglet all these figures are photographed to the same scale, and one may therefore instructively compare, at a glance, characteristic members of all our families of Perching Birds. Under each family group is given the number of species it contains and its more important structural features. We are sure that this Chart will prove of great value to teachers as well as to students of our birds, and we propose to Present A Bird Chart to every Subscriber to Volume V of Bird-Lore, beginning with Number 1, February, 1903.

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THE BIRDS

THE BIRDS

# Important Notice

TO MILLINERS AND OTHERS.

Chapter 142, of the Public Laws of 1901, provides as follows, that:

"No person shall, within the state of Maine, kill or catch or have in his or her possession, living or dead, any wild bird, other than a game bird, nor shall purchase, offer or expose for sale, any such wild bird after it has been caught or killed. No part of the plumage, skin or body of any bird protected by this section shall be sold or had in possession for sale. Nor shall any person within the state take or needlessly destroy the nest or the eggs of any wild bird, nor have such nest or eggs in his or her possession. The English or European house sparrow, the common crow, and the hawks and owls are not included among the birds herein protected; for the purposes of this Act, the following only shall be considered as game birds: the anatidæ, commonly known as swans, geese, brant, and river and sea ducks; the rallidæ, commonly known as rails, coots, mud-hens and gallinules; the limicolæ, commonly known as shore birds, plovers, surf-birds, snipe, woodcock, sand-pipers, tattlers and curlews; the gallinæ, commonly known as wild turkeys, grouse, prairie chickens, pheasants, partridges and quails.

Nothing in this section, however, shall be construed to affect in any way the protection of game birds as provided in sections 11 and 13 in the Act hereby amended.

Any person who violates any of the provisions of this section shall be guilty of a misdemeanor, and when convicted therefor, shall be fined five dollars for each offense, and an additional five dollars for each bird living or dead, or part of bird, or nest or eggs possessed in violation of this section, or to imprisonment for ten days, or both, in the discretion of the Court."

(Note. The only birds, other than game birds, not protected are CROWS, HAWKS, OWLS and English Sparrows.)

It is the purpose of the Commissioners of Inland Fisheries and Game to see that this law is strictly enforced. Attention is called at this time to that part of the law prohibiting the selling, offering for sale, or having in possession, any dead bird or part thereof.

L. T. CARLETON,

H. O. STANLEY,

E. E. RING.

Commissioners of Inland Fisheries and Game.





CAPT. HERBERT L. SPINNEY,  
1st Ass't Keeper, Seguin Island Light.



The Journal of  
*The Maine Ornithological Society.*

A QUARTERLY JOURNAL OF MAINE ORNITHOLOGY.

"Bird Protection, Bird Study the Spread of the Knowledge Thus Gained,  
These Are Our Objects."

VOL. V.

FAIRFIELD, MAINE, APRIL 1903.

NUMBER 2.

The Maine Ornithological  
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SUBSCRIPTIONS.

50 cts. per year. Single copies 15c.

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Eighth annual meeting to be held the Friday and Saturday following Thanksgiving, 1903, at Bangor, Me.

Entered as second class mail matter at Fairfield, Me.

Editorial Chat.

The spring birds came back to us at an unusually early date. Usually we have heavy snow storms in March, but this year only one small snow storm came during the month and unusually

warm weather brought the birds to us, in goodly numbers.

Prairie Horned Larks were observed in the roads on March 2d. On the 6th the crow was seen in the interior. The first we saw was at Solon, when two were seen flying north. Although they had been seen much earlier down the coast towns.

March 11th, the Can. geese were seen flying over, high in the air. The 12th, Robins were seen at Morrill, in Waldo county and the next morning I was awoken early in the morning by the welcome warble of the blue birds, several of them being perched on the wires in front of my hotel in Searsmont in Waldo county. On the 19th two male cow birds were seen in Solon. Also the familiar call Phoebe was heard from a nearby out building. Several Loggerhead shrikes were observed from time to time, in our upper towns on our travels. March 23d was a very rainy, muddy day. On a drive of several miles in Kennebec county we saw an abundance of juncos, tree and song sparrows beside the highways. Very much to our surprise several hermit thrushes were noted beside the road and at night the peculiar squeak of the woodcock was heard. Flocks of rusty grackles were frequently observed, also their cousins the bronzed and the redwing black birds were common. Swamp sparrows were noted on the 24th in Lincoln county

and several black ducks were observed. Many others, will, no doubt, follow and everything seems to point to an early season.

—o—

In March occurred the marriage of one of our active members, Mr. Guy H. Briggs to Miss Edna Belle Morse of Livermore. Our heartiest congratulations are extended and best wishes for their future happiness.

—o—

Our summer meeting seems to be occupying the minds of many of our members at present. Skowhegan will be a fine locality for these two societies to hold this meeting in, and we believe that the success of this joint meet is already assured. We can conceive of no better way to spend a week of one's summer vacation, than to attend this meeting in so pleasant a locality as Skowhegan. Botany and Ornithology may well go hand in hand in to the field for study and research. One cannot have an interest in one without being more or less interested in the other. To study the birds in their natural element involves, naturally, the study of botany as well. Then too, the birds are very important factors in the distribution of plant life. If the pursuit of field study along either of these lines brings such exquisite pleasure to the student, then must the pleasure be greatly enhanced by the addition of the other. We believe there are no two studies which go so well together as the study of the flora and the fauna of our state. We trust that this meeting will be a success and mutually pleasant and profitable to the members of both societies.

—o—

At the last session of Legislature our game laws were amended as follows:

#### Chapter 229.

An act to amend Section eleven of Chapter thirty of the Revised Statutes as amended by Chapter forty-two of the Public Laws of eighteen hundred ninety-nine and as amended by Chapter two hundred fifty-eight of the Public Laws of nineteen hundred one, relating to Close Time for Game Birds.

Section 1. Section eleven of chapter thirty of the revised statutes, as amended by chapter forty-two of the public laws of eighteen hundred ninety-nine, and as amended by chapter two hundred fifty-eight of the public laws of nineteen hundred one, is hereby amended so as to read as follows:

Section 11. There shall be for game birds an annual close time in which it shall be unlawful to hunt, chase, catch, kill or have them in possession when ever or however killed, as follows: For wood duck, dusky duck, commonly called black duck, teal and gray duck the close time shall be from March fifteenth to September fifteenth of each year; for ruffed grouse, commonly called partridge and woodcock, from the first day of December to September fifteenth next following of each year; for plover, snipe and sandpipers, from the first day of May to the first day of August of each year; and it shall be unlawful to hunt, chase, catch, kill or have in possession at any time any quail. Whoever violates any of the above named provisions of this section shall be subject to a penalty of not less than five dollars nor more than ten dollars and costs for each bird killed, caught, chased or had in possession in close time.

'No person shall, in any one day kill or have in possession more than fifteen of each variety of the above named birds, except sandpipers, the number of which shall not exceed seventy in

one day, during the respective open season for each; nor shall any person at any time kill or have in possession any ruffed grouse, commonly called partridge, woodcock, wood duck, commonly called black duck, teal or gray duck, except for his own consumption within this state, except as hereinafter provided, under a penalty of five dollars and costs for each bird so unlawfully killed or had in possession; nor shall any person at any time sell or offer for sale, any ruffed grouse, commonly called partridge, woodcock, wood duck, commonly called black duck, teal or gray duck within this state under the same penalty; nor shall any person or corporation carry or transport from place to place any of the birds mentioned in this section, in close time, nor in open season unless open to view, tagged and plainly labeled with the owner's name and residence and accompanied by him, unless tagged in accordance with section twenty-six of this chapter, under the same penalty.

'Any person, not the actual owner of such bird or birds, who, to aid another in transportation, falsely represents himself to be the owner thereof, shall be liable to the same penalty; nor shall any person or corporation carry or transport at any one time more than fifteen of any one variety of the birds above mentioned as the property of one person, under the same penalty; and it shall be unlawful for a term of ten years, to hunt for, take, catch, kill or destroy the capercaillie, or cock of the woods, so called, black game, so called, or any species of the pheasant, except ruffed grouse, or partridge, under a penalty of fifty dollars for each offense.'

(Approved March 28.)

UNION MEETING OF THE JOSSELYN BOTANICAL SOCIETY AND MAINE ORNITHOLOGICAL SOCIETY AT SKOWHEGAN, JUNE 29 TO JULY 3

Arrangements have now been completed for a union meeting of the two nature study societies of our state, during the week beginning June 29. This meeting will be held in Skowhegan, a place especially suited by nature for field work and observation of different phases of out door life.

The Kennebec river flows through the town and in its broad valley will be found the characteristic flora and fauna of our inland sections.

Madison and Norridgewock, five and ten miles distant and easily reached by electric cars, will furnish variety in the way of study, and other nearby places available for short excursions will offer suggestions for each society. Skowhegan lies at the terminus of the Maine Central R. R. in Somerset county and many historical associations cluster round the immediate neighborhood.

The Ornithological Society at the annual meeting in Portland voted to ask permission to meet with the botanists and they gladly welcomed our proposal. It is hoped that this may be the first of a long series of union summer meetings of these important societies.

Every person who is interested in extending his horizon beyond the narrow limits of his own locality will do well to plan his summer's vacation to include the week at Skowhegan. Eminent specialists in each department will be present for consultation and instruction. The program has not been definitely determined but will embrace the following features:

Monday, 2 P. M.

Address of Welcome to the Ornithologists, Prof. A. L. Lane, Pres. of the

Josselyn Botanical Society.

Response, Capt. H. L. Spinney, Pres. of the Maine Ornithological Society.

Arrangement of the field work to be carried on collectively with details for side trips and daily conferences.

3 P. M.

Each society will go into separate session to settle whatever matters may be deemed necessary by its members.

4 P. M.

Field work by each society until six.

8 P. M.

Lecture by Merritt L. Fernald of Cambridge on some phase of Botanical Research, particular subject to be announced later.

Tuesday.

The forenoon will be devoted to field work by members of both societies in common, parties being made up by leaders of each society.

The afternoon will be devoted to a side trip to Norridgewock.

Tuesday evening there will be a lecture on the Birds of Maine, illustrated by stereopticon views of Maine birds taken by members of the society.

Wednesday.

The program during the day will not vary materially from that of Tuesday except that each society will work by itself and the side trips will be to Madison.

8 P. M.

Botanical Lecture, subject and speaker to be announced in the next issue of the Journal.

Thursday.

Forenoon program like that of Tuesday. Afternoon trip to Lake Grove.

8 P. M.

Ornithological Lecture, subject and speaker to be announced later.

It is earnestly desired that everyone who is interested in nature study will make an effort to attend this meeting. We feel certain that all who are

able to be present will leave Skowhegan well pleased with his or her week spent with the members of these two societies.

#### A BELATED GREBE.

Mr. L. C. Williams of Athens, Me., one of our members, has in his drug store a mounted grebe which he called my attention to, a short time ago. The bird is of the Pied-billed species and came into his possession in this way: During a snow storm in late Nov., this Grebe was found dead in the snow near Athens, in Somerset county. The bird had remained late and in trying to get south, it had been caught in a snow storm, became bewildered and finally fell to the snow exhausted and succumbed to the severity of the weather. A passer-by saw the bird and not knowing what it was brought it to Mr. Williams, knowing his interest in such things.

The bird seems to be a young-of-the-year bird. (Ed.)

The Josselyn Botanical Society of Maine, will hold its eighth annual meeting and field day in connection with the meeting of the Maine Ornithological Society at Skowhegan, Monday, June 29, till Friday, July 3, 1903.

The usual reduced rates will be granted by the Maine Central Railroad.

The Josselyn Botanical Society of Maine was organized in 1895, for the purpose of promoting the study of the Flora of the State. The name adopted is intended to keep in remembrance the enthusiasm and accomplishments of Maine's earliest botanist, John Josselyn of Scarborough, whose "New England Rarities" was published in 1672.

The society aims to bring together in social and scientific meetings as many as possible of those interested

in the study of botany in any of its various departments, whether as pure science, in its aesthetic relations as contributing to the pleasure and poetry of life, or in its strong practical aspects as applied to Agriculture, Horticulture and Forestry. The last mentioned is an important branch which is now engaging the earnest attention of practical men and students in all parts of the country, and Maine is already giving careful attention to the means of preserving her forests and wood lands.

A society like ours may benefit Agriculture in many ways but especially by noting the introduction and spread of injurious weeds that timely warning may be given and means taken for their eradication. Illustrations of this are seen in the cases of those two pernicious weeds, *Hieracium aurantiacum* (Orange Hawkweed) and *Hieracium prealtum* (King Devil weed). The wild carrot is an instance and several other weeds have recently been brought from Europe and the West which may need watching. Plant distribution can be successfully studied only by an association or by many individuals in various parts of the State.

As an accomplishment and as pure science Botany may be made a source of unlimited pleasure and satisfaction. Its study inculcates habits of close observation and of keen analysis. Its pursuit also demands exercise in the open air and every square foot of earth becomes to him who understands it a volume of history written all over and illustrated by Nature's own hand.

It was stated on good authority in 1892, that there were then more than one hundred persons actively engaged in the study of the Flora of Maine, some of whom spent only the summer season or a portion of it in the State.

Botanists of the latter class have done admirable work on Mount Desert Island and elsewhere along the coast as well as in many little known regions in the roostook, Somerset and Franklin counties. The number of workers is undoubtedly greater at the present time, but the field is large, and to a great extent yet unexplored.

Our society, during the few years of its existence, has accomplished something in most of the lines indicated. Forestry has been considered and farmers in various sections have been warned of the advent of dangerous weeds, many plants new to the State have been found and reported by members, and one variety which has not been reported from any other station in North America. On the other hand it has been shown that the statement found in nearly all the books that the Walking Fern has been found in Shapleigh, Me., is an error, that it never was collected there or elsewhere in the State, so far as any records show.

The Connecticut Valley Botanical Society was organized in Springfield, Mass., June 10, 1873, and twenty-two years later the three societies were formed which are at the present time the most alive and active in New England, viz: The Vermont Botanical Club, 4 July, 1895; The Josselyn Botanical Society of Maine, 12 July, 1895; The New England Botanical Club, 10 Dec., 1895.

The present officers of the Josselyn Society are Prof. A. L. Lane Waterville, President; Miss Dora H. Moulton, 9 Hill St., Portland, Secretary; Miss Nellie F. Mansfield, 144 Middle St., Portland, Treasurer; Dr. D. W. Fellows, Portland, Rev. B. P. Snow, Yarmouth, Miss M. A. Clark. Ellsworth, Committee of Arrangements.

