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WILLIAM BREWSTER







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

Walter Deane, June 13, 1896.

Walter Deane

William Brewster



1895

March 24

Early morning clear and calm but the sky hazed over before ten o'clock and during the remainder of the day the sun shone dimly through thin clouds and a chill S.W. wind blew with considerable force.

We have had ~~an~~ long, hard winter with an exceptionally cold weather or deep snows but with almost no mild weather since November. Birds have been scarce than I ever knew them to be before and their <sup>ear</sup> spring migrations have been late in coming. On the 20<sup>th</sup> I took a long tramp around Rock Meadows & through Wansley without seeing or hearing any spring bird except our Song Sparrows. None of the farmers whom I questioned had heard a Bluebird but one or two were reported a few days before this from Brookline & Melbury. On the 14<sup>th</sup> the Spelman saw a solitary water Red-wing in the Fresh Pond Swamp.

As nearly as I can learn the first recorded flight of Song Sparrows, Blackbirds & Bluebirds arrived on the 22<sup>nd</sup> and 23<sup>rd</sup>. It is singular that they are so late this year for the fields have been bare for one two weeks and the frost is now out of the ground in many places and the roads as dry & dust, as in December.

This morning Spelman on his bicycle and I in my buggy rode to Wansley and alighting at the upper mill pond spent the day on Rock Meadows taking photographs.

We found Song Sparrows abundant everywhere and saw a Phoebe (in the upper swamp just above the mill pond), two Crow Blackbirds, a Rusty Blackbird, a Robin, a Black Duck & a Red-shouldered Hawk but without Bluebirds or Red-wings. Spotted Towhees were out but no frogs were seen or heard.

Cambridge to Concord.

1895.

March 26

Clear with warm sun but blustering cold N. W. wind.

Starting at 8.15 A. M. I drove to Concord. It rained heavily last night and the roads were in very bad condition so that I had to walk the horse the greater part of the way and did not reach the Keys' until about noon. The woods are still buried deep in snow but the fields are everywhere bare and <sup>in some</sup> of the more sheltered and sunny slopes the grass is already green. Song Sparrows and Quails were numerous everywhere and I saw a single Fox Sparrow in Amherst but there were no Bluebirds. I fear the latter were nearly all destroyed in the Middle States during the severe weather last February. While I was at Washington (Feb. 14 to 18<sup>th</sup>) a great many were found dead in the neighborhood of that city.

After lunch I got out my canoes and overhauled them, giving one of them a coat of shellac. Song Sparrows were singing in every direction and seven Rusty Blackbirds were flitting about the edge of the water opposite the Buttricks' Landing.

Geo. Keys tells me that he paddled down to Carleton Bridge on the 24<sup>th</sup> but found the river below Nash's Hill full of floating fields of ice. He saw about 100 ducks, the majority geese, he thinks. This afternoon the river and meadows seemed to be wholly free from ice as far as I could see from the Buttricks' hill.



1895

March 27

Clear with light N.W. wind. Cold in the early morning, ice forming in all the coves where the water was shallow or sheltered from the wind.

At 9. A. M. I started down river in the Stella Maris canoe. The current was swift and the wind strong so I made rapid progress taking nearly the whole distance to Swift's farm (Beyond Lawrence's) where I met the owner by appointment and inspected his premises which are for sale. I returned to the cabin on river and dined there finding everything in good order. After dinner I walked a short distance through the woods behind the hill and then started for Concord beating about half way up the meadows and paddling the remainder of the distance.

Although most of the meadows are flooded the water is unusually low for this season. I saw about twenty Black Ducks, eleven Histrions and three Gosson ducks. The muskrat Vampires have been very busy of late and I did not see a single muskrat although we doubt a few are left.

Long Sparrows are uncommon everywhere and two Fox Sparrows were detected in the leaves near the cabin. Crows were very abundant but I saw none migrating. There were a few Tree Sparrows in the alder swamps and I heard noisy Blackbirds & saw a single Red wing. The total absence of Bluebirds was a marked and sad feature. Not one has been seen in Concord this spring so far as I can learn & the farmers are wondering what has become of their favorite bird.

Douvard, Massachusetts.

1895.

March 30

Cloudless with raging N. wind. Early morning and late afternoon cold, in forming on the sheltered coves of the flooded meadows. Midday warm in places protected from the wind.

Starting at 9 A.M. I sailed down to Balls Hill and landing at the cabin spent the forenoon in trimming out the brush which has grown up around my little planted pines. Benson made me a visit and we had a long talk. After dinner I paddled down to the Birds island and landing took a long walk about the Mease field and through Prescott's woods. Late in the afternoon I sailed home across the flooded meadows.

Small birds were either very scarce or in hiding. I saw only a pair or two of Chickadees, three or four Song Sparrows and a few Blue jays. There were a good many Crows and an unusual number of Hawks, three adult & several Hawks, a pair of Red-shoulders, and a fair Red-tail. I did not see a single Duck.

Spring is very late this year. Indeed there are few signs of it as yet save the open water of the river and the presence of the Song Sparrows. The upland fields although bare are absolutely bare and lifeless. Excepting on southern slopes the woods still lie buried deep in snow. The pussy willows are out and the maple blossoms are swelling & swelling the trees in dull crimson but not a single wood frog has ventured to peep as yet.

The Gnomes at Balls Hill have been crossing regularly this winter in the bushy pines on the path that leads to the swamp where they have resided for the past two years. The snow beneath them also is deeply covered with their droppings.

Lowell, Massachusetts

1895.

March 31

The north wind in "like a lion" and is going out  
"like a lion". Although the day was cloudless and the  
sun liberally warm at noon the ground was frozen hard  
& the meadows skinned with ice this morning and all  
day long the <sup>North</sup> wind raged across the brown, leafless fields  
and roared through the naked, thinning woods. It is true  
that the Song Sparrows sang merrily through the season  
and I saw a Phoebe in the early morning but during  
most of the day the aspect of the country chilled  
and depressed me. The snow banks have lost their winter  
purity and heekness and the bare fields & wooded slopes  
look blacked and dreary enough. A little blue heron,  
however, the wind held to a moderate breeze and to  
my great delight Red-winged Blackbirds appeared. How  
I know not where and, perched on the tops of the isolated  
mounds and clumps along the river, made the air ring with  
their ang-gue-ees. I had sailed down to Ball's Hill  
in the early afternoon and was paddling homeward when  
at the foot of Bonnell's bar I first heard this dear familiar  
spring voice and saw its author expand his wings to  
show his brilliant epaulettes. Between this point and the  
North Bridge I counted no less than seven Red-wings  
all in full song.

A pair of Red-shouldered Hawks are haunting Holden's Hill.  
As I passed there to-day, keeping close in shore to avoid the  
wind, they perched a fine large bird in full plumage, <sup>feet</sup> ~~feet~~ <sup>hatched</sup>  
from an oak that overhung the water. Heaving up with  
his shrill screaming, rising above the trees the board  
gracefully approved screaming incessantly and being to exult in  
his struggle with the furious March wind. I should have <sup>taken</sup> ~~seen~~ <sup>in his</sup>  
three fine old dead Goswainers & a pair of Thrushes were swimming well  
out on the flooded meadows.





1895.

April 5

Although the roads and flooded meadows froze hard last night and a keen and blasting north wind blew all day there was a subtle quality of spring in the air unlike anything that we have had before this season. The temperature warmer, the air balmy, there was more color in the landscape. The sky was cloudless up to ten o'clock after which clouds gathered and drifted rapidly towards the south casting great shadows over the fields and hillsides.

I went up river, taking my camera and sailing all the way to Fishhook but landing repeatedly to take pictures. The strong wind drove the canoe through the water at a rapid rate of speed but it also interfered seriously with photography. I exposed a dozen plates, nevertheless, with fairly good results. As I was at the boat house commencing the canoe I heard my first Bluebird, warbling on the hill near the Buttricks'. I afterwards heard another at Crane Hill Hill. A Kingfisher was flying about the North Bridge in the morning & again in evening. Four White-bellied Swallows were circling over the meadows near the Finckels' landing and a flock of six Fox Sparrows were in the thicket at the postern bars. I started four Partridge in the pine woods opposite the Cliffs landing and saw a pair Red-tailed Hawk soaring above the Cliffs, and very now and then pinning and hanging as if suspended by a wire merely attaining the adjustment of his wings & tail and waiting us away. He would pin one on a spot for nearly a quarter of a minute without flopping. I have seen a Red-tail do this only once before - at Newry Maine last September. There were also among a very white & marsh Hawk beating the meadow thickets. Not a duck all day. Seepard Hays was at 1 P.M. under the shelter of Hatters Bridge canopy. They are the first Hays I have heard this year.

B. Gould's  
pinning

First Seepard  
Hays.

Concord, Massachusetts.

1895  
April 6

Morning clear and calm. Afternoon cloudy with light S. to S.W. winds the warmest day of the month thus far (ther 52° at noon).

Although it was an ideal morning for photographing I was obliged to leave my camera at the house and hurry down to Ball's Hill to meet Peter who had agreed to do some work at the cabin. At sunrise a Robin, a Meadow Lark and several Song Sparrows were singing close to the house and as I crossed the fields to the boat house I heard Song Sparrows & Red-wings in every direction besides a Phoebe for the first time this year.

As I was launching the canoe the hooting of Geese attracted my attention and presently a flock of 18 appeared flying at a great height. When nearly overhead they began circling and another flock of 17 came in sight and joined them. The combined flock of 35 then went off eastward in a single line or column stretched out at right angles to the course of flight in with all the birds abreast. When nearly out of sight they again separated into two flocks of 18 & 17 birds respectively, one flock flying on eastward, the other turning within an hour later a flock of 27 Geese passed over Ball's Hill while I was at the cabin. Mr. Brethick afterwards told me that a flock of about 30 Geese passed over there four at 8 a.m. This makes four flocks for one day, an unusual number for these times. My paddles down river was delightful for the air fairly rang with bird music the whole distance. Red-wings & Song Sparrows produced more of it but I heard one Fox Sparrow and several Tree Sparrows. The country was simply swarming with Song Sparrows - evidently a great migratory war.

Just below Ball's Hill I saw two boys covering their canoe with grass. They said there were been Geese on the meadows below but from Davis's Hill I could see over the entire stretch of water and nothing was in sight except a great

Bowcord, Mass. Oct. 1895.

1895.  
April 6  
(No 2.)

number of Goswains scattered about in every direction the old drakes looking as big as swans, and nearly as white. When the boys came past I asked them whether about their "Goswain" and they replied that the birds they had seen could be nothing else for they were "pure white"! Of course they had never been down of the big Miller Goswains being on the still water. I watched the birds with much interest, and pleasure until my young quinnies disturbed them. There must have been at least fifty of them and they exhibited the great heat of water wonderfully by their presence and recalled the old days when such fights were common on Bowcord River in early spring. One pair of birds were swimming near shore within 100 yds of me, the others were scattered all the way down to near Central Bridge. They crawled and beat the water with their wings as they chased one another in play. Finally the pair near me came aboard me and flew starting up all the others but they alighted again after circling a few times. The boys soon afterwards scattered & drove them all off but during the remainder of the day they were continually flying up & down past the cabin in small flocks & one pair alighted & fed on the meadow opposite.

The evening was gray and still with warm damp air. There was little singing until I heard the "Buthricks" whom I heard Robins in every direction - three or four at once - the first real Robin concert of this year.

Stepping out of doors at 8.30 P.M. I heard a Hyla, the first, peeping somewhat feebly & intermittently in the direction of Mill Brook. (Brook Frogs were singing in numbers at noon). Mr. Buthrick afterwards told me that at 9 P.M. this evening he heard a single swimming at about, regular intervals on the Mill Brook meadow.

1895.  
April 7

Cloudy with occasional light showers. Calm breeze of the day.

I sailed down river after a severe head of S. W. wind in the early forenoon and gave a dinner at the cabin to the young ladies of the Hayes family. Red-wings and Song Sparrows sang all day long and I heard a Phoebe and a Blackbird at Thicket's Bridge. An Osprey was circling over Mill Brook meadows when I started & I saw either the same bird or another at the ~~Hotel~~ <sup>Hotel</sup> perched on a maple. Then he flew he carried with him in his talons a large fish.

A pair of Red-shouldered Hawks seem to have established themselves on Walden's Hill and I think that they are intending to breed there. As I passed this morning the female came flying in over the meadows and alighted within two feet of her nest on the branch of a tall chestnut when both set screaming loudly until I was out of sight. I noticed a nest the other day while I suspect it theirs as I have never seen it before but it is certainly placed for a Hawk's nest - well out on the horizontal branch of a white pine. There were several fresh Hawk droppings directly beneath it. Geese were flying about all day and a flock of ten Golden eyes passed high over Walden's Hill this morn'g whistled so loudly that we could hear the sound distinctly when the birds were fully a mile away.

After my guests had departed I was sitting on the ground on the crest of Walden's Hill when, to my great surprise, a Barred Owl hooted six or eight times in quick succession. He seemed to be in one of the large maples on the Alfred shore directly opposite the cabin but I could not see him. I do not remember ever hearing one of these Owls hoot before in or near Concord.



Concord, Massachusetts.

1895

April 16

Cloudy and cold with strong N. E. wind a fine rain. At 5 P. M. the sky cleared and the sun came out.

After spending a week at Cambridge I returned here on the evening of the 13<sup>th</sup>. It rained heavily (2 1/4 inches according to the newspaper reports) on the 14<sup>th</sup> and yesterday was also cloudy with light rain. The river has risen at least two feet in the last three days and the meadows are all flooded again & more deeply than ever. Practically all the snow & ice has disappeared even in the woods.

I spent to-day at Ball's Hill planting a number of pines & several hemlocks. A muskrat trapper had set a line of traps entirely around my land but I easily persuaded him to remove them by paying him 75¢ as an inducement. He was a Frenchman, a rather fine-looking old fellow with gray beard, erect, military carriage & an honest face. He had lost a leg, in the French army, he told me. Early in the afternoon I heard a Carolina Gull give the Cuckoo call & presently saw the bird swimming near the bottom bushes opposite the cabin.

I started for home at 5 P. M. The wind had changed to north & sunk to a <sup>light</sup> steady breeze. I had sailed about half a mile when I discovered two Canada Geese swimming <sup>near</sup> the middle of Great Meadows. Hauling in the sheet & steering carefully so as to keep them nearly covered by the sail I actually got within less than 40 yards before they rose which they did rather heavily striking the water with their feet at first & creaking (oc-oc-oc) a few times, their great wings making a fluff-fluff-fluff in sound. They carried their heads so low when downing that I at first took them for Black Ducks but they stretched them up full length just before

List of Birds seen at Barnstable, Massachusetts.

1895

May 17

"H." before the list number indicates that the species was seen in the big Herony!

1. *Merula migratoria*. Two or three pairs in village - none seen on the Neck
- H. 2. *Parus atricapillus*. Two in herony on the Neck
- H. 3. *Dendroica aestiva*. About 2½ males on the Neck
- H. 4. " *negotii* Two males singing " " "
- H. 5. *Spinus amoenus* Four or five " " " "
- H. 6. *Melospiza fasciata* Eight or ten. " " " "
7. *Icterus galbula*. One male singing in the village
8. *Agelaius phoeniceus*. About thirty or forty seen on the Neck.
10. *Luscincha sereus*. " 75 or 80 breeding on Neck. Examined 8 or 10 nests one with 1 egg all the others unfinished or empty; built in red cedars, and deciduous bushes in swampy hollow in sand hills 5 to 20 ft. above ground.
- H. 11. *Corvus americanus*. Two birds about old nest on edge of Herony on Neck.  
[*Sturnella magna*. One seen at W. Barnstable May 20 none elsewhere on Cape]
12. *Tyrannus carolinensis*. Three or four on Neck.
13. *Colaptes auratus*. Bird started from nest in wall of small, deserted house.
14. *Agelaius phoeniceus* - Two in flock of *V. minutilla* on marshes
15. " *melodia* - Solitary bird on sea beach of Neck.
16. *Luscincha sereus*. About 6 flocks of 8 to 30 birds on marshes. Flock of 15 f. cons May 20.
17. *Calidris arenaria*. Flock of 30 & another of 3 birds sea beach of Neck.
18. *Soturus melanotus* About 20 birds (1 to 5 together) Flocks of 7 & 3 birds May 20 f. cons.
19. *Poocana carolinensis*. One singing at evening in fresh marsh near village  
or found nest with broken egg last year
20. *Ardea herodias*. About 6 on Neck & marshes Nest 1 egg on brick in hollow other "
21. *Nycticorax nycticorax*. Herony about ½ mile N. of that of 1894, in dense woods chiefly pitch pine with <sup>red</sup> oaks & gray birches. Trees 15 to 35 ft. One to four or five nests in nearly every tree one a track of 3 or 4 acres. 7 to 30 ft. above the ground. Practically every nest held 3 to 5 eggs. About 1000 nests & 2000 birds.
22. *Corvus sinuatus* Flock of about 50 in harbor.
23. *Urocyon v. v. v.* One "hollering" at evening in "
24. *Mergus serrator*. Three off sea beach of Neck
25. *Tringa affinis*? Flock of 2 flying over "

List of Birds noted at Provincetown, Massachusetts

1895.

