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Walter Deane, June 13, 1898.

Walter Deane

William Bennett

Concord, Massachusetts

1896  
March 31

Clear with strong but curiously warm North wind.

I took the 9 a. m. train for Concord where I expect to spend two or three weeks. On reaching the Hayes' I found everything unchanged in that immediate neighborhood. The snow had practically disappeared, save for a few drifts in sheltered places, and the roads are dry & settled but the fields are still as brown as in midwinter.

There were a number of Song & Tree Sparrows in the woods near the greenhouse & Robins scattered about among the trees. In the orchard I saw a pair of Bluebirds & heard a Nuthatch giving the wat-wat-wat call. George Hayes saw another Bluebird (or Heron's Hill) and thinks that they are much more numerous this season than they were last year for she has seen or heard them in many different parts of the town.

After dinner, with Pat's help, I fitted up the Stella Maris canoe and paddled down to Great Meadows where I took a short sail. The canoe leaked badly & the wind was too gusty for comfort so I presently returned. As I passed the Buttricks the wind fell and Red-wings suddenly appeared as if by magic in the tops of the elms & willows along the river, singing. In the orchard a low, muffled tapping attracted my attention to a small, neat & perfectly fresh Downy Woodpecker's hole in a broken branch. The bird was inside quite out of sight but it emerged & flew off as I came under the tree.

Concord, Massachusetts.

1896

April 1

Clear with light breeze from the N. & N.W. Cold last night, the surface of the ground freezing, but warm at midday.

At day break this morning a single Song Sparrow & Red wing were the only birds that I could hear from my window. They soon ceased and silence prevailed for half an hour or more but when the sun got fairly above the hill to the east there was a great outbreak of bird music on every side, numbers of Song Sparrows & Red wings, a Robin, several Juncos & Tree Sparrows, a Bluebird, a Nuthatch etc. but alas! no Meadow Lark.

After breakfast I walked into town. Every thicket along the road side held at least one Song Sparrow & I was worn out of sound of their hoarsely-sweet voices as expression of the sentiment of early spring. In the middle of the village I heard what must have been another Bluebird and what was certainly a heard Nuthatch. No Swallows nor Pigeons although I looked & listened for both, & what is really surprising, no Flickers nor Meadow Larks. Nor have I either seen or heard Rusty Blackbirds as yet.

When I got back at about 11 a.m. the Song Sparrows, Juncos and Tree Sparrows in the weed grown garden at the Hayes were making the most delightful music dozens of birds singing at once. The wild, hoarse voices of the Tree Sparrows rose above all the other sounds. A Bluebird was warbling not far off. Hearing the Nuthatch I followed up the sound & found a pair of birds at their hole in an apple tree near the east end of the greenhouse. The ♂ gave his mate a large white



Concord, Massachusetts.

1896

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grub which she accepted & ate. The ♀ seemed very nervous about her nest (perhaps because I was near) peeping into or entering it every minute or two. Once she took in a long strip of inner bark which she brought from a neighboring elm.

Spelman arrived at 11 A.M. having ridden up from Cambridge on his horse. By way of the top of the hill he had seen four or five Blue jays, a long-tailed junco and a pair of White-winged Crossbills, the last in a patch of pine, the ♂ warbling in a soft undertone.

At 2 P.M. we started down river. It was calm at first but a southerly east wind arose as we reached Great Meadows across which I sailed down-hauled. It was nearly dark when we got our things in order at the cabin & our supper cooked & eaten but we took a short walk the last thing being nothing but a solitary Black Duck flying over the meadows & hearing no bird song of any kind. There were also no Hyles peeping. It is evident they have not begun yet.

A Song Sparrow, a Fox Sparrow & a Phoebe, all along the river path near the cabin were the only small birds noted during the afternoon.

1896

April 2 It rained heavily during the latter half of last night and steadily during most of to-day; a warm rain & S. E. wind through the forenoon but cold with showers of hail & snow & a N. wind in the afternoon.

After Breakfast we started out in the canoe crossing first to the Bedford shore where, near the station, we found a large flock of Tree Sparrows & a number of Song Sparrows & Red-winged Blackbirds in an orchard flying about & singing.

We were paddled down river and into Bedford Swamp. In the flooded meadow near the grove of pines we saw a pair of Black Ducks and in an oak on the edge of the pines a Red-tailed Hawk. The latter flew off in silence when we landed. We looked a little for a possible nest but it soon began raining so hard that we reembarked and returned to the cabin.

In the afternoon we walked to the Mason field and back by way of the Davis Swamp ridges being nothing but two Partridges and a Chickadee or two. The afternoon was gloomy and depressing enough & the woods seemed forlorn & deserted of animal life, yet at least one Gray Squirrel was out for we found his fresh tracks in the newly-fallen snow.

The only Ducks (besides the two Black Ducks) seen to-day were a pair of Golden-eyes and three Gadwall all on the flooded meadows below Davis's Hill.

1896

April 3

Clear and cold with raging N. wind, a most uncomfortable day with icicles hanging on the bushes over the water and the ground in the woods frozen hard & covered with a thin coating of snow. The wind blew so very hard that it penetrated the most sheltered nooks in the pine woods and in the open fields it was as piercingly cold as in mid winter.

We awoke at sunrise but as only a Red wing & Song Sparrow were singing and the <sup>early</sup> morning looked unpromising and disagreeable we did not dress until nearly eight o'clock. After breakfast we walked to the Mason field following the path over Davis's Hill & through Prescott's pines. On the meadows between Ball's & Davis's Hill we found a flock of eight Black Ducks and stalking them under cover of the stone wall which skirts the edge of the meadow approached within about 100 yards and watched them for a long time through the grass. Three or four of these birds had their wings & backs covered with what appeared to be hoar frost. They all looked rather forlorn during watching but drifted or paddled about on the ruffled water.

We saw nothing of any interest inland save a solitary Redpoll which was feeding among some weeds in the Mason field.

In the afternoon we launched Gulman's canvas canoe and paddled nearly to Carhile bridge keeping close in shore to escape the violent wind. On the meadows below Bush Island were a flock of 15 or 18 Gossamers, a number of five drakes among them. They were excessively shy rising nearly a mile away & flying off down wire, but while we were talking a walk in Swift's woods three of them returned & were humming barely 200 yards from where we left the canoe.

1896

April 4

A duplicate of yesterday saw that the wind blew more in the north and did not rise until about 8 a. m. During the remainder of the day, however, it blew a heavy gale & the temperature, despite the warm sun, remained so low that the bushes were thickly hung with icicles when the waves washed them. At intervals during the day, when the wind lulled for a moment, we could hear the tinkling of these ice pendants all along the shore in front of the cabin, the bushes, rocked by the waves, causing them to swing and strike each other lightly.

The early morning was comparatively calm & the air, although frosty, bracing and delicious. When I awoke at daybreak Red-wings, Song Sparrows, and Fox Sparrows were singing. On the 2<sup>nd</sup> & 3<sup>rd</sup> a single bird of the last named species was seen in the thickets along the river very soon on passed that way. Yesterday there were six of these Sparrows and this morning nearly a dozen. I threw out a lot of unsalted oatmeal last evening and the whole flock was on the swelling, before one dawn, eating the oatmeal this morning. When I stepped out they flew up into the oaks and began singing as only Fox Sparrows can sing a single bird beginning, then another & another & another joining in until five or six were singing at once. The frosty air thrilled & rang with their wild, rich notes. I have never heard a finer outburst of Fox Sparrow music. During the next half hour I rambled about in the woods & over the hills watching & listening by turns but seeing nothing but a Crow (who visited the old nest in the pines on Bell's Hill alighting on the edge & inspecting the inside generally), and hearing only a few Song Sparrows & Redwings & a Redpoll Linnet.

1896

April 4  
(No 2)

Mrs. Spelman arrived at W. Salford by the 10 a. m. train & her husband after some difficulty brought her across the meadows & river in his canoe. After dining on the cabin they walked to Concord finding it impossible to paddle up against the wind.

I started in the Stella Maris canoe at 5 P. M. and had little trouble although I shipped a good deal of water in crossing the meadows. It was so cold that the spray from on the deck of the canoe as soon as it struck and every thing soon became encased in ice. Nevertheless a few Red wings & Song Sparrows were singing in the submerged thickets along the banks of the river. I reached the Key's just as the luncheon was getting.

Early last February an unusually heavy rain raised the river to a height which it has not reached before for many years. Immediately after this the weather turned cold and thick ice formed. Then the water hurried rapidly and the ice falling with it caused enormous damage to the trees and bushes which, every where along the river and in the flooded swamps, had become frozen in. Of one hundred or more cedars which I had planted in the Ball's Hill swamp not one so far as I can ascertain is likely to live & grow. Many of these trees were broken short off by the weight of the ice & all were barked & scraped more or less badly. Some of my first young pines are also ruined.

Damage by  
winter flood.

1896

April 5 Sunday. The north wind started up strongly again this morning but its force was evidently spent for it moderated to a pleasant breeze before noon & the day as a whole was sunny & fine although by no means warm.

I spent the forenoon in the house writing. Before breakfast the sunny sheltered slope covered by the orchard north of the house was alive with birds. I counted a dozen Robins and over fifty Blackbirds on the ground at once. Most of the Blackbirds appeared to be Rusties but there were a few Red-wings among them. Many of the Rusties were females.

I heard Song Sparrows singing below my windows the whole forenoon & at intervals the Methodists called.

Later in the afternoon I walked to Dutton's Lane starting a flock of a dozen or more Tree Sparrows from a weedy field on the Hayes place but being nothing else than a Crow a two or a very few Song Sparrows. As I was passing the Dutton house Mr. Dodge (the present owner) came out & joined me. He took me back into his woods & showed me a very tall & beautiful paper birch, one of the largest I have seen in Concord. As we were passing an older run where a small brook takes its rise I remarked that it looked like a good place for Woodcock. I replied that I found a Woodcock's nest & eggs there three years ago.

As I was passing Clark's pasture an one was seen a Grass Finch began singing & presently one or two more joined in & stopped & continued for several minutes. Their song recalled much of the tenderness <sup>their</sup> of undrummer singing. It was twilight at the time (6.45 P.M.)

Grass Finch  
singing in  
twilight

1896

April 6

Early morning clear; remainder of day cloudy. Dead calm most of the time up to 4 P.M. when a fresh S. E. breeze sprang up & lasted until after sunset. Warmer than any day since the 1<sup>st</sup> but with a chill in the air nevertheless.

When I started for the Buttricks at 8.30 a.m. the sun was shining brightly & the river perfectly calm. Song Sparrows, Robins & Red-wings singing in every direction. A Downy Woodpecker drumming in the elm in front of the Keyes', another in the Buttricks' elm and a third near the Manses. A Phoebe in full song near my boat house at North Bridge. A pair of Chickadees in the Buttricks' orchard, the ♀ heard at work excavating her nesting hole which she had carried in & down apparently about 3 inches. I watched her for sometime & started her water whistling by an imitation of his phoebe note. A Starling came into the orchard & waddled softly sitting on the topmost spray of an apple tree gnawing his wings.

The sky began to cloud over before I left the Landing & when I reached the meadows it was wholly gray. A light south-west wind arose and wafted me across the broadest part of the meadows when it fell calm again. I had failed to witness about 100 yards of a pair of Gossamers without apparently causing them much alarm but when I took down the sail they rose at once & flew out of sight down river. As I was approaching them I watched them through a strong glass. They spent most of the time preening their feathers turning well over on their sides, the old drake showing the rich salmon of his lower parts while thus engaged. Occasionally one or the other would stretch up his neck and pointing his bill nearly straight up open & shut the mandibles as if tasting something. Doves & Grackles frequently do the same thing. These Gossamers

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reminded me of Boons in other respects. They have nearly the same way of carrying the head & neck which swimming and the same bold, alert expression. The drake was a superb creature. When he flew I could see the cold red legs & feet stretched out behind under the tail.

There were <sup>many</sup> ~~eight~~ Fox Sparrows at the cabin to day. They had eaten all the oatmeal and when I threw out some more they quickly began feeding on it. Occasionally one would dig in underneath but there was no food or ground hog to day.

As I was standing in the path near the cabin just after dinner I heard a low broken warbling very like that of a Purple Finch singing sother ooo. At first I took it for the voice of a bird but presently I realized that it came from the ground within a few yards of me. Presently there was a sharp rattle and several dry oak leaves were violently agitated evidently by ~~something~~ of some creature forcing its way beneath them. This was repeated many times the rattling & movement of the leaves usually preceding one of the warbling periods & being nearly always followed by an interval of silence. Over several large leaves were flying upward several inches. Although I failed to get so much as a glimpse at the creature I was satisfied that it was a Shrew. It would steadily along the side of the hill near its base covering a distance of nearly fifty yards in the course of ten or fifteen minutes. Its notes were highly musical although it was thin and enough to be heard upon them a few rods away. It did not utter either the fine, wry squeaking which our smaller hoos from their little animals. The cry was much like that of a singing mouse but I do not think a mouse would hear



1896

April 6

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behaved in this manner.

About the middle of the afternoon several Wooded Frogs began croaking over on the Bedford shore. They are the first Frogs of any kind that I have heard this Spring. I cannot understand what makes the Hyles & Wood Frogs so late.

The first Osprey appeared early this forenoon coming in from the South & passing out of sight down river flying at a height of several hundred feet & apparently migrating.

As I was starting for home at 5 P.M. I heard the cry of a Hairy Woodpecker & looking up saw three of these birds cawing at a height that they looked no larger than Swallows.

I had a bird said over the meadows but the wind fell as I approached Flint's bridge & I had little reminder of the way. Robins were singing freely about the houses over the bridge but none have appeared yet in the Ball's Hill region and I do not think that one half the birds which will breed in & about the town have arrived.

The Red-wings & Song Sparrows were singing everywhere just before sunset but the former are not so numerous as they should be by this date.

As I was crossing the Great Meadow I was surprised to see perched on a bush on the little island, near the middle of this extensive & now flooded meadow a solitary Meadow Lark. There was a male Red-wing in the same bush. Is it possible that the Meadow Lark was intending to roost in these bushes?

Concord, Mass.



1896

April 7

A blustering & rather cold day with violent E. wind and great black cloud masses alternating with patches of blue sky through which the sun shone for brief intervals.

Before the wind rose birds sang freely. I heard the usual Song Sparrows, Robins & Redwings at sunrise, through my open window, and also Browned Grackles. A Downy Woodpecker comes regularly every morning between 6 & 7 and ~~drums~~ drums for ten or fifteen minutes on a small, dead snag in the elm in front of the house. Poor fellow! his drum is of the feeblest for the stick is lacking in resonance. He beats at least one other drumming place in the orchard - but the elm is his favorite. He seems to regard weather but little although the drumming period is shortened when the evening is very cold or stormy.

I started for Ball's Hill at the usual time but was detained at North Bridge for over an hour which I spent watching a pair of Nuthatches. The ♀ was busily engaged most of this time in bringing out some long, fibrous material (which looked like fine strands of inner bark) from a hole high up (40 to 45 ft.) in the old elm which stands at the east end of the bridge. This hole was apparently an old knot hole which had been enlarged by Red Squirrels for its edges showed the marks of their teeth. I think the Nuthatch was removing their nest for the material looked like the bark shreds which they use but I was puzzled by the fact that the Nuthatch instead of dropping these shreds carried them in large bills full to the upper side of the branch where she spread them out and tamped them down with some care. She had evidently been ~~at~~ work for some time for when I arrived the upper side of the branch was covered with

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April 7  
(1892)

the strands for a space two feet long by six or eight inches wide. It occurred to me that possibly she had spread them out here to dry for otherwise why did she not fly them down to the ground? Moreover she deposited them on the sunny side of the branch. After finishing this work she flew away with her mate. When I returned from my trip down river late in the afternoon only one small patch less than a tenth of the total material - remained on the branch. The rest might have blown away but this is not probable for the tree was well sheltered by the pine grove to the eastward along the river and although the wind had risen to its full strength before I left the spot in the morning the strands were not disturbed by it.

My passage down river to Ball's Hill would have been different had it not been for the strong current. The wind opposing this raised large white-capped waves down which the canoe tossed & plunged as if on a large lake.

I saw few birds & none of especial interest.

At the cabin my flock of Fox Sparrows had dwindled to four birds none of which sang while I was there.

I spent the day indoors putting things in order & taking no walks into the woods.

The sail home in the late afternoon under double reefed sail was most exciting. No ducks or water birds of any kind to-day.

A Phoebe at North Bridge this morning flew in under this structure and alighting on a beam sat there for a moment quivering his wings & making a noise almost exactly like the rattling of a stringfish but lower & softer. This was repeated several times between intervals of singing.

1896

April 10

Cloudless, the air very clear, no wind until late in the day when a fresh S. E. breeze started & lasted until after sundown. The warmest day of the month thus far the thermometer rising to 60°.

I spent the 8<sup>th</sup> & 9<sup>th</sup> in Cambridge returning to Concord last evening. In Cambridge many of the Cornus were quite green but the grass here has started only along the edge of the river where the water first broke over the frost & then receded leaving the ground bare.

After exposing a dozen plates along the river there were the Mason I started for Ball's Hill at 10 A. M. returning at my usual time (4.30-5.30) in the afternoon. Arthur Gilman & a young friend of his, appeared at the cabin at about noon & dined with me. They had walked down from Concord and reported a Pine Warbler singing on Ripley's Hill and a Tree Swallow at Belmont yesterday. I saw three of the latter & a Kingfisher on my way down the river. After dinner we walked to the Mason field where we started a Carolina Dove. It alighted in a tall oak and cooed thru a number of times. Gilman had never seen this bird before.

There were two Fox Sparrows at the cabin to-day both silent & probably both females. There was also a ~~female~~ Phoebe, singing, and accompanied by a mate. I hope they will nest on the cabin walls.

Common Frog moving all over the meadows to-day. A single Hyla piping in Davis Swamp. Dr. Ingersoll tells me that his son heard a Hyla on the night of the 6<sup>th</sup>. First river maple blossoms out to-day. Three flocks of Green Parakeet over Concord yesterday.



1896

April 11

Cooler with strong N. wind, the sun veiled in thin clouds.

To Ball's Hill at 8.30 a. m. Starting down before the brisk west wind, the Sparrows in full song near the Keyes' and in one or two places along the river. A Great increase in Song Sparrows since yesterday. I saw & heard them every where. At the cabin three different notes being at one time. This is apparently about the height of their migration.

Yesterday afternoon I saw a pair of Redwings inspecting holes in the flats along the river opposite Hilditch's Landing & this morning the same birds (probably) were similarly engaged lower down (just above the Hill).

At noon a pair (perhaps the same) flew over Ball's Hill the usual way. On the way down river I saw five Tree Swallows, four together alighting on sticks & peering into holes, travelling vigorously.

Both yesterday & to-day I heard a Field Hawk, yesterday near the house, to-day at Davis's Hill.

The Ducks appear to have about all gone although Gilman & his friend saw two which they took to be Black Ducks, yesterday, near the Hill.

Grackles were out to-day swimming through & through also. I saw two Woodrats swimming in brooks yesterday & one to-day.

Late in the afternoon a Carolina Creeper gave the Cuckoo call in the bottom brook opposite the cabin & a Dove cooed several times on the Bedford shore.

As I was paddling across the meadows, on the way home I saw a pair of Geese swimming near a cluster of bushes.

1896

April 12

Clear with light S. wind. Ther. 62° at noon.

At sunrise this morning I heard through my open windows Robins, Bluebirds, Song Sparrows, Tree Sparrows, Juncos, a Grass Finch, a Purple Finch, Redwings, Cowbirds, and a Phoebe. By far the best shows, then for this Spring. The Meadow Lark and Flicker are missing here this year. Both are apparently very scarce in Concord. I have heard only two Flickers one opposite Ball's Hill in W. Bedford, then other (two days) near Noterman's Pond. Of Meadow Larks I have seen a pair a little below Flicker's bridge & a single bird in the middle of Great Meadows.

Photographing this forenoon walking to Noterman's Pond by way of Arthur's Lane & Bow Meadow. On my return I traversed a part of the Spruce swamp on the west side of the Noterman's pond wood road. The Spruces are all standing but they do not seem to have grown much since I first saw them. The tallest trees are 40 to 45 ft. high. They all look very green & vigorous. I was surprised to find hemlocks among them standing in water several inches deep in a swamp that is always wet.

During my tramp I heard from a pair Grass Finches and numerous Song Sparrows. At Noterman's Pond a Flicker, a single Redwing & a Chickadee were the only birds singing within my hearing. I flushed six Partridge eyes, four together in one place, two in another.

Saw numerous odd butterflies (six or eight together in sunny groups or patches) and heard innumerable Wood Frogs (the first) but only one Hyla (my third).

It was so warm in the sun that I sought the shade whenever possible.



Concord, Mass.



Concord, Mass.



1896

April 13

Cloudless with light S. wind. Oppressively warm the thermometer rising to 82° at noon and standing at 80° at sunset.

I went to Cambridge for the day - woe's the pity! - so had no opportunity to observe whether this unusual warm was brought with it a flight of birds. It had an extraordinary effect on the general appearance of the country, however. When I walked across the country to the Lowell Station this morning I could detect no signs of green grass save along the water edge. At evening when I returned along this road the southern slopes of the hills and large tracts of meadows were strongly tinged with green and in many places the grass was wholly green and appeared to have grown an inch or more. Thus the change from brown to green fields came in one day.

I heard a Meadow Lark in Hudson's meadow this morning. At Cambridge Robins had greatly increased in numbers since my last visit. Thus I saw five in Hubbard Park & two on our place.

A dozen or more Hylas piping this evening in the Mill Brook meadow but I have not heard a wolly full chorus from them yet.

1896

April 14

Much cooler this forenoon cloudy with a chill N. E. wind, the afternoon calmer with occasional glimpses of the sun through thin clouds.

To Ball's Hill at 9 a. m. Spending the day, as usual, at the cabin & roaming about in the woods.

The warm wave of yesterday has had a most marked effect on the birds. The country was simply alive with them to-day. Indeed I have seldom observed such a sudden and material increase in so short a time at this season. The arrivals were Yellow Palm Warblers (12 to 15), Ruby Crowned Kinglets (2 or 3), Yellow-rump Warbler (1), Swamp Sparrows (2), Savannah Sparrows (1), Barn Swallow (2), Wilson's Snipe (1), Field Sparrow (2)

But this list does not tell the whole tale. The numbers of Robins, Song Sparrows, Grass Finches, Phoebe, Pine Warblers had increased from two to five or six fold and as for White-bellied Swallows I saw not less than three hundred. In fact the last-named birds covered the whole of the Great Meadows as well as the meadows below Ball's Hill flying close over the water in swarms wherever the wooded points gave shelter from the east wind and scattered about numerously enough over the more exposed portions of the meadow. It was delightful to see these graceful birds in such numbers, reminding one of old times when they used to congregate similarly about Fresh Pond. If they were so numerous here to-day what must have been their abundance on the Sudbury meadows. Among them I saw at least one pair of Barn Swallows.

On the Great Meadows about opposite the Hotel I saw what I at first took for a number of mounds of mud left by the ice. A rather careful probing through only

1896  
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(No 2)

field glass failed to dispell this illusion but presently a long neck was stretched up & then another and another and I saw that they were Black Ducks, a fine, large flock containing no less than 21 birds. In the misty atmosphere they looked so that the more distant ones looked as big as Geese. Several pairs apart from the main flock (but included in the above count) were swimming close in shore along the edge of the meadow, feeding, the bounding birds being near the middle of the open water. I watched them awhile & then paddled quietly past them under cover of the wire bank (which is no higher & dry in most places.)

Just below Holden's Hill I came upon a Carolina Duck swimming in the middle of the river. Before it saw me and sank its body it looked as large as a pond-land Duck. Indeed I took it, at first, for a Golden-eye.

Walking to Benson's I heard & saw <sup>two Barn Swallows,</sup> <sup>two Ruby-crowned Kinglets,</sup> <sup>two</sup> various other small birds. A flock of seven Yellow Palm Warblers, two Swamp Sparrows, two pairs of Phoebe's, a Field Sparrow & very many Song & Grass Finches. Several of the last were singing in the pines on the ridge - well back from the field in the upper branches of the trees. The Partridge was drumming on his old log on the water edge of the Davis Swamp. Returning I flushed a Snipe in Holden's meadow. Will Bantlett started two Snipe in front of the Keys' this afternoon.

As I was starting up river at 5 P. M. a solitary Green Heron flew past me hawking loudly & finally alighting on the meadow near the Bedford shore. Pat saw a flock of about 20 migrating this morning. The Black Ducks were all whom I left when this forenoon & must have spent the day near the river.

1896

April 15

Cloudless, the early morning dead calm, a brisk N.W. wind during the remainder of the day. Very warm, therm. 78° at noon.

Near the Huges' this morning I heard Song & Fox Sparrows, a Chipping (the first - another later at Benson's house) Purple Finch, a Chickadee, Robin Jay, Nuthatch, Downy Woodpecker, Meadow Lark (in the field above the barn) Flicker, several Grass Finches, Red-wings and others. As I was crossing the meadows to my boat house a solitary Purple Martin flew over head very high up, waddling incessantly. I had hoped to find the White-bellied Swallows on the meadows but during the passage to Ball's Hill I saw in all less than half-a-dozen & only a straggler or two during the remainder of the day. The immense numbers feeding on the meadows yesterday forenoon must have continued their migration at about 4 P.M. when I saw upwards of fifty pass over Benson's pasture heading due north but flying in their usual leisurely, drowsy manner feeding by the way. At the time I suspected they were leaving us and a little later when I paddled up to Concord I did not see a single individual. I wish I knew when this great flight arrived. Probably they came in early yesterday morning.

Departure of  
the great  
flight of  
the Swallows  
at 4 P.M.  
yesterday.

Nearly all the other migrants which were here yesterday had also disappeared by this morning. I have not seen a single Yellow Robin or Yellow-rump Warbler to-day and the Grass Finches, Song Sparrows, Pine Warblers, Robins & other common birds were reduced to about the numbers which usually breed here. I heard two Ruby-crowned Kinglets, however, & two Fox Sparrows

1896.

April 15  
(No 2)

At about 3 P.M. I heard a Bittern pump in the old haunt on the southern edge of Great Meadows. At sunset and for half-an-hour later he was pumping regularly & vigorously.

The lone Goose is still here. The train which passes at 5.30 P.M. started him from somewhere on the south shore of the meadow and a moment later he flew directly over the east end of Ball's Hill so low down that I could easily have shot him as I stood in the door of the cabin.

Faxon came on this 5.30 train having arranged to spend to-night and to-morrow with me. After dinner we took a walk through Bowen's field and back by Holden's meadow. Swamp Sparrows were trilling, the Bittern pumping, and a Robin singing when we started but it was nearly dark when we got back. Wood Frogs were calling in all my little pond holes and a fair number of Hyles were piping but the Buxard Frogs on the river meadows were making by far the most noise and they kept it up all night without the slightest cessation making it difficult for us to sleep. There were also three Goats trilling near the cabin, an early date for them to begin if I am not mistaken.

At about 11 P.M. we heard a Great Horned Owl hawking & evidently passing over the cabin low down. I have not either seen nor heard one of these Owls before this spring.

The entire night was very warm - like a midsummer night in fact. I doubt if the thermometer fell below 70° but I did not look at it after 5 P.M. when it stood at 85°.

1896.

April 16

Cloudless but with a heavy atmosphere slightly obscuring the sun. Cool calm most of the day but with a light E. wind after sunset. Ther. 82° at noon. An oppressively hot day for the season.

Vegetation advanced with rapid strides to-day. Poplar & horse catkins expanded their minute blossoms and *Hypoxis* was in full bloom. All over the Great Meadows the grass was green by covering, thrusting its blades an inch or two above the surface of the now shallow water.

Within the last two days the pitch pines have turned from yellowish-green to a dark, clear green so exactly like that of the white pines that it is now impossible to distinguish them two trees by the color of their foliage alone.

Late this afternoon mosquitoes appeared in sufficient numbers to cause us some annoyance. Yet there are still snow & ice in sheltered places. In Davis's swamp under the pine ridge we saw this forenoon a field of ice covering half an acre and 3 or 4 inches in thickness.

We arose soon after daybreak and climbed to the top of Bald's Hill just in time to see the sun rise under a narrow belt of clouds which were tinged with beautiful colors. Redwings, Song Sparrows, Swamp Sparrow, a Tree Sparrow, a Robin & a Grass Finch were singing within hearing, the *Pitruca* pumping across the meadows, and a Partridge drumming on the Blackstone ridge. Crows cawed, Jays screamed and a few Barns & White-throats, White Swallows twittered, a Flicker thrummed & a Downy drummed. Presently we turned towards the south and beheld a flock of sixteen Canada Geese coming directly towards us at a height of not over 300 feet, flapping slowly as if tired and keeping dead silence until they were nearly



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(No 2)

one us when with a few low musical notes (probably notes of command from the leader) they changed their course and crossing the river just below the hill quickly passed beyond our sight to the eastward. Faxon thought they saw the ocean and were waiting for it. There was something peculiarly impressive in the silent, majestic advance of those great birds when we first caught sight of them.

As we were eating breakfast a Flicker began shouting on the hill and then breaking off suddenly uttered these shouting notes by twos with intervals between each pair. By the change of direction in the sound we knew that he was flying and rushing to the door saw him cross the river & alight on an oak on the Bedford shore keeping up the interrupted shout during the entire flight. Neither Faxon nor I have ever heard a Flicker shout on wing before.

Flicker sings  
on wing

Some afterwards while at Davis's Hill we made a similarly novel observation on the Pine Warbler, which for the first time we heard utter what seemed to be a real flight song made up of the usual trill with a number of low trills and warbling notes preceding the trill. There were three birds (probably two males chasing a female) darting and twisting about among the upper branches of a pine.

Flight song  
of the  
Pine Warbler

Near the north end of Davis's Hill we came suddenly on a Green Heron! He was perched on the branch of an oak over the river and we looked at him for several minutes through our glasses at a distance of not over 30 yards making absolutely sure of the identification. If I am not mistaken I have never before seen a Green Heron in Mass.

Green Heron

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(No 3)

before May.

We continued our walk across the Mason field to Lawrence's woods, where a Red-shouldered Hawk was seen, and down to the edge of the meadow where our appearance started up a pair of Black Ducks & the Solitary Goose which has lingered sometimes to lay. It is remarkable that he did not join the flock that passed ~~me~~ early this morning for he must have both seen & heard them. He honked vigorously as he saw and flew off down river.

Returning we heard a Solitary Vireo in full song in some dense young white pines near the Mason field. During this walk we noted three chimney Partridges, one on the Mellenon ridge, one at the northern end of Davis's Swamp, the third in Lawrence's woods.

Foxon left for home by the 4:15 train. I took supper alone in the cabin and started for ~~the~~ Concord some time after sunset. The weather was breezy and a few Robins, Red-wings, Song Sparrows, Swamp Sparrows, and Grass Finches being but none of them with much vigor or steadiness.

Twilight was falling when I reached the head of Great Meadows & looked to listen for Injuns. It seemed hopeless to hear anything but the Buford frogs which were making such a clamor as I am sure I never listened to before. It seemed as if there must be thousands of them and their "croaking" and "grinding of teeth" coming from far & near formed a continuous roar ~~disregarding~~ volleys of unrelenting or of several Gatling guns firing at once. However I present

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(No 4)

heard the rasping cry of a Swift and saw two of them  
birds rise against the sky and fly off eastward. Ten  
minutes later five Swifts came whirling past me in a  
close bunch and alighted I thought. I would have been  
ten longer hoping to hear a bird or two down but  
they were not apparently in the wood for this although  
it seemed an ideal evening - so very warm and with  
a young moon high in the west. Perhaps it was  
too warm on the oozy marsh, just uncovered by the  
rapidly falling water, really have offered too great  
attractions.

Evening on  
Great Meadows

When it had become nearly dark the lone Goshawk  
came flapping heavily past me within about 200 yards  
howling incessantly and crossing the path of a  
pair of Night Herons (the first I have seen) which  
were beating <sup>down</sup> on set wings preparatory to alighting.  
I think the Goshawk alighted, also, but I could not  
make sure. When I left the meadows the Frogs  
were making (if possible) more clamor than ever  
and at the Skyes's they & the Toads (very numerous  
to-night) kept up an incessant din until I  
fell asleep.

Digging a hole in the sandy path near the Cabin  
this morning I turned out five or six young Painted  
Tortois which were about as large as silver dollars.  
They were in the nest for with them I uncovered the  
shells of the eggs which had contained them. These shells  
were dry & they looked old & going as if the hatching  
had taken place months ago. The young Tortois were in  
a semi-transparent state & the last seen had not begun to  
increase their activity so I buried them again.

Young  
Painted  
Tortois

1896

April 17

Fair with increasing cloudiness, the sun wholly obscured by  $\gamma$  after 3 P. M. Much cooler than yesterday. Ther. 62° at 8 a. m. A rather heavy thunder shower late in the afternoon with strong E. wind.

To Ball Hill for the day paddling down & sailing back. This thunder shower was coming up when I left the cabin at 4 P. M. and on reaching Thurt's Pond I was forced to stop and put up the canoe tent or hood under which I sat, comfortably enough, writing up my notes for one or an hour. There was a heavy flight of Rusty Blackbirds to-day and while the shower was in progress a flock of upward of fifty were flitting about over the meadow near an occasionally rising & alighting in a wisp to wing. I saw two other flocks during the day, one of about 15 just above Thurt's Bridge, the other of 6 or 8 near the Holt. At Beane Dam Rapid, as I was on my way up river, a flock of about twenty White-bellied Swallows came pitching down from a great height & began feeding close to the water. I think they were migrating & were forced to descend by the shower. A pair of Kinglets also passed near me at about this time. In the evening while paddling down river I saw in the distance a large, light-colored duck swim in under the bank near the feet. Keeping close inshore I came so close to it that it was not twelve feet from the bow of the canoe when it started out <sup>from the shore</sup> and flew off down river. It was a fine drake Goswami. It is seldom that one of these birds can be captured in such a place.

1896

April 18

Clear and dead calm most of the afternoon but with a strong N. W. wind up to windy noon. The afternoon very hot & hotly the thermometer rising to 82°.

Purdie called at the Hayes' soon after breakfast having agreed to spend two days with us at Ball's Hill whither he drove after a brief talk leaving us to follow later by river. Starting at about 11 a. m. I sailed down making very quick time for the breeze was strong & steady.

Will Bantrel and a young friend of his appeared at the cabin at 4 p. m. and we all took a walk together to the Mason field. Birds were either very scarce or remarkably silent. Perhaps they, like ourselves, were oppressed by the heat. It was as hotly as an August afternoon. We saw nothing of much interest save a Hairy Woodpecker and five or six Partridges.

In the early evening Purdie & I walked to Brewster's landing where we sat for an hour or more talking & listening. When it was nearly dark a Goshawk began drumming over the middle of Great Meadows treating us to six or eight repetitions of his weird music. There were two Nuthatches, one in the old place and the other nearly opposite the cabin in a pine with the best Bedford Station. The last <sup>one</sup> new corner evidently, made a sharp "stake driving" sound, due no doubt to the rise of land behind his position but in curious contrast to the deep, watery "plum-piddin'" of the other bird.

1896

April 18

(No 2) I heard the first wally fall chorus of Hylas to night, in the little meadow by the landing but to my surprise there were but few Redpolls & Jays or Juncos calling anywhere. I suspect that they have literally worn themselves out by their incessant efforts during the last two days & nights but perhaps the weather conditions this evening may have had something to do with their comparative silence.

Swamp Sparrows were talking every where along the river after hours. There were also a good many Robins singing. Indeed I fancy that the summer quota of the latter birds is now about full.



1896

April 20

Slightly cooler to-day with a strong, dry north-west wind and absolutely cloudless sky.

I had so much work to do in the cabin to-day that I hardly got into the woods at all and saw nothing of particular interest. A few Red-footed Boobles flying in the oak scrub, Pine Siskins on the Hill, a Bluebird both yesterday & to-day on the W. Bedford shore. At about 10 a. m. I heard several times & very distinctly the chatter of a Bank Swallow. A Green Heron flew across the marsh opposite the Hill. On Converse Great Hill again, I saw him swim out from a thicket of bottom bushes just below the cabin this morning.

Late in the afternoon I went back to the Keys' (Purdie left for Boston by 4.09 P. M. train) paddling all the way. It was a beautiful clear, dry evening just cool enough to be pleasant. I saw nothing of particular interest.

At the Keys' just after dinner, George Keys called me out on the piazza to "hear the birds". He said that at least four or five had just swim from the meadow in front of the house. I heard one skipping just as I emerged from the hall but none afterwards although I worked out on the Causeway & lingered there for an hour or more. A very large muskrat was swimming about crossing & recrossing the river & finally entering the boat house. The Bedford Frogs, Hylas & Toads were very noisy to-night.



1896

April 21 Cloudy with strong S. wind & heavy showers late in the afternoon and through the night.

After breakfast I walked to Derby's Lane seeing three Tree Sparrows and a Sparrow Hawk the latter flying lightly towards the N. E. & perhaps migrating. A large pine which stood on the edge of Derby's brook a few rods from the big hemlock blew down last winter and in the wall of earth adhering to its roots a pair of Phoebe's were to-day building their nest. No doubt they are the same birds which two or three years ago nested in the sand bank at the entrance to the lane.

At 10.45 I went to the Bowditch Station to meet C. & E. R. S. Post roused them down to Ball's Hill I going in my canoe. Soon after dinner I started for a walk with E. R. S. but it began raining & we were obliged to return.

Birds were very silent this afternoon. At evening we heard a Robin, a Song Sparrow & the two Petrels. The one opposite the cabin has moved more to the eastward. There were about thirty Swallows flying over the river in the late afternoon. Most of them seemed to be House Swallows but there were several White-bellies & at least one Bank Swallow. I heard another Bank Swallow & a Martin or two on the Mill Brook meadow this morning.

1896

April 22

The morning broke cloudy with a moderate S. wind and fine rain. As the forenoon advanced the wind hauled over into the N. and the rain first increased and then changed to snow which came thick & fast in large flakes (many of them an inch across) whitening the ground and loading down the branches of the pines. By 4 P. M. the storm ceased the wind went into the N. W. and the clouds began to disperse. At sunset the sky was perfectly clear and the afterglow was unusually rich & deep. The evening was nearly calm and so cool as to be almost frosty. There was a half-moon high in the western sky.

I am thus particular in describing the weather for the reason that the day proved one of peculiar interest not only because of the sudden & wonderful changes but also from the number & kinds of birds that came under my observation.

I spent the forenoon with Pot & Beeson burning a large pile of brush in the lower part of the Prescott lot near the swamp. In the afternoon we visited this fire tower & also planted a number of small pines near the cabin & elsewhere, in the North Hill pine.

I took supper in the cabin and did not start for the Keys' until sometime after sunset. During the ascent of the river I saw at least seven or eight Muskeats by far the largest number observed this Spring. I also saw a Spotted Sandpiper & heard a number of Gulls, two of which were drumming loudly near the upper

1896

April 22 (no 2) end of Great Meadows where I landed and listened to them for some time but of this more anon.

The arrivals to-day were the Brown Thrasher (one in full song in the evening twilight on a hill side near 'Hunts Pond'), Eastern Swallow (one heard distinctly at Balls Hill in the late afternoon), Chipping Swift (one twittering at sunset high in air over the cabin), Spotted Sandpiper (one at Hunts Pond seen this morning by Pat and this evening by me). I also saw my first Marsh Hawk this afternoon (a week skimming along the river near the cabin) and this evening heard my first Great Horned Owl. The latter hooted three times in the direction of Holden's Hill as I was paddling up the Maine Dam Rapid but the sound seemed too distant to come from the Hill and I suspect that the bird was beyond & probably in Mrs. Barrett's woods.

