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HARVARD UNIVERSITY.



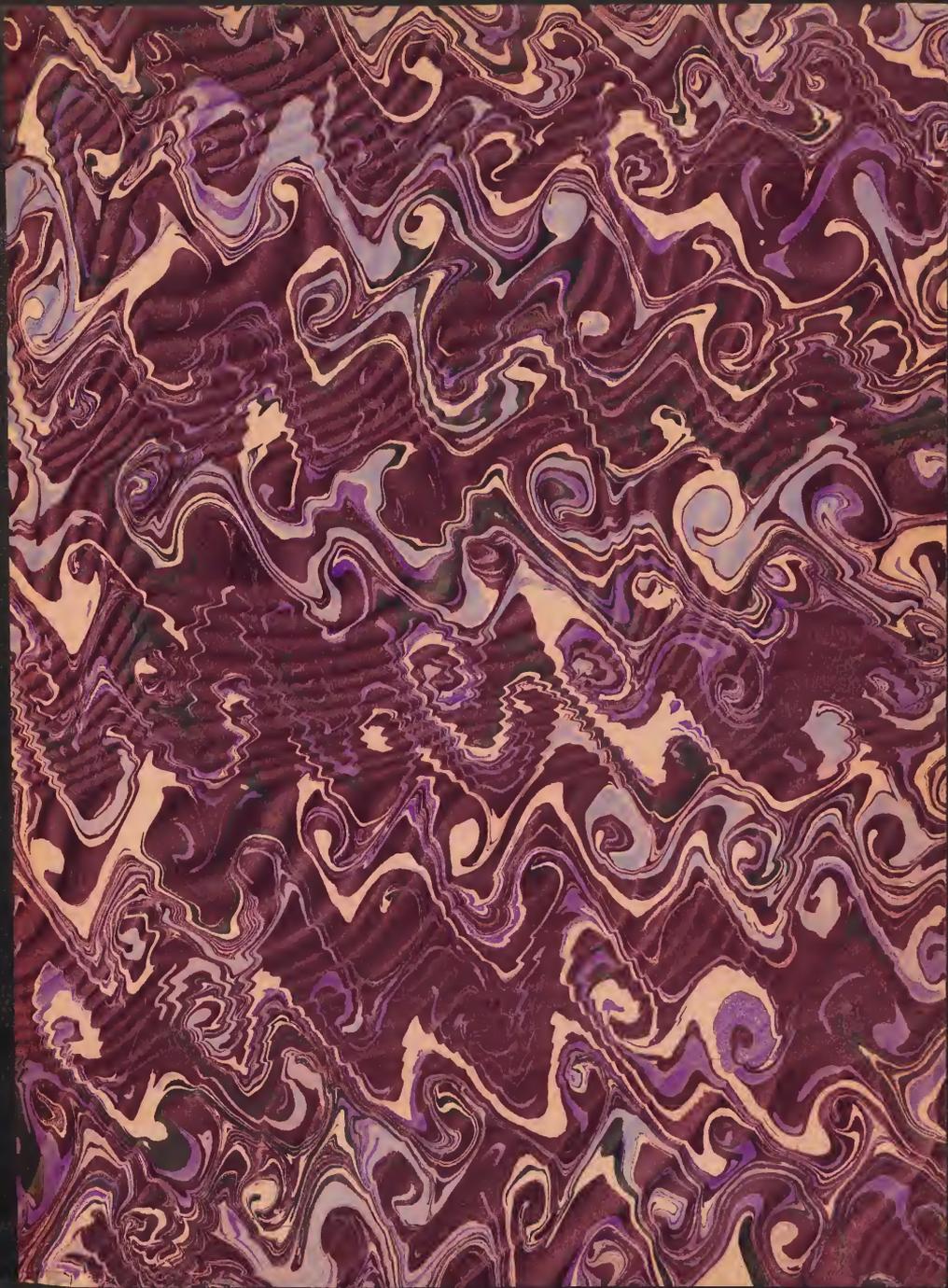
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BEQUEST OF

WILLIAM BREWSTER



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

Walter Deane, June 13, 1898.

Walter Deane

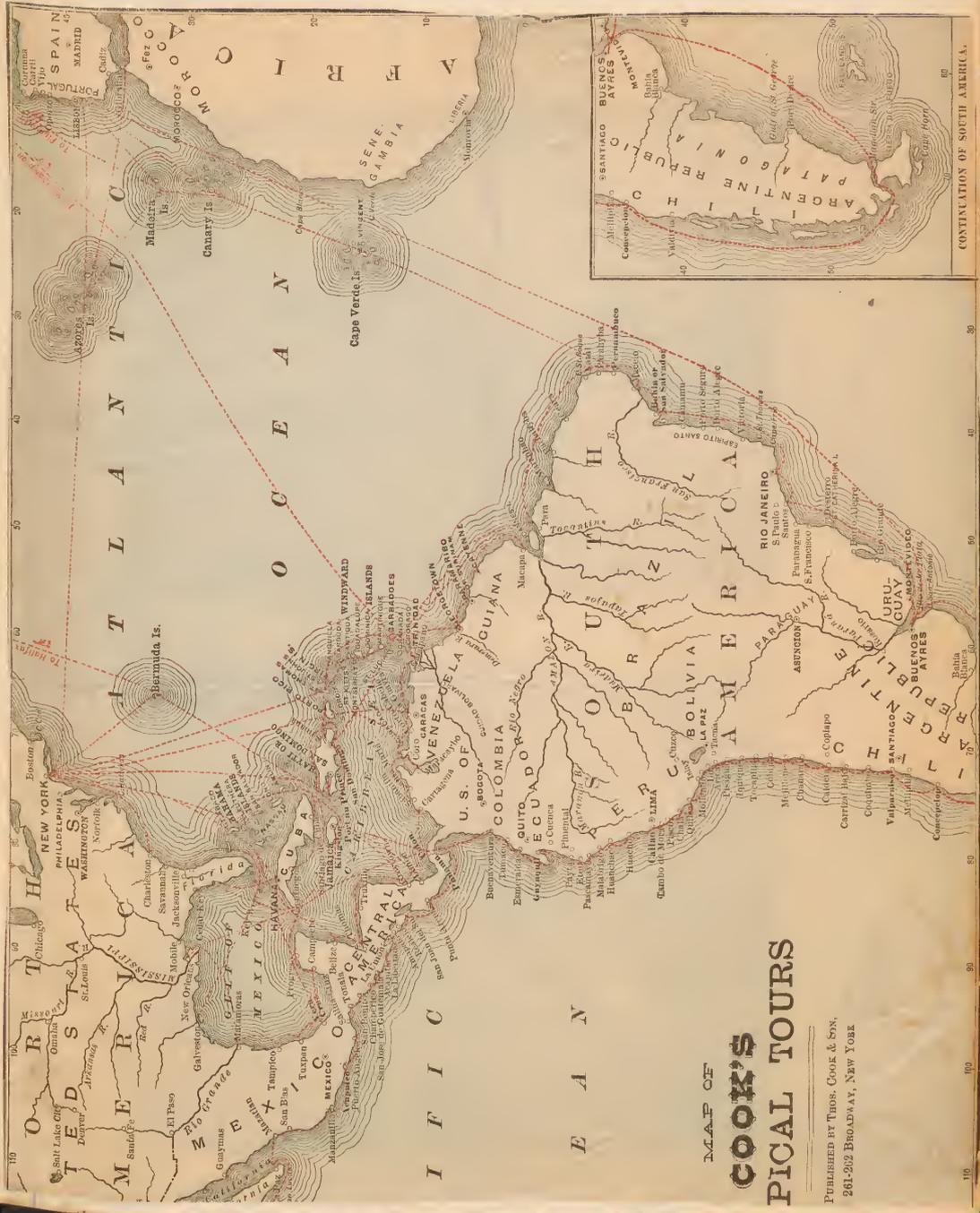
William Brewster

1894
Feb. 16

Cambridge to New York

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

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



MAP OF
COOK'S
PICAL TOURS

PUBLISHED BY THOS. COOK & SON,
 281-293 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

CONTINUATION OF SOUTH AMERICA.



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



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



S. S. "MADIANA."—THE SMOKING ROOM.



S. S. "MADIANA."—THE MAIN SALOON.



S. S. "MADIANA."—THE SOCIAL HALL



S. S. "MADIANA."—STATEROOM.

Start for the W. Indies

1874
Feb. 17.

Morning clear, afternoon cloudy with south wind
the sun coming out again just before its setting.

C. left us by the 10 a. m. train for Boston.
At 10.30 I drove to pier # 47 and went aboard
the "Madison", a steamship of 3,050 tons register
with a length of 344.8 feet, 39.4 feet beam and
29.1 feet depth. She has a double bottom fore
and aft and carries 400 tons of water ballast.

Her maximum speed is fourteen knots but
she ordinarily makes about twelve knots.
She was advertised to sail at noon but it
was nearly one o'clock when we finally got
off and ploughed a lane through the floating
ice which filled the river.

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

The Kittiwake
Gulls.

Off the New Jersey Coast.

1894
Feb. 17
(Sun.)

Herring
Gulls

These seemed to me absurd although perhaps they did obtain some benefit from keeping in the leas of our hull, but they often rose above the copper deck without seeming to feel the wind.

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

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

The sea was white capped and with rather large swells during the whole afternoon and evening.

Dead reckoning at noon: lat. 36° 59' long. 71° 08'; run 22½ miles

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

1894

Feb. 18

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

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

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

Gulls

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

Porpoises

At Sea on Str. "Madras"

noon observation - Lat 33.22 Lon 69.02

1894

Feb. 19

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

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

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

Kittiwake &
Herring Gulls

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

Absence of
Procellariidae

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

1894

Feb. 19

(No 2)

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

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

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

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

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

1894

Feb. 19

(No 3)

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

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

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

Noon observation: lat. $28^{\circ}50'$; long. $66^{\circ}53'$; run 293 miles.

1894

Feb. 20

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

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

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

1844.

Feb. 20

(No 2.)

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

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

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

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

Moon observation: lat. $24^{\circ} 14'$; long. $65^{\circ} 36'$; run 286 miles

1894

Feb. 21

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

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

Flying fish

1894.

Feb. 21

(No 2.)

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

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

1894

Feb. 21

(No 3)

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

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

My first
Tropic Bird

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

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

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

1894

Feb. 22 11 A.M. Practically the same conditions as yesterday but more clouds and an even bluer sea. Miss Kean's identifies the color of the general surface as "dilute ultra-marine", that of the water churned by our screws as "robin's egg blue".

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

Flying fish are abundant but are so generally distributed Flying Fish as yesterday, occurring now at long or short, infrequent intervals but in large schools which rise like flocks of silvery birds and skim off the bright blue sea. One came aboard during the night and I have just examined it with some care. It is a broad-backed, solid fish of about a quarter of a pound in weight and measures as follows: length, 9.25; stretch of wings, 10.75; length of "wing" (i.e. lateral pectoral fin) 4.75; greatest breadth of wing (at its extremity) 3.25 inches. The "wings" resemble, in many respects, those of butterflies, especially in the veining. The veins or rather spines ~~form~~ ^{form} three or four. The eye is very large, the iris hazel, the back dark slaty, the upper sides bluish, the lower sides and entire underparts silvery white. The mouth is directed upward.

Arrive at St. Thomas.

1894.
Feb. 22
(No 2)

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

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

1912
MAJ. GEN. O'REILLY DEAD.

Washington, Nov. 3. Maj. Gen. Robert Maitland O'Reilly, former surgeon-general of the United States army, personal physician and intimate friend of President Cleveland, died here today of uremic poisoning.

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

St. Thomas.

1894

Feb. 23

Clear with strong steady trade wind. Warm on shore in the middle of the day but at no time really uncomfortable. With Dr. Riley I landed at about 9 a.m. We walked about through the streets visited the market, did some shopping, down to Bluebeard's Castle (whence one had a fine view of the harbor and the town) and finally dined at the Hotel du Commerce.

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

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

St. Thomas

1894

Feb. 23

(No. 2.)

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

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

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

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

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

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

St. Thomas.

1894

Feb. 23

(No 3)

very few houses of this or small butterfly, and a bee of some kind.

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

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

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

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

St. Croix

1894

Feb. 24

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

When I came on deck this morning I had my first view of St. Croix for it was never seen on our previous here last evening. The island, as seen from the roadstead, appears much less mountainous than St. Thomas, and it is very much greener. The belts of sugar cane about the town and around the bases of the hills are yellowish or pea green, the trees dark, rather sombre green. The upper slopes of the mountains are pale yellowish or reddish brown in places, in others green.

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

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

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

St. Croix

1894

Feb. 24

(no 2)

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

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

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

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

St. Croix.

1894
Feb. 24
(No. 3)

sounds I heard possibly nothing save a single, distant, bell-like bird voice on the mountain slope. No nest birds sing here and where were the insect voices?

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

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

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

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

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

St. Croix.

1894

Feb. 24

(No 4)

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

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

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

St. Christopher (or St. Kitts)

1894
Feb. 25

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

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

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

St. Christopher (or St. "Kith")

1894
Feb. 25
(No 2)

By Hubbard's help I learned to distinguish the Royal (Palmiste), Date, Coconut & Fan Palms, the Rubber Tree (Hevea) ~~the same~~ as our horse plant but here 2 ft through at the base and with a wide-spreading top 50 or 60 ft. high, a tree holyhock 30 to 40 ft high, a feathery, graceful tree allied to the Equisetums but 20 ft high, a tree like 20 ft high with a trunk like a young oak, the sand-box tree whose bursting buds are nearly as dangerous as bombs, the bread fruit, a beautiful tree of large size thickly hung with fruit and a host of other vegetable growths that I cannot now recall.

About the fountain were aloe, a superb ferns feather, balsams (like ours), a beautiful convolvulus and many other flowering plants, while gardens bordering the opposite sides of the square were glowing with color, lantanas, hibiscus, roses, and hosts of brilliant flowers most of which Hubbard recognized at once but whose names quickly escaped my memory.

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

To Christopher (or to "Kitts").

1894

Feb. 25

(no 3)

The big "Banjo" tree (it spreads about 150 ft and its foliage closely resembles that of our Live Oak) was alive with birds and they were also numerous throughout the Park as well as in the neighboring private gardens. I saw and fully identified one Minutella varia (♀), a dozen or more Setophaga ruticilla, several Coccyzus boithol numerous Euthia bexler, three Vireo calidris, and one Bellona (the only Hummer). There was also a beautiful male Sparrow Hawk (♂ ad.) with only a slight tinge of Rufous on the faintly barred tail, conspicuous black cheek markings, and pure white under parts heavily streaked longitudinally with blackish. It made several unsuccessful dashes at the smaller birds & perched over on the terminal spike of a Royal Palm.

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

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

* At Antigua, Feb. 27, I saw a Honey Creeper Coccyz boithol in the act of walking. This bird and I have agreed that my reference to the notes to Euthia was a clear mistake. The Honey Creeper's note is almost exactly the same as that of Euthia.

St. Christopher in "St. Kitts"

1894.

Feb. 25

(no 4)

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

I saw the Honey Creeper (*Correia*) feeding flowers with their curved bills. With this engaged the bird bent forward and down pecking just above the flower and *Umbellifer* and one Parula Warbler.

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

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

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

1894

Feb. 25

(No. 5)

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

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

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

Monkeys of two species are said to abound.

1894.

Feb. 26.

The weather precisely like that of yesterday but warmer.

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

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

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

Antigua.

1894

Feb. 27

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

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

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

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

Antigua.

1894
Feb. 27
(no 2)

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

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

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

Antigua.

1894.
Feb. 27
(No 31)

Mongoose

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

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

Frigate
Birds

Soon after reaching the steamer I saw my first Frigate Birds - two of them - soaring in circles over a volcanic peak about half a mile away. Through the glass I made out their white heads (both were young birds). Their flight disappointed me but probably I did not see it under favorable conditions.

Frigate
Birds

Guadaloupe.

1894.
Feb. 28

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

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

As we walked up a broad street shaded by a larch row of gigantic sand box trees I heard a sweet, plaintive bird song wholly new to me and really the first bird music that I have thus far listened to. It resembled most the song of *Dendroica dominica* having the same dreamy, "far away" quality but it was even sweeter and more expressive, without the slightest hesitation or reservation I should rate it as the most musical song that I have ever heard from a *Dendroica* - for a *Dendroica* the bird proved to be, I had a good view of one from beneath and saw it sing. The under parts were of a pale yellow much as in the ♀ of our *D. aestiva*. I saw no markings of any kind, although the bird was some 20 ft.

Guadalupe.

1894
Feb 28
(No 2)

about me and I put my glass on it. I heard at least a dozen notes being during the hour that we spent ashore but not another bird of any kind did I see or hear except a female Redstart, which hopped and flitted along a narrow street adjacent on the ground within a few yards of us, and a small greenish Hummer which flitted past my head giving me no chance to note its form or coloring with any degree of accuracy.

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

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

Dominica

1894

Feb. 28

(No 3)

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

The road led up a narrow valley down which rushed a shallow but rather wide stream which reminded me forcibly of some of our New Hampshire rivers - such as the Penikese or Peabody River. On both sides rose steep or vertical walls of volcanic mountains and once we passed through a large circular basin, evidently the crater of an old volcano. In every turn in the narrow, winding roads opened to the view a fresh peak or ravine. The luxuriance and variety of the vegetation utterly defy my powers of description. For there are not only many of the plants of indigenous plants and trees but also several plants of such exotics as cacao, banana, sugar cane etc. The cliffs were not gardens to be sure draped with hanging vines, drooping mosses and ferns but in general so that it was difficult to find a high place where the rock to which the vines could be seen. Near the road one of the valleys was a very stream, which I think to be a geyser.

1884
Feb. 28
1884

As soon as we got out side the house we began to see birds in considerable numbers and higher up the valley they were really abundant in many places. With *C. copernicus* and I recognized *Myzomela dussumieri*, *Dicaeum*, *Entanpis jugularis*, *C. kolosowii*, *Myzomela*, *Myzomela*, *Myzomela*, *Myzomela*, *Myzomela*.

The *Myzomela* birds were especially numerous and conspicuous. Several were seen together when they were not in flight and I often saw four or five together. The notes were a variety of whistles, the first one a note which I think is similar to that of *C. calanthe*, the first of *Myzomela* is similar to that of *C. calanthe* but with a species of *Myzomela* which I call in short, a "whistle" like a whistle or on a level plane with some sharp notes which are like a whistle.

The *Myzomela* birds were also very noisy and their sharp whistling notes (a type of song new to me) were nearly out of our hearing.

In the intervals between the whistles we heard a low plaintive call of two syllables very like the ~~one~~ *ku-uu* of *Porzana coromanda*. *Chrysomitris* ~~was~~ this sound is made by a tree frog.

Butterflies were numerous but I saw only one large & showy species.

1894

Feb. 28

(no 5)

On the banks of the framing river I saw my first tree fern. It was a small specimen only ten or twelve feet in height but was more beautiful than I had expected. Its color was very light green.

Returning to the shop we changed our clothing - for in spite of the protection of umbrellas & waterproofs we were all under a bad headache - and then went back to the town where we dined. The dishes were nearly all peculiar to the tropics. Among them we had "mountain chicken" a large species of frog the flesh of which is exceedingly tender and delicate.

As we walked down the narrow road about to the wharves "frogs" similar to those heard at Mountserrat were heard everywhere, in the gutters & flowing water apparently. I repeatedly stopped and bent down over a spot where the sound seemed to come from within ten feet of my face but I could see nothing in the dim light.

Early in the afternoon a small Parrot came past the hotel and alighted on a palm frond. I was disappointed to see that it was a Green-winged Parrot, we are told, are now everywhere scarce among these islands and not to be found save in the wilder & most remote parts of the mountains.

Martinique

1894

March 1

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

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

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

Martinez

1894
March 1
(No 2)

stretching down in a shallow fall of about 60 ft.
Under ^{or behind} this fall but here above on the rocks bare.
Everywhere else although the sides of ^{the} diverging mountain
sides which work in the valley are nearly or quite
vertical they are so densely and uniformly covered
with luxuriant tropical vegetation that they are
merely hanging curtains of hanging, drooping
interminable vines, plants, & ferns bearing which flow-
single or clustering flowers of incalculable size and
brilliance. All this cliff growth is, however, perfectly
wild and spontaneous for the gardeners have quite
enough to do in caring for the innumerable estates
which line the paths and cover the river level
areas of the garden. There is a pretty little pond
with bamboos, huge liliaceous plants and a profusion
of semi-aquatic vegetation which was newly added
to me. I saw to-day, for the first time, the
Pais immortelle, the wild plantain and a leafless
tree or large vine dripping all over with large flowers
of glowing scarlet. A vine which climbed over the
trees to their very tops bore masses yards in length
& width of magenta flowers.

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

1894

March 1

(no 3)

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

In the garden we saw Margarita desirivota, Clainia martinica, Luscinia inflexirostris, Euphonia flavifrons, Coccyz martini, Bellona exilis, Eulampis jugularis, E. holosericus, Pyrrhuloxia ustis, and Thryothorus martinicensis.

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

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

Martinique.

1894
March 1
(No 4)

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

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

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

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

1874

March 1

No 51

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

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

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

St Lucia

1894

March 2.

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

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

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

Coccyzastur martinica, Erethia bicolor and the three Thraupis Bellona cyath, Eulampis jugularis, & S. holosericus were the characteristic and perhaps the only birds in this garden. We saw a Green Heron also. It passed just above the tops of the trees calling keough exactly in the tone of our bird. On a wooded hill just outside the town a bird was singing which I did not know. It was apparently a Dendroica & uttered for a few loud notes

St. Lucia

1894

March 2

(No. 2)

In this, as in all West Indian towns which I have seen, tame fowls of various colors looking exactly like our ~~own~~ birds are very numerous.

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

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

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

* * * * *
* * * * *
false cross * * True Cross. All the stars seemed to hang very low in the heavens

St. Vincent.

1894

March 3

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

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

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

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

St. Vincent.

1894 -
March 3
(No 2)

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

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

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

St. Vincent.

1894.
March 3
(no 3)

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

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

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

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

Barbados.

1894
March 4

Clear and very warm.

We left St. Vincent at 3 P.M. yesterday and came to anchor in the open roadstead at Barbados a little after daybreak.

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

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

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

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

1894

March 4

(no 2)

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

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

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

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

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March 4
(No 3)

Barbados.

Angularly like that bird in general appearance and behavior, truffling about in the ground in the busiest streets and with the same bounding or bounding motion. It is a more silent bird, however, and it appears to be less social for we seldom saw more than two together. Several of our passengers mistake them birds for House Sparrows.

We left Barbados at 4 P.M. and had a wonderfully smooth and pleasant run to Trinidad. The sea was almost as calm as a small lake. Chapman saw an *Amphispiza* Shearwater before Anstard and at about 11 P.M. I heard many trills at short intervals which were probably the cries of this species. They seemed to come from the surface of the water close under the side of the ship and were so loud and frequent as to attract the attention of every one who happened to be on deck at the time. One of the passengers thought that resembled the screams of a small child and suggested that one of the negro women on board had thrown her baby over the side but to my ear they were more like a baby's growl of an angry cat.