**AN APPEAL TO MEMBERS OF THE  
MAINE ORNITHOLOGICAL  
SOCIETY.**

The attention of individual members of this society is called to assist in the establishment of Audubon Societies in Maine, by the committee appointed at the last meeting, to aid and encourage these societies. Bird protection at this period of history, though attracting considerable attention and receiving new strength each year, is beset with difficulties, owing to popular thoughtlessness and ignorance. The great value of bird life to the world has been sufficiently demonstrated, to prove that this phase of ornithological interest has advanced beyond the stage of pure sentiment.

Hence, every movement designed for the better protection of birds should receive the support and encouragement of all serious ornithologists.

The organization best calculated to reach and inform the largest number of persons, undoubtedly, is the Audubon Society, organized and conducted to instruct in the economic importance, interest and direct in the aesthetic value of birds, and having interested, to lead all to support means for their better support.

It will be seen that the Audubon Societies' future lies in its being adapted to the minds of youth. Here lies the key to the situation, if the birds are to be protected in the future, and certain species preserved from extinction. Here, too, it is, that by far the largest return is to be had from the least effort. The committee of this society has resolved to ask each member to act in his respective locality for the promotion of a local Audubon Society. The governing board should consist of a President, one or several vice-

presidents, and a Secretary.

Upon this board there should be, at least, one accurate ornithologist, (not necessarily more) and of the influential citizens and teachers as many as can be secured, for members and all possible young people and school children, should be secured.

The work of the society should be conducted to instruct the young and to maintain a permanent interest in all for the protection of birds.

Members or others, who will undertake the formation of local societies are invited to correspond with anyone of the committee named in the last Journal.

Those wishing Audubon constitutions, pledge cards etc., are referred to Prof. A. L. Lane, president of the "Maine Audubon Society," Waterville, Maine.

As the "Maine Audubon Society" has been formed with five local branches, our work is to be co-operative and local societies, started by M. O. S. members are recommended to become united with that organization.

ARTHUR H. NORTON,

For the Com.

**NOTES ON THE OLIVE-BACKED  
THRUSH. (TURDUS USTULA-  
TUS USTURLATUS SWAIN-  
SONII, CAB.)**

Along the Kennebec river where the writer passed most of the summer of 1901, the olive-backed thrush was the chief representative of its family. In the large forests covering the region it made its summer home, ranging from the thick growth of spruce and fir, to the more open growth where hardwood trees predominated.

It is with the former growth that I associate the bird chiefly. The memory of its song recalls the beautiful

rippling song of the winter wren, another bird seeming to like better the dark and more secluded spots of the forest.

During the first of July, the song of the olive-backed interspersed with the characteristic metallic "puk, puk," could be heard at most all hours of the day.

It sang more commonly, however, in the early morning and late afternoon. The song is well in keeping with its surroundings, wild and yet attractive. One morning I heard a hermit thrush singing in the distance and it gave me a rare chance to compare the songs of the two. Unquestionably the exquisite flute-like notes of the hermit were superior, both in quality and purity of tone. Yet the song of the Swainsons' had a fascinating quality, which nearly offset the other superior merits of the song of its rival. In the form of the song, there was considerable difference. The song of the hermit with its high and low modulations seemed more varied. The song of the olive-back was more nearly on one key, and uttered more rapidly and more frequently than that of the hermit. From the middle of July on, the olive-backs' sang less frequently and chiefly in the morning.

A note of July 26th, speaks of hearing the olive-backs' singing at six in the morning but in much less numbers, than before. Again on the 31st, mention is made of hearing a few singing in the early morning. With one exception, this is the last mention of hearing its song. Aug. 12, I heard one singing for a few moments. The singer, I thought, must be out of practice for the notes sounded hoarse and husky. From the very first of July, I noticed young birds of various species in the woods, but it was not till July 20th, that I saw a young olive-back.

This one, evidently had left the nest recently for it could not fly very well. Six days later I found a nest of the olive-back, containing young. It was placed in a yellow-birch, twenty to twenty-five feet from the ground. The growth around there was of mixed character and was not a very heavy one. The tree in which the nest was placed was so slender that I was forced to make my observations from the ground. From one side, the nest appeared as a protuberance on the tree. From another view, more of the structure could be made out, and pieces of birch-bark could be seen hanging down on the outside. I could not determine definitely the number of young. At one time, when the old bird came with food, I counted three heads projecting above the nest, all evidently with but one thought, which one could get the first mouthful. The mother bird seemed to regard me as a suspicious character, who would bear watching, for she always alighted on the side of the nest, so as to face me. I changed my position two or three times during her absence from the nest, but found that she would alight in a correspondingly different place, never having her back turned toward me. During the fifteen or twenty minutes that I watched the nest, the bird made five visits to the nest with food. The nature of the food I could not determine. The first three visits were in quick succession, with not more than an interval of a minute between the time of leaving and returning. After the third visit I kept a careful record of the time elapsing from the moment when she left the nest until her return. Between the third and fourth visits there was an interval of four and a half minutes. Between the fourth and fifth which was the last, I observed, there was an

interval of seven minutes. The male was in the neighborhood part of the time, but volunteered no assistance. I did not have a chance to visit this nest again, although I was in the vicinity July 31.

A female olive-back came around scolding and I could hear a young one in some of the trees around there, but could not locate it. I supposed it was one of the young from the nest that I had found before, but later observations led me to doubt this, for I found a second nest of the olive-back in a small fir tree near by. It looked so much like an old nest that I did not pay especial attention to it, at the time. The next day, however, I visited it again and thought I would cut the tree down and examine the nest more closely. This nest, too, was fully twenty feet from the ground, (and placed in a tree too slender to admit of my climbing.) At the first blow of the axe a young bird came tumbling down and this was the one, I believe, that I had heard the day before. It was still too young to fly away, the wing feathers being only partly developed. The back interscapular and wing coverts were olive-brown, each feather having a buffy stripe. The throat and breast were buffy with black markings, these latter forming lines on the breast. The sides were dashed with olive-brown. The tail had not yet developed, but a few feathers just starting gave promise of one in the future.

The bird had been injured in some way, for it had wounds on the head and back, and a swelling on the neck. While examining the bird several white larvae came out of the feathers. Of what insect these were, I could not determine. The female bird came around during my investigations and was much disturbed to find her young

in the hands of such a monster. To relieve her anxiety, I placed it in a tree nearby and retired to a little distance to watch results. I had the pleasure of seeing the mother bird find her young, and feed it. There I left it, and have often wondered what the fate of the poor deformed bird was. A few days later I visited the spot but found no signs of either bird. These two nests are rather remarkable from the fact that they were placed so high from the ground. Four or five feet is generally as high as they build, but both of them were over twenty feet from the ground.\*

From the first of Aug. the olive-backs began to be quiet. Very few were heard, and still fewer seen. On Aug. 12th, the same day in which I heard the last song, I noticed the first indications of the beginning of the migration. Late in the afternoon of that day, I heard the notes of some of these birds flying over. For a whole week I find no mention made of the olive-back. Then on the 19th I find mention of them seemingly ready for migration. The next night, at 7 P. M., I heard the metallic note of birds flying over. The migration had begun in earnest. With the exception of the 22d, when a male was seen, no further mention of them is made until the 28th. Then some were heard flying over before sunrise. On the 30th, I left the woods, starting down the tote-road long before daylight and travelling in the moonlight. I heard numbers of olive-backs flying over. When it grew light, they ceased their flight and I could hear their metallic puk, puk, in the woods on either side. That night when I reached home, it was growing dark and birds of various species were already in flight. Among all the rest, I detected the notes of several olive-backs flying over. Then



I gave my imagination loose rein, and fancied that some of my companions of the summer had come across country to see me safely home and were thus bidding me good-bye.

PROF. AUSTIN P. LARRABEE.

(read at the 7th annual meeting in Portland, Nov. 28, 1902.)

[\*A nest of this bird we had occasion to examine in Livermore, was placed in a slender fir-balsam about twenty feet up. The nest that we located at Pittsfield, and of which Mr. Morrell got a photo of, was situated in a tall cedar about thirty feet up. This tree was well into the deep woods and but few of the limbs on the trunk, till about twenty-five feet up. Ed.]

#### A WALK IN THE OUTSKIRTS OF CHARLESTON, S. C.

At an early hour one morning in November, while the dense fog from the harbor still hung like a gray mantle over the city, and gave one a sticky dog days feeling, we left the Pavilion Hotel. Early though it was, long lines of mule teams, laden with King Cotton had for hours been steadily rattling over the pavings; in fact we were nearly certain that we had heard the crack of the darkey driver's whips, and their cry of "Up mule-ee", although the night. As we passed down Meeting street the fog began to lift, and by the time we were fairly out in the country the sky was clear, and the sun lending its genial influence to the scene.

Leaving the highway, we entered a field where the dead vines of the sweet potato still cumbered the ground and saw running in and out among them a flock of meadow larks, searching for their morning meal; the bright yellow of their breasts showing in strong contrast to the dead brown of the dying vegetation.

On the lower land several kill deer plovers, or "Cheeweekers", as the darkey calls them, were sporting.

Very pretty and lively birds they are, but one soon tires of their loud cries of "killdee, killdee."

High over head in graceful gyrations sailed the vulture, rising or falling at will, or swooping past you with lightening velocity, it seems not to change the position of a feather. To this bird with an ugly and ungainly body, disgustingly vile in its habits, a power of flight has been given that is unexcelled by any bird on our continent, and before whose movements in the air, the sprite like sporting of the sea gulls pale to insignificance.

Noticing a movement of birds in a hedge row, we approached to find old acquaintances.

The yellow rumped warbler, cat-birds, red eyed towhees and various kinds of sparrows hopping from bush to bush, and thicket to thicket as we had observed them in Maine, where they had, a few weeks before, taken up the line of march southward.

The call of "Bob White" came up from the neighboring plantations, and we met many colored boys with old rusty guns searching for "de birds", but we saw them have little game. I asked one boy if he shot his birds on the wing. "Yes, boss," he said, "on de wing, on de haid, on de bill or any wheres."

Leaving the open fields we entered a dense thicket composed principally of live oaks, draped to the ground with the beautiful silver gray Spanish moss, running vines and luxuriant undergrowth impeded our progress and when at last we emerged into an open field we gladly fortified ourselves with the lunch provided for us at the hotel, and which we had more than once been tempted to throw away, during

our morning walk. Some colored laborers, men and women, were eating their noon day meal in a neighboring field, and from the group rose frequent song and laughter.

Red birds, Carolina wrens and mocking birds flitted about us, and fed upon the crumbs we tossed them, and the tiny blue gray gnat-catcher balanced himself on the outermost twig of an overhanging tree to peer at us, the intruders.

The only sound out of harmony with nature, was the sudden, loud intermittent "exhaust" of a cotton press, hidden behind the nearest grove.

Surely this couldn't have been the hot-bed of rebellion! Yet history, and the graves over on Morris Island tell us of a time when songs and happy laughter were hushed, yet the birds may have sported as joyously then as now. Nature ruffles her face but little over the sorrows and passions of man. Did ever you gaze at a body of water after it had witnessed a drowning accident, expecting it to look differently than before? It was with some such feeling that I had surveyed the landscape, and I was glad the marks were not there.

We returned to town at nightfall well pleased with our day's ramble. The trains of cotton teams showed no diminution in numbers, but added to our ears the unique falsetto calls of the oyster women and the chimney sweeps.

JAMES CARROLL MEAD.

\*Read before the 7th annual meeting held at Portland, Nov. 29, 1902.

#### NOTES UPON THE RUFFED GROUSE.

Last fall I published something on the colors and habits of the Ruffed grouse in Maine. The present notes comprise a few supplemental and con-

firmatory observations made this season. I am not enough of a systematic ornithologist to distinguish one of the several sub-species of this bird from another and really do not know upon what characters they are founded. Regarding red and gray phases, however, I may say that I have seen in the Washington markets the so-called "pheasants" of the southern region presumably—perhaps from the mountains of Pennsylvania, Maryland or Virginia. In these we would naturally look for at least a close approach to typical *Bonasa umbellus*. However, they were usually far less red than many I have observed in Maine. I have collected one of the sub-species in northeastern Oregon, which is supposed to be one of the reddest, yet I have killed one in extreme northern Maine, or rather in Quebec near the Maine border, that seemed to be fully as red as the Oregon sub-species. This is from recollection, however, and not from comparison.

I am sorry now that I did not try to preserve at least the tails and wings of the grouse shot in Maine last year. This year I have saved a portion of those obtained for food while in northern Maine. I had not the facilities or the time to prepare skins as I should have liked to have done. The various shades of red birds were considerably less numerous amongst those obtained this year, though occurring not so far north. The red forms always seemed smaller than the gray birds. Possibly this may be ascribed to the fact that most, if not all, of reddish coloration were females. I have brought the tails of the birds for you to examine if you care to, though I doubt whether they are of much scientific use, merely indicating the different shades of the birds.

This year I had a number of oppor-

tunities for observing the male grouse drum. In all but one instance the birds were on old logs. The exception was one in Freeport which was sitting on a stone wall. You are all doubtless familiar with the sound. It was made in all cases that came under my observation exactly as I described it last year in the Osprey. There was no "strutting up and down the log." If the bird detected a sound, he would straighten up, look and listen, then resume his crouching position with head drawn down. When about to drum he would raise himself, straighten himself back, sometimes glancing about suspiciously, sometimes not, then produce the drumming sound and resume his former position.

The drumming seemed to be produced by expelling the air from between his wings and body by short, quick strokes of the wings, which at no time "met behind" or touched the body. It has been stated that the drumming cannot be a "love note" because it occurs so often in other seasons than in the spring. Now I have been in the Maine woods since May first, and have had all the opportunities one could wish for to hear and observe these birds drum, and have heard more drumming birds in the late fall than at any other season, though I heard a few in the spring. If pairing take place in the spring, it seems to me, that it must be before the female is ready to lay her eggs, I have, this year, seen instances of undoubted pairing in October and November, especially during the last of the former and first of the latter month. Drummers were heard most frequently in October. I recall hearing none in August and September. At this time the birds observed, for the most part, were in flocks of young with their mothers. In October there were seldom more than

two together, and when in pairs they were always male and female.

You have seen that picture of grouse, which advertises some gun firm or another. It is a good one. This fall I saw the same pretty sight in living birds. The cock on a log, tail aspread, wings drooping slightly, and an immense ruff about his neck—so much that I could hardly detect his head—though I was within 10 or 15 feet of him. Below, by a rock, stood the female motionless, and although not, just at that moment, casting admiring glances at the swain on the log, I have no doubt that she had been doing so.