May 18

1. Muscula nigricollis. Two or three in outskirts of village.
2. Parus atricapillus. - A flock of a dozen or more (counted 12) accompanied by several Protonotaria (D. virens et discolor) in pitch pine woods. They behaved precisely like winter birds.
3. Galoscopus canadensis. A ♂ singing in berry hollow.
4. Dendroica aestiva. Four or five in berry hollows apparently settled for the season.
5. " virens. Two ♂♂ in flock of a dozen or more Chickadees.
6. " discolor. One ♂ " " " " " " " " " "
7. Geothlypis trichas. Two ♂♂ singing, one in bushes, the other in marsh.
8. Junco amicephalus " " " in pitch pine & oak woods.
9. Tachycineta bicolor. Three flying over pond.
10. Chelidon erythrogaster. Two " " "
11. Cyanocitta cristata. One screaming in pitch pine woods.
12. Colaptes auratus. One thrashing. Old nest in telephone pole near by.
13. Passer domesticus. Rather numerous in the village.





Brewer Hill, Warren, N. H.

1895

May 28<sup>th</sup>  
June 7

On May 28<sup>th</sup> I went to Brewer Point, N. H. where I joined Messrs Walter and Charles E. Faxon. The latter had been there about a week. The former went to North Woodstock on the 16<sup>th</sup> (May) and after spending four days there settled at Merrill's at Brewer Point on the 20<sup>th</sup>. On first reaching North Woodstock he found the weather very cold and birds scarce. During the next ten days the bulk of the summer birds came but there was scarcely any appreciable migration of species beyond feathers north, a *Lincoln's Finch* and two *White-crowned Sparrows* being the only migrants of especial interest noted.

During my stay I devoted to much time to taking photographs that I was unable to keep a daily journal but this proved scarcely necessary for I made but few observations which would have been worth recording. I went up the mountain twice - on June 1<sup>st</sup> to the second mile post, on June 6<sup>th</sup> to the cold spring. On the first occasion I went alone and walked both ways. On the second Merrill drove me to the 3<sup>rd</sup> mile post where I joined the Faxons and walked with them to the cold spring & back to Merrill. This second trip was unsuccessful in every way for the mountain was so enveloped in clouds that I made only a few poor pictures and we found no interesting birds or nests.

The Faxons had been up twice before on May 20 when they found <sup>two</sup> a *Hudsonian Chickadee* and a ♀ *Spencer Partridge* but no *Pickwell's Thrushes*, on the 30<sup>th</sup> May when they found *Pickwell's Thrushes* numerous but saw nothing else of peculiar interest.

Brewer Point, Warren, N.H.

1895

May 28<sup>th</sup>

June 7

(No 2)

Junco, White-throated Sparrows, Yellow-rumped Warblers, Solitary Ticks, Winter Wrens, and Hermit Thrushes must have come dangerously near total extinction in the South last winter for they were all very scarce this season in the country about Warren. Faxon saw three Bluebirds in the Penigewasset valley but we found none in Warren. The other birds were in nearly the same numbers as last year excepting the Mourning Warblers, Rose-breasted Grosbeaks, & Black-billed Cuckoos which were less numerous and the Bay-breasted Warblers which we could not find at all.

We found two singing Woodcock, one in the pasture below the Brewer Point Horn (not far from where we saw the young woodcock last year) the other across the river. The latter bird sang up to June 6<sup>th</sup>, the former was singing on the evening of May 27<sup>th</sup> when we paid him our last visit.

The past year has brought no changes to the country around Merrill. The forest on the sides of Moosilauke was untouched (they are planning to attack it next winter or here), the park-like woods between the Brewer Point Horn and the river were as beautiful as ever, our evening walks to the high bridge over the river were as delightful as last year save for the lack scarcity of Hermits and Peabody-birds. The Swainson's Thrushes, however, were in their usual numbers and their evening concerts in the darkening Spruce woods were a constant delight to our senses.

We had a good deal of rainy or cloudy weather this year but managed to get out for at least a portion of every day.

Breary Point, Warren, N. H.

1895.

May 20 to June 7 Nominal list of Birds observed (fuller data on slips in note pockets), by W. & C. E. Fayor & W. Brewster.

- 1 *Merula migratoria*
- 2 [*Turdus mustelinus* - Two males heard singing by farm, June 1, heard twice - about 2000 ft]
- 2 " *fuscescens*
- 3 " *pallasi*
- 4 " *swainsoni*
- 5 " *a. bicinctus*
- 6 *Sialia hiatis*
- 7 *Galiscaptus carolinensis*
- 8 *Harporhynchus rufus*
- 9 *Troglodytes hyemalis*
- 10 *Regulus satrapa*
- 12 *Ceuthra americana*
- 13 *Parus atricapillus*
- 14 " *hudsonicus*
- 15 *Sitta carolinensis*
- 16 " *canadensis*
- 17 *Microtitia varia*
- 18 *Helminthophila leucophaea*
- 19 " *peregrina*
- 20 *Coryphostylis americana*
- 21 *Dendroica virens*
- 22 " *pennsylvanica*
- 23 " *maculosa*
- 24 " *blackburniana*
- 25 " *caerulea*
- 26 " *coronata*
- [ " *castanea*
- 27 " *atrata*

Brewy Point, Warren, N.H.

1895.

May 20 to

June 7

- [*Dendroica aestiva* Plymouth, N.H. 3<sup>8</sup> May 20, 1<sup>8</sup> June 7]
- 28 *Spinus americanus*  
[ "*nonbaccatus* Franconia notch, May 19, 8\* - W. T. Mason]
- 29 *Geothlypis philadelphia*  
30 " *trichas*  
31 *Sylvania carolinensis*  
32 " *pusilla*  
33. *Setophaga ruticilla*  
34 *Vireo olivaceus*  
35 " *solitarius*  
36 " *gilvus*  
37 *Turdycinetus bicolor*  
38 *Petrochelidon lunifrons*  
39 *Chelidon cyathrogastra*  
40 *Chondestes uponia*  
41 *Ampelis cedrorum*  
42 *Piranga erythromelas*  
43. *Carpodacus purpureus*  
44. *Soxia minor*  
45. *Spinus tristis*  
46 " *pinus*  
47 *Bocetes gramineus*  
48 *Ammodramus saxatilis*  
49 *Spizella socialis*  
50 " *pusilla*  
51 *Junco hyemalis*  
52 *Melospiza fasciata*  
[ " *lincolni*



Brevy Point, Warren, N. H.

1895

May 20 to

June 17

- 53 *Zonotrichia albicollis*  
 [ " *leucophrys*
- 53 *Habia ludoviciana*
- 54 *Passina cyanea*
- 55 *Pipilo erythrophthalmus*
- 56 *Dolichonyx oryzivorus*
- 57 *Selasphorus galbula*
- 58 *Corvus americanus*
- 59 *Cyanocitta cristata*
- 60 *Parusorens canadensis*
- 61 *Dryobates villosus*
- 62 " *pubescens*
- 63 *Spizopicus varius*
- 64 *Certhia leucotis*
- 65 *Colaptes auratus*
- 66 *Chaetura pelagica*
- 67 *Prochelidon columba*
- 68 *Ceryle alcyon*
- 69 *Anthus trivirgatus*
- 70 *Chordeiles virginianus*
- 71 *Coccyzus erythrophthalmus*
- 72 *Tyrannus tyrannus*
- 73 *Myiarchus cinerascens*
- 74 *Sayornis phoebe*
- 75 *Cinclus borealis*
- 76 " *viridis*
- 77 *Empidonax minimus*
- 78 " *trichthocephalus*

New Point, Warren, V.H.

1895

May 20<sup>th</sup>

June 7

- 79 *Empidonax flaviventris*  
80 *Syrnium nebulosum*  
81 *Megascops asio* Mounted specimen in collection village taxidermist  
82 *Buteo borealis*  
83 " *Catistius*  
84 *Bonasa umbellus?*  
85 *Phibstula minor*  
86 *Rhyacophilus obtusirostris*  
87 *Actitis macularia*  
88 *Mareca americana* Mounted specimen (♂ imm) collection village taxidermist  
89 *Colaptes auratus* " " (♂ ad) " " "  
90 *Alta nigricans* " " ad, full pl. " " "  
91 *Canace canadensis*

Falmouth, Mass.

1895  
July 20

I came here from Cambridge on the 11<sup>th</sup> but not feeling at all well I have spent most of my time indoors and hence have made few observations worth recording.

On my arrival I found a pair of Red-winged Blackbirds Red wings established in a belt of ornamental shrubbery which separates the <sup>Ornamental</sup> <sup>shrubbery</sup> in rear of small clothes yard of the house next ours from an <sup>ornamental</sup> <sup>shrubbery</sup> <sup>extensive</sup> lawn beyond. The gardener employed on the place <sup>shrubbery</sup> told me that they had been there consistently for the past two or three weeks. On the 13<sup>th</sup> in company with E. R. S. I made a careful search for their nest but failed to find it. He, however, discovered two of their young, barely half grown and unable, evidently (we did not put them to the test), to fly more than a few yards at a time, perched close together on the branch of a maple. The old birds fed them at frequent intervals up to the 17<sup>th</sup> when the whole family departed. It was odd to hear the song of the male in such a place. He sang, regularly, each morning as long as his family stayed.

In this piece of shrubbery, only about 80 ft. long, 15 to 30 ft. <sup>Other nests</sup> in width, we found two empty Robin's nests, an empty <sup>in the</sup> <sup>shrubbery</sup> nest of the Yellow Warbler & a Song Sparrow's and Chipping's nest with young. The Chipping's nest was actually on the same branch with, and not over three feet from, one of the Robin nests which although apparently empty (I could not examine it without injuring the tree, a young English elm) was a this year's nest. The Song Sparrow's nest was in a spigee nest.

Although two cots are kept at a house diagonally across <sup>the</sup> <sup>city</sup> the street they do not appear to cross this slight <sup>barrier</sup> <sup>possibly</sup> because of the numerous dogs which are constantly traversing it. At all events we have as yet seen no cots in the shrubbery & found no tracks there.

Galena, Mass.

1895  
July 20  
(no 21)

Our morning and evening bird concerts include the usual two Robins, two Song Sparrows, a Chipping and, up to within three days, we have had the welcome notes of the Redwing, also, the Yellow Warbler sang for the first time or four days and we have had occasional, sporadic visits from such birds as the Red-eyed Vireo, the Baltimore Oriole, both Crows, the Goldfinch, and the Hummingbird. Crows Black-bills fly back & forth overhead and sometimes alight in the willow trees which shade the house to the great alarm and distress of our Robins & Sparrows who quickly attack and drive them away, all pursuit an occasional Swift or swallow obvious also over the trees and in the late twilight a Night Heron or two usually circle above quail's haunts. There are also a good many English Sparrows at all times.

Birds which  
sing regularly  
about our  
house.  
Chance  
visitors

Besides the voices of these familiar neighbors we hear from the broad grass fields to the westward the songs of Grass Finches, Sparrow Sparrows, Quail and Meadow Larks. The little pond behind the Howards' house also harbors a Virginia Rail whose cri, calla, culla was reported at short, regular intervals on the nights of the 14<sup>th</sup>, 15<sup>th</sup> & 17<sup>th</sup> hour a little after sunset until we were all asleep.

Voices from  
the fields  
the Rail

This pond for rather marshy it will be remembered is the place where I heard the "Kicker" in July 1890.

Both this afternoon I took a walk to the westward the house "in the fields that have release from the tickle of the talia", fields where the red clover was blooming in many places mown early in the season, I heard a Grass the grasshoppers and crickets were already beginning to rehearse their low strident music but the birds were nearly silent. I however started



Tahmas Mass.

1895

July 20  
(1893)

Several Sawanna and vesper sparrows and a little party of four Meadow larks, five or three King birds were perched on fence posts, as many Barn Swallows were coming down one then another and a flock of Red wings, nearly all young birds, was whirring about. The cool, sweet south-west wind swept the fields incessantly.

About the hour of the fresh water pond Song Sparrows were singing freely and two Kingfishers were chasing one another up and down, bill & fork, past & over the belt of tules on my right.

The "Blackbird Swamp", where I first reached it about an hour before noon was literally swarming with Robins, Grackles and Red wings and several Yellow Warblers were singing. Both Robins & Red wings were singing loudly in great numbers, perched on the tops of the white cedars and the flash and flicker of wings was incessant as the birds flew from branch to branch or pitched down from the air above. I returned to the place later in the evening in search of the little Black Sparrow which I had lost there (he was bitten by something, perhaps a snake, and ran away afterwards turning up in an exhausted condition at a distant barn) and found the Blackbirds going to roost among the cedars and the flights of swooping Robins warning as the last birds that in low down across the bushy pasture, a Barn Swallow came past me within a few yards & I can picture that he alighted among the cedars as I should have seen him against the sky had he passed over there. A Green Heron also came in & alighted. There at least five species came to this place expressly, to roost beside the Yellow Warblers, Song Sparrows & Vesper & Yellow throats which live there.

As I crossed the fields on my way home in the twilight a night hawk was gliding down over the tules, whirring & turning where the Swallows had been coming earlier in the day.

Boston to Bethel.

1895.

Aug. 28

Clear and warm.

I left Boston this morning on my annual trip to Lake Umbagog, traveling by way of the Eastern R.R. and Grand Junction as usual.

The country is unusually green and fresh looking for the season as there have been frequent heavy rains this month. An occasional ~~water~~ <sup>water</sup> ~~standing~~ <sup>standing</sup> on wet ground had already begun to turn but for the greater part of the way we looked in vain for any signs of autumn coloring.

Condition of  
vegetation.

Birds appeared to be very scarce. At least I saw about none from the car windows, then Kingbirds at South Paris, and a dozen night hawks near Myones Pond being all that I remember. The night hawks were flying high in a compact flock and were doubtless migrating although they were moving towards the S. It was a little after 4 P.M. and the sun was shining bright & warm. At sunset I saw five more night hawks flying south over Bethel Hill.

Scarcity of  
small birds

There were but few people at the Bethel House but among them I was glad to find my old friend Walter Brockwell just back from his salmon fishing on the Margaret River. He tells me that Wilson Ptarmigan occur there irregularly in winter often in very large numbers. His guides save the wings of some of them that they kill and use them for brushes etc. at his camp. Robins occasionally winter there in large flocks.

Sceloporus albivMerula  
migratoria

Bethel to Lakeside

1895.

Aug. 29

A warm rain through the forenoon, a cloudy afternoon with occasional light showers, the day ending with a glorious sunset the clouds breaking and rolling up and back like great folds of drapery, letting the sunbeams stream through on the dewed fields and dripping woods.

I left Bethel at noon and started for the lake by the regular Stage being the only passage. The roads are muddy & heavy and the aspect of the country gloomy & depressing for most of the mountains were cloud-capped and the light was dull & gray. We reached Poplar Farm at 2 P.M. and dined there. A Cat-bird and two or three King-birds with several Cat-bird great flocks of Chipping Sparrows were seen along the road.