It was very warm this evening even on deck for the trade wind was unusually light and we were running nearly before it.

From land.

1894.

March 5

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

An hour later we passed through one of the smaller Bocas into the Gulf of Paria. Chapman showed me the cave on Mucos which Kingsley describes and a cave inhabited by the fish-eating bats as well as another in which he found some feet of Sanchez's Bird last year. We reached Port of Spain soon after breakfast.

St. Thomas to Trinidad.

General impressions of the West Indies.

1894

Feb. 23 to

March 4

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

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

Thus far I have seen only two mosquitoes and one more of the islands, as far as I can learn, are they are a source of serious annoyance to the people.

The general scarcity of water birds is also a feature. I have not seen a Gull or Tern since we reached St. Thomas.

1844

March 9

We left Port of Spain on the 7.12 train this morning and reached Pinaridome at about eleven. For the greater part of the way the railroad traverses a perfectly level country bordering the coast and planted with sugar cane, with occasional small patches or broad belts of swampy woods, which, at a distance, resemble closely the forests of our South Atlantic States. Indeed where the sugar cane was not too well grown or the palms too numerous it was ~~by~~ no means difficult to imagine myself in Georgia or South Carolina near Charleston.

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

1894

March 9
(no 2)

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

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

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

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

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

1894
March 9
(No 3)

and saw many strange birds among them
a yellow-billed Tropicbird () which flew
across the road and alighted in a tree where it
sat very erect and still. As I was watching it
through the glass it called so nearly like our
Yellow-billed Cuckoo that positively I could not detect
the slightest difference.

We had been at the rest house only a few minutes
when a toucan began calling not far off. Its note
was a high loud harsh concave whistle. After it
had called a few times the bird, to my great delight,
flew across a wide open space alternately flapping
its wings and sailing in deep undulations. It was
a most extraordinary and unearthly-looking creature
— indeed quite the strangest ^{bird} that I have ever seen. I
could think of nothing but a big Pelicled Woodpecker
with a great curved beak in place of a bill.

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

Trinidad, E. W. I.

Moruga Rest House.

1894
March 9
(No 4)

But the creatures which made them were for the most part hidden from our view in the dense foliage and Chapman's assurances that one was a Cipra, another a Thamnopelus, a third an Atinops etc only added to, instead of dispelled, my utter bewilderment and confusion of mind. I tried fixing my attention on one sound until I thought I had mastered it but a few minutes later Chapman would pronounce what seemed to me the same sound to be the voice of another and very different species. After awhile I gave it up and simply wandered on steeping my senses in the extraordinary beauty of the scene and letting the bird sounds pass in one ear and out at the other. Of course there are a few notes which were sufficiently impressive or distinct from the ~~rest~~ rest to be easily remembered. One of these was the cooing of a Dove (Cophoptila) which came at times from a dozen different points in the forest. It is a high rolling coo very deep and impressive and forming, as Chapman truly observed, a background for all the other sounds. Another was the rich warble of Cyclorhis flavipetris which I first heard and mastered in the garden at Port of Spain and which reminds me by turns of the warble of our Bluebird and of a note of the Decked Oriole song. Then there was the incisive, emphatic ~~note~~ qu'et a bit of Pitangus and the light, glancing song of Geothlypis ruficeps, like, and yet unlike, the song of our T. aidou. By degrees, also but very slowly, I mastered some of the common notes of the rich vocabularies of Atinops & Cassinis.

Moruga Rest House

1894.
March 9
(no 5)

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

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

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

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

Trinidad, B. W. I.

Morninga Rest House.

1894.

March 9

(No 6)

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

The voice of
the Timanion

Moruga Rest House

1894
March 9
(No 7)

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

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

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

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March 9
(No 8)

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

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

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

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

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

1894
March 10

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

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

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

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(No 2)

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

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

a tropical
Kingfisher

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

Ostinops

1894.

March 10

(No 3)

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

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

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

Trinidad, B. W. I.

Moruga Rest House.

1894
March 10
(no 4)

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

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

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

1894

March 11

We spent the forenoon very quietly sitting in Mr. Warner's garden under an abundant tree talking. Humming birds were almost constantly buzzing about us among the flowers and at frequent intervals we heard the more or less distant notes of Diplopteryx naxosus, Amazilia tobaci, Tanager sclottii and Saltator olivaceus. Once a fair large kite, white beneath with a dark gray back and wings, sailed overhead. We also heard Glaucochyia a few times. On the whole there were not many birds here.

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

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

I rode back to Mr. Warner's about starting at 10 P. M. and walking the horse most of the way. It was a delicious night, still, just pleasantly cool, the air richly spiced with the fragrance of unknown flowers. A Grateller (Nyctidromus albicollis) called cheewee by the roadside was the only night bird. Bats as large as Night hawks dashed close past my head making most

1894
March 12

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

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

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

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

1894.
 March 12
 (Ms.)

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

After tea we walked to the river to see a "robin nest". But the birds (*Merula cyanocephala*) did not feed in an afternoon although Mr. Carr saw hundreds the last time he visited the place—a dense thicket of plantains and bananas on the bank of the river. He saw neither, but a small Heron (*Ardea cyanusa*) which in flight and note exactly resembled our A. virescens.

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

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

Trinidad, B. W. I.

Caparo.

1894
March 13

Most of the day spent in unpacking and arranging our things. Chapman and the two Carrs with which went off into the woods in the forenoon and set a number of traps. They saw a number of Trogons & heard toucans and "Molots". After a while one of the Carrs returned with the news that some men whom we had sent out to get palm leaves to thatch ~~the~~ hut whom we were to do our work had started two deer. He took his gun and three or four dogs and started after them. For two hours or more we heard nothing of him or the dogs but after the others had returned and just as we were finishing dinner the distant yelping of the dogs and the sound of a horn warned us that the game was coming our way. Instantly everything was in the greatest confusion. Mr. Albert Carr begged for my gun and picking up two shells loaded with no. 1 that looked off through the cacao grove as fast as he could run. Chapman and another Carr followed him and negroes and Spaniards armed with guns, cutlasses and sticks appeared from every side and ran across the opening towards the river. Every now and then a dog yelped on the wooded ridge and presently two shots were fired in quick succession by Chapman who had a perfectly open shot at the deer at about 40 yards distance—as we afterwards learned. He wounded the animal severely and after running a few hundred yards it turned back towards the river and Albert Carr killed it with my gun or rather so nearly finished it that the dogs and

1894

March 13

No 71

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

I went out to the first reaches of the river where Chapman had fallen his stand. Presently the men came with the deer which one of them bore on his shoulders. It was an odd-looking animal with short, rounded ears, very small pointed head, delicate hoofs and rather small, stout legs. The entire head and neck were practically devoid of hair and the skin was a dark slate color. It was a doe and pregnant, the fawn being of nearly full size and probably about the weight of the doe "undressed" was 80½ pounds. Carr says that the species never exceeds 90 pounds in weight. The male has no antlers but they are always covered with skin. There is another species of deer found here which has naked horns.

In the afternoon four beautiful Tanagers (*Callista flaviventris* *ocellata*) came into the cocoa trees near the house & I shot all one of them but missed it

1894

March 13

No 31

The Cars

Little after sunset, took us to a place where they had been some hours, looking about in the twilight in the evening drive, it proved to be a stretch of the public road, broad, straight, covered with a carpet of beautiful green turf bordered on one side by a cocoa plantation with a deserted house surrounded by Bananas, on the other by a sloping hill side covered with dense primæval forest.

Beautifully quiet in the night, as in the soft evening light it was a very interesting. The bats were seen to be about the house, flying back and forth, but not usually seen close over the house, and occasionally ^{20.30} flying straight up into the air, they would give a report ~~and~~ ^{and} sound ~~in~~ ^{and} the woods, but in the also the sound were times, their light was in with and, as a rule, direct. They tapped their wings steadily and in a way with a motion unlike that of any of our "volunteers" and more like that of a horse bat, but the latter was more firm and direct than ~~any~~ ^{any} that of any bat with which I am familiar. When they look to the woods they usually give a succession of short, clear whistles, probably from one perch on the ground or the branch of a tree although this is merely a surmise on our part. We shot both birds and found them to be males of *Durocallis semitorquatus*, *im.* They are curious looking *Goatsuckers* intermediate in both form ^{color} and behavior, as it seemed to us, between *Chirochloa* and *Antrozous*.

A. H. King

Goatsucker

(Durocallis)

1894

March 14

The big tree toads made a deafening clamor during the whole night and I also heard the chews of Myctodromus and the hoos of the Owl that calls ho; ho; ho; hwa besides the cat-like cry of the Owl heard at the Rise Hour.

At daybreak this morning the cars called me to hear the Howling Monkeys. I tore a blanket from the bed thrust my feet into a pair of Slippers and rushed out. The east was flushing with rose and salmon tints ~~but~~ the little clearing about the house ^{was still} filled with the soft, dazy twilight, our House Wren had just begun singing but none of the other birds about the clearing were as yet awake. No sooner had I got fairly out into the open air than I heard the Monkeys in the distance to the eastward. Indeed for nearly half an hour they kept up an incessant roaring. One said that they were about two miles off and that not more than four or five were roaring. I should have supposed that they were within a quarter of a mile and that there were several hundreds of them. The sound was wholly unlike what I had supposed. It was almost exactly like the whistle, whiffled sound of a great city-bombard for example - heard given some great spots. It rose and fell but never abated and soon went just before it ceased altogether.

As the daylight grew Parrots in pairs and threes or fours together began flying ^{about} always at a height of one or two hundred yards. Occasionally a Linnaea ~~song~~ called. The Pitangus was one of the earliest birds. The Toucans and Humming birds did not appear until the sun was above the woods.

Monkeys
roaring.

1894

March 15

Again at day break this morning the Howling Monkeys gave us a full chorus. They were much more than yesterday and I could hear the individual voices much better. (Bob-bob-bob & war, bob-bob-bob-war etc.). After coffee and bread I went to the Bois immortelle. At first there were few Hummers about and even came into the tree until the sun was an hour or more high after which they appeared in great numbers as yesterday. I had bad luck in shooting but after breakfast went out again and killed enough birds to keep myself busy for the remainder of the day. The most interesting specimen was a Jacamar which was perched on a twig over the river wagging its long tail.

1894
March 16

The sky was cloudy at daybreak this morning and the Monkeys roared even louder and for a much longer time than yesterday. After sunrise we had several heavy showers.

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

Early morn-
ing in the
forest.

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

Trogons

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

1894.

March 16

(No 2)

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

1894

March 16

(No 31)

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

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

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

A Deer
in the
road

1894

March 16

(no 4)

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

I turned back of course and met Chapman. As we were strolling slowly homeward we saw a large bird which we at first took for an Owl sitting on the top of a tree about 20 ft. above the ground, in a young cacao plantation. Every half minute or so it would launch out into the air after a flying insect and then return to its perch. The shape & proportions of wings and tail showed us that it was no Owl but a gigantic *Colaptes*, *Nyctibius* (*Carolinensis*) - the bird which, according to Carr is the "Co-me-one" which Chapman heard last year & which most of the country people believe that is the cry, not the bird to be a *Stork*.

"Co-me-one"

1894

March 17

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

Small birds were numerous. I had good luck in shooting but got a few interesting things among them a boat-billed Flycatcher (*Platylabus insularis*) which was flitting about among the shrubby things a sharp cry, a fine log-bird, which we called from a considerable distance by imitating its whistle, a Thrush (*Mercula sumicola*), which I gave to Chapman, and two Blue Cuckoos (*Coccyzus carolinensis*). The last were in an agave or cactus tree feeding on the fruit. We got back to breakfast at eleven and spent the rest of the day working on the birds. I shot a rail-bird (*Actitis hypoleucos*) and an (*Caprimulgus insularis*) which came out of a *ajapa*. At sunset we walked up the wood and reached the big Yotowcher on the shore which is evidently his habitual feeding station. I shall make fuller notes on him later.

All of P. M. we started out on an *Mancora* (C. possum) / *A. monkey* hunt taking the whole pack of dogs. As we were crossing the bridge over the creek we heard some creature give a succession of leaps in the bed of wild plantains over the other side of the creek

1894

March 17

(No 2)

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

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

1894

March 18

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

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

1894

March 18

(No 2)

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

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

A fine male of *Petrochelidon naevia*, the first I have seen and a rare bird Chapman tells me, was hopping about on the mud and exploring rocks & crevices under the bank much in the manner of a Carolina Wren.

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

In the afternoon I shot two good birds, a *Compsothlypis fulgurea* in a bush immediately in front of the house and a Ruby Spurred Hummer in a flowering tree near our ayoba.

1894

March 18

(no 3)

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

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

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

Habits of
"P. me. one"

1894

March 18

(no 4)

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

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

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

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

A sweet clear

frog

1894
March 19

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

Regone

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

Blue
Creepers in
a cupu
tree

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

My first
Paroquet

1894

March 19
(No. 2)

and hopped about with the activity of so many sparrows but when not moving it was impossible to see them among the green leaves I fired at a spot into which I saw several go and brought down one Paroquet and a Green Cuckoo.

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

Late in the afternoon a flock of six or seven bairagled Sucie Martin Tanagers ("Sucie Martinique") came past the house and alighted in the low immortel tree where I shot one of them. They are exceedingly nervous and restless birds but not at all shy. They utter a sharp tswe at frequent intervals especially just before they take wing. When one starts all the others follow at once and then usually dash directly off out of sight and hearing.

In the evening we took a long walk with the dogs who started a Father (Armidilla), which they finally ran into a hole where the Cass dog got it out and captured it alive. We heard "Po. me. on" in the distance for the second time. There are few Owls to night.

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

1894
 March 20

Toucans

I started out early this morning with the express intention of shooting a Toucan. Rather curiously I had at once an opportunity which I did not improve and shortly afterwards a specimen which is probably rare for Mr. Chapman has seen nothing of the kind, nor has Mr. Carr either for that matter. It all happened in this wise. I went first to the ajoupa to get my collecting basket and while there heard a Toucan calling apparently at a considerable distance. I started in the direction of the sound but I had gone scarce twenty yards when I became conscious that it came from nearly overhead. Looking up I at once saw the beautiful great bird sitting in the top of a bois inverted its breast turned towards the rising sun which brought out the brilliant coloring of the plumage ^{the shining black} ~~and~~ of the large bill and the ^{blue of the throat} ~~blue~~ skin about the eyes with the greatest distinctness. There was very little chance for the bird was not thirty yards off but I simply stood and stared at him with speechless wonder and admiration until he finally flew when the dense cacao foliage prevented my getting a shot. Clearly a case of Toucan "fever" but I did not regret the episode.

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

1894

March 20

(no 2)

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

1894

March 20

(no 3)

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

I shot nothing but a *Cuckoo* (*Diptychus narius*). although I also fired at a Mot. nest which escaped apparently unhit.

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

The dogs started a deer soon after breakfast and the Cass, with Hilton and Sam, followed in the most westerly position to the hunters of this island, running at full speed through the woods whistling and baying. The deer made only one turn and then kept straight away through the forest to the eastward. Dogs & men returned one by one as the forenoon waned, all alike hot, tired & disarrayed.

1894

March 20

(No 4)

"Po-me-ou"

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

1894.

March 20

(No 5)

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

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

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

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

1894

March 20
(No 6)

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

The male once scolded or set wings from the woods across a wide opening moving very slowly and in an indescribable flabby manner - just as he came to his feeding stick the other morning.

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

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

Owls.

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

1894

March 21

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

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

A Humming-
bird Concert

1894
March 21
(No 2)

Continued for a minute or two ~~the~~ ~~bird~~ one bird would return to the perch and begin yapping again. His motions while thus engaged were peculiar and most interesting. He sat very erect but in an easy, listless attitude the points of the wings drooping below the tail which was closed and kept constantly vibrating up & down slightly there being usually ^{about} two vibrations to each call. With each yep the long bill was thrown nearly straight up and the mouth slightly opened while the red under mandible showed very conspicuously and the whole body twitched considerably. At long intervals (in fact we saw it only twice) the bird would spread his tail to its widest extent and erect it on his back so that it pointed straight up at the same time moving it slowly from side to side. The tips of the central feathers nearly touched the back of the head and the general effect was almost precisely like that of a strutting Turkey cock.

A Humming
bird conced.

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

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

1894.
March 22

A dull cloudy day with heavy rain at frequent intervals.

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

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

1894

March 23

A clear, cool, fine day

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

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

I shot 2 big Cuckoo (*Caaja cayana*) in a tall tree near where the path enters the woods and at the river bank a large Kingbird and two Swallows (*Hirundo fulva*). After skinning these birds I went to work on this journal which was then a few days behind and which I have been forced to write very hastily.

Now that I have finished with the post a word as to the present. It is now sunset and I am sitting alone on the river bank with the cacao grove behind me and the edge of the forest walking in the further bank of the narrow, winding, muddy little stream. To the left is a clearing brilliantly lighted by the slanting rays of the sun. All else is in cool shadow. The trade wind has fallen and scarce a breath of air ruffles the leaves. Birds are calling on every side. Now the peep-pee of *Dryobates*, next the qu'est-ce-dit of *Ptilopus sulphuratus*, next the sweet piping song of *Myioborus*, next the coo of *Thamnophilus*

Sunset on
the edge of
the forest

1894

March 23
(No 2)

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

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

The Sun is twinkling fast and the Greiv are chattering, chattering and making ^{like our} their call which ^{is so very like} ~~is so very like~~ that of our Personia castrina. They dash about among the cacao trees chasing one another.

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

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

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

1894
March 24

Early morning showery, the rest of the day fine.

After the usual coffee & bread Chapman & I started out. In the cacao grove I found a pair of Hoopoes and shot the female. I then crossed through the grove to the wood which I followed to the bridge where I found another pair of Hoopoes of the species which makes the Flitche call. I shot at the male twice but only wounded & lost him. I also shot ^{and lost} a *Confusus* *pterygota* ~~which~~ ^{which} ~~failed~~ ^{to} ~~to~~ ^{find} ~~him~~. ~~It~~ ^{He} was high in the top of a tall tree. The boy remarked that of one Parula Warbler but noted differently - with a green little tird. My bad luck continued most of the morning for I actually fired ~~under~~ ^{under} consecutively shot without picking up a single bird although I brought down four or five & lodged one or two more.

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

1894

March 24

(No 2)

to find one of them.

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

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

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

1894.

March 24

(No 3)

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

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

Song of
Murela
gymnoides fulva don

1894

March 25-

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

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

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

1894

March 25
 (no 2)

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

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

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

A concert
 of Hummers.

1894

March 25
(no 3)

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

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

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

1894

March 25

(No 4)

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

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

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

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

1894

March 25
(No 5)

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

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

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

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

1894
March 26

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

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

1894

March 26
(No 2)

clear light and the air was perfectly still, I used my pencil and note-book freely and ^{now} transcribe the results as follows:

The Bell Bird has three distinct notes, the first kok, the second tee, the third tee. The kok probably a call-note*. It is uttered with great irregularity, sometimes perhaps ^{to} ~~at~~ intervals of about ten seconds, sometimes even ^{once} or ^{twice} or ^{three} or ^{four} or ^{five} or ^{six} or ^{seven} or ^{eight} or ^{nine} or ^{ten} times in succession. At a distance of four or five hundred yards it ^{is} ~~is~~ ^{heard} ~~heard~~ ^{as an} ~~an~~ ^{use} ~~use~~ ^{is} ~~is~~ ^{heard}, ⁱⁿ ~~in~~ ^{open} ~~open~~ ^{wood} and ^{is} ~~is~~ ^{very} ~~very~~ ^{misleading} for although it is not difficult to judge correctly the direction from which it comes a novice would be certainly deceived as to the distance and would ^{probably} ~~judge~~ ^{judge} the bird to be only fifty yards or so away. Indeed as one follows on in the direction of the sound the impression which he is likely to conceive is that the bird is flying from tree to tree and keeping on ahead of him. This impression, however, is dispelled after he comes within 100 yards or so for the sound then becomes louder and louder until when the listener gets directly beneath the tree it is simply tremendous in volume. It now has a slightly rolling quality (ko-oo-oo) and is so abrupt and explosive in character that it is nearly as startling as the report of a gun. I have never heard any bird note which at near range sounded anything like so loud yet it apparently does not carry so well as the croak of the toucan which can be heard fully as far away although it is not a very loud call where one is directly under the tree on which the toucan is sitting.

Song and notes of the Bell Bird.

* This was a pure assumption at the time and I am now inclined to doubt its correctness although I was found to be so. I have since been able to see the bird in the garden and have been able to see it without difficulty. I have also seen it in the garden and have been able to see it without difficulty. I have also seen it in the garden and have been able to see it without difficulty.

1894.
March 26
No 31

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

Song and
notes of the
Bell Bird.

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

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

1894.

March 26
(no 4)

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

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

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

Song and
Notes of the
Bell Bird.

1894.
March 26
(No 5)

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

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

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

Characteristic
attitudes
flight, etc. of
the Bellbird

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March 26

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

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

A female
Bell Bird

1894

March 26

(No 7)

While we were watching the Bull Bird my eyes & ears took in many other sights and sounds. Every now and then a Hummer (Glaucois or Encyphora) dived overhead or dashed past us. Rogoos gave their Cuckoo or Flicker-like calls and the rasping creek of the Lorician came almost incessantly from two or three different directions at once. Rufous (Coccyzus luteola) were singing on every side, and now and then a Hen (Thryothorus rufus) repeated its clear, strong song, two or three times in quick succession. The loud piping whistle of Dendroica's subserena was also a frequent and characteristic sound of these lonely woods, and the Flicker-like "chirr" of Thamnophis major, ending with its curious low caw, was occasionally heard.

Sounds of
a Trinidad
forest.

Before we left the place the sun had sunk below the tops of the trees and the woods about us fairly rang with the weird, unearthly music of the Guianan while the Cog Bois whistled on ~~all sides~~ ^{every side} of us. It was twilight under the trees when we reached the trace and the only bird voice ^{now} was the deep hoop of the Mot mot who calls later of all the drum birds here. Small bats were flying about close to the ground among the undergrowth and every now and then a morpho butterfly passed us. We had the net with us and caught a number of other things but this has thus far eluded us.

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

He is quiet yet alert, an accomplished woodsman as quick to be "legis" of animals & birds as are the best of our Manin guides and withal an enthusiastic naturalist. He knows all the trees, shrubs & flowers & most of the birds & insects also.

1894

March 27

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

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

I had a fine view of two Green Parrots (Amazona amazonica) a pair, apparently, which alighted in a small, solitary tree not 30 yards from where I stood and within 25 yds. of a weaver's cabin. They climbed down a large wing thick branch as third legs and altogether behaving in a manner which possibly reminded me of our Parrot, "Jack". I also saw several flocks of Parrots whirling about high in air like boy birds. The Red Parrots fly in pairs and their flight is very like that of Ficedula arctica in many ways.