At about 6 o'clock this morning I heard a Crow (Massachusetts) singing near the cabin and in the bushes along the river path found a Hermit Thrush and a Tree & White-throated Sparrows. The Thrush & White-throated whistlers arrived during the night but the Tree Sparrows have been there several days.

It is singular that so many birds should have come last night for the weather was not only thick & stormy but also very cool and these conditions must have prevailed over a rather wide area.

I should have mentioned that C. & E. L. S. left me this morning, starting for Cambridge at 8.30.

1896

April 22  
(No 3)

Despite the cold and stormy weather (or, perhaps, because of it) my Partridges drummed through the entire day at short, regular intervals. I heard the bird on the old wall between Holden's Meadow & Boll's Hill every time we passed and the bird on the pine log at the N. end of Davis's Swamp was equally persistent in the face of still greater obstacles for not only did he have the heavy rain & still heavier snow storm to contend with but our huge bon-fire was built within thirty yards of him and being directly to windward sent down volumes of smoke directly through the thicket where he was concealed. As for noise there was not only the crackling of the fire but the voices of the men and their movements in the bushes as they brought out the piles of dead branches. There was even Bensen's dog who at first ~~at first~~ <sup>at first</sup> rushed off towards the bird every time he drummed but when he did not find him or the Partridge returned very quickly for the drumming went on steadily during the whole forenoon and during the two visits which we made to the fire in the afternoon. I have little doubt that I could have seen the bird had I wished for I could see most of his log from our fire and he drummed once when I was still near - within about 20 yards.

(The next day (23<sup>rd</sup>) was clear and cool with a moderate N. W. wind yet neither Partridge was drumming so far as I could ascertain by walking visits in both fore & afternoon to the places which they frequent. This fact shows that mild, stormy weather suits them at least at times.)

Partridges  
drum all  
day in a  
row &  
from storm

1896

April 22  
(No 4)

Previous to this evening I have not heard a single drum Drumming  
in the day-time for twenty five years or more, but of the single  
8.30 and 9 a. m. one was heard at it over the Great by day  
Meadows within hearing of Bussey's landing but probably  
half-a-mile off. At least the sound was not brought  
perceptibly nearer when I took my canoe and paddled  
out into the meadow as far as the point where  
the old cart path crosses in. I was sorely tempted  
to land and follow up the bird but I had too  
much work to attend to. How much later this single  
kept up his drumming I do not know. It was  
raining heavily and the sky was filled with low  
driving clouds & dark at the time.

Very different were the conditions when at about 10 o'clock  
this evening I landed at the "Swit" and walked out  
into the great expanse of dim greyish meadow.  
Twilight had fallen and the wind had sunk to a  
gentle breeze. There was not a cloud ~~in~~ the sky. The  
half moon gave a subdued light and there was a strong  
afterglow in the west but it was fading fast.

The whole meadow seemed alive with Snipe but they are  
deceptive birds & there may not have been more <sup>than</sup> a dozen  
in all. There were at least two drumming. They kept it  
up without any cessation during the half hour or so that  
I stood listening to them and, I have no doubt, the  
greater part of the night. I could hear other birds  
scaping as they flew about from place to place & over  
I heard the kuc-kuc-kuc-kuc-kuc call given just  
as I remember it years ago when I have seen the bird  
in the act of making it. The Redpolls & Hylas were  
making a great racket but the wild whinnowing of the Snipe  
did about seem to be in the least obscured by it.

1896

April 23

Clear with strong N. wind which died away before sunset, the evening calm and very cool with a moon in the third quarter.

To Ball's Hill at 9 a. m. sailing nearly the whole way with close-hauled sheets. For upwards of two weeks past I have had to keep to the river but during the whole of this time the lower half of Great Meadows has been flooded the water remaining at nearly the same level.

Before starting this morning I saw the pair of *Methastelus* in our orchard but they did not enter their hole. I climbed the tree & examined the hole closely for the first time. Inside there was a fair-sized chamber on the bottom of which but little below the entrance was a nest which in the dim light looked very like a Bluebird's. It was empty & somewhat disarranged but nevertheless deeply-hollowed.

Half-an-hour later I found one of the *Methastelus* busily engaged in collecting inner bark from the dead branch of an ash and taking it into the hole in the elm at North Bridge. I saw only one bird & could not walk out its hole. The ♀ of this pair has nearly as black a cap as the ♂.

I spent most of the day transplanting trees at Ball's Hill. Later in the afternoon the Grebe which has haunted the river ever since April 11<sup>th</sup> down Northy past the cabin. It goes to a certain place to fish for an hour or two in the morning & evening. He is much tamer than he was at first but he very seldom calls. He is in fully adult plumage. What is he doing here? I cannot make out that he has a mate.

I took tea at the cabin & had just finished when

1896

April 23

(No 2)

Stepping to the door I was amazed to hear a single drumming in the distance over Great Meadow. I should as soon have expected to hear a Whippoorwill for the sun was still high - one hour high (it was exactly 6.08 P.M.) and the sky practically cloudless. Hurrying to the canoe I paddled hastily up river to the Stone Dam Rapid and then turning to the left pushed out over the flooded meadow. During the time thus occupied the drumming came to my ears at short, regular intervals but there were so many swallows flying over the meadow that I had reached its center (about opposite the Holt) before I caught sight of the Snipe - two birds flying about together in the full light of the sun, drumming every eight or ten seconds. I had a splendid chance to watch their performance which I shall describe separately on another sheet. They kept it up until sunset when they dropped into the meadow & remained silent until it was nearly dark. After this they drummed incessantly until I left them. I walked out nearly to the middle of the meadow & stood there for more than an hour listening to their wild music. I think there were three birds drumming at once but I could see nothing of any of them. Besides the drumming I heard Snipe scrape a great many times. I also heard another sound which I attributed to them but which was wholly new to me. It was very like three-knee-knee cry but was repeated much more rapidly (at least four I think five knees per second) and was kept up without the slightest cessation for from four to ten minutes. On two occasions the bird was apparently on the ground. On the third occasion it seemed to move from place to place. The Northern Harrier was very late - until it was quite dark. There was a drifting chorus of Robins & Jays & Hylas.

1896  
 April 23  
 (No 3)

I mentioned Swallows flying over the meadow this evening. There were about fifty of them, nearly all Winter-bellies. At first they were scattered about feeding but soon after sunset they gathered into a close flock and dashed back & forth past me a number of times acting as if about to go to roost although there were no bushes or grass or other suitable shelter at hand. What became of them I do not know. They finally disappeared after swooping down past the canoe. It was so dark at the time that I could see them only against the water & sky. I have no doubt that they went to roost somewhere in this meadow.

I heard Cattle Bunk & Barn Swallows to-day but neither species seemed to have moved in force as yet.



1896

April 24 Clear with strong E. wind.

I went to Cambridge to-day. While the train was passing Great Meadow I saw a man with a gun wading over the place where the birds were last winter. Pat afterwards told me that three gunners with a dog were beating the meadow the whole forenoon & that they found a great many times. Also, for the first time since! They did not stay very long for while in the "Buttricks'" this evening I could have been faintly but distinctly - a full mile away.

1896

April 25 Clear and cool with strong S. E. wind.

To Ball's Hill as usual taking part of the way down and the entire distance back in the afternoon.

At about 10 a. m. two juncos began firing on the Squire ground. Within the next two hours I heard at least twenty shots. I watched them for awhile with my glass and saw them pick up on bird. During much of the time they were tramping about among the bushes where my Pittman lives. I trembled for his safety but as I was taking luncheon at evening he began tramping in the usual place.

I saw little of interest to-day save a pair of Hens Drakes flying over the Great Meadows. My Goshawk did not show himself but perhaps this was because of the strong wind and rough water. There were no migrants in the Ball's Hill woods save our Ruby-crown.

The ♀ Nuthatch was in her hole in the elm at North Bridge this morning looking out. Every minute or two the male brought her a morsel of food which she at once accepted & ate.

At evening I saw a Phoebe fly in under the bridge. As I passed beneath it I stopped & looking up discovered a nest apparently finished with the bird's head showing above the rim. The nest was attached to the upper edge of a rafter directly under the planking.

1896

April 26 A brilliantly clear day with strong S. E. wind.

To Fairbourn for the day starting at 9 a. m. and returning late in the afternoon. I took more than half the distance up & practically the whole of the way back.

I saw a solitary Chimney Swift near Red Bridge & heard my first Choke at Nashawtuck Bridge. Another arrival was a Black-throated Green Warbler singing in the big pines opposite Fairbourn Cliffs. Still another was a Towhee which F. Howe told me he had just seen in the Estabrook woods. I expected to hear House Wrens everywhere but not one sang to me all day.

In addition to the Meadow Lark which sang in the early morning near the house, I heard three other males & perhaps four. One was in the meadow near the Pritchard's house and two were singing at the same time on neighboring apple trees at the foot of Heard's Hill. On the way home I heard one in each of these places & a third on the French farm.

There were a good many Martins to-day flying high & wobbling delightfully.

I lunched at Conant's & took my photographs there. Huttonian in bloom in the opening & had its eggs on the cliff.

On the way home lunched at the big pines & went into the upper House wren's for Kalmeglossa. It is much more abundant there than in the Bedden house. The grass is green everywhere now.

1896

April 27 A duplicate of yesterday, cloudless, the early morning calm, a strong east wind rising at about 10 a. m. and holding well into the night.

Spent the day at Ball's Hill paddling down in the morning and sailing back at night. I walked through the woods to Hanson's in the forenoon and sailed down to Birch Island in the afternoon to oversee the cutting of a number of oaks for a fence about the Mason field.

Shore Thrushes are here in force at least. I heard three different notes in full song - one at Ball's Hill in the oak on the edge of the Holden meadow.

The Red-winged Black birds prove me this thing. Up to to-day I have seen none from those usual but there were a good many scattered along the river this afternoon and besides them a flock of fully fifty feeding in a field near the G-tun. The latter kept flying up into the trees & singing in wedges acting altogether like newly arrived birds. There were a few females among them.

The Concord junco with a crutch was hobbling over Great Meadows in the rear of his dog the whole forenoon. He fired his or eight shots down there at 5 m. p.

1896

April 28

Clear with strong S. W. wind.

To Ball's Hill (for the last time this Spring, I fear!)  
sailing down & paddling home at evening.

Spent the day transplanting trees & putting the  
cabin in order for the lovely summer.

Saw a solitary Sandpiper on the river bank (an  
exceptionally early date I believe) and heard two  
Black-throated Green Warblers in the Ball's Hill woods.

During the past three days the number of Robins,  
Red-wings, Chipping, Flickers & Meadow Larks seem to  
have greatly increased. Can it be that migrants of these  
species have come in to help after the arrival of the  
winterers? To-day the whole country seemed to be  
swarming with them & other common early birds. But  
I noted nothing new except the Sandpiper.

Bluebirds have nearly ceased warbling and Song Sparrows  
have become very silent of late. I saw the latter in  
pairs running like mice among the stems of brooms  
& in old grass along the river bank but very few  
of the notes seem to ring over in the early morning.

Swallows have been very numerous these past three  
days. Last evening fully 30 Barn Swallows & nearly  
as many White-bellies were flying over Ball's Hill.  
They are swift yesterday & to-day. The main flight  
has not come yet.

1896

April 29

Clear with east wind.

Spent the evening putting away my canvas and packing my trunk & in the afternoon took the train for Cambridge. No arrivals noted to-day. I listened long but vainly for Holoche's this morning.

1896

May 11

## Boston to Lake Umbagog.

Cloudy and cool with light N. to W. wind. Clearing at sunset.

Left Boston by 9 A. M. train over Boston R. R. and reached Bethel Vegetation at 4.30 P. M. There was but little change in the condition of the vegetation the entire distance. Shed Bush in full bloom everywhere. Apple trees not quite in blossom after leaving Portland (they were in full bloom at Cambridge).

At Bethel saw Barn Swallows, Chimney Swifts, Robins, Chippis, and a King bird. Heard Least Flycatcher, a Warbling Vireo, a Yellow Warbler and a Washburn Warbler besides, of course, Robins & Chippis, no Orioles,

" 12 Spent the forenoon in Bethel. The morning was clear & cool with a flowery rising N. wind. In addition to the birds noted yesterday heard a Dendroica virens, two Warbling Vireos this morning but no Orioles. I doubt if the latter have arrived.

" 12 At 1 P. M. started by Stage for the Lake. C. H. Watrous who joined me on the arrival of the noon train went on ahead on his bicycle.

The drive through to the Lake was one of the most delightful I have ever taken. The air was just pleasantly cool, the sky without a cloud, the mountains wholly free from haze. The only drawback was a strong north wind which pleased the birds & drove them to shelter. Saw comparatively few species Chippis very abundant, fair numbers of Swifts & Barn Swallows, two White-crowned Sparrows, a Greater Yellowlegs on the margin of a semi-artificial pool in a meadow in Crafton. There heard Hawks in Crafton, one Lake Partridge in the north. No Field-sparrows!

1896

May 13

Clear with light but cool N.W. wind; a simply perfect day.

Took breakfast at 6 a.m. and immediately afterward started out with Watkins taking the road east. During the drive from Bethel yesterday I could detect but little change in the vegetation and that little, though to say, indicated a greater advance north of the woods than south of it. Mosswood (*Viburnum Crataegoides*) Shad-bush, Purple Killdeer, Red Cherry & Canada Plum were in full bloom the entire distance. The Paper Birch and Poplars were in about half leaf and cast a good shade. Fly-thruyants in bloom. Dog-tooth Violets abundant by the roadside in most places.

This was the condition of things here this morning. In fact the trees and Herbs in the woods about the Lake were nearly as far advanced as they were in Massachusetts when I left there on the 11<sup>th</sup>. Yet the ice went out of Umbagog only a little more than a week ago. The weather here has been very warm. On May 10<sup>th</sup> the thermometer here rose to 95° the same figure precisely that it reached <sup>on that day</sup> at Bethel, at Portland, at Boston and at Chester, ~~Amherst~~ according to Messrs. Tappan's testimony.

The country was alive with birds this morning. In fact the greater part of the summer residents seem to have already arrived. In the course of an hour I saw or heard the Nuthatch, Parula, Black-throated Blue, Cape May, Blackburnian, & Black & Yellow Warblers, the Oven Bird, Water Thrush and Redstart, the Philadelphia Vireo, a White-crowned Sparrow, numbers of Juncos, White-throated, Chipping & Song Sparrows, a Yellow-bellied Woodpecker, a Kingbird, many Swifts & Barn Swallows & a few Ear Swallows besides others.

Vegetation nearly as far advanced here as in eastern Mass.

Most of the summer birds already here



1896

May 13  
(no 2)

There were at least two Philadelphia Vireos for I heard one singing Philadelphia Vireos after shooting one (which proved to be a male although it was silent). They were in old-growth yellow birch & beech woods in the deep hollow just east of the Brown clearing.

In this Brown clearing we heard a Woodcock peeping last evening and we searched the covers in the neighborhood closely this morning but without success although we started the male bird on the upper side of the cart path where it crosses the run. Higher up on the hillside in a thin growth of <sup>young</sup> poplars & birches with a few young Hemlock & balsams intermingled Watson found a Hermit Thrush's nest containing 4 fresh eggs. The nest was in the side of a mound covered with last year's bracken most of them broken down, some partially over arching the nest which, however, was so exposed the W. found it without flushing the bird which, indeed, he did not see at all. Hermit Thrush

In the afternoon I crossed the Lake House with Jim in a new sailing canoe which he made for me last winter a larger & ableer sailing canoe than any that I have ever before used. At the mill I changed to my old canoe which I paddled back. Visit Lake House

There are few stubs left in the Lake House meadows the lumbermen having cut most of them down. I saw no White-bellied Swallows and but few Howard Grebes there. Stubs nearly all gone

In the evening Watson & I walked to the Sargent clearing hearing a Wilson's Thrush calling by the Lake House & two Woodcocks peeping in the hilly pasture about 1/2 S. of Sargent's house. One bird rose & sang three or four times. Very Woodcock

1896

May 14

Clear and warm although there was a rather fresh N. wind after 10 a. m.

Arrivals: Swainson's Thrush (1 calling, 1 singing at evening) Wood Thrush (1 calling at evening) Bobolink (heard chinking high in air at 10 a. m., one in full song in the fields near the house at noon).

Arrivals.

Watrous & I spent the better part of the forenoon in the woods & thickets at the east end of the Brown clearing. Our especial object was to find the Woodcock's nest which I was lucky enough to stumble on after about an hour's search. It was near the lower end of the run about midway between the cart path and the road on a low mound covered with Blueberry bushes & dead brackles, surrounded by scattered willows, spruces & balsams but in a clearing freely exposed to the sun. I had stopped for a moment to look around when the bird rose within about 8 ft. of me & I at once saw the nest & eggs. The latter were quite fresh but two of them had cracks radiating from a common center & warning us think at first that the eggs were about to hatch. I took five photographs of this nest and one of the nest of the Hermit Thrush which W. found yesterday. The bird was sitting to-day. I put up my camera within three feet of the nest & she came back to her egg three or four times but she flew off the nest each time I returned before I could bring the shutter. After the first failure I built a booth of pine boughs about the camera. This did not deter her from returning her place but it also did not keep her sufficiently from her own eyes. We left this nest unobscured & I shall again try for a picture.

Nest of WoodcockPhotographing nest of Hermit Thrush. Behavior of sitting bird.

Watrous found a Partridge's nest with four eggs. It was under some fallen branches near a fence & only three or four rods from the road. The bird ran off out of sight but she left all but one egg covered with leaves.

1896

May 14

(no 2)

In the afternoon we went down into the Baker House Cove parking west of the way. Landing at Parker's brook we had a drink at the spring and started a White-crowned Sparrow from a fallen log - a beautiful bird to learn that I got within 8 ft. of it. There was a ♀ White-throat with it and the two acted precisely as if they were mated.

White-crowned  
Sparrow.

Six White-bellied Swallows (evidently three pairs) were flying about the stubs opposite the mouth of the brook. There were also a number of Red-wings & Browned Grackles among the stubs & in the flooded thickets. We took two sets of 4 eggs each of the Grackles from nests in young balsams on an island near the Baker House Landing. There were three Grackles' nests in one small balsam but only one had eggs & another was certainly an old nest. One old nest was placed in a tall alder.

Tree Swallows,  
Red-wings,  
Browned  
Grackles.

We saw two Solitary Sandpipers, both on floating drift wood in coves on the wooded shores of the lake.

Solitary  
Sandpipers

After tea we walked to the Pearly White farm. Birds strangely silent although the evening was clear & still. Near Sargent's flushed a Spotted Sandpiper from a bank on the roadside in which we found a hollow with the beginning of an nest. Just behind Sargent's barn were three White-crowned Sparrows hopping about together on the turf, a beautiful sight.

Nest of  
Spotted  
Sandpiper.  
White-crowned  
Sparrows

Reaching White we sat down on a knoll on the edge of a grove of young pasture spruces. Twilight was gathering fast. A Grass Finch & several Savannah Sparrows singing in the fields below us. A White-crowned Sparrow flitting along a bush fence calling whit (very like a Chipping Sparrow but a little faster & more guttural). A Swainson's Thrush sang a few bars in the spruces. A Hermit called out would not sing. Then a Wood Thrush gave his hoarse, rattling challenge (whit-tit-tit-tit) a dozen times or more within thirty yards or less. We mistakingly took this call in the still

White-crowned  
Sparrow.  
Wood Thrush

1896

May 14

(no 3)

evening air, Watrous heard it first & at once exclaimed "there's a Wood Thrush". I was missing a vein at the moment & the notes failed to reach my ear so I replied "there are no Wood Thrushes in this region". But the next instant I had to acknowledge my mistake.

A Robin also sang finely in their offices & a Savanna Sparrow sang twice apparently well in among the trees which grow very densely.

We now retraced our steps to the Salpeter pasture where we found two Woodcock singing & piping, both unusually fine performers with full, rich voices. Perhaps this rarefied air helped them a bit but certain it is that I never remember to hear such sweet & strong tringes before. Watrous who has no sentiment about such matters & who has heard the Woodcock sing here for the first time ~~has~~ expressed strong appreciation of the song this evening. It is surprising that any one can deny its great musical merit. It does not suffer by comparison with the many fine bird songs of this region but, on the contrary, seems to be one of the most delightful of these. The birds were about 200 yards apart, one in a perfectly open, rough, hewn-workly pasture 100 yards from any cover, the other on a springy flat sparsely covered with young willows, poplars & other saplings.

Song of the  
Woodcock



1896

May 15

Clear and warm, the forenoon dead calm, a fresh breeze from the S.W. in P.M.

Arrivals - Troglodytes aedon, Dendroica castanea  $\frac{1}{4}$  ♂, Geothlypis trichas  
Dendroica virens, Geothlypis trichas  $\frac{1}{4}$ , Habia ludoviciana  $\frac{1}{4}$ , Cortophas  
bonelli  $\frac{1}{4}$ .

Spent the forenoon on the lake with Watsons rowing across to B. Point and up the east shore to the deep, narrow cove near the Lizard Head & sailing back at noon. Landed in the cove behind B. Point and spent about two hours roving about in the fine old Birch & Spruce maple woods on the hill W. of the Stone farm. Many Woodpeckers in these woods. Saw a Hairy, three Downies and two pairs of Yellow Bellies. There are no few stacks left about the lake that the Woodpeckers seem to have nearly devoured it there. A White-bellied Nuthatch in these Birch & maple woods.

A Hawk was circling among the stacks on B. Point, a ♂ Buteo calurus sitting in a birch over the water & so tame that we paddled nearly under him, a pair of Whistlers, a single ♀ Whistler, and a Black Duck in the cove just W. of the point. Two Bay Breasted Warblers singing in these woods beyond. Yellow rumps abundant all along the shore. Killed a Flying Squirrel from a hole in a stack which stood in the water 20 ft. from shore very near the site of my old bat tree.

In the narrow deep cove saw the cut out hole where Alon Cookley & I took a set of Hairy Woodpecker's eggs in 1880 or 1881.

Spent P.M. searching the Sargent opening for Woodcock's nests. Flushed two ♂♂ & 1 ♀ but found no nest. Watsons stumbled on a Partridge's nest on the edge of an alder run. I sitting & so tame that she did not move when W. struck the brush possibly not 6 inches above her head with his stick. He did not disturb her by examining the nest. I found a Hermit Thrush's nest with 4 fresh looking eggs in poplar sprouts, about 18 ft. from edge of pasture. Shot a Blue-winged Finch in a brush fence by roadside at least 7 hours ago

Woodpecker  
have left lake  
shores & taken to  
upland woods.  
Sitta carolinensis

Hawk  
Broad w. Hawk  
Ducks  
Bay Br. Warbler  
Yellow rumps  
Flying Squirrel

Woodcock  
nest of a  
Partridge  
nest of  
Hermit Thrush  
Blue-winged Finch

1896  
May 16

Lake Umbagog.

A fair day with strong N.W. wind and May filled with diving birds

I spent the forenoon working on the new corner with Jim & finally sailing  
over to the Bull House to get some acorns to preserve the birds' track  
which I shot yesterday. Three adult Herring Gulls circling over the lake.

Herring Gulls

Flushed a Black Duck near the floating island and a fine ♂ Wood Duck  
in a cove of B. Point. The latter flew only a few yards, then dropped back  
into the water among some drift wood.

Black Duck

Wood Duck ♂

Watson spent the morning searching the woods on the corner in the deepest  
opening. He found a Partridge's nest with bird sitting but did not  
disturb her. He also found two Song Sparrows, one with 5 the other with  
2 eggs. Immediately after dinner he found another Partridge's nest (his  
fourth in four days) on the wooded hillside just east of Salside & only  
about 30 yards from the road. He saw the sitting bird about 15 yards off.  
He visited this nest together an hour later & again an hour after that. The  
bird was on both times, at 6 P.M. she was about & the nest proved to  
contain 5 eggs. At 7 P.M. she was also not sitting but I think I heard  
her quite; the ♂ was drumming at 5 P.M. on the hillside about 30 yds. from nest.

Partridge

nests.

5

Last night we heard a woodcock purring & chirping for the first time on the  
knoll S.E. of the house. We searched for the nest this P.M. following the  
edge of the woods from the hill top down. About 50 yds. below the road  
Watson flushed a bird among dense spruces, 30 yds. further down on the  
edge of the little fern-ground opening within 20 yds. of the Salside opening  
where I have shot so many woodcock in September past - I found the nest.  
It was at the foot of a little balsam (2 ft. high) on a mound covered with  
dry leaves & so conspicuously placed that I saw the two eggs, 15 yards away  
for the bird was not sitting. This nest was within 20 yds. of one that I  
found in 1890.

Woodcock's

nest

1896

May 16  
(422)

After leaving the Woodcock's nest in the trunk across to the Brown clearing & visited the Hermit Thrush's, & sitting but they being at 10 to 15 feet. Tried to photograph her but failed & finally took both nest & eggs. Then visited Partridge's nest near the road. This about .6 eggs, all unincubated.

Hermit Thrush's  
nest.  
Partridge's  
nest

Went to deep hollow in Abbott clearing! George Abbott's deserted farm & finally back to tea at 6 P.M.

Three Cape May Warblers heard singing this P.M. They seem to be getting for the summer as I find the same birds in the same places day after day. Two of them were in pasture spruce, the third on the edge of the woods with a Kinglet (R. satrapa), a Black-crowned, Yellow-rumped Black-throated Blue and Nashville Warbler, a Red-bellied Nuthatch, and a White-throated Sparrow, also a Parula Warbler, singing within an acre of an acre or less.

Cape May  
Warbler.

At evening went up on the knoll behind the Barn to hear the Woodcock. He came flying from the cover at 7.30 and skimming close over the ground alighted well out in the field & began peeping. For half an hour or more he sang at least as often as once in two minutes & sometimes at intervals of only a minute. Once I watched him through my glass during his entire flight, but made out nothing new. He pitched down very steep incline which heaping he had no particular peeping station but alighted at different places. This pasture is fully 300 yards from the nest. I doubt if the peeping can be heard at all at the nest but the song can be, easily.

Song of the  
Woodcock



Lake Umbagog.



red

1896

May 17

Morning clear and very warm with light S. W. wind. P. M. cloudy with showers of fine rain, a clear evening.

Started out with Watson immediately after breakfast taking my camera. Visited the Partridge's nest near the house first but the bird was absent. Next tried the nest in the tall alders near Sargents. Bird on. I took one photograph at about 10 feet then tried to get another at 5 feet but after I had adjusted my tripod the bird started to run off. Left her for an hour but on returning found her sitting in the alders near the nest.

Partridge's  
nest.

We then crossed the pasture to the W. end of the Peasey White farm where Watson showed me a Partridge's nest which he found yesterday. It was in a very exposed place, quite outside even the outer line of wild cherry & other underbrush that formed the border of the woods in the side of a mound under a few dead Willows (the remains of an old bush fire) in the full glare of the sun and actually in the field itself rather than in the edge of the woods. I took three photographs & started the bird while trying for a fourth at a distance of about 4 feet. He did not return although he visited an hour.

Partridge's  
nest.

We then went back to the nest in the alders. Bird on but wild this time starting when we were 10 ft. off.

I next took three photographs of the Hairy Woodpecker's nest found on the 15<sup>th</sup>, but of the bird while sitting working my camera behind a rail fence about 12 ft. off.

Spent the afternoon in the house writing.

At dinner this evening a White-crowned Sparrow sang loudly for an hour or so near the house. Later I found three birds, all adults, behind the barn where they spent the day. I was not sufficiently under cover to note them accurately but it impressed me at the time as being wild, clear & very musical.

White-crowned  
Sparrows.

We saw one of these Sparrows yesterday afternoon in a pasture among fine-chained thorns. They seem to avoid the woods & to haunt especially the neighborhood of house barns & the woods' edge.

1896

May 17  
(M 2)

## Lake Umbagog.

Despite the warm weather of the past three days vegetation does not seem to have advanced very materially. The poplar & Birch foliage has perhaps thickened a little but there is still little shade save under evergreens. Kilkinnis continue in full bloom and the Shad Bush, Hobbler Bush, Red Cherry & Canada Plum have not begun to cast their petals. The woods are simply charming here at this season and neither Black flies nor mosquitoes have begun their tortures.

Many birds arrived last night but the only two new to my list were the Canadian Warbler & Red-eyed Vireo. The latter were abundant & in full song everywhere this morning. I also heard at least two ~~solitary~~ Philadelphia Vireos. There are no Solitary Vireos here this year and perhaps to say, no Cuckers (Cettus) while the Golden-crest Kinglets & Winter Wrens are so scarce that there for I have noted only one of each.

Maryland Yellowthroats numerous this morning for the first time.

Our Lakeside Woodcock fairly outdid himself to night. He began peeping at about 7.30 in the field below the road about ten yards from the edge of the cove and not over 60 yards from the west. I thought at first that he was going to sing here but after peeping at rather wide & irregular intervals for a few minutes he rose and flew to the top of the hill behind the barn (the old place), skimming low over the ground but rising four or five feet above the top strand of the barbed wire fence as if aware of its position and danger. Upon reaching the hill-top he began his long flights going up every minute or minute and a half for the next half hour but ceasing before it became quite dark. His mate probably laid her third egg to-day but we did not visit the nest to see.

Vegetation.Meadow.Philadelphia VireoScarcity of  
Cuckers, Kinglets  
Winter WrensWoodcockSings nearly  
200 yards  
from nest.

Lake Umbagog.

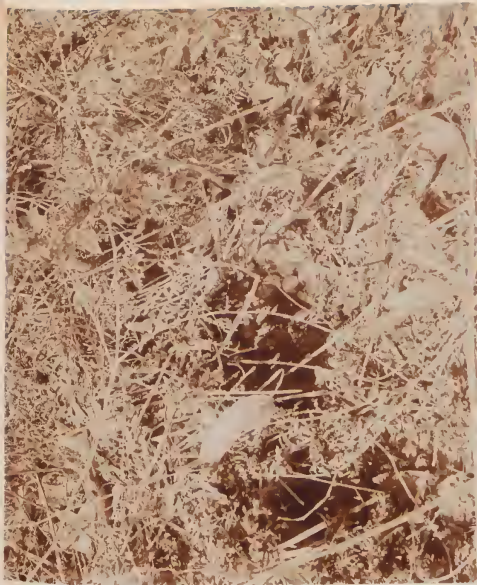


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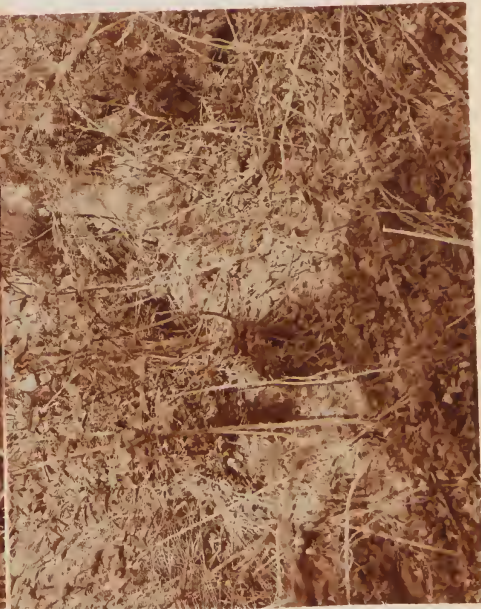


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266

1896  
May 18

Cloudy with showers. High S. W. wind.

At 7 A. M. as we were sitting on the piazza a Red-headed Woodpecker in fully adult plumage came flying over the meadows from the direction of the lake and alighted on a fence post nearly in front of the house. He then flew from post to post and finally entered a young apple orchard where he was at once attacked with great fierceness by a Robin who quickly drove him off into the woods.

Red-headed  
Woodpecker

A pair of Ospreys hunted this end of the lake and are frequently in sight from the house. They are certainly Successful chiefly. One yesterday one of them flew past the house within 200 yds. carrying in its feet one of those large fish which seemed to be alive and slowly waving its tail from side to side although this movement may have been caused by the bird's flight.

Ospreys  
catching  
Salmon

First apple blossoms out to-day. The vegetation under the influence of the warm rain advanced rapidly and by evening the roadside thickets of alder, mountain maple, cornel etc. showed very green with the unfolding leaves.

Vegetation  
First apple  
blossoms.

In the forenoon I went out in the baiting canoe, sailing to Upton & heading back. Watson searched the woods on the largest farm going hunting up there or four Woodcock in a new place, to which we returned together in the afternoon making an explorative search but finding nothing although we started several birds at least one of which was a ♀. They acted as if they were not breeding at all. The canoe was "bowed" & "chattered" from one end to the other.

Woodcock

Saw three Garter Snakes and a large Hare. The latter hopped to the top of an old crumbling firm stump where he sat motionless for several minutes, we standing within ten feet on either side. I layed

Garter Snakes  
Yarnie to a

1896

May 18

(42)

for my camera. It was a rare chance for the background & light were exceptionally good & the animal singularly graceful & striking in pose. It was in full summer pelage. One side of its face was literally covered with bleached wood ticks which looked like so many great black warts.

Watrous this morning found a Hermit Thrush's nest on the knoll behind the Belmont house and a Partridge's nest within 15 yds. of the road at the head of the Great Cove on the very edge of the woods but well-concealed, nevertheless, under some dense young cedar vines although from one spot in the wood the sitting bird could be plainly seen with a glass. I saw both nests this afternoon. The Hermit's contained four eggs of which one was slightly spotted. We did not disturb the Partridge as I wish to photograph her. We also left the Hermit's eggs. Her nest is in an opening among some little Balsams (about a foot tall) deeply sunk in the ground - a typical situation

Nests of  
Hermit Thrush  
and  
Partridge

1896

Lake Umbagog.

May 19

Morning cloudy with heavy showers. Afternoon clearing with strong N. W. wind.

Arrivals Lepidodactylus t. alvorum (1/2) Arripis cellonum (2)(29),  
Sylvania pusilla (1/2). General arrival of Sylvania canadensis.

- Watsons went to Mollidgwauk with Mr. Sweet this morning to search for Spruce Partridge's nests. They found abundance of sign - dusty hollows etc. - but saw no birds. In a larch forest near the river they flushed a Woodcock.

I visited the Woodcock's nest near the Belleisle Landing & found it deserted, with shell over the two eggs. Photographed it & took the eggs. Then sailed over to B. Point where I found a number of land birds including several Canadian Winters. Next crossed to Sargeant's Cove which was alive with Swallows & Swifts, chiefly Barn & White-bellied Swallows with a good sprinkling of Barn & Bank Swallows. There were many others scattered about over the lake.

In the afternoon Jim brought over the new canoe with a new sail which I tried with some risk for the wind was violent and "squally".

Watsons took a long walk eastward bringing in a Hermit's nest with four fresh eggs, which he found near the Paden Spring.

At evening walked to the Brown clearing. On the way then heard one Belleisle Woodcock "pomp" & "pitt" eight or ten times in the cover just about the road, several rods in, before he flew out into the pasture to begin his regular work. The bird in the Brown clearing was in full song when we reached there. Hermit's Winters & Red-bellied birds sang for some minutes later than this.

Spruce  
Partridge  
"Sign"  
Woodcock

Swallows  
Swifts

new  
canoe

Hermit's  
nest

Woodcock



Lake Umbagog.



dry

4

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1896

May 20

Clear with W. to S. W. wind moderate to strong.

Spent the forenoon photographing visiting four Partridge's nests which  
Watson has found and getting five pictures of all the nests and ~~of~~  
three of the sitting birds. The fourth bird started before I could  
get the camera in position. One nest (the one last referred to) with  
7 eggs is on the east side of the Brown opening, another in the  
woods just east of Lakeside, a third at the head of Inset Cove,  
and the fourth (the nest visited on the 17<sup>th</sup>) on the W. side  
of the Parley White opening.

Photographing

During my walk I heard two Cape May Warblers singing & saw Cape May  
one of them probing the terminal buds of a tall Spruce after the Warblers  
habit of this species.

While crossing the Parley White opening I started a Savanna Sparrow nest of  
from some short, fine dry grass where I found a deep hollow Savanna Sp  
lined with a few grass-blades - the beginning of a nest probably.

There were three Broad winged Hawks on the edge of the woods Broad wing  
near the Partridge's nest in the White clearing, two warbling in Hawks  
cries together screaming, the third sitting on a stub near me,  
also screaming. I hear these Hawks every day.

In some pasture spaces lower down the hill I had an interesting Varying  
experience with two Hares. One a very large animal in full summer Hares  
pelage started from its form under a young Spruce and hopped off a  
few rods when it joined, or was joined by, the other a smaller  
specimen with much white about the ears. After this the two  
kept together moving along slowly rubbing at the vegetation as  
they went. I tried hard for a photograph but although they  
would allow me to approach within 10 or 15 feet they would  
not remain still long enough for me to focus them.

Spent the afternoon in the house. Our Woodcock & the Brown cherry  
bird in full song this evening.



hills

70

crest



7

hills

1896  
May 21

Take Time to Log.

Clear with moderate W. to S. E. wind, E. in the afternoon.

Photographing again this morning under the most favorable conditions for the light was very clear & strong and in the woods the wind did little harm.

Visited three of our Partridge's nests and photographed two of the sitting birds but the third, the one on the eastern edge of the Brown clearing was too shy to allow me to focus on her. Watson took two sets of eggs in the afternoon. The bird in the Ballsale woods was spared. After an interval of several days she laid a sixth egg this morning (there were but five yesterday). Still more remarkable, however, is the fact that the bird nesting at the head of the Sweet Corn near Mrs. Sweet's, laid an egg to-day between 12 noon & 3 P.M. When I photographed it at the former hour there were as my plate shows and as I made certain by several careful counts, but 10 eggs. But at 3 P.M. Watson found 11 in the nest. Moreover when we blew them, we found that one egg was perfectly fresh while the other ten were all incubated some four or five days.

Two of the Cape May Warblers which we have located were singing in the usual places this morning. I did not have an opportunity to visit the haunts of the other three. These Warblers are evidently among the most sedentary of all birds. There can be no question that they are now settled for the summer and intending to breed.

Since the Red-eyes have become numerous I have lost track of the Philadelphia Vireos. At least some of them must have remained but all the birds that I have followed up lately have proved to be Red-eyes.

Photographing

visit to  
three different  
partridge  
nests

Cape May  
Warblers

Philadelphia  
Vireos.

1896

May 21

(No 2)

Early this morning I found a Cat-bird in a thicket of raspberry & elder bushes by the roadside in the Brown Cherry. at nest.  
It was silent, listless & tame appearing to be tired as if it had only just arrived which, indeed, must have been the case as I have passed the place every morning for the last three days.

In the same thicket I saw a male Red-wing this day. image  
There was one chick in the White Pasture yesterday. birds

My Savannah Sparrow's nest in Lakeside meadow had two eggs this afternoon. The male birds within from 20 to 60 yards of this nest. There are in all three pairs - or at least three males - in this meadow. Savannah Sparrows

In the afternoon we tried to photograph a Porcupine which Watsons caught in the Sargent opening & brought in yesterday. It proved a difficult task for the light was poor & the brute proved as stubborn as a mule marching off steadily like a big mud turtle when left for a moment on the ground and when driven up a tree making or threshing his tail viciously usually starting to climb a little higher just after I had focused him and was about to expose the plate. I got on a two fair exposures, however. Photography  
Porcupine

Apple trees in full bloom to-day and the foliage in the woods growing rapidly denser. apple trees  
in bloom

Saw a Red-start beginning her nest this morning literally laying the first strands - in the fork of a maple in the woods east of Lakeside. Red-start  
begin nest

Lake Umbagog.



Lake Umbagog.



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1896

May 22

## Lake Umbagog.

Head of Lake Pine Point.