One night while tenting on Webster Brook, it was October 17, a bright moonlight, still, cold, frosty night, I had fallen asleep and dreamed I was in my native town, in one of my boyhood haunts with my gun, looking for "part-ridges." In my dreams I heard one drum and started to steal upon him. But for some reason I awoke before I reached the bird, and lay awake for a while, when I heard the drumming "sure 'nough," which at intervals of six, eight or ten minutes I should judge, was repeated. I looked at my watch and it was 1.15 A. M. The bird was still at it when I last looked at my watch at 3.30, before falling asleep again. I thought this night drumming an unusual occurrence, but my guide said he had often heard them drum on just such nights, but I doubt if he were forewarned by a dream.

I had the good fortune to observe a drummer approaching his bandstand. He flew down near our tent, the same sleep disturber I presume, stood for a minute upright, listening, then with head stretched out straight ahead, crouching close to the ground, he swiftly glided through the bushes to the log. I followed him and saw him

drum. Sometimes prior to this, after watching one drum, I drove him from his log. Instead of running or flying as the birds do at other times, he dropped without a sound to the ground and sneaked swiftly and silently away. The only drummer I ever saw fly at once from the perch where he had been drumming, was not over a month ago in Freeport, when my dog frightened him from the stone wall previously mentioned.

My observations then lead me to suspect that the mating season is not confined to the springtime, and possibly the principal season is in October and November. But I am open to correction.

DR. WM. C. KENDALL,  
U. S. Fish Commission,  
Washington, D. C.

(Read at the 7th annual meeting in Portland, Nov. 29th, 1902.)

#### A PARTIAL LIST.

Of publications on the subject of Ornithology that may be procured for a nominal price.

Publications of the U. S. Dept. of Agriculture.

Publications Available for Free Distribution.

Farmers' Bulletin No. 54, Common Birds in relation to Agriculture.

Circular No. 12; directions for collecting the stomachs of birds (1891).

Circular No. 17; Bird Day in the Schools (1896).

Circular No. 19; Protection and Importation of Birds Under Act of Congress, approved May 25, 1900.

Circular No. 30; Wild Animals and Birds which May Be Imported Without Permits (1900).

Circular No. 33; Protection of Birds and Game. Directory of State Officials and Organizations for 1901.

Circular No. 34; Laws for the Protection of Birds and Game in the District of Columbia (1901).

Hawks and Owls from the standpoint of the Farmer. (Reprint from Year Book 1894.)

Food of Crow Blackbirds. (Reprint from Year Book 1894).

Food of the Meadow Lark and Baltimore Oriole. (Reprint from Year Book 1895.)

Birds That Injure Grain. (Reprint from Year Book 1897).

Danger of Introducing Noxious Animals and Birds. (Reprint from Year Book 1898).

Review of Economic Ornithology. (Reprint from Year Book 1899).

Food for Nestling Birds. (Reprint from Year Book 1900).

How Birds Affect the Orchard. (Reprint from Year Book 1900).

Publications for Sale by Superintendent of Documents.

Bulletin No. 9, Cuckoos and Shrikes in the Relation of Agriculture. Price 5 cents.

Bulletin No. 10; Life Zones and Crop Zones of the United States. Price 10 cents.

Bulletin No. 12; Legislation for the Protection of Birds Other than Game Birds. Price 10 cents.

Bulletin No. 13; Food for Bobolinks and Blackbirds. Price 10 cents.

Bulletin No. 15; The Relation of Sparrows to Agriculture. Price 10 cents.

Bulletin No. 16; Digest of Game Laws for 1901. Price 10 cents.

N. H. College Experiment Station Bulletin 55, Durham, N. H.

The Feeding Habits of the Chipping Sparrow.

Cornell University, Cornell Leaflets.  
Clark University, Hodge. Our Common Birds, Suggestions for the Study of Their Life and Work, 10 cents.

### A WINTER MORNING'S TRAMP.

The morning of Dec. 12th, 1902, opened up beautifully, and with all Nature calling us to come away to her haunts, we hastily donned our tramping suits and hurried across the outskirts of the village to a familiar bit of woodland that had for several years been our hunting ground whether in our search for rest and relaxation from business cares, or of some trait or characteristic of bird or animal life that was not already known to us.

It was an ideal day for our purpose; the sky was clear, the air crisp enough to render considerable activity an essential to one's comfort, while the bright sunshine warming up the cosy corners of the eastern slope of hill and wood all conspired in the creation of just the kind of weather that gladdens the lives of our winter birds and makes them active.

As we entered the edge of the forest we were welcomed by a familiar call and a mixed flock of Chickadees and Nuthatches greeted us with considerable animation. They were apparently inquisitive to know what our business was in their vicinity, and the spirit of investigation led one bold fellow to approach within four feet of the writer's head where he perched and looked at us with a fearless air that was truly admirable. They were busily engaged in feeding and our presence disturbed them only for a few moments when they resumed their own affairs and left us to our observations. The Nuthatches pecked and drummed on the frozen branches, as also did the Chickadees, and I thought there was something of the imitative in their actions as they ran along a limb stopping to peck here or tap there. Sometimes their tappings became so violent that we instinctively turned in the direction of the sound expecting to see the familiar form of the Downy, when a cheery "dee dee" would reassure us that it was none other than *atricapillus*.

As the Nuthatches ran up the boles and out along the limbs, the scratching of their sharp claws could be distinctly heard in the stillness of the morning several feet away, and as I observed their small bodies and peculiar creeping movements I could not help liken-

ing them to the wood mice that run over these same trees.

One fact I have noticed in the association of these birds is, that while several individuals of the Red-breasted species (*Sitta canadensis*) may usually be found consorting with the Chickadees (*Parus atricapillus*), there will rarely be found more than one individual of the White-breasted species (*S. carolineis*) in the company. Possibly this may be accounted for by the rarity of the latter, as it is never so abundant in our latitude as its smaller cousin.

As we lingered in the vicinity there came to us from the direction of the neighboring thicket some cheery little whistled notes which resembled the syllables "whit-whit, whit-whit," and a flock of Goldfinches, eight in number, flock of Goldfinches, eight in number. *Arbor Vitae* or White Cedar (*Thuja occidentalis*).

Our movements startled them when away they flew in a bunch directing their billowy, undulating flight across a small opening and when near the farther side pitched abruptly into a growth of Black Birches and commenced feeding on the large clusters of fruit with which the trees were fairly loaded. As they clung to the twigs, often hanging from the lower side with their breasts uppermost, the bright beams of the morning sun were reflected from their yellow and buff plumage with a golden glittering glow until they resembled little animated balls of gold, thus proving that their name is no misnomer.

There has been such a scarcity of our winter birds both in species and individuals during the season of 1902-3 that we studied even these familiar forms with interest.

My observations on the feeding habits of this species leads me to conclude that of the various kinds of food which are utilized in winter, there is nothing that appeals more to its taste, and to which it will surely return, as the fruit of the Black Birch (*Betula lenta*), and these birds may usually be found in numbers in any locality where this food abounds.

While we watched the Goldfinches a Downy Woodpecker came and rapped on a tree near by, while a Blue Jay screamed from the neighboring hillside, and across the swamp came the

loud, clear, yet plaintive whistle of a Pine Grosbeak.

Our route led up the course of a trout-brook where a flock of Redpolls (*A. linaria*) were discovered, picking from its frozen surface the fallen seeds of the Speckled Alder (*Alnus incana*) that overhung its bank, while a small flock of Kinglets (*Regulus satrapa*) gossiped in their chit-chat way from the recesses of a clump of Balsam Firs that stood on a knoll just back from the brook's margin.

A Northern Shrike (*Lanius borealis*) was seen perched upon the top of a dead tree in the tamarack swamp, and as we observed it, a short dive into a thicket showed that like ourselves it was on the watch for birds; but doubtless our motives were different.

An Artic Three-toed Woodpecker (*Picoides arcticus*) that was discovered hammering away upon a fallen tree was so intent in his efforts to obtain a breakfast that we were able to approach until within about forty feet of him where for several minutes we studied this individual at short range. It was a male of splendid plumage, and the bright saffron crown-patch stood out in striking contrast to the glossy blackness of the head and body.

These handsome birds are quite common in this vicinity from Nov. 15th until about March 1st, and form an interesting feature in our avian life. We also heard the loud rapping of the Hairy Woodpecker (*Dryobates villosus*) but its shyness prevented our getting a view of the bird.

Throughout the walk thus far we had anxiously watched and listened for sight or sound indicative of the presence of that king of northern Picidae, but as yet had received no hint that this forest had ever sheltered him. But as we pushed farther into the heavy timber growth there suddenly rung out upon the frosty air a sound like the stroke of a woodchopper's ax driven poll on to the bole of a tree. The familiar sound was repeated at intervals, and cautiously approaching the spot we were soon enabled to locate the author of it in the presence of a magnificent specimen of the Pileated Woodpecker (*Ceophloeus pileatus*). The bird, which was a male, appeared to be engaged in the business of stripping a dead pine of its bark,

and we reckoned he would soon be out of a job, at least so far as that tree was concerned, if the strips and sheets of bark that covered the snow about the base of the tree afforded any facts that could be used as a basis for our calculations. He would draw back the head to the fullest extent of the long neck and strike several powerful blows with that heavy wedge-shaped bill which usually resulted in a section of bark starting from the wood, when the bill would be inserted in the cavity as a lever, and a good sized portion of the outer covering of the tree would be removed and allowed to fall to the snow below. Sometimes a smaller loosened section would be caught by its edge with the bill and with a sudden, dexterous jerking movement of the head it would be thrown several feet from the tree.

The sharp chisel-shaped bill driven by the powerful muscles of the head and neck form an admirable instrument for drilling into the interior of unsound trees, and many monarchs of the forest growth bear mute testimony to the fact that Pileatus knows how to use the implements of his craft with which nature has provided him.

But the morning hours were waning and slowly we turned our steps homeward. We had communed with Nature and observed how she deals with her dwellers of the field and wood; we had been permitted to approach near to some of her humbler creatures and learn something of their lives; and now we reluctantly bade farewell to these interesting scenes to return to the haunts of man and the busy marts of trade. But the hours we had spent in communion with God's handiwork had done us good, its impress had been left upon our lives, and the duties and cares of the succeeding days weighed less heavily upon our minds because of the stimulus to both the intellectual and spiritual nature acquired during that winter day's walk.

SANFORD RICHIE,  
Piscataquis Co., Dover, Me.

#### "LISTEN TO THE MOCKING BIRD."

(Title of Alice Hawthorne's Song.)

The Mocking bird, which, in extent and variety of vocal powers, stands unrivaled by the feathered songsters

of the world, is peculiar to the Occident; inhabiting considerable area of North and South America, having been traced from New England to southern Brazil. They are, however, much more numerous in our States south than north of the Delaware. Generally migratory north of that beautiful river, and resident, to a great extent, to the south thereof.

Some time ago I noticed a few lines in one of the New England papers seemingly expressing surprise at the fact that a Mocking-bird (one) had been seen as far north as Waterbury, Connecticut, and the lady writer concludes: "I have known of the bird, (mock), nesting near New Haven, but have not heard of its coming as far north as this." i. e., Waterbury, and "I shall watch for its coming next summer." If she does, any where in New England south of the Aroostook, she will find the bird, or, according to Audubon, at least, it ought to be found, mingling, mayhaps in some remote mountain glen, its soulful song with Longfellow's "Sweetly over the village the bell of the Angelus sounds." Even in the land of Evangeline was found this pert, happy bird, so said, at least, in the days of George II, i. e., "The Mocking-bird. The *Mimus polyglottus*, or, as written by Charleton, Ray and Catesby, the Mock-Bird, and by Bonaparte, Mocking-Bird, and passing "critical inspection" by all the worlds best ornithologist, is still, as Audubon says, "accepted king of all Earth's choir," and Willson, "The elfish Mock-er swells:" Every poet who have essayed to convey in words the "emotions felt" have been about as successful as a Master's description of Praxitele's Cnidian Venus. They are all, (or may be), grand, delightful and enchanting,—Enough of this;—"souled emotions" cannot be pictured, cannot be circumferenced with words.

The tradition of the American indigenes, wrapped in the beautiful and sea-shell-sounding language of the Wako, as translated by our Charles Winterfield, fails to give a satisfactory negative from the original, and that is saying a "good deal." Maurice Thompson, naturalist and State Geologist, (Ind.) author of "By Ways and Bird Notes," portrays very powerfully the "song powers" of this "Kikeewee of the Delaware", in his description of

its "Sinking Song". The editor of the Journal may be able to get the book for any one wanting it. The author is now dead. I don't recall the publisher's name. The best of all I have yet seen along the line indicated was written by Richard Henry Wilde, born at Baltimore in 1789, member of Congress from Georgia, held the professorship of law in the University of Louisiana and died at New Orleans in 1847.

He was an extensive European traveller, and while abroad, and doubtless after listening to the nightingale, or "philomene of Sussex", wrote these fourteen lines:

#### "To The Mocking-Bird."

"Wing'd mimic of the woods; thou motley fool,  
Who shall thy gay buffoonery describe?  
Thine ever ready notes of ridicule,  
Pursue thy fellows with jest and gibe:  
Wit, sophist, songster, Yorick of thy tribe.  
Thou sportive satirist of Nature's school;  
To thee the palm of scoffing we ascribe,  
Arch-mocker and mad Abbot of misrule;  
For such thou art by day,—but all night long  
Thou pourest a soft, sweet, pensive, solemn strain,  
As if thou did'st in this thy moonlight song  
Like to the melancholy Jacques complain,  
Musing on falsehood, folly, vice and wrong,  
And singing for thy motley coat again."

I imagine that Mr. Wilde was then longing for his old haunts amid the oleanders of the Mississippi. Be that as it may, he certainly knew America's (ought to be), national bird, which it is de jure.

The Bonaparte mentioned in the former part of this article was Charles Lucian, Prince of Canino, and a brother of the great Napoleon. This Prince Lucian, with the assistance of our fellow-American, J. J. Audubon, (by birth a Frenchman), compiled and wrote the "Geographical and Comparative Ornithology of Europe and North America."

A pretty lengthy title-name for a book, but no more so than that of the

Prince, if you stretch it out. Which has to the world rendered the most loving, and of course the greater, service for humanity,—the brother a naturalist, who dignified the science of Ornithology with his labor, station, fortune and genius, and whose memory is historic, so to speak, in the song of the Mocking-Bird, or the brother, as strategist, whose history is "Waterlood" in the blood of a nation? If the editor will not answer this question, I suggest that you ask Prof. H. C. Wright of Corry, Pa., to do so. He can, if he will, give the answer of a psychologist, and only from that view-point the services indicated can be measured. This bird not north of the Delaware, to sing,

"Until all the air

Is one melody—

All breath takes music on;

And echoes up-bear

The full voiced glee,

Till fainter, more faint, its flood is gone!"