In a small, perfectly leafless tree by the roadside my eye caught ~~and~~ a slight movement and looking more closely I saw a female Humana (Sayornis violacea) sitting on her nest which, except for its large size, exactly resembled the nest of our J. colubris. It was huddled on a naked branch about 2 ft above the ground* *

I fully intended to return to and take this nest but, back to town prevented. It was the only substituted nest seen since I started that I found on Trinidad.

1894

March 27

(No 2)

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

We heard Curassows, big birds, Toucans, Manicou &
various other birds and Carr showed us the bones
of a big mopee (Crotalus) which his brother killed
in these woods three months ago. This skin and
the prey which they afforded of the presence of this
deadly snake made us shiver a little.

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

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

1894

March 28

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

In the early morning we all tramped out to look for the big Gootucker ("Pam-on") and Cass quickly found him among the bananas near where I saw him last. He was alive and his only injury seemed to be a broken wing which he must have dropped while flying for he fell fifty yards or more from the spot where Chapman shot at him. He opened his mouth wide, made a loud growling somewhat like that of an angry cat and struck at us with his beak so quickly and violently that it was difficult to control our nerves sufficiently to receive the blow which, of course, was really quite feeble and harmless. His pupils in the daylight were scarce larger than a pin head, the irides, which were of a deep chrom yellow, occupying nearly the whole of the great, protruding, staring, expressionless eyes.

When we placed the bird on a log he seemed unable to stand up but the moment we offered him a perch on the top of a small stump he accepted it ~~promptly~~ and pressing his tail against the wood stood as erect as any Hawk or Owl. It is quite evident that this is the bird's normal position & that he cannot or will not perch like our Antiochians. We took several photographs of him before we killed him.

I spent the remainder of the early morning searching the cacao grove near the ajoupa getting a number of crows, birds and one new to me a *Pachyramphus niger* ♀.

1894
March 29

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

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

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

1894.

March 29
(No 2)

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

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

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

1894

March 29

(no 31)

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

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

1894.

March 30

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

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

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

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

1894
March 30
(No 2)

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

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

1874.

March 30

(No 3)

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

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

1894

March 30

(No 4)

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

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

1894
March 30
(1895)

pronounced it to be a "Boat Hawk", and said that it preyed wholly on Boats & Drifts. I could not at the time believe that it was really a Bird of prey but Hutton proved to be right for the singular looking creature presently returned and pitching down from a ^{very} ~~was~~ ^{right} alighted on a dead stick where I shot it. It turned out to be a well Falco refrigerarius, ~~the~~ ^{one of the} most beautiful Hawk that I have ever killed. According to Geacard it is a crepuscular species spending the day in the forest and coming out into the open country only after sunset. Geacard also says that it feeds exclusively on Boats but this specimen was flushing a bird when shot for an disturbance saw the feathers floating about its perch in the still air. Probably the bird was a Drift but although we saw it fall we could not find it under the tree.

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

1894
March 30
(no 6)

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

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

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

1894

March 31

I spent the forenoon skinning the Hawk and some Hummingbirds which I shot in a flowering tree immolated nearly over the agaves. They came to this tree in great numbers to-day but nearly all the common *Cecophala caerulea* and *Agalyptis chionipetula* with a good sprinkling of *Coenonympha violacea*. Of the last I see at least six females to one male whereas the males of *Cecophala* ^{apparently} outnumber the females in the proportion of ten or a dozen to one. One fine male *Jacobin* came into the tree but he only stayed a moment.

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

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

Trinidad, B. W. I.

Caparo

1894.

April 1

A beautiful day very clear with less wind than usual.

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

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

1894
April 2

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

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

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

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

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

1894
April 2
[No 2]

masses of bees but on the whole they reminded me more of boys especially in their movements when hopping from tree to tree.

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

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

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

1894,
April 2
(no 3)

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

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

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

1894

April 3

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

An early morning ride.

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

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

Death of Mr Arthur William Carr

We regret to have to announce the death of Mr Arthur William Carr, youngest son of the late Mr Thomas William Carr, journalist and Librarian, Trinidad Public Library. Mr Arthur Carr, who had a very large circle of friends and acquaintances, was well known as a planter of Caparo, where, with his two brothers, Messrs Albert and Reginald, he was one of the pioneers to open up the district. He owned a large country business at Taiparo. He was a most indefatigable hunter and a great supporter and player of cricket in Caparo, Chaguamas and neighbourhood. Every one who knew him (and who did not know him?) loved "Artie" Carr as the most unselfish of men and one who was never more pleased than when ministering to the pleasure and comfort of others. No hunting party was complete without "Artie" and his acquaintance with the woods and the ways of their wild denizens was unequalled. He had been in bad health for some time but his great strength kept him going. About three weeks ago he became seriously ill and on November 23 he entered the Colonial Hospital as a private patient. His case was diagnosed as one of spinal disease. His death has been expected momentarily for days past, but his magnificent strength kept him up until yesterday morning. "Artie" Carr will be sincerely mourned by many as a right down good fellow, a thorough sportsman and one of Nature's own gentlemen.

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

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

Among those who followed were: Messrs Hy Adams, E Caines, R W Gordon, C Croney, J F de Souza, A Schoener, J F A'mendez, E F Richards, T O'Brien, E Laford, H Ghent, A Boisserie, A Campbell, Wm Givens, A W Lake, De Lindsay, Walter Mills, F F'arrell, L B Thomas, B Graham, Misses Graham (2), Messrs L Kings, Hugh Boisserie, Arthur Hamlyn, the staff of Mr Carr's business houses at Caparo and Taiparo, Misses Lee (2) and many others.

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

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

Trinidad, B. W. I.
Caparo to Chaguanas

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(No. 2)

headed Monarchs, black-headed and ~~abrupt~~-breasted Finches, one early Parrots, 7 Geats of three or four kinds in short pretty morning ride.
nearly all the commoner birds of Trinidad.

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

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

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

1894.
April 3
(no 3)

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

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

Richfold's house is situated at the very head of the Caura Valley in the end of a *cule de sac* as it were with steep mountain slopes rising 1000 to 1500 ft above it on every side. These slopes are covered with the densest possible vegetation which to the eye of a novice appears to be wholly primitive forest but really there are few areas of "high woods" left. The greater portion of the country over covered with densely-grown scrub or old cacao plantations in which the tree's immense trunks are 10 or more feet in diameter to 20 or 25 ft in height and three or four feet through at the base with buttressed roots like cecropias. These tree immortals are of a different species from those which we have seen at Copaco but they have

1894
April 3
(M 4)

the same general appearance everywhere, especially
near the cottonwoods, in both bank and plateau.

I had an hour or two before Chapman's breakfast
arrived and employed it in strolling up and down the
road watching and listening to the birds. The commonest
species here appear to be Murela gygnosticta and
Dendroica. I also noted Cyanois Sottator olivaceus, Tachyphonus
rufus, Tangara olivacea, Siphonia trinitatis, Chondestes
leucotis, Diplopteryx, Myiozetetes similis and
a number of Hummers some of which I was able to identify.
Swifts were flying about in small numbers but all, so far as
I could make out, were of one species the kind that has
the white rump.

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

I forgot to mention the Arisema without whose voice
no tropical scene could ever again fully satisfy me.
At frequent intervals late in the afternoon and far into
the twilight I heard his wild music from the mountain sides
above the house very near at hand.

1894

April 4

A cloudy day with occasional brief periods of sunshine and a few light showers. There is much less wind here than at most places on Trinidad; the high ridges to the north and east cut it off almost completely. It is only occasionally and for short periods that the foliage is moved to any extent. Here it was that the air has that vitality and freshness peculiar to most elevated regions it would be very hot at times. As it is the climate is even more delightful than at Capora.

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

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

1894
April 4
No 2)

leaf of the ledge piping incessantly. It was a tiny creature less than half an inch in length above wood brown with dark mottling, beneath pale yellowish with a bright rufous yellow throat. Its toes were supplied with minute round sucking discs (this description is taken from a specimen which Mr. Richfield caught in another place later in the day & which we are keeping alive in a basket on the sides of which it clings with ease. The one we saw this morning chased Captain G. & was undoubtedly of the same species).

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

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April 4
Pm 3'

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

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

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

1894

April 4

No 5⁹

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

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

We saw great numbers of Bats, the majority *Neotomas* *ufas*. There were also a good many slow-flying little fellows apparently like the kind I shot at Copons and in some than a few large fruit bats.

1894

April 5

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

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

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(no 2)

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

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

1894

April 5
(No 3)

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

At this time I fully identified the following species which are named in the order of their relative abundance: *Aegialia chinifpectus*, *Lampornis orlicauda*, *Ammodia erythronota* (not seen at Coparo), *Cerytolasapis mosquitos* and *Eucephala cœulea*. Lower down in the valley in cacao groves and especially among the clumps of *Heliconia* I saw *Glaucois hirsutus* and *Phaethonopsis grisei* but neither of these species appears to ever visit the Malacca Apple blossoms. In the whole upper portion of Caura Valley *Ammodia erythronota* seems to take the place of *Eucephala cœulea* for the latter is evidently rare. *Ammodia*, however, is not so common as *Eucephala* at Coparo.

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

1894.
April 6

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

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

1894.

April 6

(No 2.)

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

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

1894
April 6
(No 3)

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

A Bat
with a
head-light!

1894

April 7

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

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

Caura to Tacarigua

1894.

April 7

(No 2)

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

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

During this ride I heard and saw innumerable birds but nothing of peculiar interest except a Toucan which was colking shoddy near the 2 mile post (2½ miles up the valley from Tacarigua) and a Cyclops which took a long broad blade of green grass into the top of a tree where it doubtless was building its nest.

1894

April 7
(No 3)

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

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

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

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

1894.

April 8-12

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

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

There are many small birds in the gardens and parks of Port-of-Spain and still more in the Botanic Garden. The commonest are the Blue Tanager, the Palmistes, the Black Tanager, *Pitangus*, *Troglodytes* infans, the Kill Bird (*Crotophaga* ani, confined chiefly to the Savanna and the Garden), *Cyclopsis*, *Micrelia* gymnotus blanfordi and *Glaucidium*. The last is really abundant in the Garden and I frequently heard its notes as it was sitting in my room in the Family Hotel.

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

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

1894
April 8-12
(No. 2)

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

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

Habits of
Cratophaga
auri.

Port of Spain to Granada

1894.

April 13

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

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

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

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

St. Vincent to Guadaloupe

1894.

April 14

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

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

Off the northern end of St. Vincent but several miles from the land I saw four birds new to me. They were either Sooty or Bridled Terns. They passed within 100 yards of the steamer & occasionally bowed & plunged for fish. I thought I heard one of them utter a soft hiss it would be like that of the terns seen.

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

St. Vincent to Guadalupe.

1894

April 14

(No 2.)

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

We saw in this channel a small school of Black Fish, a very large school of Porpoises, and a Tropic Bird. The last, like the two that I saw on my way down the islands, rose apparently from the surface of the sea and mounting to a height of about 200 ft. flew straight away out of sight. I was again struck by the resemblance of the flight to that of a Domestic Pigeon but the wings are more even feathered than the Pigeons. The tail was closed, the neck shortened.

1894

April 15

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

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

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

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

At sea off Sombroso and to the northward

1894.
April 15-
(No 2.)

full headway the tail invariably assumed a horizontal position, throwing out behind most gracefully in an exact line with the body. 

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

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

There were also a good many small Puffins, Pandorini doubtless, about Sombroso and between that island and St. Gustavians.

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

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

Water Birds of the West Indies.

1894

April 15
(No 3)

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

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

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

At Sea.

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

1894

April 16

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

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

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

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

1894.

April 17

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

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

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

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

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

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

1894.
April 18

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

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

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

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

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

At Sea.

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

1894
April 19

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

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

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

Noon observation.

1894.

April 20

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

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

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

Dead Reckoning at noon.

1894.

April 21

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

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

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

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

At Sea.

1894.

April 21

(No 2)

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

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

Cambridge, Mass.

1894.

May 30

Date this afternoon I took a walk over ground which I have not visited before at this season for upwards of twenty-five years; viz. the high ground bordering the Charles River marshes on the Coolidge farm and the Cambridge Cemetery, Cambridge. A walk to the Coolidge farm & Cambridge Cemetery, Cam. Cemetery. I started at 5 o'clock and did not get back until 7.

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

I heard three Redstarts on North St. and a fourth in the Cemetery, four Warbling vireos between our place and the Hospital and a fifth on the Hays place, ten Song Sparrows between the salt creek just beyond the Hospital and the further (W.) extremity of the Cemetery, and at least six Red-winged Blackbirds scattered about on the river marshes where they were evidently breeding for I saw the males chasing females.

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

In the Cemetery I heard nothing but the Redstarts and Song Sparrows, but there must be ^{also} vireos there I should think.

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

Orchard
Orioles

Cambridge, Mass.

1894

June 13

I took a walk this evening to the old Brickyard Swamp in the hope of hearing a Chat which Foster found there the other day in the thickets between the Watertown Branch R. R. and the clay pits. The bird was either absent or gone but I heard or saw many other interesting things.

Evening walk
to the Brick
Yard Swamp.

The greedy Steam Shovel has eaten up at least nine tenths of these my old familiar shooting grounds and has effectively drained the remainder that the character of the place & its fauna are materially changed. The low button bushes are now either gone or buried beneath the foliage of a variety of tall rank growths among which I noted willows, wild cherries and Viburnums. The place was mostly alive with Yellow Warblers and Song Sparrows but I heard neither Red-wings nor Swamp Sparrows. It is probably too dry for them.

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

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

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

Trip to Mt. Moosilauke, N.H.

1894

June 15

With Faxon & Batchelder I left Boston this morning by the 9 o'clock train for Moosilauke where we intend spending a week or more investigating the fauna and searching for new nests, especially the nest of Bicknell's Thrush. We reached Warren, N.H., at 1.45 P.M., when we discovered that my trunk was not on the train. There was nothing to do but wait for the next train which did not arrive until six o'clock. We accordingly walked through the town, crossed the river by the railroad bridge and spent three or four hours sitting on the river bank in a little opening filled with ferns and surrounded on three sides by pines, hemlocks, firs, Spruces, paper and yellow birches etc. There was a cold spring just above us with a tiny brook winding down through the opening. A very Hermit Thrush, White-throated Sparrow, Black & yellow Warbler, Chestnut-sided Warbler, Redstart, Dove bird and two or three other common birds that I do not recall came about us or very near at hand. There were at least a dozen Chipmunks in and near the clearing besides our Red Squirrel. Altogether it was a most attractive spot. A fisherman wading the ~~river~~ and carrying a load and a troop of country boys, one carrying a gun, passed while we were there. I was strongly impressed by the freshness & luxuriance of the foliage. In the trees we heard a Warbling Vireo & a Hermit Flycatcher besides Robins, Chipping etc. Chimney Swifts are very numerous. After supper at the hotel we drove to Merrill's at the foot of Moosilauke where we are to stay. It was a pleasant drive in the cool of the evening with night Hawks squealing & booming overhead & Hermits & White-throats singing in the open grove pastures.

Brewy Point, Warren, N. H.

1894.

June 15

(p. 2.)

"Merrill's Mountain Home" - so reads the sign over our door - was originally a small farm house but its present owner (Mrs. Amos B. Merrill) and his father have enlarged it from time to time until there are now accommodations for twenty, or thirty guests. It stands on a knoll at an elevation (it is said) of 1700 ft. above the sea and 800 ft. above the village of Warren which is five miles distant. The primitive forest begins at the upper end of Merrill's clearing where the carriage road to the summit ^{of Mt. Mansfield} ~~is~~ ^{is} ~~about~~ ^{about} four miles from the house; plunges directly into the solid woods. In the direction of Warren the entire valley is cleared and under more or less thorough cultivation excepting immediately along the river which for the distance of a mile or more below the house flows through a picturesque ravine nearly if not quite 100 ft. in depth and heavily wooded. Along the sides of the valley steeply sloping pastures more or less grown up to young spruces extend back to the lower edge of the original forest which clothes the upper slopes and crests of the mountains on either hand.

The country in every direction is refreshingly green and brighter after the dust-stained foliage and drought-parched fields which we have just left behind ~~us~~ in Massachusetts.

1894.

June 16

Forenoon overcast & sultry, the clouds gradually burning away & the afternoon clear and hot.

I awoke at day break and heard a Great-Crested Flycatcher, a Traill's Flycatcher, a Pewee, White-throats, Hermits etc. singing near the house. Frogs had been trilling (the Spring trill, not the hummer squeak) and a few Pickering's Hyles piping through the night.

We breakfasted at 6.30 and started up the mountain a little after seven. It is five miles to the top but the drive takes nearly three hours for the grades are exceedingly steep in many places and the road is far from good. It winds through a superb forest (the finest that I have ever seen in New England) for the first two miles, ~~thence~~ for the next two through lower growths which become stunted as the fourth mile post is reached. The last mile is chiefly along the crest of a ridge which ascends rather gradually to the highest point where a small hotel and stable are situated. This crest is for the most part bare of trees and carpeted with beds of bryes, Arceuthobium and mountain cranberry but the stunted ~~flowers~~ and balsams, interspersed with a few yellow birches & mountain ash trees, begin within a few rods, at most, of the crest and flow down the mountain slopes on every side the trees becoming gradually taller and more symmetrical as they descend until, ~~they~~ at an elevation of approximately 3000 ft., they attain proportions nearly or quite equal to those of their various kinds still lower down. These masses the hemlock are scarce five feet high on the average and their tops are so matted and spreading that in many places they are practically impenetrable. but only 50 to

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June 16
(no 2)

100 ft. below the crest of the ridge, at least on the eastern slope, they are fifteen to twenty feet high and the ground beneath is often sufficiently open to afford very good walking.

The trees which compose the heavy forest that covers the lower half of the mountain are of the kinds which one finds among the White Mountains and in western Maine, i.e. fir, spruce, hemlock, yellow & paper birches, beeches, sugar maples, etc. The spruces are the finest that I have ever seen anywhere and it is evident that no lumber fiend has ever carried death and destruction among them. Indeed I saw no indication that a single tree had ever been cut here along the path of the carriage road. Some of the yellow birches were also of great size - at least four feet in diameter at the base. I noticed nothing peculiar in any way about the composition of this forest. There was, I think, a single kind of tree which is not found at Umbagog. ~~It is also not found at Umbagog.~~

The bird fauna of the mountain itself is evidently strictly Canadian. Near the summit and for about 1000 ft. below it are found only Pickett's Thrushes, Junco (only a very few), White-throated Sparrows, Black-poll Warblers, Yellow-rumped Warblers, & Pine Siskins (two). Swifts were flying over the top & sides of the mountain. The Pickett's Thrushes, Black-polls and Yellow-rumps were not seen below about 3700 ft. All the others extended down to Merrill's. We saw two Bluebirds about the 4th mile post at an elevation of probably about 3500 ft. One of them was perched on a stub, warbling.

Below 3800 ft. we noted, in addition to some of the birds just named, Sawin's & Hermit (one only) Thrushes, a Canada Nuthatch, a Kinglet (Parus) two Catherines, several

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no 3,

Parula Warblers, Black-throated Greens, Black-browns (very numerous), Black-throated Blues (only a few) Canadian Warblers, Redstarts (one only) Oven birds, Red-eyed Vireos, Cedar Birds, Purple Finches, Blue Jay (one only), Yellow bellied Flycatcher (one) and Ruffed Grouse. The last are apparently rather numerous on the mountain for we found four distinct warblers and started two birds, one a female accompanied by a brood of young.

As we stood on the ridge of the mountain looking to the north we heard in the distance below an Olive-backed Thrush singing and still more faintly the song of a Hermit Thrush. Thus all three birds were within hearing at once but nevertheless the range of the Black-browns is unquestionably much higher than that of the other two. At its lower limits it overlaps by several hundred feet probably the upper limits of the vertical distribution of *J. swainsoni*.

There were two birds apparently missing on this mountain which we had expected to find viz. the Winter Wren and Mourning Warbler. It is much too soon in our experience, however, to conclude that they are not here.

Junco's were much less numerous than I have usually found them to be on our New England mountains but White-throats were more abundant than usual especially among the stunted forests near the crest of the ridge.

After tea we walked down across a wide interlock field to the river which flows through a deep ravine heavily wooded with Swainson's Thrushes, Hermits and a Black-throated Blue Warbler singing. A Barred Owl hooted in the distance in a huge maple grove on the mountain side.

1894

Brewy Point, Warren, N. H.

June 17 Sunday. - Clear and very warm. Distant thunder showers in the evening.

After breakfast Paxon and I took a path which follows up the course of the brook just below the house. After walking for two or three hundred yards we came to a pretty spot where we spent the entire forenoon, sitting under the shade of a big maple writing our notes and talking. On one side was the brook rushing down over a rocky bed beneath an arch of dense foliage, soothing our senses with the delicious rattle and loughing of its foaming waters. On the other rose the steep slope of a ridge covered with large yellow & paper birches, spruces, Balsams, hemlocks and sugar maples. Along the edge of the path grew busily young ~~peucedan~~ spruces & Balsams singly or in clusters with ferns of turf at intervals.

The Winter Wren, Black & Yellow Warbler, Black Cherry Warbler, Olive-backed Thrush, Hermit Thrush, Junco, White-throated Sparrow, and Red-eyed Vireo all sang upon or bes frequently within hearing and a Robin, sitting on a dead branch in the top of an old sugar maple, seemed as almost without cessation. He was a fine singer - the Robin - with a voice full of earnestness and hope.

A Downy Woodpecker - with young, doubtless - showed evident concern at our presence flitting about among the trees over the brook, making a noise very similar to the snickering outburst of the Red Squirrel.

A pretty, confiding little Chipmunk was also one of our

Brewy Point, Warren, N. H.

1894.

June 17
(no 2)

visitors. He roared all about us swinging up within a few feet at times. He was eating some small winged birds - of the boger waffle, I think - which strewed the ground, thickly under the trees.

While sitting here, and later in the day as we were at the house, we heard in the distance beyond the shed a sound which we all took to be the voice of a King-bird. He started within 75000, following it to the house, found a Red-tailed Woodpecker to be its author. The bird was in the best marks a quarter of a mile away. It was in plain view, but we could not see it as it was in the trees. It was near the top of the tree, the bird was really "shouting" in the normal, Flicker-like manner.

Spent the entire afternoon working. The evening was so hot that we took only a short walk up the brook where we were this morning and back through the pasture about the house. Hermits and Olive-backed Thrushes were busy all about this pasture and in the distance in every direction.

Among some young Sparrows on a knoll we heard what seemed to be the normal song of a Nashville Warbler to which were prefixed a number of short, fluttering, warbled notes very like those at the beginning of the flight song of the Dove bird. I have little doubt that this was a flight song (if so wholly new to me) of the Nashville Warbler but we did not see the bird. (Faxon found a Nashville chirping & evidently anxious about young on this very knoll, two days later.)