Forenoon cloudy with S.W. wind and light showers. Early afternoon clear & warm. A Heavy Thunder Shower accompanied by a gale of wind from the N.W. in the late afternoon.

Jim Bonnier opened the camp at Pine Point two days ago and Watsons & I joined him this morning. On the way up the Lake we saw two Ospreys, a Great Blue Heron, two Loons, a drake Golden-eyed Duck and a great number of Swallows. The last-mentioned seemed to be pretty evenly distributed over the whole Lake.

We open  
the camp  
Big birds  
Swallows

Despite the gloomy weather the woods on Pine Point seemed more beautiful than ever when we landed there at 9 A.M. Having never visited the place before in Spring I was eager to know what birds were found there. Before the steamer reached the float I heard a Water Thrush singing in the cove and the voices of Red-bellied Nuthatches, Parula, Yellow-rumped, Blackburnian, and Black & Yellow Warblers greeted me from every side as I followed the foot path to the camp. Swifts & Barn Swallows were flying just above the trees twittering. A little later a Winter Wren, only the third I have heard about the Lake this year, burst into song close behind the camp. There were no Sparrows of any kind & no Bay-breasted or Black-throated Green Warblers. (The last seems to be a rare bird at Umbagog this year) I heard one Vireo, either a Red-eye or Philadelphia. After dinner Watsons followed the wood road to Rapid River but saw nothing of much interest. He reported numbers of Warblers but he does not know them well enough to identify them.

Small  
woodland  
birds  
none  
heard

During a walk which I took to Agood's Point between 5 & 6 P.M.



1896

May 22  
(no 2.)

I added a number of species to the list just given. The thrush had passed and the sky was perfectly cloudless when the sun, low in the west, sent a strong, clear light deep into the recesses of the woods, penetrating and illuminating places which are ordinarily deeply shaded. The wind had fallen and there was scarce enough to shake the drops from the foliage wet with the recent rain. A fresh, <sup>pleasant</sup> ~~strong~~ perfume of balsam & innumerable other delicate odors came from every side.

One could walk along the leaf-strewn path without making the slightest noise. It was one of those rare & precious hours that come but a few times in a season even in this beautiful wilderness. How the birds sang and chirped and twittered! Probably every one of them that had a voice, good bad or indifferent, was using it.

The woods were alive with Woodpeckers, Thrushes, Nuthatches etc. Black-burnian Woodpeckers were the most numerous, Parula Woodpeckers next in number. I heard their long-breasts sing up between the camp & Duck Cove and saw a female, an unusually handsome male, at Osypod's company ground where a loose flock of ten or a dozen birds including a Wilson's Black-cap, a Canadian Woodpecker, two Redstarts, two Black-burnians, a Black & Yellow, a Yellow-rump, a Nuthatch and a Chickadee were flitting about just down, feeding. They were so low down and in such a strong light that their varied and beautiful colors and workings showed to unusual advantage.

In the birch grove a pair of Great Flycatchers were quarreling & chirping furiously. From two or three places along the shore rose at short, regular intervals the gushing songs of as many Water Thrushes.

A Winter Wren sang well back in the woods. Swainson's Thrushes were out in great force calling & singing in every direction & flitting on ahead of us among the thickets of young Balsams & Spruces.

In the distance we could hear Woodpeckers drumming, an Olive-sided Flycatcher calling, and now & then the ringing song of a White-throated Sparrow. A Kingbird rose above the woods, twittering &

\* Birds  
Singing at  
evening in  
Rice town

1896

May 22  
(No 3)

plunging just as we reached the camp. During our walk I heard several cries one of which was certainly a Philadelphia and two or three Red eyes. The Philadelphia had a wild, clear voice & several notes almost exactly like a Solitary Creeper's but the intervals between the notes were wider than with either the Solitary or Red eye. I did not see the bird but it must have been a Philadelphia. There were no Brown Creepers or Golden Crests & no drumming Partridge but <sup>of the great wing were camp.</sup> Watson saw a hen.

After tea at about 6.30 P.M. Watson & I rowed across the Lake and entered Rowland's Pond passed around the north side of the island and back by way of the Andersons & Richardson's Carry. The water was so high that the only land we saw was on the island. It took the fore part of an hour to touch bottom on the Moon Point marshes.

We saw three Ducks (two Black Ducks, a pair, evidently, and a Solitary ♀ Gooseander, all flying) two very Black Bald Eagles one on the Eagle tier, the other on a stub on the island) several pairs of Snowed Geese, four White-bellied Swallows, a ♀ Marsh Hawk & a Crow. A Cat-bird was in full song on the island and Song Sparrows were very numerous among the stubs hundreds of yards from any dry land, but strange to say there were apparently no Swamp Sparrows. The most numerous of the singing birds were the Water Thrushes which literally swarmed especially along the north shore of Rowland's Pond where for a big different notes were often being uttered having at one or another, they sang in quick succession so that one song immediately followed another. We heard <sup>also</sup> among the stubs or brushwood a Wilson's Thrush, an Olive-back, ~~and~~ two Maryland Yellow-throats, and one Red-winged Blackbird.

Just as we were leaving the place a Thrush which was either a Gray check <sup>or</sup> a Pickwell's gave the night hawk a jump <sup>or</sup> then began singing keeping it up for 10 minutes or more. It was among half submerged <sup>willows</sup>

...  
...  
\*  
Evening at  
Rowland's Pond

1 Lake Duck  
Goosander.  
Lake Eagle.  
Marsh Hawk  
cat bird  
Song Sparrows

Water Thrush  
Wilson's Thrush

Gray check  
Pickwell's Thrush

1896

May 23

Clear with fresh N. W. wind

Pine Point.

I spent the forenoon at camp helping Jim work some alterations in the new sailing canoe. A Yellow-billed Cuckoo calling among the spruces just above the landing. The woods all over the point alive with warblers.

Impedonal  
quercus  
woods alive  
with warblers

Watson scoured the country to the eastward (where Mason logged several winters ago) and coming in at noon reported finding a Red-bellied Nuthatch's nest and also the nest of a Downy Woodpecker. Immediately after dinner Jim and I accompanied him to these nests taking a long rope, axe, saw etc. The Nuthatch's nest was in a balsam stub about 15 ft. above the ground. Watson sawed off the stub three, or four just above the hole, over a little below it, and again below the nest which contained a set of his eggs to near hatching that it is doubtful if we can see them. The ♀ was sitting. She came out when we topped hard on the stub & we did not see her again. There was much pitee about the hole.

nest of  
Canada  
nuthatch

The Downy's nest was about 35 ft. above the ground in a very rotten yellow birch stub. Watson threw the rope across near the hole and attached both ends to sound trees. He then went out on the rope clinging by his hands until he reached the stub about which he twisted his legs and cut out the hole at his leisure. The Woodpecker's hole birds kept flying to & fro alighting on the stub & entering the hole once or twice while W. was within a few yards of it. The nest contained a fine set of his nearly fresh eggs.

nest of  
Downy W.

We spent a good part of the afternoon trampin' about over the rough logging roads which interest this

1896  
May 23  
(No 2.)

woods in every direction. The lumbermen were clean wood taking pretty nearly all the balsams, Spruces & cedar vines but leaving the hardwood trees. Among the last are some of the largest and finest paper & yellow birches that I have ever seen. One paper birch which I photographed was fully two feet in diameter over the base and upwards of 80 ft. in height.

Despite the almost total absence of large conifers (excepting a few hemlocks) the country which we traversed was highly breeding with birds, chiefly Woodpeckers among which the Bay-Breast and Black-burnians were most numerous. There were also a number of Winter Wrens and on Grand one Golden-crest one and a pair on Cape May Warblers. Black-throated Blue Warblers were common and Black & Yellow Warblers abundant. There were also a good many Black-throated Green Warblers and Canadian Woodpeckers. Woodpeckers were numerous but most of them seen were Yellow-bellied. Sparrows were scarce. We saw one Junco & heard one on a tree White-throated. Now & then we heard an Olive-sided Flycatcher & on a high knoll wooded with big birches we found a Great Crested Flycatcher the first I have seen this year & one of the richest I ever met with. Altogether the afternoon's experience reminded me of the good old times at the Boker House. It is certainly twenty years since I have seen & heard such a number & variety of "Canadian" birds within an equal area. They were as numerous every where over hundreds of acres as small birds are in Massachusetts during some unusual bird year and in the most favored places. I have not named half the species we saw.

We found the most remarkable specimen of the Pileated Woodpecker's hand (or rather bill) work that I have ever seen. I photographed it successfully & mean to take the thing later.

develation  
brought by  
lumbermen  
in woods at  
near of Point

\* A bird  
parade  
Small birds,  
especially  
Woodpeckers, in  
great numbers  
& variety

Stuck worked  
at by Longfellow,  
now in my  
museum

Lake Umbagog.



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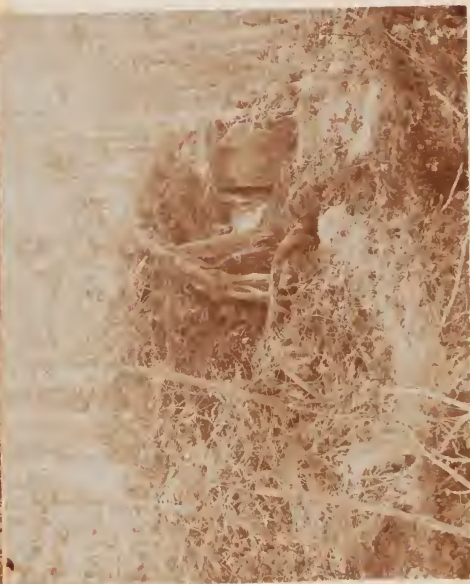
Lake Umbagog.



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1896  
May 24

Pine Point

Early morning slightly hazy but sunny, warm and dead calm.  
Afternoon cloudy with fresh S. E. wind.

We breakfast at <sup>5.30</sup> 6 o'clock here. The woods rang with bird  
songs as we sat at table in the open camp this morning  
for Swainson's Thrushes, a Winter Wren, numerous Black-burnian  
and Parula Warblers, two or three Song-Sparrows, a Black-throated  
Green, a Yellow-rump, <sup>a Water Thrush,</sup> a two Red-eyed Vireo & a Yellow-bellied  
Flycatcher were flitting about in the bushes close about the  
camp. Half an hour later I walked to Shepard's camping  
ground, in the tall bushes near the point a Philadelphia  
Vireo was glancing a listless breakfast. It was a very yellow  
specimen, silent & slow & listless of movement - keeping fifty  
feet or more above the ground.

Swainson's  
in early  
morning

Philadelphia  
Vireo

Deer are using our paths freely. I saw perfectly fresh tracks  
in several places within fifty yards of our camp.

Deer signs

Soon after returning from this walk I heard a Robin &  
a Pine Siskin and found a Red-bellied Nuthatch's nest  
in a poplar brick stub on the edge of the little spring at  
the west end of the point. The ♀ was sitting but she came  
out when I rapped at her door. I spent a good part of  
the remainder of the day watching this nest with great interest  
& some profit. Quite regularly at intervals varying from 10 to 15  
minutes the ♂ came to it with a bill full of insects - large,  
gamy-winged Diptera they looked like - He always alighted at  
exactly the same spot a little below & to the right of the hole  
and invariably, just after getting his foothold, called whew-whew  
whew (a note new to me) in low but incisive tones. Instantly  
the bill of the ♀ would appear at the opening (I could see nothing  
but her bill) and <sup>she</sup> ~~she~~ <sup>plunged</sup> the food into it the male  
would fly off in silence for a fresh supply.

nest of  
Canada  
Nuthatch

Lake Umbagog.



12

13

14



1896

May 25

Cloudless, the early morning calm, the remainder of day with fresh S.E. wind.

Immediately after breakfast I made two photographs on the hemlock knoll, one of a Hobbie Bush in full bloom on the left of the path, the other of the two boulders between which the path passes. While at work I heard great numbers of birds among them two Bay-breasts, a Winter Wren and very many Black-burnians. A pair of juncos hopping about kindly in the opening which we cleared last year. A Partridge drumming not on the old drumming log but about fifty yards from it in the dense woods at the foot of the hemlock-covered slope to the eastward.

The rest of the forenoon was devoted to the Nuthatch's nest found yesterday at the end of our point. Jim had put up a board on the side of a birch about 2 ft. from the hole and on this board I adjusted my camera and snuffed at the hole Nuthatch when he came with food for his mate. I made six or eight exposures with fair success but I should have done better had the board been placed 8 or 10 feet from the hole for the bird was never quite still and I could not give time enough to get clearness of definition and firmness of outline. This was proved by the fact that all the impressions of the bird are ~~rather~~ thin and a trifle vague while those of the leaves are blurred outlines whereas the <sup>white</sup> bark took perfectly. I got one picture of the ♀ as she was clinging to the hole just before entering the hole. This was a difficult task for she usually flew in, without so much as touching her feet to the edge of the hole. The ♂ fed her at intervals of from 10 to 30 minutes and once twice within 5 minutes. He usually brought what looked like small larvae held lengthwise in his bill. Pretty, interesting little creatures these Canada Nuthatches!

Photographing

nest of

Canada

Nuthatch

1896

May 25  
(No 2)

Shortly after dinner Watson & I started out in the big boat. There was much wind and a heavy sea on the middle lake so we rounded the point and took the south-east shore of North Arm penetrating deep into all the coves, rapping all the stubs that showed Woodpecker's or other holes, landing on some of the points & islands to look for Black Ducks' nests ~~and~~ in short following the old customs and reviving in my own mind many of the old days when, with Alva Cookidge, I have hunted these same shores and, no doubt, rapped on the very same stubs and looked suspiciously at the same Woodpecker holes as well preserved now as then, perhaps, for in the dry ash & maple stubs I believe they will last half a century or the least.

In Brandy Bede Cove we saw a Pileated Woodpecker and a ♀ Goswinder but neither was obliging enough to betray the position of its nest. It was so windy that the smaller birds sang but little but we heard Yellow-rumps on all the points & ~~heard~~ everywhere a few of the other Warblers which breed here including our Bay-Breast. We also both saw and heard a Wood Pewee - perched on the top of a tall tree - as well as several Olive-sided Flycatchers.

Spotted Sandpeeps were unexpectedly numerous in the coves & on the points all along the shores. We saw at least 5 or 10 but could discover no nests nor, indeed, any suitable places for them.

We reached Rapid River at 4.30 too late to make more than a brief inspection of the forest of tall, garnet firs which still line the shores near the mouth of this stream. There were very many birds here - a pair of Ospreys, a young Bald Eagle, a pair of Black Ducks, a pair of Herring Gulls, a Brown Grackle, a single Red-wing & one pair (only) of White-bellied Swallows with the usual allowance of small

Most interesting

along the

shores of the

North Arm.

Woodpecker holes

seen indefinitely

Pileated W.

Goswinder.

Wood Pewee

Olive-sided F.

Spotted

Sandpeeps

Rapid River

Ospreys

Bald Eagle

Black Ducks

Herring Gulls

Red-wing B

White-bellied

1896  
May 25  
(Wed)

Woodpecker, Winter Wren & Yellow Warbler, two Kingbirds, a  
small flock of Cedar Birds, a Blood winged Hawk etc.  
He found only one occupied nest, that of a Nuthatch, it  
was in a small stub standing several yards outside the  
woods in water two or three feet deep. There was a little  
fresh pitch just below the hole from which down of the  
nesting material protruded. The ♀ was at the hole at  
work either on this material or at the pitch when we first  
saw the nest. But she flew to another stub soon afterwards  
& joined her mate there.

Nest  
Canada  
Nuthatch

Charlie Tidwell who is with the river drims at Wells Rock  
called on us this evening. He says that an Acadian Owl has  
been whetting his saw near the spring among the hummocks back  
of the rock three past three nights keeping it up all night  
at intervals. Jim & he heard one twice on Pine Point before  
the subject came up. Jim thought it was very near the  
camp. I was sitting inside & missed it, much to my  
chagrin.

Acadian  
Owl

The black flies & mosquitoes are already on the war path &  
increasing from day to day but as yet they do not trouble  
us seriously. Killdeers are going out of bloom but the Hubble  
Bushes do not seem to have as yet lost a petal of their  
heavy blossoms.



14

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14

14

14

Lake Umbagog.



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1896

May 26

Cloudy with fresh S. E. wind and light showers in the forenoon clearing a little before sunset.

Watrous and Jim went down the Lake this morning, the former to get two Savannah Sparrows' nests in the meadows between Lakeside Hotel & the lake, nests found by us last week, one by me, empty but finished, May 15, having two eggs May 21, the other by Watrous empty but finished May 14 with three eggs May 21. To-day Watrous took my nest with 4 eggs, his nest with 5 eggs both sets being slightly incubated & evidently complete. He searched a good deal for fresh nests and found one in the Lakeside meadow empty but apparently finished. He reports ten Barn Swallow's nests (all new but empty) in a row on a beam in the Steamer boat house. He also went through the Woodcock ground on the Sargent farm & flushed seven birds, three rising together from one place.

Nests of  
Savannah  
Sparrow.

Nest of  
Barn Swallow  
in boat house.  
Woodcock

I spent the day at camp writing. I had no lack of company for the birds and animals ever all about me. A Swainson's Thrush after inspecting our fire place hopped across the stone flooring between it and the camp looking within 8 ft. of me.

Swainson's  
Thrush.

Late in the afternoon I sailed down the Lake to visit our returning boat.

I see Herring Gulls daily flying about over the Lake or sitting on rocks or floating logs. We also hear them at evening

Herring  
Gulls

1896.

May 27

Clear, the air wholly free from haze, a violent W. wind blowing in fitful gusts and raising a heavy sea on the lake.

Natrons and I started off in the big boat immediately after breakfast rowing across to Richardson's Cove and thence following the shore southward as far as the narrows entering every little cove and ponding on every flat that had a hole of any size or kind. In the flats we found two Downy Woodpecker's nests and two Tree Swallows from which the birds came out when we rapped at their doors but none of which we disturbed. We also found a Song Sparrow's nest on the island in Black Island Cove, pretty well hidden under some driftwood & containing three eggs.

In the cove just south of my old camping ground near the two tall pines we came upon a Black Duck which had apparently just flown out from a little island & which acted very suspiciously, allowing us to row within gunshot & then flying slowly around us within twenty yards. We could find no nest, however, although we searched the island and the neighboring shores of the mainland very thoroughly.

Near this island a pair of Ospreys, a pair of Purple Martins, & a number of Hens, Ears & Tree Swallows were flying about and one Olive-sided Flycatcher coming from a tall flat.

All along the shores, especially on the points and on every little island we started Spotted Sandpipers singly or in pairs. They behaved as if they had nests but we searched vainly for the latter.

Charlie Lidwood reported being a Wood Duck fly from the top of a flat as the drive was passing close in there just above the narrows but although flats & half dead trees are numerous there we found no very good-looking holes & could find nothing resembling a Duck. We landed on Metairie Island where we found one of the Swallow's nests & saw Song Sparrows, Yellow-wings & a Water Thrush.

nest humming  
alone in  
western cove  
of the cove  
from the outlet  
to Great Island

Osprey  
Martins  
Ears & Swallows

Spotted  
Sandpipers

Water Thrush

1896  
May 27  
(No 2)

At about 9 o'clock this evening as we were sitting in front of the fire a loud, stuttering ow, ow came from the dense evergreen woods directly behind the camp. Jim said at first that it was an Owl but when a moment later we heard the snapping of dead sticks & the foot-fall of some apparently heavy animal he pronounced it to be a Hedge-hog (Porcupine). The creature passed close by & down towards the point calling ow at short intervals and then changing its voice and increasing the volume until it produced a succession of really loud and exceedingly human-like scowts. All this was exciting enough for neither Watson nor I could believe that a Hedgehog could make so much noise. This impression was momentarily strengthened when, a little later, provided with a gun and a lantern we entered the woods and following up the sound started an animal that, in the dim light, looked as big as a brown bear and bounded off along the path nearly as fast as a man can run striking the ground with a succession of quick, loud thumps. But after we had chased it a few rods it took to a tree - a large hemlock - and climbing up by a single flat stopped when, bringing the lantern to bear, we found that Jim was right for, clinging to the rough bark, was a Hedgehog of the largest size with every quill erect (he had an unusually formidable equipment of them) and the short, flat tail switching threateningly from side to side. Presently he moved higher by short stages, not without effort, shivering or shivering up much after the manner of a boy, stopping every few feet to rest and breathing loudly as if the exertion distressed him. His claws also rattled audibly on the bark. We left him in the tree but an hour later he began gnawing at a small tree which had contained water & which lay against the wall of the camp. He kept to work at this all night to our no small discomfort for no one of us was able to sleep much. By morning he had gnawed away one whole side

Case 1000

interesting  
of porcupine  
with a  
Porcupine  
at night



1896

May 27  
(No 3)

of the tub. I was interested to find on the ground beside it several of his smaller quills showing that they must be very easily and frequently detached. He did not call again during the night.

During the chase of the Hedgehog we started a Rabbit which, on our return, we saw sitting up on its hind legs in the path. He stopped, when, almost immediately, and with no apparent fear but evidently impelled by a burning curiosity, the ordinally timid animal came hopping towards us approaching within a yard of the light. It was in summer pelage but with a good deal of white about the ears.

Young Hare  
shook by  
a jack light.

Soon after this the Saw-whet Owl at Wood's Rock began flying and kept it up without the slightest cessation for two or three minutes. We could hear him distinctly but faintly although the distance is nearly if not quite  $1\frac{1}{2}$  miles. The air, of course, was perfectly still at the time. The call reminded me of that of Glaucochim (the Timid Owl) but it was more metallic in quality and infinitely more prolonged - that is to say there were very many more repetitions of the note probably over 100 for they were given at the rate of about four every five seconds. I am now conscious of having heard this sound nearly every evening since we came here but of having mistaken it for that of the grating of the metallic drop, rudder of my sailing canoe. Indeed when heard at this distance it very closely resembles the clanking of a piece of tin against other metal.

AcadianOwlSaw-whetling

1896

May 28

Cloudless and warm, the forenoon dead calm, a breeze S. E. wind and gathering clouds in the afternoon followed by heavy rain in the evening & through the night.

We breakfasted at 5 a. m. and immediately afterwards started off on the Lake, Fin & Watson in the large boat, I in the new sailing canoe. We landed first in Gospy Cove and went to a Yellow-bellied Woodpecker's nest in a hardwood forest on the crest of the ridge near Chase's camp. The nest was in a

nest of a  
Sapsucker

dead piece of a living rock maple at a height of about 40 ft. It contained five slightly incubated eggs which we took with the stump. I photographed the tree, a rock on which grew

a fine yellow birch, a large dead hemlock riddled with the winter holes made by Pileated Woodpeckers and last of all the ox-bow of the lumber camp. The woods were exquisitely beautiful with the early morning sunlight streaming through openings in the foliage which, with most of the trees, is now fully out.

There were the usual birds, Black-burnian, <sup>Black-throated Blue</sup> Boy-breasted, Black & Yellow, Parula, and Canadian Warblers, a Black-throated Green, Redstarts, Yellow-bellied & Hairy Woodpeckers, Swainson's Thrasher, Red-eyed Vireo, Water Thrasher, a Winter Wren, Canada Nuthatches etc.

Woodland  
birds.

We then crossed the Lake to my old camp ground on the point south of Moll's Rock where Watson & I found a Downy Woodpecker's nest yesterday in a paper birch stub on the water edge and not ten feet high. It was a fine chance for a photograph for the birds would alight on the stub and try to enter the hole whenever I remained motionless for a few minutes. Beyond four plates & got two very good negatives both, I think, of the ♂ Woodpecker although I made one snap at the female.

nest of  
Downy W.

1896

May 25  
(No 2)

In the afternoon Watson and I paddled around Hoop Cone and nearly to B. Brook Cone spending about two hours and sailing back just before the rain came. We found no nests excepting what seemed to be the nest of a Chickadee in the branch of a prostrate paper Birch & evidently made after the tree had fallen. With a twig we drew out some of the nest material but we saw no birds near.

Woodpeckers of three or four species were common along the shores & there were a few Swallows also. We heard one Broad-winged Hawk & one Field Sparrow, a rather rare bird here this season.

Spotted Sandpeeps are amazingly abundant all around the Lake. Not a pair was on island but was at least one pair and they fly out of the bushes all along the shores as we approached, but we cannot find their nests. What becomes of them & their progeny in late summer & early autumn?

Spotted  
Sandpeeps

Near the Wood's Rock Spring in the large hummocks I heard the Saw-whet Owl this forenoon at a little before eleven, the hole dead calm, the sun shining brightly at the time. He filed his saw incessantly for a little more than a minute uttering regularly 4 notes every 5 seconds. I was perhaps 200 yards from there at the time. At this distance his voice sounded precisely as when heard at Camp last evening but it was louder of course & perhaps still more metallic in quality. Jim says that this Owl often calls by day & at all hours.

Acadian Owl  
"Saw-whetting"  
at midday

Lake Umbagog.



10

11

12

13

1896

May 29

Lake Umbagog.

Pine Point

A dull rainy day clearing at sunset.

I spent most of the day about camp but later in the afternoon took a short walk with Watsons, going to Osprey's camp ground and back. On the way over I found a Brown Creeper's nest, ~~the~~ <sup>made</sup> a scale of bark on a small balsam tree about 30 yards from the lake. The ♀ was hard at work taking strips of the inner bark from an arborescens which stood only a yard or two from the tree. She took only one at a time but they were all large pieces (4 to 6 inches long). She had a good deal of difficulty in getting them in under her bark roof and after struggling for an moment with one especially heavy piece she dropped it. She regularly made at least one trip each minute. I think she was laying the foundation for the nest but I did not dare examine it.

The male kept close by her the whole time flying with her back & forth between the two trees but not offering to help her so far as I could see. Both birds eyed me suspiciously & I should not be surprised if they deserted this nest.

It is strange that I have not heard the ♂ singing on the point. The Brown Creeper is apparently one of the rarest birds in this region this season.

I also found a nest of the Yellow-rump Warbler which was only just begun, happening to be the ♀ fly to it with some material. It was singularly placed - at least 40 ft. above the ground in a paper birch at a point where two stout branches left the main stem. The crevice was deep enough to hold a Hawk's nest. I should not have looked for the nest of any small bird - except a Robin's - in such a situation.

Watsons this morning saw a ♀ Song Sparrow at work on a nest in the mason laying woods & found a White-throated Sparrow with 4 fresh eggs near the end of Osprey's Point by the side of a foot path.

nest of  
Creeper

Nest of  
Yellow-rump  
Warbler

Bay near  
Warbler building

1896  
May 30

Lake Umbagog.

Pine Point.

Early morning clear, calm, warm & in every way perfect. At 9 a.m. a S. E. breeze sprang up and through the remainder of the day showers - some of them accompanied by thunder and heavy squalls of wind from any quarter - came at frequent intervals.

I spent the early morning - i.e. from 5.30 to 8 a.m. - in the Pine Point woods watching Bay-breasted & Black-throated Warblers in the hope of tracing some of the females to their nests and without success. For some unaccountable reason the Warblers generally were not singing much but the Winter Wrens were at their best. For nearly half an hour I had two singing within a few rods of me, one on either side and one beginning just after the other stopped. They briefly flooded the woods with their rare music. As I stood listening, thrilled by the wonderfully loud, clear notes as they flowed on, now smoothly and rapidly, now halting or tripping a little, I doubted if, after all, North America possesses a finer little bird musician than the Winter Wren, provided he be heard in the depths of one of those northern forests where the air is perfectly still & the listener not over twenty yards away. Certainly it is the most satisfying song we have.

Bay-breasted  
Black-throated  
Warblers  
Winter Wrens

The Yellow-rump's nest in the fork of the tall paper birch at Ogden's camp-ground had nearly doubled in size when I visited it this morning. I watched it about ten minutes during which the ♀ came to it three times with building material. She remained in the nest an unusually long time turning around & working with her bill.

Nest of  
Yellow-rump  
Warbler

In the birch grove on this point at least two pairs of Empidonax minimus are settled for the summer. I have not found this species elsewhere about this end of the Lake.

Empidonax  
minimus

1896  
May 30  
(No 2.)

Lake Umbagog.

Watrous came in at noon and reported having found three nests of the Canadian Warbler, all on moss-covered rocks, two empty & only partially finished in the Mason Logging works, the third with either four or five eggs on a big boulder near the place where the path to Otford's Camp leaves the main path to the Duke Con. I photographed this rock last afternoon as a typical nesting place for the Canadian Warbler.

Nests of  
Canadian  
Warbler.

Watrous had also found a Water Thrush's nest with five eggs in a root bank near one spring. I sent him to take it this evening without visiting it myself. The eggs proved to be slightly incubated.

Nest of  
Water Thrush.

In the afternoon Watrous & I rowed over to Leonard's Pond. We landed first on the island where W. found two Water Thrushes' nests with, respectively, 4 eggs slightly incubated & 5 eggs far advanced, a Chickadee's with a set of 8 very beautiful eggs near hatching, two Song Sparrows' nests (in root banks) with eggs & one empty Robin's nest. He then crossed to the northern shore of the water channel where he found a nest of White-throated Sparrow with four very odd eggs almost as green as Tanagers & with comparatively fine sparse incubation.

Leonard's P.  
Nests of  
Water Thrush.

Nest of  
White-throated  
Sparrow.

I had my hands full photographing the Water Thrushes' nests. One was in a large earth bank under sand behind a curtain of earth & fine roots. Of this I made two photographs. The ♀ was very nervous & fussy chirping & calling up her mate the first thing. She would not go on the nest when the camera was near it but kept running rapidly around the bank and the camera examining the latter as well as the Gull of my rubber tube which lay several yards off with evident distrust. When started from the nest she would regularly run six or eight yards crouching close to the ground & moving with a slow gliding motion spreading her tail & half spreading & grinning her

Photographing  
Water Thrushes'  
nests

1896

May 30  
(in 3)

wing, sometimes turning back & gliding past me or just under the nest, making no sound <sup>was sitting</sup> ~~while~~ behaving thus but presently flying up to some branch or root to tilt & chirp with her mate. Both birds were very large & very yellow beneath. This was the nest with 5 eggs. The bank was of clean, fresh sandy loam with no vegetation. The nest was very bulky & externally composed wholly of dead leaves.

The other nest & its owner were wholly different. The nest was in the open, vertical face of a small & very old earth bank (root bank I should have said) which was densely covered with mosses and various small plants & grasses. The entrance to the nest was a sort of slit, narrow vertically but wide horizontally. The bird when started merely ran off ~~quicker~~ <sup>dropped to</sup> the ground and ran quickly off under some fallen brush and then ~~hopping~~ flying up to a low branch or root tilted and watched me in silence & apparently without apprehension. She did not once chirp and during the hour or more that I was busy with her nest her mate sang in blissful ignorance of his partner's danger fifty or one hundred yards away. If I stood quietly for a minute or two the ♀ would alight at the base of the bank and ~~running~~ quickly up its slightly sloping face would peep in for a moment and then entering better down to her task first arranging the eggs beneath her by moving them with her legs or feet keeping her body from side to side the while. She did not seem to mind or even notice my camera when it was set up within a yard of her. A sensible, placid little creature very unlike the other one described.

I also photographed the White-throats nest, getting a fine negative.

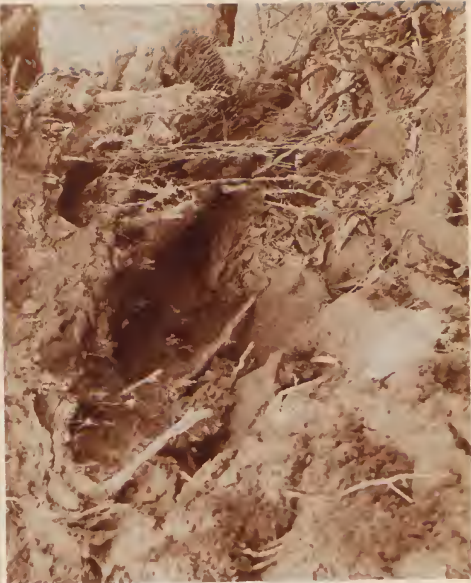
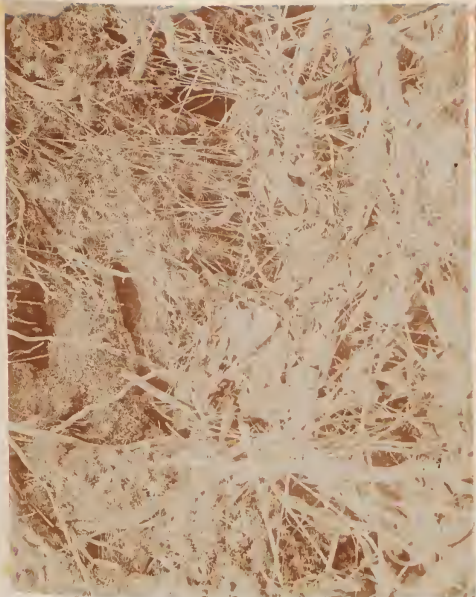
Heard a Great Crested Flycatcher in the stubs on the island.

L. L. Wood

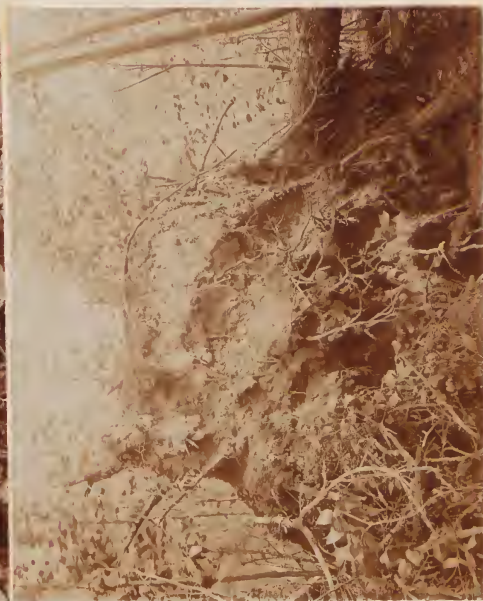
Photographing  
nests of the  
Great CrestedGreat Crested  
Flycatcher



Lake Umbagog.



10  
11  
12  
13  
14



15  
16  
17  
18  
19

20

1896

May 31

Forenoon stormy, Afternoon clearing with alternating showers and gusts of sunshine. Wind S. E. to S. W.

We all spent the forenoon at camp and my writing kept me there most of the afternoon but Watson & Jim rowed down to the Gibbs (formerly Hayward) farm just below the Narrows in quest of swallows. Watson brought back twelve beautiful sets of Barn Swallows eggs, eleven of 4 eggs each, one of 5 eggs. One set was perfectly fresh, another well advanced in incubation, the rest incubated from one to four or five days. He counted eighty nests on the barn and examined a number which he did not visit. In a few <sup>of the</sup> ~~others~~ the birds had laid only 2 or 3 eggs, in a few others the eggs were far advanced.

Watson reads  
a colony of  
Barn Swallows  
and brings  
back twelve  
sets of eggs

There were about a dozen pairs of Martins nesting in a box placed on a post of flying on the roof of a shed. He looked into the holes but could see no eggs. The nests were made of straw & green leaves. The old birds were bringing nesting material.

Martin's  
nest still  
without egg

Barn Swallows in numbers were also flying into & from the barn but Watson did not look for their nests.

Barn Swallows

Mrs. Gibbs gave him permission to take as many eggs as he chose expressing entire indifference about them. She said that some one from Upton took a number of Martin's eggs last year. The existence of this large colony of Swallows at the Gibbs place accounts for the presence at this end of the broods of the Martins, Barn Swallows & Barn Swallows that I see daily. I have not yet found, however, where the Bank Swallows which accompany them are nesting.

Large colony  
of breeding  
Swallows at  
Gibbs farm

Later in the afternoon I sailed over to Muddy Rock in the hope of hearing the Acadia Owl. He was silent there but at 9 P. M. we heard him distinctly at our camp.

Acadia Owl

1896

June 1

A clearing day with frequent thunders accompanied by violent squalls from the north-west and many intervals of bright sunshine.

We breakfasted at 5.30 this morning and immediately afterwards started for Solomons Pond, Watsons in the small rowing boat, in the new boating course. On reaching the southern outlet of the pond I got up my tripod in the hope of getting a photograph of a large Brown Eagle which was sitting erect closely outlined against the sky on one of the lateral branches of the tall dead pine on which these birds perch so frequently. But before I could get the camera adjusted the Eagle spread his great wings and stood for a moment looking intently in my direction. I supposed, of course, that I had excited his suspicions but ~~then~~ when he took flight the next instant he came nearly towards me passing me within 40 yards and gliding <sup>wings</sup> on down a long, gentle incline to the surface of the pond on reaching which he dropped his legs and plunged both feet into the water. This motion, as well as the flight from the pine, was performed in so very businesslike a manner that I thought for the moment that he had stooped at a dead fish floating on the surface but just after he had drawn up his feet empty and passed a few yards further on a large Sucker threw himself nearly clear of the surface at ~~the~~ the exact spot where the Eagle had struck. Instantly the great bird wheeled & came back; once more he dropped his legs and this time drew out the sucker emitting hopefully in the strong current. The bird's feet were scarcely submerged to earth was the thing done. He flew off with the fish held beneath him at the full length of his legs, just as an Osprey does, & taking it to a pine again as one to eat it.

Bald Eagle  
catches a  
large Sucker

1896

June 1  
(182)

I next searched on the island and photographed the two Water Thrushes' nests. The results have not proved very satisfactory for the nests were in such deep shade under the boulders that I could not bring them out without overexposing the rest of the plate.

On May 30<sup>th</sup> we saw a pair of Golden-eyes flying about over Leonard's Pond one (the drake, I think) making a very duck-like sound - shorter & flatter than the quack of a Black Duck but still not unlike it a qua-qua-qua-qua or cā.cā.cā.cā.cā uttered very rapidly. This morning Watrous found what is doubtless their nest about 15 ft. above the ground or rather water (2 ft. deep beneath the nest) near the top of a large red maple stub to which the bark is still clinging & beside which a young, living maple apparently a sprout from the roots of the old tree, makes a convenient ladder to the nest. The large stub is split off at the top & there is a ragged cleft or crevice 4 to 6 inches wide in its face. In this crevice on a level with its base is the nest containing 10 eggs which are crowded into tightly packed it proved difficult to extract one & all according to Watrous found directly on end. They were completely rounded & covered with down a quantity of which flows at the opening. Watrous saw the ♀ Golden-eye flying away from the stub as he approached it but he is not here she came out of the hole. The drake afterwards circled over the stub.

nest of a  
Whistler

There was a Savannah Sparrow singing on the island this morning & at least three Killdeers flying overhead about the shores of the pond.

Savannah  
Sparrow

After finishing with the Water Thrushes I sailed over to my old camp ground near Moll's Rock & took two pictures of the ♂ Downy. The young have hatched for the ♂ took in some food in the shape of his bird.

Downy W.  
feeding young



W

W

W

W

W

W

1896

June 2

Weather very like that of yesterday but with no rain - a blustering day cloudy most of the time.

Watrous and I spent the entire morning on the hill at the western end of the Mason logging woods searching chiefly for nests of the Blackburnian & Bay-breasted Warblers. Both species were very numerous. We heard at least five Bay-breasted singing within an area of six or eight acres and three of them were within an area of two acres and one within 20 yds. of our own tent. He found and took a fine nest & set of 4 fresh eggs of the Blackburnian but unless one of the three new but empty Warbler's nests which we discovered prove to be a Bay-breasted we had no success with that species (One a Blackburnian's, taken with 4 eggs June 6, another a Bay-breasted, with 5 eggs, June 7)

We found the Blackburnian's nest by watching the ♀. He had probably disturbed her by thalling some of the trees nearby but when we first saw her she was feeding. In about ten minutes she went directly to the nest and remained in it for twenty minutes or more which Watrous had gone for camp for his climbing rods. The nest was on the lateral branch of a slender young Spruce which was growing up through a large rock crevice. It (the nest) was easily seen from the ground beneath looking very like a Chippie's. Watrous took the eggs & saved off the branch, under the nest.