With the editors consent I will suggest that the mocking-bird bears confinement as contentedly (?) as a canar. Needs, (alone), a large cage, easily kept, if cleanly kept, and if a singer, is an early riser, good naturedly, snatchy' "all the day long", (when not moulting), and rings his own curfew, retiring, if out of the moon light, "a yant the twal." However, under these conditions, the bird will not come up to the standard pictured by Mr. Wilde, above cited, and who, aside from that unique ornithological description, embraces much interesting history in those seven couplets, covering at least, in a fragmentary manner, seven centuries, (by suggestion only), of English literature. "Dig it out." To do so will doubtless be more profitable, but not near so entertaining as to "Listen to the Mocking-Brd."

STEPHEN D. PARRISH,  
Richmond, Ky.

#### A PERSISTENT BLACK DUCK.

About a year ago, a female Black duck (*Anas obscura*) was seen at Bert. Packard's, at Williamantic, upper end of Sebec lake. She had seemingly been shot at and had her wing broken. She hung about the shore of the lake and soon joined Mr. Packard's domestic ducks. She fed with them and stayed about all summer,

and wintered with the other ducks.

Early this spring, she went to the shore of the lake and built a nest and having mated with a Pekin drake, she laid five eggs, but the water rose and destroyed her nest. She then went a short distance down the shore, and built another nest which was destroyed by water. Not dismayed she then went to the sidehill overlooking the lake and built a nest in a hole in a stub and has laid seven eggs, which she is now sitting on. Mr. Packard' thinks she mated with a wild drake of her same species before laying her last seven eggs. We shall watch the forthcoming brood with no little interest.

This female duck is so tame that when she is swimming and feeding near the shore of the lake, she will come up to the side of a boat and take food from Mr. Packard's hand.

Mr. Packard has had a pleasant experience with the black ducks for several years back. When the ducks congregate in flocks in the fall, he feeds them near his hotel and soon they become quite tame. Many summer visitors have remarked on his flock of ducks, but as soon as the law is off, and duck shooting begins it is needless to say that the ruthless gunner takes advantage of these birds and in one or two days' shooting kills them off, or drives them away from their old-time feeding grounds.

J. M. S.

#### CAPTURE OF A BALD EAGLE.

The latter part of April some boys, living in Chesterville, near Locks' pond, caught a Bald Eagle in a trap. They took the bird to Mr. Richards the taxidermist in Farmington, to have it mounted. Soon after, they caught the mate, a fine male specimen, which they have alive, keeping it in a cage of wire fencing, in the stable.

The pet crow which we have been watching in Razorville and referred to in the April number, Vol. IV, disappeared very mysteriously, a few weeks since, and Mr. Lessner says he would prefer to have lost his best horse. The crow was so much company to him,



**PET MAGPIES.**

A gentleman in Newport, Me., has a pair of Black-billed magpies, which were sent from Colorado for pets. He has them in his stable in a large cage. It is said they can say some words, but we did not hear them. They make interesting pets; and many people call to see the strange birds from Colorado. Mr. Sanford Richie, one of our members living in Dover, Me., called my attention to these birds.—Ed.

**PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.**

- Am. Ornithology, Vol. III, Nos. 1-2-3-4.
- Am. Botanist, Vol. IV, Nos. 1-2.
- Auk, ol. XX, No. 2.
- Bird-lore, Vol. V, No. 2.
- Bear Hill Advertiser, Vol. I, No. 4.
- Bryologist, Vol. VI, Nos. 2-3.

VI, Vol. IV, No. 1.

- Condor, Vol. V, No. 1.
- Forest and Stream, LVIII, Jan.-May 1st.
- Gamophyllous, Vol. III, Feb.-Mch.
- Me. Sportsman, Vol. X, Mch.-Apr.
- Me. Woods, Northern Sporting Paper, Phillips, Me.
- Mayflower, Vol. I, No. 2-3.
- Nature Study, Vol. III, No. 9-10.
- Oologist, Vol. XX, Feb, Mch, Apr.
- Our Dumb Animals, Vol. XXX, No. 9-10.
- Plymouth Review, weekly, Feb. to May, Plymouth, Mich.
- Philatelic West and Camera News, Vol. XXII, No. 2.
- Portland Daily Advertiser, Feb. to May.
- Plant World, Vol. VI, Nos. 3-4.
- Rhodora, Vol. V, Feb. and May.
- Wilson Bulletin, Vol. X, No. 1.
- West Am. Scientist, Vol. XIV, No. 3.

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The Mound-Building Birds of Australia with photographs from Nature by A. J. Campbell of Melbourne.

The Songs of our Cuckoos, by William Brewster; The Molt of Birds, by Dr. J. Dwight, Jr.; How to Study Birds, by Frank M. Chapman; Bird Migration in the Dry Tortugas, by Dr. Joseph Thompson, U. S. N., and numerous shorter articles.

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With its nearly fifty members scattered throughout the United States and Canada, will, as heretofore, be ready to give advice and information to all bird students who apply for it. The hundreds of Bird-Lore readers who have called on the Council for help will be glad to know that during the year we propose to publish the portraits of its members, making, in fact, an album of prominent American ornithologists.

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THE BIRDS

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# Important Notice

TO MILLINERS AND OTHERS.

Chapter 142, of the Public Laws of 1901, provides as follows, that:

"No person shall, within the state of Maine, kill or catch or have in his or her possession, living or dead, any wild bird, other than a game bird, nor shall purchase, offer or expose for sale, any such wild bird after it has been caught or killed. No part of the plumage, skin or body of any bird protected by this section shall be sold or had in possession for sale. Nor shall any person within the state take or needlessly destroy the nest or the eggs of any wild bird, nor have such nest or eggs in his or her possession. The English or European house sparrow, the common crow, and the hawks and owls are not included among the birds herein protected; for the purposes of this Act, the following only shall be considered as game birds: the anatidæ, commonly known as swans, geese, brant, and river and sea ducks; the rallidæ, commonly known as rails, coots, mud-hens and gallinules; the limicolæ, commonly known as shore birds, plovers, surf-birds, snipe, woodcock, sand-pipers, tattlers and curlews; the gallinæ, commonly known as wild turkeys, grouse, prairie chickens, pheasants, partridges and quails.

Nothing in this section, however, shall be construed to affect in any way the protection of game birds as provided in sections 11 and 13 in the Act hereby amended.

Any person who violates any of the provisions of this section shall be guilty of a misdemeanor, and when convicted therefor, shall be fined five dollars for each offense, and an additional five dollars for each bird living or dead, or part of bird, or nest or eggs possessed in violation of this section, or to imprisonment for ten days, or both, in the discretion of the Court."

(Note. The only birds, other than game birds, not protected are CROWS, HAWKS, OWLS and English Sparrows.)

It is the purpose of the Commissioners of Inland Fisheries and Game to see that this law is strictly enforced. Attention is called at this time to that part of the law prohibiting the selling, offering for sale, or having in possession, any dead bird or part thereof.

L. T. CARLETON.

H. O. STANLEY.

E. E. RING.

Commissioners of Inland Fisheries and Game.







*James Carroll Mead*

Ex. Pres. Maine Ornithological Society.

The Journal of  
*The Maine Ornithological Society,*

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Eighth annual meeting to be held the Friday and Saturday following Thanksgiving, 1903, at Bangor, Me.

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Entered as second class mail matter at Fairfield, Me.

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**Editorial Chat.**

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Again we must apologize to our subscribers for being late with this issue. There are several reasons for this delay. Several of our members who planned to have papers for this issue were prevented from sending them.

One paper we counted on most was a paper Capt. Spinney had in preparation, but the Capt. was appointed 1st keeper of the Seguin Light, thus making it with his extra work, impossible for him to complete it. Most of our members were so busy that they found it impossible to attend the summer meeting or send any papers to be read at the meeting. We expect to have material of interest for our October issue to make up for this number, also to make arrangements whereby we can get our Journal out on time in the coming year. On account of sickness in the family, and a change in business, your editor had to break up his home, and being located in different sections, it has made it difficult to get the Journal out on time. Then too, so many changes have been made in the printing house where the Journal is printed, has made it bad for us. But we hope we are getting settled down to business and our Journal will be improved as we would like to see it.

—O—

Several of our subscribers have asked for back numbers of the Journal. We wish to here apologize for our delay in getting them forward to them. On account of the above stated reasons we have not been able to get them forward on time, but we hope to be able to do so very soon now. Enough of the back numbers were saved from the fire, we think, to fill all orders that are in and we will send

them out, as soon as possible. We regret this delay and hope the future orders may be more promptly attended to.

—o—

The last of June, just as your editor had his goods packed, about to move and get settled again, we were visited by fire, nearly everything being destroyed either by fire or water. Nearly all of our books and papers as well as our birds and other natural history specimens were destroyed. These collections represented a life-work and many of the rarer specimens will probably never be duplicated.

—o—

Meadowlarks seem to be on the increase, we have observed them in several localities new to us, as well as in the old ones where we have observed them in the past few years. Several pairs were seen about Farmington, along the Sandy river valley. One pair at Phillips, in the same valley, and those before mentioned at Rangeley. Then further up the Kennebec river valley, several pairs at Anson and up as far as Bingham. They seem to be quite common about Skowhegan, Madison and the smaller towns surrounding the above.

—o—

In May as we were driving from Augusta to Whitefield, when we were just out past the National Home for Disabled Volunteer Soldiers at Togus, we were greeted with a call that was familiar to us, having heard it in Deering, in the outskirts of Portland. It proved to be a pair of towhee or chewink. With our glass we watched them for some time. No opportunity was afforded to look for them later, but we presume they may have nested in the vicinity.

—o—

Our summer meeting was a success for the botanists, and greatly enjoyed

by the few of our members who were able to be in attendance. We were given a very pleasant reception on Monday evening, at the Public Library by the citizens of Skowhegan. Naturally more attention was given to plant life than to the birds, as there was a good representation of the botanists. We were favored with good weather and all seemed to enjoy the daily excursions.

—o—

#### LAWN PROTECTORS.

In my paper *The Economic Value of Birds*, which was read at our summer meeting at Skowhegan, I mentioned the robins protecting the lawns, as I had observed them in quantities on the college campus at Waterville and elsewhere. I have made other observations that have interested me very much. In every city and town I visit on my territory, I always notice the robins busily searching the lawns for the grubs and cut-worms, also the quantities of earth-worms that infest the lawns and terraces everywhere. It would seem that the robins are more numerous this season than usual. Many people have remarked on the larger numbers, they have observed this season. Robins must be more numerous or the people are getting to observe the birds more carefully. They also observe that they are larger and more plump this season than usual.

I have been very much interested in a colony of robins that I have observed on the extensive grounds which surround the Rangeley Lake House at Rangeley. Every other Tuesday I have arrived on the afternoon train, too late to observe the bird life, but I usually arise early, about as early as the birds are astir, and seated on the veranda I have watched the birds busily ridding the grounds of insect

pests, and worms that are so destructive to lawns. There are usually from twelve to fifteen robins scattered about the grounds and each one seems to vie with the others to see which can get the most worms in the morning hours, before the people of the house are astir. Several of these birds at least were nesting near the hotel. One pair had a nest just back of the hotel near the shore of the lake and while the young were clamoring for food the parents would resort to the lawn and gather food then fly over the top of the hotel to the nest. There seemed to be one pair more fearless than the others which seemed always to feed nearer the house, usually but a few feet from the drive-way or main entrance to the house, and I believe it to be always the same pair of birds. You have, no doubt, watched the robins feeding on a lawn. We see them hopping along or running for a short distance, crouch and listen or standing erect, canting its head to one side and listen intently, then dart ahead a few feet and thrusting its bill into the ground, grasp an earth-worm and tug away jerking its head until it succeeds in pulling out a big fat one, which it straightway proceeds to devour. Then the same process is resorted to again. Were it not for the robins our lawns would be almost if not totally ruined by these pests.

Many pleasant mornings have I spent watching the birds busily getting their morning meal. Then too, there are always other birds to attract one's attention as we are seated on the hotel veranda at Rangeley. Chipping sparrows may be seen sporting on the lawn and the song of the song sparrow is ever in evidence. Then too, comes from the shore of the lake down by the boat-house, from out the thick bushes and weeds, the cheery little call who-are-you! from

the alder flycatcher, mingled with the calls of the blackbirds. There are red-wings and bronzed grackles galore. As we look farther away, down toward the golf links we see flocks of these bronzed grackles, and individuals scattered here and there feeding on worms and insects on the lawns just as we see the robins, each very busy running here and there gleaning their morning meal, while the red-wings are catching water-bugs along the reedy shore, hopping from stick to stub, uttering their melodious calls, kong-quer-ee-e, the last syllable being usually long-drawn. High over head flaps their cousin the crow, twisting his head to one side and the other, uttering his call, which says to those below, "all is well," and passing on up the lake to Oquossoc and other parts of the wilderness to see if the country is safe.

Once while in the place I heard the pleasing whistle of the meadow lark and caught sight of two others below while on the little train as they got up from the grass and scaled and fluttered along over the top of the grass. Each trip as I leave the lakes I hear the song of the Swainson's thrush, on either side of the railroad which seems to be much the commonest thrush in that region. In whatever town one goes through whether large or small, near the coast or way back in the interior, we always find the robins helping to rid our lawns of pests. But it is not so common to find the colonies of grackles feeding on the lawns. I have observed them, however, in considerable quantities on the grounds about the University of Maine at Orono, where they rest in the spring-time in the coniferous trees scattered about the grounds.

J. M. S.

## CONCERNING THE ROSE-BREASTED GROSBEAK.

Like many of our song birds the rose-breasted grosbeak came early to the woods around Pittsfield this spring, and in much greater numbers than usual. So numerous were they that many of the school children, attracted either by the peculiar marking of its plumage or by its sweet song, brought me more or less accurate description for identification.

Very few seemed to be acquainted with the bird, but their enthusiasm was soon aroused sufficiently to incite them to tramp across the fields in the early morning to a neighboring grove and sit for an hour waiting that they might catch a glimpse of the singer or a note of its song.

A student of nature study, if he is truly interested, soon learns that he must wait for the beautiful things to come to him and when they come, finds himself far better prepared to receive them because of an hour's communion with the restless green of the wood and placid blue of the sky.

The frequent visits of the grosbeaks to a nearby grove call to my mind forceably the days when I first made its acquaintance.

Early one bright June morning my brother and I started to row slowly up the Sabasticook for no other reason than to hear the woodlands resound with the voices of many birds and to learn which of the favorites had returned to their familiar haunts. It was a still morning—the surface of the lake was as placid as a mirror and no leaflet stirred.

Suddenly we stopped rowing and I was directed to listen; I was soon able to pick out a new strange song among the many voices. When it was clearly and distinctly heard we rowed near enough to the shore to distinguish the

singer. "That," said my brother in reply to my question, "is the rose-breasted song grosbeak, the sweetest singer of the Maine woods."