1894.

June 18

Breezy Point, Warren, N. H. (Second day on Mt. Moosilauke)

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

We started up the mountain at 7.30 a. m. Faxon walking, Batchelder and I in the wagon. Birds were singing freely in spite of the heat. Batchelder shot a fine large Hare (*L. americanus*) which hopped out into the road and began nibbling at the grass paying us apparent attention to us or the horses.

At an elevation of about 3500 ft. we began to hear Pickenell's Thrushes, and I got out and joined Faxon in searching for their nests in a very favorable place where there were dense thickets of young firs forming an undergrowth to a woods of spruces & firs 35 to 40 ft. in height. Two birds were singing here and we started two others which we took to be females but we could find nothing but two old nests both evidently those of some kind of Thrushes and both built in small firs.

We finally became discouraged and started up the road turning into the woods where we heard a Pickenell's Thrush singing & looking awhile for its nest, always vainly. The birds were very numerous and usually ⁱⁿ pairs. Indeed we might have shot eight or ten of them had we wished.

We reached the cold spring about noon and, after building a bridge to keep off the black flies, hunched there. I found a Junco's nest with three young birds very near the spring. A White-throated Sparrow, a Junco, Yellow-rumped Warbler, Black-poll, & Pickenell's Thrushes were singing near us. Some Red Crossbills flew over piping. The notes of an Olive-backed Thrush came up faintly from the gulf below.

1894.

June 18
(No. 2.)

Brewy Point, Warren, New Hampshire (Second day on Mt. Moselands)

Before we had finished eating there was a sudden clap of thunder and threatening clouds came rolling over the crest of the ridge above us. We sought shelter at once under overhanging rocks but only a light sprinkle of rain fell and the sun soon came out again. Batchelder now joined us with the wagon. He reported that it was very cold on the summit of the mountain. We started down soon after this, Batchelder going on ahead afoot. I rode as far as the second mile post above Merrill & waited there for Faxon walking in the remainder of the way with him. The woods were very beautiful in the late afternoon light. Hermits were hanging on every side when we entered the upper part of Merrill's clearing.

Wolfeborough, N. H.

1894

June 19

Intensely hot & sultry with thunder showers at evening

I went to Wolfeborough this morning by the 10.45 train from Warren to attend the annual meeting of the Masters of the Academy. In crossing the Lake from the Weirs I kept a sharp lookout for Loons but saw only one, a fine old bird

In Wolfeborough I heard a Warbling Vireo and an Olive L. gabbula flying in the trees over the village street and a Herald Flycatcher in a thicket on the Academy grounds. The Purple Martins have apparently increased since my last visit (in 1890). Their large houses were well filled with them but House Sparrows were nesting in two or three of the compartments. I saw the Martins alight and perch for some time in some large pear trees near their nests, sitting among the foliage

At evening night-hawks were squeaking & booming incessantly over the eastern edge of the town.

I heard no House Wrens this year.

July 20

I left Wolfeborough this morning at 9 o'clock and after a trip around the head of the Lake in a steam launch took a train from the Weirs for Warren which I reached about 2 P.M. In driving over to Merrill's I heard several Indigo Birds & Least Flycatchers.

Woodlands N. H.

On reaching the house I found that Batchelder & Faxon were absent on the mountain. They returned a little before dark. Faxon, who walked down, reported seeing a small flock of White-winged Crossbills near the summit and hearing two Wood Thrushes singing between the bridges at the base of the mountain a mile above Merrill's at about 2100 ft.

1894

June 21

Brewy Point, Warren, ~~Massachusetts~~, N. H.

Very warm with showers and some distant thunder.

Just after breakfast we heard Pileated Woodpeckers calling a little way above the house and Faxon and I went in search of them. We found two birds, a male and female, in some large maple & birch trees in a hollow. They were very tame allowing us to approach to within 30 yards. The ♂ was pecking rather listlessly at a dead prong, the ♀ sat crosswise on a branch about twenty yards away. They called to each other at short, regular intervals using the short "chuck" like "thout". Neither bird changed its perch for full twenty minutes. At length the ♀ flew out into a pasture and alighted on a stump where she was joined by a third bird which we had not seen before. The ♂ remained in the grove ~~where~~ where we saw him first. We could not make out whether these Woodpeckers were old or young. While perched in the trees they kept moving their heads about and pointing their bills upward in a way that reminded us of Herons. Occasionally one of them would call cuck, cuck, cuck etc very slowly a great number of times. This call may be called a cackle. It is rather hen-like in character.

After leaving the Woodpeckers we took a road down to the river which we crossed by a elevated bridge and recrossed, some down, by a foot bridge, ~~which~~ there is a pretty, winding foot-path leading from this bridge back to the hotel, first along the river, then up a steep hillside and through spruce forests. The river flows through a deep ravine over a rocky bed with rapids & waterfalls. A winter men was digging near the foot bridge.

1894.

June 22

Brewy Point, Warren, N. H. (Third trip up Moosilauke). ~~June 21.~~

A fine day with clear, cooling air, the sky half filled at times with cumulous clouds.

We all went up the mountain together starting at 7.30 a.m. Faxon walked but Batchelder and I rode to the summit where he took up his traps while I collected a quantity of Mountain Cranberry and Aconite to take back to Cambridge. The combination of a warm sun and a cool but gentle westerly breeze made it very pleasant on the mountain top but the more distant views were obscured by haze. A few juncos were flitting about among the rocks and a Barn Swallow flew over twittering. As I lay stretched out on the deep carpet of cranberry vines and grass looking off to the westward the songs and calls of Picknell's Thrushes came faintly from the open forests which covered the hills of a ravine four or five hundred feet below. The voice of the Peabody Bird was also heard occasionally.

Batchelder brought in about a dozen small mammals including Arvicola, Crotomys and Blarina (the last is apparently the most abundant species of all). He also found a junco in one of the traps and gave it to me.

At about 11 a.m. we started down the ridge. Near the point where the road leaves it and descends to the cold spring I had found, on the 16th, a newly finished but empty nest which there seemed every reason for believing to be that of Picknell's Thrush as two birds of this subspecies, a male and female apparently, were seen near it. The male was singing steadily; the female flitted

Brewy Point, Warren, V. H. (third trip up Mt. Mosscastle)

1894

June 22

(no 2)

about among the ~~threes~~ squawking and showing evident concern when we approached the nest.

When we reached the place to-day ^{there was neither light} nor sound of the birds but as soon as we came within sight of the nest (it was some 30 yards from the road near the middle of the belt of trees) we at once, to our great delight, saw the head and tail of the sitting female projecting above its rim. Through our glasses we could make out her head markings distinctly at a distance of about 20 yards. We then cautiously advanced to within ten yards and looked again long & steadily. The bird sat almost perfectly motionless her tail pointing slightly upward, her head raised rather high with the right cheek turned towards us! ~~She~~ regarding us steadily with her large, liquid eyes which she occasionally winked abruptly. We could see that the space around the eye was wholly dark and free from buffy but there appeared to be one small buffy spot well behind the eye on the auricular. Again we advanced to a small dead ~~tree~~, which as we afterwards ascertained by actual measurement was just nine feet from the tree in which the nest was placed. Although the nest was nine feet above the ground the slope of the mountain side was so steep that our faces were now just level with the sitting bird. As no foliage or twigs intervened we could steadily see through our glasses quite as critically as if we had held her in our hands and we satisfied ourselves beyond the remotest shadow of doubt that she was a true Picknell's Thrush. After we had looked so long as we cared to I stepped down beneath her and reaching up tapped the twigs about the nest with the muzzle of my collecting pistol. Even this failed to start her and it was not until I shook the tree gently that

Brewer's Point, Warren, N. H. - Third trip up Mt. Moosilauke

1894.

June 22

(No 3)

She finally left the nest. She flew first to a dead tree some ten yards off, gave her plumage a shake and then disappeared among the dense evergreens. For several minutes we did not see her again but at length she appeared above and behind us taking short flights from branch to branch, approaching us closely when we remained perfectly motionless, retreating when we stirred. During most of this time she kept perfectly silent but twice or thrice she uttered a succession of low, anxious calls. One of these was the characteristic squawk, another a soft pip or peek so very like that of S. harrisi that we could not detect much difference. Another Taxon was I have ever heard this note before to-day but Taxon heard it just before we left the road and told me that he feared there was an Olive-Back in the thicket. Our bird was making it when I finally shot her but she proved to be a Chickadee's Thrush nevertheless. On dissecting her afterwards I found that she had laid all her eggs, although the set comprised but three. One was perfectly fresh, another had the yolk slightly thickened with blood, in the third an embryo had already begun to form. This would indicate that the bird began sitting as soon as the first egg was laid - a necessary precaution, doubtless, on this cold, exposed mountain summit.

The nest was built in a Balsam about four feet from the top and nine feet above the ground on a short horizontal branch five inches out from the main stem. It was in no way concealed and could be seen from a distance of several rods on every side. We neither saw nor heard anything of the male bird during this second visit. On the 16th he sang^d about 20 yards from the nest. The woods were composed wholly of Balsams with a mixture of yellow birches.

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

1894

June 22
(no 4)

Along the upper edge of the belt where the wind has an unobstructed sweep over the crest of the ridge the trees were stunted and matted together but those about the nest were twelve to fifteen feet in height and of nearly normal habit although if, as is probable, they were of considerable age, they were of course much dwarfed. He could find no spruces in these woods. They do not appear, indeed, until several hundred feet lower down.

Later in the day - after lunching at the cold spring where we were assailed by swarms of hungry Black flies - Faxon and I walked down the mountain to Merrill's. Stopping for an hour or more at the place where we saw four Chickwell's Thrushes on the 18th, and searching long and carefully for their nests among the dense thickets of young balsams which form an undergrowth to a rather open woods of comparatively large 30 to 40 ft in height) spruces and balsams. He heard one Chickwell's Thrush piping & another calling among these balsams but we found only one old nest, the third which we have seen here. All three were in balsam saplings, the lowest only two feet, the highest about seven feet, above the ground on the lateral branches close to the main stems. In the woods where I took the nest with eggs or found an old nest, evidently a Thrush's and doubtless a Chickwell's Thrush's, near the end of a horizontal branch about three feet from the ground and five feet from the trunk of the tree. The branch extended out into an open space and no one could have passed it without seeing the nest.

On the 18th Chickwell's Thrushes were piping or calling very often during the entire time we were on the upper part of the mountain. To-day they were strangely silent. He heard only two or three piping & not more than five or six calling. The usual call resembles at a distance the peep of *Chondestes*; near the throat of the bird combined on the 18th chattered exactly like a Hermit Thrush.

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

1894.

June 22
(no 5)

While searching for Thrushes' nests among the young balsams at an elevation of about 3500 feet I stumbled on a nest of the Black-poll Warbler. It was built just 37 inches above the ground on a stout branch of a fallen and dying Black Spruce. The foliage of the Spruce branch although Fall green afforded the nest little shelter but it was beautifully concealed by the spreading, lustrous shoots of a little balsam which extended out down above it. A score or more of these young balsams, four or five feet tall, had shot up around and through the Spruce forming a dense thicket. Happening to step on the trunk of the Spruce I saw some bird flit off among the balsams. Following I came upon a female Black-poll, a remarkably fine old bird so heavily and conspicuously streaked on the throat and sides that I took her at first for a male. She was absurdly tame allowing me to get within three or four feet of her and flitting about close to the ground pretending to feed just as does the female Swamp Sparrow when flushed from her nest. The pretence was so obvious that I felt sure at once that this Warbler had just left her nest but I had to look for it very carefully before I found it. I afterwards returned to it with Faxon & found the bird sitting. Unlike most sitting birds she kept moving her head about anxiously as we stood within a yard or so of the nest looking at her. I nearly touched her before she would leave her eggs. She then began acting precisely as she had acted during my first visit, flitting about among the balsams pretending to catch insects. She did not once chirp nor show in any way that she noticed our presence. I finally, with great reluctance, decided to shoot her but my cartridges were bad and the two shots that I fired only wounded her slightly.

My first
nest of the
Black-poll
Warbler

1894.

June 22

(No 6)

Brewy Point, Warren, V. H.—third trip up Mt. Moosilauke

Our walk down the lower half of the mountain in the late afternoon was most delightful. The lights and shadows were singularly beautiful and the air was refreshingly cool and filled with all sorts of rich woodland odors. Curiously, however, the birds did not sing at all freely even towards sunset. We saw a small flock of Red Crossbills at about 2500 ft. and (a little lower flushed a Partridge with her brood of young—or rather the young only for while the chicks—a dozen or more in number and of about the size of English Sparrows—were rising and flying off quite briskly in various directions the old bird ran on ahead of us making a grating noise and also chattering like a Red Squirrel. The young on rising all uttered a Sparrow-like zee or ze-c-c-c.

Brewy Point, Warren, N. H.

1894.

June 23

Another fine, warm day very hazy, however, with a kind of
frost fire in the air.

My birds, eggs & notes kept me closely confined until
evening when, just after tea, Maxon and I walked down
the valley for rather more than a mile, following the road.
Less than half-a-mile below the house the bird fauna
changes quite decidedly and abruptly, and Wilson's Thrushes,
King birds, Great Flycatcher, Indigo Birds and Savannah
Sparrows, none of which seem to occur about Merrills, became
numerous. We heard all of them except the Indigo Bird to-
night and also a Wood Pewee going through its sad
winter about in a "sugar orchard".

While standing in the road on the edge of this grove of maples
it occurred to me to try the effect of an imitation of the
call of Glaucidium which, on this side, is seen to excite
and attract about the caller all the small birds of the
neighborhood. To my no small surprise it worked equally
well here. Indeed the effect was little short of startling
for almost at the first call the Wood Pewee, two Great
Flycatchers and a Robin came dashing about me in
great excitement each bird uttering its characteristic
alarm notes quite as loudly and excitedly as if I
had discovered and climbed to its nest and young.

Small birds
excited by
an imitation
of the note
of Glaucidium

Half a mile further on I tried the experiment again on
a Great Flycatcher which had just gone to bed in an
isolated apple tree after taking its last long flight. Instantly
the bird began whistling anxiously and at the second
call it darted down towards me and then turned back.
The success of this experiment seems to me most interesting &

Brewy Point, Warren, N. H.

1894

June 23

(No 2)

Augustus (Hearing a Saw-whet Owl at S. Unclage's in May 1894, for the first time I was struck by the resemblance in call note to that of Glaucidium. Perhaps the birds at Warren mistake my imitation for the note of H. ad. hca.)

The fire flies were out in great force to night. They seemed to be spread evenly over the whole valley and were quite as numerous over the more elevated fields as in the meadows and woods. But they extended upward only to the hollow just below Merrill's or rather were not abundant above this point.

We are told that the Whip-poor-wills are often heard a mile below Merrill's and that Bobolinks occur there also but we have not found either species as yet. The altitude of Merrill's is said to be 1900 ft.

June 24

Cloudy and cold with strong N. E. wind.

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

Brewy Point, Warren, N. H.

1894

June 25

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

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

Brewy Point, Warren, N.H.

1894

June 25

(No 2.)

In the afternoon I walked down to the river with Faxon who left me at the bridge. I then took the foot path over the foot bridge and spent an hour or more sitting on the rocks at the water's edge writing. It was perhaps five o'clock when I started up through the woods towards the hotel. Birds were singing on every side - more of them than I had any idea the place contained. There were numbers of Black & yellow Warblers, several Hermit & Swainson's Thrushes, a Black-throated Green, Black-burnian and Yellow-rumped Warbler, and several Redstarts. Presently I heard a Solitary Vireo and shortly after a Bay-breasted Warbler, both new to our list. The Bay-breast sang at first like a Golden-custard or Kinglet (the ~~tree-to-tree~~), afterwards exactly like a Redstart. I followed him about through the oaks for nearly an hour getting repeatedly within fifteen or twenty feet of him for he showed no fear of me whatever. He was very deliberate in his movements but kept hopping and flitting from branch to branch and from tree to tree keeping always in oaks and usually near the ends of their lower branches searching busily for food but singing steadily the while at short intervals. In the same piece of woods a Golden-custard was singing fitfully. I thought that I heard young ~~songs~~ chirping near it.

D. castanea

After tea Faxon & I walked up the hill behind the house. The sun had scarcely set when a Barred Owl began hooting in the large maple grove.

1894

June 26

Brewer Point, Warren, N. H. — fourth trip up Mt. Moosilauke.

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

We started up the mountain at 7.30 this morning, Faxon walking & riding with Mr. Merrill. We both took guns with the intention of shooting a few Picknell's Thrushes but the trip resulted in total failure. It was nearly ten o'clock when we reached the crest of the mountain and began the tedious work of pushing our way through the matted balsams. Faxon went down the slope at the head of the Jobildunk Ravine. I kept along the ridge above the Spring. F. heard a good many Parkman's Thrushes calling, I heard only three in all. Neither of us got to much as a glimpse at a single bird, nor did we hear any chirp. We might as well have left our guns at home for we did not fire a shot. I found a Thrush's nest unquestionably belonging to J. Picknell's in a low spreading balsam near the crest of the ridge. It was about two feet above the ground on a stout lateral branch close against the main stem which curved out directly over it  shielding it very effectually from the weather. Although evidently a new nest it was dismantled the lining having been lately pulled out by something. It was largely composed of green moss and in every way closely resembled the nest with eggs that I took on the 22nd.

J. a. Picknell's

On this ridge I heard, besides a Picknell's Thrush, two Yellow-bellied Flycatchers calling ka-ee anxiously, a Winter Wren chirping, Junco, White-throats, Black-poll and Yellow-rumped Warblers in some numbers and one what I think was White-winged Crossbill. The walking was both difficult & dangerous owing to the moss-covered holes among the boulders & the matted growth of balsams.

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

1894

June 26

(No 2)

We met at the Spring about noon and build up a fire to keep off the black flies took lunch. Scarcely had we finished when we heard thunder rumbling and saw the edge of an ominous-looking cloud coming over the ridge above us. We started down the mountain at once but we had less than a mile before the storm burst upon us with great fury, and we were forced to seek shelter among some dense young spruces where we squatted under an umbrella until the shower passed. The remainder of the walk home was cheerless and uncomfortable for it continued to rain most of the time, the road was exceedingly muddy and slippery and the birds were, almost without exception, perfectly silent. We saw a Partridge - a cold bird, very brown looking - in the road.

It was 4 P.M. when we reached the house rather wet and without a single bird or egg to reward us for the trip. We did not go out at all in the evening.

1894.

June 27

Brewer Point, Warren, N. H.

A hot, sultry day with a heavy thunder shower in the P.M.

Faxon and I spent the entire forenoon in the beautiful woods between the Woodlands House and the river; before this we have merely passed through them by the central path but to-day we explored them rather thoroughly, finding a number of paths which lead to all the prettier rocks and caverns with seats under the trees at convenient intervals and bridges across all the brooks. The floor has indeed been laid out much after the plan of my woods at Roll's Hill and, as a rule, with excellent taste but vandals have barbed nearly all the paper benches on or near the paths.

We found a great many birds - among them the Bay-breasted Warbler heard yesterday but nothing else of any particular interest. A Black-throated Warbler Peculiar song of
 flushed us at first by his peculiar song: witchée, witchée D. blackburnii
witchée - witchée all the notes on the same key without the usual high ending, the tone squeaky and emphatic.

We saw two Solitary Ticks together near a brook and found a nest, which we took to be that of D. virens, on the low branch of a spruce over a path. It was new and neat but empty. Near it in an opening were the skeletons of two young Sharp-shinned Hawks they must have been shot by someone last year.

We visited the Black-throated Blue Warbler's nest which I found on the 25th and took it. The young had all departed but the male parent sang a few times near by. An added egg lay in the bottom of the nest which was ~~quite~~ thoroughly hatched by the recent rains. I took both nest & egg.

1894

June 27

(No 2)

Brony Point, Warren, N. H.

We were somewhat surprised to find a Mourning Warbler singing in an opening by the roadside where we have passed a number of times during our stay and within thirty yards of where I spent the entire forenoon of the 25th. It is probable that he ~~was~~ a young bird which had come to the place since our last visit.

In the evening we walked down the road towards Warren Evening walk for a mile or more. The heavy shower had soaked the ferns and thickets and turned the ordinarily dry gutter into a musical little brook. The mountains were cloud-capped and white mist was rising from all the ^{great} ~~the~~ ^{courses} of the valley and drifting off in wreaths and long streamers. Robins, Oven-birds and Hermit Thrushes were singing in the woods, Grass Finches and White-throats in the fields, Wilson's Thrushes and Olive-backed Thrushes in the thickets along the banks of Ball's Run. Every now and then the song of a Swainson Sparrow came faintly to our ears.

On the edge of the hazel maple grove we started two Woodcock from the side of the road where the mud was covered with their "bumps". When we returned a little later we heard something making a prolonged wheezy sound very like that of young Partridges. Faxon went in among the ferns and flushed a Woodcock, apparently, an old bird. A few minutes afterward two Woodcock shot overhead and out into a great, open meadow where they circled at a height of 30 or 40 ft., appearing & disappearing in the woods, one following the other closely. I have never seen Woodcock fly in this way before.

Woodcock

Brewy Point, Warren, N.H.

1897.
June 28

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

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

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

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

Songs of
D. castanea

Brewy Point, Warren, N. H.

1894

June 28
(No 2)

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

June
behavior
notes of
Woodcock

Breary Point, Warren, N. H.

1894.

June 29

Cloudy and cool with low hanging clouds and thick bend driving across the valley before the strong N. E. wind and obscuring the mountain summits on every side.

Woodstock
road

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

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

Brewer Point, Warren, N. H.

1894.

June 29
(no 2.)

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

Birds of all kinds that one would expect to
find in such a place were also exceptionally
numerous along this bit of road. He heard no less
than four Rose breasted Grosbeaks and at least
five White bellied Nuthatches, Swainson's Thrushes,
White throated Sparrows, Black throated Blue &
Canadian Warblers were highly numerous. He
saw a pair of Cooper's Hawks, two Thrushes, &
a pair of Olive sided Flycatchers - all three new
to our list. There were several Hooded Mergansers, two
Chickadees, a family of Phoebe's, a Parula Flycatcher,
a Great crested Flycatcher & the two Olive-sided all
in sight or hearing at practically one time & place.

Typical
breeding ground
of G. philadelphia

A Flycatcher
paradoxus

Brewy Point, W. W. W., V. 4

1894

June 29 on the shores of the old mill pond.

(No 3)

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

Hermit Thrushes appeared to be abundant and Blackburnian Warblers were very scarce. There were a few Parula Warblers and Redstarts & two Maryland Yellow throats (the last near the mill pond).

We got back to Merrill's in time for dinner.