We also followed a Golden-crowned Kinglet to her nest which was very similarly placed only it was hung beneath the branch instead of being on it like the Blackburnian. The tree was also a young & slender Spruce. Both nests were about 30 ft. above the ground. The ♀ Kinglet sat very close. Her nest was full of eggs & newly hatched young Watrous said. He could not look into it & he tried vainly to count the eggs & young by touch. He thought there were 9 or 10 of both.

Hunting for  
Warbler's nests  
in woods at  
base of  
Pine Point  
nests of  
Blackburnian W.  
Bay-breasted  
found.

nest of  
Blackburnian W.

nest of  
Golden-crowned  
Kinglet

1896

June 2

142

## Lake Umbagog.

## Leonards Pond

After supper we went across to the Walters nest near the Near of  
Walters's Pond. Walters climbed to the nest and counted ten Husker  
 eggs all of which were standing on end, doubtless to save space for  
 they were crowded together so tightly that it was difficult to  
 remove the first one. They were all cold and we had no bird.  
 About half-an-hour after sunset a Saw-whet began flying Acadian Owl  
 somewhere beyond Leonards Pond in the direction along the  
Megalloway. It was apparently 200 to 300 yds. off. "Saw-whetting"  
 I also heard what sounded like the squeak of a Whiskered Thrush  
 in the same fenced thicket when we were cooking & hinging on the  
 evening of May 22.

Swainson's Thrushes have been numerous ever since we came to Pine Point Swainson's  
 (May 21) and I believe that on that date the local birds had Thrushes  
 about all arrived and settled in their breeding stations but  
 up to to-day they have been very silent calling but little and  
 hinging so very little that as a rule I have heard only two  
 or three songs (not higes) each day and then about our camp in  
 the early morning & late evening. On day, however, I heard three or  
 four birds hinging freely.

Lake Umbagog.



1000



1000

1000

1000

1000

1000

1000



1896

June 3

Cloudless, early morning calm, a fresh W. wind during remainder of day.

We breakfast regularly now at from 5 to 5.30 A.M. & thus get an early start. This morning Watson took me to a nest of Dendroica caerulescens Nest of  
which he found building way up. It had four eggs to-day & the ♀ was sitting. She was very tame allowing me to get up very close within  
four feet of the nest and when started off returning within a few  
minutes & resuming her task. The nest was on Spelun's Point on  
a hillside in a hollow surrounded by fallen spruce tops, densely  
thatched by big boulders & filled with a rank growth of grass. I  
got several fine pictures of the nest & sitting bird.

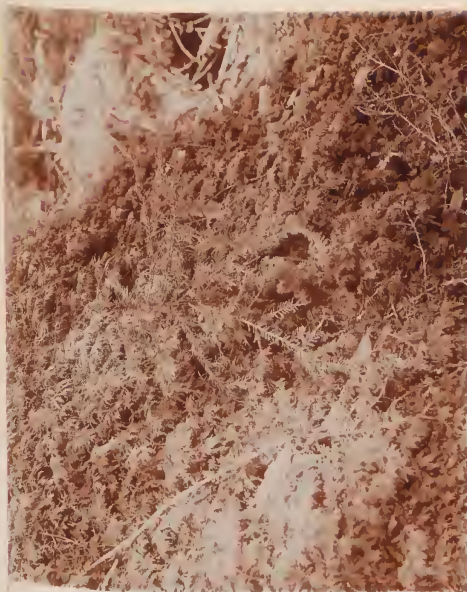
Returning to camp I visited & photographed a Junco's nest with nest of  
4 eggs built in the Hypnum moss which covered the nearly vertical  
face of a big boulder near the Duck Cove and the White-throated  
Sparrow's nest on the point near Ogden's camp ground. It took  
the eggs from the latter may be substituting for them four eggs of  
a Song Sparrow three of which had hatched since then. The ♀  
White-throat came about chirping incessantly. She must have  
been surprised to bring out young after sitting only four days. Probably  
the time was even shorter for the young appeared to be a day or  
two old this morning.

At least two pairs of Carpodacus mexicanus were quarreling in the  
brick pen near the Sparrow's nest. They have been there one since  
our arrival & one doubtless killed for the hens. I do not find  
this Phylloscopus elsewhere about the head of the lake, except at Bernard's  
Point where I heard one this evening when we were taking the  
lot of Golden-eyed Duck's eggs. These eggs, by the way, prove to be far  
advanced in incubation but they were cold when taken &  
the embryos dead & partially decomposed.

The Saw. what fled only a few times this evening

Acadian Owl

Lake Umbagog.



12.10.1900

12.10.1900

12.10.1900

12.10.1900

12.10.1900

12.10.1900

12.10.1900



12.10.1900

12.10.1900

1896

June 4

Clear, the entire morning dead calm, a fresh N.W. breeze in the afternoon.

Motrows took me to another nest of *D. caerulescens* this morning - in a bed of stunted grass within two rods of the path to Slapay Cove and not far from the latter. I photographed the nest but the bird was too shy & nervous to catch on my plate. I also took a second picture of the tree which the Pileated Woodpeckers have channeled out so remarkably.

Nest of  
*D. caerulescens*

We then retraced our steps to the knoll by the Big Boulder where the Blackburnian & Bay-Breasted Warblers are so numerous. Here we spent the remainder of the forenoon walking and exhaustive (and exhausting) search for nests pounding hundreds of trees with an axe in the hope of starting the nesting birds. This plan failed utterly (we afterwards learned by actual experiment that these warblers will not leave their nests <sup>even</sup> when the trees in which they are placed are pounded vigorously) for we did not find a single nest of any kind. There were at least a dozen Bay-Breasts and an even greater number of Blackburnians nesting on this knoll within an area of eight or ten acres.

Then search  
for nests of  
*D. caerulea* &  
*D. blackburni*  
in woods on  
corner of Pine Pt.

In the afternoon I paddled across the Lake and ~~took~~ two photographs of the Flies which contained the Golden-eye's nest and several more of the Water Thrush's nest with 4 eggs on the island in Bennett's Pond. The mosquitoes were so numerous & large that I had to resort to the tar to keep them at bay. They are now making photography a trying occupation.

Photographing  
nests of  
Hutton's  
Water Thrush

As soon as my work was finished here I visited the Laid and crossing the Blood Moon Point marsh stood out over the Lake for Broken's camp ground but the wind threatening to fall I turned back before getting quite across and returned to

1896

June 4

(No 2)

Camp. During the afternoon I saw a Hooded Merganser and two Hood Ducks and heard a Greater Yellowlegs whistling among the dead Caribes on Cross Point. The water was then a few feet deep everywhere among these trees & the bird must have been on the floating drift wood.

At 9 P.M. as I was writing in our open camp a Saw-whet began flying in the birch grove within 50 yards or less of where I was sitting. The air was perfectly still & I heard him to good advantage. There was positively no ringing or other metallic quality to the notes at this distance. They were simply so many whistles very similar in quality to those of Glaucidium (the Tree Toad species) but rather more guttural and each with a "double-tongued" form - whis'dle - whis'dle I should write thus. Evidently the resemblance (right at best) to Saw flying is lost when one is at all near the bird. When it is very far away (as I have proved by direct comparison on several evenings this season) its call is very similar to that of Pithecops type.

Last night at about ten o'clock a Horned Owl hooted a few times very near the camp. I have not heard a Bubo this Spring.

Moose PointHooded MerGr. YellowlegsWood DucksOwl WhetSaw WhetlingBarn OwlGr. Horned O

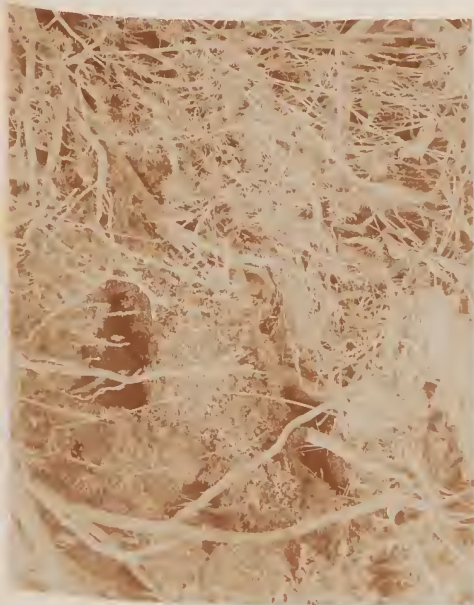
Lake Umbagog.



100d

100e

100f



101

102

1896

June 5

Clear and very warm with light, variable winds.

I spent most of the forenoon at Leonard's Pond where I took eight photographs of the Water Thrush, at or near her nest from which I started her many times. She is wonderfully mild and patient under this almost incessant persecution. Not over this morning did she chirp for her mate or make any demonstration whatever. I had no difficulty whatever in getting up my camera & focusing her on the nest at a distance of three feet or so. Indeed when I wished to start her I usually had to shake the focusing cloth within a few inches of her face. Then she would flip off, run away a few yards, feed for a moment or perhaps take a bath and within a minute or two, if I permitted it, walk sedately into her nest after passing directly under the camera on her way. When I wished to get her to cross a certain selected spot of sunlight I had little difficulty in driving her over the exact place. She would often pause for a moment almost at my feet and look up at me with an expression of wonderment but without the slightest sign of fear. Poor, dearer little creature! She has learned that my intentions, if somewhat of a mystery, are at least harmless, and she may well trust me, too, for were her nest the only one that I have ever found or expected to find nothing would induce me to molest it now. The four pretty eggs look as if they might hatch at any moment.

Photographing  
nest of  
Water Thrush

I also visited the Golden-eye's nest to make another photograph. As I was sitting motionless in the canoe, after having made a great deal of noise in getting it into the desired position, a Golden-eye appeared not so far away flying down <sup>nearly to</sup> towards the water & then rising again. It was evident that she came out of the top of a large hollow maple ~~tree~~ <sup>stump</sup> of which I also approved a plate feeling sure that there must be a nest & eggs there.

Another view  
of the  
Whistler's nest

Lake Umbagog.

Down the Androscoogus

1896  
June 5  
(No. 2)

In the afternoon we all went together in the Camp boat to  
Erol Hill Pond. Grackles were numerous along the wire fences  
and we heard Parula Wrenblers, Yellow-rumps & Black-burnians but  
no Bay-Breasts & no Crows nor Kinglets.

Birds noted  
along river

Just as we entered Everett's Meadow a Northern Starling, as I thought,  
flew from the branches of a maple about 15-ft. above the water & flew  
off croaking. Unfortunately I am not quite certain that it was  
actually in the tree but there can be little doubt that such  
was the case.

Starling flew  
from a  
maple,  
apparently

Landings at the usual place we crossed the ridge to the pond  
having nothing by the way but one D. atricapillus <sup>above bird,</sup> and two or  
three Red-eyed Vireos. We had nearly reached the shore of the  
pond and I was strolling lightly on ahead to look for waterfowl  
when Jim thoughtlessly rapped an old stub in which he saw  
a Woodpecker's hole. Instantly there was a great commotion out in  
the pond and rushing through the bushes which fringed its  
margin I saw nine Golden-eyes rising above the tops of the  
trees & making off. Here was a lost opportunity. I have little  
doubt that they were all males who had deserted their hibernating  
mates after the usual fashion of Ducks generally but had I  
got them on the water I could easily have killed this point  
with my glass. As it was I could not walk out ten yds  
of any one of them.

Erol Hill  
Pond.

Whistlers

During the half hour which we spent at this exquisite little  
pond I noted down all the birds seen or heard. This is the list.

Full list of  
birds found  
at  
Erol Hill  
Pond

- Turdus swainsoni 1x, Citta canadensis 1, Parus atricapillus 1,
- Empidonax griseus 1x, Dendroica coronata 1x, D. blackburnii 1x,
- D. virens 1x, D. maculosa 1x, Sylvania canadensis 1x, Spinus auricapillus 1x
- S. umbrosus 1x, Vireo olivaceus 2x, Carpodacus purpureus 1x, Contopus borealis 1x
- Cyanocitta cristata 1, Spizella breweri 1, Glaucochim americana 2; in all 17 species.

Lake Umbagog.

1896  
June 5  
(no 3)

Returning to Sweet's Meadows, pursued all the way by a great cloud of the most ravenous mosquitoes, we rowed out to some floating islands on two of which we landed and made a careful search for nests. Each island was an acre or more in extent with patches of short but dense wild grasses alternating with thickets of Sweet Gale, Cassonada, Andromeda polyfolia, and Kalmia glauca the last in full bloom, the Andromeda also in flower but with its pretty little bells faded and drooping at the touch. Among these shrubs on one of the islands were quantities of Colthra polifolia which I have never before seen in bloom.

Sweet's Meadows

Floating Islands

A better place for Rails, Black Birds, Winters & Black Ducks to nest than these floating islands could hardly be found but we could start nothing but one female Red-wing and a few Swamp Sparrows. A nest with 4 fresh eggs of the latter species was found by Watson & I.

Red-wing

Swamp Sp

While we were searching the islands a ♀ Golden-eye came flying about over the meadows uttering her ka-ka-ka-ka, ca-ca-ca incessantly. Half an hour later we found her nest in a tall bush about 40 ft. above the water. There was a good deal of down adhering to the extreme ends which was nearly rotted and scarce larger than a Flicker's, as well as to the upper branches of the tree so our expectations were raised high but when Watson cut into the trunk he found only one added egg and a number of egg shells from which the young had evidently only recently escaped. No doubt the brood were swimming or hiding somewhere near but we saw nothing of them.

Nest of

Golden-eye

Two Hooded Mergansers came into the meadow and alighted in the open water & a King Gull flew high over it. Red-wings, Greblers, Tree Swallows & Kingbirds numerous among the trees. A Winter Wren singing at the mouth of the brook.

Hooded Merg

King Gull

Red-wings

King Birds

Tree Swallows



1896

June 5  
(No 4)

## Lake Umbagog.

## Androscoegin River

On our way back to the falls we saw two more pairs (in each case both birds looked like females but they were flying & a good bit off) of Hooded Mergansers and a pair of Rusty Grackles the latter among them tall young balsams growing on the north bank of the Androscoegin a little below the mouth of the Megalloway.

Nearly opposite this spot on the south bank stands a large white pine which has died within a year or two. As we were passing this tree on our way down river we saw a Chimney Swift enter a small, round hole (no larger than a Hairy Woodpecker's hole) in the side of the trunk about 20 ft. above the ground. The bird did not fly or flutter or drop into the hole but alighting on its lower edge crawled in precisely as a Tree Swallow would have done. On our return we tapped the tree with an oar & the swift came out like a shot darting off over the river & out of sight. I was most anxious to have the tree cut open but the trunk was too large & the bark too thick & had that Watson pronounced it useless to try to climb it, even with the aid of his climbing iron.

As we neared the falls I saw a Golden-eye fly from the hole near the top of the very tall ash stub on which I shot my first Hawk Owl. Almost immediately afterwards two more ducks of the same kind flew from the hole near the one just mentioned but we did not accurately mark the striking point of either. The hole in the tall stub was almost perfectly round & so small that it seemed impossible for a duck to pass through it. It was fully 60 ft. above the water & the tree was so very rotten that it would have been folly to risk climbing it. All three Golden-eyes left their nests when we were 100 yds. or more away & making but little noise. The first bird doubtless warned the others with her croaking but how did she hear our approach? And

Hooded  
Mergansers.Rusty  
GracklesNest of  
Chimney  
Swift in  
small hole  
in trunk  
of dead  
pine.Nests of  
Hawks.

1896

June 5

1895

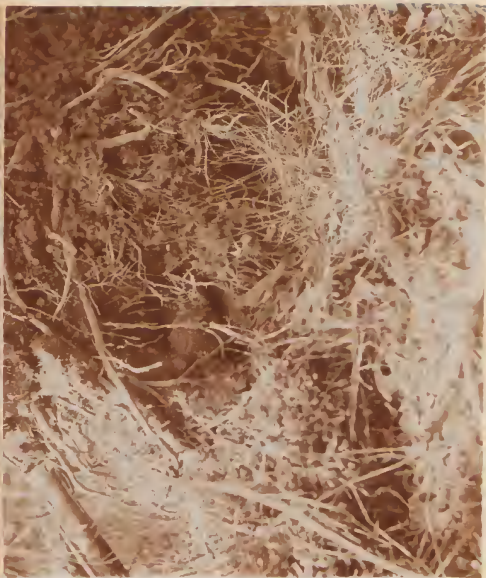
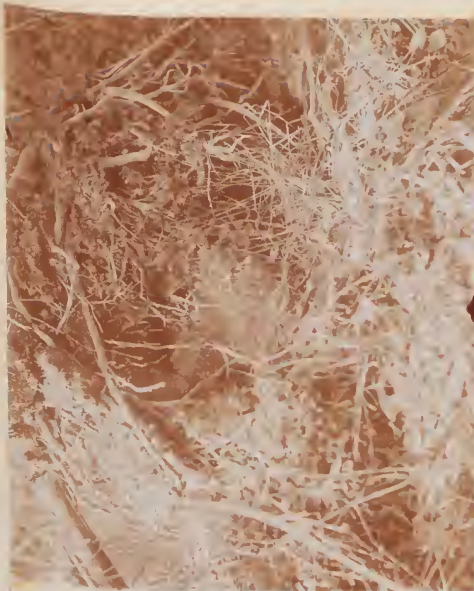
how can a Duck bring her young down from such a height & through such a hole unless in her bill? A native of Upton who once lived near the Narrows tells me that he saw a Grouse take her young from a nest in a stub near his house to the water & that she carried them one by one on her back! He further says that the young repeatedly slipped off & that she recovered them by turning over on her side and darting beneath them. In one instance he saw this done three times during the conveyance of one of the young.

When we reached the grove of stubs near Bennett's Pond we turned into them & went to the Golden-eye's nest which I found this morning. Watrous climbed to the top of the stub (which is only about 12 ft. high) and looking in saw eggs about 5 ft. down. He then cut a hole just above them which I could easily reach & through which I examined the nest carefully. There were only five eggs and although these did not more than half fill the available space they were like those of the set of ten crowded tightly together each egg standing on end and firmly fixed in the rotten wood at the bottom of the cavity. There was but little down but this was carefully disposed about the eggs so that it covers most of them supposing the set to be incomplete we took only one egg (substituting for it the rotten egg found in Bennett's Meadow) but on blowing it we found it far advanced in incubation - as the other four eggs proved to be when taken next day. I had no idea that the Golden-eye ever contented itself with so small a set of eggs.

nest of  
Hester

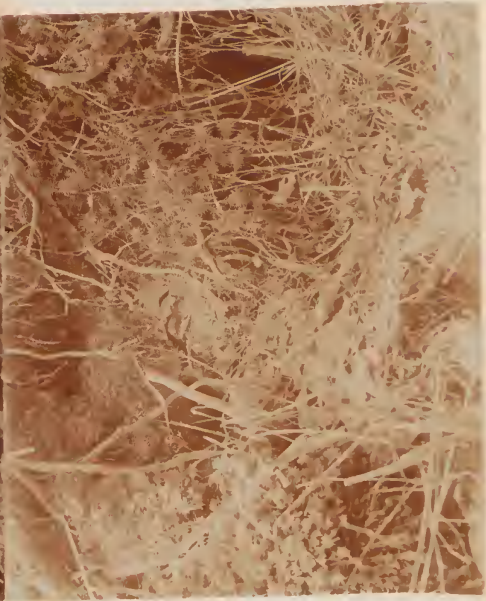
I heard two Black-poll Warblers to-day singing among the stubs near the Outlet.

Black-poll  
Warbler



10410

10411



10412

Lake Umbagog.



1898

1898

1898

1896

June 6

Lake Umbagog.

Pine Point

Clear and cool. Fresh S. E. wind all day.

Watrous and I spent the morning in the woods on the knoll at the W. extremity of the Mason logging works. We found no fresh nests but visited several found on the 2<sup>nd</sup> & 3<sup>rd</sup> visit. The first, a Black-throated Blue Warbler found on the 3<sup>rd</sup> with one egg was apparently deserted for ~~no~~ more eggs had been laid but strange to say the ♀ was directly over the nest in a low waffle this morning and she chirped at us too (this nest was left until the 7<sup>th</sup> when we took it with the one egg).

Near of  
D. caerulescens.

We next visited another nest of D. caerulescens which Watrous found on the 3<sup>rd</sup> with two eggs. The bird had laid four and was sitting on them. I took five photographs of her & the nest, which was in a small bed of rather scanty grass within 20 yards of the big boulder.

Near of  
D. caerulescens

One of the nests found (by me) on the 2<sup>nd</sup> yielded to-day a remarkably handsome set of 4 eggs of the Black-burnian Warbler. Although they were perfectly fresh the ♀ sat so closely that turning and shaking the tree (a slender one) failed to start her and when Watrous climbed it he nearly touched her before she slipped off. She then dropped like a stone to the ground on which she crawled & tumbled & fluttered with wide-spread tail & quivering wings much like a water thrush or down bird & evidently with the hope of leading us away from the nest. Such a demonstration on the part of a tree-birding Warbler, I think, unusual. This nest was fully 20 ft. above the ground near the end of a long, slender branch at least 10 ft. from the main stem of the tree, a rather solitary & not very vigorous young spruce growing under some large hemlocks & yellow birches which cast a dense shade over the spot. I photographed the nest which we took successfully by bending over another tree within reach.

Near of  
a blackburnian

1896

June 6  
(No. 2)

## Lake Umbagog.

Kine Point

Another Warbler nest, found by Watson on the 2nd & built in a balsam ~~at~~ a lateral branch about 5 ft. from the trunk and midway between the ground & the top of the tree which was about 40 ft. in height, contained 4 eggs ~~the~~ day but as no bird was seen in life trace undisturbed. Watson says the eggs & nest are quite different from the Blackburnian's which we have taken. He thinks they must belong to a Bay-Breast. One of the latter has his kingpin station in a hemlock about 30 yards from this nest. It is surprising how identical both Bay-Breasts & Blackburnians are in their woods as well as on Pine Point. Each bird seems to confine his total daily wanderings within the space of an acre or two and he sings nine-tenths of the time in the latter.

Near of  
*L. calanva*  
in Mass.  
logging woods

In the afternoon I photographed a "cock nest" of the Winter Wren in a root bank on Peluso's Point and we all went together by boat to Chase's camp where Watson climbed to a nest built very like the Blackburnian's taken this morning but higher & near the end of a branch fully 15 ft. long. It looks larger than a Blackburnian's. Watson could see only one egg so we left it. It cannot be taken without the aid of a rope.

Cock nest of  
Winter Wren

Watson then took me to a nest of the Magnolia Warbler built in a balsam sapling about 5 ft. above the ground. This nest had 4 eggs on the 4<sup>th</sup> but the ♀ was not sitting to-day. She visited the nest once when I was photographing it & chirped at me a good deal also.

nest of  
*L. maculosa*

My last photograph was of a Paper Birch which stands within two or three rods of the hole near the entrance to Glassy Cove. This Paper Birch tree is about 80 ft. in height & in girth 2 ft. above the ground measures just 11 feet. Jim Bernier says that it is the largest that he had ever seen. The trunk scarcely diminishes in size for the first forty feet.

The big  
Paper Birch  
in Glassy  
Cove.

Lake Umbagog.







1896

June 7

Lake Umbagog.

Five Four

Cloudy with S. E. wind and light rain through the forenoon.

Spent the morning writing. In the afternoon visited the Woodcock's nest in the balsam on Mason's Wood - the nest that we left with 4 eggs yesterday. It had 5 eggs to-day and a ♀ Bay-Breast was sitting on them. Shaking & pounding the tree did not seem to disturb her but every 15 to 20 minutes she would leave the nest of her own accord and ramble about among the neighboring tree tops, feeding, returning to her eggs after an absence of 4 or 5 minutes. Once while on an excursion of this kind she was joined by the ♂ who brought an insect of some kind in his bill and gave it to her. She accepted it with apparent indifference but ate it. The ♂ is the bird who sings in the hemlock 30 yards away.

After photographing this nest we secured it with the eggs. The pair of Bay-Breasts flitted about some distance off while Watrous was despoiling them but as soon as he came down from the tree the ♀ began searching for her nest examining all the neighboring branches carefully and hovering in the air at the place where the branch with the nest had been.

Later Watrous went to Rapid River to get the Wentworth's nest which we found May 25. To his great surprise it proved to contain young 4 or 5 days old. It must have been nearly fresh eggs when we first found it.

Swamp Cornel and Hicelle in full bloom. The Killbuck still hold their blossoms but they are ragged & faded. They have remained on the stems since our arrival, May 11, and up to within a week have looked fairly fresh. The huckle bush has been out of bloom for a week or more.

Nest of  
J. Castanea

Nest of  
Canada  
Wentworth

Plants in  
Bloom.

1896

June 7  
(no 2)

Time taken.

Song of  
Swainson's Thrush.

The Swainson's Thrush sang through the greater part of the day in the rain. One within twenty yards of camp sang during the entire forenoon with only the briefest intervals of silence and apparently on the same place. There was something peculiarly sad or mournful in the expression of his voice as it came from out the gloomy, water-balled forest. It moved me throughly and not at all agreeably recalling old associations with these northern forests—associations pleasant enough in themselves but impressively sad as brought back to me by the voice of this Thrush. For an hour or more he interrupted my work and made me utterly wretched. At the time I supposed that this effect was due to the mood I happened to be in but next day the same bird sang in the same way and with the same effect. The morning & evening singing about our camp has seemed to me delightful and I have looked forward to it through each day.

Although the Swainson's Thrushes had apparently all arrived & taken up their summer quarters in the Pine Point woods before ~~we~~ opened the camp (May 21) they were very scarce for the first week. Indeed during the remainder of May I seldom heard more than one or two songs (not singers) in any one day and then at daybreak or in the evening twilight. General and sustained singing began quite abruptly on June 2 after which we heard the song everywhere we went and more or less at all hours. But immediately about our camp the birds were more numerous than anywhere else. They invariably opened the bird concert at daybreak & closed it in the late evening twilight. I never heard one sing during the night. These Umbagog Thrushes seem to me to sing differently from the White Mountain birds. The song has, I think, more variations here. Our camp bird utters a wee-e-o-o-oo-e-o-o bar every half minute.

Lake Umbagog.

44

21/00



1896

June 8

Cloudy with S. E. wind and steady rain most of the day.

At about 7 a. m. we visited the nest of the Brown Creeper found May 29 just beginning. It had 4 eggs to-day. Although I spent nearly an hour photographing it the birds were not seen nor heard. This nest is not far from our path to Appold's Point which we traverse daily but I have heard the ♂ singing only once on June 3rd, and then he sang only two or three times. The Brown Creeper is apparently one of the rarest birds of this region the present season. Indeed I have found but this one pair.

At 2 P. M. we broke camp and started for Gallatin by steamer towing our small fleet of boats. The passage was dull and monotonous with no birds of any interest.

in Pond

Nest of  
Brown CreeperN. Cuck  
Came to  
return to  
Gallatin

Lake Umbagog.



long  
in  
fern  
is  
was  
c +

also

also

in

1896

June 9

## Lake Umbagog.

Lower end of falls

A rainy day, calm, with low-flooding clouds which broke apart in the west & north a little after sunset and assumed the most gorgeous coloring, the rain streaming down the wind.

I spent the day in the house writing. Watson went up the bank to the Gibbs farm to get some Martins' eggs. Gibbs found the cover off the box thus exposing two of the compartments in each of which was a nest with two fresh eggs. One of the birds was sitting & refused to leave her egg, Watson actually having to push her to one side to ascertain what the nest contained.

He then landed on Great Island where he found three nests of the Black-throated Blue Warbler, all in pairs, one containing four eggs very near hatching, another two fresh eggs, while the third was empty but apparently completed. He saw (& heard) a Greater Yellow-leg flying about over the lake.

After tea we walked to the Sargent farm. Birds were either scarce or silent for we heard only a very few among them than Wilson's Thrushes, one Peewee bird & a Swamp Sparrow. We also heard night hawks over the Woodcock covers and at first were quite unable to decide as to which species was making the noise.

The grass & weeds by the roadsides & in the fields are here high & the country looks as if it were undisturbed instead of early June. It is a striking change from our forest surroundings at Pine Point.

Watson  
found a  
nesting colony  
of Martins  
at Sargent farm

Three nests  
of <sup>17</sup> warblers  
in Great Is.

21. Wilson's eggs

night hawks

Vegetation

1896

June 10

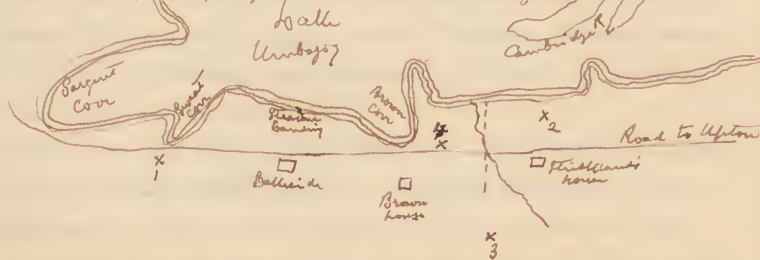
## Lake Umbagog.

Near Lakeside

Early morning dull & threatening rain but at 8 A.M. the clouds broke away the wind veered to southwest and the day proved as fine as possible.

At 7.30 A.M. I started out alone, Watsons having gone up the Philadelphia Ball to Great Island again. I especially wished to see if I could find a Philadelphia Vireo for I have not seen one at the head of the Ball since May 24<sup>th</sup> or, in other words, since before the migration came to an end! Nor was I more successful <sup>than</sup> this morning for although I hunted up every Vireo that I could hear singing in the poplar & birch second growth along the roadside and about the edges of the Brown clearing as far as the State line I found nothing but Red-eyes. Evidently the Philadelphia is not a common bird here now if, indeed, it is present at all.

Another special object of my walk was to look up some of the Cape May Warblers which we left here last month apparently settled for the season, one in the little spruce opening at the head of the Great Cove, another in the spruce pasture just below Strickland's in Upton, ~~the~~ third on the edge of the forest in small timber spruces at the S.E. corner of the Brown opening, the fourth in dense pasture spruces between the Brown Cove and the road & within a few rods of the latter. The crosses on this map indicate the exact places where these birds were found.

Cape May  
Warblers

1896

June 10  
(M 2)

Lake Umbagog.

Woods  
Cape May  
Warders

I visited the singing stations of birds 3 & 4, and was delighted to find the latter at his usual post although he was singing only feebly and intermittently. Indeed I waited in his little corner nearly half-an-hour before he gave any sign of his presence. This afternoon I saw another Warden which I took to be his mate for he joined her & the two flew off together but the species were so dense that I was unable to follow these birds or to get a fair light at the hophoad ♀.

Probably I did not wait long enough for bird #3 for I found his favorite haunt apparently silent & deserted with not even a Black-burnian within hearing. This, however, was before the sun came fully out & birds were not singing well.

From the behavior of these Cape Mays in May and from the fact that the one seen this morning sang very little I have received the impression that they must be much earlier breeders than most of the other Warden. It is singular that I have been unable to find any of them at the upper end of the Lake for in the old days we used to see them well back in the forest although even then their favorite haunts were certainly open-grown pastures similar to those about Lakeside.

Among other birds noted this morning was a Winter Wren singing below the road in the deep hollow, a Golden-crest singing in pasture spaces near the station of the Cape May no 4, a young Chipping Sparrow able to fly, and a Cedar-bird ~~bird~~ carrying a bill-full of sheep's wool (presumably to her nest although I could not follow her).

Young Chipping  
on wing

I heard no less than four Chestnut-sided Larks, but only one Black-throated Blue & Thrasher still but one Black-burnian. Juncos were really numerous; I saw at least 10 or 12 old birds three of which were singing. The White-throats

D. pennsylvanicus



1896

June 10  
(No 3)

## Lake Umbagog.

Near Lakeside

being but little now. Although the breeding array of the clouds this morning induced even the Nashville Warblers to sing freely I heard only their white throats and each of them but once. The Hermit Thrushes were utterly silent. I cannot understand why they have been so chary of their music this season. I am surprised to find no Bobolinks settled here. Apparently all the birds we saw in May were migrants for I cannot find one now anywhere in the region near Lakeside. I was also disappointed this morning in finding no Mourning Warblers but then I did not go to any very good places.

Hermit Thrushes

Silent.

no Bobolinks

Breeding here

no Mourning

Warblers.

Excluding birds which inhabit open fields exclusively the species settled here which we did not find at all near the head of the Lake are as follows: Helminthophila ruficapilla, Dendroica tigrina, Turdus pallasi, Spizella socialis, Philohela minor.

Yesterday I visited the Partridge's nest on the hillside in the belt of woods between Lakeside & the Moose opening expecting to see only a few discarded egg shells but I found 5 eggs in the nest and the feathers & a few other remains of the poor bird about 2 ft. from & directly in front of the nest from the fact that only one egg was missing I infer that a Fox was the murderer. A cock Partridge was drumming this morning within easy hearing of the nest but below the road instead of on the hillside above where the mate of this ~~poor~~ unfortunate ♀ used to drum last month. I have little doubt, however, that he is the same "old drummer"

Partridge

killed on  
nest, probably  
by a Fox.

1896

June 11

## Lake Umbagog.

Head of Lake

A wild tempestuous day with most S.W. wind and frequent showers alternating with brief periods of sunshine. Cool.

Watrous & I took the steamer up the lake this morning as we had some valuable nests to get in the neighborhood of Pine Point. There was a high sea running off the Outlet but our little cove at Pine Point was almost perfectly calm & the steamer landed us directly on the float. Jim had spent the night at the camp but was absent getting birds back when we arrived.

We reached  
Pine Point

We first visited the Creeper's nest which yielded a beautiful lot of down fresh eggs. We cut down the stub & took the portion to which the ball containing the nest was attached.

Nest of  
Brown Creeper

The Redstart who built the beautiful brown-white nest of cotton wool (which we furnished her) near the end of an ~~and~~ <sup>above</sup> vital branch in front of the camp had laid two eggs.

Nest of  
Redstart

A Black & White Creeper was singing in the black growth just east of the camp. He must have come there here we left & is probably an unmated male wandering about.

Miniotitta  
on Pine Pt.

The Swainson's Thrushes were singing as usual & we heard one or two Song-Sparrows & Blackbreasteds but the weather was too cold & windy for Warblers to be singing at all freely.

1896

June 11  
(No 2)

Lake Umbagog.

Head of Lake.

After lunch we started for Chasie's Camp following the old logging road for the lake was too rough to go by water. On reaching the camp we went up to the crest of the hill where, in a tall Spruce growing on the side of the path, Watsons had found, more than a week ago, a large & very promising-looking nest of what he thought would prove to be a Bay-breasted Warbler. I visited this nest with him on the 6<sup>th</sup> when he climbed the tree & was quite sure that he could see one egg. On that occasion we took over a rope 200 feet long by the aid of which Watsons intended to reach the nest which being fully 35 ft. above the ground and ten feet out from the trunk near the end of a slender branch was inaccessible by any other means.

There was no bird on the nest to-day when we arrived but just as we got the rope in position a Warbler flew to the branch & quickly entered the nest. Watsons was a little above her & about 12 ft. off in the fork of a bush. He said that she had dead feathers on the back but he could make out nothing ~~more~~ than this. He threw sticks at the nest but she would not leave it until I shook the branch by bringing the rope against it when she dived off and at once disappeared in the dense foliage. He waited about 15 minutes but saw nothing more of her. Watsons then slid out & down on the rope. He feared to be could not reach the nest & had to come to the ground without it. But after we had tightened it he made a second attempt & brought the nest down in his beak. It had two very large & beautiful eggs which before blowing were dead dusky white, after the removal of their coverings slightly greenish. They are unlike any Warblers I have ever taken but the nest is a typical Bay-breasted. A male of that species was bringing ~~to~~ doing

Chasie's Camp,

Glaspy Cove

Nest of

D. casarius

1896

June 11  
(1893)

on the 6<sup>th</sup> within 30 yds. of the nest & on both occasions was the only warble heard in that part of the woods.

After taking the nest we resumed the rope & sitting down some distance off watched the tree for nearly an hour but the female did not come back. We finally had to go as the storm was whistling for us at Pine Point. It was very disappointing to miss positively identifying so large & beautiful a set of warbler's eggs but really there can be no reasonable doubt that they are those of D. castanea. An apparently decisive but really important bit of evidence to this effect remains to be recorded viz. when the ♀ left the nest she flew off in the direction of the spot where the ♂ was sitting. He at once ceased & did not again sing while we were there.

Now I have observed that when the ♀ of either the Bay Breasted or Black-throated is driven off her nest she either calls or joins her mate & the two keep together until the intruder departs where, if the nest has not been deserted the ♀ returns to her task of incubation & the ♂ resumes his song.

As we came down the hills on the stream in June an unusual number of large Gulls, all apparently S. macrotis, eight together near Wood's Cove, one off R. Wood's Cove, & one near Great Island.

Nest of  
D. castanea

Herring Gull

1896  
June 12

Trip up Cambridge River

Weather similar to that of yesterday but with more humidity & a somewhat less strong but yet violent wind.

At 8 a. m. I sailed across to the Snake House & Jim & I started up Cambridge River. We rowed as far as the Falls & then paddled about half way up to Meadows where we came to an obstruction in the way of a bridge and stopped to cut a creek first building a bridge to keep off the black flies which were very numerous.

After lunch I spent half an hour or so tramping about over the meadows & then started back landing at the Falls to feel some birds back and reaching the mill at about 4 P. M.

Along the course of the river in the swampy bottom <sup>between</sup> the house-wood forest between the mill & the Falls I heard only <sup>rather</sup> common birds & none too many of them. There were a fair number of Water Thrushes, a good many Swamp & Song Sparrows, a few Black & Yellow, Black-burnian & Chestnut-billed Woodpecker & now & then a Yellow Warbler or Maryland Yellow-throat. The most interesting species observed here were the Rusty Black Bird of which Rusty Blackbirds I saw two or three (one of them carrying a Wood-wigeon Hawk) the Brown Creeper (a single bird flying in the woods about 100 yds. above the mill pond) and the Golden-crooked Kinglet of which two were heard. Wilson's Thrasher & Olive-backs were both rather common. There were only a few Woodpeckers, Poplarkers chiefly.

Birds noted  
between the  
Mill & Falls

On the Meadows we started two Patterns, three Black Ducks, & two Hooded Mergansers (together, one apparently female) & saw or heard Swamp Sparrows, Common Sparrows (a pair), Song Sparrows, Hail's Flycatcher, Maryland Yellow-throat, Chestnut-billed Woodpecker, Saw Swallow, Chimney Swifts, a Crow & a Great Blue Heron, two Flickers, and a flock of fully 50 Red Crossbills.

Birds  
Black Ducks  
Hooded Mergansers  
Sparrows  
Crossbills

1896

June 12

(No 2.)

## Lake Umbagog.

Trip up Cambridge River

About a mile above the Falls we came suddenly on a Deer, a speckling Photographing  
 back with small knots indicating the coming horns. It was standing over a Deer in  
 out in the open meadow but near a cluster of bushes, looking at us B Meadow  
 intently. He stopped paddling & raised the bow of the boat into a little  
 nose when the Deer advanced at a fast walk coming within less  
 than 20 yds. before stopping for another stare. I got out my camera  
 & tripped four times (losing one plate by an accident). Of course  
 I supposed that each advance would be the last for I was standing  
 up in the boat with nothing between me & the Deer but a few  
 dead sticks & the animal looked as if it might run at any  
 moment. But I might have put up my tripod & focused  
 for a deer picture for after using the last plate I stepped  
 ashore & actually walked several yards towards the Deer before  
 it finally took alarm & leaped off into the woods. It was  
 very thin & had much of the long hair of the winter pelage  
 clinging in tufts or patches to the back & hips. It looked  
 nearly as red as a Fox.