In the Hatch we saw a Humming-bird and a Kingbird Yellow-throat. ~~But~~ But ~~Mr.~~ Mr. ~~Brooks's~~ Brooks's ~~then~~ then a few Swallows were flying about but none came near enough to be certainly identified. They looked like Barn Swallows.

There were more large flocks of Chipping Sparrows flying up from the road and alighting in the apple orchards and thickets of bushes along the fences, a little party of three King-birds, several Song Sparrows and Grass Finches, a Golden-crowned Kinglet calling among some spruces, but only a high juncos for the whole thirty miles and no large birds of any kind except for a Red Cross.

Chipping  
Sparrows

The clouds began breaking away & the sun came out before we reached Upton & the whole lake valley when we first looked down upon it was a glorious panorama of shifting lights & colors as the heavy cloud masses drifted past and swept majestically across the scene. It was nearly dark when we reached Lakeside.

In lake  
at sunset  
from  
Upton hill

1895.  
Aug. 30

A perfect day with wonderfully clear air and brilliant lights on the mountains & woods.

Mr. Sherman & Jim Service arrived soon after breakfast and we had a long talk. There have been several interesting changes here since last year. Elliott Rich has left Lakeside and Frank Chandler who used to keep the Brown farm has taken his place. Coe, the lumber king, has bought all the farms in Cambridge except Lakeside and it is believed that he has sold the entire township with this exception to the lumber men who have been cutting off "Success" and who, it is rumored, will extend their lumber railroad to Sargent's Cove before next season and bring ruin and devastation to the shores of this Lake.

There has been another epidemic among the Umbagog pickered. When the ice broken up last Spring they were found dead and dying all around the Lake, and in places the shores were thickly strewn with them. Mr. Sherman believes that all except a few of the smaller ones perished in the course of a few weeks. As a rule they bore no evident marks of injury or disease but has examined one or two which had red blotches on the head just above the gills. When dying they darted about and thrust their heads out of water as if in great pain. Only two are known to have been caught in the Lake this summer but they are said to be coming in now from the Megalloway River where the epidemic did not extend. There was nothing unusual in the appearance of the water of the Lake this year but nearly all the boys who bathed in it were affected by a red rash (and as we saw did this attack anyone who did not bathe) and the lumbermen found that the water made slight cuts & scratches fester badly

Mr. Sherman  
Frank Chandler  
Success Elliott  
Rich or Chandler  
at Lakeside

Coe, the  
"lumber king",  
buys all  
the farms in  
Cambridge except  
Lakeside

Pickered  
decimated by  
a second  
epidemic



1895  
 Aug. 30  
 (no 2)

very curiously, however, no fish except the Pickerel were affected. At least none were found dead or dying and there are now as many Chub, Suckers, Minnows & Trout as usual. The Lake was frozen more solidly and for a longer period than usual last winter but the greater part - or at least a large part - of the Pickerel did not perish until after the ice had gone.

Trip to  
 Lake House

At about 10 a. m. we rowed over to Upton, we saw an unusual number of ~~water~~ birds of prey, two or three Eagles, two Ospreys, two Marsh Hawks, a pair of Sparrow Hawks, and one of the large Hawks, just before we started an adult ♀ *Buteo latissimus* came sailing over the fields in front of the house.

Large birds on  
 the Cambridge  
 River marshes.

Near Peaslee's turn Jim saw two Black Ducks swim into the grass & paddling to the first we produced seven of these birds. After inspecting the three new holes that Jim has made for us during the past winter I took a few photographs and dined at the Lake House. There were quantities of small birds in the alders by the river, in the bog behind the barn and in the beds of rank weeds that have grown up about the cellar where the Umbagog House formerly stood. The place last named attracted some strong attraction to a dozen or more Red Crossbills which were accompanied by a pair of White-winged Crossbills and a single Pine Siskin. They clustered thickly together on a space of bare ground where they seemed to be scooping up the earth with their bills & swallowing it in large mouthfuls. Standing within a few yards of them & using my glass I became satisfied that it was actually the earth which they were eating. Probably salt had been thrown there. All the

Black Ducks

Small birds  
 near Lake House

*Borealis minor*  
 at Annapolis

1895

Aug. 30

(No 3)

Crossbills, as I convinced myself by a close & systematic inspection Crossbills of each member of the flock in turn, were old birds and the males were in full red plumage. When, as happened very few minutes - for they were very restless and unusually shy for Crossbills, the flock took alarm at some real or imaginary danger and flew up into the hoched and leafless paper birches which used to shade the Umbagog House but which are now all nearly or quite dead. the Red Crossbills would begin singing Song of and keep it up with brief intermissions for several minutes sometimes Loxia minor only one singing at a time but usually two or three mingling their voices in a ruddy like Goldfinches in early spring. This song was new to me. It began with three or four full, short notes very much like those of the Goldfinch and ended with an equal number of comparatively harsh yet by no means unpleasant notes which at once recalled the prominent ones in the song of the Seaside Finch. As a whole the song was short, loud, decidedly Finch-like in character, & rather musical and pleasing. It was wholly unlike the low, subdued strain we sometimes hear from this Crossbill in Mass. in spring. Whether it is the full song or not I cannot tell but in addition to the fact that the birds were singing so freely I saw one pair engaged in copulating. Hence it Copulation seems only reasonable to assume that the flock - which by the way was evidently divided as to sexes - represented a little colony of breeding birds.

The White-winged Crossbills uttered only their usual chattering flight notes. Loxia  
leucoptera

The old elm by the river is half dead (a Kingfisher had perched on it as of yore) and the fine, tall white pine near it, died only a month or two ago & has not yet shed its brown & withered foliage.

1895.

Aug. 30  
(No 4)

Jim roused me back to Fallside in the afternoon and a little before sunset I walked down the road just Mr. Sweats' and turning into the pasture beyond the brook followed a narrow trail that led through dense spruce woods to a pasture on the hillside beyond. There was not so much as a breath of wind and in the still, clear air every sound of bird, beast & insect could be heard at an unusual distance. The chattering of Red Squirrels, the chinking of Chipmunks and the nasal whining of Nuthatches (*Sitta canadensis*) came almost incessantly from every side. Now & then a Jay screamed or a Thrush (*T. swainsoni*) uttered its liquid peep. A large Partridge flew suddenly from a log (where it had doubtless gone to drink, for it was a "drumming log") within two or three yards of the path. Much of the way the woods were silent & lifeless. The foliage is still as green as in midsummer in some places but a few leaves are beginning to turn.

Lakeside

Stroll through  
pasture near  
Sweats'

Sounds

Foliage

On my return just as I reached the road I saw a small bird fly into a thicket of bidens opulus. I made a low keeping when the bird at once showed itself, at first peeping out shyly from the foliage but finally hopping out on a nearly leafless branch where it permitted me to look at it for a minute or more through my glass from a distance of only six or eight paces. It was an Orange crowned Warbler in full autumn plumage, apparently a female for it had but little yellow on the under parts & that confined to the breast. There was another small warbler in the same bush which I am practically certain was also H. calata but which I cannot claim to have identified with absolute certainty. Both birds behaved precisely alike hopping & flitting (to a log

Helminthophila  
calata

1895

Aug. 30  
(No 5)

to try in the most active manner. Both flitted their wings nervously like Kinglets and waggled their tails slightly but unmistakably much in the manner of the Marsh Wren.

The one which I did not fully identify would not show itself fairly but I saw enough of it to feel <sup>surely</sup> sure that it was the same as the other. Both birds were wholly silent.

After the sun had set a Night hawk appeared on the Lake and a Herring Gull called a number of times in the thickets near the Steamer Landing.

Chipmunks have been exceedingly scarce this year in Eastern Massachusetts. Indeed I saw only one at Concord in April & May and but one or two were met with by Tabor & me while we were at Merrill's at Dover N. H. in late May & early June. Mr. Merrill told us that they had been very numerous there the preceding autumn (they were certainly swarming in June 1894) but that there was no food left and but little food of any kind & he thinks they were unable to lay up anything for the winter & have starved in their dens.

Here they appear to be in their usual numbers. I saw three during my walk this afternoon & heard several others. Red Squirrels are also here in abundance.

LakesideH. ColataChipmunks



1895

Aug. 31

Lakeside

The sun was clear this morning but then they cloudy over before nine o'clock and it began raining heavily at noon & continued until nearly sunset.

In the forenoon I walked along the road to the Stone Spring & then turned into the pasture on the left and strolled down to the lake shore where I took several photographs.

Walk to

shore for

There were a good many small birds in the woods & thickets and one large mixed flock in the woods but I identified only a few species among them than White-throated Sparrows, then Junco's, a Black & Yellow Warbler, then Maryland Yellow-throats (one an adult ♂), several Red-bellied Nuthatches, Chickadees etc.

Small birds

Crows were seldom out of sight or hearing, but I noted only Loxia minor to-day

Crows

Eagles are very numerous. There were four in sight at one to-day from the hotel passage, two of them old birds.

Eagles numerous

~~A flock of crows~~ At about 9 a. m. I heard the chirp of Robins very faintly & looking up saw a flock of eight whirring about at an immense height, looking, in fact, two larger than to many species of doves. Had the sky been blue instead of grayish white these birds could not possibly have been seen.

Robins

With the rain came a perfect swarm of Swallows - fully fifty of which four or five were Barn Swallows, one or two White-bellies and all the rest Barn Swallows. They perched in a long row on a fence rail where four Kingbirds joined them. When the rain slackened they would scatter & fly about over the fields. They all left before sunset.

Swallows

1895.  
Sept. 1

Clear and cool with high N. W. wind.

Jim Herrier came to Lakeside at about 10 a. m. and we at once started for the Lake House taking both cameras and lunch. The wind was fair and strong and we made the distance very quickly under sail seeing nothing but a flock of nine Black Ducks and an Osprey or two.

On reaching the Lake House I took the old, familiar path to the upper boat landing where Jim presently joined me with the new hunting boat and we started up the Cambridge. This quiet little river has quite recovered its old time beauty for the alders, viburnums and other bushes along the banks which a few years ago by the river dries ten or twelve years ago have grown up to their full size again and overhang the water as of yore.

It was a bad day for birds for the wind involved even the most sheltered beaches and tossed the foliage as well as drowned nearly all sounds. Notwithstanding we saw, on our way to W. Meadows, a number of Crossbills, Chickadees, Song Sparrows & other common birds besides a female Wood Duck, a Great Blue Heron, a Hood-merganser, Hawk, a Pileated Woodpecker, and a Solitary Sandpiper.

We hunted on the sand bar at the forks and then started back seeing on the return two Wood Ducks (both old drakes in a plumage intermediate between the plain winter plumage and the gorgeous autumn feathering) two Solitary Sandpipers, a Spotted Sandpiper and a few common small birds. The Wood Ducks were feeding together among the lily pads & I had a good long look

Trip to the  
Lake House &  
up the  
Cambridge River

Cambridge  
River

Birds seen

Crossbills  
Wood Duck  
Heron,  
Broad w. Hawk  
Pileated W.

Wood Duck  
drakes in  
"clipse" plumage

## Cambridge Town

1895

Sept. 1  
(No. 2.)

at them through the glass before they took wing  
Charles Brown who preceded us both ways started a flock  
of six Quills on his way up stream & shot a solitary  
Black Duck coming down. He saw a pair, Great Horned  
which some one had wondrously killed and left lying on the  
bank a little below the forks. I took eleven photographs  
in all, one of B. meadows which has not changed in the  
least since I first saw it in 1872.

Photography

On getting back to the mill I went to the cellar of  
the Umbagog House and found a number of Crossbills  
on the exposed spots of bare ground where I saw them two  
days ago. There were four *L. leucophaea* (three ♂♂ & a ♀) and  
about a dozen *L. minor* crowded thickly together on a space  
of less than a square yard all busily engaged in digging up  
& swallowing large mouthfuls of the soil. I made sure this  
time that they were really eating it. On examining the  
spot closely after they had flown I found innumerable holes  
and short furrows made by their bills. When they flew  
up into the dead birches the Red Crossbills sang freely as  
on my first visit. There were no other birds of either species.  
Crossbills are evidently very numerous this autumn. I see  
or hear them everywhere & which up the Cambridge to-day  
we were rarely out of sound of their piping. Their abundance  
is evidently due to the fact that the spruces and balsams  
are loaded with cones which are fast turning brown.

Crossbills

I heard a bird call out to me to-day, a succession of  
loud bar throats, barking cries. The author was apparently in  
some large birches near the river but we could not get sight of her.  
I sailed back to Lakeside about late in afternoon.

A Thrax  
bird to us

1895.

Sept. 2

Clear with strong N. W. wind.

Pine Point

With Jim Bernier I left Salside this morning on the new steamer "Cambridge", a stern wheel boat about double the ton of the "Cassadon" but of very much lighter draft, well originally to run on the Anderscoggin. She is the property of Charlie Douglas, the Anderscoggin Boats Transportation Company having ceased to run their boats on this Lake. Mr. and Mrs. Ashley (from Meriden, Conn.) who have been staying at Salside & Dr. Woodwell of Bethel were the only other passengers. We reached Pine Point at about 8.30 A. M. and found that Charlie Adswell and Will. Sargent who had preceded us on Saturday (August 31) had the tents up and everything about the camp in fairly good order.

Open the  
Camp on  
Pine Point

I spent most of the day unpacking and arranging my personal effects and laying out work for the men but late in the afternoon I took a short sail in the cruising canoe across the Lake to the Outlet & Moose Point but being without of interest except a Blue Heron, a Black Duck & three White-bellied Swallows. C. & E. R. S. arrived on the steamer at about 7 P. M. They left Boston on Saturday spent Sunday at Rangleby and come down across all the Lakes & over the Rapid Pine Carry to-day.

SailingTree Swallows

The Point has not changed in the least since last year. No trees of any size have died or fallen & our paths are clear & firm. Some vandals from Upton killed all our Partridges last autumn I hear. I examined the drumming drummers, by carefully & found no signs of our birds' recent presence. During the night (moonlight) I heard a Board Owl & a Scree,

Our feet  
Partridge,  
the old  
drummers,  
gone

1895

Sept. 3

Pine Point

Cloudless with showy but somewhat heavy S. wind. Barometer, then, 68° at noon.

Warblers were migrating in some numbers last night and a mixed flock of about thirty birds spent the day in the birch grove on the Point "drifting" back & forth & feeding busily from morning until night. I revised them carefully & identified Parus atricapillus (6 or 8), Setta canadensis (3 or 4), Dendroica striata (2 juv), ~~Comp.~~ D. virens (1), D. coronata (1 ad. ♂), Empidonax griseus (2 juv), Helmichophila ruficapilla (1), Vireo olivaceus (2 or 3), Regulus satrapa (5 or 6). One of the Vireos sang lustily at intervals.

Birds about  
camp.

I spent most of the day at camp but took in the afternoon walked with C. & E. R. S. to Anders Point.

Still later we sailed across to Moose Point in one of the large row boats. It was delightful on the lake the wind having fallen to a gentle & refreshing breeze being over. The mountains were veiled in a blue-colored haze.

Although the moon was full & the night clear & still we heard no Owls. Great Blue Herons, however, were continually passing & re-passing the Point during the hours when I was awake.

Gr. Blue  
Herons or  
night



1895.

Sept. 4

Pine Point

Clear with light S. wind. Much warmer. Ther 80° at 11 A.

Spent most of the day at camp working on the new deck room with the men. Late in the afternoon walked with C. & E. R. S. to Cook's Point being a female Partridge in the path near the Spring.

A small mixed flock of Lutescent, Partridges etc. Spent the day in the back yard on the Point but I could find nothing of interest among them. Small birds  
about camp

Hylas and Wood Frogs called & croaked especially during the afternoon & I heard one Bull Frog bellowing lustily in the direction of the Outlet. Frogs

Soon after sunset I went with E. R. S. to the end of the Point and sat there on the rocks until it was nearly dark. Three or four Hurons passed flying low over the water that the tops of their wings rippled its glassy surface. The quacking of Black Ducks & the hoarse bawling of the Hurons came at frequent intervals from the marshes about the Outlet. A Bonaparte Gull, concealed by the darkness but evidently flying about over the Lake called cree, cree a dozen times or more. Large birds  
at camp  
E. R. S. Herons  
Bonaparte  
Gull.