By that name we afterward called it and I knew that a very dear acquaintance had been made.

When returning from school, one night in early June, I was called into a neighbor's house to see one of these birds that had been found fluttering beside the road with a broken wing. The bird uttered frequent distressed cries, the gentleman said, until it was captured and its broken wing bound in place by a slender cord. It remained in the cage, evidently well contented, but repaid its benefactors by no real song but by a melodious note which it uttered frequently. It displayed a relish for such food as was provided for it, showing preference for apples and crackers, though it ate readily almost anything from the table. It enjoyed cool fresh water and would bathe in a helpless sort of way but with evident satisfaction. When strangers came to see it, it showed no sign of fear unless one attempted to touch its cage. It ate readily from the hand of the lady of the house, who spent much time with it as she was an invalid; It seemed to appreciate any care its broken wing received.

Its low note was uttered when the organ was played and apparently the music was much enjoyed.

It had been in captivity perhaps three weeks and its wing seemed to be healing well when, one day, its usual note ended with a pathetic, plaintive little wail and the sweetest singer of the Maine woods lay on the bottom of its cage, dead.

The marks on its body told no tale and we shall never know whether it died from the effects of its wounds or whether shut away from its wild free woodland life, crippled from ever

mounting on swift wing the deep blue azure or returning to its mate and young, uttering its note of sorrow it died of a broken heart

ETHEL B. MORRELL.

(We quote the following from Miss Morrell's letter: "Our line of birches above the house was alive with bright wings and songs." \* \* \* "The crows have been condemned recently for robbing our orchard. I went up to day in order to deal justly with them if possible, and I found pearings beneath the trees but no apples. I am going to free the crows from blame, as I think they do not carry jack-knives." There is often-times, really a difference between fact and fancy.—Ed.)

#### CAPTURE OF A GOLDEN EAGLE.

We went hunting on the upper waters of the North branch of the Dead River and just following the first light snow of November, '99, we had secured an exceptionally fine buck nearly at the top of Wyman's Mt., and as the snow was not deep enough to drag him down at that time, we hung him up in a tree to wait a further fall, tying a handkerchief on one of his horns to keep the foxes from harming him.

The top of Wyman's Mt. is bare ledge from the fissures of which here and there protrude the gaunt skeletons of dead spruces, while just below the bare ledges of heavy coniferous growth encircles the peak. It was just at the upper edge of this growth that we hung the buck and four or five days later we made a trip up there to see that he was all right and found such an immense quantity of fox tracks about the cleanings which were partly eaten, that we determined to try for one. A trip of 18-miles was necessary to secure traps, and we set four in favorite positions before night.

Visiting the traps two days afterwards we found that we had been successful in our efforts as a fine fox had been caught in the trap that was set in the middle of the old lumber road just above the cleanings, but something had killed the fox after a terrific struggle and left him terribly mangled.

The ground for a distance covered by the circumference of the circle, using the pin of the trap as a center had been swept perfectly clean of snow, leaves, chips and every particle of movable debris, and the destroyer of the fox had left absolutely no trace of his identity. The frozen ground was torn up in places and the fox had put up a good fight and died game. We found him in the attitude which is truthfully represented by Mr. Gifford in the most excellent group he made of them from my description, and our curiosity was so aroused that we made up our minds to take advantage of the well known habit of wild animals to return to feed upon the carcass of their prey. Consequently after first staking the body of the fox to the ground, we set all sorts of traps around it and awaited results. For a week or ten days nothing turned up, although we visited the trap every day, then came a second snow, a heavy driving northeasterly storm. The morning following we again visited the trap and there to our surprise we found a golden eagle securely caught by one foot. He was nearly dead from prolonged exposure, when we found him,—therefore we attempted to take him from the trap alive, having in mind presenting him to some zoological garden, but even in this condition there was sufficient fight left in him to make it extremely interesting for us,—therefore, there was nothing left for us to do but to kill him, which we did, and after taking careful observation of

the ground and surroundings and carefully preserving the carcass of the fox we carried them to camp to send them to a taxidermist for mounting later on.

We found that the eagle measured 7 feet, 1 inch from tip to tip and weighed 52 pounds and a half. His talons measured  $8\frac{1}{2}$  inches in length from the main claw to the back claw and spread 6 inches. He was in full winter plumage and in magnificent physical condition, and I prize the group as one of the choicest specimens in my large collection.

ARTHUR I. NASH.

#### A LOVE STORY OF BIRDLAND.

When other swallows had assumed the joys and responsibilities of house-keeping my hero alone was mateless. Mateless because the lady of his enoice had yielded to the endearments of one larger and stronger than himself, though none the less beautiful or affectionate, and with his aid begun the structure of her nest upon a rafter of the hennery.

In vain he sat upon a nearby projection and chattered to her of love or displayed to the best advantage his little form and brilliant colors while flying around her in graceful circles: content with her partner's love and busy with household preparations, she viewed him with indifference. Not so her mate. Every insult that his mind could conceive or his superior strength inflict he heaped upon his rival who returned again and again to renew his courtship with the courage of despair.

His beautiful coat became a ruffled mass of feathers, his head was covered with unhealed wounds and he seemed to have reached the acme of unhappiness.

One evening he watched the old hen covering her downy brood and a great

longing took possession of him to rest near her great, loving heart and he escaped from his tormentor to the shelter of her wing.

There he was found at daybreak all unmindful of his wounds and broken limb and poor little broken heart that had ceased to beat.

HATTIE WASHBURN,

Goodwin, S. D.

#### BIRDS IN THE VICINITY OF PORTLAND.

Having lived for quite a number of seasons in a summer cottage near the woods and fields of Cape Elizabeth, I have used the opportunity thus afforded to spend an hour or two each pleasant morning, especially during the migrations and nesting periods, with the birds which are here found in great variety, and have from time to time extended my observations to the other towns around Portland. The Cape furnishes most of the conditions which attract birds, deep woods, wet swamps, scrubby pastures, broad meadows and wooded farmland, while not far away is the sea washing up on sandy beaches, backed by salt marshes. Herring gulls fly all winter up and down the harbor and crows are constantly seen in cold weather not far from the coast. Chickadees, tree sparrows, golden-crowned kinglets and downy woodpeckers are winter residents along the shore in pine groves.

Bluebirds have been seen everywhere hereabouts this summer in greater numbers than usual, the same as reported from other parts of the state. The junco is seen in great flocks early in March and for several weeks thereafter. A few are said to nest on the islands of Casco bay, but I have not seen them. This spring after the 14th of March, the fox sparrows



were here in flocks of fifty individuals or more and it was as late as the 18th of April before they were all gone, for on that day I saw two stragglers. A small flock of red-winged blackbirds was seen on the 18th of March. These birds nest in considerable numbers at Great pond, near the Two Lights, and a few pairs have been seen nearer Portland and on the islands. Blue jays are summer residents, though in no great numbers. The pine warbler was seen April 5 and during the summer has been quite plentiful. Early in April great flocks of bronzed grackles filled the trees and rusty blackbirds in considerable numbers were noted later. For some years the meadowlark has been rare in these parts, but this season has been observed in several nearby localities. April 19 at Westbrook on a visit to Mr. Norton, I saw the loggerhead shrike, brown creeper, ruffed grouse, tree swallow, and vesper sparrow. The yellow palm warbler was seen April 21, not very early to be sure, but after that they were fairly plentiful. Myrtle warblers, in splendid plumage, were seen in sparing numbers. Field sparrows came early and have been very common during the nesting season. Quite a number of yellow-bellied sapsuckers were observed about April 22, though they have not been observed since.

In April a pair of sparrow hawks was seen morning after morning, sitting on the same tree, so close together that they were in actual contact. I resolved to seek out their nest when they should build it, but the female (I think) one day flew down to a neighboring farmyard after a chicken and broke her neck against the fine wire that surrounded the coop. The other bird has been living here ever since, and I see him frequently sitting alone in a tree near the

meadow where he gets the most of his food. May 25 I saw a white-breasted nuthatch, the first one that had ever come under my observation, though the red-breasted nuthatch has always been fairly common here. Last year a pair of the red-breasts nested at the Cape, and I frequently watched the birds coming and going and feeding their young. This year the tree which contained the nest blew down and the birds found another habitation nearby, though I have not found the exact place; but they have been there all summer, and now have a family of young birds.

Several black-throated blue warblers were seen on the migration. The northern parula warbler was fairly plentiful this year, and I presume is nesting, as usual at Cliff island, Nashville warblers have been quite frequently seen in the Cape woods, and the chestnut-sided warblers have been almost the most plentiful warbler in this vicinity. A few blue-headed vireos were seen on the 9th of May and succeeding week. Three or four chewinks were observed about the 20th of May. They have nested in this vicinity in years past, but this year were absent from the accustomed places. Perhaps they gave up their lives to enrich the cabinet of some collector, for I have heard that several were shot for this purpose. The Blackburnian warbler was first seen May 25, and since then I have noted one at South Windham and (I think) one at Little Whaleboat island. At this island I saw a yellow-billed cuckoo, the first of that species observed in this immediate vicinity. I wonder if anybody has noticed the comparatively scarcity of the black-billed cuckoo this year. There are few caterpillars here to attract this bird into the orchards near the houses, though I have heard of several cuc-

koos within the city limits, where the trees are infested with some sort of a moth which they doubtless find acceptable food. The white-crowned sparrows were unusually plentiful this year, being seen May 22 and the following week. Purple martins are to be found in several localities. At Scarboro the owner of a martin house told me that he had a large colony the first of the season, but most of the birds died during the three weeks of very rainy weather which came after the long drouth early in the summer. Olive-sided flycatchers have been here all summer, at least five pairs having been noted. The colony of black-crowned night herons at Falmouth Foreside was visited in June when the young birds were fully grown. Here they live in security, as the owner does not allow a gunner on his grounds. Now that the shooting season for snipe, sandpipers and plovers is begun the great Scarboro marshes furnish fine opportunity for bird study, as well as the adjoining flats and sea beach at Pine Point, where several kinds of gulls, terns, ducks in great variety, grebes and other sea fowl congregate on their southern journey.

W. H. BROWNSON.

Portland, Aug. 20, 1903.

(Note—The black-billed cuckoo seems to be very rare in many parts of the state, so far as I have observed. Have also inquired of several of our members and other observers and all report a scarcity of cuckoos. I think that the scarcity is due, as Mr. Brownson's remark above suggests, to the scarcity of caterpillars. Very few tent caterpillars and other varieties are seen this summer. Even the orchardists report there are no railroad worms working the fruit this season. I have only observed three cuckoos. Others I have talked with report one

or two still others say they have not seen a cuckoo.—Ed.)

#### THE RING PLOVER.

In rhymth, with the rippling wavelet,  
They flit along the tide-wet sand.  
Leaving trail of webbed foot-prints;  
Far out on the glittering strand.

In rhymth, with the foaming billow  
Amid sound of ocean's roar;  
Seeking nest among the sea-weed,  
Among drift-waste on rocky shore.

At home, with the ebbing waters,  
'Mid the breakers they feed afar,  
'Long dripping rocks, when tides  
run low  
Along the shoal, and gleaming bar.

At home, with the white-capped wa-  
ters,  
When the wild-waves fret and cling  
'Round ragged reefs, when tides run  
high—

Braving the storms, on tireless wing.

ALICE B. WAITE.

South Lyme, Ct.

#### A NEIGHBORLY PARTRIDGE.

One day last February I was sitting by my window about five o'clock in the afternoon, when I saw a Ruffed Grouse, commonly called Partridge, alight a few feet from my house and begin to pick the rose buds that were plenty on the bushes along the side of the road that runs in front of my house. I called my wife and together we watched the little fellow perhaps twenty minutes industriously getting his supper. As the shadows lengthened he began to get uneasy and presently flew away. The next evening my wife thought she would watch and see if he would come again. In a little while she was rewarded by

seeing him come walking across the road from the woods on the other side, walk to the same bushes that furnished him a supper the previous evening but not finding as many buds as he wanted he crossed the road, coming under the window where my wife sat, picked up some crumbs that had been thrown out for some little birds, then walked around the house to where a poultry yard was fenced in with poultry wire, he began to walk close to the fence back and forth seemingly hunting for a place to get through the fence. He would poke his head through the wire trying to get through to some rose-bushes in the yard. Tracks of a Ruffed Grouse had been seen in the yard some days before. There was a hole in the fence where he probably got through but the snow had drifted over it. After trying ineffectively to find his way through, just as the dusk deepened he flew away. Our curiosity was aroused and now we watched with renewed interest to see if our little friend would come back again. He came just the same way, alighting on the opposite side of the road, walking across, picking up scattered crumbs and grain beside the fence. One evening he was within two feet of the door-steps, he began to ruffle up and make that noise, a kind of cluck when startled. On looking to see the cause, creeping upon him was a large cat, but after finding he could not frighten the cat by his brustling and clucking he flew away.. What was our surprise the next evening to see Mr. Grouse walk serenely across the road with three companions following in his rear, till they reached his favorite feeding ground of rose buds and crumbs. From some cause they did not come back again, perhaps on account of a thaw which took place at that time. GEO. E. CUSHMAN.

Cape Elizabeth, Me.

PROTECT THE BIRDS.

Hattie Washburn.

The great good Giver not only gave  
Boundless tracts of fertile soil,  
But a vast army to guard their fields  
To the patient sons of toil.

The loved army of the feathered tribe,  
Who ere day his course has run,  
Are singing their wild songs of  
triumph.  
Of victories nobly won.

The victories o'er the insect foe  
That if by the birds unsought,  
Would vanquish all and vilely perish  
'Mid the ruin they had wrought.

Growing crops and forest trees would  
die,  
The orchards forget to bloom.  
And the reptile, the dumb brute and  
man  
All would find a common tomo.

What if they take portions of our  
fruit?  
Their slight needs must be supplied,  
Every great and prosperous nation  
For it's army must provide.

More to mankind than Thermopylae,  
Hastings, Yorktown, Waterloo,  
mean the well fought and endless  
battles  
That the birds each morn renew.

Yet man is oft their most dreaded foe,  
Stern, unmerciful; and why?  
To satisfy a barbaric lust,  
A lust to see creatures die.  
I would form an army of all mankind  
And on the emblem write these  
words  
O'er a field white as angel's robes, as  
pure  
As my purpose, "Protect the Birds."

INTERRUPTED OBSERVATIONS  
ON A BROOD OF  
GOLDFINCHES.

Arthur H. Norton.

During the winter of 1901-1902 Goldfinches were constant visitors to our garden and larch trees by the kitchen window, feeding upon the sunflower heads—left for such birds as should choose to feed upon them—and the larch cones, together with the seeds of any weed that could be found protruding through the snow.