On our return we saw a large doe feeding near the same  
 part of the meadow but she was very shy starting at 200 yards  
 distance & running at full speed across the meadow - a  
 beautiful sight. How unlike that of any other animal is  
 the gait of a Deer ~~running~~ when thoroughly alarmed. As this  
 doe sailed across the green level with long, strongly-arched  
 bounds I could compare her to nothing but a leaping  
 porpoise. At the highest part of each curve her belly  
 must have been at least 5 feet above the grass.

We saw tracks of Deer in many places, one of a very  
 large buck, but there were not many tracks in any one place  
 and the impression which I have received this season is  
 that everywhere about Umbagog, Deer are much less  
 numerous than they were 10 or 12 years ago.

Another  
 Deer seen  
 in B Meadow

Deer Signs

1896

June 12

(no 3)

Lake Umbagog.

Lake House.

Boat in the afternoon, while Jim was getting the boat from the mill pond into the lake, I took the old cart path that starts in behind the Lake House barn and followed it over the knoll, across the pasture and well into the woods beyond. This walk brought back countless memories of the old days when with Dean, Maynard, Bailey, Purdie, Harrington, Will Stone & others I tramped over this old wood land in pursuit of birds & nests day after day & well after well. In respect to its turns & windings, to the bays & brooks which it crosses and the aspect & situation of the woods & openings which it traverses it has not changed in the least but the woods & openings themselves have changed very much. All the Spruces & Baldwins & most of the hemlocks of any size have been long since taken to the mill and the forest is now chiefly made up of hardwood trees which in the openings the evergreen saplings four or five feet high in which we used to hunt for Magnolia Warblers' nests on now trees 25 to 30 feet in height. The bird fauna, too, has changed, I could find no traces of the Bay-breasted, Cape May or Tennesse Warblers nor did I see a single Hermit Thrush & there were others of the old families there apparently wanting. On the knoll behind the barn I heard two Robins, a Cowbird & Lyrebird, a Redstart, a Red-eyed Vireo, two Song Sparrows, a White-throated Sparrow, a Chipping, a Winter Wren, a Swainson's Thrush, a Black & Yellow Warbler, and a Black-throated Warbler. But in the woods beyond the pasture I within heard nor saw a bird of any kind. In the pasture itself were a few several Chippies & a few Song Sparrows.

Birds noted  
near Lake  
House.

After launching our boat under the old elm we paddled down into Wilson's the steamer cover was just below the school house I was surprised Black-cap to hear a Wilson's Black-cap piping. Landing I spent an hour or more searching for its nest. The ♂ bird came within two yards or less

1896

Lake Umbagog.

near Little Pond

June 12

(No 4)

and followed me about resuming its song whenever I passed beyond certain limits within which I have little doubt that its mate & nest when somewhere concealed. The place was somewhat brushy - low & springy ground with thickets of alders alternating with small openings & with many moss-covered mounds & boulders all of which I inspected with especial care. The ♂ bird did not once chirp but yet its manner led me to infer at once that it was killed & nesting. A pair of Water Thrushes & a Red Start also showed marked disapproval of my presence. One of the Water Thrushes was carrying a bill-full of food & chirping most anxiously at the same time.

Wilson's

Black-cap

Water Thrush

feeding young



Drive from Lakeside to Colebrook, N. H.

1896

June 14

Cloudy & cool with strong E. wind.

I spent yesterday & this forenoon packing. At 1 P. M. I started for Colebrook with a pair of horns and Chandler as driver. At Carroll saw a pair of Rusty Blackbirds which acted as if nesting. They were in a thicket directly opposite the hotel and growing up to alders with scattered spruces, birches & balsams.

Rusty Black-  
birds in  
nest.

As we approached the notch junco & White-throated Sparrows became more numerous. On reaching the old Campbell opening I got out and rambled about in the woods for fifteen minutes or more. The only Warblers singing were a Black-throated Green and a Black-throated Blue. I heard neither Black-poll Warblers nor Rose-breasted Grosbeaks although both were common in the woods. June 1879.

Birds noted  
from  
Dixville notch

In the notch proper I heard a Winter Wren, a Yellow-bellied Flycatcher, an Olive-sided Flycatcher, a Hermit Thrush & two Olive-backed Thrushes and saw a Robin carrying food in its bill. Song Sparrows were singing near the Dix House and a Solitary Vireo on the mountain side near.

Birds noted  
in  
Dixville notch.

They are building a dam 25 feet high and moving the road just below the Dix House the object being to form a trout pond which is expected to cover about 30 acres.

A few miles West of the notch I saw the only Phoebe sent with him I left Cambridge. Also saw a Bobolink & heard another near Colebrook. Savannah Sparrows were seen pretty much everywhere between Lakeside & Colebrook at least in about all the fields & openings, wet or dry. English Sparrows appeared 3 or 4 miles W. of notch & were seen all the way thence to Colebrook.

Colbrook, N. H.

1896  
June 14  
(No 2)

After tea I took a long walk about the outskirts of Colbrook. As I crossed the bridge over the little river Yellow Warblers were Yellow Warblers singing both above and below in dense thickets on the banks of the stream. A Cat-bird was singing in a tall elm over the river flitting from branch to branch at short intervals. He was an unusually fine singer & successful mimic imitating the metallic call of the Kingbird and the que-queak of the Alder Flycatcher so perfectly that I doubt if the birds themselves could have detected any flaw in the rendering. For sometimes I supposed that this really was an Alder Flycatcher in the same tree with the Cat-bird.

Cat bird

Swifts in considerable numbers & a few Martins were flying about over the house tops and four Martins were sitting in a row on the ridge pole of a barn near a large Martin-house on a pole in a garden. There was another Martin looking out of one of the holes of this box but most of the compartments were occupied by English Sparrows.

Swifts  
Martins

Near the railroad station I saw a pair of Martins which were apparently nesting in a "witch's cap" on an electric lamp. The ♀ went into the cap & remained there. I could see her head and portions of the nest protruding over the edge of the board in the top of the cap.

Savannah Sparrows were very numerous in the fields just outside the village & I heard one Robinson there. I also heard a White-throated Sparrow on a steep hillside. So far as I could ascertain there were neither Orioles nor Warbling Vireos in the village.

1896

June 15

Cloudy & cool with E. wind.

Colebrook to Wolfboro, N.H.

Left Colebrook at 6.20 a. m. and reached Weirs on Lake Winnepesaukee at 12.50 P. M. There was no boat across the Lake before 4.45 P. M. so I had over 4 hours to wait. I spent this time writing. As I sat in the open station I could hear a Pine Warbler and a Yellow-rump singing near each other in the white pine woods on the hill opposite.

In crossing the Lake this evening I saw two Loons, one in full plumage, the other a gray bird. On the 16<sup>th</sup> I saw four Loons in this lake. The steamer captain says they breed in the smaller lake & ponds only, but I believe there must be some nests on Winnepesaukee.

During my two days (16<sup>th</sup> / 17<sup>th</sup>) stay at Wolfboro I heard two Baltimore Orioles, a Bobolink & a Warbling Vireo in the village. The Martins have lost their old box but a few birds were breeding in a new one not far off. I could find no House Wrens in Wolfboro this year.

1896

June 20

Left Boston at 5 P.M. yesterday by Bangor Boat reaching Rockland at 4.30 this morning and starting at 5.30 by the Mt. Desert boat for Green's Landing which we reached at 9 a.m. Capt. Conroy & Watson were waiting for us on the wharf and as soon as my luggage had been transferred we set sail for Sunshine in Conroy's boat a pretty little Hoop 26 ft. in length.

The day was clear and warm, the water calm and the breeze so light that we were over an hour in reaching our destination (a distance of six miles by water). On the way we saw two Common Terns, about a dozen Herring Gulls, and four or five Double-crested Cormorants, the last sitting on buoy poles very close at hand.

On reaching Sunshine we took rooms at Mr. Oliver Emerson's whose family consists of two unmarried sons, <sup>Benjamin & Alfred Emerson (chief boatmen)</sup> both fishermen. Capt. Conroy, one of the skipper, married one of the daughters & he and his wife will be added to the household during our stay. He is only twenty two years of age but is said to be an excellent boatman. Sunshine is on Stinson's Neck separated from Deer Island proper by a bar flooded at every high tide. The house is situated near the head of a clearing of about 8 or 10 acres which slopes gently up from the cove and on the other three sides is bounded by dense ~~forest~~ evergreen woods composed chiefly of black Spruces but with a fair number of white Spruces (called here Hunk or Cat Spruces) and a good many Balsams. Many of these trees are 40 to 50 feet in height and one which had been cut down measures 23 inches across the top of the stump but by far the greater number are but 25 to 30 ft. in height & 6 to 12 inches in diameter at the base. In places they grow thickly together but as a rule each tree has sufficient space to have retained living lateral branches down to the ground and throughout the woods there are frequent openings of varying

1896

June 20

(No 2)

shapes and sizes. Most of these openings appear to be due to the  
 presence of ledges which although composed of a very rough stone  
 are yet singularly smooth and level in respect to their general  
 surfaces, there being few points or projections and still fewer crevices  
 or beams to make the footing difficult or treacherous. Ferns of  
 various kinds, dwarf cornel and *Linnaea* (both in full bloom) and  
 many other low growing, northern plants are common enough in  
 these woods but nowhere do they seem to grow so generally and in such  
 profusion as in the more inland forests the surface of the  
 ground being covered nearly everywhere with a smooth and  
 perfectly unbroken carpet of mosses — green, velvet mosses  
 (*Hypnum* etc.) under the trees, the brittle, pale greenish-gray  
 reindeer moss in the openings and over the exposed ledges.  
 The contrast of color between the moss carpet beneath the trees  
 and that in the openings is very striking & effective.

On the whole our woods (50 acres or more in extent) are  
 among the most attractive that I have ever seen. They have  
 great variety being wild tangled or walled in places, in others  
 very open beneath the trees. The sunny openings already mentioned  
 are rich in park effects which would — or at least should —  
 excite the despair & envy of an Olmsted or an Elliot. This is  
 due partly to the way the trees are scattered or grouped around  
 and in the openings, partly to the huge gray boulders half  
 hidden by the foliage & partly to the fact that many of  
 the isolated white trunks and not a few of the balsams have  
 been trimmed into shapes closely resembling those of the clipped  
 cypresses one sees in our cemeteries & other cultivated grounds.  
 On first examining one of these trees — a white spruce about 6 ft.  
 high by as ~~many~~ much in breadth with perfectly rounded outlines  
 and nowhere a single projecting point or twig I found it  
 difficult to believe our hosts' assurance that Rabbits & Cattle are

1896

June 20  
(1893)

the gardeners. The former work in winter when the snow is deep, the latter in the summer. Neither will eat the shoots of the black spruce and both prefer those of the white spruce to those of the balsam.

Throughout these spruce woods yellow & common birches have sprung up in many places especially about the edges of the openings but most of them are dwarfed or at best low & spreading specimens. In an opening near the house stands a solitary gray birch the only one known by our host to exist on Deer Island. It has been cut down once but has again risen to a height of 15 or 18 feet.

There are no hemlocks on Deer Island & but one white pine. Yew is rare and arbo vitæ found only very sparingly & locally. None of the hickories, ashes or oaks are known to occur and neither the red nor the pitch pine is known.

The larch is found sparingly & the mountain ash rather commonly. Alders grow profusely along the brooks & I have seen a few mountain woples of fair size.

The commonest & most characteristic birds of these woods are Nashville, Black-throated Green, Yellow-rumped & Magnolia Warblers, Junco, Robin, & Swainson's Thrushes. Two Hermits are singing within half a mile (one of them within 200 yds) of the house. Olive-sided Flycatchers, Raibles Flycatcher (in alder runs) & White-throated Sparrows are rather common.

I have heard two Yellow-bellied Flycatchers, two Golden-croaks, two Cross Finches & two Song Sparrows & two Redstarts.

I took several short walks in the woods near the house this afternoon & after supper tonight & I walked more than a mile inland.

Penobscot Bay, Maine.



Penobscot Bay, Maine.





1896

June 21

Clear & calm through the forenoon. Afternoon cloudy with light S. W. wind.

Sunday is rather thickly observed by this family so we passed a very quiet day writing and talking about walks in the woods near these houses. These woods are intersected by a labyrinth of the most attractive wood paths & they are thick with birds, I have never before found Nashville & Black-throated Green Warblers so numerous nor Yellow Warblers so numerous. A most beautifully blind with rabbits' ears and feet is but with most of the living pulled out, built for down on the ground of a house - could have belonged to the last named species.

I did most of my writing in the woods sitting at the base of a moss covered boulder with Warblers singing all about me and a Hermit humming not far off. A Hermit also sang by fits & starts of various kinds. The characteristic birds, however, are the Robin, Hermit's Hummer, Yellow Warbler, Nashville, Black-throated Green & Magnolia Warblers, and the Jay. The last simply heard once and not seen to flight for the woods this morning.

In the afternoon a young one was seen in front of the house we distinctly heard a Raven Crawl twice.

It was apparently flying along the shore. It is rather common the year through & Field Birds on the islands in this neighborhood.

The Hermit Hummers here, unlike those at the lake, are flying freely and I think I never heard so much Robin song in the same space of time elsewhere. Both Robins & Hermits fine singers.

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June 21  
(No 2)

Penobscot Bay, Maine.

Conary and the Emmons & Buffin brothers agree on the following points respecting the fauna of Deer Island.

Mammals present. Deer; rather numerous, at present protected by laws at all seasons, one seen near this house the past week.

Foxes, common but hunted incessantly & numbers left down. Otters a few - fish in salt water. Rabbits (*S. americanus*) very common.

Mink, common (fish in salt water). Muskrats, formerly common, now scarce. Red Squirrels, abundant; Weasels, a few. Meadows mice, common.

Moles Abundant common. Bats scarce.

Mammals not found. Beavers, Lynx, Raccoon; Porcupine, Gray Squirrel, Chipmunk. The Lynx & Raccoon were at Blue Hill on the mainland.

There are several kinds of Snakes but no Lizards of any kind. Toads are common on Stinson's Neck but Frogs are confined to Deer Island proper.

Birds. Our hosts know nothing, even by name, of Blue-jays, Canada jays, or Spruce Grouse. They say that no kind of Black-bird birds but that a few occur in the migration.

During the day birds sang freely in the woods around our clearing. At evening there was a fine thrush concert - Robins, Olive-birds & Hermits.

1896

June 22

A fair, warm day, dead calm and foggy up to 9 a.m., afterwards with light S.W. to S.E. breezes.

We got off in Conroy's little skiff at about 8 a.m. and by the help of the tide & a breeze reached Dumpling Island, a mile distant, in the course of half an hour. Landing we spent an hour or more looking for birds & nests. The island is 8 to 10 acres in extent, densely wooded with spruce & balsam with a small opening in the center. Many of the trees are thickly hung with lichen and the ground beneath them in most places thickly covered with small wood plants of various kind there being but little moss. The birds noted were Parus atricapillus 1x, Turdus swainsonii 1x, Dendroica coronata 1x, D. virens 1x, Melospiza fasciata 1x, Corvus americanus ♂♀ with 4 young on wing. There was an old Titlark's hole in a fir stub and a dekapitated & deserted Osprey's nest on the top of a broken off but living balsam. Also heard Actitis here. The Chickadee sang phoebe but also gave a series of 4 to 6 whistles all on some key word as loud & ringing as the key notes of Lanius albidus for which, indeed, I at first mistook them. He repeated this call 50 times or more & answered my whistled imitation.

We next landed on Halibut Bedge a smooth, round-topped island of solid gray or pale reddish gray rock perhaps an acre in extent, with patches of grass, beach pea vines & other coast vegetation scattered over the summit which was 20 feet or more above high water. Thirty or forty terns rose from this island as we approached it. They were exceedingly nervous & shy not one coming within less than 100 yds. & the whole colony rising high in air & scattering in every direction when on land. We found 5 or 6 nests one with 2 eggs (photographed & taken) all the others with 1 egg each. I think that all these terns were Wilson's but accurate determination was of course impossible. A Spotted Sandpiper & two or three Herring Gulls were the only other birds seen here.

1896

June 22  
(Wed.)

Saddleback ledge. This is another island of solid rock rising 20. to 30 feet above the sea, 200 yards or so in length, with a bay or hollow in the middle across which the sea breaks in rough weather. The more elevated parts have a fair depth of soil and support a dense & luxuriant growth of wild grass & various kinds of meadow plants among them wild gooseberry bushes in rather extensive thickets and scattered specimens of a tall broad-leaved umbelliferous plant which looks not unlike shrubwort and which was in full bloom (Cow Parsnip, *Heracleum lanatum*)

When we were within 200 or 400 yards of this island a few Herring Gulls left it and a cloud of Terns rose and <sup>came</sup> circling over it. At 200 yards a ♀ Gull appeared, flying out towards us from the largest area of vegetation, at first flopping, then beating on her wings to the water. Four ~~Hawks~~ also rose from the rocks and flew about now high, now low over the water and a Crow, pursued by a great number of excited & clamorous Terns, made off over the sea.

On landing Conway went directly to the spot where the Dickie flew and found her nest with 4 fresh eggs at the base of a boulder under one of the Umbrella-like plants. This is the fifth year that he has found & robbed an Dickie's nest on this spot.

The eggs were all uncovered when I first saw them but after I had photographed them Conway told us that all but one were buried in down when he found the nest.

At the opposite end of the boulder about 8 ft from the Dickie's nest Watson found the nest of a Phalarope (M. serrator) with 2 eggs. They were flattened all over with wind <sup>if it rained recently last night</sup> & looked so pale & dirty that we all thought the nest to be deserted & even speculated as to whether the eggs might not have been laid last year but on blowing them afterwards we found them to be perfectly fresh. There was no down whatever the egg simply lying on a thin mat of coarse dry grass.

1896

June 22

(no 3)

The other birds ~~found~~ on Saddleback were Song Sparrows (two old birds) Savannah Sparrows (3 single, another 3 with ♀ + brood of young on wing) Spotted Sandpipers (two or three pairs, one with young about a week old)

The Colony of Terns breeding here comprised about 50 pairs. They were quite as shy as those at Holburne Bedg. I suspect that a considerable proportion of them were Arctic Terns for a good many of them had peculiar voices and several of them that I saw best appeared to have very long tails. I failed to identify any of them, however, and the eggs that we took have little scientific value. The nests were in <sup>short, wiry</sup> grass, on spaces of bare earth, and among driftwood. One nest was on a bare rock built of and among dry seaweed which was not blacked but nearly black in color.

Spirit Bedg. A mere reef of rocks the highest only a little above the reach of the summer tides and totally devoid of vegetation, the dry area scarce half an acre in extent.

As we approached this ledge we saw about twenty pairs of Herring Gulls sitting or standing on or near their nests but after landing and crossing a wide expanse of rocks covered with wet, slippery sea weed we found not a single egg. No doubt some of the fishermen whose boats were anchored near had been before us. The Gulls rose all together just before we landed & scattered making but little noise. They were much tamer than the Terns on the other islands.

On a flat-topped rock sloping slightly towards the water lay seven or eight Black Guillemots, some of them with half-opened wings. They appeared to be basking in the sunlight. We walked within 40 yards & a fisherman at the same time was hauling a lobster pot in his boat within 30 yards. He sailed home later in the afternoon.

Penobscot Bay, Maine.



1896

June 23

Cloudless with violent N.W. wind up to 2 P.M. when the wind fell to a light breeze, later changing to S.W.

We started for Fox Islands at 6 a.m. but before we reached Green's Bounding the wind became so strong that covering sail we could not cross the bay without getting a soaking so we turned our attention to some of the small, wooded islands near by landing first on -

Grey Island, 1 m. S. of Green's Bounding, about 6 acres, spruce openings the trees mostly small black & white spruces & balsams growing thickly in places. A beautiful little island with a long, narrow cove and picturesque ledges. The birds found were: *Merula migratoria* one old, another new but empty nest, no birds seen; *Turdus swainsonii*, 1\*; *Dendroica coronata* 2♂\*: one with mate and nest containing 4 young which fluttered down to the ground when Watson climbed the tree & nest in spruce 8 ft. above ground among 4 or 5 dead twigs close against the stem - photographed; *D. virens* 1\* (peculiar long tee-tee-tee-tee soft & liquid; some bird also had unusual brayy song, ti'-ti'-ti'-ti'-tee-ay); *Melospiza fasciata*, two birds feeding young. New but empty nest in spruce sapling - 4 ft. *Corvus americanus* two old birds with 4 young on wing; one young bird mottled with white. After taking a number of photographs we crossed under double reef seaward to

Sheep Islands. 40 to 50 acres - high land originally heavily wooded (with stumps of yellow birches 2 ft. or more in diameter scattered about to attest the fact) but now chiefly open sheep pasture long trees grown up to wild raspberry bushes & lots of bracken fern with scattered thickets of young spruce & fir. Ground rough & rocky. Birds noted were

*Merula migratoria*, 1; *Helminthophila ruficapilla* 1; *Dendroica virens* (2)

1896

June 23  
(1892)

(Sheep Island) *Gastrophys trichas* 1<sup>+</sup>; *Melospiza fasciata* literally dozens flying & carrying about food in their bills, chirping, the commonest birds of the island; *Zonotrichia albicollis* 1<sup>+</sup>, *Empidonax traillii chlorurus* 3, one pair with nest & 4 fresh eggs in dense thicket of raspberry bushes; *Corvus americanus*, 2. *Larus smithsonianus*, several flying about along the shores.

I took photographs of the *Glycyhalis* nest & our looking out of the little cove where we landed. Then we went to

Mark Island. About 6 acres of open pasture with one tall black spruce and a group of low, spreading spruces & balsams at one end, the open ground covered with short, wiry grasses, thickets of wild gooseberry bushes and beds of the shrubby like plant. Conway had heard that a pair of hawks were frequently the ledge above this island but we saw nothing of them. We found only:

*Ammodramus borealis* ♂ with brood of young on wing; *Melospiza fasciata* 2, *Corvus americanus* 2 old birds & their young on wing. I found an old nest built of grass by the side of a rock which looked like a Herring Gull's & which contained some of the feathers of this Gull.

After supper I went up into the woods behind the house and lay down on a ledge covered with dry elastic reeds which remained undisturbed until dark. Robins & Swainson's Thrushes were singing all about me. The air was cool with a fresh, salt taste of the sea.

After it had become nearly dark some bird or mammal in the woods near me gave a high, loud quawk very like that of a Night Heron. There are only a very few mosquitoes, Flies, fire midges & no black flies in the <sup>woods</sup> <sup>at this</sup> <sup>time</sup>.  
So at evening the Swainson's Thrushes ceased singing first, our high Hermit about two minutes after the last Swainson's while a Robin sang five minutes later than the Hermit & other Robins called later still. At night the Robins closed the evening bird concert. The Hermit did not sing at all.





Penobscot Bay, Maine.



Penobscot Bay, Maine.



1896

June 24

A clear day with light S.W. to W. wind.

We got off this morning at 8 o'clock and started down the bay. The wind was very light and I spent the first two hours in the forecastle writing. Conway & Watson finally called me out to look at some ferns. There were five of them growing on the north side about 40 yards off. I put the glass on them & at once saw that not a bird had a full black cap. Doubtless they were Electric ferns in the protandra plumage but unfortunately just before I could get the gun ready they all took wing & alighted but to windward.

At 11 a.m. Conway landed me on Little Spoon Island, about 12 acres, high, rounded on sloping outlines, mostly in grass kept closely-cropped by a herd of sheep but with a small piece of dead Spruce & Balsam woods at the S. E. end, then two large and bristling with dead, barkless branches. There were the following

birds here:

Tachycineta bicolor a pair apparently nesting in the dead spruces but we did not actually find their nest.

Ammodramus borealis two pairs, the males singing.

Melospiza fasciata. One singing.

Corvus americanus. The usual family of old & young on wing, 6 birds in all.

Pandion carolinensis. Newly finished but empty nest on dead Balsam 15 ft. on stout lateral branch. Bird hanging above.

Larus a. aurithroicaeus About 30 pairs of birds nesting in the sheep pasture. Found 4 sets of 3 eggs, 3 sets of 2 eggs, 6 nests with 1 egg & about 12 empty nests, some at bases of rocks others on bare spaces of muscovee turf, one in the top of a hollow log.

Oidemia americana 5 ad & ♀ swimming together close in to the rocks.



1896

June 24  
(no 3)

of the chart but called Red Horse Bede by the fishermen here. <sup>of a reddish brown color</sup>  
White Horse Bede is a rocky island <sup>totally devoid of soil or</sup>  
 vegetation, about 1/2 acre in extent, rising about 30 ft. above the sea & lying  
 about 1/2 mile S.E. of Little Spoon Island. From its steep sides & exposed  
 situation this island is inaccessible save in the calmest weather. Conway  
 & Watson landed there while I was on Little Spoon Island. They found  
 about 50 nests of Herring Gulls, about 30 of which had eggs. They took  
 10 sets of 3 eggs each and 9 of 2 eggs. The nests were larger than those on  
 Little Spoon Island. Many of them were built of the same weeds & grass  
 [this weed is a pretty little plant with white flowers which show in  
 some of my photographs] others of black sea weed (the kind with blackish  
 No other kinds of nests were found on this island but Conway &  
 Knight took two sets of Cormorants' eggs there last year & to-day  
 a pair of Cormorants were flying about the island.

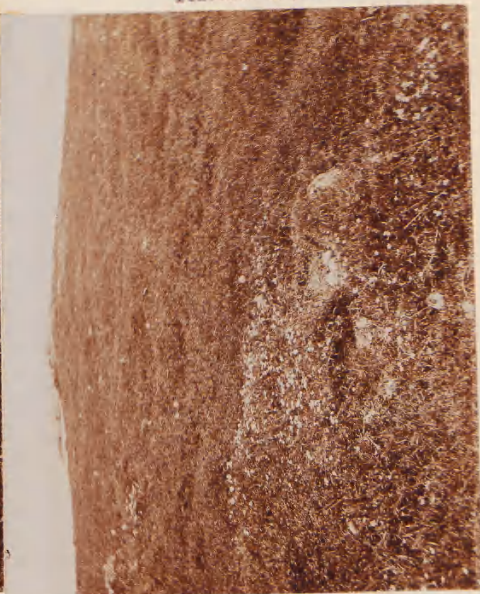
Black Horse Bede. Another solitary, precipitous rocky island smaller,  
 rounder, steeper & a little higher than Red Horse & lying about 1/2  
 mile S.E. as its name indicates it looks over from the back  
 of the boat. He did not visit this island for the reason that before  
 our boat reached Red Horse we saw another boat from New-Berlin  
 all anchored there. Conway recognized it as belonging to his cousin who  
 is taking a young man from Boston whom I met on the wharf  
 at New-Berlin last week & who is collecting eggs & birds about  
 the island. He told me that from 20 that he visited Black Horse  
 a few days ago & found several Cormorants' nests with one of well  
 then.

After finishing my work on Little Spoon Island we set sail  
 for home having a fair but light wind all the way &  
 reaching the house at 5 P. M.

After supper I walked across the neck behind the house following a  
 beautiful wood road, being a good deer track & hearing a great many  
 small birds singing.

Penobscot Bay, Maine.







Penobscot Bay, Maine.



1896

June 25

Clear with light S to S. E. wind, the sea very calm all day.

We got off in the boat at 8 a. m. and beat down the Bay against a light breeze but favored by a fair tide. Our destination was Black ledge which we reached at noon. This is the outermost island of the whole group and it is inaccessible save when the sea is very calm. We had no difficulty in landing there to-day.

Black ledge. A small rocky island of about an acre in extent at high water wholly composed of reddish brown & gray rock the portions washed by the tides covered with black sea weed. The upper surface is very irregular with rounded or flat surfaces several yards in extent separated by miniature cañons full of jagged rocks & rounded or rectangular boulders of varying sizes. The highest points are perhaps 40 ft. above the sea.

We found about a dozen Herring Gulls nests but the fisherman had been before us for only one nest had eggs, a set of two. The nests were built among the more jagged rocks on narrow shelves or in rock crevices, one under a shelving rock. They were very large & bulky & all were composed wholly of the black sea-weed. The sea-weed on the under side of each nest was in perfect & fleshy condition & abraded with small white maggots.

Conroy also found a Black Guillemot's nest with 2 eggs so far in under a heap of jagged rocks that Watson could only just reach it. The eggs lay on some loose pieces of shell. As we were anchoring a Guillemot flew over from the cañon in which this nest was found. Four Guillemots were swimming 100 yds. off the island all the time we were there & we saw 6 or 8 others further off on the sea. No other birds were observed here except two ♀ Eiders fishing 200 yards south of the rock on a piece that flew over it

1896

June 25  
(No 2)

Saddleback Is. Is. On our return up the Bay the wind was so very light that we made but slow progress, we landed a second time on this ledge. There were no Kitts or Eiders there to-day but a pair of Herring Gulls were sitting on the rocks & after we landed they followed us about & over one of them came flapping low over us calling ha-ha-ha as if we were near her nest. The Terns acted as on our first visit rising all together before we anchored and during the whole time we were on the island keeping to high above us there they looked no larger than swallows. We photographed & took two of the tern or a dozen nests that we found.

After supper this evening Watson & I walked through the beautiful wood road that leads to the western shore of the island. We heard only two Hermits & three Golden-crested Kinglets besides a number of Black-throated Greens, Yellow-rumped & Magnolia Warblers & very many Lewisian's Thrushes. One of the Hermits gave all the notes of the species in quick succession, the hoop, the chuck, the hoop-like Peet, the pee & the night call.

Penobscot Bay, Maine.



Penobscot Bay, Maine.



1896

June 26

Cloudy with strong S. W. wind, a dash or two of rain & dew  
by late in the afternoon.

I spent the day ashore taking a walk through the wood road  
in the forenoon with camera & hatchet selecting & cutting out  
spots for photographing later. The change of weather seemed to have  
set all the warblers singing again, especially the Nashville of  
which I heard three. I also heard two or perhaps three Kinglets.

Watrous & Conway went to Nelson Island returning at noon.  
They report a large colony of Gulls on this island the majority  
nesting in trees. Watrous brought back three sets of eggs.

1896

June 27

Clear & warm with S. E. to S. W. wind, light in the forenoon, fresh in the afternoon.

We started at 8 o'clock for Heron Island. It was nearly dead calm at first, later the wind came ahead and we had to beat most of the way making slow progress and not reaching our destination until nearly noon.

Heron Island, About 50 acres, nearly equally divided into open sheep pasture and woods, the pasture covered with grass close cropped by the numerous sheep, with a tall <sup>dark green, round-stemmed</sup> hedge growing in some of the hollows and, near the corner where we landed, a bed of Irises 30 or 40 yards long by 8 or 10 wide & in full bloom. There were a few balsams growing in clusters or highly scattered over the open and some very large & old stumps of yellow birches that showed marks of the axe. Near the shore the ground was rocky & sloping, elsewhere remarkably level, smooth & free from rocks. The greatest elevation above the level cannot be more than 15 or 20 feet & possibly no more than 10 feet.

The woods throw several points & clusters of trees or wooded islands out into the open but throughout most of their extent the growth is dense and uniform and chiefly of yellow birches & balsams (I did not see a single spruce) from 12 or 15 to 25 or 30 feet in height. To some extent these trees are intermingled but in most places the growth is chiefly or wholly of one or the other species, the birches being chiefly confined to the center of the woods & the balsams forming a broad belt around them. The birches are small and stunted-looking but not especially peculiar in shape. The balsams on the other hand are conspicuously misshapen being especially broad & flat at the tops where the uppermost lateral branches often form a total spread of 12 or 15 feet forming an almost perfectly level and remarkably dense platform of interlaced <sup>and</sup> ~~connected~~ <sup>with</sup> ~~with~~ dense foliage.

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June 27  
(No 2)

The trees just described are evidently several growths 25 or 30 years of age. Among them, as in the open, one finds large stumps & occasional dead stubs of the original growth which must have been unusually large for <sup>opposed</sup> "bar<sub>n</sub> outer" island like these.

Besides the two species of trees just mentioned I saw in the middle of the woods a number of unusually tall mountain maples & one very large striped maple, the latter the first I have met with on this coast.

As we <sup>were</sup> approaching the island only a few Gulls were in sight & most of these sitting on the tops of the ~~foliages~~ <sup>foliages</sup>, looking like bunches of snow lodged in the dark green foliage, but soon after we landed the birds rose in a perfect cloud from all the wooded portions of the island and scattering from the open parts. As we did not enter the woods for the first hour or two and as we were careful not to make any unnecessary noise & to move about slowly they soon got over their alarm and settled back on their nests. Indeed they were very much tamer here than anywhere else where I have been & more than once I walked up within good quarters of a perching bird while flying shots were offered continually. These birds were also much more silent than any that we have seen elsewhere. In fact during the three or four hours that we spent on the island I did not hear more than ten or a dozen birds with a sound of any kind and not over was there a general outcry. When we entered the woods the birds simply left their nests and collecting together kept coming up on set wings against the wind until nearly overhead then making off to leeward they would wheel & come again sometimes flapping a little but as a rule gliding slowly on motionless wings right into the teeth of the wind. There was something very impressive in this silent, leisurely advance of the host of great white birds, often fifty or eighty of them together within ten



1896

June 27

(no 3)

flock of half-an-acre or less. As they came over us I could see that each bird had its head bent downward and was regarding us intently with, as I fancied, an expression of mute appeal in its eyes. They were once forced to windward but invariably wheeled and went off down wind to return again within two or three minutes. This behavior is apparently characteristic of the Herring Gulls when their breeding grounds are invaded only here they came very much nearer than on any of the other islands. Evidently these birds have been but little disturbed by the fishermen finding it easier to get their huffy of eggs from the ledges where the birds nest on the rocks or ground.

The colony on Heron Island includes at this date somewhere between one hundred and one hundred and fifty pairs. Of these about 10% are nesting on the ground where we found in all about ten nests most of them in the open about the bases of large Stumps (there were three among the buttressed roots of one stump two empty, one with one egg) but two under outlying clusters of young Balsams and one well within the woods among a tangle of fallen dead tree trunks.

All the nests in trees that we saw (with one exception) were placed on the flat, spreading tops of Balsams 15 to 30 feet above the ground. <sup>quite as</sup> and, after well out on the branches as directly above the main stem.

These nests were built almost wholly of rather fine, dry grass only one that we examined having any shells woven on its outside or at the base. The bin of these tree nests amazed me. I was unfortunately unable to measure any of them but several of them were certainly as large as small nests of the Osprey. As a rule they were nearly or quite as deep, externally, as they were wide but the egg cup was no deeper than in the ground nests.

The balsam foliage beneath them was so dense & crusted that despite their size it was by no means easy to see them from the ground. We found several rather small nests, which I think must have been made by Gulls but none of which had eggs, in yellow birches.

1896

June 27

no 4.

Most of the Gulls' eggs on this island were far advanced in incubation ~~to~~ we took only one set - of them remarkably handsome eggs. Watson found one set of four, the first we have seen, but unfortunately they were on the point of hatching & we had to leave them.

Besides Herring Gulls we saw on Heron Island several Savannah & King Sparrows, a pair of White-bellied Swallows one of which entered an old hole of a Hairy(?) Woodpecker in a yellow birch stub, the inevitable family of Crows (not molested or apparently even noticed by the Gulls) & a few Spotted Sandpipers.

Later in the afternoon we ~~started~~ went back to Linsion's Neck with a fresh S.W. wind.



Penobscot Bay, Maine.



1896

June 28

Clear with light S. W. wind; a remarkably beautiful day.

As it was Sunday we did not go out in the boat but I took a dozen photographs along the beautiful wood path that leads from behind the Coursons to the S. W. end of the Neck. Birds were singing rather freely in these woods the whole forenoon.

Penobscot Bay, Maine.



Penobscot Bay, Maine.



Penobscot Bay, Maine.



1896

June 29 Clear with a violent S. W. wind.

Starting at 8 A. M. we beat through the channel to Green's Bounding + passing inside of Andrews Island stood across the Bay to a group of small islands & ledges lying off the N. E. extremity of North Bristol Haven. As we drew in towards these islands but which are still a mile or more from them a great flock of white-winged Gulls was flying half a mile ahead & flew off down the Bay. Conway thought there were at least 100 birds. When we came out into the Bay on our return late in the afternoon we started the same flock near the same place. I have never seen Gulls so wild before.

We landed on Hog, Dagger & Downfall Islands, each of which had its Osprey's nest which I photographed with great difficulty owing to the wind which blew half a gale the whole time. The nest of Hog Island was on a rock. It was empty & looked dilapidated but Conway says he saw a bird sitting on it early in May. The nest on Dagger Island was on the top of a green spruce. An Osprey was sitting on it & her mate was perched on a rock over the water. Both whistled incessantly not only while we were on the island (she flew off the nest when we landed) but also the whole time our boat was within 300 yards of the land. I think this bird had eggs. My photograph of the nest shows also in the distance Dagger ledge on which was another nest on a rock with a sitting bird & her mate perched on another part of the ledge. Leaving our boat at anchor under the lee of Dagger Island we rowed in the lead boat across some very rough water to Downfall Island where another pair of Osprey had a nest on the top of a jutting rock washed by the tides. This nest contained three young about 1/2 grown & partially feathered. Their parents



1896

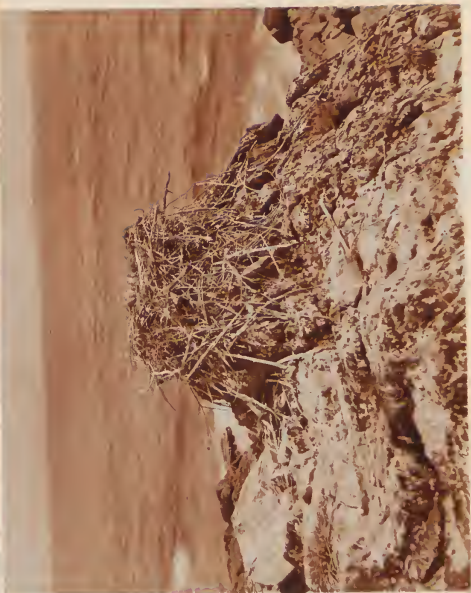
June 29  
(no. 2)

must have warned them of our approach for although we landed on the back side of the island & came suddenly out on a headland directly over the nest all three birds were lying prone in a row with their heads & necks stretched out over the edge of the nest just that from us. I have a fine photograph showing this & also one showing the headland with one of the Offsprings perched nearly over the nest. Both birds kept coming up from the wood and then scaling off before the wind made in the manner of Herring Gulls. Like the pair on Dogger Island they were very noisy exhibiting phew + phew - phew / creeping / cree - cree - cree - cree - cree and making a noise new to me & exactly like the grating of teeth (perhaps produced mechanically by the mandibles), although rather like one of them reportedly come in this year that. Their nest was of enormous size. Greasy Flounder at its base could only just comfortably walk over the rim. It must have been 5 ft high.

Besides the Offsprings we found on this island Scaup & Song Sparrows, several Bank Swallows & a Flicker. One Song Swallow was also flying about among them.

Here for the first time I found Poison Ivy. It grew in low beds among the grass & about the walls. It was tempting to see quantities of ripe wild Strawberries withing or near the dangerous, polished leaves of the ivy.

Penobscot Bay, Maine.



1896

June 30

Clear with violent winds N.W. up to 11 a.m., afterwards S.W. falling to a steady, moderate S.W. breeze at sunset.