After tea this evening we walked down the valley again. The sky was clearing and the sunlight streamed through rents in the clouds tinting the eastern mountains purple and golden. It was a calm evening with much singing of the common birds but we neither saw nor heard anything of any special interest.

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

Sable and Fishers are not uncommon on the mountain (Moosehauk), where Merrill sets a line of traps every winter. Two or three years ago one of his neighbors caught six Fishers in a single winter. Otters & Beavers are well known even by tradition. There were a few Wolves when Merrill's father came here some fifty years ago. At that time there were Moose, also.

Breezy Point, Warren, N. H.

1894

June 30

A clearing day, clouds and sunshine alternating.

In the morning Faxon and I walked down the road to the old bridge and back through the Spruce openings stopping often by the way; first at the clearing to look for the nest of the Mourning Warbler; next on the banks of the river just below the foot bridge where we sat on the rocks for an hour or more, talking; last among the Spruces where the two Bay-Breasts live (only one was flying).

In the afternoon I collected some plants and (with Mr. Merrill's aid) a barrel of leaf mould in the woods along the road to the river. After tea I walked down this road again, alone, to get some plants of *Sium*. It was twilight when I reached the bridge and turned back. How the birds sang, especially the White-throated Sparrows & the Thrushes! The still air faintly rang with their voices. Standing in one place by the bridge I could hear four Olive-Backs and a Hermit at one time and I added another Hermit and two more Olive-Backs to the number before I reached the opening below the Mow-lake House on my way home.

As I looked up the valley and saw the house on Mow-lake clearly outlined against the sky I thought of Faxon who had gone there for the night. He was listening, no doubt, to the Micknell's Thrushes which I was among the Hermits & Olive-Backs below.

1894.
July 1

Breezy Point, Warren, N. H.

A clear, hot day with fresh air & a good breeze.

After breakfast I walked up the cart path along the brook to get some ferns. To my surprise a Mourning Warbler was singing in some bushes on the edge of the pasture just above the house. Why have we not heard him there before?

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

J. Beckwith

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

1894.

July 2

Return to Cambridge from Warren, N.H.

Clear and the hottest day of the summer thus far.

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

Nest of
D. virens

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

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

Zenaidura
macroura

1894.

June 15 to

July 2

Beery Point, Warren, N. H.

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

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

Breezy Point, Warren, N. H.

1894.

June 15 to

July 2.

Nominal List of Birds Observed. (Full data on ~~birds~~
in note pockets.)

57. Sphyrapicus varius
58. Ceophloeus pileatus.
59. Colaptes auratus.
60. Chæetura pelagica
61. Trochilus colubris
62. Chordiles virginianus
63. Coccyzus erythrophthalmus
64. Tyrannus tyrannus.
65. Myiarchus cinerascens
66. Sayornis fuscus.
67. Contopus borealis
68. " virens
69. Empidonax minimus.
70. " traillii
71. " flaviventris
72. Syrnium nebulosum.
73. Buteo borealis
74. " latissimus
75. Accipiter cooperii
76. " velox
77. Bonasa u. togata (?) No specimens examined = only living birds seen.
78. Philohela minor
79. Actitis macularia

1894.

Boston - Bethel, Maine.

AUG. 24.

Clear and very warm

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

1894.

Bethel, Maine.

Aug. 25.

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

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

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

1894.

Bethel, Maine.

Aug. 23.

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

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

Birds were scarce and I noticed nothing of much interest.

Bethel to Lakeside, Maine.

1894.

AUG. 27.

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

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

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

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

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

:

Lakeside, Lake Umbagog, Maine.

1894.

Lakeside.

Aug. 23.

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

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

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

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

1894.

Pine Point, Lake Umbagog, Maine.

Aug. 29.

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

To Pine Point.

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

Partridges.

Saw-whet.

Loon

1894..

Pine Point, Lake Umbagog, Maine

Pine Point.

Aug. 30.

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

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

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

Large
mixed flock.

Yellow rumps
Cape May Warbler
Magnolia Warbler
Canadian "

Bay breast W.

Pine Point, Lake Umbagog, Maine.

1894.

AUG. 31.

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

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

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

Pine Point, Lake Umbagog, Maine.

1894.

Sept. 1

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

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

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

Pine Point, Lake Umbagog, Maine.

1894.

Pine Point.

Sept. 2.

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

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

Pine Point, Lake Umbagog, Maine.

1894.

Sept. 3.

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

Pine Point

The forenoon was spent overseeing the work of the men about the camp. There were many small birds in amixed flock which wandered through the birch grove on the point passing and repassing the camp several times. Among them I recognized

Mixed flock

W. Warblers

^{the} Black and white Creeper, Nashville Warbler, Chestnut-

sided Warbler, Parula Warbler, Magnolia Warbler, Yellow-rump, and

a Red-eyed, Solitary and Philadelphia Vireo^s. The last was

Vireo

Philadelphia

very tame and I watched him for some time at close range. He appeared to be feeding chiefly on caterpillars, -smooth, greenish or brown ones. I saw him take and swallow one which was fully two inches in length. It gave him considerable trouble and he was obliged to shake and beat it violently with his bill before he could get it down.

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

Less. Yellow legs

Leonard's Pond

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

Canvas decoy

used

Pine Point, Lake Umbagog, Maine.

1894.

Sept. 3.

(no. 2)

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

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

Pine Point, Lake Umbagog, Maine.

1894.

Sept. 4.

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

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

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

Pine Point, Lake Umbagog, Maine.

1894.

Sept. 4.

(no. 2)

Outlet marshes,

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

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

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

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

1894.
Sept. 5

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

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

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

Bonasa m.
togata

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

Down the
Lake by
steamer.Loon
shot from
steamer

1894.
Sept. 6

Lakeside to Newry, back by Stage.

A superb day, perfectly clear, with no breeze, and with a fresh but only pleasantly cool N.W. wind.

I left Lakeside at 8 a.m. on the stage for Bethel with the elder Davis as driver. He had an excellent pair of small black horses and the miles slipped easily and quickly past until we reached Poplar Tavern where we halted for dinner. This hotel has been bought by the Bear River Club but is still kept open to the public. The Club have made a trout pond in which were about a dozen good-sized trout which we fed with grasshoppers.

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

I saw few small birds during the day except Sparrows and three or four Robins. A Sparrow Hawk was sitting on a stub in a field in Grafton & a superb adult Red-tail soaring and hovering over a hill side in Newry. The Red-tail thrice being suspended on its wings for several seconds, without drifting, facing the strong wind. I had hitherto supposed that none of our large Hawks except Accipiter were able to poise in this way.

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

A Mr. Tyler & his wife, both considered perfectly truthful people, report being a Panther in their field a few days ago. They had a good view of it & described it accurately. They live a little above the hotel in Grafton.

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

Sparrow Hawk

Buteo borealis

hangs in air on its members being

Deer tracks

Caribou
seen in Grafton

1894.
Sept. 7

Clear and warm with dense haze again.

I returned to camp by the steamer this morning and spent an uneventful day about camp but late in the afternoon I sailed across to Richardson's Cove & into the river where I tolled along the edge of the lily pads catching a pickarel of about four pounds weight. He gave me no end of trouble and wet me half through before I succeeded in killing and skinning him securely on the deck of my little canoe.

Trolling for
pickarel
in morning
canoe
Caught a
four pounder

8

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

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

The Warblers are fast leaving us but I heard a Parula singing early this morning and the high of several other warblers, which I could not identify, later in the day. Just after breakfast a Picoides came into the "green woods" just east of the camp and chattered and hammered wisely but I did not succeed in getting a sight at him although I am very sure that the bird was a P. caeruleus.

Birds about
camp.

Deer signs seem to me to be much less numerous about the lake than has been the case during the past three or four years but a good many of these animals were seen during the summer it is said.

Deer signs

1894

Sept. 9

Morning cloudy & threatening; afternoon sunny and very warm with dense haze obscuring the mountains & the further shores of the Lake.

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

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

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

Black Ducks

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

Haliaeetus
Circus cyaneus

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

Bear

1894

Sept. 9

(No 2.)

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

For the next half hour there was scarce a minute when one or more Black Ducks were not in sight.

Singly, in pairs, in small bunches, or in flocks of twenty to forty they came high & low from every direction, wheeled & circled against the bright western sky & then alighted in the marsh. Such a quacking & flushing as they made! The entire marsh seemed alive with them, yet I did not get another shot.

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

We started a Bittern and saw a Marsh Hawk.

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

Black Ducks
alight in
middle of
Lake by day
a very
rare occurrence
here.

Evening flight
of Ducks

Golden Plover

Leopard
Frogs croaking
at sunset.

Pine Point.1894
Sept. 10

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

Last night was clear and Warblers were migrating in great numbers between the hours of 8 and 10 P. M. It was a little foggy at daylight this morning a fact which may account for the finding, by Miss Sargent, in the middle of the Lake, to-day, of a Philadelphia Vireo floating dead, back up. It doubtless became bewildered while attempting to cross the Lake and flew about in circles until exhausted.

U. philadelphicus

There was a large mixed flock of Warblers on Pine Point early this morning but I did not have time to follow them and identified only some Yellow-rumps, a Black-throated Green, a Parula Warbler, two Red-eyed Vireos (one a young bird still fed by the parent but in nearly complete autumnal plumage) several Chickadees & Kinglets (Parus), a Canada Nuthatch, a Black-billed Cuckoo, a Junco, a Flicker, a Hairy Woodpecker and a ♀ Banded Three-toed Woodpecker.

Large mixed
flock about
camp

The last called at least fifty times in succession uttering a note which varied so much in tone that at first I thought it was made by P. arcticus, next by Dryobates villosus, and last by D. pubescens. It was not until I got my glass on the bird that I felt sure of its identity, although I suspected that it would prove to be P. americanus from the fact that I have before compared the note of that species to the notes of both P. arcticus & D. pubescens. After calling awhile this bird began drumming, making a long, continuous roll like a Downy's but louder I thought. It had less white on the back than usual - a narrow median line only. It kept high up in the Spruce and exhibited no peculiarities of altitude or custom.

Notes of
Picoides ✓
americanus

1894.
Sept. 10
(no 2)

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

A wounded
Whistler.

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

Golden Plover

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

Flock of 13
Blue winged
Teal.

1894
Sept. 10
(no 3)

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

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

There were also a few Petrels and Semipalmated Sandpipers on the marsh and I heard Lesser Yellow-legs whistling in a place where Will afterwards saw four of these birds feeding.

Richard
Brewster
Lewiston, Maine

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

Bear shot
in back
off Bush Point

1894

Sept 11

Clear and cool; wind N. W. blowing a gale in the afternoon but falling to dead calm at sunset

Mr. Hubbard and Hill went to Great Hill Pond this morning returning at 2 P. M. In the pond they found only three Ducks, all Whistlers. Deer signs were very numerous there.

Great Hill
Pond.

I spent the entire day about camp writing etc. but a little before sunset after the wind had abated Jim rowed me across to Richardson's Cove and into the river on the further side of which I landed on an isolated, grass-covered mound on which was a large musk rat house. Spreading a rubber blanket on this I lay down and awaited the evening flight of water fowl. Wood Ducks were squeaking in the marsh when we arrived and soon after sunset Black Ducks began coming in small flocks from all quarters. About half an hour after sunset a very large flock (Jim counted them & made the number 59) appeared high in air from the direction of Bennett's Pond and in a broad extended front swept down with a great rushing sound & alighted. When we left there must have been fully 100 Ducks in the marsh but not one gave me a shot although two single birds came within range from behind me. All that I saw were Black Ducks save one bird that I took for a Merganser. The marshes resounded with bird voices for half an hour or more - the loud, full quacking of the Black Ducks, the shrill, cracked falsetto of the Grebes, the squeaking cry of Wood Ducks, the hoarse raucous of Snipe (very many of them), the hanks of Great Blue Herons & the hooting of a Great Horned Owl towards Moll's Rock. It was altogether an interesting evening

Evening in
the outlet
marshes

1894.

Sept. 12

Lake Umbagog, Maine.

Pine Point.

A superb day with wonderfully clear air & sunshine, the sky deep blue. Calm up to 10 a. m. after which a N. W. wind blew strongly, but not violently, up to about three. Ther 38° at sunrise, 48° at 10 P. M.; it did not rise above 60° at any time during the day.

Woodpeckers, Jays, Squirrels and various small birds including Nuthatches, Chickadees, Kinglets, & Robins were very numerous and noisy about the camp when I arose this morning. As I was taking my bath in the Lake I heard a Black-billed Plover and a few minutes later one or more Golden Plover in the direction of Moon Point.

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

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

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

Soon after dinner I took the canoe & my gun and pulled across to the Outlet on reaching which I skitted closely a space of bare but somewhat hilly, muddy ground where I have often found tracks of various kinds but on which I could be, on

Birds about

camp

Black-billed Plover

Golden "

Warblers

Photography

Gos Hawk

Tringa

canidae

1894

Sept. 12

(No 2.)

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

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

1894

Sept. 12

(No. 3)

On afterwards skinning the Baird's Sandpipers I found that both were females in good condition but not nearly so fat as males usually are at this season.

Starting down river under sail I had gone only a short distance when five Pectorals came flying past at very long range. I fired on board only bringing down a single bird. The other four alighted on the flat opposite the entrance to Bennett's Pond. I followed and on reaching the place quickly discovered two of the birds standing motionless among some thin grass. Although I knew that the other two must be very near I could not see them but I presently made out a Wilson's Snipe standing not far from the Pectorals, in a statuesque attitude and only partially covered by the grass. After a little he came out on the bare mud and began feeding with the Pectorals. All three birds "bores" in an essentially similar manner but the downward thrusts of the Snipe were more rapid and vigorous than those of his companions and he seemed to have much more success, bringing up and swallowing something at every second or third thrust. I did not wish to kill the Snipe sitting but one of the Pectorals looked so much like a Baird's Sandpiper that when the two came together I fired and all three birds fell. When I landed to pick them up I found the other two Pectorals standing stock still among the grass. I flushed them & tried for a double shot but fired only on board and missed with that.

Pectoral
Sandpipers

Soon after this Jim came with the boat bringing some stakes to drive into the mud out on the marsh.

1894

Sept. 12

(No. 4)

when I proposed to wait the evening flight of Snails. While he was thus engaged I sent a portion of the wood with the little sparrow who put up some noise one of which I shot. This bird rose ahead of the dog from some tall grass and alighted - after flitting eight or ten yards - on a perfectly bare, level stretch of mud which it stood erect evidently watching the dog. When I advanced it squatted and then rose flying off very swiftly until stopped by my charge.

Gallinule
delicata.

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

Black Duck

Now went

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

Soon after sunset scattered Mallard Ducks began to

Evening
Shooting in
Outlet
marshes

1894

Sept. 12

(Sat)

appear cutting across the slope and shooting down on set wings to the flooded marsh when they at once began plashing in the water and quacking ^{loudly} ~~noisily~~. Thirty or forty came in during the first half hour but not one gave me a shot, although the light flying whistling of their wings as they passed behind or high above me kept me constantly crawling low and raising my neck in different directions.

Besides the Ducks a great many Wilson's Snipe arrived; - singly, in twos or threes, and sometimes in a train together. They would first appear at a height of 100 or 200 feet and then pitch down on set wings making a loud rushing sound exactly similar & quite equal in volume to that made in the descending stroke of the "Scap" Snipe, but distinctly in deep lower tone different, it seemed to me, from those used by the latter. Every now and then the rasping haint of a wet Blue Heron came from the direction of Leonard's Pond. The squeaking cry of Wood Ducks was almost incessant but I did not see any other birds although the marsh seemed to be alive with them.

It was getting almost too dark to shoot and I was beginning to think of returning to the boats when against the slope towards the N.W. I saw a long, dusky line advancing. It proved to be the big flock of Black Ducks which I saw last evening. Their approach was really imposing. There were more than fifty of them and they formed a line fully 100 yards in length & stretched at right angles to the line of their flight. Thus they came on all abreast, the stately birds! As they neared the marsh every wing, as if at a given signal, ceased its rapid pulsations and the great birds shot down on a steep incline making a rushing sound similar and quite equal to

Evening flight
of waterfowl
on the Outlet
marshes.

Gallinago
delicata

Ardea obscura

1894

Sept. 12

(No. 6)

Willet marshes

Black Duck

Shooting

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

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

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

Pin-tail

Leopard

Frogs

1894

Sept. 13

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

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

Up of the
Megalloway
Eagle, Osprey

Sh. Shinned Hawk

I did not fire a shot before reaching Bottle Brook Pond when we found fully 75 Black Ducks. I stalked a portion of the flock successfully but with some difficulty. They were off the point between the middle and right-hand coves. As I got to the Black also thickets on the end of the point a dozen or more Ducks were standing or lying on a grassy island just out of range pecking their feathers or sleeping. Every now & then two or three would chase one another about splashing the water wisely with their wings & rolling the place up & eels with their loud quacking. It was nearly half an hour before I got a shot but at length three birds came swimming along close under the bushes and I killed three, all with a single charge. The foliage prevented my getting in the other barrel.

Bottle Brook
Pond

Black

Ducks.

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

Bear Brook

Snipe.

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

Wood Ducks

1894
Sept. 13
(No 2)

Megalloway Riv.
Wood Ducks

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

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

Bald
Eagle.

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

Quills
Marshes or
coming

Lake Umbagog, Maine.

1894

Sept. 14

Piscine Point

Cloudy with light rain & light varying winds. Very warm.

Soon after breakfast, Will discovered a solitary bird
standing on an isolated rock off the point
to the south of our cove. I could not make it
out through the glass so we launched a boat
and paddled out to it. It proved to be a
Black-Bellied Plover, a young bird. It kept running
about on its limited domain and appeared to
be feeding. It took us apparent notice of our
approach and when we were within about thirty
yards I shot it.

Charadrius
squntorola

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

1894

Sept. 15

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

Immediately after breakfast I paddled across to the Outlet, thence down the river to Richardson's Camp & to home seeing absolutely nothing but one Skuldrake & a few Song Sparrows. The great marshes were silent & apparently deserted, but I did not land and haul for birds.

Outlet
Marshes.
Few birds
there.

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

Photographs

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

Two Great
Horned Owls
hooting on
Pine Point

1894

Sept. 16

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

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

B. Brook Pt.

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

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

Autumn
foliage.

Sept 17

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

I spent the entire forenoon and a portion of the afternoon, also, taking photographs near camp.

Photography

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

Moose Point
by moonlight

1894

Sept. 18

Lake Umbagog, Maine.

Rapid River.

A rarely beautiful day, very clear with scarcely any wind.

Immediately after breakfast we all started for Rapid River C., E. R. S., and hied in the Caye boat, Jim in the St. Lawrence Whiff, I in the sailing canoe. I took my Caye canoe and outfit and on reaching the mouth of the river began making pictures, continuing all the way up to Cedar Stump where we landed and anchored. The water was low and the river very rapid in places to that I had to use the double paddle & to exert all my strength.

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

A pair of Red-tailed Hawks were soaring over the river as we entered its mouth.

Small birds were very scarce, indeed I saw nothing but a few Chickadees.

There were several Kingfishers and one Spotted Sandpiper along the banks of the river.

We reached camp about sunset.

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

Trip to
Cedar Stump

Goosanders.
Black Doves.
Mallard.

Red-tailed
Hawk

Small birds

Kingfisher
Spotted Sandp.

Night Heron

1894
Sept. 19

Lake Umbagog, Maine.

To Dixville Notch.

Cloudy with E. wind and light rain late in the afternoon. It rained heavily during the whole of the following night.

We left camp on the steamer at 10 a. m. and went to Errol whence we drove to Dixville Notch taking dinner at the Dix House and returning to Errol late in the afternoon.

The whole valley of Cold Stream from Errol to the Notch was ablaze with color - indeed the autumn foliage seemed to have been reached its maximum brilliancy.

Autumn
Foliage.

Flickers were very numerous throughout the whole region that we traversed. They seemed to be migrants just in from the north. I counted twelve in one flock. They were all in fields and openings along the road. As they rose and flew off towards the woods their white rumps were singularly conspicuous against the dark spruces. Often the white alone could be seen rising & falling in gentle undulations.

Colaptes auratus

There were many Sparrows (chiefly Grass Finches) along the roadside but very few Jays or Crows were seen.

Sparrows,
Jays, Crows

We heard hounds running and saw a freshly killed Fox lying on the door step of a farm house.

As the evening twilight was falling I walked down the road to the dam at Errol. A White-throated Sparrow sang three or four times on the edge of the woods giving the full song in full, round tones.

Partridge Bird
in full song

1894

Sept. 20

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

At about 9 a. m. Jim & Will arrived with the Coats & roused us back to camp. The sky was threatening but only a little fine rain fell. We heard a Pileated Woodpecker on the Audubon's. A Sheldrake and two Whistlers flew over us.

Pileated W.
Ducks.

In the afternoon I sailed out to the Outlet and searched a little for Snipe flushing three. Two of them rose wild, the third lay closely among tussack grass on the river bank & I shot it.

Snipe

Returning to camp I got some shells loaded with large shot and Jim roused me to Moose Point when we waited until it was nearly dark. We saw five small Ducks which looked like teal flying very swiftly over the marshes in a close bunch; two Black Ducks, one of which alighted in the grass just out of range; and three Whistlers. The last came directly over me. I shot at the leader first as he kept on gave him the second barrel also but just as I did so saw that he had begun to curve downward. He fell thru dead in the lake at least fifty yards from where I stood. He must have been flying at unusual speed.

Moose Point
at evening.
Teal?

Black Ducks.
I shot a
Whistler

Several Snipe came rushing down past us on 2d wings and I heard others scaping in the distance.

Snipe

1894

Sept. 21

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

Our Partridge was back on his old log this morning and for about an hour (9 to 10 o'clock) he drummed at short regular intervals. We all went up to see him and both C. & E. R. S. became at once convinced that the bird's wings did not strike his body but merely the air. He behaved precisely as he did last year and when drumming sat down on the same spot & faced the same way.

Partridge
drumming
near cages

In the afternoon I sailed over to the Outlet and then skated the marshes as far as Moose Point when the wind failed and I paddled through Richardson's Cury into the river. During all this time I did not see nor hear a single noise of any kind but just before the dam set Summer Yellow-legs began whistling on the marsh and presently rose and flew out over the Lake. I did not see them but judging by their noise there must have been a number of them. An Eagle squeaked at intervals in the direction of Leonard's Pond.

Sailing to
Outlet &
Moose Point

Lesser Yellow-
legs

Bald Eagle

Soon after sunset I went to the Flaid which Jim made out in the marsh—the place where I killed the three Black Ducks last week. Clouds had gathered in the west and the light failed rapidly. The evening was perfectly calm and very warm, the air soft and charged with the smell of the marshes—a damp smell of decaying vegetation

Evening on
the Outlet
marshes

1894

Sept. 21

(no 2)

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

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

Leopard Frogs

Gallinule
delicate

1894

Sept 21.
No 3)

Besides the Greps there were a lot of Pectoral & Semipalmated Sandpipers, several Sooty Sandpipers and a number of Ring-necked Plover. All these waders kept up a constant calling and flitting to & fro. Altogether the marsh was a peculiarly interesting place this week. Still September evening.