At 9 P.M. we all walked through the woods to the base of Cook's Point to see the hebes by moonlight. The moon was full & the woods brilliantly lighted whenever there was open space. There was not a breath of wind & the silence was fairly oppressive. Indeed we heard nothing but the occasional chirp of a migrating Warbler, the quacking of Black Ducks in the direction of Moon Point & a sharp loud sound like the stroke of an axe on a stump is that. The last was given only once. Woods by  
moonlight

1875

Sept. 5

Calm, warm & rather hazy, the sun peeping out on brief intervals through the clouds which covered the sky most of the day.

Outlet

Marshes.

At about 8 A.M. I took an evening canoe and paddled across the Lake through Richardson's Cove and back by way of Leonard's Pond & Moon Point. The water is higher than usual and the marshes near the Outlet are so wholly submerged that there is no feeding ground whatever for the smaller waders of which I saw none excepting a solitary bird which looked like a Semipalmated Sandpiper & which was flying high up. Six Black Ducks were swimming well out in the Lake & I started three more from their favorite nest among the fallen tops on the island in Leonard's Pond. Two King birds were sitting on the stumps at the entrance to this little pond & an Osprey, two Bald Eagles, two Common Marsh Hawks & numerous Kingfishers were perched <sup>near</sup> or flying about its shores.

None too  
high for  
small waders.

A lone  
Sandpiper  
Black Ducks  
Wood Ducks

King birds  
Osprey, Eagles  
Marsh Hawks  
Kingfishers  
Swallows

But the most interesting sight was that of a flock of at least seventy or eighty Swallows which were skimming about over the open marshes. I detected one Bank Swallow and then a few Barn Swallows among them but practically the whole swarm was made up of Barn Swallows. Foxon tells me that this species has been unusually abundant in Mass. this year. It would seem to have increased greatly here as well for I never saw any thing like so many about Umbagog before & I have rarely seen it at all so late in the season.

Increase of  
Petrochelidon  
lunifrons

Will Sargent saw a large Gray Squirrel on Moon Point this forenoon. He tells me that two were killed in Upper Lake autumn & that he found a third floating dead in the Lake.

Gray Squirrels

Pine Point

1895  
Sept. 5  
(No 2)

Regularly every morning with the first appearance of the sun, (early if it be clear, sometimes not before 9 a.m. if the fog hangs long) six or eight Chickadees, five or six Golden-crests, three or four Canada Nuthatches, a Crow or two & a Downy & Hairy Woodpecker come into the birch grove on the end of Pine Point and spend from one to three or four hours there. Almost invariably they rooster in the late afternoon & sometimes in the evening. These birds are, as I have just said, quite regular in their appearance but the various Warblers which accompany them change every day or even from hour to hour, in numbers & species.

A striking instance of this occurred to-day. The flock during its morning visit contained less than a dozen Warblers among which I recognized only D. virens, D. carolinensis, D. striata and Compsothlypis. But when it returned at about three P.M. there were more than a hundred Sylvia birds. Indeed I have rarely seen so large a mixed flock in this region. The woods over a space of an acre or more were highly swarming with birds and it was not uncommon to see a dozen or more in the tops of our small birch. Such a chirping and twittering as they kept up, with now & then a whistled song from a Parula Warbler or a few low notes from a Red-eyed Vireo! Although there was not a breath of wind the foliage was constantly agitated by the active movements of the little birds which hopped and flitted from twig to twig or chased one another back and forth with endless energy. The Warblers, fed chiefly among the leaves or near the terminal twigs, the Vireo & Nuthatches on the trunks or larger branches where they made a great crackling or rustling among the loose scales of birch bark. The flock as a whole, as well as its members individually - was exceedingly active & restless moving on from tree to tree through the woods so rapidly that at times one had to walk fast to keep

Immense

mixed flock

of Warblers

1895.

Sept 5  
1895

up with the theory. Under these conditions it was difficult to identify any large number of its members but with the aid of my glass I made out the following: Decorvicia virens (10 or 12 all ♀♀ or young) D. carolinensis (6) D. maculosa (6), D. striata (4 juv), D. castanea (2 juv), Compsothlypis americana (5 or 6), H. w. pacifica (1 ad ♂ saw once in bond, full time) D. coronata (4) Sylvania canadensis (1 juv ♂) Vireo olivaceus (4) V. histrio (1 juv)

Mixed flock  
of Mockers etc

It is evident that the Chickadees, Nuthatches, Kinglets, Crows & Woodpeckers, which do not vary in number, are local birds which make their daily rounds over nearly the same ground and that the Thrushes, Vireos etc. are migrants which come in from the north during the night and spend only an hour or a portion of a day in the neighborhood.

The Kingfishers are unusually numerous about the Lake this autumn. Every little nook or indentation of the shore has its bed and the large cove has three or four who are continually fighting & chasing one another about in the attempt to maintain or secure the best fishing grounds. When the Lake is calm as it has been to-day one can hear the plunge of a Kingfisher half a mile or more away - a dull, full thump like that of a large stone thrown into the water.

Kingfishers

Every evening a little after sunset two or three Kingfishers come to Pine Point to spend the night. They fly directly into the forest and go to roost among the densest foliage, often in a spruce or aspen tree, from four to ten rods back from the shore.

Kingfishers  
roosting in  
forest on  
Pine Point

1895

Sept. 6

Pine Point.

Another clear, calm, and very warm day. Therm 80° at 2 P.M.

I spent most of my time to-day developing photographs Photography.  
 But in the afternoon walked to Cogges's Point with C. &  
 E. R. S. to see the sunset which was very beautiful. In the  
 dusk over north of the Point we heard a tremendous squeaking  
 and on investigation I found that it was made by Herons &  
 two Great Blue Herons which flew from a dead tree as Eagle  
 I strolled myself on the rocks on the point. A Brown  
 Eagle was perched near them & I suspect that he had  
 been quarreling with them as I thought I heard his  
 choking scream mingling with the general outcry.

A Great Horned Owl was hooting at about 10 o'clock to-night Bute hooting  
 in the direction of the Outlet. For the past three nights  
 I have heard Swainson's Thrushes migrating in large numbers migration  
 and on the night of the 5<sup>th</sup> there was a heavy flight  
 of warblers.

The fog being late on the lake this morning yet I saw Warblers  
 warblers start out into it from the end of our point crossing the  
 heading due South. At about 9 a. m. a strange, low, yet Soak in  
 penetrating, hoarse or tooting sound like that made by Hoopoe a fog,  
 with a bang both coming from the fog enshrouded lake  
 and strange to wild Sargassum as well as myself tempted us  
 to fire off in one of the boats to investigate it. After Strange cry  
 paddling nearly a mile we came upon two loons on of a loon  
 which was making this sound. While on this expedition  
 we repeatedly heard & saw warblers flying singly, two  
 down across the lake through the fog. Some of them  
 kept a straight course towards the S. Others were evidently confused  
 & wandering about.



1895.

Sept. 7

Cloudy and warm threatening rain which, however did not come.  
Wind S. E. rather strong in P. M.

Pine Point.

In the early morning I heard a Brown Creeper sing ten or twelve times near the camp. He was in nearly full voice. A flock of five Robins flew one towards the N. to Parker (the first I have noted here this year) called and "throated" over in broken tones. White winged Crossbills were flying about chattering. A Three-toed Woodpecker (*P. arcticus*) came about the camp calling and rapping on the dead trunks. The usual flock of Chickadees & Nuthatches came at the usual time. There were perhaps thirty warblers with them but I did not have an opportunity to review the former carefully.

Camp birdsBrown Creeper  
SingsWhite Crossbills  
Picoides.Warblers

I spent the day making some changes in my canoe rigging and attending to other small matters. At about 5 P. M. Jim rowed (or rather sailed) me over to Moose Point where we concealed ourselves among some rocks on the bank at the western end of the little pond near the end of the Point. For an hour or more nothing stirred except an occasional Heron or Eagle soaring in the distance or a Lawrence Sparrow rising and dropping again into the grass after a short flight. At length a pair of Black Ducks crossed the marsh some distance off. Next five Wood Ducks came to the pond lifting their wings as if intending to alight but they suddenly turned & flew around us in a great circle finally dropping into the twin pools to the westward. A few minutes later a perfect swarm of Black Ducks came flying down the creek from Diamond's Pond. Then over two flocks containing respectively about fifteen & forty birds. The smaller flock alighted in the lake & four birds swam in nearly within shot when they discovered our boat & rising made off. It was now nearly dark.

Evening at  
Moose PointHeronEagleBlack DucksWood DucksA swarm  
of  
Black Ducks

1895.

Sept 7

(no 2)

but for the next ten or fifteen minutes Black Ducks kept passing in from every direction & flying about low down, but few alighting. I fired both barrels at four which passed over me rather high & missed both. A pair however passed me within good range but somehow I did not get the gun on them & they dropped into our pond when I could not see them in the gloom.

Before the Ducks began arriving a Great Horned Owl alighted in the pond within twenty yards of us. He was only partially concealed by the brakes but we lay perfectly still and for three or four minutes the big bird stood erect & motionless staring at us intently but evidently unable to make out just what we were. Finally he sprang into the air and made off rising in a broad spiral coming back over us again & again at a constantly increasing height. His avision was apparently still unsatisfied but he was nevertheless much alarmed for he kept uttering a low *coc-coc* during the whole time that he remained in flight.

The Lake is falling rapidly & the Moose Point marsh is now in good condition for duck but not a single mallard or any description was seen a head to night.

There has been little shooting within our hearing these past four or five days although there has been a land on Mallard ducks during this time.

Previous to to-day I have seen but one Sheldrake but early this forenoon a flock of 22 passed the point flying down the Lake into Glasgow Cove, as they are in the habit of doing when the wind comes strong from the S. E. & the upper end of the Lake becomes too rough for them.

Moose Point  
Big flight  
of mallard  
Ducks

Ardea herodias

Gosander

1895.

Sept. 8

A glorious day with strong, steady W. wind and remarkably clear air.

Spent the forenoon about camp. In the afternoon Jim wound me to Whob's Back Cove where we saw nothing but a Flicker, a Spotted Sandpiper, three or four Great Blue Herons & as many Kingfishers. The sandy shore was covered with Heron tracks and there was one old bird track which I took to be that of a Golden Plover.

We sailed back past Moon Point to the Outlet where we found a Black Tern in immature plumage flying about over the marshes plunging down and bounding straight up again like a playful Sparrow Hawk.

We were rowing down the river when a Whistler rose about 200 yards ahead, crossed the marsh, cooed out over the Lake & returning landed within thirty yards of us when I shot it. It is singular that this Duck and the Goldeneye, although exceedingly shy birds when one attempts to approach them on the water, will often fly past an unpowered boat within very range.

At sunset we pushed the boat into Richardson's Carry & there awaited the evening flight of Ducks. Black Ducks soon began coming from various directions, singly, in pairs, and in small flocks. The greater number dropped into the Moon Point marsh & a good many into the muddy points opposite the entrance to Leonard's Pond. For a long time none came near us but at length a high bird came on a long shot. Feathers came from him as I fired but he kept on evidently unhurt. A little later four birds came directly over us. I fired at one which instantly dropped

Whob's Back  
CoveOutlet  
Hydrochelidon  
simmonsii.Whistler  
shot.Richardson's  
Carry.  
Evening flight  
of water-fowl

Duck shooting

1895

Sept. 8

(No 2.)

fifteen or twenty feet turning a complete somersault, then recovery, flew off with great swiftness circling first over the marsh & then out over the Lake where he finally struck the water with great force cutting a long, silvery furrow. He paddled out after him at once & found him perfectly dead. It had now become so dark that we started for the camp.

During the evening flight I heard Wood Ducks squeaking & Carolina Rail chucking in the grass near us. But not a single Snipe or other wader was seen or heard. They must come soon now for the water has fallen rapidly these past two days and the mud flats are nearly bare over acres in extent.

Charlie saw a flock of seven Partridges near the Spring this afternoon & will find "Sea Ducks" of large size swimming off the Point. He says they had white wing patches so they were doubtless Velvet Scoters.

Just as I was going to sleep to night (about 10 o'clock) I heard a Night Heron quawking in the direction of the Outlet. Old Green Horned Owl hooted a few times near Moll's Rock a little after sunset.

Outlet MarshesRichardson'sCaneyWood DucksCarolina RailSnipePartridgesWhite wingedScoters inthe marshNight HeronBubo hooting

1895-

Sept. 9

Cloudy with occasional light showers.

Outletmarshes

At about 8 a. m. I paddled across the Outlet in the Canvas canoe. At the Outlet I found a Whistler which either could not or would not fly but which dove very readily. I chased him about for some time firing one long shot at him. This shot started up some woodcock from the marsh. I heard the whistling of Summer Yellow-birds & Grass Birds & at length saw four of the latter alight on a mud flat. Before I could get near them they were gone & made off. Afterwards I saw a hundred them high or eight times but always flying at long distances.

WadersLess. YellowlegsPetrels

As I was scanning the mud banks at the outlet closely following down in them I discovered a Wilson's Snipe standing in a crowship attitude on the bare mud. Presently he squatted flat in a little hollow, & I then saw another Snipe, also squatted, within a foot of the first. The bow of the canoe was within less than two yards of these birds when they rose and made off at great speed. I fired only one shot & missed. Afterwards I found one of this pair & killed it. I also started two fresh birds on the opposite bank of the river & bagged both firing four shots in all for my three Snipe.

Gallinagodelicata

At evening Jim rode in across to Moose Point where we took a station near the train ponds in the marsh. About 50 Black Ducks came into or near this marsh but I got only one shot - at four birds which came directly over me. I dropped my first but missed with the second barrel. I ought to have fired at twelve Ducks which came directly over the pond & set their wings "bumping" beautifully but I thought they were going to alight & missed my chance. Two Harvers passed over as I was heard one Snipe.

Evening atMoose Point.Black DucksI shoot one



1895

September 10 A superb day, cloudless very warm but with a fresh N. wind after  
10 a. m.

Jim & I started off in the hunting boat at 8 a. m. crossing  
the lake to Richardson's Cove, which we reached just as the fog  
began breaking up. About midway of the passage we came upon  
a White-throated Sparrow floating, dead on the calm surface. It  
occurred to me that those birds which we find drowned in the  
lake after foggy nights may meet their fate by descending through  
the fog at daybreak & striking the water before they make out what  
it is, rather than by wandering about in circles until they become  
exhausted. This idea was suggested to me by the reflection that  
the color of the water when it is calm & encumbered in fog is  
precisely like that of the fog itself. Looking down at the lake  
from a slight elevation I find that I cannot make out the  
water at all through the fog unless it is agitated by the head  
of a fish or by a breath of air.

As we neared the entrance to Leonard's Pond a Pigeon Hawk *Falco*  
alighted on a stub which stood on the river bank. We  
approached to within easy range when I saw that the  
bird was a fine adult male but before I could raise the  
gun it flew and I missed it as it was making off.  
Less than one hundred yards further on I was surprised  
to see at least a dozen Yellow-rumped Warblers in  
a dying & nearly leafless maple which overhung the water.  
They were hopping & fluttering about but did not appear to  
be especially active or excited and were making no noise.  
While I was looking at them my eye was attracted to  
an upright, motionless form in the centre of the tree &  
this I made out through my glass to be another Pigeon  
Hawk, a young bird, apparently a male. It was evidently  
the object which had excited the interest of the Warblers.

Orchid  
marshes

Lonicitica  
aberrans  
drowned in  
the lake.  
Possible reason  
why birds  
are so often  
drowned in  
this way.

Columbarius.