Starting at 8 a.m. we set sail for the eastward threading our way for the first few miles through narrow channels among round rocky islands, then crossing the mouth of Eggemoggen Reach & finally emerging into Blue Hill Bay opposite Mt. Desert. Our destination was Trumpet Island which we reached at 11 a.m. just as we crossed the bar at the north end of this island the wind suddenly increased to almost a gale. Fortunately we were under two reefs and in a few minutes more we cast anchor under the lee of the island & landed. The wind blew so violently & the island proved so interesting that we stayed on shore until half-past five o'clock.

Trumpet Island. Long & narrow, ~~treeless~~, about five acres in extent, the southern half a rounded hill rising about 20 feet above high water & covered with uncut & unscrapped, for there we saw hard pine, birch, grass, white pine, hemlock & <sup>small</sup> various ferns; the northern half an almost perfectly level flat only a few feet above the sea-level & evidently flooded by high spring tides but protected on all the sides towards the water by a natural dyke or narrow ridge thrown up by the waves & covered with sea grass, beach pebbles & various other marine vegetation, the flat itself perfectly level, & sandy brown, & covered with a thin but uniform growth of a short, succulent plant which I took to be some species of maritime grass or sedge. On first landing we walked around the entire island searching for Red-breasted Mergansers' nests in the rank growth of vegetation which thickets most of the shore line along the natural dykes as well as along the edges of the upland. Conway had strong hopes of getting a lot of eggs for Mr. Knight found two nests here last



1896

June 30  
(no 3)

The next nest placed some 20 feet back from the thicket among  
 rank beach pea vines but also on the edge of a bed of <sup>(which grows, Agropyron repens)</sup> tall dense grass <sup>with rice</sup>  
 resembling our blue joint contained a fine set of 9 eggs all just  
 sufficiently incubated to give reasonable assurance that the bird  
 had finished laying. All the eggs in the other nests examined to-day  
 had been left wholly uncovered but one there was drawn a thick  
 warm quilt of the bird's down which concealed them so perfectly  
 that not a shell could be seen from any side. Covey says that  
 it is unusual for a Shaldrake to thus cover its egg. In the  
 present instance it seemed to be unnecessary unless for the sake  
 of warmth for in all my experience I have never seen any bird's  
 nest so completely & effectively concealed by vegetation alone. The  
 beach pea vines among which it was built closed completely over it  
 but as if this was not enough the tall rank grass had  
 "lodged" above the vines forming a mat that must have been  
 quite impervious to light & probably to rain also. I passed the  
 nest within a yard parting the grass as I went but missing the  
 Mr. Watrous coming on Belmont we happened to enter a  
 narrow beaten path very like a muskrat's runway & following  
 this path finally came to the nest.

The next nest was equally well concealed & very similarly placed  
 under a mat of lodged grass. Covey stepped directly over it  
 & passed on but Watrous again found the runway & traced it  
 to the nest. It held six eggs. They were perfectly fresh but they  
 filled the nest so tightly that a fourth could not have been added  
 without enlarging it. On this account Covey insisted that the  
 set was complete. He says that both Gidies & Shaldrake make  
 nests of exactly the right size to accommodate the eggs that  
 they will lay. This is certainly true of the Golden-eye Duck as we  
 noticed at Umbagog last month.

The last nest found by Watrous was built on the high part of

1896

June 30  
(44)

the island near the edge of the bank above the wharf. It contained a single egg, bright & clean looking. Of course we left it undisturbed. The nest was in a bed of tall, dense grass, apparently some kind of cultivated grass.

During our stay on the island we saw nothing of the Mergansers themselves until after 4 P.M. when first four, then two, & finally a single bird flew past along the shore & out over the sea again. Conway considers them to be when breeding the bluest warbler birds he has ever met with. Lavinia only has been flushed the bird from her eggs. Almost invariably she takes the alarm long before the boat anchors and in some way manages to slip off unseen. But how can a bird sitting under a dense nest of laced vegetation out of sight of the water do this? I can think of only one way viz. that the drake keeps watch & warns his mate of the danger when the approaching boat is a mile or more away.

There were probably less pairs of Terns breeding on this island. I shot one Arctic Tern and by the aid of my glass positively identified a number of others but as nearly as I could make out they did not represent more than 10% of the total number of birds which we saw. When within 100 yards & not directly overhead it was rather easy with the glass to distinguish them from the Common Terns by their wholly red bills and long tails. I identified only one of this sort. It resembled somewhat & is similar to the Lesser Frigatebird but is more gnatcatcher & salacious. The Arctic Terns seemed to be nesting only along the bank & wharf of the beach where the numbers were apparently about equal to those of the Common Terns. I shot one on the dry flat & grassy hill top & saw only the latter species and all of the hundred or more eggs that I found

1896

June 30

No 5!

inland had the ground color more or less strongly thin. gray whines about one half of them on the back ridge were nearly or quite free from skin and tinged with brownish or buffy brown. I suspect that this may prove to be a more or less constant distinction between the eggs of the two species and I believe further from what I have to day that the eggs of the Arctic Tern are, as a rule, more boldly & handsomely marked than those of Wilson's Tern.

The Terns on this island were not much larger than those at Muskeget. They frequently came within short gun range and when I shot the Arctic Tern a swarm of birds collected & hovered over it. Most of the nests, two, had full sets of eggs many of which were far advanced in incubation. I on found one chick a day or two old. Evidently winter birds were nests had been ~~more~~ disturbed.

Besides Terns & Gulls there were on Trumpet Island two or three pairs of Scaup Sparrows, several pairs of Spotted Sandpeeps, five or six Bank Swallows and two or three Song Sparrows. I am very sure that I heard a Piping Plover call a number of times but unfortunately I could not find the bird.

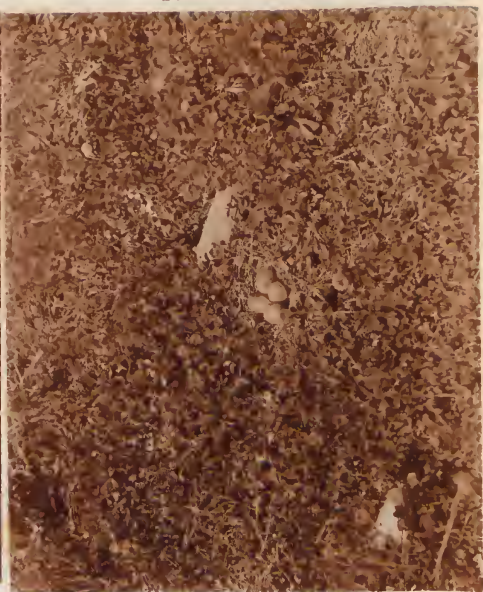
We started for home at 5:30 P. M. and having wind to the point we did not cast anchor in the Cove until nearly ten o'clock.

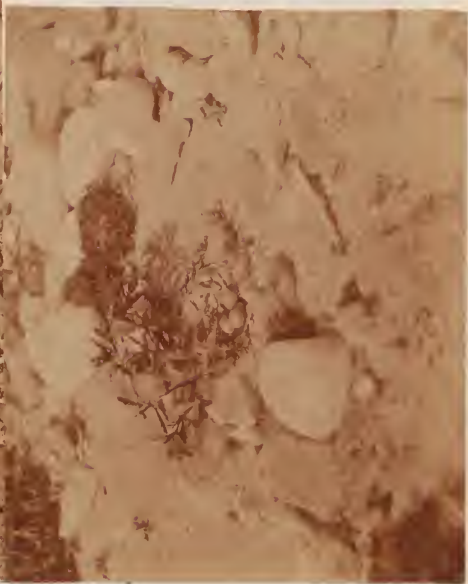
Crossing one of the wide bays this morning we started a large flock of both species of gulls or more, about half *O. deglandis* & the remaining half *O. americana* the males of both species all in the mottled immature dress.

[This page written on our boat in a heavy ground swell.]









1896

July 1

Clear with fresh S. W. wind.

I spent the day at the house writing up my notes etc. Watson & Conroy took Jim Bernier (who came to Sunshine yesterday to consult me about the home boat to Green's Landing. No eggs collected to day.

" 2

Cloudy with strong S. W. wind.

I had to stay in again to-day to finish my work. Conroy and Watson went down the Bay and with much difficulty & some risk the latter landed on Block House ledge where he took about thirty sets of Herring Gull's eggs, one set containing the very unusual number of six. No Cormorant nests. He also visited Spoon Island to investigate a report (which Conroy did not credit) that Beach's Petrels were nesting there. It proved true for in a very short time <sup>found</sup> Watson <sup>found</sup> day after a number of burrows getting him nearly fresh eggs. The fishermen living there told him that upwards of two hundred Petrels eggs had been taken on the island this season, most of them by a native collector, Knight by name.

1896

July 3

Clear with a fresh N.E. breeze up to 8 a. m., the remainder of the day nearly calm with a light, fresh air from S.E.

Starting at 8 a. m. we spent three hours in looking & drifting down the Bay to Spoon Island where we landed at 11 a. m. We remained ashore until 3 P. m. digging & photographing Petrels' nests. Then we went aboard & had lunch after which I returned & explored the remainder of my plates which Conway found Watson across the channel to Little Spoon Island. They examined the Osprey's nest found on June 24. It looked neat & fresh (it was lined with sheep's wool) and the bird was flying about whistling but there were no eggs. Watson visited the Herring Gull colony and found ten sets of two or three eggs each but he took only one set - of two. He says that every nest that we looked (but did not remove) on June 24<sup>th</sup> had eggs to day. Conway says that the birds always lay again in the same nest.

My experience with the Petrels is fully described in my systematic notes so I will not repeat it here. I took about twenty eggs and killed twelve of the sitting birds - a most painful task but I need the specimens badly and they have made beautiful skins.

Besides Petrels I found breeding on Spoon Island a perfect host of Savannah Sparrows - probably 20 to 30 pairs - and several pairs of Spotted Sandpipers, no doubt there are Song Sparrows there also but I did not hear or see any. Two or three White-bellied Swallows were flying about over the land and it is possible they were nesting there but much more probable that they had come across the narrow channel from Little Spoon Island.

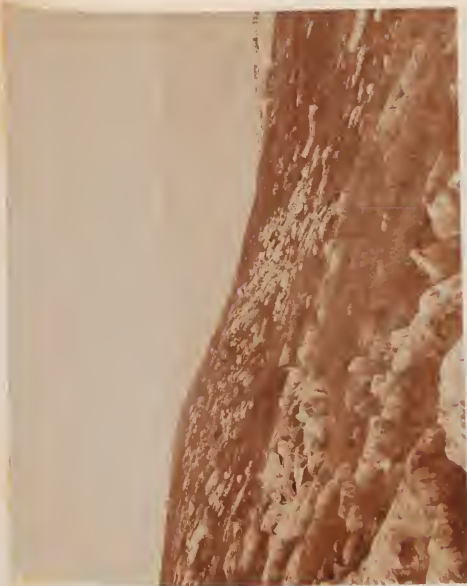
1896

July 3

no 2

Spoon Island. About 40 acres with two ridges rising 50 to 150 ft. above the sea; converging at the southern end of the island, diverging widely at the N. end, with a deep V shaped valley between. This valley is covered with a luxuriant growth of English grass. The ridges are also grassy in many places but of bare rock or soil in others. There are fewer ledges than on most of the islands but the ridges are strewn with boulders & flat, angular rocks of various sizes. There are also many stumps & prostrate trunks of large trees which were evidently cut very many years ago & which are in various stages of disintegration. In a sheltered niche on the western shore grow three or four small but green & fairly vigorous Balsams and the extreme southwestern point bristles with a grove of ~~bleached~~ dead Balsams bleached and barkless but still retaining many of their lateral branches. Over the greater part of the western ridge the ground is covered with a reddish brown vegetable humus from 6 to 12 inches in depth and mainly composed of rotten & as yet not wholly disintegrated wood. This soil is exceedingly light & porous. In places it supports a rich growth of grass & various kinds of wild, flowering plants, in others it is almost or quite bare. It covers many of the large flat rocks. In it the Petrels make their burrows. We found them everywhere where it occurs except along the eastern ridge where it is not as widely distributed as on the western side of the island & where there appeared to be no Petrels nesting. Nor were there any in the valley where the soil is doubtless too ~~long~~ tough for their tender feet.

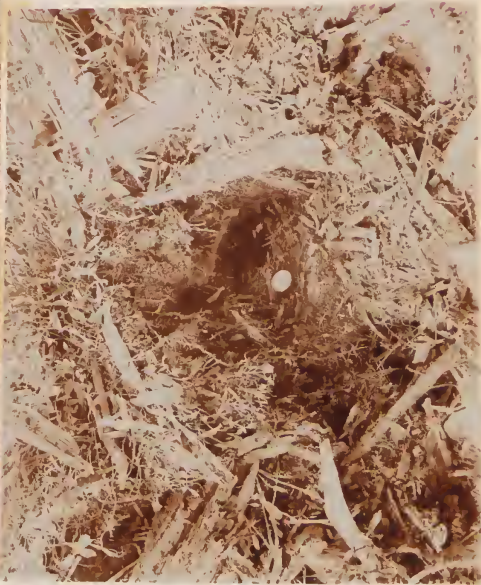
Penobscot Bay, Maine.



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h



22  
4



1896

July 4

Cloudy with heavy showers in the afternoon.

We spent the day at the house.

July 5

Cloudy with E. wind and steady rain most of the day but clearing just before sunset & the wind shifting to N.W.

Work on my notes, photographs & eggs kept me in the house through the day but after supper I walked out along the road towards the bar for a mile or more. Birds were singing freely and I was really surprised at their abundance. Although there are but few species there are nearly all represented by a great number of individuals. Nashville Warblers, Yellow-rumps, Black & Yellow Warblers, Robins, Swainson's Thrushes, and Juncos are the most numerous & generally distributed. I heard four Hermit Thrushes, three White-throated Sparrows, three Trivitt's Flycatchers, two Maryland Yellow-throats & several Song Sparrows & Chipping besides two Grass Finches. The Swainson's Thrushes are probably the most numerous of all. I must have heard at least a dozen more.

Evening walk  
on the beach

The mixture of trees & shrubs of northern & southern tendencies interests me. The Gray Birch is common & scattered everywhere through the woods although less numerous than the Carve Birch is. Labon vitis is rather uncommon & less decidedly so. Ground Juniper grows abundantly in the pastures. It is of a lighter green than with us & may be the northern species. *Eupatorium nigricum*, Bayberry & *Vaccinium vitis-idaea* grow here by here on mossy ledges. The White Sparrow is common.

The people here recognize two kinds of Black Sparrow the Double & the Single Sparrow. They are equally common & I must confess they look very unlike & do not seem to intergrade. The "Double Sparrow" is like the Ambrosia kind. The Single Sparrow has much like downy foliage & is of a lighter yellow of plumage.



1896

July 6

A beautiful Midsummer day with light, steady S. E. to S. W. wind and sky clear in places, in others veiled in thin clouds which in passing over the sun obscured its rays but brightly.

As a heavy sea raised by the late easterly storm was breaking over the outer ledges we did not extend our trail this morning beyond Lower Muck Island where we landed at 9 a. m. without difficulty and spent three hours looking for & photographing Terns' nests.

Lower Muck Island. A round-topped island of about 20 acres with gently sloping sides, the summit perhaps 40 feet above high water, the sides and summit covered everywhere with the densest possible growth of English grass & white clover intermingled with various wild flowers, with large beds of thistles & other luscious weeds scattered here & there, a few plum bushes growing in clannies among the rocks and three or four green but stunted Coltanus, 15 or 18 ft. in height, standing out conspicuously against the sky at the N. E. extremity of the high land. A few large, rounded boulders were distributed in groups & singly near the shores and over most of the upland as well as near high-tide mark ledges of light-grey <sup>stone</sup> roughened by <sup>exposure</sup> the effects of the weather and with jutting points and angles showed themselves more or less conspicuously. On these ledges we found a number of Terns' nests two of which had big eggs each and one five eggs. I spent most of the forenoon photographing these nests while Watson & Covey searched for the nest of the Skuldrake that we saw fly off the island on the evening of the 3<sup>d</sup>. Their zeal was beginning to flag when some fishermen who came along close by there told them that they had seen the Skuldrake about the island constantly of late. This encouraged them to renewed efforts and they searched down on the cap every bed of weeds or tall grass deep enough to be a likely place for a nest. They found no less than five

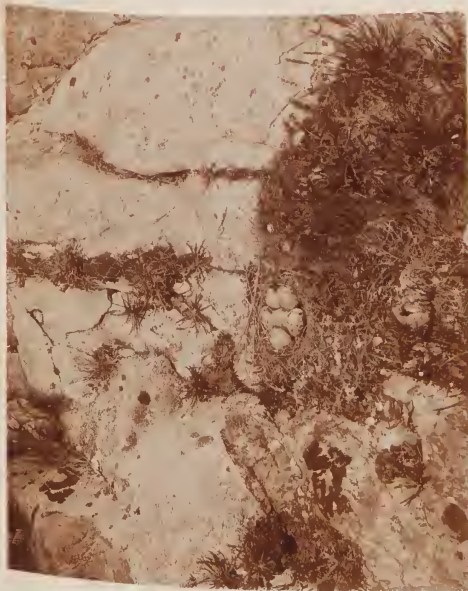
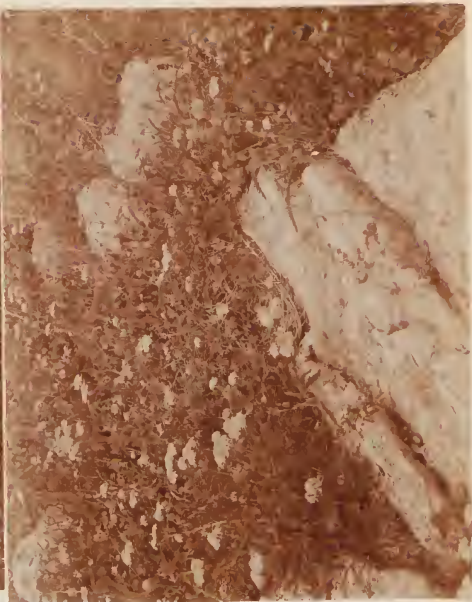
1896

July 6  
(No 2.)

Lower Neck Island) old nests which looked like those of Thrushes & one which appeared to have been made this year but which contained nothing down nor eggs.

Besides the Terns we saw on this island to-day no other birds except Savannah Sparrows which literally swarmed. Indeed there were quite as many as, if not more than, on Spoon Island. They were feeding young on wing. I have little doubt that Song Sparrows also bred here but we saw none. Probably they have about ceased singing on the smaller outer islands.

After eating lunch on the boat we started back up the Bay & passing our cove entered Eggemoggin Reach and turned into Fish Creek which we followed nearly to its head landing finally on Campbell Island where Conway & Knight found a dozen or fifteen pairs of Great Blue Herons nesting in 1894. Some of the old nests still remain (they were built in hollows 15 to 20 feet above the ground & were scattered all over the interior of the island) but the birds have evidently deserted the place as we saw no signs of their recent presence there. I found here the first Red-eyed Vireos that I have met with on this coast—four males at least, three singing on the island in Paper Birch, the fourth on the opposite shore (Deer Island). I also heard Brewer's Thrushes, Black-throated Green Warblers, Chickadees (two), Song Sparrows & White-throated Sparrows. Several pairs of Ospreys were seen along the creek. Two birds, one following the other, were carrying fish to their nest, one a large sea-fish, the other a small flounder. Two Kingfishers also were here & a Night Heron on a rocky point near a fish weir. Conway also saw a Great Blue Heron near the mouth of the creek.



1896

July 8

Sky half-filled with clouds but sun shining brightly most of the day. Wind S.W., light in forenoon, fresh in afternoon.

We started for Isle au Haut this morning but being almost no wind and a head tide at first we did not reach our destination until just ten o'clock. Anchoring in a little cove at the N.E. extremity of the island we landed at a place where there was a small, shallow, fresh water pond just inside the beach ridge. To our right rose a steep, rocky slope covered with dense evergreen woods, in front, bordering the eastern shore for half a mile or more, stretched a succession of pastures more or less grown up to spruces and balsams with thickets of alders, black alders, elms, wild rose bushes & other shrubs in the damp hollows. Sweet fern & bayberry were both abundant in these pastures but the former although very much denser & more thickly-looking than our Massachusetts sweet fern had almost no smell. The bayberry, on the other hand, was quite as fragrant as any I have ever seen. Gray birches were abundant in these pastures in fact quite as much so as the paper birches.

We crossed a rapid-flowing & very pretty brook & finally came to an extensive swamp very like the swamps on Cape Cod, with birches, maples, alders, elms & various other shrubs forming a low but dense cover. On a rocky knoll bordering this swamp were two ~~standing~~ red oaks, trees 10 or 12 inches at the butt, 25 or 30 feet high, and with very wide-spreading tops. As this knoll commanded a wide view over the swamp and across a cultivated field to wooded slopes & the high central ridge of the island beyond I spent nearly an hour sitting under the oaks watching & listening for birds. Waters meanwhile crossed the field and ascended to the summit of the island. I could trace his progress fairly accurately by the movements of the crows as they circled

1896

July 8  
(no 2.)

He an Hunt one & about him making an outrageous clamor. The whole island seemed to be swarming with them.

Presently I heard the unmistakable Kruu-r-r-r, Kruu-r-r-r, Kruu-r-r-r of a Raven and with the help of my glass made out three of the big birds among some dead stumps on a rocky ridge half a mile or more away across the valley. They kept talking those flights two which seemed to be young following the third which was no doubt their parent from tree to tree alighting within a foot or two of her & half opening their wings as if begging for food. Finally all three rose into the air & flew off over the ridge.

It was easy to distinguish them from the Crows, even at that distance, by their more buoyant & erratic flight. Watrous, who got within less than 100 yards of them said that they did not appear to be much larger than Crows but he was struck by the greater apparent length of their necks & tails while flying - an excellent point of distinction.

I saw or heard on this island two Robins, three Hermit Thrushes, three Swainson's Thrushes, one Yellow-rumped, one Yellow, four Black-throated Green <sup>or Black & Yellow</sup>, and two Nashville Warblers, a Red Start, several Maryland Yellow-throats, then a few Barn Swallows, a dozen or fifteen Barn Swallows, two Crossbills (*C. minor*?), two pairs of Savannah Sparrows, four or five Song Sparrows, three White-throated Sparrows, two Juncos, three Killdeers, five catbirds, three Ravens, twenty or more Crows, an Osprey, six Summer Yellow-legs, two Least Sandpipers, two Spotted Sandpipers, three Great Blue Herons & several Herring Gulls.

Watrous found White-throated Sparrows & Swainson's Thrushes abundant on the high central & nearly bare ridge of the island. He also saw six Cedar Birds & a Red-eyed Vireo there but he did not meet with a single Junco.

1896

July 8  
(no 3)

Ile au Haut. It will be seen by this list that the <sup>common</sup> birds of Ile au Haut are essentially the same as those of Stinson's Neck & probably had I had more time & a better opportunity the run was hot & birds were not flying freely I should have found nearly or quite all the species that I have noted near the Emmons's. The Yellow Warbler & Crossbill were new to my list but I heard the latter the very next morning on the back & the former is probably an uncommon or very local species in this immediate region.

I took two photographs near the place where we landed, two of white species clipped by the plank. While thus engaged I discovered the six Yellow-c. & two Least Sandpeeps feeding in the shallow water of the little pond near by. They allowed me to approach within about 40 yards when the Yellow-c. rose high in air & went off towards the S.W.

After landing on the boat we sailed to Green's Landing and there have been nothing of special interest on the way.

In the woods behind the Emmons's all the small land birds were in full song for nearly an hour this evening. The concert of Thrushes was especially fine a Hermit & the Emmons's singing near me for a long time as I stood on the big moss-covered ledge. These wood birds are singing more freely now than they were ten days ago. I hear the Yellow-rumps less frequently, however, & the Kinglets have nearly ceased.

Penobscot Bay, Maine.



1896

July 9

Light winds from the S. W. with intervals of calm and a fresh breeze later in the afternoon. Sun shining dimly through thin fleecy clouds.

Starting at about the usual time we sailed to Mow Island consuming nearly the whole forenoon by the way for the breeze was light &, after we had passed Marshall Island, ahead. A heavy bank of fog lying along the S. E. horizon was so uneasy about the afternoon so we hauled at once after casting anchor and without waiting for lunch I went to work with the camera taking twelve photographs in about two hours. The Gulls behaved much as during our former visit (June 27) but they seemed less concerned at our presence which was the more singular from the fact that many of them had evidently hatched their eggs. At least we found two broods of young in climbing to them of the tree nests & in one nest on the ground an egg had just hatched & the other two were pipped. Most of these ground nests, however, had been robbed since our last visit and one in a Balsam, in which we had left the set of three eggs, was also empty to-day. We found several more nests on the ground in the midst of dense Balsams one with a beautiful set of three fresh eggs which we took. I photographed this nest and also used the eggs to supply an empty nest placed in the midst of a fallen Birch top of which I got a fine negative. Watrous found an empty nest in the woods on the top of a large rock. The condition of the egg shells lying near it indicated that the young had hatched & gone. No doubt the young hatched in the ground nests make off as soon as they are a few days old. There about four days old in a nest in a tree tumbled down through



1896

July 9  
(No 2.)

Heron Island) the branches when motions tried to catch them & when he reached the ground one had disappeared. I put the other two in an empty nest (photographed with a wash up set of three eggs on the 27<sup>th</sup> June) at the foot of a stump and took their pictures, not without difficulty for we had to tie their legs to keep them from running away. When seized they bit with a good deal of force & uttered a tremulous squeaking cry which brought a cloud of old birds up over us. Some of the old Gulls were so tame to-day that I walked up to within less than 40 yards of them as they sat on the tree tops & flying shots offered very few minutes. I ought to kill a pair but thus far have been quite unable to bring myself to the point of doing it. It would be difficult to get the chance elsewhere & the birds on Heron Island are so quiet and trustful that I cannot even bear the thought of pointing a gun at one of them.

at Brimstone ledge, however, when we landed this afternoon (as soon as we had taken lunch on the boat & swung her down to the ledge under the jib the while) I committed an act of the most cold-blooded bird murder by strangling a female Black Guillemot which with her set of two beautiful fresh eggs we took from a narrow crevice under a heap of angular blocks & slabs of stone. I could not reach the nest at all and Covey who has a slender hand & arm could only just do so. The poor bird bit us a little but without sufficient force to cause pain. I felt that I must have a Maine coast breeding specimen & it was better of course to get one in this way than to use the gun and run the risk of wounding & losing one of those tough, hard-driving birds.

1896

July 9  
(No 3)

Brimstone ledge. A bare, rocky island of less than  $\frac{1}{2}$  an acre rising about 20 feet above high water the summit for the most part devoid of vegetation but beach peas & a few other weathervane plants growing in a few places. There are no well marked gulches but in all other respects the character of the island is closely similar in character to Black Ledge the rocks being of the same kind and similarly cleft & broken into huge blocks & slabs which are piled one upon another with narrow passages & low chambers between or under them. In these crevices the Guillemots lay their eggs often where they cannot be reached and frequently, no doubt, where it is impossible to even see them. As we approached the island only one bird was in sight floating on the water but which in our coming anchored & soon after we landed no less than ten flew from near the summit of the ledge & in such a manner as to satisfy us that they all came directly from their nests. But although on flight or from searching carefully among the confusion of rocks we found only two nests both of which were discovered by Watrous. One I have already described. The other was similarly placed but the old bird was absolutely beyond our reach nor could we dislodge her although we poked her with a stick & pushed her about until we made sure that she had no eggs under her (the first bird being closely to her eggs until forcibly taken off them). Watrous thinks he saw two young birds close to the mother when he first looked into the crevice.

The heard young calling in several places directly beneath our feet and no doubt most of the eggs on the island had hatched which would partly account for our finding only the one set.

These Guillemots must rear nearly all their young successfully

1896

July 9  
(No 4)

Brimstone Gudge for there are no mammals on these small ledges & the Crows & Gulls are of course quite unable to get at the eggs which the fishermen, according to Conway, were attempts to molest them. Even the egg collectors cannot fail to find or be unable to reach a considerable proportion of the nests. Indeed I know of no other New England bird that has so nearly solved the problem of finding a perfectly secure nesting place. In addition to the considerations just mentioned such an island as Brimstone Gudge is absolutely inaccessible to the human egg-robbor excepting during a very few of the calmest days at this season. May the Gullenots long continue to breed there in this comparative peace & security. No doubt they would increase rapidly were it not that with these other sea-birds the young are frequently shot before they learn to avoid man. The old birds are shy enough and it would be a different matter to shoot one here at least from a sail boat.

Two terns hovering over the ledge misled us as if they had a nest there but we did not find it. No other birds were seen there.

Boats in the afternoon we landed on Woodhall's Island. It is two or three miles long by nearly a mile broad with spruce, balsam & birch woods alternating with sheep pastures. A man out work in a field was the only house told us there were neither Deer nor Hares on the island but that there were a few Partridges. It was cloudy while we were ashore & birds if present in any numbers were very silent. My list of species noted is therefore very brief & as follows: Larus hudsonius 1 ♀, Mareca nigrostris 2, Dendroica virens 1 ♀, Tachycineta 1, Chelidon pair with young, Ammodramus leucurus 1 ♀, Melospiza 3 or 4 ♀, Junco 3, Troglodytes 1 ♀, Empidonax 2, Corvus americanus about a dozen

Powder Mill Bay, Maine.



Penobscot Bay, Maine.



1896

July 10

Morning foggy; afternoon clear over the land but with dense fog hanging down the Bay despite a strong S.W. wind.

We did not go out at all to-day. I spent this morning in the house writing etc., the afternoon rambling about the woods on the point & cutting away the brush & spruces around two large boulders which I intend to photo-graph later. Most of the smaller wood birds singing freely all day, especially during the forenoon when the woods were enveloped in fog. I have noticed before that the densest fogs seem to stimulate rather than depress the spirits of birds which dwell along our coasts. It is quite the contrary at Balls Bluff, where, even at the height of the breeding season, the birds rarely sing at all until the morning fogs begin to break or blow away.

1896

July 11

A clear, warm day with strong S.W. wind and two brief thunder  
storms in the afternoon.

Starting at 8 a. m. we spent the day on Eggemoggin Reach sailing  
quite to the head of Little Deer Island and thence half way across  
to Cape Rosie. Near the western end of Little Deer Island where we  
landed to eat lunch on a ledge shaded by birches I heard a Wilson's  
Thrush call (phew) a number of times in a swampy thicket of  
alders near us. All along the eastern shores of both islands where  
paper birches grew abundantly we heard Red-eyed Vireos piping  
whenever our boat passed within hearing of the land. The Thrush  
is new to my ears.

On the head, of course, Swainson's Thrushes, Yellow-rumped &  
Nashville Warblers, Junco, White-throated Sparrows & other birds of common  
& general distribution among these large islands of this group.

There were but few water or coast birds - a Dove swimming in  
the Reach, three or four Wilson's Terns flying over it and a  
few Osprey, Kingfisher, & Spotted Sand-pipers along the shores.

Near the mouth of Fish Creek we saw two adult Night Herons  
on a rocky point.

During an interval of dead calm three Harbor Seals lying half out  
of water on a small ledge were making a loud, broken or  
stuttering, growling war which reminded me a little of the  
roaring of the Red Howler Monkeys at Trinidad. This cry is new  
to me although we have frequently heard the young Seals give a  
succession  
of gasping barks.

On our way down the Reach I photographed an Osprey's nest on a  
point & we landed near a small settlement of houses to be the local  
collector Ralph Newman Knight. He was not at home but his father  
showed me his eggs & I bought several sets of him among others  
two sets of 4 & 5 eggs each of Downy Bitter taken with a Thrush

1896

July 11  
(1892)

set of 4 eggs on Saddleback ledge, July 9<sup>th</sup> 1896. The knowledge of this "hoard" gave us all (but especially Conroy) considerable chagrin for the ledge is in plain sight of our house & is passed near it on the 8<sup>th</sup> without thinking it worth while to land there. How these eggs could have escaped the numerous fishermen who visit & "hoard" their lobster pots close about the ledge daily is a mystery. I bought the egg cartons & found that the set of five were incubated 4 or 5 days. The other four eggs were quite fresh.

Just as we had reached the shore on our way back to the boat we heard a throat & presently young Knight (he is only a month) appeared running & waving his feet. I had a short talk with him & learned that early last May he found a Raven's nest (on one of the islands "down the Bay") containing young nearly ready to fly. He thinks the eggs must have been laid late in March or early in April. He has also found this year somewhere among the northern Fox Islands a large colony of Hairy Terns - about two hundred nests, all containing young.

Had had two fine sets of 4 eggs each of the Marsh Hawk, both taken on Deer Island this year from the same pair of birds.

He had also two sets (which I bought) of 5-eggs each of the Great Blue Heron taken May 16<sup>th</sup> on Pickering's Island, one of the more northerly of the Fox Islands group.



Penobscot Bay, Maine.



1896

July 12

One of the most perfect of midsummer days, cloudless, warm but not in the least hot or oppressive with, from early in the morning to late into the night, a strong but almost perfectly steady "whole-sail" breeze from the S.W.

Tempted by the beautiful weather & fine sailing breeze I suggested to Conway this morning that although it was Sunday I should like to go to Kumpet Island to get the Sheldrake's nest which we found & left with one fresh egg on June 30<sup>th</sup>. He assented with great alacrity for he has been wanting ever since yesterday over one box of the Eiders' nests taken by Knight on our albatross ledge last Thursday. We accordingly started at once and with a fair wind ran down to the island in but little over an hour. As we approached it and while we were still about  $\frac{1}{8}$  of a mile away we saw a ♀ Sheldrake fly out from the southern end where our nest was situated and accordingly we felt sure of a good lot of eggs; but in this we were disappointed for our nest held but the one egg which we had left twelve days ago and was unmistakably deserted. It was at the end of a short tunnel which extended into or rather under a dense mat of prostrate beach grass of last season's growth. There was no down whatever in this nest.

The loss of this Sheldrake's nest was not our only piece of ill luck for soon after landing we discovered two men walking about on the hill top. One of them claimed to be the owner of the island & said that he & his friend had come over to see about cutting the grass but they both trampled it down ruthlessly as they quartered the surface like trained dogs & we soon found that they were really looking for Terns' nests which as fast as found they ruined of their eggs. They had come in a dory which was

1896

July 12  
(no 2.)

dramas up on the beach. While we were talking with them a small floop anchored near the island and a boat laden almost to the water's edge brought ashore a second party consisting of two men, each of about thirty years of age, with five children—four girls & a boy ranging in age from four or five to seven or eight years. They were pretty children neatly & attractively dressed and their fathers were rather fine looking men, with clean-shaven and intelligent faces and in respect to both clothes and general appearance apparently much above the ordinary grade of fishermen or farmers. But a more wanton & ruthless set never before raided a colony of innocent and beautiful sea-birds and the sights & sounds which we were compelled to witness during the next three or four hours were simply hellening. The children laughing & at times fairly screaming with excitement ran hither & thither over the island gathering eggs & young in their small hands & aprons, dropping & breaking many eggs and stuffing the young into baskets to be taken to their home to die of neglect & starvation. I saw them catch a little down-clad spotted Sandpiper & stroke its back fondly exclaiming "oh! you little darling!" but it soon went into one of the baskets & was carried off with the rest. Of course this cruelty on the part of the children was chiefly or wholly due to thoughtless egotism of the consequences of their acts but no such excuse can be found for their fathers who, despite their really pleasant & attractive faces, soon showed themselves to be human brutes of the lowest & meanest kind. They both carried double barreled buck loading guns and it presently became evident that they had brought them for the express purpose of killing as many of the breeding farns as possible. But they first beat up and down back & forth through the long beach grass evidently knowing that Scaup are in the habit of nesting there & hoping to surprise a duck on her eggs and shoot her as she rose. This quest fortunately proved

1896

July 12  
(No 3)

vain. Just as they were abandoning it the children started a pair of Red-breasted Grapes which alighted together on the beach. One gunner, quite regardless of the fact that these birds are protected by law for his work to come, crept up to them and both firing together killed the pair—or rather killed one & mortally wounded the other, for when at least fifteen minutes later I examined the birds I found one of them still alive and palpitating with pain & fear. With the judicious assist of its captor I soon put it out of misery.

Having now exhausted their chances of getting anything which they could put to the slightest use the men ~~were~~ separated and squatting down in the grass began shooting at the terns. But after bringing down one wounded bird and missing or slightly wounding several others they became alarmed either at the way we watched them—or, perhaps, at a hint from the owner of the island with whom we conversated casually—but apparently ineffectually—and getting into their boat rounded across the channel to Ship Island over which a perfect cloud of terns were hovering. Soon after they landed they began firing rapidly keeping it up almost without cessation for the next two hours. Conroy & Watsons finally crossed to this island and put a stop to the slaughter by hinting that I was a game warden who had come to these islands to look after the birds. This so alarmed the murderers that they at once ~~crossed~~ the channel and gathering their children together embarked on the Hoop & bet back for home. Conroy said that he found many dead & wounded terns floating on the water in the channel. I myself through the glass saw others drifting out to sea with little knots of their comrades hovering over them. On the island they had or wounded birds lay scattered about wherever one chose to look for them. He found & killed several <sup>of them</sup> wounded

1896

July 12  
(no 4)

Birds. One lay on the top of a rock with four dead ones. I doubt if the men took the trouble to kill a single bird that fell wounded. Conway thinks that they must have shot at least forty in all judging from the rate at which they were bringing them down as he approached them. They admitted to him & their neighbor & friend, the owner of ~~the~~ Trumpet Island also assured me, that they did not design making any use whatever of these poor birds but that they were shooting them simply for "sport". I was also told that they are in the habit of spending whole days shooting down ducks with the same motives. The whole party - or rather both parties - came, we understood, from Seal Harbor.

After dining away the Tern Hayes Conway & Watsons searched Ship Island carefully for *Sceldrukas* nests. The former found a nest containing a beautiful set of seven nearly fresh eggs on the highest part of the island in a growing field among dense hard grass & red top but within six feet of the edge of a nearly vertical bluff at the foot of which the sea beats at high tide. This nest would have been destroyed within a week or less as they cut the grass in this field with a machine.

After photographing the nest & eggs I took them.

Watsons found three *Sceldrukas* nests in a belt of beach grass between the field & the shore, but one was old & another had apparently been robbed lately; the third contained a single fresh egg & was wholly untraced down. We did not take this egg nor did I photograph the nest.

After spending about an hour on Ship Island I returned to Trumpet Island where I exposed the remainder of my plates on Terns' nests of which a few had miraculously escaped

1896

July 12  
(no 5)

The terns.

I should have mentioned that on Ship Island the terns appeared to be all Wilson's and that they were nesting chiefly along the upper edge of a steep, gravelly bluff where in places the nests were only two or three feet apart. I found only one nest in the mowing field where the grass was, in most places, much too long & dense to suit their birds.

I took four photographs of the flying birds using some of the dead terns to attract as large a number as possible one on a spot. They would quickly collect to the number of a hundred or more and hover over the dead bird for two or three minutes, then separate & fly off.