There were few Ducks, however. Indeed I saw only two, on a Black Duck which came in a fair shot at not over thirty yards as it came rushing down on its wings preparing to alight directly in front of me. I shot at but unaccountably missed it.

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

The Great Horned Owls were hooting regularly on the Moulds Rock shore when I left the marsh and later I heard them from our camp distinctly across the neck a row of Pine Balls.

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

Deer "blowing"

1894.

Sept. 22

Lake Umbagog, Maine.

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

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

I do not remember to have ever before seen Wilson's Snipe behave in the manner just described when the sky was so absolutely clear and the sun so hot. Moreover I saw ~~the~~ good many birds on the ground standing erect watching me or running with a bustling, crouching gait over spaces of bare mud & this is unusual even in cloudy weather.

The only water birds Snipe which I started were a Pectoral and a Solitary Sandpiper.

I spent most of the afternoon sailing on the lake in the little canoe. At evening I closed a

Gallinago
delicata

Pectoral S.
Solitary "
Sandpiper
the lake

1894.

Sept. 22
(No. 2)

sketched little wood in the pond on the extremity of Moon Point Moon Point
and pushing the canoe into four rocks lay there until it at
was nearly dark. A Black Duck quacked at frequent intervals evening.
for half an hour or more in the direction of the Outlet and Black Ducks
a flock of six others passed up the middle of the Lake but
not a Duck of any kind came near my station.

As the twilight deepened Snipe began flying about over the Snipe
marshes and one of them descended three in quick
succession. Several shot past close over my head making
the same rushing sound that I noted last evening. One
descending with exceptional velocity made a deep whirring
sound.

Several musk rats crossed my little pond in the twilight Musk rats
furrowing its glassy surface with heavy ripples.

The Great Horned Owl held high carnival this evening beginning Bubo virgin-
soon after sunset and hooting steadily until I went to ianus.
sleep (10 P.M.). At one time three different birds were in
hearing, two of them on the Outlet marshes, the third on
Moon Point. Will Sargent tells me that they feed largely
on musk rats which accounts for their persistent attachment
to these Outlet marshes. He says that they rob the
trappers of many of their "rats" devouring them whole in
the traps.

1894.

Sept. 23

Lake Umbagog, Maine.

Pine Point.

Sawley. Clear with a violent S. E. wind, the lake very rough in the afternoon.

As I was bathing at the float this morning I heard a Kingfisher rattling almost continuously and hovering over the lake but the bird about 200 yards from shore flying at a height of fifteen or twenty feet above the water making towards our cove. About thirty yards behind the Kingfisher was a Duck Hawk coming very swiftly with rapidly vibrating wings. He overtook the Kingfisher without the least apparent effort but when he was within a yard of it, it plunged down into the water making a great splash but not going beneath the surface and almost immediately rising & flying towards the shore again. The Falcon meanwhile had been carried by his great velocity twenty yards or more beyond the spot but he turned quickly and again overtook the Kingfisher with the greatest apparent ease. Instead of seizing it, however, as now expected him to do he rose slightly above it and shooting past down on its back turned to meet it. The Kingfisher doubled, of course, but being now well within the cove was still able to direct its course towards the woods. The Falcon pursued a little further, then gave up the chase and came directly over me giving me a fine view. I saw distinctly that he was a young male. Bill Sargent also saw this chase. He is inclined to believe with me that the Falcon could have caught the Kingfisher had he really tried but that he pursued it more in sport than earnest. This confirms the impression which I found on Indian River in 1890 when I saw a Duck Hawk chase a Blue-bill & after overtaking & passing it turn back without molesting it.

Duck Hawk
& Kingfisher.

1894

Sept. 23

(No 2)

Immediately after breakfast I started off in a boat with Will intending to spend the day taking photographs on the Megalloway. It bid fair at the time to be a favorable day but when we reached the Outlet the wind rose and was soon blowing half a gale.

During the early part of the morning there had been almost incessant firing on the marshes. Seeing several men with guns still beating about them we approached them & asked them what they had been shooting. They showed us about two dozen waders - most of them Grass-Birds with six or eight Ring-necked Plover, a Carolina Rail, a Semipalmated Sandpiper, and a Wilson's Snipe. They had found a very large flock of waders they said and had killed only a small proportion of the number the remainder being scattered over the marsh. We heard more firing there in the afternoon.

We next rowed down river to Sweats Meadows. Just as we entered it a Wood Duck rose on the left. I fired both barrels, bringing feathers at each shot, but the bird kept on out of sight.

There was nothing else in this meadow but we found abundant signs of the recent presence of ducks at the upper end.

We returned to camp in time for dinner. Crossing the falls in the teeth of a violent wind and rough sea.

We passed Mr. Wornell in the river. He told us that his party killed a Deer in the Megalloway yesterday shooting it from the deck of the steamer as they were on their way up.

Outlet MarshesPecorialsRing-neckedGreenlets,Snipe.Sweats Meadows.Wood Duck.Deer killedin MegallowayRiver

1894

Sept. 24

Much cooler the sky filled with cloud masses which drew rapidly before a violent N. W. wind, the sun shining out for brief intervals between them, the Lake white-capped, wild & stormy looking.

I spent the entire day about camp cutting down bushes for exercise. No birds save a flock of Chickadees & Kinglets.

Some young men who have been camping on Moose Lake rowed down the Lake early this morning & came upon a Bear which was swimming across from the Leland place to Great Island. They fired a number of shots at and finally killed it. This is the third Bear which has been killed near the lower end of the Lake within the past two weeks. The first was shot by Stearns in a pasture, the second by Charles Douglas from the steamer as it was swimming from B. Point to Park Point. A fourth, a cub of about 40 lbs. weight, was caught alive by a young man who pursued it across a pasture (the Peary White pasture above Sargent's) and outskirted it through a horse blanket over its head. The old "die" and another cub were with it & ran off. These Bears had been robbing apples on this farm & had torn the young trees to pieces so as to nearly ruin them.

Yesterday morning ~~two~~ young fellows who are camping on an old point & trapping muskrats shot a very large Bull in Leonard's Pond.

Small birds

Bear shot
while swimming
across Lake
from Leland
place to
Great Island

Bull shot
in
Leonard's Pond

1894

Sept 25

Outlet Marshes.

Another wild day of north-west wind and driving cloud masses alternating with brief periods of sunshine & occasional light showers. Still cold, Ther. 40° at 9 P. M.

Soon after breakfast Will returned from Upton where he had spent the night & reported seeing two Yellow-bys and a large flock of Gloss Ibis on the Cambridge River marshes. Thinking that there might also be birds on the Outlet marshes Jim & I rowed over there at once. Soon after we had landed (a few hundred yards below the Outlet on the west bank) we saw three waders feeding on a mud flat at the edge of a shallow pool of surface water. One of them proved to be a Ring-necked Plover. The other two I could not make out to my satisfaction although I studied them for many minutes through my glass at a distance of about 25 yards in a good light. I suspected that they were Baird's Sandpipers but they looked and acted surprisingly like Greenlets. They were wading up to their bellies in the water & probing the soft sand most assiduously. At times they would walk about slowly & sedately like Pectorals, then run briskly two & four exactly like "Peeps." The longer I watched them the stronger became my impression that they were Greenlets but that their breasts looked too brown and their bills too long. Finally getting them together I shot them both, not without strong reluctance, but to my delight they proved to be really Kingbirds, a young ♂ and an old female. On skimming them I found them to be in good condition but not so fat as waders usually are at this season.

Kingbirds

The report of the gun started up two large Plover, a

1894.
Sept 25
(no 2)

Beetle-head & a Golden, which flew about together for some time each uttering his characteristic whistle. Finally they alighted a long distance off. I went after them at once but did not succeed in finding them. Meanwhile the Storm passed on her way toward East. She had about reached the mouth of the Myalloway when three or four shots were fired in quick succession, evidently from her deck. Immediately afterwards six small ducks appeared over the trees, circled around the marshes and dropped down into Leonard's Pond. They had a strange "look" & we at at once started in pursuit of them. We found them sitting on the mud at the water's edge near the head of the island. Jim paddled me to within about 40 yards when I ought to have fired for they took to the water & put up their wings but I hoped to get a little more & waited. The next instant they flew and I gave them both barrels killing one bird & wounding another which, however, made off across the woods flying very slowly & laboriously. The other four went down the pond & out over the lake flying very swiftly in a close bunch. As we were approaching them I took them at first for Scaups but before they started I saw unmistakably that they were all Ring-necked (Aythya collaris), a rare Duck here. The bird that I killed was a fine young ♂ & I skinned it of course. I do not think that there were any but young birds (with possibly an old ♀) in the flock. After this I crossed the marshes again killing a solitary Pectoral & wounding another. There were a few species of Snipe but I could not flush a single bird.

Beetle head
Golden Plover

Aythya collaris

Pectoral

1894

Sept 25

(No 3)

I am beginning to lose ^{faith in} respect for the supposed prowess of the Duck Hawk. While we were in the river this morning we heard the notes of Pectoral Sandpipers and looking towards the Outlet saw about a dozen of these birds rising hurriedly from the marsh with a Duck Hawk & a young male & perhaps the same bird which chased the Kingfisher into one cove on the morning of the 23rd) in close pursuit. Dashing into the midst of the flock he separated one bird from the rest and drove it out over the open Lake. There seemed to be absolutely no hope for it but twice as the Falcon closed in it eluded his talons by an abrupt turn. At the third failure the Hawk, to my great surprise, gave up the chase and rising high in air ^{began} circling in small circles on set wings, drifting off rapidly before the strong wind. The Pectoral ~~to~~ rejoined the flock which quickly disappeared in the direction of Elston having evidently been too thoroughly frightened to think of returning to their feeding ground.

What does it all mean these repeated failures of Duck Hawks to catch a seemingly easy prey? This bird certainly appeared in earnest but ^{never} he was a bad bungler.

Duck Hawk

& Pectoral

1894.

Sept. 26

Megalloway River

Cloudless, with a strong, steady, westerly breeze. The air very clear and the mountains wholly free from haze.

C. E. K. and I went up the Megalloway this evening in the steamer taking the guide and the boats in which, on reaching the steamer landing, we embarked and were towed up the river to the Brown farm where we had dinner. At 2 P. M. we started back and reached camp a few miles after sunset, rowing the entire way.

Up river to
the Brown
farm &
back to
camp by
night.

The river was extremely beautiful, the autumn coloring very rich on the mountain hills but past its prime along the river banks where many of the trees have already shed their leaves. The white maples (which abound along this river at least as far up as the Brown farm) had a scorched look as if their leaves had been touched by frost.

Autumn
coloring

I took about fifteen photographs but shot nothing although I fired three times, once at a duck which passed us on the river, again with both barrels at ~~some~~ black ducks which were in the little meadow just about the mouth of the river & which saw me and flew as soon as I kept one the bank - all three shots long ones.

Photography
Ducks.

We had no very interesting specimens with birds, being only a few of the commoner kinds such as Kingfishers, a Flicker, a Solitary Tanager etc. About the steamer carrying a Wilson's Snipe ran along the bar much like a sandpiper and flew on ahead of us rising & keeping beyond green sedge. On the way down we saw a large, Brown Mink galloping along a bank. I crossed the carry to Brown's Pond which fine toward the boat around.

Gallinago
delicata,
Mink.

1894
Sept. 26
(No 2)

It was very cold when I sat waiting for him on an exposed point near the head of the island but I was entertained by watching two Bald Eagles, One young, the other a fine adult bird. The former was at first perched on a stick eating a large fish. After it had finished its meal it flew to brown green white pines on the north shore of the north channel where the old bird had gone to roost a short time before, both birds alighting in the same tree about midway from the ground and top and among dense foliage. The young Eagle squeaked loudly as it flew to roost.

Haliaeetus
leucorhynchus

Will Sargent reported seeing two Greater Yellow-legs on the marsh opposite Seaward's Pond. One of them flew about within my sight and hearing.

Gr. Yellowlegs

The nights have been very quiet of late since the moon has left us. The Owls have been wholly silent and about all the migrating Warblers have gone. The height of the migration of small, nocturnal-flying birds was between the 10th and 20th September.

Owls silent

Migration

Before flushing this morning I exposed five plates on an old drummen, from a blind which we have made just twenty-five feet from the spot where the bird sits. He was evidently wholly unaware of my presence until just after I had made the last exposure when he suddenly took alarm & ran off along the log "quitting" I had a fine view of him through my peep hole but without getting near. The fact that his tail, for their entire length, were pressed down on the log was evident. Also it was clear that his wing did not strike his body.

Bonasa u
togata

1894.

Sept. 27

Much warmer, the sun shining at frequent intervals but the sky filled with masses of easily-drifting clouds. A moderate South wind.

It was dead calm in the early morning and the sky was nearly free from clouds. Hoping that these conditions might continue I started, immediately after breakfast, in one of the boats with Jim and my camera. But before we had reached the point where I camped in 1889-90 and where I intended to begin operations the wind rose and the clouds blotched out the sun. However I took one photograph of this point and another from it of Moul's Rock. Then we got it up, rowed back to the Outlet and down the river seeking something to shoot.

As we were passing the mud flats on the left shore opposite Leonard's Pond I saw several small waders sitting on little mounds of mud surrounded by water. We pushed the boat towards them and soon made them out to be Dunlins. As they appeared to be very tame I decided to try to photograph them. Jim pushed the boat slowly along over the mud until the bows were within eight feet of three of the birds and I put up my tripod and took ten pictures. My subjects were however enough interested in what I was about to do much as look at me although my focusing cloth waved & flapped in the wind and the various doors, hatches & fittings of the canoe clacked & rattled loudly. During most of the time (about two hours) the birds were asleep with their bills buried in the feathers of the neck (scapulars) but

Photography

Tringa a
pacific.

Three

Remembered by
tame birds

1894

Sept. 27

No 2

they literally slept with "one eye open". When I roused them by whistling, clapping my hands, or talking to them they would regard me for a moment with mild wonder and then go to sleep again. I stood up & sat down, changed the position of my camera etc. without causing the slightest pains to avoid noise or sudden movement but the birds, after the first minute or two, paid no attention to my movements. They were evidently very tired but it seemed incredible that any wild creatures could be so utterly devoid of fear or even anxiety. There was nothing between them & the boat but water & bare mud.

After we had finished with them I decided to frighten them away as some gunners had been watching our proceedings. I swung my paddle about and struck it on the water without success. Then I began splashing water on them. They ducked their heads and ran to & fro for an instant but finally took flight and went off in apparent great alarm & excitement flying half a mile or more before re-lighting. There were five birds in all & at least two were adults but all were in the gray winter dress. There were three Pectorals among them. I did not have the heart to molest them either. Indeed I did not fire a shot during the forenoon.

Pectorals.

In the afternoon I sailed the little canoe for a couple of hours.

Sailing

Black Ducks were flying about in considerable numbers. In the morning we came upon a Bonaparte's Gull, a young bird, very tame, perched on a log at the Outlet. I saw him several times later, flying about over the lake.

Black Ducks

Bonaparte's Gull.

1874

Sept. 28

A rare autumn day with cloudless sky, clear, crisp yet balmy air and light south wind.

The fog hung late this morning and it was so very dense that up to the time when it began to be dissipated by the sun & the light southerly wind we were uncertain whether the day was to be fair or foul. At 10 a. m. Jim and I started in the long boat for the Megalloway to take photographs. As we were getting off a number of shots were fired in the direction of Richardson's Cove and there was a continuous fusillade while we were crossing the Lake. He found two young men evidently city sportsmen, wading about over the flats where we photographed the Dunlins yesterday carrying away at what appeared to be the last survivors of that unfortunate little flock. At least we saw them shoot two Dunlins on nearly the very spot where one had been peacefully sleeping yesterday. They said they were shooting "ducks". They flushed both birds before they would shoot at them.

He kept on up the Megalloway landing at the first little pond hole on the left in which were seen Black Ducks. I had not the time for a careful stalk and the birds either saw me or heard my hurried steps & went out long before I was within shot.

He landed at Pulpit Rock where I took two photographs & then went straight on to South Beaulieu Pond where I took five more. I saw no Ducks in this pond but a Wood Duck and a flock of about twenty-five Black Ducks flew over it while I was there. Up to this time the wind, although light, had given

Outlet
Marshes

The Tame?
Dunlins
again.

Megalloway
River
Black Ducks

Photography
South Beaulieu
Pond
Wood Duck
Black a

1894

Sept 28
(No 2)

Megalloway River

we have trouble but it did away as the deer
sank in the west and our row homeward was
simply delightful while I was able to see my remaining
clothes to, I trust, good advantage.

While we are ascending the Megalloway on the morning
of the 28th we saw a few Partridge flies from the
west bank and alighted on the hillside a little below
Pulpit Rock. Just before noon this morning what
must have been the same kind flew over at present
the same point but in the opposite direction.

I landed and found her under a Viburnum nudum
laden with berries on which she had doubtless been
feeding. She ran a few steps & quitted when I shot her
through the head. A cock was drumming in the
woods near the Rock when we went up this morning.

We saw a Pileated Woodpecker & a large flock of
Robins, a Cooper's Hawk, a Marsh Hawk & a
Sharp-Shinned Hawk. The last I shot. It flew across
the river near its mouth & alighted in a spruce, low
down, among dense foliage. This was after sunset.

Our sportsmen were banging away as hard as ever
when we reached the marshes. We saw one of them
bring a Duck to their boat and another Duck fall
to the fire of them of their barrels as we lay in
Rebaidon's Carry a little later. No Ducks came our
way but several large flocks passed high in air
in the distance. Purple Loons and dotted down
on land rushing wings as the night came on and
I heard our drum. A few Hooped Frogs swam
and a number of little Bats flicked over the water.
Then it became night and we rowed home to camp.

Partridges

Robins

Hawks

Outhtr

marshes are
coming

Ducks

Snipe

Hooped Frog

Bats

1894

Sept. 29

Perhaps the finest day of this exceptionally delightful autumn, cloudless, calm, with clear air and delicious sunshine.

I spent the entire day taking photographs. In the morning Jim rowed me to Black Island Cove, in the afternoon to Moon Point, Leonard's Pond, and up the Megalloway to the Leonard Pond Carry. In all I exposed about two dozen plates. The conditions for unusual success were nearly perfect and if I made many failures it was my own fault.

Photographing
about the
Outlet.

Although I had no intention of doing any shooting I took the little Lo gonne gun with a few shells. It was well that I did so for an unexpected piece of good luck befell me—nothing less than the killing of a fine Canada Goose—the third that I have thus far bagged and the first that I have shot here. Jim and I with a young Upton hunter, Godwin by name, were standing on Black Island reef and I was in the act of taking a photograph of the rocky island just above the reef when happening to look up I saw a huge bird coming from up the lake. At first I took it for a Great Blue Heron but as it set its wings and sailed swiftly down a steep incline towards the water I saw that it was a Canada Goose. It alighted on the south side of the island within a few yards of the rocky shore to which it swam and then clambered up on a rock. I exposed my plate and then Jim and I discussed the situation. We were nearer 100 yards from the bird and in plain sight of it. There seemed no hope of approaching

Canada
Goose.
I shoot
one at
Black Id.

1894

Sept 29

(No 2)

it but we quickly agreed that the only possible chance was to paddle out into the lake and getting behind the island to land and stalk it on shore. Goosin was to remain on the reef for the chance of a flying shot. To my great surprise the Goose did not show any alarm at our movements, although we took down the canoe and embarked in full view of it. Once as we were paddling fast out of the cove it raised its head and looked at us but only for a moment. It soon shut it out of our sight behind the island and then we both felt nearly sure of it. On landing I found that I could walk erect without being seen and when I reached the bank and looked over there was the Goose nearly where we left it but in the water with its head down, apparently feeding. I shot at its head and killed the bird instantly. It proved to be a male, in good condition but not fat. On skinning it I was unable to find any indication that it had been previously wounded or that it was not in perfect health. It is strange that it should have selected such a lonely shore for a resting place, stranger still that it should have alighted so close in without first reconnoitering the place, and strangest of all that it should have allowed us to circumvent it so easily & openly.

In the afternoon I fired another shot - a very long one - at a Duck which I at one moment mistook as a Pidgeon - an old drake. It flew past us as we were rowing down river near Bernard's Pond & went on apparently unharmed.

Canada

Goose

Shot at

Black Id.

Lake Umbagog, Maine.

1894.

Sept. 29

(No 3)

Outlet Marshes.1894
Oct. 1

A bright, sunny day with the sky flecked with clouds. Forenoon warm with light variable winds coming from every point of the compass. Afternoon cooler with brisk N.W. wind which died away suddenly & completely at sunset. Last night was cloudy and very dark with a short but brisk shower just before daybreak and light north-east wind. The thermometer fell to about 42° (at 10 P.M.).

I have been thus careful regarding the record of the weather because to-day was marked by ^{the} presence on the marshes at the Outlet of an unusual number of Wilson's Snipe which, no doubt, arrived last night. Will Sargent reported starting two in Richardson's Carry early this morning while on the way to some traps which he set yesterday near Bernard's Pond. Suspecting that there would be others on the more favorable ground beyond the Carry I started immediately after breakfast in the canoe and sailed across & through the Carry to the flats opposite Bernard's Pond. As I was talking down the trail his snipe were followed quickly by several others and on landing I at once began to put up more. I walked one most of this ground but not having the dog could not beat it at all thoroughly. I started by actual count thirty two different birds. With a high exception very one of them flew out of sight, the majority going up the Megalloway valley. Nearly all of them were very wild so that I had only a few really good shots. I missed at least half of them and bagged only four birds. The sun was shining bright & warm all the time I was on the meadows and there was either no wind or but a gentle breeze. Many of the birds

Gallinago
delicata

1894

Oct 1

(No 2)

seen from mud flats where there was absolutely no cover. They flew with unusual brilliancy, a characteristic, as I have often observed, of freshly arrived birds. They also "bunched" and went off in small, compact flocks like *Tringa*. I do not doubt that there were fully fifty - and perhaps twice as many - birds on these meadows to-day.

There were also a flock of seventeen Pectorals of which I killed four. These Sandpipers are singularly like *Tringa* in many of their ways. They probe in precisely the same manner and when approached remain perfectly motionless for many minutes at a time evidently relying on their admirable protective coloring for concealment - and unlike the *Tringa* they do not squat. Nevertheless it is extremely difficult to see them even when a dozen or more are standing in plain view. There is nearly always a background of grass and the mud on these marshes is also covered with a short, exceedingly dense growth of fine grass which, at a distance, looks like vividly green moss. The Pectorals were much to their misery, flat on when, as is nearly always the case, they are somewhat elevated and perfectly dry. The birds do not feed there but simply back^{or sleep} in the mud, and ~~they~~.