1895

Sept. 10  
(1 or 2)

but they did not appear to be in the least afraid of it for they repeatedly approached within five or six feet of it always however keeping above it. The Hawk did not seem to notice them but kept its gaze fixed on the ground beneath as nearly as I could judge from the position of its head. I was on the point of shooting at it when, like the other, it escaped by taking flight but my shot cut several feathers from it & it went off as if badly wounded dropping into a thicket of alders where we could neither find nor flush it.

Early this morning I had seen still a third Pigeon Hawk Falco columbarius behaving in a curious manner. I was taking my bath in our corn house when I heard a shrill ki-ki-ki very like that of the Sparrow and Cross Hawk for which, indeed, I at first mistook it. But as soon as I got my glass on the bird I saw that it was unquestionably together a Pigeon Hawk. It was either playing or fighting with a Crow, I think the former for both birds appeared to be enjoying the sport. They took turns in darting at one another when the one attacked would invariably flee, doubling & twisting to avoid its pursuer. After ~~each~~ of three ~~such~~ such they would alight on the storks facing one another & usually only a few feet apart. During the plunges the Hawk would scream & the Crow uttering a rolling croak. Finally they had one & parting flew off in different directions.

While looking for the wounded Pigeon Hawk we entered Leonard's Pond & down on a flock of a dozen Wood Ducks

In the first little pond hole on the Myalloway (the one nearly opposite the traps for log haul) I shot a remarkably large & fine Black Duck. It came running out of a bed of rank grass behind me as I was skimming the water's edge & took wing with loud quacking.

Falco  
columbarius  
& Yellow rump.

Falco  
columbarius  
and Cross  
playing

Black Duck  
shot

Megalloway River.

1895.

Sept. 10

(183)

One night stay was at Pine Hill Pond where I quickly discovered a bird which I took at the time for a Wood Duck, but which afterwards proved to be a Black Duck, lying asleep with its head buried in its feathers on an incline, the trunk fully eight feet above the water. As I could see nothing else in the pond I made a detour & tried to reach the bank above the Sleeping Duck, but the woods at this point proved to be encumbered by a wind fall which made it impossible to advance further with the necessary absence of wind. I therefore kept further on & came out at a place where I could see nothing of my bird. But on the opposite shore near the spot where I had first approached the pond I discovered five Wood Ducks standing in a row on a log. Back I went ~~and~~ over & approaching easily & quickly under excellent cover was soon within thirty yards of the log on which the Wood Ducks stood but all were now fast asleep. It seemed like murder to fire into the brown mass of innocent, unsuspecting birds but our camp leader was bold & I fleeced my heart. The first barrel laid out four and I dropped the fifth as it was, leaving all fire after two more shots at the wounded ones. As I was creeping up to three Wood Ducks I saw the Black Duck stretch up his neck & then with crowd wings deep plump into the water making as much noise as a big stone would have done. My first shot started 4 other Wood Ducks from the opposite side of the pond. Although it was barely dawn o'clock I did not fire another shot during the day. He hunched at Pulpit Rock & soon afterwards I tried the meadow just above but found only a Ptarmigan there. It rose from the grass on a point where I had previously

Pine Hill Pond.

Black Duck  
asleep on log

Wood Ducks

I got all  
of a flock  
of five with  
two shots.Black Duck  
on snag.

Ptarmigan

1895  
Sept 10  
(No 4)

seen its head & well pointing straight upward but after inspecting them through my glass and even considering the possibility that they belonged to a Bittern I decided that what I saw was surely a stalk, not a "Stake Drive".

In Bottle Brook Pond we found twelve Black Ducks, a Hood Duck & a Whistler but I failed to get a satisfactory shot at them although at my first attempt I got within ten or fifteen yards of them. The trouble was that they were under some bushes & tall reeds where I could get only an occasional promontory glimpse of a head or neck. It was exciting enough for they made a great splashing & rolled out large ripples incessantly under my very nose. Now, now & then I heard the various muffled poof which Black Ducks so often make by striking the air with their half spread wings. Finally they drove off across the pond & when I went around it was back again. We finally left them undisturbed.

Bottle Brook  
Pond  
Black Ducks

As we were coming down the river in the late afternoon the sun had set, indeed - a Broad winged Hawk alighted on a stub over the water & almost immediately afterwards catches a frog & swooped down & struck the mud with a loud thump. As we were approaching the spot it rose & flew across the river into the woods carrying what looked like a frog in its talons. During the day I saw two other Hawks which I took to be of this species sailing about at a great height.

Butter  
latissimus  
frog

We saw only one Duck - a Whistler - in the Megalloway. This required us for the former seldom goes up this river now. Whistler



1895

Sept. 10  
(No 5)

During the day we were rarely out of sight or sound of Crossbills. Both species appear to be equally common. While I was watching the ducks at Bottle Neck Pond a Red Crossbill sang for nearly an hour in one place repeating its song at short regular intervals. There was little or no wind at the time and although the bird was perched on a spruce on the opposite side of the pond fully 100 yds from me its song filled my ears. It was fully as loud as the song of a Purple Finch. I heard it to much better advantage here than in the case of the birds singing at Upton on August 29<sup>th</sup> for the singing there was more or less melody singing by several birds at once & moreover there were other noises ~~besides~~ <sup>besides</sup> the voices of men & cattle whereas here my dogster had the whole shepher's force to himself. His song did not vary in the least with the different repetitions but was invariably of eight notes or perhaps I should rather say of four notes repeated twice without any appreciable pause between the two phrases. The <sup>two opening</sup> notes in each phrase were loud & full & resembled those of Sparrows ~~tricks~~, the <sup>two closing</sup> notes were exceedingly like one of those in the song of *Melospiza fasciata*. These latter are the ones that I compared (Aug. 29) to those of the Seaside Finch but they are much more musical & more like the voice of the Song Sparrow. The effect of the whole song is highly pleasing & the bird descends fairly high bank as a songster among *Prinettidæ*. I should think that if it were heard too often <sup>however</sup> the song might become fairly a little tiresome. The notes are given with a curious distinctness & deliberation as if the bird were keeping its voice within rigid restraint.

*Loxia*  
*minor* et  
*americanus*

Song of  
*L. minor*



1895.

Sept. 11.

A dull, cloudy day, breeze & pretty with better wind

I did not go out until evening when Jim rowed me  
 out to Moon Point. Although we saw not a single Drake  
 last night on our way across the Lake I could hardly  
 believe that they had really stopped coming to the  
 marshes as evening. Such is undoubtedly the case  
 however for to night only one alighted there & a small  
 bunch (five or six) flying high & passing on towards  
 the water over all the others that we saw. The reason  
 why they have discontinued coming is obvious enough; the  
 Lake has fallen so considerably this past week that their  
 former feeding grounds are now bare & flat. Drakes  
 will not feed where they cannot swim.

A few Herons came to the marsh but we heard no  
 words except what I took to be a Golden Plover  
 although its call was not just right for that species.  
 The bird, whatever it was, flew about high in air for  
 a long time & finally went off down the beach.

Moon Pt

Drakes cease  
visiting Moon  
Point at  
evening

HeronsGolden Plover?

1895

Sept. 12

Cloudy and sultry with light variable winds which finally settled in the N. W. and blew hard after dark promising cooler weather

Outlet  
marshes &  
Leonard's  
Pond

At 8 a. m. I started off in the crissing canoe taking first to Whal's Rock Cove & then back to the Outlet which I had nearly reached when happening to look back I saw a flock of birds coming swiftly up behind me following the line of the shore. Their low, swift, glancing flight and the close order in which they moved told me at once that they were Blue-winged Teal. I had barely time to get out the dog-gone gun from under the deck of the canoe when they were upon me & moved abruptly to the right. I fired only one barrel bringing down two birds. The other six (there were but eight altogether) circled around me and alighted ~~somewhere~~ beyond the mouth of the river. I followed them at once but could not find them although I searched every pool and indentation in the marsh.

A shot at  
Blue-winged Teal

While thus engaged I saw a Black Duck & a Pintail flying together, a flock of six Golden Plover which crossed back & forth across the wide marshes often letting their wings but were once alighting & six Green Birds which left the Plover company at once.

Pintail Duck  
Golden Plover  
& Green Birds

I then paddled to Leonard's Pond. The Black Duck & Pintail rose from the river & dropped into the pond. I landed & tried to find them but I could see nothing but a flock of twelve Black Ducks sitting on some logs on the opposite side of the pond. Finally a light brown spot on a mud bank on my

Pintail

1895.  
Sept. 12  
(No. 2)

side caught my eye. I studied it carefully through the glass but it did not move nor could I make it out to be a bird. Nevertheless I decided to stalk it which I did when I found that it was a solitary Blue-winged Teal diving in the lagoon. When I saw it its head I fired & killed it.

A solitary  
Teal asleep  
on the mud.

The boat drove out the Black Ducks of course and finding being nothing else in the pond that I wanted except their exquisite food Lily Blossoms I put up the sail and sped back to the Outlet.

Black Ducks

On the way I saw a flock of about twenty Swallows skimming over the marshes. The majority were Eastern Swallows but there was at least one White-belly among them.

Even  
Swallows

The Ptarmigan were calling high in air and after circling many times gave me a long blast which I missed I had got well out on the water on my way to camp

Another shot  
at the flock  
of Teal.

where a flock of six led the herons, no doubt, of the bunch of eight that I shot into this morning come flying in from the open water and alighted near a grassy island behind me. Taking down the sail I paddled back. They came out from behind the grass thickets of their necks to look at me and then swam back one by one. I urged the canoe forward with all my strength & reaching the grass soon as my knees and peeped through it. The Teal were swimming directly away from me with their necks raised so I fired at one killing two with my first barrel and a third as the remaining four well wing. This little bit of Teal shooting to-day revived old associations & gave me a genuine thrill of the sportsman's pleasure such as I rarely feel now. There was one old man among my relatives and I made him up into a beautiful skin.

1895

Sept. 14

Yesterday and to-day have been essentially alike clear and cold with a rising N.W. wind which died away at times yesterday & bank to a gentle breeze by four P.M. to-day. The thermometer stood at  $38^{\circ}$  at day break yesterday; this morning it fell to  $32^{\circ}$  (Fahr.).

Cutler &  
Leonard's Pond

I sailed across to the Cutler yesterday morning & paddled down the river to Richardson's Carry but saw no living thing save one Blue Heron. An evening fin found me across. We found three Blue-winged Teal, no doubt the three which escaped me on the 12<sup>th</sup>, sitting on the water close to the grassy island but they flew before we could get near them. A single Black Duck & a Whistler came over the marsh at evening but we saw nothing else except a few Blue Herons & a Kingfisher which found one the water near us toward home & finally got his fish. This was long after dark & I could not understand how he could possibly do anything beneath that black, ruffled surface.

Blowing Teal  
again

This morning I again sailed across the lake & finding nothing on the marshes paddled to Leonard's Pond. Landing I approached the inner channel under cover and peeped one but could see nothing except a Whistler which was dipping out in the open water. After watching him awhile I returned to the cause and paddled around the point. Fatal mistake! No sooner had I sought myself into full view of the inner channel than I discovered a perfect horde of Ducks swimming close in shore or standing on the mud bars. The tall wild rice had effectively concealed them when I had looked out on the pond from the shore. There were about 20 Wood Ducks & fully 40 or 50 Black

a swarm of  
Ducks in  
Leonard's Pond.

1895  
Sept. 14  
(no 2)

Ducks, altogether the largest assemblage of water-fowl that I have seen in Leonard's Pond then twenty years.

The Wood Ducks, curiously enough, flew first. Some of the Black Ducks immediately followed them but a dozen or more remained and watched me for two or three minutes although I was out in the open water & not 80 yards from them. Indeed I had some hopes of driving the cause back out of sight & afterwards landing & killing them but they all took wing before I could accomplish this.

Wood Ducks  
Black Ducks

On my way back to camp I saw a flock of six Greenlets flying over the woods.

Greenlets

Soon after dinner I started out with Jim in the large boat. Just inside Moon Point we spied two Whistlers swimming near shore. I landed and tried to stalk them but they waddled gradually away from shore & out of gunshot. Jim seeing this paddled quietly towards them. They had now gone to sleep and turned slowly around & around with their heads under their scapular feathers dipping with the wind. They paid little attention to the boat until it was within 60 yards or less when they began swimming away from it. They passed us out of range but Jim circled around them & drove them back when they came within 30 yards & I shot one on the water & the other as it rose. They were evidently fresh arrivals from the north for none of our local Whistlers would have acted in this manner.

Two Lame  
Golden eyes

We next went to Leonard's Pond. I landed and approached the wild rice belt carefully but two Wood Ducks, the only ones there, saw me & flew before I got near them. After looking the place over thoroughly I hunted for Jim to bring the boat. The next instant a flock of 15 to 18 Wood Ducks came

Wood Ducks  
Swimming in  
Leonard's Pond



1895

Sept. 14

(No 3)

hurting down on his wings and alighting with a great plopping  
 for a moment & still for a moment & then down in down. At  
 the same moment a violent squall with a dash of rain came  
 sweeping over the pond. Steeping low I hurried forward and  
 in less than a minute reached a thicket behind which I could  
 stand erect. Peeping over I saw two birds standing on the mud  
 close together & as over that as them. The flock was in  
 great confusion when I brought down a high bird. The  
 two at which I had fired the first barrel lay on the mud  
 dead but the last bird was only wounded & I had to  
 fire two more shots to kill it. A fourth bird by some  
 stray pellet went off badly wounded to my great regret. It  
 is the first duck that I have wounded & lost this year  
 although I have had no dog.

1895

Sept. 15

Cloudless and warm with light, variable winds & frequent returns of dead calm.

At 8 a. m. I started off with Jim taking my small (4x5) Two Deer in  
 camera. He went first to Gloopy Cove. Soon after turning Gloopy Cove  
 the outer point Jim exclaimed "there's a deer." The next  
 instant I saw it standing at the water's edge with its  
 head down. The wind blew directly towards it & it presently  
 raised its head looked intently at us & walked slowly off  
 along the shore tracking deep into the wood at each step &  
 drawing out its slender legs slowly. It was a small doe,  
 a "yearling," Jim said. It had gone only a few rods when  
 it was joined by a another deer, also a doe but of full size.  
 The two walked in behind a large rock where they stopped  
 and remained for fifteen or twenty minutes peeping out at us  
 curiously over the rock sometimes showing only their ears, at  
 other times their whole heads & a portion of their necks which  
 looked singularly slender & deer-like. At length we shouted  
 but they would not move. Indeed we had to hammer loudly  
 on the boat with the oars before they finally curled their  
 tails and leaped off into the thicket.

We went as far as B. Brook Cove and after taking a  
 number of photographs returned to dinner. We saw three Young Boats  
 Gray Boats swimming together and a Pileated Woodpecker  
 which flew across the broader part of the Lake flapping  
 slowly & steadily like a Crow.

In the afternoon we rowed to Brandy Kelp & took more Black Ducks  
 photos. Two flocks of Black Ducks, one of 11 the other of  
 24 birds were floating out near the middle of the water Bay  
 like boats. There was much firing on the marshes in the afternoon  
 deep water

1885

Sept. 17

A wild day with violent N.W. wind & great masses of dark clouds driving hurriedly across the sky.

Trip up the  
Megalloway

In all went up the Megalloway for the day, C. & E. R. S. rowed by their oars in the long boat, I in my canvas canoe. In the afternoon, a little below Leonard's Pond, I came upon a whistler close upon & shot it. It proved to be a wounded bird having the tip of the wing broken. It was in fact, the same week as the 10<sup>th</sup>.

A wounded  
Whistler  
shot.

Turning into Pine Hill Pond we landed and hunched on a high bank carpeted with bunch berries & Holland ferns from the wind by a dense growth of young balsam & spruce. A solitary bird kept flitting close about us the whole time we were there holding us unceasingly fixedly like a bird anxious about its nest or young.

Pine Hill  
Pond

After lunch we went to Horns Lake Pond where we landed & took a walk along the road towards East. Two small birds visible. An Osprey perching over the river.