But with the failure of this supply, they disappeared. May 19, 1902, a male was heard singing about the grounds and from this time forward they were nearly always about.

Late in July the singing became more conspicuous, especially in a particular section of the yard.

On the fourth of August, a male in an ecstasy of song was observed to leave a particular tree in this quarter and investigation showed that he had flown from the vicinity of a nest containing three eggs.

August 5, incubation was begun by the female. Unfortunately the eggs were not counted.

Throughout this period we never saw her mate relieve her.

August 16, just eleven days, two young were hatched and three eggs remained. The mother was now very tame, a fact that proved very convenient for close observation.

On the 18th two eggs remained, and on the 20th there was one. This did not hatch.

Thus the brood of four were hatched, August 16th, two; August 17th, one, and August 19th, one. The brood received the tenderest care from the mother, who after feeding them and cleaning the nest, would brood

them for a short period before going for more food.

This continued for less than a week, when they had become strong enough to move freely in the nest, and then began casting the excrement over its edge. This usually caught upon the woolly matter of the outer wall and remained there, and in a short time the nest had lost its neat appearance and became offensive to the sight.

This has been characteristic of all the nests of this species which have come to my notice. It seems due to the fact that the young are fed abundantly, at long intervals, and the evacuation of the refuse must frequently be performed during the absence of the mother.

August 20, in attempting to photograph the nest with its contents, I remained upon a stepladder within a few feet of it nearly half an hour. As the apparatus was arranged the mother was frightened from the nest. At her call of alarm the male came to a nearby tree, and perching upon its topmost branches, frequently uttered its well known call of distress or apprehension. Soon the female came to the opposite side of the nesting tree, and with frequent calls approached cautiously, and slowly to the edge of the nest, where she proceeded to feed her young. Every movement was perfectly visible to me. First one, then the next and so on around the nest, and then again the first, and around again; not one mouthful but several, until each in turn was satisfied and stopped opening its mouth. They were clearly fed by regurgitation.

As the mother approached, nothing was to be seen in her closed bill, but as she fed her brood the white, pulpy looking matter was seen to flow from her throat and as she worked it forward with her tongue it was placed in the gaping mouths of the young brood.

When all seemed satisfied she remained waiting upon the edge of the nest and as one moved she looked intently, then cleaned the nest, carrying the excretion away.

Absence interfered with further observations at this interesting period, and the one favorable to close observation.

These callow babes now required the mother's constant care, but in a few days when they were clothed with their own feathers, and gifted with strength, her attention perhaps was not diminished, but certainly it was directed in other channels, for we saw but little of her about the nest except at night.

On the 26th, the apparatus was again adjusted, (a slow process,) and followed by a wait of nearly an hour, but the mother did not appear. A young bird stood on tottering legs, shook its heavy feathered wings, preened its scanty plumage and after its toilet was complete, settled for a nap or rest.

Then another repeated the operation and the stir seemed endless. That night the mother was at her post brooding her flock.

August 31, the apparatus was again adjusted and a position near the nest taken. The three young (one having died in an accident the twentieth) were attractive looking little birds. All were now disturbed by the strange objects so near them, but they soon became reassured and behaved naturally.

One was a runt and remained quiet in its nest, perhaps thankful for the room it now enjoyed. Another was a precocious youngster, in its well fitting and becoming suit of mesopitiles\*, and climbed out on the branch, then up on the twigs above the nest. The third was so well behaved that it at-

tracted little attention, as it stood up in the nest or on its edge.

The mother did not come but by and by a flash of gold in a nearby tree, and no doubt a low note inaudible to my ear, animated the little family. In an instant the precocious one had stretched his wings and launched out with a cry of freedom. This must have been inspiring for away went his nest-mate in another direction, leaving the little runt in full possession of the nest.

But the inexperienced wings were unequal to the precocious ambition and he fell to the ground in the adjoining orchard. His sister (?), with better judgment, stopped in the further branches of the nest tree.

Approaching the fallen youngster, he looked upon me with his bright eyes, but essayed not another flight.

Hopping along came a great flabby toad. Here was an experiment not to be interrupted nor neglected, so taking a position behind the toad I had the satisfaction of seeing it moving straight at the bird. Now it was one jump away. Neither showed any interest in the other, but hop—and the awkward creature bumped against the little bird, with absolute indifference. The frightened bird dashed away but stopped in the garden, and clung to a leaf of corn.

Then the young adventurer was returned to its nest where it seemed contented until its gay father came to an adjacent tree and the little thing flew to join him.

September 1, the little runt remained in the nest but the stronger brethren had disappeared. It was pleasing to find that its mother came and brooded it at night.

September 2. An empty nest.

\*Mesopitiles—feathers of the juvenal plumage—ie true feathers between the natal down and first winter plumage.

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The Mound-Building Birds of Australia with photographs from Nature by A. J. Campbell of Melbourne.

The Songs of our Cuckoos, by William Brewster; The Moulting of Birds, by Dr. J. Dwight, Jr.; How to Study Birds, by Frank M. Chapman; Bird Migration in the Dry Tortugas, by Dr. Joseph Thompson, U. S. N., and numerous shorter articles.

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GOLDEN EAGLE.





THE BIRDS

THE BIRDS

# Important Notice

TO MILLINERS AND OTHERS.

Chapter 142, of the Public Laws of 1901, provides as follows, that:

"No person shall, within the state of Maine, kill or catch or have in his or her possession, living or dead, any wild bird, other than a game bird, nor shall purchase, offer or expose for sale, any such wild bird after it has been caught or killed. No part of the plumage, skin or body of any bird protected by this section shall be sold or had in possession for sale. Nor shall any person within the state take or needlessly destroy the nest or the eggs of any wild bird, nor have such nest or eggs in his or her possession. The English or European house sparrow, the common crow, and the hawks and owls are not included among the birds herein protected; for the purposes of this Act, the following only shall be considered as game birds: the anatidæ, commonly known as swans, geese, brant, and river and sea ducks; the rallidæ, commonly known as rails, coots, mud-hens and gallinules; the limicolæ, commonly known as shore birds, plovers, surf-birds, snipe, woodcock, sand-pipers, tatlars and curlews; the gallinæ, commonly known as wild turkeys, grouse, prairie chickens, pheasants, partridges and quails.

Nothing in this section, however, shall be construed to affect in any way the protection of game birds as provided in sections 11 and 13 in the Act hereby amended.

Any person who violates any of the provisions of this section shall be guilty of a misdemeanor, and when convicted therefor, shall be fined five dollars for each offense, and an additional five dollars for each bird living or dead, or part of bird, or nest or eggs possessed in violation of this section, or to imprisonment for ten days, or both, in the discretion of the Court."

(Note. The only birds, other than game birds, not protected are CROWS, HAWKS, OWLS and English Sparrows.)

It is the purpose of the Commissioners of Inland Fisheries and Game to see that this law is strictly enforced. Attention is called at this time to that part of the law prohibiting the selling, offering for sale, or having in possession, any dead bird or part thereof.

L. T. CARLETON,  
H. O. STANLEY,  
E. E. RING,

Commissioners of Inland Fisheries and Game.

The Journal of  
*The Maine Ornithological Society.*

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Eighth annual meeting to be held the Friday and Saturday following Thanksgiving, 1903, at Gardiner, Me.

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Editorial Chat.

Owing to a typographical error, in the article on "The Capture of a Golden Eagle," in the July number, the weight of Mr. Nash's eagle was given as 52½ pounds. This would be a very

large eagle. I at once wrote Mr. Nash for the exact weight of the bird, but owing to an extended trip South, I was not able to get the exact weight. Twelve to fifteen pounds would, we believe, be a heavy eagle.

We are pleased to announce that we are beginning a paper on the finches, by Mr. Arthur H. Norton, in this issue.

Mr. Norton, it is well known is an authority on this interesting family, having devoted a great deal of time to the study of these birds. We feel certain that our readers will hail this first paper with pleasure, and be anxious to have the succeeding papers which will be continued in Vol. VI.

Bro. Mead reports, under date, Oct. 18.—"Large flocks of pine siskins here at No. Bridgton. The first I have seen since 1878."

NOTICE.

The eight annual meeting of the Maine Ornithological Society will be held in Gardiner, (not Bangor as previously arranged) on Friday and Saturday following Thanksgiving. The meeting will be called to order in room 1 of the High School, at 1.30. The Friday afternoon meeting will be devoted to the business of the society. Friday evening, there will be a lecture to which the public is cordially invited. Saturday forenoon will be devoted to

reception of scientific papers and the meeting will be open to the public. The Gardiner members will entertain all visiting members who will send their names to Wm. L. Powers, 18 Pleasant St., one week in advance of the meeting. Members should strive to reach Gardiner Friday forenoon and to remain until Saturday afternoon. It is earnestly hoped that every member will prepare a paper for this meeting and thereby insure the success of the journal for another year. The Maine Central will offer the usual reduction in fares to members.

WM. L. POWERS, Secy.

Gardiner, Oct. 25, 1903.

#### NOTES ON THE FINCHES FOUND IN MAINE.

Arthur H. Norton.

These notes were primarily intended to present certain unrecorded occurrences of the rarer species and subspecies, and a number of observations upon a group of birds that has been of much interest to the author.

Especially to be mentioned in harmony with this design, are the genera *Acanthis*, *Calcarius*, *Ammodramus*, and *Melospiza*, among which a number of new state records are to be presented; some observations upon the spring movements of the sharptails (*Ammodramus*) will also be reported, together with observations upon these birds, later than those published in the proceedings of the Portland Society of Natural History in 1897.

While thus engaged, it was thought that it would prove a convenience to bring up to date the several changes in nomenclature affecting the Maine species, that have been adopted by the committee of the American Ornithologists' Union, since the publication of the second edition of their checklist of North American Birds, in 1895; especi-

ally so, as a number of these changes have taken place since the publication of the "Birds of Maine" by O. W. Knight in 1897. Having gone thus far, it was decided to mention all of the Maine finches together with annotations.

*Hesperiphona vespertina* (W. Cooper)—Evening Grosbeak. During the winter of 1889-90, an eastern movement of these birds of considerable magnitude took place during which several appeared in Maine. A male was taken on Bates College campus, Lewiston, Jan. 10, 1890 and is now in the collection of Prof. J. Y. Stanton of that institution. This was recorded by Mr. Herbert E. Walter in 1891. (Walter, Bds. of *Androscooggin Co.* in *Hist. And. Co.*, p. 14; also issued separately). An adult male was seen at Orono, Me., Feb. 28, 1890 by Robert H. Fernald and recorded by him: (*Fernald Orn. & Ool.* Vol. 13 No. 3, p. 46, Mch. 1890). This probably is the first record published.

Two were seen at Bangor, March 18 1890, one was taken, the other escaped. These were reported by Geo. P. Shepherd. (*Shepherd Ool.* May, 1890, p. 86). Mr. Ora W. Knight records two others, one taken at Fryeburg and mounted by Mr. J. Waldo Nash of Norway. The other taken at Brewer and seen by the late S. L. Crosby, (*Knight, Bds. of Me.*, p. 89-90, 1897.)

*Pinicola enucleator leucura* (Miller)—Pine Grosbeak. Irregularly abundant throughout the state in winter, and probably a regular winter visitant in the northern, eastern, and mountainous sections.

Its status as a rare summer resident is well attested. In 1838 Audubon asserted that he had "Ascertained it to be a constant resident in the State of Maine." (*Orn. Biog.* IV 414). In 1878 Mr. Wm. Brewster described the juvenal plumage of the male from a specimen taken at Upton, Me., Aug. 27,



1874. (Brewster, Bull, Nutt, Orn, Club III, 16). Mr. O. W. Knight has also produced two statements of its occurrence in summer. (Knight, Bds. of Me, p. 90). In the vicinity of Portland, where it does not occur in summer, it has not, so far as I know, been observed earlier than Nov. 5, having thus been reported twice by Mr. N. C. Brown (Brown, Proc., Port. Soc. Nat. Hist. II p. 12, 1882). Its coming is likely, however, to be delayed until the 20th or 25th.

The latest date recorded for the same section is April 18, 1897, on which date it was observed by Mr. Knight and the author at Scarborough (Knight, Me. Sportsman, Sept. 1897, p. 11). They usually are all gone late in March.

These birds like several other boreal and arctic species are occasionally subject to great southward movements upon which occasions their numbers may be so great that they are forced to forage upon weed patches like Snow-flakes and Red-polls. The last of these flights to visit Maine and other New England states, took place during the early winter of 1892-93.

The movements of this great body of birds was traced from Northumberland Strait to the Hudson River, by Mr. Wm. Brewster, who also treated very fully upon their habits, calls and food. (Brewster, Auk. XII p. 245). They are usually very tame, especially the females and young, and may be taken by means of a hair or thread attached to a pole. The adult males are more wary and not so easily taken by this means.

Both Messrs. Smith and Knight in their writings, treat of the birds in captivity. (Smith, Forest & Stream, Jan. 11, 1883, p. 465) (Knight, Auk. XIII 1886, p. 21-24).

I have elsewhere mentioned their habit of feeding along a definite line

(Journal Me. Orn. Soc., I p. 6) and will here add that when a flock or pair of birds is found resorting to a yard or other place, their visits could no doubt be insured until a late date, by supplying grain or hemp seed under their favorite trees.

*Carpodacus purpureus* (Gmel). Purple Finch, Rose Linnet. A resident, probably irregular as such, rare in winter except locally. Abundant in summer and breeding throughout the State. Though it appears in spring as early as March 21, it seems to be irregular in its coming and much oftener appears about April 10.

Indeed it seems probable that these early birds may be ones that have wintered in some secluded place, and come forth as the warming influence of spring revives the energy of all animate things.

As a winter resident in Maine, it seems to have been first reported by Mr. F. T. Jencks, who observed it "Wintering in abundance near the Rangeley Lakes." The fact was published in the Random Notes on Nat. History, 1884, I No. 2 p. 9 et. seq. (Cf. Auk. 1886 III, p. 270). It had, however, been reported a year earlier as wintering in Prince Edwards Island by Mr. Bain. (Bain, Auk. 1885, II, p. 263). In 1888 Mr. John C. Brown discovered it wintering in Portland, and published full accounts of his observations in the Portland Daily Advertiser, for March 20, 1888, and in the Auk. (Brown, Auk, 1888, V. p. 209).

During the winter of 1891-92 it was observed by the author and his brother, wintering in Westbrook and Gorham. A small number of birds, mostly males, were observed on frequent occasions from Dec. 19, 1891 to Feb. 22, 1892, and again on March 21, 1892, when a female was taken. It was also reported to me as occurring at Cape Elizabeth, well into Dec. 1891. Mr.