Pectorals are invariably very tame here but they are easily alarmed by loud sounds and the report of a gun will often start a flock in just about half a mile or more away. When thus started the birds fly about for many minutes before realizing their error & forth on the marshes, now high, now low, working & turning rapidly.

Tringa
maculata

1894.

Oct. 1

(No 3)

Duller marshes

There was a large flock of Robins among the scattered trees and bushes at the entrance to Bernard's Pond and with or near them three Rusty Blackbirds, several Song and White-throated Sparrows, a Swamp Sparrow, and two Yellow-rumps.

Robins

Small birds

On the marsh opposite I shot a typical specimen of *Dendroica hypochrysa*, a young bird. It came flying from the thicket next the river and alighted well out on the marsh where I found it running about on the mud in company with a Savannah Sparrow. It kept appearing and disappearing among the tufts of grass and as I advanced flitted on before me giving me much trouble before I secured it.

Dendroica p. hypochrysa

Later in the afternoon I sailed across the Lake again and running the cause into a shallow creek directly opposite Bernard's Pond sat there until it was nearly dark. My chief object was to find out whether the Snipe which I drove away from the marsh this morning would return at evening. They came from every direction in extraordinary numbers as soon as twilight fell, and for fifteen or twenty minutes their keep call and the rushing sound of their wings were highly incessant. I heard one make a curious low jarring sound soon after it had alighted near me.

Gallinago delicata

As I was paddling homeward a Fox barked a number of times in quick succession exactly like a small dog. I also heard a Great Blue Heron make a tremendous outcry - a succession of hoarse screams such a wounded Heron will utter. I had heard this bird distinctly from Pine Point. He thinks it was caught by either a Fox or a "Cat" Owl.

Fox barking

Gr. Bl. Heron

makes a great outcry at night

1894.

Oct. 2

Cloudy with strong north-west wind and occasional dashes of rain. A blustering, rather cold & decidedly disagreeable day.

Will rowed me across the Lake and through Richardson's Carry soon after breakfast. On the mud flat just beyond the Carry we found a most interesting lot of waders. There were five Greater Yellow-legs, about fifteen Pectorals and a Least Sandpiper (positively identified) all assembled on a muddy island only a few rods across. We watched them for some time from a distance of thirty yards. At length the Yellow-legs became nervous, ceased feeding, & finally flew coming directly past us. I fired both banks at high birds & missed ^{with} both. Then the Pectorals dashed past & I shot one of them. All these birds were high in air & went off down the Lake. At the same time I heard the call of a Black-bellied Plover & saw five of them following the Yellow-legs & Pectorals.

I then landed & beat the entire marsh for snipe but although the little Gallinule worked the ground most industriously we put up only six birds all of which ran out of range and flew out of sight. They were as wild as Hares. There were some Goldeneyes & Black Ducks at the Outlet but we could not get near them. After making the attempt we were returning down the river when I heard the cry of a Killdeer Plover, a bird new to my Umbagog list. It appeared presently, flying high in company with six Pectorals, and finally alighted on an open mud flat where it began turning about feeding. I tried to stalk it but when I was still sixty yards away it ran and flew across the river making a great outcry. We followed but could not get near it.

Mixed flock
of Waders

Beetle near

Snipe

Regalities
vocifera

1894

Oct. 2
(No 2.)

and it finally disappeared in the distance towards the foot of the Lake.

On the river bank a few rods below the Outlet we found where something had caught a Barred Owl. There were a good many of its feathers, chiefly from the back and sides, scattered about on the mud and a large thump some twenty yards away was literally plastered all over with them while the ground beneath was also thickly strewn. Beneath the thump I found all the wing and tail feathers but nowhere could I detect any bones, claws or fragments of the flesh of the poor bird. It had evidently been killed on the ground (or perhaps while flying over it) and taken to the thump where it had been devoured. Much of the ground between the thump & the bank was left mud which bore no tracks save those of Squirrels and Muskrats. From this both Will & I concluded that the murderer must have been a bird and, doubtless, a Great Horned Owl.

Syrnium
nebulosum

The marshes were everywhere covered with the tracks & droppings of Squirrels. The birds which were there last evening must have remained & fed well into the night & left before daylight this morning.

Signs of
Squirrels but
no birds.

A Coon rambled all over these marshes on the night of September 30th leaving his tracks everywhere. We also heard him this morning at about 9 o'clock. His cry was somewhat like the hoot of a Barred Owl.

Raccoon
tracks.

As we neared the Lake this noon we paddled within

1894

Oct. 2
(No 3)

twenty yards of two Horned Grebes. They finally flew
one going off to the south the other towards the north.
While in the water they swam side by side, often
touching each other, moving very fast with heads wet &
beaks well out of water.

Columbus
auratus

This evening Flying Squirrels were frequently seen at
Camp jumping from tree to tree & running up the
trunks in the light of the fire. We have them almost
every night scampering over the top of the camp or
on the tents but I have not seen one before. They
sometimes amuse themselves by running up the
roofs of the tents & then sliding down. Their only
cry seems to be a faint, Bat-like squeaking which
we hear often at night & which I saw one make
this evening. What a pity they are so common! They
are the most beautiful of all the Squirrels. Although
I watched them here to night for sometime they did
not ever "fly" but merely jumped from tree to tree
usually striking, however, flat against the trunk instead of
among twigs or branches. Otherwise their motions were very
like those of diurnal Squirrels. They were very active and,
as it seemed to me, rather timid.

Flying
Squirrels
at night

1894.

Oct. 3

The sun peeped out once or twice during the forenoon but most of the day was cloudy with a strong south-east wind and occasional dashes of rain. The wind rose after sunset and now (10 P.M.) is blowing almost a gale.

I spent most of the forenoon photographing on the point. Of course the conditions were not favorable but still the wind did not seem to penetrate the recesses of the woods and there were many brief periods when the leaves were fairly still.

There were at least two flocks of juncos in one woods and a very large number of Hermit Thrushes, evidently migrants which came last night. I also saw two Ruby-crowned Kinglets one of which sang very sweetly a few times.

Among a flock of Chickadees & Golden-crests I detected a Black-throated Green Warbler, a young male in full autumn plumage. This is a late date.

To my surprise our Partridge began drumming at about half-past nine this morning. I heard him twice and then went to the knoll where I found him in his usual place. He behaved rather oddly, strutting about a good deal, sitting down as if to drum, then after one or two flights closing his wings and preening his feathers or turning around again. A large yellow leaf from a striped maple came whirling down and settled on the log near him. He walked to the spot, looked at it a moment, picked it up in his bill and then cast it from him to the ground with an impatient jerk of the head. Soon afterward he left while I was absent for a moment.

Photographing
in the
woods
near camp

Juncos
Hermits
Ruby-crown.
Kinglets

Chickadee
D. virens

Bonasa u.
togata

Oct. 4

Morning and evening cloudy, the middle of the day clear, warm, dead calm.

I spent part of the forenoon taking photographs along the path to, and on, Cogod's Point. The woods were very still and alive with small birds chiefly Chickadees, Kinglets and Junco. A Pileated Woodpecker alighted near me & then flew off much startled. While I was on the point four Sheldrakes passed within thirty yards, flying close to the water.

Photographing
on Pine Pt

Pileated W.

We dined at noon and after this the camp, for a space of three hours or more was a scene of mad confusion for we dismantled it and packing all our things took the steamer down the lake at about 4 P.M. On the way we saw two Loons and five Sheldrakes beside two Potters which looked like Oedemia.

We break
camp &
return to
Lalacide
Loons
Sheldrakes

I passed a restless night at Lalacide and whenever awake heard a Barred Owl hooting on B. Point.

Barred
Owl
hooting

Lakeside to Bethel.

1894.
Oct. 5

Early morning cloudy and threatening with heavy rain from 8.30 to 9 a.m. after which the clouds parted, the sun came out, and the weather was in every way highly delightful.

C., S. & S. and I left Lakeside on the stage at 7.30 a.m. and drove to Bethel which we reached at 2.30 P.M. We then took the 3.36 P.M. train for Portland where we went aboard the night boat for Boston.

None of my twenty odd trips between Lakeside and Bethel ^{autumn} have been anything like so delightful as was this. The ^{autumn} foliage was at the very acme of its perfection and the heavy thorns with the leaves thoroughly bringing out their brilliant tints to the best advantage. The cloud effects, too, are unusually vivid & fine.

It was evidently a flight-day, for the Sparrows - Junco, Song Sparrows and White-throats being foremost along the roadsides and Chippies were numerous in places. On the hillside below Upton Post-office I saw three White-crowns Sparrows and there was a fourth in Grafton, all young birds. Robins were numerous every where but I saw only two Flickers and not a single Blue Jay. A Red-tailed Hawk was hovering over Poplar Tavern in Newry.

Sparrows
very numerous

White-crowns

Robins
Flickers
Red-tail
Hawk

At this Tavern they had a Bear cub of about thirty pounds weight on the muzzle fastened by a collar & chain. Although taken from the trap only this morning it was perfectly tame & very gentle allowing us to pet & rub its head & ears. It drank milk and ate apples greedily. The mother was caught & killed at the same time & placed in an apple orchard behind the hotel.

Bear cub
trapped
near
Poplar
Tavern,
Newry

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

Lake Umbagog, Maine.

	September														October		
	3	4	9	10	12	13	14	20	22	25	28	29	1	2			
1894																	
Common Teal	2	3															5
Wilson's Snipe	2		3	2				1	11						4		23
Can. Rail	1																1
Solitary Sandpiper	1																1
Black Duck		1		4	3												8
Goldeneye "			1					1									1
Pectoral Sandpiper				5	1					1			4	1			12
Baird's "				2						2							4
Trumpet "				2													2
Wood Duck						2											2
Blk Collared Plover							1										1
Ring neck Duck										1							1
Ruffed Grouse											1						1
Canada Goose												1					1

1894

Aug. 24 to
Oct. 5Nominal List of Birds observed. (Full data on
slips in note pocket).

1. *Sialia sialis*.
2. *Melospiza migratoria*.
3. *Turdus swainsonii*.
4. " *pallasi*.
5. *Parus atricapillus*.
6. " *ludovicianus*.
7. *Regulus calendula*.
8. " *saturapa*.
9. *Sitta carolinensis*.
10. " *canadensis*.
11. *Certhia americana*.
12. *Troglodytes hiemalis*.
13. *Myiarchus cinerascens*.
14. *Anthus ludovicianus*.
15. *Helminthophila ruficapilla*.
16. *Compsothlypis americana*.
17. *Dendroica castanea*.
18. " *coronata*.
19. " *maculosa*.
20. " *pennsylvanica*.
21. " *caerulescens*.
22. " *virans*.
23. " *tigrina*.
24. " *hypochrysa*.
25. *Geothlypis trichas*.
26. *Scirurus aurocapillus*.
27. " *noveboracensis*.
28. *Sylvania canadensis*.
29. *Setophaga ruticilla*.
30. *Parus solitarius*.
31. " *phalaedophilus*.
32. " *olivaceus*.
33. *Amphisp. cedrorum*.
34. *Chelidon erythrogaster*.
35. *Tachycineta bicolor*.
36. *Petrochelidon lunifrons*.
37. *Piranga canadensis*.
38. *Corpodacus purpureus*.
39. *Loxia minor*.
40. *Spinus tristis*.
41. " *pinus*.
42. *Procaetes gramineus*.
43. *Ammodramus savanna*.
44. *Junco hyemalis*.
45. *Spizella socialis*.
46. *Melospiza fasciata*.
47. " *georgiana*.
48. *Zonotrichia albicollis*.
49. " *leucophrys*.
50. *Hydromela ludoviciana*.
51. *Passerina cyanea*.
52. *Dolichonyx oryzivorus*.
53. *Scelopagus ferrugineus*.
54. *Corvus americanus*.
55. *Cyanocitta cristata*.
56. *Perisoreus canadensis*.

1894

Aug. 24th . Nominal List of Birds observed. (Full data on
Oct. 5 slips in note books.)

- | | |
|--|--------------------------------------|
| 57. <i>Trochilus colubris</i> . | 85. <i>Accipiter velox</i> . |
| 58. <i>Chaetura pelagica</i> . | 86. <i>Bonasa u. togata</i> . |
| 59. <i>Chordeiles virginianus</i> . | 87. <i>Gallinago delicata</i> . |
| 60. <i>Coccyzus erythrophthalmus</i> . | 88. <i>Squatarola hutchinsii</i> . |
| 61. <i>Ceryle alcyon</i> . | 89. <i>Charadrius dominicus</i> . |
| 62. <i>Tyrannus tyrannus</i> . | 90. <i>Agelaius vociferus</i> . |
| 63. <i>Contopus borealis</i> . | 91. " <i>semipalmata</i> . |
| 64. " <i>virgens</i> . | 92. <i>Tinga maculata</i> . |
| 65. <i>Geopelia pileatus</i> . | 93. " <i>bairdii</i> . |
| 66. <i>Cotapetes auratus</i> . | 94. " <i>alpina pacifica</i> . |
| 67. <i>Sphyrapicus varius</i> . | 95. " <i>minutilla</i> . |
| 68. <i>Dryobates villosus</i> . | 96. <i>Ereunetes pusillus</i> . |
| 69. " <i>pubescens</i> . | 97. <i>Titanus melanoleuca</i> . |
| 70. <i>Picoides arcticus</i> . | 98. " <i>flavipes</i> . |
| 71. " <i>americanus</i> . | 99. <i>Rhyacophilus solitarius</i> . |
| 72. <i>Buteo virginianus</i> . | 100. <i>Actitis macularia</i> . |
| 73. <i>Syrnium nebulosum</i> . | 101. <i>Ardea herodias</i> . |
| 74. <i>Tyctale acadica</i> . | 102. <i>Tyctardea grisea</i> . |
| 75. <i>Circus hudsonius</i> . | 103. <i>Botaurus lentiginosus</i> . |
| 76. <i>Haliaeetus leucocephalus</i> . | 104. <i>Porzana carolina</i> . |
| 77. <i>Panolin carolinensis</i> . | 105. <i>Bernicla canadensis</i> . |
| 78. <i>Falco sparverius</i> . | 106. <i>Anas obscura</i> . |
| 79. <i>Buteo borealis</i> . | 107. " <i>boschas</i> . |
| 80. " <i>latissimus</i> . | 108. <i>Mareca americana</i> . |
| 81. <i>Actus atricapillus</i> . | 109. <i>Querquedula discors</i> . |
| 82. <i>Falco anatum</i> . | 110. <i>Dafila acuta</i> . |
| 83. " <i>columbarius</i> . | 111. <i>Six sponso</i> . |
| 84. <i>Accipiter cooperii</i> . | 112. <i>Aythya collaris</i> . |

1894

Aug. 24th

Oct. 5.

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

113. Glaucium americana.114. Merganser americanus.115. Lophodytes cucullatus.116. Unidentified Scoters.117. Larus philadelphia.118. Tringa imber.119. Podiceps auritus.

1894.

Nov. 21

I have been at the orges in Concord for the whole time since the 11th of last October with the exception of a few odd days and one full week (Nov. 5-11) spent in Cambridge. Up to Nov. 4 the weather continued uniformly warm and for the most part unusually clear and fine. But on Nov. 5th a violent storm beginning with rain changed to snow late in the evening and by sunrise next morning nearly six inches of snow covered the ground and loaded the trees doing excessive injury to the large number of deciduous kinds which still retained their foliage and which were broken and twisted to a very unusual degree.

During the following week the country bore the aspect of mid-winter for the weather continued cold and the snow scarce melted under the noonday sun; but on the 12th a thaw began and the greater part of the snow slowly disappeared although it still lies in sheltered places in the woods and swamps. During the evening of Nov. 6th the thermometer has fallen once to 18° and once on the morning of the 20th to 15° Fahr.

With the exception of Nov. 4th, when I took a long tramp through the Eastbrook country with Mr. Putnam and of the 18th when I repeat photographs in the Fox Pond region with Johnson, my days have all been spent at Ball's Hill which I can invariably reach by river sailing or paddling down in the morning and back at night for I have not once passed a night at the cabin this autumn.

As I have not kept a daily journal this autumn I shall now endeavor to supply its place by giving a resume of the most interesting things that I have seen here during my stay.

1894

Oct. 11 to

Nov. 21

Concord, Massachusetts

Résumé of Field Observations.

Mammals. Musk rats have been exceptionally numerous in the river this autumn and thus far they have not been noticed to any extent by the shooters which I do not think that any traps have been set for them. The unusual number and size of their houses attracts general attention and comment among the farmers and others who have seen them. These houses line the river banks all the way from Fairbairn Bay to Ball's Hill. There are five in one group and then in another on the Beaver Dam Rapid. Two of them are at least five feet high and each would make nearly or quite a full load for a tip cart. Some of the older farmers & gunners tell me that they have not seen so many or so large houses on this river for fifteen years & this is also my own impression.

Of all the Structures which inhabit the river at this season the Musk rats are by far the ^{most} interesting. I have seen a great deal of them this autumn for I have almost invariably started up river at about the time when they were beginning their nightly wanderings. One evening I counted eight between Ball's Hill and the Minuta Man and I frequently saw twelve or fourteen. As far as I can make out they all spend the day in holes in the banks and visit their houses and feeding grounds only after twilight has begun falling. Many of them seem to cross the river for this purpose and I have noticed that each individual regularly crosses in the same place. The first come out of their holes soon after sunset if the weather is clear, earlier if it be stormy or cloudy. Some evenings they are very bold - in fact perfectly fearless - swimming about on the open water in every direction and allowing me

1894

Oct. 21/6.

Nov. 21

(No 2.)

to paddle past within a few yards without apparently taking any notice of me. At other times, however, they are so wary and suspicious that I do not succeed in getting so much as a glimpse at one although as I round the bends I see ~~one or more of them~~ ^{the} silvery furrows where they have just dived and everywhere ripples rolling out of the thickets of button bushes or willows where they have been feeding. I am quite unable to understand this difference in ~~their~~ ^{their} behavior & to correlate it with any ~~particular~~ ^{or particular} variations of the weather.

During the autumn Musk rats are seen abroad by day much less often than in spring or summer but occasionally during the past month I have surprised one taking a sun bath in a bush when the sun was warm & the water cold. Only twice during this period have I heard them make the low murmuring sound so often ~~heard~~ given in spring and not once have I smelt their "musk".

I have seen only one Musk this autumn. He swam Musk across the river just above Ball's Hill at about 3 P.M. and two hours later I found him in the Holt (nearly a mile above Ball's Hill by river) where he gobbled along the bank for a few yards and then sought refuge among the roots of an old maple where he kept peeping out at me with evident shy suspicion. He was a very large individual. This happened about October 30th.

Squirrels have been scarce this autumn, at least in the Ball's Hill region where I have seen ~~only~~ ^{but} ~~one~~.

1894.

Oct. 11th

Nov. 21

(No 3)

Gray Squirrel, no Red Squirrels, and only two or three Chipmunks. Yet the crop of chestnuts has been exceptionally large and general. There have been, to be sure, a large family of Red Squirrels in the bottom trees ~~near~~ the Geo Hayes place. I counted six in these trees at one time last week and the boys have shot one or two more there to my certain knowledge. Possibly the Red Squirrels have avoided the B. M.'s Hill woods because there are no pine buds this year, and there may be more Gray Squirrels there than I have supposed for I did see a good many of their tracks (especially on Holden's Hill) when the ground was covered with snow a week or two ago.

This Gray Squirrel is, I think, much shyer and more retiring in autumn than in other seasons. It may be well to note that three of these beautiful animals have taken up their abode in the big lindens on our place in Cambridge. One of them appeared there in August when the pears were ripening and we saw all three together early in October. They ~~are~~ are living in the hole formerly occupied by the Red Squirrels in the linden at the east end of the house. They are very tame & appear to be on terms of entire familiarity with one another. While the pears were on the trees they made frequent trips into the garden for them. Now they are depending on our bounty. I have not yet heard any of them utter any sound. They have taken many leaves into their hole - presumably to line it. These leaves were chosen with much care & many were rejected after being taken up and examined.

Squirrels

Three Gray
Squirrels take
up their
abode in the
Cambridge
lindens

Concord, Massachusetts.

1894

Oct 11th

Nov. 21

(No 4)

The snow revealed the presence of several Skunks Skunks
in the Ball's Hill woods and Bensen's dog, before it
came, killed, as I was find, no less than three in
the fields near the house. Hitherto he has given these
animals a wide berth, merely barking from a safe
distance when he has found one; but he has
now discovered some apparently secure way of
sizing and killing the Skunk before ~~the~~ can
discharge its fluid. Bensen says that he simply
rushes upon it and kills it by buckling its back
with a single vigorous shake of the jaws. He has seen
him kill one in this manner. I examined the Skunk
where it was killed and can testify that neither
it, nor the ground, nor the dog gave out the
slightest odor. Two years ago I found a Skunk
which a Fox had left at the entrance to his hole
and which was wholly odorless. Its fur was wet
and matted on the back where the Fox had evidently
moulted it. The Skunk killed by Bensen's dog had
been dragged about ~~in~~ wet ground and nearly
half of it had been eaten by something so that I
could not tell just where & how it had been
originally buried.

There are plenty of Mice in the cabin but Mice
they do not seem to be as destructive as they
were in 1892. I have trapped about half a dozen
this autumn - all White-footed Mice. Thus far
I have caught only this species and Eutamias in
the cabin. The House Mice have not found me out
yet & the Field Mice stay outside in the meadows.

Concord, Massachusetts.

1894.

Resumé of Field Observations.

Oct. 11 to

Nov. 21

(no 5)

Birds. Owing, doubtless, to the uniformly ~~free~~ warm clear weather which prevailed through October there was no very marked or considerable flights of small birds during this month. Included with the exception of Lintlocks the middle October migrants have been scarce this season.

There was a heavy flight of Tree Sparrows about the middle of November (12th-15th).

Hermit Thrushes have been exceptionally scarce. There was a solitary bird at Ball's Hill on the 12th, 15th & 17th of November. On the first of these dates when the ground was covered with snow to the depth of five or six inches I saw this bird, a little after sunset, eating black alder berries in a heap.

Robins have frequented the river banks in small flocks through the latter half of October to feed upon their berries and I found a single bird there on the 24th November. On Nov. 4th I saw several flocks of Robins in the cedar patches along the Estabrook road. Apparently only a few Thrushes remained in the region about Concord after Nov. 15th.

During the whole of my stay at the Keyes's a White-bellied Nuthatch frequented the orchard behind the house and every pleasant morning I would hear his grunting call soon after daybreak. I saw two or three of these birds elsewhere, one at Davis's Hill, one on Holden's Hill, and one in the Goose Pond woods. It would be interesting to know if these individuals were Concord-bred or migrants from further north. The bird at Goose Pond was seen Nov. 18 and 21st in the same place.

1894

Oct 11 to

Nov. 21

(No 6)

Concord, Massachusetts.