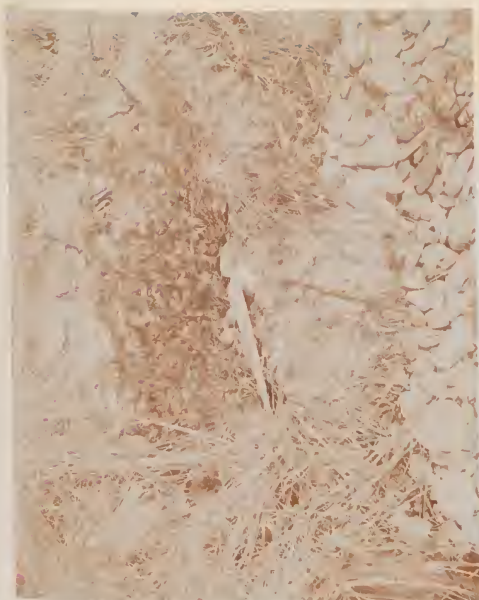
The owner of Juniper Island told me that it contained only five acres of dry land & that Ship Island has eight acres. Ship Island has fully as many terns as Juniper; in fact there were more there to-day. The two islands together have this season about 400 pairs of birds. The channel between them is about  $\frac{1}{4}$  of a mile in width. Lying outside Ship Island are two small islets (one called Booby Island) which Conway & Watson visited to-day. They found a few pairs of terns nesting on each.

Bridle terns & Sheldralls are found nesting on Ship Island Sparrows & Song Sparrows & a few Spotted Sandpipers.

While I was on Juniper Island this morning (a rather just before we landed there) ten Sheldralls flying together passed around the S. end of the island & went off over the bay to the north west. I have no doubt that at least six & perhaps eight or ten pairs of birds have nested (or rather tried to nest) on these islands this season.

Penobscot Bay, Maine.







Penobscot Bay, Maine.



1896

July 13

Clear and dead calm most of the day, two thunder storms passing near us in the late afternoon.

As it was impossible to go anywhere with the Hoop on account of the absence of wind I spent the day about the house. In the early evening I walked to the school house & back. Birds were singing freely & I added the Black-bird Cuckoo & the Woodcock to my list. The Cuckoo was singing in a bush-grown pasture near the school house. The Woodcock rose from the wet swale at the foot of the Hoop tree & ascended in a spiral to a height of at least 200 ft. vibrating head & tail. Although I could not see him I could trace his flight easily enough by the vibrating. I felt sure he was going to sing but the sound of his wings presently died away in the distance towards the shore.

1896

July 14

Another day of nearly dead calm and very warm, too, for this coast where ordinarily I have worn winter clothes with positive comfort.

As we were unable to use the sail boat we spent the day working about the house. Hearing that a large three-masted schooner had struck on a ledge at the entrance to Eggemoggin Reach I started immediately after supper for Conroy's Point where I had a good view of her as she lay on the top of the ledge quite out of water even to her keel.

While passing through the dense spruce woods between the school-house and the point, a distance of nearly half a mile, I heard a great many common birds singing among them four Black & Yellow Warblers every one of which sang exactly alike and gave the witty-witty-wrackle form of song. One bird, however, occasionally put in a third "witty" and frequently substituted a different song altogether a wittes-wittes (always two "wittes" & as more) which was remarkably like the song of Geothlypis trichas.

In these woods I also heard a Winter Wren, the first that I have found in this region & probably a rather rare bird here. He was in a wet bush wooded with young Spruce & Balsams & sang half a dozen times or more with some vigor but yet not as our blue-bayou birds sing in May & early June.

On the way back while passing through the hollow where I saw the Woodcock last evening I heard a Nighthawk loop several times & then boom. Although I was listening for & half-expecting to hear the Woodcock I recognized the nighthawk quality of voice at the first cry.

1896

July 14  
(No 2.)

Not one of the species of land birds which I have thus far found on the Neck failed to sing at least once or twice within my hearing during this walk. Even the Yellow-rumps & Thrushes seemed to have started up again with some vigor and as for the Nashvilles, Black-throated Greens, Black & Yellow, Hermit & Swainson's Thrushes, Junco, Peabody Birds, Song Sparrows, Chipping etc. one would have thought that it was the very height of their love making season. I heard one Parula Warbler and the Black-billed Cuckoo in the pasture behind the school house.

It was a genuine surprise, however, to hear at least two Savannah Sparrows singing freely in the field by the roadside just above the school house for hitherto I have found but one bird on the Neck and that on the point opposite the house. How these birds on the hill-top could have escaped my notice is a mystery for my evening walks have been led more frequently past this field than anywhere else & I have several times spent an hour or more sitting on the stones by the roadside (close to where I found them to-day) watching the sunset.

There can be little doubt, however, that there was something about the weather conditions this evening which stimulated the vocal energy of the song birds to a degree very exceptional at this season. The air was very clear, absolutely calm and, after to warm a day, comparatively cool. Evidently, too, the song season here lasts much later into the summer than with us. No doubt it begins later and perhaps the Crows & Red Squirrels have something to do with it for I believe they rob most of the earlier nests. At least we have seen very few young birds & have found many half-developed nests.

1896

July 15

Foggy, the afternoon cloudy with heavy showers.

We started for Sedgwick at 10 a. m. Having a fair and rather fresh breeze we reached our destination before noon and cast anchor in the very little harbor. After disposing of a hurried dinner we got a double-hatched wagon and a driver and started for a salt marsh some five miles distant in the direction of Blue Hill. This marsh had been described to me as very extensive one man assuring me that it covered at least fifty acres. I was most anxious to visit it for I felt reasonably sure of finding Sharp-tailed Finches there but on reaching the place the "marsh" in question proved to consist of a few belts of sedge scattered along the margin of a salt creek the most extensive belt being less than 100 yards in length and only 25 or 20 yards in width. As the ground was flooded ~~by~~ every tide of course there were no birds of any kind breeding in the grass. It is not improbable that migrating Sharp-tails may ~~drop into~~ find a temporary shelter there.

At the point where the road crosses the creek, however, there is an old dam & saw mill and above this a fresh water meadow of about fifty acres in extent & through its center winds a sluggish brook, in places narrow & half covered by tall grass, ~~and~~ in others expanding into shallow pond holes or capons covered with cowslip leaves and bordered by thickets of huckleberry & other ~~water~~ water loving plants. The meadow itself is rather dry & fine with a growth of thin, short, wiry grass & cranberry vines among which in unusual profusion were the beautiful & frequent flowers of the Pogonia.

1896

July 15  
No. 2.

This marsh lies, I believe, about on the border line between Sedgwick & Polar Hill. I found in it to-day a multitude of Savanna Sparrows (most of them young in first plumage), considerable numbers of Song and Swamp Sparrows, a few Maryland Yellow-throats and one Red-winged Blackbird. The Bayous with their luxuriant aquatic vegetation and <sup>marshy</sup> rank growths of tall grasses & bushes formed ideal haunts for the smaller Rails & it would be indeed strange if Passerina caerulea & Colinus virginianus do not breed there in some numbers but I failed to obtain any evidence of the presence of either species. Bobolinks, too, would ~~be~~ inhabit the broad, rich mowing fields which slope gently down to the marsh on the northern side but we neither saw nor heard them & one driver said that they occur only during migration & then in but small numbers. The scarcity of Red-wings was difficult to understand for there was room enough along the brook for scores of them. The high bird observed was a water henge, ~~hedge~~ <sup>hedge</sup>. Hundreds of Swallows were skimming low over the marsh, ear swallows being the most numerous & represented, Barn Swallows next in numbers, and White-bellies represented by less than half-a-dozen birds. Broods of young Barn Swallows, fresh from the nests, were scattered all along the brook perched (~~these numbers of~~ <sup>these numbers of</sup> each brood together) in bushes only a foot or two above the water.



1896

July 15  
(no 4)

I should have mentioned that this nest was not on the shore of the pond itself but on the right-hand side of the creek about 50 yards from its mouth. The channel of open water was here about ten yards wide and two feet deep but a little further up it narrowed to but little more than the width of a large brook. As we were approaching the nest we saw nothing of the loon but the eggs were very warm and while we were looking at them the old bird showed her head some thirty yards up the creek. She thrust it up and drew it beneath the surface several times without moving her position but finally she started down the creek under water making a furrow on the surface precisely like that of a big fish. She sat still and let her pass. Her speed was greater than that of an ordinary boat but I think that two good paddlers in a light canoe might have kept up with her. It was interesting to see how accurately she followed the channel which was very crooked in places. She made in all a distance of nearly 200 yards before coming to the surface well out in the pond when she at once spread her wings and flapped off to the further shore. She was an enormous loon - one of the very largest I have ever seen. We saw her mate in the pond about half-a-mile from the nest when we first emerged from the woods. Neither bird made any vocal sound while we were within hearing of the pond. We took the eggs of course. This nest has been retaken twice within a few years, once by our guide, the other time by his brother. In both cases two eggs constituted the set. I saw one pair of eggs (the brother's)



1896

July 15-  
(No 5)

It may be as well to record in this connection what happened to my two Bonin's eggs. On taking them I thought I could feel the young moving within. When we reached the boat & unpacked them both young birds were peeping loudly. One died during the night but by the next morning the other had chipped a hole as big as a silver ten cent piece near the larger end of the egg. He made no further progress during the day but kept up an incessant cackling. On the second morning he was silent & at first I thought him dead but detecting a slight movement of his head I opened his bill & breathed into it a number of times. This revived him and after he had been put in a warm place behind the cackling stove at the Emersons for half an hour he was as lively as ever. I then drilled a row of holes around the egg and peeling off the larger end pulled out the young bird and put him in a basket by the fire. His downy plumage soon dried and within an hour he would swallow with every appearance of satisfaction small fleeces of fresh fish macerated in water. I fed him at short intervals through that day & he seemed to gain strength & bulk rapidly. He also seemed to open his bill when food was offered him. On the third morning he was still bigger & stronger & his appetite was much improved. At 4 P.M. of that day I started from Green's Landing for Boston. As soon as I got my dove aboard the boat he began to languish and when we reached Rockland at 6 P.M. he was gasping for breath. He was just alive when I went to bed & died & stiff next morning. Whether the motion of the steamer distressed him or whether he got chilled by the cool sea breeze I was unable to make out. I was glad to add his beautiful skin to my collection but his death was nevertheless a

1896

July 15

(no 6)

source of real pain to me for a further and more enjoyable little pet has now come under my care. When I first took him from the egg his eyes were wide open but I am bound to admit that they were, for a bird's, dull and expressionless eyes. His usual call was a loud peep not unlike a young chicken's but fuller & more "throaty". He also gave a succession of whistling notes very like those of our Osprey. On the day of his assisted birth I put him in a tub of water where he swam about with some ease but with his bill beneath the surface. I think that there was something the matter with his neck from the first for he could not hold up his head without great effort.

In this connection, also, I will describe another Loon's nest which we visited on the 16<sup>th</sup>. It was in the town of Brooksville at the N. E. end of Walker's Pond (cf journal of July 16 for description of pond). Like the first nest it was composed wholly of bunches of grass roots and it measured exactly the same in total width as well as in the width of the egg cup but the sides were built up higher and the rim more distinctly marked while the whole structure was more symmetrical. In fact I have never seen any loon nest so absolutely round. It looked as if it had been formed on a potter's wheel. Like the other nest, also, it was placed near (or rather on) the edge of a shallow winding creek perhaps 30 yards from its mouth but unlike the first nest it rested on a solid foundation having been built up on a hard bottom of mixed sand & mud in water about 2 inches deep. The surroundings were also slightly different for a bed of cat tails formed a background to this nest & several of these tall stems

1896

July 15<sup>-</sup>  
(no 7)

went gracefully over it although from the creek side it was wholly open to view and indeed a very conspicuous object.

This nest had also, we were told, been occupied for many years. Although it is within an eighth of a mile of a small village & known to everyone living in the country around we were assured that it has never been molested. The young had hatched about a week before our visit and nothing but fragments of the egg shells & the tough skin that had enclosed the embryos remained in the nest. We saw one of the old loons in the pond but could not find the young although we followed the shore line closely in a boat & used our glasses freely.

I should have noted that this nest like the first was so situated that the sitting bird could slide directly from its edge into water two or three inches deep. This fact leads me to conclude that the reason why loons were based on salt water is probably that, being unable to either walk on or to fly directly from dry land, they would be nearly if not quite helpless if perched on the nest at low tide!

1896

July 16

Clear and cool with strong N.W. wind.

We passed the night on the boat and arose this morning just as the sun was rising. An hour later our driver appeared with the same excellent horse and wagon that we had yesterday and we were soon on our way to Walker's Pond. The road leads along near the shore for the first few miles and then, crossing inland, climbs a long hill from the top of which one looks directly down on the pond on one side and <sup>off</sup> <sub>37</sub> one Penobscot Bay on the other. Although the distance to Brooksville, a small village at the N.E. end of the pond, was perhaps seven miles.

On reaching this village we asked about Boon's nests and were told that there were <sup>now</sup> only one on the pond although there used to be two each season years ago.

Every one seemed to know all about the nest of the present season and not unexpectedly for it was scarce 300 yards from the middle of the little village & in plain sight of the little country store at which we stopped to make enquiries which it was actually within 50 or 60 yards of a landing where there a few boats are kept. The young men of whom we hired one of these boats pointed out the position of the nest and rowing across the little cove we entered the mouth of a shallow muddy creek and were down at the nest. The young had left it, we were told, about a week before. As I was anxious to see them we rowed entirely around the pond entering all the coves and following the shore closely but we could find only one of the old birds which was quite

1896

July 16  
(No 2.)

as shy as most of his wary species. Of the nest itself I have recorded a <sup>general</sup> description in connection with that of the nest found yesterday & under date of July 15. Here is a copy of the detailed notes that I took on the spot:

"Loon's nest at N. E. corner of Waller's Pond, examined July 16, 1896.

On edge of cat-tail bog bordering creek covered with Lily pads and about 15 or 20 yards from the point where the creek enters a cove of the pond. Nest built up on a firm (although soft) bottom of mixed sand & mud covered with water two or three inches deep, the water all around the nest two to four inches deep with a channel of open water about a foot deep leading in from the creek to the very edge of the nest & probably made, either designedly or <sup>incidentally</sup> through long use, by the birds. Tall cat-tail flags growing <sup>close</sup> behind & on two sides of the nest & bending over it, Sagittaria pushing up through it - nest composed of mud balled bunches of grass roots and moss-like aquatic plants with a scanty lining of dry blades or the cat-tail flags. Total width across top exactly 2 ft. width of inner cup exactly 1 ft. Cup just 1 inch deep in the middle. Rain raised 4 inches above the water. Nest as regularly circular both without & within as if modelled on a father's wheel. Fragments of the egg shells and the lining of one of the eggs lay within it, the lining of the other egg in the shallow water outside. From the creek side this nest was a conspicuous object."

1896

July 16

(No 3)

Now a word as to Walker's Pond. It is a beautiful sheet of water three miles long by half a mile or more in width at the widest part with rocky shores rising abruptly in low cliff at several points and with pretty sand beaches in some of the numerous shallow coves. The south western end is heavily & densely wooded with spruces & balsams chiefly and groves of trees or thickets of bushes are sprinkled thickly around the remaining shores but near the village much of the land is under cultivation & fields of English grass stretch to the water's edge.

The cove where the Loons nest is an ideal place for Red-winged Black birds but like the marsh visited yesterday it seemed to have attracted only a solitary bird of this species who sang a few times but did not show himself. Swamp Sparrows were numerous along this cove and here as well as nearly everywhere about the shores of the pond we heard a few Yellowthroats one of which was also seen in an orchard in the village. On a rocky slope near the shore we heard a Mniotilta warbling the wickiwoogie song. Red-eyed Vireos were singing merrily in all directions in the woods & thickets. Song & Saw-whet Sparrows were abundant in the fields.

We saw a fine old Herring Gull standing on an isolated rock but the village people told us that so far as they know this species does not nest here. They also said that no Ducks of any kind breed in or near this pond but on guide of yesterday thinks that an occasional brood of young Black Ducks may be found in Frost's Pond although he has seen none there himself of later years.

1896

July 16  
(No 4)

During the drive to & from Wallis's Pond we observed no birds of any especial interest. The Savannah Sparrow is evidently one of the most abundant species of the region & is found practically everywhere in the open country regardless of elevation or of the character of the fields, provided only they are covered with some kind of grass. The Song Sparrow is also very common. Barn Swallows are generally distributed throughout the entire region breeding in small colonies (from two or three to a dozen or fifteen pairs) on nearly every house & barn that we passed - at least where the construction of their buildings made it possible for them to attach their nests.

We reached the harbor about noon and spent the greater part of the afternoon getting back to Seaside Hopping on the way to make a second call on Ralph A. Thirglet from whom I bought a few more eggs & who told me that Night Hawks are numerous in the woods & pastures near his father's farm. He showed me a nest & eggs of the Yellow Warbler taken on Deer Island.

1896

July 16  
(No 5)

After taking tea at the Emersons' we went aboard the boat again and started down the Bay. It was a beautiful evening, cloudless, the air very clear, a light breeze from the south west just ruffling the water. A few Gulls were flying about and we saw a magnificent Bald Eagle, a fully adult bird standing on a rock on a small ledge about 200 yards off, with its broad wings half spread. This is the first Eagle I have seen in Penobscot Bay. As the sun sank the breeze became lighter & lighter and we finally had to take to the sweeps but we reached our destination, Spoon Island, by 8 P.M. and anchoring at our usual place.

My sole object in making this trip was to see the Leach's Petrels leave their burrows and to hear the clatter which, according to some of the foremen, they make at night. We were in good season for twilight had scarce begun to fall when we climbed the rocky hillside and posted ourselves on the crest of the ridge in the middle of the breeding ground. The slope of the land was such that in these directions either the sky or sea formed a light background against which so dark colored a bird as a Petrel must have been easily seen. Nevertheless day passed slowly into night until the afterglow had quite faded in the west and only the light of a half moon & that of the stars remained, without our seeing anything of the numerous birds which we knew to be nesting literally beneath our feet. Several times we were momentarily deceived by a dim form darting close past us but in every instance this proved out to be a Bat. In short we did not see a single Petrel although we remained on the



1896.

July 16  
(no 6)

island about two hours or until nearly 10 P. M.

Now were our ears more favored than our eyes for as night closed in we heard only the chirping and bickering calls of Savannah Sparrows, the musical peet-weet of Spotted Sandpipers, the various cries of the Sea Gulls, and the sullen boom of the surf on the outer ledges. Altogether it was a great disappointment and one that I am quite at a loss to explain. Unquestionably there were two or three hundred Petrels' nests scattered about under the turf within two hundred yards or less of where we sat. If any birds left or came to them while we were there it must have been after dark and they must have declined to close to the ground as to actually escape our observation. Even then it seems incredible that we should not have seen some of them as they came up from the sea over the crest of the ridge. The utter silence of so large a colony of breeding birds was also remarkable. Either the fishermen must have deceived us or the clamor of which they have told us is produced only at certain periods of the breeding season or during certain conditions of weather. It is idle, however, to speculate on these points or to do more than record as above the fact that during this visit we neither saw nor heard anything.

In a lobster pot on the beach we found a grouse, a young bird but fully fledged & able to fly well as he proved when we liberated him. Conway tells us that young Crows often enter baited pots drawn up on the shore and, like the lobsters, are unable to get out again. He would & doubtless homoyed with the birds reaching the business at about midnight.

1896.

July 17

Spent the day packing - no observations.

" 18

Clear with a cool S.W. breeze.

At 1 P.M. we put our things aboard the boat and started for Green's Landing. On the way across we saw another Bald Eagle, a brown bird this time. At Green's Landing I heard Alder Flycatchers and a Yellow Warbler (the latter in full song) in alder thickets on the hillside just above the wharf.

The steamer Mt. Desert came at 4 P.M. and took us to Rockland where we transferred to the steamer for Boston. When we left the Emerson's my young dove was as bright and cheerful as ever but either the sea breeze chilled him or some water which I gave him on the steamer disagreed with him for he began to fail soon after we started from Green's Landing and when I went to bed at 11 P.M. he was only just alive. Next morning I found him cold & stiff. I skinned him as soon as we reached Cambridge.

1896

Boston to Lake Umbagog.

August 8 Clear, mild and very warm (ther. 90° at Poplar Swamp at 2 P.M.).

I left Boston yesterday at 9 A.M. and spent the night at Bethel where, at sunset, a Robin was singing rather freely near the hotel and a large number of insects couring about over the clens evidently assembling to roost but just when they spent the night I was unable to discern.

At daybreak this morning I heard Robins, Song Sparrows, Birds at  
a Wood Pewee, a Red-eyed Vireo and a Goldfinch singing, Bethel  
and later saw a brood of young Great Flycatchers.

Calling on Dr. Gehring I found that he was much interested in our native plants & Herbs and had a large & very attractive wild garden. He had *Clitorea* in bloom but he tells me that it is not found wild near Bethel.

At noon I started for the Lake by Stage with Mr. Gill as driver. The heat was so intense that we traveled very slowly ~~at first~~ but after we had passed the notch the sun was so low behind the western mountains as to trouble us no longer and in the woods the air was positively cool as well as laden with delicious odors.

The roadsides all along the way were gay with all sorts of vivid hummer wild flowers - *Eupatorium*, Fire weed, Golden rod, Hardsack & a few of the earlier *Asters*.

It seemed to me that these & other flowers are here finer than in Massachusetts. The Fire weed is certainly finer. Birds were not numerous as to either species or individuals

& I saw nothing of any particular interest! Blanchard who came out at Bethel to meet the stage tells me that a pair of "black" Eagles have nested this year at the old eye on the old post white of Dalton notch.

Status of  
vegetation

Golden  
Eagle nest  
in August 12

1896  
Aug. 9

Lake Umbagog.

Cambridge R. Marshes

A light shower in the morning & a very heavy one just after dinner; otherwise a clear and very hot day. The therm. reaching 90°.

I spent the forenoon at Ballside writing & unpacking. After the second shower had passed I sailed over to Upton to see the new house boat which is approaching completion. On the way over I saw five Ducks all, I think, Whistlers. Two which were certainly of that species were diving for food in the river near Pesche's bend. They were remarkably tame allowing me to sail the course to within less than 20 yards. One looked like an old bird but the other did not seem to be more than two-thirds grown although it could fly well.

I landed at Pesche's Spring and had a refreshing drink of its ice-cold water. The woods seemed silent and deserted but a Song Sparrow was singing in the neighboring pasture.

It was nearly half-an-hour after sunset when I left the landing at Upton and quite dark when I reached Ballside. The wind had died away and I had to paddle the entire distance. I started two Great Blue Herons and saw others flapping lazily across the glowing western sky but no Ducks seemed to be coming. A single Night hawk and a good many Bats were flying about over the falls near the mouth of the river.

Herons  
Night hawk.  
Bats

Although I saw no Ducks in the air I surprised a <sup>brood</sup> of ten Wood Ducks feeding in shallow water near the eastern end of the larger pond. Not one of them could fly apparently but they scattered in every direction & using their wings & feet like young Somerset got into the grass very quickly. Such a squeaking & fluttering as they made on first being seen!

Brood  
Wood Ducks

1896  
Aug. 10

Lake Umbagog.

Cambridge R. Marshes

Clear and hot, the forenoon calm, a light N. W. breeze in the late afternoon.

I spent the day at Upton superintending the work on the horse boat, sailing slowly on before the lightest possible air in the morning, paddling out to the mouth of the river and beating against a head wind the remainder of the way, late in the afternoon.

The water is high for this time of year but the river banks are coming out and in places afford dry footing although usually everywhere there is more or less water among the luxuriant growth of grass. Hence the conditions although unfavorable for the waders are exactly right for the Ducks and the latter appear to be unusually numerous for this particular locality & season. I saw to-day, between the mouth of the Cambridge & the Mill, eight Black Ducks and as many more Whistlers. Seven of the Black Ducks were young birds about three-fourths grown and unable to fly. They were evidently all of one brood but their parents did not seem to be with them. At least they all appeared to be of the same sex & where I passed them had they went ashore on the river bank & took to the grass, but instead of stopping & hiding them as I expected they crossed the land and when I showed myself above the bank began running & flapping off over the flooded meadows on the other side.

High water

Brood of young  
Black Ducks

The Whistlers were scattered about everywhere & were very tame. So far as I can learn none of the birds on the Cambridge River meadows have been as yet disturbed. It is delightful to see them

Whistlers

1896  
Aug. 10  
(No. 2.)

Lake Umbagog.

Cambridge, R. Massachusetts.

attractive water fowl back in such numbers in their old Water fowl  
haunts. Would that they might be permitted to stay unmolested  
unmolested through the autumn as well as the summer!  
But alas! in a few short weeks the slaughter will  
begin.

Apparently the patches of grass along the river banks  
as yet shelter us small birds except where there are  
bushes, also, and near the floating island where I heard  
a Swamp Sparrow sing yesterday & others chirp to-day.

The Savanna Sparrows are still on their breeding grounds  
in the upland fields & pastures. The meadow at Baldwins  
is alive with them. No doubt they will take to the  
river marshes as soon as the water falls sufficiently  
to make these grounds attractive to them.

Swamp

Sparrows

Savanna

Sparrows.

The only birds singing with any regularity or frequency  
are the Goldfinch, Song Sparrow and Red-eyed Vireo, but  
several others such as the Wood Pewee and Olive-backed  
Flycatcher are heard occasionally & this morning a Water  
Thrush and a Yellow-rumped Warbler each sang once near  
the Pease Spring; the Water Thrush's voice was as strong  
& rich as in June but the Yellow-rump's was feeble &  
hesitant. The Chickadee & White-throated Sparrows are absolutely dumb.

Birds still  
in song

As I was walking past B. Point this afternoon I  
heard the chink, chink of White-winged Crossbills & the  
next moment a flock of seven of these birds started  
from the top of a tall Spruce & flew off towards  
the north.

Crossbill  
Crossbills

1896  
Aug. 11

Lake Umbagog.

Cambridge River Marshes.

Clear and very hot. Our thermometer (a poor one) stood at 90° for hours. At Bethel the temperature reached 102° in the shade before noon according to the flag device.

As it was dead calm through the forenoon I did not leave Bethel until after dinner when a fresh S. W. breeze wafted me quickly across to Upton. In a little more just inside the rocky point at the mouth of the Cambridge six Great Blue Herons were standing along the shore four on the mud and two on low flanks. Further along I could see five more so that in all I had eleven of these picture-book birds in sight at once. There were also two Eagles, a white headed and a brown one, and an Osprey sitting on dead trees not far from the Herons. Of Ducks I saw but one, a Whistler sailing about in a cove near Peaslee's town. The same bird was in the same place yesterday.

Eleven  
Great Blue  
Herons in  
sight at  
once.

Eagles.  
Osprey.  
Whistler

As I was picking up the sticks just above Peaslee's bend I saw something lean the high, grassy bank on the left and strike out across the river. At first I took it for a Snake but as I got nearer I found it to be a large and very peculiar Mole. It was nearly as large as a Star-nose but its skin was of a light silvery gray, its nose tapered to a smooth and rather blunt point and its short tail was covered thickly with long hair & looked, as Will Burgess expressed it, "as bushy as a Woodchuck's". Its nose was perfectly bare for half an inch or more and of <sup>light</sup> blood red color looking exactly as if the skin had been just stripped off which, however, was not the case. This appendage was in reality a flexible proboscis which the creature moved up & down & to both sides with great frequency & facility. The

A curious  
Mole  
(Parascapops  
Breweri)

1896

Aug. 11  
(no 2.)

eyes although minute did not lack expression but on the contrary twinkled and apparently wond, also, as I looked into them. [I afterwards identified the specimen as Brewer's Mole.]

A curiousMole.(Parasclops)Brewer.)

I have rarely seen a more awkward swimmer than this curious Mole. It reminded me of a puppy thrown into a pond for the first time as it beat the water with its large outturned front feet sending jets of spray up into the air and making but little progress. It seemed incapable of keeping a straight course but on the contrary moved in zig-zags and large, irregular circles. It floated too lightly, however, to be in any danger of drowning and after ten or twelve minutes of restless struggling it reached the belt of aquatic vegetation on the further shore and scrambled out on a water lily leaf to rest. I had followed it closely all the while and was stepping the blade of my paddle under it lifted it into the canoe. It found congenial shelter under a large sponge in the foreward bucket & remained there quietly enough as long as day light lasted but in the evening as I was paddling home it began moving about making a good deal of noise. Next morning I found it under the sponge which, during the night, it had cut into fine pieces. I tried to get it into a small bag but it dodged me and crawled far forward under the deck where I could not reach it & where it now remains.

(On the evening of the 12<sup>th</sup> I caught the mole and put him into a large tin pail half full of fresh loam. It was a revelation to see him in his proper element. He litled ally dove into & swam through it moving with as much ease & nimbly as rapidly as a muskrat

could move through the water marking his course as he circled round the pair of the 2<sup>d</sup> best hearing of the coasts. Every now & then he would burst up through the earth and then across or around the head before diving again which he did with marvelous quickness & grace. First throwing his front paws into the earth & then with a single comb-like effort plunging one of his feet into the mud. After bounding his earth found many times he began to dig up the sides of the hole keeping at it most untiringly until I gave up. Next morning he lay dead on the surface of the earth & I preserved him.



1896  
Aug. 11  
(No 3)

Lake Umbagog.

Cambridge River Marshes.

I passed a most uncomfortable afternoon at Upton for when the Orow failed, as it frequently did for half an hour at a time, the boat was simply heaving. The men were quite unable to row it at the boat and at times they had to wade ashore to the shore & work there.

A hot afternoon

A Goldfinch sang for hours in wild cherry near the landing but his was the only bird voice that broke the hazy silence. In the thickets of raspberry bushes along the wood I found a number of Song Sparrows. Great Blue Herons were flying to & fro between Cambridge River and the marshes along the lower shore. Six or eight of the big birds were often in sight at once.

Goldfinch singing.

Great Blue Herons.

At sunset I started back landing at Pessler's Cove and taking my supper at the delicious cold spring. All about me grew ferns, mosses & wild flowers - Fanny, Eupatorium, Fire Weed, and Jewel Weed (*Impatiens*). The air was cool and damp and only an occasional mosquito came to mar the perfect comfort of the place & hour. The silence of the surrounding woods & fields was a bitter oppression, however. Actually the twilight fell without a high bird song.

Pessler's Spring

As I resumed my way, however, & paddled down the river path-way lighted by the strong after glow in the western sky I heard an Olive-backed Thrush calling *ti-chur-er* in the depths of the dark forest on my left. Two Swamp Sparrows sang a few times, also, & Great Blue Herons barked hoarsely as they sailed past in the gloom. Off the river's mouth I saw the wails of swimming Ducks & through my glass made out three Kittiwakes paddling along in close company.

Saxinoides Thrush.

Great Blue Herons.

Ducks

1896

Aug. 11  
(No. 4)

For the past three days more than a thousand Swallows have frequented the Belside farm. About 80% are Barn Swallows although a few House Swallows & White-bellies are mixed with these species. In the early morning (i.e. from 6.30 to 8 a.m.) they sit crowded close together in rows along the wires of the fences or in masses on the roof of the barn, apparently to preen their plumage & enjoy a sun bath. A portion of the flock, probably the younger & weaker birds, spend the greater part of the day on their perches but by far the larger number are on wing during the remainder of the forenoon and most of the afternoon, spreading themselves in insect-like swarms over the fields and the meadow in front of the house. At about 5 P.M. these wanderers begin coming in from every direction and alighting either on the barn or, as is oftenest the case at this house, among the foliage of a Bald or Gilded Poplar which stands at the corner of the house. They do not alight all together but singly and in groups of a dozen or more which come in quick succession. In the poplar they alight chiefly on the upper surfaces of the leaves choosing those at the upper or outer ends of the branches first. ~~After~~ after ~~that one better than next.~~ The frail character of these perches obliges the birds to use their wings more or less to maintain their positions and at times the whole outer surface of the foliage is a-flutter producing a sound like falling hail & giving the tree, when viewed from a little distance, a curious appearance.

When all - or practically all, for there are usually a few stragglers left flying about the fields - are perched they remain quiet - save for the fluttering, & more or less

1896

Aug. 11  
(No 5)

Lake Umbagog.

chirping and twittering - for a few minutes then as if struck by a panic and with loud and startling cries a few of the old birds (easily recognized as such by their notes), take wing and are closely followed by the whole swarm so that the tree or roof is cleared practically in an instant and so completely that none a bird remains. Sometimes they swoop down nearly to the ground or first, at others they go off on nearly a level plane but however <sup>the flock is made each</sup> bird seems to expect itself to the <sup>to fly at top speed</sup> ~~altitude~~ <sup>for the first</sup> hundred yards or so, then they all rise in a spiral course until they have attained an elevation varying from two or three hundred feet to one thousand feet when they circle a few times and then begin to scatter and return to the barn roof or poplar down going directly back, others flying about awhile over the field or bolder before re-lighting. Late in the afternoon this evolution is performed ~~and~~ the average once every fifteen or twenty minutes.

Concerned by  
Swallows.

The start from the tree is so very like that common to most of the smaller gregarious birds when they are alarmed by some real or imaginary danger that at first I supposed it to be due to ~~some~~ sudden panic but after watching it closely a few times and considering it in connection with the subsequent ascent and circling high over the bolder I came to the conclusion that it was really a false start on migration or in other words that the older Swallows were preparing their young to begin the inevitable journey southward.

I watched them for nearly two hours last evening partly in the hope that I might see them actually depart & partly to ascertain, if possible, where they spent the night.

1896

Aug. 11  
(no 6.)

but my pains went unrewarded for they certainly did not migrate nor could I trace them to their roost. It was, however, interesting if provoking to see the great host gradually diminish and finally disappear without giving the least clue as to the general direction which they took. They simply scattered in every direction and flying about aimlessly some high over the woods others skimming low over the fields were lost to sight. No doubt they resembled swallows but if so the swallows was beyond reach of my vision. A few of the Barn Swallows - scarce a dozen in all - entered our barn and passed the night in their nests or on the rafters near the nests.

This morning at 6.30 the whole swarm were back again swarming thimble on the fence. At one time they completely filled twenty spaces between the posts crowding the wires so thickly that they almost or quite touched on another. I counted the birds in three of the spaces carefully and found that there were about twenty birds on each wire (i.e. between two posts) and by trying to each space. This gave twelve hundred as the total number on the fence and there were certainly over a two hundred more skimming over the fields.

(It is a pity that I could not have watched them this evening for there can be little doubt that which I was eating my supper at Pease's Spring in Upton the Berkshire host took their departure. At least on the morning of the 12<sup>th</sup> less than fifty Swallows reappeared about the hotel and the number did not increase during the day. Of these fifty the greater part were Barn Swallows with a few (less than a dozen) Cowbirds & Tree Swallows. Did the great swarm there at evening or may they not have gone in mid-afternoon? I saw them last when

left the house at 2 P.M.

Concourse of  
Swallows.

1896  
Aug. 12

Lake Umbagog.

Cambridge River Marshes

Another clear & intensely hot day but with a refreshing N.W. breeze in the afternoon.

I spent the forenoon in the house writing and walked across to Upton in the afternoon. On the way one I saw nothing of any interest. Near the mill the Goldfinch was again singing on the sum cherry and a dozen Purple Martins were flying about alighting on the tall dead pine by the landing.

I started back a little before sunset and after landing and filling a bottle at Pease's Spring paddled out to the mouth of the river & ate my supper there sitting in the canoe which I moved on the edge of a bed of bellwedges. Despite the gradual accumulation of a swarm of mosquitoes it was a very pleasant & interesting half-hour while the twilight fell and gradually deepened into night. A Whistler was playing about on the calm water within 100 yards or less swimming very rapidly to & fro in zig-zag lines with outstretched head & well apparently gathering food from the surface and acting very like a Phalarope. (Had did not see him). A pair of Black Ducks came flying past quacking noisily & finally alighting with loud splashing within the grove of the Southern Horn. Great Blue Herons sailed across the afterglow in the west bounding broadly & a Night Heron quawked repeatedly in the direction of B. Point. High in air a Night-hawk wandered aimlessly. The sweet mellow calls of Spotted Sandpipers stole over the water from distant shores. As it grew darker a Great Horned Owl began hooting on the point to the eastward of the Brown clearing. Later still I heard a Warbler chirping in the Star-lit Sky. This is the first night migrant I have noted here this month.

Bird life  
of the  
Cambridge River  
marshes.

Peculiar  
behavior of a  
Whistler

1896

Aug. 13

Lake Umbagog.

Cambridge River Marshes

Forenoon cloudy & calm, Afternoon sunny with light N.W. to S.W. breeze. Evening cloudy threatening a storm. Much cooler (therm 64° at 9 P.M.)

According to the habit which I have established here I spent the forenoon writing and early in the afternoon sailed out to Upton to look after the work on the sloop. It is progressing slowly for Jim is not at all well and all the men have been more or less affected by the extreme heat of the past three days.

On my way across the Lake I saw four Whistlers, two old birds, the other two young not more than half grown. Unlike the Black & Wood Ducks which keep together in broods until they leave for the north the young Whistlers apparently separate long before they are large enough to fly and probably as soon as they are able to get their own living. They utter a low queer, queer almost exactly like that of the Black Duck (I have always supposed that this note is peculiar to the young drake of the latter species but I knew it as late as October after the Black Ducks are fully grown) and having the same peculiar shrill yet honey-toned. The little fellows which I saw to-day were expert divers and had already learned the art of dashing back when hard pressed but they were so tame that I could have shot them easily enough. They feed both by diving & by skimming the surface of the water with half opened bills. During the day they wade well in shallow parts the grassy cove and up the river but before sunset they paddled out into the Lake a little way & spent the night 200 or 300 yards off the mouth of the river. I have seen no old birds in this neighborhood after sunset and suspect that, in accordance with their old-time custom, they pass the night at the head of the Lake but if so I have not as yet seen them going or returning

Notes & habits  
of young  
Golden-eyes.

1896  
Aug. 13  
(No. 2)

Lake Umbagog.

Cambridge River Marshes.

About the Lake House this afternoon I saw the same flock of Martins (seen in woods) which I observed there yesterday. There was at least an odd man among them.

I started back about an hour before sunset this evening & getting a bottle-full of water at Person's Spring paddled down to the river's mouth and ate my supper as the canoe under sail <sup>was</sup> slowly waded the remainder of the distance to the Solander landing which I reached about dark. As I was thus drifting & eating the night closed in without offering much of interest in the way of either sights or sounds. It was a dull, lifeless evening with a curtain of lead-colored clouds hanging over the water sky & but little bird life moving. As I came down the river, however, I had a chance to watch and admire four Great Blue Herons which were ranged along the banks near the outlet of the upper pond standing leg deep in the water watching for fish. They reminded me forcibly of human anglers as with necks stretched out and bills pointing downward they waited patiently for their prey. No one of them got a chance to strike, however, during the fifteen minutes or more that I had them under my glass. I was struck by their deplorable graceful attitudes and by the slowness of their necks which bobbed scarce cege around them than those of Grebes. All four flew when I got within 100 yards. One was an old bird, the other three were young.

The marshes  
at evening

Gr. Bl. Herons  
fishing.

Kingfishers are deplorably scarce: I have yet to see my first but Jim saw one near the Mill on the 9<sup>th</sup>. Will Sargent says they were numerous there a week ago. He thinks the shallow water up the Cambridge has drawn them away from the Lake.

Scarcity of  
Kingfishers

1896

Aug. 14

Lake Umbagog.

Loakside

Early morning cloudy with a dash or two of rain. Remainder of day clear with light variable breezes and long intervals of dead calm. Much cooler at morning & evening but therm. at 85° at noon.

Immediately after breakfast I took a short walk along the road towards Upton seeing large numbers of Sparrows (chiefly Chipping, Song Sparrows, & Savannahs, with one Junco) two or three Hummers, two Redstarts (one a fine old male), a Black & Yellow Warbler, and a House Finch.

Returning to the hotel I shot a Warbling Vireo in the Bohemian O'Leary Vireo gilvus Poplar at the N.W. corner of the piazza flying from the window of my at Loakside room. There were certainly three & I think four of these vireos in the tree besides a number of Warblers & Sparrows. I <sup>first</sup> saw the Vireo when I was dressing & heard them call and one of the young warble in low tones. Although I felt sure of their identity I considered it imperative to kill one of them to authenticate the record of their occurrence for this is the first time that I have ever found V. gilvus at Umbagog although it breeds regularly at Berlin.