Small birds.  
Osprey

Started back at 4 P.M. meeting fire on the way. On reaching Leonard's Pond I took a few photographs of the fine sunset & shot a winter Yellow legs in the left hand leg of the pond. The other boat went further in & started two Wood Ducks,

Leonard's P.  
Ga. Yellow legs  
Wood Ducks

During the trip up the Megalloway I saw only two Ducks, both Wood Ducks. I also saw two Spotted Sandpeeps & one Solitary.

Spotted S.  
Solitary S.

Errol Hill Pond.

1895

Sept. 19

Clear with light, variable winds &amp; long periods of calm. Very warm

At 9 A. M. we started off on another all day's trip from morning C. & E. R. S. in their boat, I going in the cracking canoe. I sailed most of the way from camp to Swale Meadow but we stopped so often to take photographs that it was noon when we reached the head of the meadow & lunched.

Photographing

After lunch E. R. S., Jim & I walked in through the woods to Errol Hill Pond which was looking its very loveliest in the clear afternoon light. A Great Blue Heron was the first met in the marsh at the eastern end & then Whistlers were diving & fishing near him. At the western end a solitary Black Duck was feeding near shore. After spending a little time on the shore together we departed Jim taking E. R. S. back to Swale's Meadow while I chose a comfortable place on the shore under some overhanging branches & waited for Jim to return & help me take some photographs. While he was gone a Deer came within a few rods of me passing behind me through the dense woods. I did not get to see as a glimpse of him but I could trace his progress by the sound of his footsteps. Once he stepped on a dead branch & broke it & repeatedly, I heard his hooves rattle against the stems of the small trees. After Jim came we found the <sup>back</sup> track of a large Buck where I had heard him pass.

WaterfowlDeer

We took several photographs & started back just as the sun was sinking behind Errol Hill. All the Ducks flew when we showed ourselves the Black Duck going straight off, the Whistlers rising in a great circle before they could get above the trees & ridges.

Whistlers

While I was waiting at the pond I heard & saw a





Pine Point.

1895

Sept. 20

A glorious September day, clear, warm, with only an occasional puff of wind to ruffle the calm surface of the Lake.

Having much writing and other work to do I did not get far away from Camp but nevertheless the day was richer in interesting observations than any previous day this month, this was partly owing to chance but partly also to the fact that the woods on the point were alive with birds from morning to night. For the past week or so there have been few small land birds except our local Titmice, Crows, Nuthatches etc. and I had begun to think that most of the September migrants had passed by especially as I heard no Robins or Thrushes migrating at night.

But last night the singing of Robins was almost incessant and this morning they swarmed in our woods. They kept high in the trees at first & I could not make out many of them but at length a flock of about 100 descended into the birch second-growth near the end of the Point where I was able to review them with some success. I positively identified Dendroica blackburnii (1 ♀), D. castanea (1 juv), D. virens (1 ad ♂, 6 or 8 ♀♀ & juv ♂♂), D. caerulea (several), D. coronata (several), Vireo olivaceus (2), V. solitarius (1), V. philadelphicus (1), Dryobates pubescens (2) and the usual mot of Titmice, Nuthatches & Kinglets. I got very near the Philadelphus Vireo and had a good view of him.

It is singular that I see so few specimens of D. striata here in autumn. No doubt many escape my notice in these dense old woods but still they cannot be very common.

For several days past small flocks of Juncos have been about so today I saw actually the first Hermit Thrush, a solitary bird flitting about near a fallen log.

Camp birds.

Heavy flight  
last night  
and big  
mixed flock  
on the point  
this morning.

Scarcity of  
Dend. striata  
in autumn

Pine Point,

1895

Sept. 20

(Ms 2)

At about eight o'clock this morning I was standing on the henlock bank watching down town birds when I heard directly overhead a sound as of a gust of wind blowing through pine woods. As there was no wind at the time I concluded that an Eagle or Osprey had swooped down through the trees. But an hour later the mystery was explained when happening to see a dozen Blue Jays rise above the trees I watched them closely. Closing in together like so many Blackbirds they ascended in a compact flock by a spiral course to a height of several hundred feet and then half closing their wings dashed down a steep incline like so many swooping falcons at the same time making the loud whirring sound which I had heard earlier in the morning. I think that on both occasions they were intending to start on migration but made "false starts", changing their minds for some reason or other.

Keen  
behavior of  
Cyanocitta  
cristata

Our cook's little daughter came to camp this morning bringing about a quart of horse nuts. Charlie (the cook) threw some of these to a Chipmunk which has been in the habit of visiting the camp nearly every day. The little fellow showed such extreme eagerness in focusing upon these nuts (which do not grow in this immediate locality) that Charlie had no difficulty in approaching him within a foot or two and in less than five minutes the Squirrel would allow him to stroke his back or even to pick him up, providing the tempting bait was supplied at the same time. Indeed it was not long before he would take the nuts from the fingers of any of our party. When we covered a pile of them with our hands he would wag & push with all his strength to remove the obstruction. Sometimes he nibbled our fingers but never with any real ill humor. He took the nuts away in his cheek pouches, ~~to~~ to eight each trip, & carried

W. L. C. &  
Chipmunk

## Pine Point.

1895

Sept 20

(183)

them far back into the woods. He ran over one foot & over a climbed half way up a log of my camera while I was getting it ready to photograph him.

Early in the afternoon I sitting in the woods writing this journal when a Partridge stopped up on a rock within twelve feet (measured) of me and began grating & staring at me with curiosity & suspicion. After watching her for several moments I tried to retreat & get my camera but she took alarm & running a few yards flew off into some dense undergrowth. She never heard a drummer on the land a little later but he was not on ~~the~~ old log & was probably not the bird that drummed there last year.

Partridge

As twilight was falling at evening a Whippoorwill sang eight or ten notes within a few rods of my tent.

Whippoorwill  
sings at eve

Wood Frogs croaked feebly in the early afternoon but I heard no Hylas.

Wood Frogs  
croaking

## Pine Point.

1895  
Sept. 21

Forenoon much like that of yesterday but warmer, the therm. rising to 82° at 12.30. A strong, steady west wind all the afternoon.

At 7 a. m. while I was sitting in the ~~boon~~ <sup>boon</sup> a flock of 17 Blue Jays started from the woods on the Point and rose to a height of, perhaps, 200 feet going up in a spiral course of about half a mile in width & making only one or one half turns during the ascent. They then started off towards the south-west flapping steadily until they faded out of sight in the distance. An hour later a flock of fourteen came over the Point at a height of about 200 feet & tettering their wings came trilling down precisely like those seen yesterday. The sound they made was so loud that Jim Barner who was lying in his tent came running out trilling, as he said, that a flock of Scoters must be falling down into the lake. I am puzzled by their evolutions. What do they mean? Apparently the flock of 17 were Harbinger or migrants. Did some of them return or were the 14 birds another lot? If the latter why should one flock start on migration & another end a journey at nearly the same hour? On all these occasions the Jays, unlike migrating Crows, have been loudly silent not a single scream did I hear on either evening.

There were only a few scattered warblers on the Point to-day. What became of the hordes of yesterday. I did not hear them depart last evening although I listened long & anxiously. At about 9 o'clock to night I saw a flying Squirrel shoot like a meteor across the opening in front of our camp. It "flew" about thirty yards before I lost sight of it descending in this distance from a height of 40 to a height of 10 feet.

*Cyanocitta cristata*  
migrating in early morning

A flock pitches down with loud whirring of wings

Camp birds

flying Squirrel

Moose Point.

1895.

Sept. 22

Clear with strong W. wind. The warmest day <sup>thus far</sup> of this unusually warm month. Ther 84° at noon 74° at 8 P.M.

In the morning sailed over past the Cutler when I saw a single Kittiwake flying above over the marshes.

Jim rowed me to Moose Point at evening. Two flocks of Black Ducks passed over the marsh as we were crossing the Lake a little before sunset. After we had taken our position on the eastern bank about midway between the two points - not a single Duck of any kind was seen but we could hear Black Ducks quacking and thrashing of the water with their wings out in the middle of the North Bay. We also heard Loons and a bird which I took to be a Horned Grebe calling cre-cre-cre at frequent intervals. Over the marsh battles of our Bin perched by Dytiscus to the hundreds were whirling about in great numbers clearly seen against the strong light in the west. Mosquitoes were numerous enough to be nearly to bloom.

Evening at  
Moose PointDucksLoonsHorned GrebeWater beetles

A little after sunset a Great Blue Heron which had alighted Asio a little short time before on the north beach began making a great accipitrinus outcry. Presently it rose and ascended in circles to a height fullness of 200 ft. or more followed, or rather preceded, by a Short-eared Owl a Heron, which bullied it with amazing audacity, keeping always a little above it and swooping down every few seconds to deal it a blow on the back but whether with bill or claws I could not make out. The big, chunky Heron was apparently unable either to dodge or to defend himself. At last he did nothing but continue to circle croaking incessantly and at last uttered squawkingly hostile thick he might have been heard a mile away.



1895

Sept. 22  
(No. 2.)

He was evidently badly frightened. The Owl must have been merely amusing himself for after a minute or two he left the Heron and shot off and down on a long hand towards Richardson's Carry.

Fifteen minutes later he reappeared skimming low over the Moore Point marsh, evidently hunting, every now & then rising three or four easy flaps of his broad wings but for the most part gliding smoothly on set wings just above the tops of the grass inclining now to one side, now to the other and at length turning shore about and going back over the same ground, reminding me much of the Marsh Hawk <sup>which</sup> I similarly enjoyed twice or thrice he rose sharply to a height of ten or fifteen feet then turning downward shot back to the marsh again. This evolution was strikingly like that performed so often by the Night-hawk when skimming low over the fields after the light has faded and I believe that it had the same object, namely the capture of some flying insect, perhaps in this case one of the big Dytiscus beetles. The light darkness was now gathering fast & it was hard to follow the Owl with the eye. Indeed I had quite lost sight of him for a minute or more when it occurred to me to try squeaking like a mouse. I had just squeaked the second time when the Owl shot out of the gloom coming straight towards me about on a level with my head as it sat in the boat. He came within less than 12 feet then turning abruptly with three or four hurried flaps, skinned off ~~again~~ into the darkness. Presently I squeaked again when he again came straight for me this time so near (certainly within six or eight feet) that I was positively a little apprehensive that he might strike my face. He did not see him again but after we had returned to camp a Heron on the marshes twice made such a loud & prolonged clamor that we suspected the Owl was at his old sport. |

Asio  
accipitrinus

1895  
Sept. 23

Clear with strong S.W. wind. Still warmer than yesterday.  
Ther 88° at noon

A day down  
the Lake near  
Great Island.

We all went down the water in the early morning C. & E. R. S.  
rowed by hire in one of the large boats, I with Jim in the other.  
After landing on Metolus Island, where I took <sup>two</sup> photographs  
and found a White-throated & Song Sparrow to be the only bird residents,  
we rowed through the channel at the head of Great Island - starting  
fifty or twenty Black Ducks from the deep water there - and  
landed for lunch on the west shore of the Great Cove. After  
lunch we rowed to the head of the Cove and back into the  
Lake when Jim & I insisted sail and sped rapidly on our  
way back to camp which we reached at 4 P.M. having made the  
distance from Metolus Island (three miles) in just half an hour.

Birds seen on  
Metolus  
Island.

Sail up the  
Lake in  
big, open  
boat.

I took about a dozen photographs during the forenoon most  
of them at or near the north end of Great Island.

At the spot where we landed I started a Partridge from a  
mountain ash loaded with berries on which the bird was  
doubtless feeding. I followed him far back into the woods on  
the mountain side but he was very shy & I failed to get  
over a flying shot.

Partridge

Two Eagles, a Sharp-shinned Hawk, and four Great Blue Herons  
were the only large birds seen in the Great Cove besides the  
Black Ducks which we kept starting.

Large birds

1895

Sept. 24

Clear and a little cooler with strong W. wind.

At about 7 A.M., just after I had come out of my tent, a Pigeon Hawk drove a flock of ten or twelve Blue Jays into the birch grove on Pine Point and for eight or ten minutes circled or hovered above them. So long as the Jays remained perched he made no attempt to attack them although he must have seen them as more than half the leaves have fallen & the foliage was everywhere thin. But the Jays appeared to be restless and unenterprising and every half minute or so one of them would rise, <sup>above the trees</sup> and attempt to fly off. He must have appeared the Hawk would swoop at him with such velocity that my eye could hardly follow him, gliding down a long, gentle decline, moving his wings steadily <sup>yet</sup> with a rapid, tremulous or vibratory motion. At each swoop I felt sure he would strike his prey & I repeatedly saw him shake his speed abruptly and thrust out his talons in the attempt to do so but at the last moment the Jay invariably eluded him by dropping suddenly into a tree top when the Hawk would swoop past, circle & rise again to make ready for another swoop. I have said that he kept above the jays but really he usually kept a little to one side of the flock (as if to tempt them to try to escape) so that his swoops were <sup>with a drop of perhaps 60 or 80 feet for the total distance.</sup> ordinary 20 to 40 yards in length. He would make this distance while the Jay was flying thru or for a yard. It was one of the most beautiful & interesting spectacles of the kind that I have ever witnessed. The Hawk seemed to be in deep earnest in his view of what I have seen Pigeon & Duck Hawks do on previous occasions. I suspect that the bird was merely amusing himself. The Jays did not seem to take mind or seriously or to be in the least frightened. Finally he desisted & they flew off in peace. An hour later I shot a young Pigeon Hawk near

Falco  
columbarius  
and Blue jays

1895.

Sept. 24  
(no 2.)

## Sweet Meadow + Errol Hill Pond

After breakfast I started for Sweet Meadow in the Camp  
Coat. We had just passed through Richardson's Cove when the Pigeon  
Hawk just mentioned came flying over us very rapidly &  
brought his down broken wings into the wire.

On reaching Sweet Meadow we landed and crossed the beach  
edge to Errol Hill Pond striking it near the outlet where  
we found a shelter camp & a fire burning brightly & steadily  
in the ground. As it threatened the destruction of the whole  
force we went to work at once to put it out which we  
finally accomplished after about two hours of hard work.

We then embarked on a raft while we pulled around the head  
of the pond stopping frequently to take photographs. There was  
only one Duck in the pond to-day - a female a young male  
Ring-neck. It made three attempts to leave the water wing &  
cicking but evidently afraid to pass over us as it must do  
to reach the sea at the outlet. Finally it swam past us  
along the opposite shore & then wing went out undisturbed.  
I noticed that its wing beats were more rapid than those of  
any other Duck found here except the Hooded Merganser. When  
in the pond it kept well out in the open water & ~~stuck~~<sup>with</sup> its  
neck stretched up to the full length most of the time.

Errol Hill PondAythya collaris

On the 19<sup>th</sup> I was riding over Sweet Meadow a large Plover  
which I called a Red-tail but which I noticed had a  
whitish rump. We found to-day what was doubtless the same  
bird sitting on a ~~stick~~ at the head of Errol Hill Pond. It  
flew presently & came past us within 100 yards. Waving &  
rising giving me a good view of it through the glass. It  
looked very like an immatures Red-tail but it was rather small  
for that species & the whole rump was dirty white.

A Plover  
with a  
white rump.

1895.  
 Sept. 24  
 (No 3)

I had begun to fear that I should not meet water Parus-hudsonian Scarcity of this season but this morning I heard its familiar chip, chuck, dee Parus-hudsonian in the spruce forest on the north shore of Great Hill Pond. Parus & Picoides were at least two birds calling but I did not see either of them. They with the three toed Woodpecker & Canada Jay are evidently scarce this year. I have heard Picoides only at Pine Point & have seen the Canada Jay only once at Bear Brook

Crossbills appear to much less numerous than they were early in the month but I heard both species to day at Great Hill Pond and as we were looking up the Andersons again this afternoon shot a pair of White-wings which were hopping about on the bare mud at the water's edge. They were in extremely worn, ragged plumage Crossbills getting scarce



1895

Sept. 25

Clear and warm with light S.W. to S.E. winds.