Knight reports it as rarely wintering in Penobscot Co., and Mr. Wallace Homer as "Resident in mild winters" in Piscataquis Co. (Knight, *Birds of Me.*, p. 91). The early arrivals are partial to the maple groves and woods and their tender songs are often delivered from the topmost twigs of these trees, when the bright plumage of the male is in striking harmony with the gaudy tints of the maples just opening their wealth of flowers.

As a songster it is deservedly a favorite, sending forth its tenderest strains, when the woods are devoid of warmth and summer's music. Later it develops a passionate character, not rare among its allied brethren, and delivers its rich strains while describing extended circles and undulations on the wing.

The nest with us is by choice found in the dense head of a coniferous tree, fir and spruce being the favorites.

At the time of seed scattering, they are often abundant in groves of poplar, where they no doubt are of economic importance. They are very partial to small fruits, the mulberry being a special favorite. By providing one or more of these trees, one would insure the visits of these finches during the summer.

(To be continued.)

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EXTRACTS FROM THE JOURNAL  
OF CAPT. HERBERT L. SPINNEY,  
1ST KEEPER SEGUIN ISLAND  
LIGHT, MAINE.

Editor's Note.—(Having Capt. Spinney's Journal in my possession at the present time, which he has kept from day to day, dating from Sept., 1893 to Sept., 1902, I have made these extracts therefrom, to show the mortality of the birds at this important light station. Although the whole journal of

over fifty pages, teems with notes of much interest, yet are too extensive for publication as a whole.

As the most of us know, Seguin Island is situated at the entrance of the Kennebec river and is one of the most dangerous points to make, for our mariners, on the Atlantic seaboard. The Seguin Island Light is one of the most powerful ones in existence. When we think of Capt. Spinney located on this small island, having charge of this important light, which must be kept in trim at all times, as so many lives are dependent upon this beacon which flashes warning to the navigators who pass in and out the harbor, or pass along the coast to points above, we are apt to wonder how such a man, with all this in charge, finds time or opportunity to pursue his hobby of studying bird life. Yet the perusal of this journal convinces us that a great number of our feathered friends, as well as a great variety of them pass under his observation, and that opportunity comes to him which few of us can boast of. While the Capt. has kept records of the birds as they arrive and pass to the southward in the fall, I have only mentioned his notes regarding the birds that have settled on the light and those which have been killed thereon, together with here and there a note regarding a rare species or some interesting note regarding the life history of some of the birds found there.)

Sept. 19, 1893.—Seventy-five birds killed by flying against the lighthouse lantern. Ovenbirds, sparrows, black-throated blue Md. yellowthroats, parula and pine warblers, and water-thrush."

April 30th.—"Saw red-eyed tow-hee."

June 12th.—"Two leach petrel on light. Also Wilson's thrush."

June 27th.—"Two barn swallows, one leach petrel and one redstart, on light,"  
31st.—"2 semi-palmated sand-pipers on light,"

Sept. 5th.—“One hundred birds killed on light. Mostly Md. yellowthroat, parula and pine warblers, Am. redstart, savanna sparrows and water-thrush. One sora rail. A flock of pigeon hawks followed this flight of birds.”

Sept. 25th.—Brown creeper, white-throated sparrows, yellow-bellied sapsucker, ruby-crowned kinglet, savanna sparrow and vesper sparrow, bluebird pigeon hawk and Am. bittern. One robin on light, first one noticed on glass by keepers for seven years.”

Sept. 27th.—“Myrtle warblers on light.”

May 13, 1895.—Red-headed woodpecker, male bird. First one I ever saw in flesh.”

31st.—“Large flight of birds on the light.”

July 19.—“Black-billed cuckoo on the light.”

20th.—“Leach petrel on light.”

25th.—“Spotted sand-pipers on light. First ever noticed by keepers.”

Aug. 28th.—“Black and white and Md. yellowthroat warblers, ruby-crowned kinglet, linnet and water-thrush, redstart, song sparrows. Young rose-breasted grosbeak killed on light.”

Sept. 6.—“Four red-bellied nuthatch on light.”

Sept. 7.—Savanna sparrow, Md. yellowthroat, and water-thrush on light.”

Sept. 11.—“Forty birds on light. Two-thirds of them savanna sparrows.”

Sept. 13.—“Md. yellowthroat on light.”

Sept. 22.—“Hermit thrush killed on light. Also white-throated and song sparrows on light.”

Mch. 30 1896.—Turtle-dove seen.”

Apr. 8.—Ipswich sparrow, first I ever saw to know.”

May 6, 1896.—Leach petrel on light.”

May 9.—“Two savanna sparrows and Md. yellowthroat on the light.”

May 10.—“Black-throated green warbler on the light.”

May 11.—“Oven-bird, black-throated green warbler and goldfinch on light.”

June 16.—“English sparrow. First one I ever saw south of Bath. I took good care that it did not return.”

Mch. 11, 1897.—“English sparrows. They have located at Popham Beach for the first time. Shall make it hot for them.”

Mch. 23.—12 P. M.—“Four song sparrows on lantern.”

Apr. 7.—“Cloudy and rainy, wind northeast. Two fox sparrows, two juncos and one song sparrow on light.”

Apr. 10.—“Saw blue jay, the first I ever saw on the island.”

Apr. 11.—3 A. M.—“Dark and rainy, wind east. Three juncos, fox and chipping sparrows on lantern. During the day, saw wilson's snipe and northern shrike.”

Apr. 14.—“First redwing blackbird seen on island by me.”

Apr. 20.—“Wind northwest and very cold. Found a barn swallow nearly frozen. When I tried to catch it, it would let me almost put my hand on it when it would fly a short distance and light on the ground with wings extended in a very exhausted manner.”

Apr. 29.—2 A. M.—“Four myrtle warblers and three song sparrows on lantern. When I was going from light to my dwelling, a myrtle warbler flew against the lantern I was carrying in my hand. From that it flew against the side of the woodshed which was painted white, struggling against it as the birds do when on the glass of the light.”

May 1.—3 A. M.—“Wind southeast, cloudy and misty. Black-throated green, yellow palm warblers, rusty

grackles. A dozen sparrows on the lantern. A large number are flying around the rays of the light but do not seem to strike the lantern and kill themselves as they usually do. The ground is a resting place for many, and as I pass along with my lantern, they fly up in all directions."

May 6.—"Wind northeast and very dark. At 2 A. M., about fifty birds on the lantern. Black-throated green, myrtle, yellow palm warblers, Am. redstart, white-throated and song sparrows. They do not appear to be killing themselves as they usually do."

May 9.—"At 1.30 A. M., birds commenced to go on the lantern. The air seems to be full of them, and the ground is also covered with them. They seem to be mostly white-throated sparrows.

About seventy-five birds are on the lantern. One black-throated green, three myrtle, three Md. yellowthroat, three black and white and one parula warbler. The rest are mostly white-throated sparrows. A very few killed themselves."

May 13.—"Saw scarlet tanager."

May 25.—I A. M.—"Wind east and very dark. Twenty-eight birds on the lantern, among them hermit thrush, magnolia, black-capped and black-th. green warblers. Heard a bobolink singing this morn."

May 26.—"Wind east and rainy, 12. 30, A. M. Blackcap and black-th. green warblers on lantern."

May 28.—"Blue jay and bobolink. Twenty-five birds on lantern. Very foggy."

June 3.—"Wind southwest and rainy. At 9 P. M., birds were seen flying around the light, while fifteen are on the lantern. Hermit thrushes, oven birds and water thrushes seem to prevail. A number of yellow throats and yellow-palms were seen, and one phoebe."

June 5.—"Wind northeast and rainy, 12 midnight. A large number of birds

are around the light, and about thirty five are on the lantern. These are mostly pine warblers, with a number of magnolia and blackburnian warblers in immature plumage. A number of yellow-throats were noticed, also hermit thrush and blackcap, and redstart warblers and least fly catchers. A night hawk was seen around the light but did not light on the lantern. A semi-palmated sand-piper flew against the light and was killed."

June 7.—12.30 A. M.—"Wind northeast and foggy. A great many birds are flying around the light, and about sixty on the lantern. The greater number of one species seems to be yellowthroats. There are also ten mourning warblers, pine, magnolia and black-cap warblers. Also oven-birds, water thrushes and hermit thrushes. At 2 A. M., the fog cleared, when most of the birds settled down on the ground. Ten were killed and a number wounded from flying against the glass of the lantern. Later in the day, found enough dead birds to swell the mortality to twenty. Saw a red-headed woodpecker."

July 1.—"Saw leach petrel around the light."

July 8.—"Leach petrel around the light."

July 11.—"Indigo bunting. This bird is very rare in this vicinity."

Aug. 5.—"12.20, A. M. Wind northeast. Very dark and rainy. One cliff-swallow, two water thrushes and a least fly catcher on lantern."

Sept. 2.—"At night, terns were flying over the island, high in air."

Sept. 5.—"Saw red-headed woodpecker."

Sept. 17.—"Although there have been many birds on the island, only one yellowthroat came on the lantern. The wind is southeast, rainy and moderate. During the day, I shot a mocking-bird

(*Mimus polyglottos*) Linn, which proved to be a male bird. It was very wary, and it was with much difficulty that I secured it. It did not show signs of having been caged, although it might have been. About the same date the preceding year, I am positive I saw a bird of the same species fly from the east side of the north cove across to the trees on the west side. I afterwards saw it among the trees, but it eluded all my efforts to capture it, and I did not again see it."

Sept. 20.—"The wind, today, has been southeast and moderate. At 7 P. M., it commenced to rain. Up to this time, no birds had been heard or seen around the light. At 8.40 P. M., came fog and suddenly the air resounded with notes of birds, and they could be seen flying around in the rays of the light. They all seemed to be pine warblers. At 9.25 P. M., the fog cleared and it rained very hard, when the birds all left, but a very few, disappearing as quickly as they came, only two pine warblers came on the lantern."

Sept. 22.—"One pine warbler and one yellowthroat on lantern. Also redstart, and a red-eyed vireo flew against the glass and killed itself."

Sept. 23.—"At 11 P. M., the sparrows with a few hermit thrushes, came on the lantern, remaining till 4 A. M."

Sept. 11—"At 10 P. M., a bird could now and then be seen in the rays of the light. Two pine and one yellowthroat came on the lantern."

Sept. 25—"2 A. M., clear. Birds still on the lantern, no birds flying around light."

Sept. 26—"Wind south-west and south with rain. No birds"

Sept. 28—"Wind to the north-west. No birds."

Oct. 8—"Wind north-east and cloudy all night. Sixty birds came on the lantern, mostly sparrows."

Oct. 17—"The wind blew hard north-east, and also during the night. The morning of the 18th the small birds began to fly in from sea. The most of them were juncos, sparrows, some snowflakes, one horned lark, and hermit thrush and a shrike. They continued to arrive all the forenoon. Many of them were so exhausted upon reaching the island, that they would drop on the first resting place they reached, regardless of their nearness to me. Many at a time could be seen struggling to reach the island, it apparently taking all the efforts they could command to do so. Many times I thought they would surely drop into the ocean before they could reach the shore. There were hundreds of birds on the island during the day. I did not see any moving during the evening, nor did I hear any passing over the island."

Oct. 20—"Wind north-east and rainy, blowing very hard. Saw a number of juncos flying in from sea, some of them so exhausted, I did not think they could reach the island. At night a chipping sparrow came on the lantern and one song sparrow was killed."

Oct. 21—"11 P. M., one hermit thrush also a pine warbler on the lantern."

Oct. 29—"Saw a barn swallow."

Nov. 13—"Wind blows very hard and rains. Found a fox sparrow so chilled that I caught it with out any trouble as it rested on the ground."

Oct. 14—"Mourning dove on the island."

Nov. 21—"Snowed hard, wind south-east changing to west. Robin on the lantern."

March 17, 1898—"First robin seen this spring."

March 20—"2 A. M., Foggy and rainy. A number of robins are flying around the light and chirping."

March 30—"2 A. M., thick fog. Three fox and one song sparrow came on the lantern."

April 17—Hundreds of sparrows on the island, but did not see any around the light until 2 A. M., when many fox and song sparrows and hermit thrushes came on the lantern."

April 18—Yellow-palm warbler and two song sparrows killed on lantern."

April 23—2 A. M., wind south-west and rainy. Quite a number of birds are flying around the light, and many on the lantern. When returning from the light to my dwelling, I heard a bird struggling against the side of my wood-shed, where the rays of light shone on the white clapboards. On approaching the sound, I found it to proceed from a flicker, which was struggling against the building, the same as do the birds on the light. I went up and took it in my hands without any trouble and after examining it, gave it its liberty, when it disappeared into the darkness. Later saw a golden crownkinglet on the lantern."

May 16—"2 A. M., wind south-west, very light, cloudy and dark, with rain. One chestnut sided warbler, one yellow throat and a barn swallow on the lantern."

May 19—"12.30 A. M., wind south-west, overcast. A number of magnolia, pine, chestnut sided and yellow throat warblers on the lantern, also a few sparrows."

May 20—"Wind blowing hard and looks like rain. Magnolia and yellow-throat warblers and a white-throated sparrow on the lantern. A rose breasted grosbeak came on the lantern but left before I could capture it. Saw two scarlet tanagers on the island."

Aug. 9—"9 P. M., leach petrel on the lantern."

Aug. 10—"Four water-thrushes staid on the lantern until daylight."

Aug. 19—"10 P. M., four water-thrush, one each yellow-throat, and least flycatcher on the lantern. At 2

A. M., a black billed cuckoo flew against the light and was killed."

Aug. 24—"One barn swallow on the lantern."

Sept. 11—"At 3 A. M., Mr. A. H. Norton identified a Lincoln's sparrow. This bird I am quite sure is a common migrant, but my attention had not been called to it before."

Sept. 12—"Black and white warbler on the lantern."

Sept. 19—"A little green heron was captured while on the lantern. Although I have seen a number of this family flying around in the rays of light, this species is the first one I ever knew to come on the lantern."

Sept. 24—Wind blowed very hard northeast, and the night is cloudy. One hundred and fifty birds were picked up in the morning, and a great many more were injured and no doubt died from the effects: Yellow-throat, yellow-palm, parula, black-cap, black-throated blue, black and white, magnolia warblers, oven bird, Savanna and swamp and a number of lincoln's sparrows, sora rail, cat birds and two golden-crown kinglets were among the numbers picked up. Caught a rose breasted grosbeak which I am keeping in captivity."

Sept. 25—"The island is covered with sparrows today."

Sept. 27—"2 A. M., wind east, raining and some fog flying: The most of the birds on the lantern are black cap warblers, one phoebe, two hermit thrushes and a cedar waxwing. The first one I have noticed around the light."

Oct. 5—"Saw scarlet tanager."