Resumé of Field Observations

Pit calls were exceptionally numerous during October and Anturus on November 3rd I saw at least twenty-five. After this only a few stragglers were observed, the last Nov. 13 when I found two birds running about over the snow (four or five inches deep) on the river bank.

During the day the Pit calls scatter widely a few feeding on the river marshes but by far the greater number resorting to extensive upland fields especially such as have been freshly ploughed. At evening (a little before sunset) they begin coming to the marshes from every direction and often in great numbers. When the weather is clear and still their piping notes are heard incessantly for half an hour or more after sunset and straggling flocks of the birds are constantly passing overhead. At Ball's Hill they all seem to come from the east and north, a great many alight & spend the night in the Great Meadows but many others pass on up river to Dugan Brook meadow & beyond. They seldom or never alight in the smaller meadows along this river but they often pitch down on narrow beds of muddy or oozy ground, on the river bank where they run about, feed and bathe before continuing their flight to the roosting ground.

Through October the Song and Swamp Sparrows were among the most numerous and characteristic of the birds which frequented the river banks but early in November their places were taken by the Tree Sparrows which, for a week or more,

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Oct. 11 to

Nov. 21

no 7

Concord, Massachusetts.

Records of Field Observations.

enjoyed the leafless thrushes of alders, oaks and willows with their flitting, hopping and trilling notes. I saw the last Song Sparrow Nov. 12th, the last Swamp Sparrow Nov. 20th. These dates are interesting inasmuch as neither species winters in Concord, at least regularly.

The flight of Junco and Fox Sparrows was lighter this year. The Juncos came through in small straggling flocks during the latter part of October & early in November. The Fox Sparrows did not appear (at least I saw none) until the 12th Nov. after which they were fairly common for a few days.

At Ball's Hill I saw a Towhee (probably the same bird) on Oct. 16, 17, and 26th.

The first Northern Shrike appeared October 27—a very white bird sitting in the top of an elm in front of the Buttricks' bridge in low trees.

On October 19th I saw five Cow-birds (all females) in a thicket on the river bank just above Hunt's Pond and on the 27th in the same place a single female.

Neither Red-wings nor Brown Grackles were observed during my stay but through October Rusty Grackles were fairly numerous the last being noted on the 30th. As usual they spent most of their time in the upland fields of standing corn but I used to hear them along the river at & shortly after sunset.

1894

Oct 11 to

Nov. 21

(no. 8)

Resume of Field Observations

Concord, Massachusetts.

The Belt of the migrating Crows passed north this year between the 14th and 27th of October during which period I saw some very large flocks at Ball's Hill, their favorite resort while passing to rest & feed, before pushing further on their journey. After the 27th this region was apparently frequented by only the local birds which ^{will} ~~always~~ pass the winter there.

Corvus
americanus

The Blue Jay were most numerous between the 12th and 21st of October. After the latter date I seldom saw more than three or four in a day except on the 24th November when I found a flock of seven in the belt of white maples along the river bank just above the Holt. At first I took these birds to be migrants but when they finally feathered and flew off into the woods in twos & threes in different directions I concluded that they were not local birds which something had attracted to this spot from more or less distant haunts.

Cyanocitta
cristata

Both in October and early in November I frequently heard Horned Larks whistling over the river marshes but I did not ever get a sight at any of them. They seemed to be hanging about a piece of ploughed land on the edge of the river just below the swimming place. As nearly as I have been able to learn they never alight or at least feed on the river marshes proper.

Coucord, Massachusetts.

1894

Resumé of Field Observations

Oct. 11 to

Nov. 21

(No. 9)

The Meadow Larks at Coucord appear to be Sturnella recovering from the terrible loss which they sustained magna during the severe winter of 1892-93. I heard them almost daily through the first half of this October in the fields about the Keyes's, in the Mill Brook river meadow, or on Great Meadow. Very probably they moved from one place to another but there were at least eight birds in all for I counted that number together on one occasion and on another saw five in one flock and three in another.

They sang freely and almost ^{incessantly} ~~invariably~~ on warm still days giving the usual spring notes but in peculiarly soft, subdued and often warbling tones. Frequently two or four birds would be singing at the same time ^{one} their voices so intermingling and at the same time supplementing each other as to produce a continuous flow of sound, very sweet and musical in its general effect. As a rule this singing was produced while the birds were on the ground but over, rather early in the morning, four or five of them were perched in the upper branches of a large maple that stood on the bank of the river. They seemed to be wholly absorbed in their own music and allowed me to paddle directly under the tree and look at them for some time before they took the alarm and began to fly.

I saw or heard Meadow Larks on the Great Meadow usually only near sunset or after it. They resort to this meadow to roost & do not, I think, feed there.

Concord, Massachusetts.

1894.

Resumé of Field Observations.

Oct. 11 to

Nov. 21

(No 10)

The only Flycatcher noted was a Phoebe seen on Davis's Hill, October 12

Woodpeckers were unusually scarce. I saw only a very few Downies and the Hairy Woodpecker but twice, at Davis's Hill Oct. 30th and at the Holt Nov. 15. On both occasions the bird was in a river maple at work on rotten wood. One bird continued hammering at the same place for over an hour. The F. Wellers / Glapter / apparently left very early this year. I saw one on Oct. 7, two on the 12th and on the 13th heard one "thooting" in subdued tones. After the last named date none were observed until November 20th when I found a single bird at Dakins Hill. This species is evidently rare at Concord in winter.

Although I was on the river almost daily I saw but two Kingfishers, one Oct. 19, the other Oct. 28. Doubtless the greater number pass both of Massachusetts before the end of September.

Screech Owls were either less numerous than usual or they kept very silent. Some of the more wolfish members of the family, at the Keyes' reported hearing them warbling about the house on two or three occasions in the early morning but I heard none and saw but one - a bird which flew across the river in the evening twilight (Oct. 27) as I was paddling homeward. It alighted in one of the large maples near the head of Barrett's bar (opposite the "tent") sitting very still on a large branch near the body of the tree while I was passing.

1894

Oct 11 to

Nov. 21

(No 11)

Concord, Massachusetts.

Resumé of Field Observations

One of the most interesting experiences of my stay at Concord this autumn happened Oct. 29 with what I took to be a Short-eared Owl. Will Stone and I had been passing the day at Ball's Hill and were on our way up river when, as we were approaching the head of Beaver Dam Rapid, a large bird suddenly came out of the gloom which shrouded the meadows on our left (the sun had set half an hour or more before) and after circling over the ~~river~~ alighted on the top of a tall pole which someone had driven into the mud at the water's edge. Here it sat bolt upright for a minute or more bobbing its head slowly up and down by jerks & shortly thereafter in the manner of most Owls. Against the strong afterglow in the west it stood out most distinctly but in blackness showing no colors. Presently it took flight again and skimmed about over the meadows flying very gracefully but in an erratic manner very like a big moth or perhaps still more like a Night-hawk, alternately appearing and disappearing as it rose against the light in the west or dipped down close to the surface of the ground. After a few minutes it returned to the flack. Its manner of alighting and taking flight was very abrupt and decided. It flew a second time soon after this and did not again return.

On the evening of Nov. 1st I saw what appeared to be the same bird beating the meadow at the Hotel very much in the manner of a Marsh Hawk and on the next evening an Owl of similar size and appearance started from a rope opposite this meadow as I was passing.

Short-eared
Owl.

1894

Oct 11 to

Nov. 21

(No 12.)

Concord, Massachusetts.

Resumé of Field Observations.

Another very curious experience connected with an Owl Myctale
acadiana befell me November 13th. I had spent the day at Ball's Hill, as usual, and was pushing off in the canoe to return to Concord when I noticed a great number of feathers floating ^{on the river,} ~~stately down stream.~~ ~~with the current.~~ One of my men who had been at work on the shore said that he had noticed them passing for half-an-hour or more. During this time there had not been a breath of wind and they had merely drifted stately with the current. As I looked I could see them as far as the eye could reach both up and down stream not scattered about but forming a nearly straight ~~wide~~ rather narrow line.

Paddling out I picked up a number of them and found that they had belonged to a Saw-whet Owl. They had come from every part of the bird including the wings and tail. Many of the body feathers were in bunches - a dozen or more together.

This trail of feathers was as easily followed as the paper "scent" used in the game of hare & hounds but it stopped abruptly at the foot of the Beaver Dam Rapid. There was a large muskrat house on the bank at this place & at first I suspected that the little Owl had been plucked there but upon examining the wound carefully I failed to find so much as a single feather. I then decided that the plucking operation must have closed some time before I started and that the last feathers which I came to had floated down from some distance above the spot where I found them. Accordingly I kept on up stream scanning both banks

Carew, Massachusetts.

1894.

Oct. 11 to

Nov. 21

(No 13)

Resumé of Field Observations.

closely, a not very difficult task for they were nearly everywhere covered with snow. I was beginning to despair of success, however, when, on reaching the steep turn just above Holden's Hill I caught sight of a bunch of feathers clinging to a twig of one of the large white maples which line the west and south bank at this bend. Pushing in under these trees I at once found abundant evidence that the fox - white had been picked and eaten there, but by what remained as much a mystery as ever. The murderer must have been a bird, however, for he had chosen as a dining table a stout branch which extended out over the water at a height of about fifteen feet. This branch was smeared with blood and several feathers clung to it while many others were caught among the bottom bushes beneath. On a snow bank at the water's edge I found still others as well as a few small fragments of flesh but these must have been cast down from above for the snow ~~showed~~ no signs of footprints.

On my way down river in the morning I started a Red-tailed Hawk from this very belt of maples but yet I can scarcely believe that he was really the destroyer of the poor little Owl. The latter was probably caught in the maples when he was eating for fox whites are often found at this season in leafless trees on meadows or the banks of streams.

Marsh Hawks have been decidedly less numerous than usual. I saw the last (these birds in the brown plumage) on the meadows October 19

Concord, Massachusetts.

1894.

Oct. 11 to

Nov. 21

(No 14)

Resumé of Field Observations.

During stormy or very windy weather I seldom saw any Buteos on the meadows but on clear, still days there were nearly always from one to three or four between Flints Bridge and Ball's Hill perched in the large oaks, elms or maples that are scattered along the banks of the river. The trees at the Holt and those at Ball's Bend seemed to be most frequented but another favorite place was the upper part of the Barrett's Bar reach.

Through October the Red-shouldered Hawks were by far the more numerous of our two common species but after November 1st the Red-tails outnumbered them three or four to one or rather, to be more precise & explicit, the Red-shouldered Hawks were common through October and seldom seen in November while the reverse was true of the Red-tails.

Nearly all the Red-shoulders and certainly more than half of the Red-tails that I saw were old birds. Both species have learned to fear a man in a boat. Fifteen or twenty years ago I often succeeded in paddling to within short range of them but this autumn I did not once get within even long gunshot.

I saw only one Sharp-shinned Hawk (Oct. 17) and not a single Cooper's. The latter species is seen much less often in autumn in Massachusetts than in Spring. Probably most of the Spring birds bred with us and leave for the North early. In other words comparatively few migrants to and from more northern regions seem to pass this way.

A Pigeon Hawk seen Oct. 17 and a Rough-leg Nov. 13th complete the list of Raptorial. The Rough-leg was in the dark phase of plumage. It looked as black as a

Buteo borealis
et lineatus

Concord, Massachusetts.

1894.

Oct. 11 to

Nov. 21

(No 15)

Review of Field Observations.

Now as it passed me within about 150 yards. Keeping straight across the meadows towards the South-west. Its flight was easy, graceful and buoyant - quite unlike the firm, somewhat heavy flight of our Parula and much more like the flight of the Marsh Hawk when that bird is making directly across country ~~from some~~ ~~feeding~~ distant hunting ground. The wing beats were slow and listless and alternated with short periods of soaring. At each upward stroke of the wings their white under surfaces were conspicuously displayed and showed in strong contrast to the deep black of the rest of the plumage. This is the only black rough by which I remember to have ever seen on the Concord meadows.

On October 26th I started for Carolina Doves from a wood lot in the Mason field north of Benson's and on Nov. 20th I found a solitary bird in the same place - the latter date, if I remember rightly, which I have recorded.

I have seen no Swain this autumn but reliable sportsmen have told me of a large brood that frequents the fields opposite Fairbank Cliffs in Concord and of their other haunts which have been stated in detail.

Partridge were scarce through September and October, so scarce, in deed, that Melvin on October 20th hunted all day in Concord with a good dog without starting a single bird. Early in November they began to increase in number rapidly and by the end of that month they became fully as numerous as they were last year. Arthur Robbins

Concord, Massachusetts.

1894.

Oct. 11 to

Nov. 21

(No. 16)

Residence of Field Sparrows

killed nine in one day about November 25th and after this date rarely failed to start from thirty to forty in a day's tramp. He, as well as all the other Sparrows whom I have seen, report that the birds have been unusually shy this year.

In the Ball's Hill region I have noticed no change in the number of Partridges as the season advanced. Later in August I started an old hen there with four nearly grown young and through October and November there were, as nearly as I could ascertain, about five birds constantly living in these woods. They ranged from Holden's Hill to the Mason field. Although it is practically certain that they were not over that at (at least on my land) this season they were so shy that I rarely succeeded in getting within gun shot. Indeed they would often rise one hundred yards or more ahead of me even in dense cover.

A few Great Blue Herons were seen along the river, the last Nov. 18th the only one which I met with started from the pines on Benson's Hill Oct. 19th and flew off over Davis's Swamp.

Woodcock have been exceedingly scarce. Indeed there has been no well-matched flight and the greatest number started in a single day by any one of my acquaintances was four. On November 15 I started a single bird near Ball's Hill. The ground had been covered with five or six inches of snow for over a week but this bird had found a place on the edge of a belt of oak

to record, Massachusetts.

1894.

Oct. 11th

Nov. 21

(No 17)

Resume of Field Observations

found bordering the river meadow where the sun had melted the snow on a space of several square yards. No doubt this was what had, ^{altogether} brought it to this spot for only once before (last May) have I ever seen a Woodcock in this immediate locality.

On this same day two Woodcock were started by the marketman, Davis, and on the 18th Albert Brown killed a bird near Bateman's Pond.

The meadows were much too dry for birds this autumn and only a very few birds were seen. I heard of two that were started at Goose Pond.

At about 2 P. M. of October 17th as I was dining in the cabin with some friends we heard the call of a Greater Yellow-leg repeated several times in quick succession and evidently very near. Rushing out I saw the bird coming directly towards me from the opposite side of the river flying low and, as it struck me, rather feebly. Greatly to my surprise it plunged directly into the best of bushes (alders, comels, willows, etc.) which borders the shore in front and a little to the east of the cabin. I was for the first time saw that it was pursued by a Duck Hawk which must have been twenty or thirty yards behind the Yellow-leg when the latter reached the shore and which, on losing sight of its quarry, bounded straight upward to a height of forty feet or more and then poised for several seconds beating its wings rapidly and incessantly. bending its head downward like a Hairy Sparrow Hawk or Kingfisher as it slowly scanned the

Concord, Massachusetts

Resumé of Field Observations.

Oct 11

Nov. 21

(No. 18)

thicket beneath. I had a fine view of it - it was within thirty yards or less - and made it out to be a young male. Presently it saw me and turning flew off towards the southwest over Great Meadow.

I now began looking for the Yellow Leg but it was not until I put the little Cuckoo Sparrow "Hodji" into the bushes that I succeeded in flushing it. It then flew only a few rods and alighting in the water among some lily pads swam slowly ashore just above the landing. It was evidently too much frightened to return to the marshes across the wire (where the Fildes was first originally found it) for it spent the remainder of the afternoon on the landing, showing a little to the west of the cabin.

Herbert Holden reported seeing a West Gull in the river near the cabin on October 21st. I did not meet with any of these birds this autumn.

On Nov. 23rd Benson and Pat. saw about a dozen Canada Geese flying low towards the north.

Later in October and early in November Mr. H. J. Jones and his son made a number of visits to the pond side in the meadow just below Basin's Hill and each week, every occasion they found Sand Ducks there. They almost always fly in all - I ~~take~~ ~~know~~ ~~of~~ ~~them~~ ~~others~~ ~~and~~ ~~that~~ ~~is~~ ~~about~~ ~~the~~ ~~same~~ ~~time~~ ~~in~~ ~~the~~ ~~past~~ ~~but~~ although I was unable to see the river I did see a large flock of this species on the 14th when I found a flock of four in the little bayou at the head of Basin.

1894.

Records of Field Observations.

Oct. 11th

Nov. 21

Nov 19th

Wann Hopkin, I flushed them from the same place on the evening of the 18th and Pat's house Jimmie said that he saw them there on the 18th.

Woodward Hudson killed a blue winged Teal a solitary bird just below Carisle Bridge October 14th, a later date Geo. Hayes saw the bird and described it closely.

Good ducks were more numerous in the river than usual owing probably to the fact that some of the smaller ponds and brooks were nearly or quite dry this autumn. On October 17th a pair of these beautiful Ducks appeared on the main Run as the Holt, and remained there constantly until the 20th when I shot them both. At first they were rather shy and as this was not isolated and became accustomed to the frequent appearance of boats and canoes they became soon allowed us to paddle or row within short gun range. Upon taking flight, after the first day they frequented the Holt and the wooded reach just above Hunt's Pond, indifferently, flying from one place to the other and back again as often as they were disturbed regularly doubling back over the land to avoid the approaching boat. I should not have killed them but for the fact that the 20th was Saturday and it was practically certain that these meadows would be stirr'd with quennies on the Sunday. Although I had had numerous very Hots at them through the week they gave me no little trouble when I went in pursuit of them on the 20th. It happened in this wise: As I was launching my canoe Herbert Holden came past and of course we paddled down river together. We found the Ducks at Hunt's Pond but they ran out of range and

1894

Resumé of Field Observations

Oct. 11 to

Nov. 21

(No 20)

flew to the Holt. Here again they flooded wild, and went
 back to Hunt's Pond. Holden very generously was agreed to
 loan them to me and kept on down stream when I paddled
 back nearly to Hunt's Pond and landing at Comb's, along
 the meadow behind the fringe of trees and bushes which
 made an excellent cover but which, in connection with the
 height of the bank, prevented me from getting more than
 an occasional glimpse of the river. Once or twice I
 approached the bank and peered down through the branches
 but even then I could scarcely see the water. I must
 have passed within a few yards of the bushes, however, for
 when I reached the end of the dett of trees and looked
 back I at once discovered the birds swimming close under
 a cluster of birches. I did not think that they saw me
 but when I got to the birches they were gone, and a
 moment later I heard the whistling of their wings and
 saw them coming up the river flitting about on a level
 with the tops of the trees. In so doing they came directly
 opposite where I was standing making a loud splash but
 very foolishly I crouched just as they were descending &
 when I rose to my feet again they had turned in under
 the bank and were as invisible as before. Knowing that
 they were very near me, however, I walked patiently and
 presently light ripples (very unlike the deep hollows made
 by a swimming muskrat) rolled out from under the
 bushes around me that they were coming past me. It was
 highly excitable and I had no little difficulty in controlling
 my nerves when, through an opening in the branches, I saw
 first the female and then the report old male appear directly
 beneath me and begin dabbling with their bills among the

Nov. 21, 1894.

1894.

Resumé of Field Excursions

Oct. 11 to

Nov. 21

(No. 21)

Following have, all this morning they were not more than ten or twelve feet from me and in the full sunlight, which brought out the gorgeous coloring of the drake to great advantage. When he turned his head I could see the exquisite design of his crest as distinctly as if I had held him in my hand.

Of course it was out of the question to shoot at such short range so I waited motionless hoping that the birds would swim further off but when at length they did so they kept close along under the bank and were again lost to sight. After a little while I followed them and again the ripples betrayed their position but this time they saw me when I raised my head and at once flew. I brought down the duck easily enough but the dense branches saved the life of the drake for the time although I fired the second barrel at him. He went steadily down to the Hall where I found him twenty minutes later, under an overhanging maple looking in the middle of a well or nearly fallen leaves. He still did he see that I looked at him for some time through the grass before I left him that he was not a piece of drift wood. I then made a station on the meadow, came out on the bank directly above him, and killed him as he flew off. I have seen Lewis circumstantial in describing the shooting of these birds for the reason that they have been given to back to be mounted for my New England collection.

I saw the next Wood Duck, a female on Oct. 25th, swimming close to the shore at Hall's Hill a little above the cabin. This bird allowed me to stroll within gunshot but I had no gun with me and should not have killed her had I had one. She flew across the river and spent the remainder of the day on the opposite shore.

1894.

Resume of Field Observations.

Oct. 11 to

Nov 21

(No 22)

On the morning of Nov. 12th I started a pair of Wood Ducks from the river at Bellin's bend as I was on my way home. The drake appeared to be in full plumage. These birds probably moved Southward that winter as they were not again seen. On Nov. 16 a solitary drake appeared in the river at the Holt. He allowed me to sail past him within twenty yards before he started and he flew over my hundred yard before realigning. I had no gun with me at the time but will see the next day when however I could not find him, but on the morning of the 18th I started what was doubtless the same bird from the woods near just above Hunt's Pond. He flew up stream to the head of Powell's bar and dropped close in shore under some willows. Rowing I went back and came suddenly upon him as he was sitting on the mud. He flew a few rods, alighted on the water and was swimming down stream when I fired and killed him. He was in full plumage but was the smallest drake that I remember to have ever seen.

On the list of Ducks seen by me this autumn is not complete without some mention of a bird which I found in Hunt's Pond on the evening of November 1. It was nearly dark at the time and I at first mistook his "wallow" for that of a Woodcock but the lightness of the ripples around my suspicion and hearing the canoe I paddled directly towards him. He was then in shore in a black shadow cast by a thicket of bushes and until I got within twenty yards of him I could see nothing but the silvery ripples which he made. Then I began to make him out - a rather small duck of generally dark coloring with a large head. I hit him down for either a Scaup or a

Concord, Massachusetts.

1894.

Re: name of Field Sparrow

Oct. 11th

Nov. 21

(No 23)

Prig. nest and this impression was confirmed by the manner in which he at length took flight. He dived back past me and quickly disappeared in the gloom following the rain down towards the Hall. On Nov. 4th Woodward Hudson shot a Parula Song (whether the Winter or Lesser Song I could not ascertain) near the Little Y's buildings and this was possibly have been the same bird which I saw on the 1st.

Pied-billed Grebes were accidentally seen on the river this autumn. I saw but three in all, on Oct. 18, on Oct. 20, and on Nov. 1. The one last mentioned was on the bank just below Flinck's Bridge, the other two below Bow's Hill.

I kept a careful watch for Horned Grebes but the experience of this season with that species as an early migrant very convinces me that these Grebes do not ever winter here, visit Concord River.

Thus far I have seen no evidence that we are likely to have any of the "cherry" winter bird. It is very likely Pine Siskin which I heard "in the air" about a week ago on the 18th. I have seen a few small flocks of these Siskins in the Arlington region. It also is the same bird and he also reports that Red Crosses are here about in small numbers.