I had planned a trip to Cambridge River to-day for the purpose of getting more photographs of the Woodpecker both there. C. had a bad headache's could not go & I started in one of the large boats with gun & bill. at 7 A.M. The fog was unusually dense on the river and after sailing half an hour (at a speed of certainly 20 miles per hour) we were stopped & somewhat discouraged to bring up at Moose Point! However the men had now begun to throw darts & we had no more trouble in keeping a straight course down the Lake but the fog hung close & we saw but little of the shores and in several places.

A day up  
Cambridge River.Lost on the  
fog

Some Sheldrakes & big Black Ducks were the only waterfowl we during the passage of the Lake.

On landing at Upper Point I went at once to the cellar where the Umbagog House formerly stood. The Crossbills were there - fifteen or twenty birds representing both species - eating dirt on the very same spot where they were formerly employed Aug. 30. The whole space which they have worked over is less than a yard square. I shot a pair of Red Crossbills but the male lodged & I did not get him. The female had the belly bare & wrinkled but when I skinned her I found that she had passed the stage of incubation by at least three or four weeks. Both the white wings shot yesterday she had not moulted but was in very rapid, warm breaking plumage. None of the Crossbills were singing to-day.

*Larus minor*  
at Cambridge

A great flock of Sparrows flew up from the woods about the old cellar and on inspecting them I found that there

895

Sept. 25 were at least a dozen Song Sparrows, probably as many White-crowns Towhees  
(No 2) Crowned Sparrows, several Grass Finches and a Chiff, a tow with Amphispiza  
a few Savanna Sparrows. at Lake House.

I am uncertain as to the exact number of White-crown Sparrows Towhees  
because I may have started the same birds over again in following Amphispiza  
up the flock but there were certainly not less than six for  
I counted five young birds together in one bush and afterwards  
saw at least one adult. In a dozen times while I was  
at this place I heard a White-crown sing. He must have been  
an old bird for his song rang out full and clear on the  
still morning air. Indeed it was louder and more finished  
than the Spring singing that I have heard in Mass. On  
former occasions it reminded me most of the song of  
Poetes. These White-crowns were sluggish in their movements  
but nevertheless they were not apparently conspicuous to be in  
yet any more than.

At 10 a. m. Jim & I started up Cambridge  
River The water was very low and the vegetation killed by frost so that  
the heavy was less than at the time of my  
last visit. We went up about two miles when coming to  
a place choked with drift wood we turned about &  
reached the dam at half past three o'clock. Most of the  
intermediate time was consumed in taking photographs.

On the way up I had a long shot at three Black Ducks  
which were asleep on the mud as we wound a bend but  
they awoke quickly enough & were off before I could fire  
the first barrel. I shot twice but missed.

Coming down I shot a solitary Blue-winged Teal in the cover. A solitary  
just below the big "logan". It was diving on the water among some Blue-winged Teal.

## Cambridge River

1895

Sept. 23 lily pads & nearly stretched up its neck when we rounded the  
(No 3) bend. I skinned this bird which appeared to be an old female.

There were comparatively few small birds in the woods bordering Cambridge River to-day. Nuthatches & Chickadees were numerous enough and we heard Crossbills frequently & Pine Squirrels and Purple Finches occasionally. Woodpeckers are remarkably scarce this year. I heard only one a Hairy in the Cambridge River woods.

A Partridge drummed once within our hearing but we could not fix his direction.

The muddy banks of the river were everywhere trampled over by Solitary Sandpeeps but we saw none of these birds above the dam although there was one on the woods below.

Two Deer, one a large animal, had left fresh tracks on the shores of the "Middle Bog" and several signs abounded everywhere.

At 4 P.M. Will Sargent & I started up the Lake. We sailed from B. Point to Great Island & rounded the remainder of the way. We saw two Loons & a few Ducks flying in the distance.

Small birds

Pine Squirrels

Purple Finches

Woodpeckers

Hairy

Partridge

drumming.

Solitary

Sandpeeps

Deer signs

Muskrat "

Loons

1895

Sept. 28

Cloudless with a strong N to N.W. wind during the forenoon, the thermometer from 2 P.M. to sunset, then 38° at sunrise

Shortly after breakfast we were electrified by the sound of "sea ducks" in the air the wild jingling, musical, high bell jingle which has given them water fowl the name of High Bell Ducks in this region. They were apparently passing high over Pine Point but no one of us saw them until ten or fifteen minutes later when Jim, by the aid of my glass, discovered the flock in the water at their favorite alighting place off N. Mack Point. Hastily cutting a few bushes & standing them up in the bows of the Camp hunting boat we started after them. They rose & flew about twice before we got near them but at length we paddled down on them from the windward. They rose when we were still one 100 yards off & came straight for us in a line at least 200 feet in length or rather width for they were all flying abreast. I dropped one with each barrel as they passed & a third fell a few hundred yards off. All three were old birds.

We followed them about all the forenoon & I got two more shots but my distant ones for they were very shy birds. I killed only one more. There were at least 75 birds in the flock. All were water-bills (*Pelecanus americana*) & at least 90% were old (i.e. black) males. There was a smaller flock (from 15 or 12 birds), all females or young, which kept apart from the big flock & were so very shy that we could not get within 200 yards of them.

As we were returning to camp at noon we saw a flock of about 30 Canada Geese. They passed over N. Mack Cove and thence due south over the highest peak of Spotted Mountain without rising appreciably!

Large flock of  
Am. ScotersI shoot  
three of  
them.Canada  
Geese

1895

Sept. 29

Cloudy with violent S. E. wind and heavy rain during last night & this morning.

Late this afternoon a Winter Wren which had passed the day in a near our camp wood hole long hard times in an undertone but giving the food tray in a finished manner.

Winter Wren  
sings.

For several nights past a Skunk has visited the camp and dug down into a hole where our refuse is placed. This evening at about 8 o'clock Orsby called me saying that he had just seen him thus engaged. I got a glimpse at him as he was scattering

Skunk visits  
the camp

off.

As soon as I took a position near the refuse hole being first placed a lantern so that it cast its light fairly over the spot. I waited here for half an hour or more. The Skunk did not return but I was amply repaid for my trouble by having a fine opportunity to watch a Flying Squirrel who came swimming slowly down the stem of an aspen tree and spent ten or fifteen minutes feeding on apple parings. He held them between his forepaws sitting erect with his back curved & tail pressed against it much in the manner of a Red or Gray Squirrel. All this time he was on the ground. When he wished to move from one place to another he accomplished it by taking on or two long hops (3 to 4 ft each) reminding me of a big Frog. I did not see him walk or run on the ground. Altogether he appeared to be awkward & ill at ease there as if he were not accustomed to it.

Flying Squirrel

He was much less animated & interesting in his behavior than the diurnal Squirrels. He was perfectly silent the whole time save once when he took down & ran usually up a tree squaking like a Rat. For the first three or four nights one of these Squirrels has "flown" across our fire place at about 6 P. M.



1895.

October 1

Cloudy & cold with strong N.W. wind & occasional flurries of snow.

Return to  
Cambridge.

We broke camp and came down to Lakeside on the steamer late yesterday afternoon.

This morning we started for Bethel by the Stage at 8 a. m. It was a bitterly cold morn'g as far as the water below which we had some shelter from the wind & snow & there a glaze of hoar-frost.

Drive to  
Bethel.

Flickers were very numerous in Grafton & Norway. I cannot have been 30 or 40 in all and counted 12 in one flock.

Colaptes  
auratus

They were chiefly in three flocks & acted very wild & restless rising at some distance ahead & taking long flights.

There were great quantities of Sparrows flying up in clouds from gardens & borders of woods in the fields as our stage rattled past. As far as I could make out the greater number were Song Sparrows and Chipping with a sprinkling of White throats & Grass Finches. I positively identify'd three or four White crowned Sparrows & do not doubt that many more were seen at a distance among the hordes of Song Sparrows.

Sparrows

White crown  
Sparrows

In Norway I saw two Sapsuckers and one little flock of Bluebirds containing seven members.

Sapsucker

Robins & Blue Jays appeared to be scarce & I saw only about 25 crows in all.

We left Bethel by train at 3.35 p. m. & reached Cambridge at 11 a.

The autumn coloring was at its best this year about Sept. 20. Autumn It was dull & failed to dry & many of the trees were leafless.

Coloring

1895-

Game Birds killed by W. B. at Lake Umbagog, Maine.

September	8	9	10	12	14	25	28	Total	17
<u>Wilson's Snipe</u>		3						3	
<u>Greater Yellowlegs</u>								1	1
<u>Black Duck</u>	1	1	1					3	
<u>Wood "</u>			5		3			8	
<u>Blue or Teal</u>				6		1		7	
<u>Whistler</u>	1				2			4	1
<u>Am. Scoter</u>							4	4	

Grand Total - 26 Ducks, 3 Snipe - ~~28~~ birds, 1 Yellowlegs - 30 birds

Remarks. - Ducks were very numerous this season, especially Black and Wood Ducks. Small waters were unusually scarce although the marshes were in excellent condition for them. I heard a good many Wilson's Snipe, however, during the last week of September but I did not beat the marshes for them after the 8<sup>th</sup> indeed I did not begin shooting during the entire month. I could easily have killed from 75 to 100 Ducks had I hunted them persistently.

1895

Aug. 28 to Nominal List of Birds observed. (Full data on  
Oct. 1- slips in note pockets)

- |                                |                                   |
|--------------------------------|-----------------------------------|
| 1 <u>Sialia sialis</u>         | 29 <u>Sylvania canadensis</u>     |
| 2 <u>Turdus swainsonii</u>     | 30 <u>Vireo solitarius</u>        |
| 3 " <u>pallasii</u>            | 31 " <u>philadelphicus</u>        |
| 4 " <u>fuscus</u>              | 32 " <u>olivaceus</u>             |
| 5 <u>Merula migratoria</u>     | 33 <u>Ampelis cedrorum</u>        |
| 6 <u>Parus atricapillus</u>    | 34 <u>Chelidon erythrogaster</u>  |
| 7 " <u>hudsonius</u>           | 35 <u>Tachycineta bicolor</u>     |
| 8 <u>Regulus calendula</u>     | 36 <u>Petrochelidon lunifrons</u> |
| 9 " <u>saturapa</u>            | 37 <u>Icterus riparia</u>         |
| 10 <u>Sitta canadensis</u>     | 38 <u>Progne subis</u>            |
| 11 " <u>carolinensis</u>       | 39 <u>Carpodacus purpureus</u>    |
| 12 <u>Certhia americana</u>    | 40 <u>Lonia minor</u>             |
| 13 <u>Troglodytes hiemalis</u> | 41 " <u>leucogaster</u>           |
| 14 <u>Merulophaea varia</u>    | 42 <u>Spinus tristis</u>          |
| 15 <u>Arthus ludoviciana</u>   | 43 " <u>pinus</u>                 |
| 16 <u>Helminthophila alata</u> | 44 <u>Procaetes gramineus</u>     |
| 17 " <u>ruficapilla</u>        | 45 <u>Ammodramus sarranus</u>     |
| 18 <u>Empidonax griseus</u>    | 46 <u>Junco hyemalis</u>          |
| 19 <u>Dendroica castanea</u>   | 47 <u>Spizella socialis</u>       |
| 20 " <u>cronata</u>            | 48 <u>Melospiza fasciata</u>      |
| 21 " <u>blackburniae</u>       | 49 " <u>lincolni</u>              |
| 22 " <u>maculosa</u>           | 50 " <u>georgiana</u>             |
| 23 " <u>pennsylvanica</u>      | 51 <u>Zonotrichia albicollis</u>  |
| 24 " <u>caerulescens</u>       | 52 " <u>leucophrys</u>            |
| 25 " <u>strigata</u>           | 53 <u>Hydromys ludoviciana</u>    |
| 26 " <u>virens</u>             | 54 <u>Passerina cyane</u>         |
| 27 <u>Certhia trichas</u>      | 55 <u>Oulichonys viziivorus</u>   |
| 28 <u>Spinus atricapillus</u>  | 56 <u>Colaptes auratus</u>        |

1895

Aug. 28<sup>th</sup> - Nominal List of Birds Observed. (Full data on  
Oct. 1 - slips in note pockets)

- |                                    |  |
|------------------------------------|--|
| 57 <u>Corvus americanus</u>        | 85 <u>Chondestes dominicus</u>         |
| 58 <u>Cyanocitta cristata</u>      | 86 <u>Tinga maculata</u>               |
| 59 <u>Penusurus canadensis</u>     | 87 <u>Excelsa pusillus</u>             |
| 60 <u>Trochilus colubris</u>       | 88 <u>Tatanus melanoleucus</u>         |
| 61 <u>Antrostomus vociferans</u>   | 89 " <u>flavipes</u>                   |
| 62 <u>Chordeiles virginianus</u>   | 90 <u>Phyaophilus silitarius</u>       |
| 63 <u>Ceryle alcyon</u>            | 91 <u>Actitis macularia</u>            |
| 64 <u>Tyrannus tyrannus</u>        | 92 <u>Ardea herodias</u>               |
| 65 <u>Cophilocus pileatus</u>      | 93 <u>Nycticorax grisea</u>            |
| 66 <u>Catalpa amatus</u>           | 94 <u>Botaurus lentiginosus</u>        |
| 67 <u>Dryobates pubescens</u>      | 95 <u>Pezana carolinia</u>             |
| 68 " <u>villosus</u>               | 96 <u>Bernicla canadensis</u>          |
| 69 <u>Sphyrapicus varius</u>       | 97 <u>Anas obscura</u>                 |
| 70 <u>Picoides arcticus</u>        | 98 <u>Emergnedula discors</u>          |
| 71 <u>Asio accipitrinus</u>        | 99 <u>Dafila acuta</u>                 |
| 72 <u>Syrnium nebulosum</u>        | 100 <u>Spiza sponza</u>                |
| 73 <u>Circus hudsonius</u>         | 101 <u>Aythya collaris</u>             |
| 74 <u>Haliaeetus leucocephalus</u> | 102 <u>Glaucochetta americana</u>      |
| 75 <u>Bonasa carolinensis</u>      | 103 <u>Merganser americanus</u>        |
| 76 <u>Falco sparverius</u>         | 104 <u>Lophodytes cucullatus</u>       |
| 77 <u>Buteo borealis</u>           | 105 <u>Oridemia americana</u>          |
| 78 " <u>latissimus</u>             | 106 <u>Larus philadelphia</u>          |
| 79 <u>Aster atricapillus</u>       | 107 " <u>a. smithsonianus</u>          |
| 80 <u>Falco columbarius</u>        | 108 <u>Hypobochelidon surinamensis</u> |
| 81 <u>Accipiter cooperi</u>        | 109 <u>Ardea herodias</u>              |
| 82 " <u>velox</u>                  | 110 <u>Podilymbus podiceps</u>         |
| 83 <u>Bonasa nigropagata</u>       | 111 <u>Podiceps auritus</u>            |
| 84 <u>Gallinago delicata</u>       | 112                                    |

Cambridge to Concord.

1895.

Oct. 5

Clear with cool N. E. wind.

After spending four days in Cambridge I went to Concord this afternoon, driving Charley up in the open buggy by my favorite route; via the Byway place, ~~past~~ the north side of Prospect Hill, and through the Sandy Pond woods, starting at half-past three and reaching the Keyes's at about sunset.

It was hard to believe that the season <sup>could be later</sup> ~~at~~ later than mid-September for there have been no "killing" frosts as yet and the foliage was as green as in midsummer in most of the woods that I passed only a few of the maples in low land showing any decided autumn coloring.

I saw few birds except Jays and the common Sparrows — Song Sparrows, Chipping etc. A Grass Finch sang over in loud, full tones as I was passing an old, weed-grown field

Poivreaux in full song



Concord, Massachusetts.

1895

October 6

A superb day, cloudless, calm, very clear & free from haze, very warm.

Soon after breakfast I walked to the Buttricks'. In the big clump in front of their house a number of small birds were chirping and flitting about, feeding or chasing one another in play. Among them I recognize a Bluebird, a White-bellied Nuthatch, a Downy Woodpecker and several Yellow-rumped Warblers and Chipping Sparrows. There was another flock at the Keyes's consisting of about a dozen Robins, two Cedar Birds, two or three White-throated Sparrows and several Chippies & Song Sparrows.