Oct. 22—"Shot a male harlequin duck in elegant plumage. Another Ipswich sparrow was also seen."

Nov. 10—"2 A. M., caught a snow flake on the lantern, the first one I ever saw around the light."

April 15, 1899—"I A. M., dark and

cloudy with showers. Birds have been around the light for two or three hours. About fifty on the lantern flying around the light. At 2 A. M., the stars shone out through the clouds and the birds quickly disappeared.

May 7—"Wind E. N. E., and foggy. At 8 P. M., a flock of yellow-legs came around the light. I imitated their call and they circled around a long time in the rays of the light."

May 14—"2 A. M. Rainy and dark, many birds around the light. Twenty-five or more on the lantern. No mortality."

Aug. 14.—"4 A. M. Two red-bellied nuthatches on the lantern."

Sept. 8, '99—"Midnight, wind northwest, very dark, not a star to be seen. The air is so impregnated with smoke as to make my throat smart in breathing. At this hour, I came on duty, the birds were flying around the light. On going into the lantern, I found about seventy-five birds on the outside. Pine warblers, black and white and yellow-throats, oven birds, two hermit thrushes and one yellow-bellied fly-catcher. All seemed to alight on the glass as fast as they appeared, very few seen flying around the light. At 3 A. M., came a light shower, which seemed to check the flight. Those on the lantern remained until morning. All the mortality occurred with the yellow-throats, ten of this species being found dead. This seems odd, as I could hear many birds strike the dome of the lantern, the concussion when they struck sounding like a body of several pounds weight."

Sept. 10—"3 A. M. Three red-bellied nuthatches and one hermit thrush came on the lantern."

Sept. 12.—"2 A. M., wind E. S. E., and rainy. Two pine warblers came on the lantern. No birds seen around the light, 'till after a heavy shower,

when suddenly a number appeared, but none struck the light."

Sept. 13—"4.30 A. M., wind from northwest to southeast fresh breeze and foggy. About twenty birds on the lantern, pine and black burnian warblers. Others could be heard. Those on the lantern remained 'till daybreak. Did not find any dead birds."

Oct. 1—"Saw red-headed woodpecker."

Oct. 2—"Wind very cold. At 7 P. M. an osprey struck the lantern, the concussion causing it to drop to the walk that surrounds the lantern. There it sat in a dazed condition for a few minutes and then flew off into the darkness. Where the bird struck the glass, it was smeared with blood, showing that it must have been injured badly. Quite a number of birds on the lantern at 10 P. M., hermit thrush and a yellow-bellied sapsucker. At 1 A. M., the stars came out bright, when most of the birds disappeared."

Oct. 6—"2 A. M., wind northeast, fresh breeze and cloudy, few birds flying around the light. On the lantern are a few junco, sparrows, hermit thrushes and two black-throated blue warblers. About fifty birds were killed. One winter wren, one berwick's wren, one lincoln sparrow and a woodcock."

Oct. 10—"2 A. M., dark, no stars to be seen. Large flight of birds on the lantern, mostly pine warblers. Many are striking the lantern and killing themselves. The birds are also flying against the windows of the dwelling houses, attracted to them by the house lamps. The air is full of birds and fly from under my feet in all directions, as I walk about the island."

Oct. 13—"4 A. M., very dark and perfectly calm. There are about two hundred birds on the lantern, while hundreds are gyrating about in the rays of the light. Such a confusion is

there, that no estimation of numbers could be made. There must be thousands, for the ground is covered with them beside the hosts in the air. Many are fluttering against the sides of the buildings, which are painted white, and the whole throng seem to have got completely bewildered. The flight consists of juncos, song, white-throated and savanna sparrows, two lincoln's sparrows, a few yellow-throats and pine warblers. Saw one robin on the lantern."

Oct. 27—"Caught two white-winged crossbills, the only birds that came on the lantern."

Nov. 12.—"I A. M., rain and snow squalls. Saw a number of birds in the rays of the light, but couldn't identify the species. Saw a hermit thrush feeding around the ledges."

Nov. 14—"Saw three hermit thrushes. They look cold and disconsolate."

Nov. 28—"Saw a fox sparrow."

Feb. 3, 1900—"Saw two winter chipping sparrows."

May 3—"3 A. M., quite a number of birds around the lantern. Two rusty grackles are on the lantern. These grackles are the first I remember of seeing on the lantern. The birds stayed on the lantern until daybreak."

May 9—"Many birds around the lantern. The island is covered with birds. The most white crowned sparrows I ever saw at one time."

May 28.—"Picked up a lincoln's sparrow, killed by flying against the light."

Aug. 28—"4 A. M., a number of birds on the lantern. Among them a mourning warbler."

Oct. 5—"At 8 P. M., the wind was blowing very hard. The fog again clearing. Many birds gyrating about the light. The mortality will be very large. I picked up two hundred and seventy-five dead birds and judge there are enough wounded to swell the

number to over three hundred. Among the dead was a yellow-breasted chat, the first one I ever saw."

Oct. 6—"A number of pine warblers came on the lantern. About thirty struck the glass. Not a dead bird was found."

Oct. 9—"Rained hard all night. Some two hundred or more birds are resting on the railing that surrounds the light. About one hundred have been killed."

April 30, 1901—"One each, hermit thrush, ruby crowned kinglet, Savanna sparrow, magnolia and yellow palm warbler on the lantern."

May 15—"First flight for the season about the light. Although more than fifty birds were on the lantern, only one water thrush was found dead."

May 28—"At 2 A. M., about a dozen warblers on the lantern, among them a Canadian warbler."

Sept. 18—"3 A. M., wind northwest, dark and cloudy. About fifteen birds on the lantern. Among them one barn swallow and a scarlet tanager."

April 1, 1892—"About fifteen sparrows on the lantern. No mortality."

April 5—"Several sparrows about the light. A woodcock alighted on the railing, but all my attempts to capture it were unsuccessful."

June 7—"Black billed cuckoo flew against the light and was killed."

---

#### THE MOURNING DOVE'S SONG.

Hattie Washburn.  
Serenly o'er the landscape  
The shades of evening fall,  
From the woodland's cool retreat  
Comes the dove's mournful call.

Sadly the winds are sighing  
The lonely forest through,  
Breaking the silence is heard  
The mourning dove's soft coo,



Gentle mem'ries awaken,  
Perchance forgotten long,  
Thoughts called from the mystic past  
By the dove's mournful song.

Sweet dreams visit me once more  
From the long lapse of years,  
Tenderest hopes, crushed and broken  
And dim my eyes with tears.

Gentle mourner of the wood  
Cease not your sad refrain,  
The sorrows you awaken  
Are not akin to pain .

Mourn while the day is dying  
In the soft hush of eve,  
Others were made to rejoice  
But you were made to grieve.

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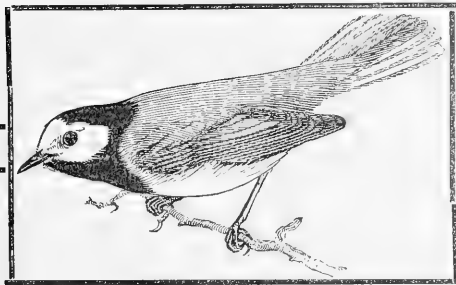
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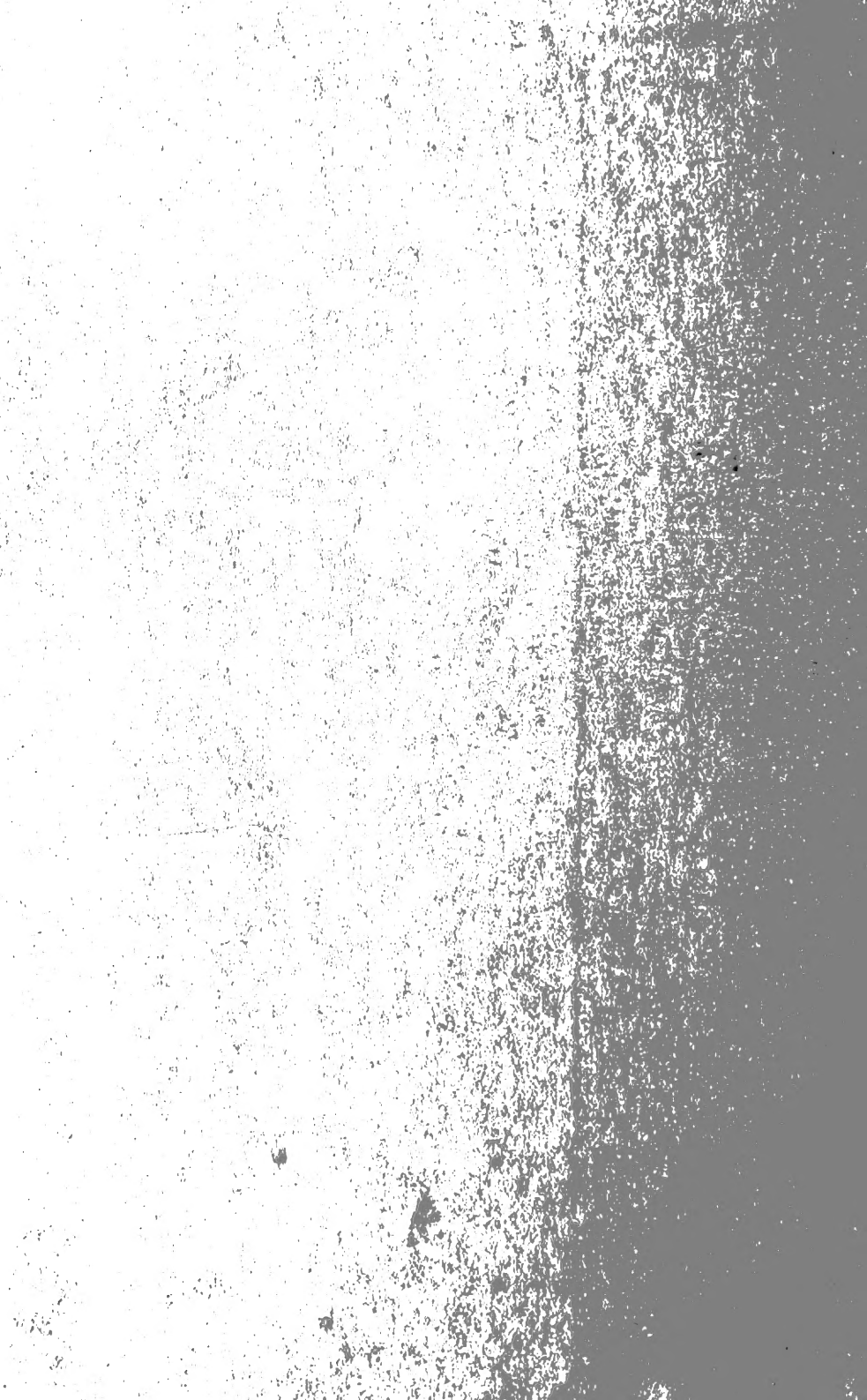
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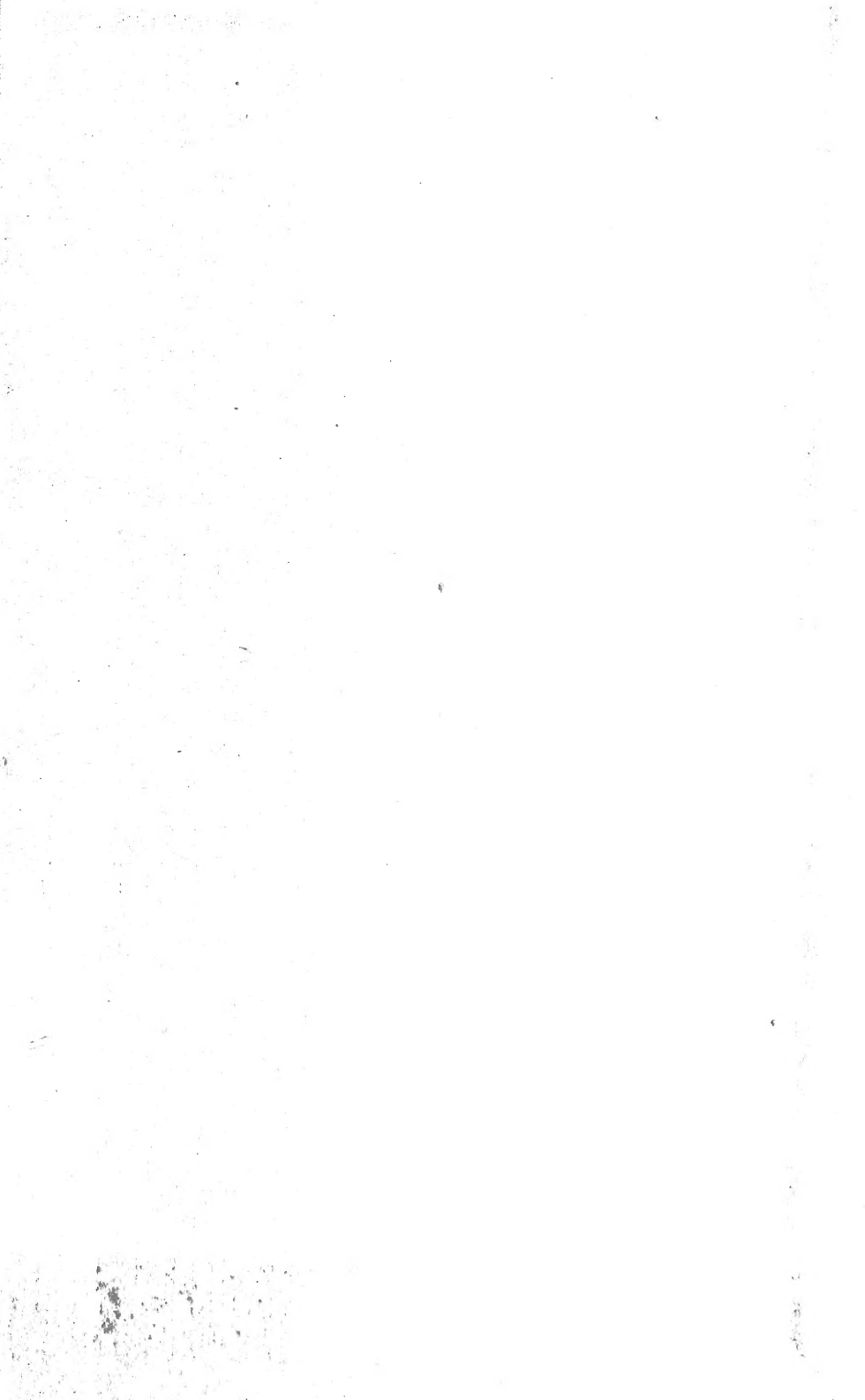












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