Mixed flocks  
of small birds.

The Robins & Cedar Birds were feeding on the berries of the large mountain ash which stands on the east side of the house. It was loaded with fruit for the birds have only just begun on it having recently finished eating the fruit of the still larger tree on the west side. This latter tree ripens its fruit the earlier of the two, according to Miss Keyes, who tells me that the birds always begin on & strip it first. She says that there have been upwards of thirty Cedar Birds there the past week besides a great flock of Robins. She thinks that most of the Cedar Birds departed on the 4<sup>th</sup> or 5<sup>th</sup>.

Robins &  
Cedar Birds  
eating berries of  
mountain ash.

In the afternoon I walked to Batesman's Pond by way of Ditton's lane and Bow Meaton, taking his photographs with my small camera. The autumn coloring was very rich & vivid wherever there were red maples in abundance as in some of the swamps & about the edges of the pond but the oak woods were as green as in July & the grey birch copies showed but little yellow. The country

To Batesman's  
Pond

1898

Oct 6

(No 2)

is excessively dry after the long drought. Indeed I found that I could go anywhere in the bamps & runs without danger of wetting my feet although I wore thin canvas shoes. I started three Partridges. One flew from the branches of a leafy oak directly over the wood path as I was returning half an hour after sunset. It was so dark at the time that I could not see the path distinctly & I think the bird had gone to roost. It called quet-quet-quet-quet, quet in low, hurried tones just before taking wing.

Bonasa  
umbellus

Among some second-growth oaks near the pond I came upon a young Sapsucker (Sphyrapicus), a very tame bird who allowed me to get within a few yards of him although he took pains to keep a thin trunk between us most of the time keeping out from behind it with a shy, fancey expression like a Squirrel as it struck me. The species is the slowest and most clumsy climber of our Woodpeckers. He is also much given to fits of pensiveness or abstraction when he seems to be quite oblivious to what is going on around him. I have seen very few Sapsuckers in eastern Massachusetts within the past ten years - not more than one or two in any one house and often none during an entire season. Probably this is because I have spent so much of my time in Concord where they appear to occur much less often than in the region about Cambridge.

Sphyrapicus  
varius

As I was watching the sunset at Babson's Pond a Gray Squirrel began "backing" in the pines behind me & kept it up for some time. I should call it carving rather than backing (cā-cā followed by several chattering sounds). It is very unlike any other Squirrel voice.

Gray Squirrel

1895

Oct. 7

Early morning clear but remainder of day cloudy with light showers in P. M., very warm with S. W. wind.

Drove to Fairhaven Bay with Miss Hayes immediately after breakfast for search of the Spanish "Pine" which we found at the camp on Weather's Point. Saw a good many Jays, Crows, Song & Chipping Sparrows & a fine Red-headed Woodpecker feeding over the river just below the Bay. Photographed the big pasture hemlock at Nine Acre Corner but the negative proved worthless.

To Fairhaven

To Ball's Hill in the early afternoon sailing the cabin dike. To Ball's Hill the river is lower than I have ever seen it before and the Great Meadows are so dry that the farmers are running their mowing machines over the sedge grounds. The thickets and beds of tall grass & wild rice along the river banks were simply alive with Song & Swamp Sparrows among which were also a few Peewee Birds. As I was paddling up stream at about 5 P. M. the sun came out warm & clear for a few minutes and all these species began singing. I could hear them in every direction, far & near, a dozen or more different birds. Most of the songs were full & confident & evidently those of young birds but there were two old Song Sparrows who chanted at short, regular intervals in full, finished tones just as in spring. Altogether it was an unusual & very delightful concert.

Song, Swamp &  
White-throated  
Sparrows singing.

The autumn coloring along the river front at Ball's Hill and in the maple swamps behind this hill was as fine as anything I have ever seen in Massachusetts. It was practically confined to the red maples & tupelos, however. The latter are usually much earlier than the former but both appear to have attained their greatest perfection at the same time this year. Of the two

Autumn  
foliage

Concord, Massachusetts.

1885

Oct. 7

(Mr 2)

the warblers furnished as a whole the more brilliant colors & some of them glowed like campfires of living flame.

I walked about in the woods for an hour or two seeing a Hermit Thrush, four Black-poll Warblers and a number of Jays. A little before sunset three large flocks of Rusty Blackbirds came flying overhead in quick succession from the east. The first two flocks which contained respectively 37 and 40 birds passed on down river but the last when numbers I failed to count pitched down into Benson's corn field where they fed for sometime very near & then rising & whirring about in a dense, smoke cloud or alighting in the oaks to jingle & chirp their wild musical choruses.

Birds at  
Ball's Hill

Chippmunk Squirrels were so very scarce during the past Spring & Summer that it was a noteworthy event to see or hear one anywhere. I did not meet with more than three or four in all including my experience at Warren, N. H. where they were so numerous in June 1884. The farmers thought that they perished in the holes during the ~~long~~ hard winter. In the region about Ball's Hill I could find but one solitary individual during April & May. Accordingly I was greatly surprised to hear & see them everywhere during my walk to Notman's Pond yesterday & in the Ball's Hill country this afternoon. Judging by these two experiences I should say that they are now more than ordinarily numerous.

Chippmunk  
very scarce  
last Spring  
but abundant  
this autumn

Two Gray Squirrels & a Red Squirrel were barking in the woods behind Ball's Hill to-day.

Gray & Red  
Squirrels

1895

Oct. 8

Cloudy with a moderate but steady rain-fall during the forenoon.

I went to Ball's Hill again this morning looking down in the rain. As I was passing "Hunt's Pond" a flock of ten Meadow Larks flew across the river and alighted in the fields on the north bank. I heard a few Tit-larks both yesterday & to-day, mostly single birds wandering about high in air.

To Ball's Hill.

I spent the forenoon "house cleaning" an ill-temper but very weary work for the river, spiders & ants continued hard, during the hummer, strewn the shelves, floor, & ceiling & hung the ceiling & corners with a bad litter of chips, saw-dust & shavings. The rain beat wisely on the tin roof & my fire burned cheerfully in the fire place while outside the woods were gloomy & silent. Indeed I heard only a few Crows & Jays & saw nothing but a drenched, forlorn-looking Catbird who came close to my window and seemed to look in longingly as if half inclined to beg a place by my fire.

A rainy day  
in the cabin

After dinner, however, the rain ceased & I paddled down river to the high island where I landed & walked to the Mason field. Someone was starting in Burrows' woods. Jays were screaming & Crows cawing. I heard two Hairy Woodpeckers.

Dry states  
willows

Returning I passed the cabin without landing & kept on homeward. The sky had clearing in the west & a cool N.W. wind blew. One or two Song Sparrows sang and a Kingfisher flitted on before me. Muskrats were rolling out apples from among the clumps of button bushes. They appear to be numerous this autumn.



1895  
Oct. 9

Clear and cooler with briskness N.W. wind.

I spent the forenoon in the Estabrook Country hunting for  
Cassid's Hoppers of which I dug a number of burrs. During  
my walk I visited the beautiful pine woods behind  
Parkston Hill. I doubt if anywhere in this region  
there can be found a richer or more varied ~~carpet~~ growth  
of ground pine, juncos, partridge berry etc. than that  
which carpets the ground throughout these woods. The  
soil & other conditions must be peculiarly favorable here.  
Small birds were rather numerous considering the  
wild, windy weather. I saw one Hermit, a flock  
of six Junco & two high ones birds, a Brown Creeper,  
a Field Sparrow, three Robins, and many Jays. In  
the pine woods Chickadees & at least one Golden-creeper  
were chirping but I did not see any of them.

EstabrookwoodsSmall birds

" 10

Clear &amp; cold but with little wind.

This has been a glorious autumn day but a severe  
cold has prevented me from going far afield. Early in  
the afternoon I strolled about the Hayes place. There  
were fifteen or twenty Robins in the mountain ash  
& in the orchard behind the house a mixed flock  
consisting of seven Bluebirds, eight or ten Chipping Sparrows  
& a Phoebe. It was delightful to see so many  
Bluebirds together after the anxiety which we have  
been feeling about them the past season. Apparently  
they find that during the winter have been very  
successful in rearing their birds

Mixed flock

with seven

Bluebirds

1895

Oct. 15

Cloudy, calm, warm. Slight rain in P.M.

We were cold confined in to the house on the 11<sup>th</sup>, 12<sup>th</sup> and 13<sup>th</sup>.  
Yesterday was spent in Cambridge & Boston. So - as I went to  
Ball's Hill.

To Ball's Hill

Between 3 P.M. on the 12<sup>th</sup> & 8 P.M. on the 13<sup>th</sup> one fair inches of  
rain fell and the river rose more than three feet flooding  
the meadows. The current was very strong this morning and I  
had a brief passage using the paddle but lightly.

At the Holt I saw a flock of about 30 Titlocks alight in the  
upper branches of a large, leafless ash where they sat for several  
minutes preening their feathers. If I remember rightly, it is  
unusual for them to alight in trees.

Titlocks alight  
in trees.

On reaching Holden's Hill I paddled across the meadow and  
was on the point of landing when four Wood Ducks rose from  
the water at the edge of the bushes, and flew down river towards  
Ball's Hill where I afterwards started them a second time  
nearly in front of the cabin. The flock consisted of one female,  
one drake in apparently full plumage and two young ducks  
which had about half completed the change from gray to  
mature plumage.

Wood Ducks

While walking about over Holden's Hill I started a  
Partridge and heard two Gray Squirrels barking. The Partridge  
on rising uttered a low, rolling, murmuring, whistling sound  
evidently vocal. This note, which I have heard countless times  
before but never considered carefully until now, is perfectly  
distinct from the hurried, metallic quet-quet-quet which is  
also a common flight note. The former cry is, I think, usually  
given when the bird is not much alarmed and when it about  
to take only a short flight. The quet is uttered uttered just  
before the bird takes wing but is frequently continued during

Flight notes  
of the Partridge

1895

Oct. 15

(Wed.)

The first few notes that the bird utters after leaving the ground or tree. The quiet call indicates unusual alarm & is often given when the bird is surprised.

I spent a rather gloomy day at the cabin for it rained steadily most of the time & was thin as well as doing my possible household at evening when I neither heard nor saw anything of interest save a solitary Great Blue Heron which was from the meadow at the foot of Bennett's Bar & winged its way off into the gloom.

The red woods lost their foliage during the rain storm of the 13<sup>th</sup> but since then the birches have turned yellow & some of the scrub oaks have also attained nearly the perfection of their autumn tints & that the woods are still brilliantly colored in places.

Autumn  
foliage.

1895

Oct. 17

Clear with strong W. wind.

Spent the day down river in the open cause leading at Ball's Hill for an hour on my way down & then keeping on past Davis's Hill & Sawyer's big woods to single woods where I landed & hunted. On the way back I landed at Mason's Island & walked back through the woods to the old field picking up a number of acorns for planting at Cambridge.

Down river  
to Ball's Hill  
& beyond.

I saw no Snails to-day and indeed almost nothing of interest save a Marsh Hawk.

" 18

Clear with strong N. W. wind.

In the forenoon drove with Mr. Battick to Mason's field where we left the horse & walked through Prescott's woods concerning the value of which I was anxious to get Mr. B's opinion. He started a Partridge & a Henwit through them. We then drove back to town & down to Goose Pond where we spent another hour or so. This pond was very low & a dense growth of grass has covered its margin on every side.

In the afternoon I sailed to Ball's Hill where I took two or three photographs. On the way back saw five Wood Ducks swimming along the edge of the grass on the Great Meadows. I can now cross this meadow in my canoe going through the cut by the big white maples.

Wood Ducks

Saw two Bluebirds near John Morse's & James in many places in flocks of ten to twenty-five.

1895.  
Oct. 19-31

With the exception of the 25<sup>th</sup> & 28<sup>th</sup> which were spent at Cambridge I have been at Concord during this period but I have been so little of interest and the ground has been so thoroughly covered by my journals of former years that I have not thought it worth while to keep a daily record other than that of my condensed field list.

Since the great storm of the 12<sup>th</sup> & 13<sup>th</sup> we have had practically no rain and the weather has been clear most of the time. Nevertheless the month has furnished but few really pleasant days. There have been too many violent winds and the nights have been cold and damp. The smaller, shallower ponds have ~~been~~ drained over repeatedly and the leaves killed by the frosts have withered & fallen without attaining their usual brilliant tints. Indeed since the red worms cast their foliage it has been a comparatively colorless autumn.

The great storm raised the river about three feet & flooded the meadows for nearly a week. When the water began falling Greater Yellow-legs appeared in unusual numbers and stayed for a few days. I saw them on the Great Meadows and in front of the Rogers's and heard of them all the way up stream to Weyland. Pectoral Sandpipers also paid us a visit. I saw one on the 20<sup>th</sup> and a flock of six on the 23<sup>rd</sup> in the meadows on the east bank of the Holt. They were very tame & I watched them for an hour or more (on the 23<sup>rd</sup>). Soon after I left them a gunner (the same man who bottles one the meadows with a creel) came on to the meadows & fired six or eight shots at them. I saw him pick up their birds & fear he got the whole flock.

Greater  
Yellow-legs.

Pectoral  
Sandpipers



1895

Oct. 19-31

(No. 2)

Horned Thrushes have been more numerous than for several years past. I saw five on the 22<sup>nd</sup> during a drive to Carleton & back.

Hermit  
Thrushes

There has also been a very good flight of Juncos. I have several times seen from fifteen to fifty in a day and from ten to twenty in a single flock.

Juncos

Bluebirds were about the house almost daily up to the 21<sup>st</sup> here when I have seen none out. Pat. Ramsey tells me that he met with a flock of fifteen or twenty in Wayland on the 28<sup>th</sup>.

Bluebirds

The flight of Yellow-rumps has been fairly up to its average proportions but they have gone by now.

Yellow-rumps

Most of my days have been spent at Ball's Hill. Sailing or paddling down each morning I have spent the days tramping about in the woods or overrunning Pat's walk and have returned at evening after the wind had fallen and <sup>when</sup> the Woodrats were cutting their biting furrows across the placid stream. During these river trips I have seen but few Ducks, much fewer than usual. Saw Black Ducks on the 20<sup>th</sup> & 4<sup>th</sup> of Jan on the 27<sup>th</sup>, four Wood Ducks on the 15<sup>th</sup> & as many on the 19<sup>th</sup>, and a Hooded Merganser on the 23<sup>rd</sup> as plate the last thus far. The Merganser was at Ball's Hill swimming close in shore. It allowed me to paddle within about 50 yards before rising. It appeared to be a young male.

Ducks  
scarcely

Hooded  
Merganser

1895

Nov. 1-8

Will Stone joined me at Concord on the 1<sup>st</sup> and spent the following week with me. The weather was wonderfully fine, clear, warm, & still - Indian Summer weather in fact. Of course we were out every day, usually taking the cars and going to Bull's Hill.

Birds were not very numerous but there was a fairly long flight of Tree Sparrows & Juncos. Not a single Duck was noted and flocks of all kinds were very scarce.

.. 19-26

I left Concord on the 8<sup>th</sup> and went to Washington to attend the A. O. U. meeting. Returning to Cambridge on the 16<sup>th</sup> I drove to Concord on the afternoon of the 19<sup>th</sup> and spent another week there coming back to Cambridge for the winter on the 26<sup>th</sup>.

During this week the weather was almost uniformly bad with several heavy rains but it was fortunately warm most of the time. The country was nearly barren of birds. There were, to be sure, a good many <sup>birds</sup> ~~Clouds~~ but almost nothing else even Chickadees being scarce. I saw a Skink (the first) on the 21<sup>st</sup> and during the week there or four Pine Squirrels, all single birds.

Frank Foxfield, having nothing better to do, has great been trapping muskrat rats this autumn. During the slaughter of rodent season he has caught in the river and its tributary brooks between Dixon Brook & Davis' Hill 252 muskrats. They are practically exterminated by this severe drain. I have seen only two or three during this week.