The Swallows about the house had increased again this morning. Swallows There were fully 300 but this time the Barn Swallows outnumbered the Barn Swallows which, however, had also increased in numbers. The flock spent most of the day in the Bohemian O'Leary wading pool streets every ten or fifteen minutes through the forenoon.

At 2 P.M. as I was on my way to the boat landing a young Cooper's Hawk came skimming across the Lake from the direction of B. Point and alighted for a moment in a poplar by the shore. It then flew across the Loakside meadow pursued by a number of excited Barn Swallows who dove down on it from above pulling at its head & evidently

Cooper's Hawk  
chases a  
Sparrow!



Scenes de

1896

Aug. 14

(No. 2.)

amusing it a good deal for it dipped & dopped repeatedly. Cooper's Hawk  
 On reaching the road nearly in front of the hotel it turned sharply chases a  
 to our side and plunged headlong into the top of an apple tree Song Sparrow.  
 driving out a large Sparrow (probably M. fasciata) which at first  
 flew upward & out over the field escaping the talons of the Hawk  
 half a dozen times by doubling at the last moment but which  
 finally sought refuge in a dense growth of golden rod & Eupatorium  
 by the roadside. The Hawk alighted on a stone wall within a  
 yard of the spot where the Sparrow had disappeared and sat  
 there motionless in a crouching position watching, its plumage  
 ruffled, its breast bent downward. The Sparrow wisely  
 kept close hid and after ~~about~~ ten minutes the Hawk  
 lost patience and flew down the road to a fence post where  
 it perched in an absolutely erect posture its feathers drawn  
 in so tightly that it looked like a continuation of the post.  
 Soon after this it plunged into another apple tree without  
 moving anything & then made for the woods. All the while  
 several Barn Swallows & a pair of King Birds were hovering  
 one and darting down at it uttering their shrill alarm  
 cries incessantly. I could not understand why it did  
 not try to catch one of the slow-moving clumsy King Birds  
 which, really, would have proved an easy prey.

The only birds singing to-day were Red-eyed Vireos  
 and a Grass Finch which gave its song over in full  
 loud tones near the house early in the forenoon.

The Song Sparrows were silent for the first time.

They are very numerous in the woods' thickets.

The Swamp Sparrows still haunt our meadow in  
 swarms & there are hordes of young Chipping Sparrows  
 in the orchard.

Birds Still  
in Song

1896  
Aug. 14  
(no 3)

Lake Umbagog.

Cambridge River Marsh

Purple Martins

At 3 P.M. I started for Upton sailing across the lake and up river to the mill as usual. I found the flock of Purple Martins by the Lake House landing increased to fifteen birds about one third of whom were old males. They kept alighting on and flying from the tall dead pine by the shore acting very like the Swallows on Lakeside. With them were 20 or 30 White-bellies & a few Dove, Dove & Bank Swallows. The Martins occasionally gave the spring warbling notes. Just before sunset the whole flock of Martins & Swallows began circling over the river flying down & striking the water in quick succession.

I started back a little earlier than usual and after getting a supply of water at the Spring paddled to B. Point where I took my supper in a little cove nearly opposite the Lakeside landing. Soon after reaching this spot I heard & saw Crows flying from tree to tree just inside the edge of the woods but I did not suspect that there were more than three or four of them until suddenly with a deafening clamor upwards of a hundred rose and circled one way. After beating me for awhile they redoubled and became quiet again but a little later they all rose together and crossed the lake to the opposite (western) shore nor did they return that night. Evidently I had blundered on their nest and excited their apprehensions to such a degree as to cause them to abandon it, at least temporarily.

Crow nest.

Two or three Great Blue Herons alighting along the shore, a Night-hawk warbling high in air over the water, a Mallard Duck quavering in the distance after sunset.

Herons.  
Night hawk.

1896  
Aug. 15

Lake Umbagog.

Seaside.

Clear, dead calm most of the morning; light S. to E. winds in P. M. Very warm through the middle of the day.

When I started for a walk along the road toward Upton at 7 a. m. the fog was only just beginning to rise and brook and the sun was still veiled. The roadside thickets were alive with Song Sparrows, mostly young birds some of which were warbling low, confused strains but none of the old Song Sparrows were singing to-day. In the woods just east of the hotel I heard a Red-start sing over but the only birds of any kind which sang really steadily were Goldfinches and Red-eyed Vireos.

Roadside  
Birds & Flowers

When the road passes through the woods just mentioned the roadworkers last May cut away the mountain maples, cornels and other shrubs and low trees that made such a beautiful border to the forest leaving in their places a broad belt of bare rocks half covered with the fallen brush wood. This deed of vandalism was performed while I was here and at the time I feared that years must elapse before Nature, with all her diligence, could repair the injury. I underrated her power for already this stretch of road is, if anything, more beautiful than ever. Fire weed, Eupatorium, Lupulins, Aster, Golden rod and several other tall & rank flowering plants have shot up through and almost perfectly covered the unsightly brush and stone heaps and I have rarely seen a more brilliant or attractive display of wild flowers. The fire weed is especially tall and fine and the juncos weed grows in solid beds yards in extent. Of course the Humming birds had not overlooked such a feeding ground. There were at least three of them there at once, including an adult male with the blazing ruby throat at which I find an unfeathered throat.

Hummers

1896

August 15-  
(W2)

Lake Umbagog.

Cambridge River Marshes.

I went to Upton this afternoon at the usual time sailing across and paddling back in the early evening taking my supper in the canoe. Large birds were scarce than usual but I saw Whistlers, Herons etc.

A little after sunset I heard two Night Hawks peeping rapidly as if they were rising to roost but I did not hear them roost nor did I see them & presently the peeping ceased.

Nighthawks

At the Boats House a pair of Solitary Sandpipers came circling high over the woods late in the afternoon.

First Solitary Sandpipers

Some evening & this I saw a flock of about 200 Swallows representing all four of the species found here flying low over the Cambridge River woods towards the Boats House.

Swallows

I think they were on their way to the roost as they did not return. Very probably they pass the night in the bushes on or near the floating island. I must investigate this.

1896  
Aug. 16

Lake Umbagog

Cambridge River Marshes.

Cloudy most of the day with a heavy storm in the afternoon and a still heavier thunder storm in the evening.

At 9 A. M. I sailed across to Upton: As I was in the stretch of wire just above Peaslee's bend and within a few rods of the spot where I captured the curious Mole on the 11<sup>th</sup> I saw another precisely like it crossing the wire towards the west bank. Unlike the first it swam in a straight line and with comparative ease although slowly. Keeping close to it I followed it to the shore on reaching which it rested itself for a moment and then literally dove into the soft, somewhat muddy ground the surface of which heaved & cracked as the creature forced its way rapidly beneath it. When I prodded the surface just above it with my paddle it at once emerged and ran up the bank into the grass moving rather fast and very smoothly & evenly. Up to this time I do not think that it had been aware of my presence. This species of Mole, whatever it is, must be common along these banks. [It was a Brewer's Mole, as I found afterwards].

Another Mole  
like the one  
captured on the  
11<sup>th</sup>  
(Parascalops  
breweri)

As I was leaving the Upton Landing at 1 P. M. I saw a Hummingbird chasing a Kingbird over the open marshes 50 or 60 feet above the ground. Keeping above the big, clumsy fellow it gave him a good dose of the medicine which he is so fond of administering to, & Hawks darting down at & apparently striking his head & forcing him to dodge as well as to put forth his best speed. At length the Hummer ceased this evidently wanton persecution and, rising & falling in long, deep undulations, shot off for the nearest woods looking no bigger than a Humble Bee against the white sky.

Hummer  
attacks a  
Kingbird

1896

Aug. 16  
(No. 2)

Lake Umbagog.

Landing at Peaslee's Spring for my usual supply of water I had just returned to the canoe when it began to rain. I got out my rubber coverings, however, and kept on, paddling as far as the large water pond when I set the sail and drifted slowly homeward in a perfect down-pour. By the time I had reached the mouth of the river, however, the rain ceased and I had my first opportunity to get a bite of lunch. While thus engaged I noticed a dozen or more White-bellied Swallows circling close over the canoe. Presently one alighted on the end of the gaff, next another on one of the wooden rings that attach the sail to the gaff and finally two on the upper edge of the sail itself. A little later an Swallow joined them. As they sat scarce eight feet above me preening & drying their feathers after the rain and looking down at me now and then with an expression of mild curiosity I could see that they were all young birds. I carried them along with me for about  $\frac{1}{4}$  of a mile. Of course the wind was very light & the motion of the canoe slow & steady, the while.

Young Swallows  
perched on my  
canoe sail.

1896.

Aug 17-23

During the past week I have been too busily engaged with work on the house boat to keep up my journal but I will now try to record the more interesting things that I have seen in the form of a résumé.

I spent the 17<sup>th</sup> 18<sup>th</sup> 19<sup>th</sup> & 20<sup>th</sup> at Upton sailing across the Lake every morning and paddling back a little before sunset. On the 21<sup>st</sup> I went up the Lake with Capt. Conary & Will Sargent opening the camp at Pine Point & anchoring there, sailing across to Lewis' Pond in the early afternoon and rowing back to Ballsaid at evening. On the 22<sup>nd</sup> I again went to Upton where I found the house boat at anchor in the Basin Jim having launched her successfully the day before. We took her down the river under sail in the afternoon & tried her on the Lake but found that she sailed sluggishly and would not come about. The steamer towed her back to the river that evening.

The 23<sup>rd</sup> was rainy & I spent the day at Ballsaid.

On the evening of the 19<sup>th</sup> I heard two Wilson's Thrushes, one near the Lake House, the other at the Ballsaid landing, and on the evening of the 22<sup>nd</sup> one at Ballsaid. All gave the phew note. Doubtless they were our local birds for they breed in both localities.

On the 22<sup>nd</sup> I saw an adult ♂ Wilson's Black cap in full autumnal plumage. It was in alder in company with another bright yellow bird, which I took to be a young of the same species, & an adult ♂ Redstart. The spot where I saw it was not over 40 yards from that place where I found a ♂ Black-cap in full song on the 12<sup>th</sup> of last June!

Capt. Conary.  
Pine Point.

House boat  
launched.

Turdus  
fuscescens

Sylvania  
pusilla

1896

Aug 17. 23  
(No 2.)

## Lake Umbagog.

Cambridge River Marshes

On the 18<sup>th</sup> and again on the 22<sup>nd</sup> I saw a flock of eight Wood Ducks in the meadow pond near the Lake House. They were all strong on the wing and all appeared to be young birds.

Young  
Wood Ducks

Two or three young Whistlers still linger about the mouth of the Cambridge. They have been shot at repeatedly of late and have become very shy. I do not think that any of them can fly as yet but they climb with great dexterity.

Young  
Whistlers

Two Yellow-legs, a Greater & a Lesser, spent the 17<sup>th</sup> on the muddy banks of the Cambridge just below the old dam at the Lake House Landing.

Yellowlegs of  
Lake Umbagog.

On the 20<sup>th</sup> a pair of Duck Hawks appeared high in air over the Lake House Settlement. The ♀ visited the marshes and flew about over them at great speed evidently hunting. She stooped several times in quick succession but got nothing. Then she joined her mate and both birds began soaring, the ♀ securing a few times. They finally drifted off in the direction of B. Meadow.

Falco  
anatum

Next day I saw a ♀ hovering the marshes on the Outlet. She hovered for a moment over the middle of the line opposite Leonard's Pond & then stooped with the head of lightning striking the water with such force as to half bury herself & wading as land a splash as an Osprey. I could see nothing on the water & believe that she cannot have struck at a fish but whatever it was she missed her aim & rising again flew off over the woods & out of sight.



1896

Aug. 17. 23

(No 3)

Lake Umbagog.

Cambridge River Marshes.

On the evening of the 18<sup>th</sup> about half an hour after sunset Night Hawks suddenly appeared in every direction flying very high and moving towards the South west. I counted eight in sight at once & saw six or seven more. On the evening of the 22<sup>nd</sup> I observed four more.

Night Hawks  
mingling.

Cedar Waxwings & King-birds continue to haunt the tall stubs on the Cambridge River marshes. They are less numerous than in former years.

Cedar birds  
King

Crossbills of both species are about in considerable numbers and I see a few them almost daily, the White-wings the greater of the two and in much the larger flocks. They haunt the three green pastures chiefly.

Crossbills  
of both  
species  
common.

Warblers are unaccountably scarce. I see only a few scattered birds or at most flocks of three or four together. Since my arrival on the 17<sup>th</sup> I have not met with a single flock of more than five or six birds.

Scarcity of  
Warblers

During the past week I have heard a very few chirping but there has been as yet no heavy flight if the testimony of one's ears is to be taken as good evidence on this point.

The lake is so very high that there are no feeding grounds for the smaller waders & they have been very scarce. There Yellow-legs, the same number of Solitary Sandpipers & a few Spotted Sandpipers are literally all the birds of this class that I have thus far noticed.

Yellow legs  
Solitary Sand.  
Spotted

1896

Aug. 17-23  
(no 4)

Lake Umbagog

Swallows

By far the most interesting as well as puzzling of minor

irregular  
movements &  
fluctuations  
in the number  
of the Swallows

of the present month has been that with the Swallows. On the 11<sup>th</sup> I recorded at some length my observations up to that date and noted the apparent disappearance on the 12<sup>th</sup> (or rather on the evening of the 11<sup>th</sup>) of the great flock (1200 or more birds) that had been haunting the Rockside chimney.

On the 12<sup>th</sup> & 13<sup>th</sup> the total number left remained at about 100. On the 14<sup>th</sup> it increased to about 200 birds of which the majority, for the first time, were Barn Swallows. On the 15<sup>th</sup> & 16<sup>th</sup> the Barn Swallows increased from about 50 to 100 or 150 birds the respective numbers of the other species remaining about the same. During the next four days the fluctuations in the total number of birds although appreciable were not considerable, but there seemed to be a falling off in the number of Barn & Barn Swallows and an increase of White-bellies.

On the evening of the 21<sup>st</sup> at a later hour than I have seen Swallows flying about before this month and in fact when it was beginning to be dark in the hollows I was walking up to the hotel from the Landing when a flock of about 200 birds passed over the field at a height of about 200 feet flying towards the south. They were "bunched" almost as closely as Black-bills & in this order kept steadily over each bird flying <sup>an</sup> almost absolutely straight course. I watched them with my glass until they were nearly lost to sight against the wooded slopes of the mountains when at the very last moment they began to waver in their flight & as I thought, but could not be distinctly, to scatter & turn back. Had it not been for this final gyration I should have felt sure that at least I had seen a flock of Swallows really start on migration. As it was I hardly knew what to think.

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Aug 17-23  
no 57

Lake Umbagog.

Swallows

When I awoke on about sunrise this morning (Aug. 22<sup>nd</sup>) there were fully 350 Swallows flying along ~~the~~ the wire of the fence in front of the hotel this being a large number than we have had here at any time since the 11<sup>th</sup>.

Reminiscence  
of  
behavior of  
Swallows

I took a rather careful census of the flock which proved to comprise about 100 Barn Swallows, 50 Barn Swallows, 50 Bank Swallows, and fully 150 White-bellies. The last-named were more than twice as numerous as they have been on any previous occasion and the Bank Swallows had also increased very materially while the respective numbers of the Barn & Barn Swallows remained practically unchanged. These facts lead me to suspect that the flock of ~~the~~ birds seen last evening did not really depart but that either during the night or early this morning it was augmented by the arrival of about 150 White-bellied and Bank Swallows.

I watched this flock for more than an hour (7 to 8 a.m.) and was amply repaid for the trouble. There had been a heavy rain during the night & the road was very muddy. The birds alighted ~~about~~ the edges of one of the large puddles in great numbers and walked slowly about fluttering or quivering their half-opened wings like to many big butter flies. At first I supposed that they were drinking or picking up insects but what was my astonishment to find that the Barn Swallows were filling their bills with mud and the White-bellied & Bank Swallows gathering pieces of hay or straw (the Barn Swallows did not visit the pool in any number & I did not happen to see them pick up any thing). Each bird on obtaining a satisfactory load of mud or grass flew with it to the fence and after shafting it about

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(No 6)

Lake Umbagog.

Loonville

Remarkable  
behavior of  
Swallows

in its bill for a few moments finally dropped it and at once returned to the rood for a fresh supply. From 50 to 100 Swallows were thus constantly engaged for half-an-hour or more. Not one of them took its burden elsewhere than to the wire fence or returned it for more than two or three minutes after reaching this perch. What did it all mean? Two ~~other~~ facts which remain to be recorded will, I think, explain.

The first is that while the birds were clustered about the mud puddle scarce a minute passed when one or more pairs were not engaged in copulation. Perhaps I should say in attempted, rather than actual, copulation for as nearly as I could see the sexual contact was in no instance fully and successfully carried out. ~~accomplished~~ The females (or at least the birds that acted that part) submitted willingly enough <sup>to</sup> and in some instances, as I thought, actually solicited, the <sup>attentions of the</sup> males, but the latter displayed but mild <sup>indulge it</sup> interest and were very clumsy in their attempts <sup>to a</sup> ~~at~~ <sup>White-belly!</sup> ~~perfecting the union~~. One I saw an Ear Swallow <sup>means a</sup>. The second fact apparently supplies the key to the whole mystery: It is simply that every one of the Swallows which visited the mud puddle and engaged in collecting mud or flies or in attempted copulation, was a young bird! Of this I made sure by the most careful scrutiny with a glass at a distance of only 15 to 20 feet. There were a few old birds in the flock but they remained constantly on the fence.

It is evident therefore that the remarkable behavior of the birds which alighted in the rood was simply

1896

Aug 17-23 are expressions of ~~the~~ premature development, ~~as the case in~~  
(no 7) of the young, of the instincts & passions of nest building &  
protection. It is, however, the only instance of the  
kind that has ever come under my observation.

The Purple Martins do not associate with the other Swallows Progne  
here excepting incidentally when they are seeking food in subis  
the same places as are the Gold or meadows. I have  
not seen a single Martin near Lakeside this month  
but at the Lake House, up to the 16<sup>th</sup>, there were always  
from three or four to a dozen flying about & alighting on  
the tops of some dead trees. A number of White-bellied  
Swallows sometimes accompanied them but the Martins  
evidently resented all their approaches & frequently assailed  
& drove them away. Since the 16<sup>th</sup> I have seen but one  
Martin (on the 20<sup>th</sup>) near the Lake House but at  
Bernard's Pond on the 21<sup>st</sup> I observed three broods of young  
apparently just from the nest perched on tall dead stumps  
where their parents were feeding them at short intervals.

1896

Aug. 24

A beautiful day, clear, rather warm but with a fresh, dry north-west wind that died away at sunset.

I spent the morning in my room, writing, but in the afternoon sailed over to Upton - a glorious sail for the little canoe under the influence of the heavy breeze skinned over the water almost as lightly & swiftly as a Swallow. After spending the afternoon repairing the work on the house boat I paddled back to Balconide at sunset.

Swallows were very scarce to-day. I doubt if I saw fifty in all and most of those were White-bellies. Still I am by no means sure that the great flock has really gone for it is by no means improbable that they change their feeding or even roosting grounds from day to day. On the other hand, however, it is high time for the Barn, Cow & Bank Swallows to depart. I saw only one Martin, a young bird at the Lake House. There were no young Cow Swallows in the nests on the barn at the Lake House.

Swallows

On my arrival at the Lake this morning and for a week or more afterwards Ducks, Herons, Eagles and Ospreys were very numerous about the Cambridge River marshes. During this period I did not hear the report of a single gun but about ten days ago sportsmen began to arrive and the natives to carry their guns. Since then there has been a constant fusillade. Most of the shots have been fired from rifles and I doubt if a single Duck or Heron has been killed which I have heard of the death of only one Eagle. But the firing has driven practically all these large birds to more remote & quiet places. I saw only one Duck (a White) & buty two or three Eagles, Herons & Ospreys to-day.

Large birds  
driven off  
by sportsmen

1896

August 25

Lake Umbagog.

Pine Point

Another and still sorer day, cloudless with practically no wind from morning to night. The thermometer rose to only 72° at noon but the sun was hot on the water.

My cook, Charley Liddell, came from Bethel yesterday and we went up the lake on the Steamer this morning taking a great load of supplies and utensils for the camp. Mill Sargent has been at Pine Point since the 21<sup>st</sup> and we found every thing there in perfect order. The woods and shore were looked more beautiful than when we landed there at about nine o'clock. There was two Kingfishers winding their rattles in the boat over but the woods were almost barren of bird life. During the day I saw in all places a dozen small birds including a Bay-breasted, Black-throated Blue, Yellow-rumped and Canadian Warbler, a Redstart (ad. ♂), a Red eyed Vireo, a Red bellied Nuthatch, several Chickadees and two Hudson Bay Titmice (heard).

Move to  
Pine Point

Gulls have been unusually numerous about the lake this summer. Six of them were flying about off the point this afternoon making a great clamor. The sound of their wild, ringing voices carried me back to the experiences of last June & July in Penobscot Bay. I heard very few of their different calls this afternoon. Mill Sargent says that they were still more numerous last evening and that he counted eleven in flight at one time. I also observe that he has seen four occupied nests this season three on B. Pond and one on Rapid River just above the old pier. All were in trees on the tops of dead stumps, two on the branches of green pines:

Larus a.  
smithsonianus

1896

Lake Umbagog.

August 26

Early morning clear; remainder of day cloudy with showers.

Dr. J. G. Gehring of Bethel with his step-son Geo. B. Farnsworth  
 a lad of fifteen, arrived this morning to spend the  
 remainder of the week with me. I first took them  
 for a walk through some of the ponds on the point.  
 After dinner they went off towards Rapid Run with  
 Wier Sergeant. At sundown we all crossed the lake to  
 watch the evening flight of Ducks. I went in my  
 sorcery canoe taking the 20 g. gun. George Farnsworth was  
 the only other member of the party who was armed &  
 his weapon was a Wadsworth rifle which he fired several  
 times at Ducks in the course of the evening, but without  
 success.

Dr. Gehring  
 &  
 Geo. B. Farnsworth  
 with arrival

There was a ready honey flight at least one hundred  
 coming into or over the marshes, the majority going to  
 the Moon Point marsh where the Avocet party, four  
 in number, gave them a warm reception. I had chosen  
 as my station the flats opposite the outlet of Leonard's  
 Pond. About thirty Black Ducks dropped into the grass  
 within varying distances but not one came within range.  
 Several Great Blue Herons came into the marsh & one  
 passed directly over me. I heard one Wilson's Snipe.  
 The largest flock of Ducks which I saw comprised  
 fully sixty birds which went down over Leonard's Pond  
 in the direction of Moon Point. They looked like  
 Wood Ducks but must have been something else  
 as I have never seen so many Wood Ducks together.

Evening flight  
 of Ducks at  
 Moon Point.



1896

August 27

Lake Umbagog.

Wetland Marshes

Most of the day cloudy with frequent showers but the late afternoon and evening clear with light north-west wind.

In the forenoon we crossed the lake and went down river to a little below Bernard's Pond, Dr. Gehring fishing & collecting woodcock, I cruising about in the fishing cove in search of birds. They proved scarce enough for I saw nothing but a pair of Black Ducks, a few Great Horned Owls, an Eagle, a Duck Hawk, and three Crows, and a Greater Yellow-leg. I shot the last calling it from a distance of probably a mile for at first we could only just hear its whistle although the air was still & damp. It came on us three times descending each time it turned & I finally dropped it into the water between the boats.

There were a dozen or more Purple Martins on the tall cloud pine near the entrance to Bernard's Pond and a few Dove, Barn & White-bellied Swallows were flying about over the marshes. I also saw a solitary King bird and a number of Yellow-rumps among the flocks.

The Duck Hawk was a large ♀ probably the same bird seen on the 21<sup>st</sup>. She flew swiftly over the water & in over Mirror Point where two Great Horned Owls, evidently alarmed by her approach rose with a great outcry, & mounted upward in a spiral course. The falcon rose above them with a great bound and shot down close past them three or four times in quick succession evidently for the mere fun of frightening them.

Pekere-fishing

Fly traps

Ducks, Herons,

Eagle, Crows.

Three or

Greater Yellow-

leg

Falco p.anatum

1896.

August 27  
(No 2.)

We returned to camp for dinner and at 6 P. M. started again across the lake. As I was paddling out of our cove two Lustrons, the first I have seen here for very many years, came flying past me from behind & alighted near the end of Pine Point where they were about one ten rods on the water's edge. They started again just as I got within gun range. I fired on board at each successively but both kept on around the point. Following them I soon saw one of them feeding along the shore & killed it sitting. The other we found dead among the rocks it having been evidently wounded by the first discharge. Both proved to be young birds. They uttered a short, rattling, thrushy whistle as they flew. Will Ingersoll said that they started from the shore at the extreme end of our cove just as he began rowing out from the wharf.

Arctic  
interpres  
on Pine  
Point

As I approached Moon Point the Auklet party comprising four young men landed and took station along the southern shore. As they covered practically the whole of this ground I kept on and entered the cove which leads to Leonard's Pond going up it about 20 yards and then pushing the canoe into a bed of buckwheat which afforded sufficient concealment. As I took this station the sun had already set and the mountains to the westward were veiled in a rich plum-colored haze. A light breeze from the north-west wafted the reeds about me. The marsh, now nearly dry was covered with sedge but not very tall grass of a golden green color very bright in contrast with the dark background of woods & mountains. It looked as if the sun's rays were still shining against the meadow.

\*  
Moose Point  
at evening

1896

August 27  
(No 3)

Lake Umbagog.

Moose Point.

Presently a pair of Black Ducks passed high overhead. I was watching intently for more when I heard a loud, regular shock, shock, shock in the direction of the dead Birch forest which borders the marsh on its western side. Looking towards the point from which this sound came I was surprised to see a large black object sweep from the stubs and run steadily on into the open marsh. When I fast put my glass on it I took it to be a Moose for it resembled that animal in its general form as well as in its manner of walking and I could see what looked like a long & flowing white tail. "Some Goat that has strayed from the Myakmony settlement & become lost in the woods" I said to myself. Shock, shock shock as it plodded slowly and laboriously on through the deep, soft mud; then, as two loud reports from a gun fired by one of the Acker party rang over the marsh and two bull creaking came from the background of dry stubs, the beast stopped, raised its head and erected a pair of huge antlers. A succession of shills ran through me, my hands shook until I could positively see nothing through the field glass for at that instant I realized for the first time that I was looking at a big Moose. Presently I got my nerves under control again and sitting perfectly still with the glass glued to my eyes watched the animal as it made its way slowly towards me stopping occasionally to feed on the young Spontang grass which has sprouted since the winter fell and always bating and raising its head and ears when, as happened very few minutes, the Acker party fired at the incoming Ducks the whistling of whose wings scarce attracted my hearing and wholly failed to divert my attention as flock after

A Moose  
enters the  
marsh

1896

August 27  
(no 4)

Lake Umbagog.

Moose

flock passed over or near me. I ignored the Ducks - my gun - everything but the huge beast on which the glass was leveled, and which was now within less than 200 yards. As he turned his sides towards me they looked cool black and once or twice they seemed to glisten when the light from the west glowed on them. What I had taken for a long white tail proved to be the white lining on the inside of the hind legs. The real short tail I was sure distinctly and the excessively long head and Roman-adopted nose looked exactly as they are represented by draughtsmen & taxidermists. But in certain other respects the animal did not fulfill my preconceived impressions of a moose. His withers in relation to his hips were lower higher than those of a well-built horse and his body when viewed from directly in front or behind looked broad and massive. He appeared to me to be as tall as, and somewhat longer than, a horse of twelve hundred pounds weight. I could see that his nose was reddish-brown or buff colored but the head behind the eyes looked nearly as black as the body.

Before leaving this part of the subject I must reiterate my impression of the striking resemblance which this creature bore to a horse for the longer I looked at him the stronger it became. It was partly due, no doubt, to the long, deep body, the high withers, the full broad chest, and the strong rounded hips & quarters, ~~but still~~ and the excessively long narrow head with its wrinkled Roman nose (<sup>profile</sup> prominent, of course, only in certain breeds of horses) but the way in which the animal moved had also much to do with it. He advanced, as I have already said, very slowly rarely taking

1896

August 27  
(No 5)

more than ten or a dozen steps without pausing to rest and to look about him and the machine in which he raised and put down his feet - stiffly, laboriously and with evident caution - suggested most vividly the heavy cart horse on treacherous ground. Nor would a cart horse - or an elephant for that matter - have appeared <sup>to me</sup> more out of keeping with the surroundings than did this Moose ~~and watched him when not on the march~~ which bears his name. He seemed like some long-forgotten antediluvian creature which, arising from a sleep of thousands of years, was wandering aimlessly about in a land so changed that it no longer had any place for such strange monsters. When walking he carried his head & neck stretched out and a little below the line of the back with the nose directed forward and downward, the ears laid back on the sides of the neck so close, that they were inconspicuous.



But slow as were his steps they were positively visible compared to the movements of his head when he raised and turned it from side to side. Even the rattling reports of the guns failed to accelerate this motion. But they did arouse in the creature an expression very different from his habitual one of stolid almost weary indifference. Stretching himself to his full height with the head erect and the big ears raised and directed slightly forward he would gaze intently in the direction from which the sounds came with a look of sure enquiry, almost of defiance at times. "What is all this racket about?"

What are these fellows doing here? I have half a do they not know that I own this marsh? I have half a mind to cross it & teach them a lesson. But no! it is not worth the trouble," as the ears were again laid back and the expression of apathy returned.

1896

August 27  
(No 6)

Lake Umbagog.

Moose

After I had watched him for some twenty minutes the moose turned off towards the westward and disappeared behind some bushes evidently making towards Bernard's Pond. The creek had directly past these bushes and thence into the pond. Accordingly I perceived at once that it offered a convenient and silent path of approach. Paddling hard yet cautiously I soon reached the bushes and to my delight found that the moose had progressed so slowly that he was scarce fifty yards beyond them <sup>still</sup> making his way across the open meadow.

But when he discovered me and turning advanced straight toward me I began to think that my success in approaching him was possibly not a matter for self-congratulation. This impression deepened as, without ever pausing or hesitating, he came straight on. When he finally stopped I judged him to be within twenty yards but on having the distance not long we found it to be just thirty-two yards. He stood on a little knoll facing me and looking down at me over the tops of the bushes which concealed his legs & most of the body as well. His eyes looked large and round and had a wild expression but his general bearing was unexpressedly imposing and defiant and when, finally, he erected the long hair of his neck I thought it prudent to increase the distance between us. Failing in an attempt to turn the course by reason of the narrowness of the creek & the shallowness of the water I pushed out backwards a few rods. At the same moment the moose bowed his head & disappeared. No doubt he was really quite as frightened as I for we found by examining his tracks next day that he made off on a run some of his leaps covering a distance measured by the feet each. I heard him flounder through the mud and plunge into a small pond which he crossed by swimming. Then

1896

August 27  
[No 7]

Lake Umbagog.

Moose PondMoose

he appeared again marching along the side of a slight ridge which terminates at the head of the creek and which extends at right angle with my position for a distance of forty yards or more. On this level open ground I saw him <sup>to great advantage</sup> under conditions very different from those of the boggy, grass-encumbered marsh, and in several respects he looked and acted like a different animal, showing such excessive length of legs that, by comparison, the body appeared to have been suddenly shortened and moving with a stride so easy and elastic yet without so long and quick that although it was evidently only his ordinary walking gait a man would probably have been found to run to keep up with him.

On reaching the shore he found a moment and lowering his head sniffed the water. As he stood facing the creek I expected to see him wade across it and as the water is scarce a foot deep I did not care to approach very near but when, after a moment of hesitation, he turned and entered Leonard's Pond I raised my paddle and at once started in pursuit. The experience of the next few minutes was exciting enough. For the first twenty yards the Moose had to wade through tucavins weed and gradually deepening water and being probably unaware of my pursuit he advanced rather slowly & I gained on him rapidly. But when he got beyond his depth he moved faster and fearing that he would escape me I strained every nerve & muscle to the utmost. At length to my intense joy I found that I was overtaking him but for a second time I found my

1896

August 27  
(No 8)

success embarrassing for when I was within a few yards of the creature he struck bottom and whirling about faced me. The impetus of the canoe was so great that I had difficulty in stopping it before running into him. Out on the middle of the pond, ~~sunlight~~ shining with the light from the afterglow in the west, his head and ears had shown distinctly enough at the end of the furrows which he cut through the smooth water but here, against the background of dark, shore I could make out only a shapeless, dusky object that for a few moments stood quite motionless. I did not like to go near and I could not see much where I sat, although the canoe was all the while within at most fifteen or twenty feet. Finally I spoke to the moose calling him by name and asking him whether he was going. This having no visible effect I next shouted at the top of my lungs. Instantly the beast turned and made for the shore at a surprising rate of speed never once jumping or floundering but moving apparently at a fast smooth trot and reminding me of a snow plough as he drew a deep furrow through the water. This was the last I saw of him but I heard him stop after going a few rods back from the shore. He landed near the north-east end of the island. By following his track next day, we found that he afterwards crossed to the north shore, swam the south arm of the pond, followed the river bank to the south-western outlet of the pond and crossing this entered the woods where I found the Whistler's nest last May. He did not attempt to trace him further.

I must now explain that my repeated use of the masculine pronoun in the above account is not technically



1896  
Aug. 27  
(No 9)

Lake Umbagog.

Moose Point

Moose

justifiable for the animal had no horns and was evidently a female. I fell into the trap not exactly inadvertently but rather quite naturally for the imposing size and threatening aspect of the beast conveyed an impression of masculinity of which I find it difficult, even now, to free myself. My guide, Bill Sargent, pronounces the track to be that of a "rather large" cow moose. If she was not really a very large one I have no wish to be equally near to a big bull! The foot prints, where they were clearly defined in firm, sandy soil, measured exactly five inches in length by four and one quarter inches across at the heels.

I made add that I twice saw or thought I saw what looked like a "bell" three or four inches in length depending from the neck just above the chest. I cannot remember if the cow moose has this curious appendage. If she never does have it I was of course mistaken.

The above are my fresh impressions of how this moose looked and acted but it must be remembered that I ~~did~~ <sup>as good</sup> did not see her to <sup>as good</sup> advantage as if it had been broad daylight. The light, however, was reasonably strong at first and ~~therefore~~ I had an excellent glass.

The absence of old tracks on Moose Point & about Leonard's Pond indicates clearly enough that this moose had come from a distance.

1896

Lake Umbagog.

August 28

A beautiful day, clear, cool, 48° at sunrise, 70° at noon with a light west wind.

In the forenoon we went to Moon Point & Bernard's Pond to study & follow the tracks & the mow seen last night. Just after we had emerged from the pond and while taking up mine towards the Carry a Whistler attempted to pass overhead when I brought her down with the 20 gauge. This being the only shot that I fired.

In the afternoon Will Sargent rounded Dr. Gehring & his step on across the lake. On the muddy banks of the creek where I saw the mow they came upon a flock of ten Yellowlegs, two Greater & eight Lesser. Long Farnsworth killed one of the latter with a rifle ball.

Yellowlegs

9 2 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1

At evening I paddled across and met our party in Richardson's Carry where we remained until dark. The Owls were kept up a perfect fusillade on Moon Point but only two Owls came near us and at them I was unable to shoot as they passed behind me. We saw a number of Herons and heard two Great Horned Owls, an old one hooting near Muel's Rock and a young bird, uttering at short, regular intervals the peculiar husky scream, characteristic of the young of this species, among the straws near Bernard's Pond. The only verbal rendering of this cry that suggested itself to me was ~~clear~~ clear but that is not, I fear, a happy rendering. The sound is loud and it carries well. It varies greatly in quality. At times the tone is husky almost gasping; at others clear & ringing - like a full, loud whistle & yet unlike the high call of Pirivora only much louder.

Bubo

virginianus

1896

August 29

Clear, cool and calm.

Lake Umbagog.

Sulphur marshes

We all spent the morning at or near camp. In the afternoon Dr. Gehring & his step-son left us and went to Lakeside by steamer. A little before house I paddled across the lake and through Leonard's Pond when I saw nothing of interest save a flock of six Murrelet Gulls, a Robin (an unaccountably scarce bird here this season) and a Great Blue Heron. The last scolded past me within thirty yards and alighted on a stick. What a superlatively graceful, picturesque creature is this fine bird whether it be perched or flying. I observe that when one intends flying only a hundred yards or less it carries the neck stretched out to its full length or nearly so and the legs hanging more or less down. But when it starts on a long flight the legs are stretched out behind like a spurious tail and the neck doubled in on the breast with the head resting between the shoulders.

Dr. Gehring  
leaves me.Luscinax  
canorusArdeaherodias

I chose for my stand this evening the slough nearly opposite Leonard's Pond. I was unlucky with the shooting as usual. A flock of a dozen Black Ducks came low over me but the gun missed fire & I found I had put in no shells! Afterwards three Black Ducks came swimming up behind me & stopped within 20 yds. I tried to turn in the canoe but they rose unaccountably & I was so convinced that the two shots I fired after them were both clean misses.

Duck shooting  
at evening

I heard at least four or five Surfers this evening. They alighted all about me scuffling & making a sound of rushing wings. One drowned three. Two young Cat Owls were seen among the others. Others everywhere barking & clamoring.

SurferBubo

1896

August 30

Lake Umbagog.

Cambridge River Marshes.

Cloudless, the forenoon calm, a light S.W. wind in the afternoon.

Spent the forenoon in camp. In the afternoon Will Trif to Balside rowed me to Balside. He saw nothing of much interest on the way - an Eagle & an Osprey or two with them or four Kingfishers - no ducks.

On reaching Balside I found a few Swallows among which I recognized Barn, Barn & White-bellied.

" 31

Cloudy with E. wind and frequent showers. A heavy thunder shower passed to the north at 4 P.M.

In the morning Will rowed me out to Upton. He saw on the Cambridge River marshes a Lesser Yellow-leg, three Spotted Sandpeps, a Wilson's Snipe, seven Wood Ducks (evidently the same flock minus one bird that I saw on the 18<sup>th</sup> & 20<sup>th</sup>) three Great Blue Herons, two Ospreys & an Eagle. There were also two Semipalmated Plover, feeding on the low-dry flat just below the big elm on the Lake Home.

At least 75 Swallows, chiefly Barn & White-bellied, flying over the marshes. Swallows  
At 2 P.M. we started up the Lake reaching camp just before the edge of the big timber house corner one with heavy wind & a dash of rain. As we were about midway between B. Brook Point & Pine Point we saw a Phalarope. fulvica I think but I could not identify it certainly although it came within long gunshot flying aimlessly about & frequently alighting on the water (dead calm at the time) but was remaining there more than a few seconds. It was interesting to see with what confidence & decision this bird alighted dropping like as a Sandpiper drops on a mud flat & closing its wings very suddenly at the last.

Phalarope

1896

September 1

Lake Umbagog.

Faint notes

A clearing day sunny for the most part but with a few short, brisk showers from the great masses of black clouds which the violent west-wind and clear rapidly across the sky. The thermometer fell to 45° at 10 P.M.

At about 8.30 A.M. Will Sargent and I started for Bass in the big boat. We saw a young Whistler off Moon Point and a Carolina Chick near the entrance to Richardson's Cove. Just as we got into the river the storm outbreak was coming in from the lake. Capt. Drayton hailed us to say that he had just seen a large flock of Yellow-legs on the flats at the Outlet. We accordingly turned about & round back. We found them on the south side of the river near the Outlet feeding on the muddy marsh. There were one thirty birds two or three of which were *J. flavipes* & all the rest *J. macularia*. A more noisy & shy lot I have rarely seen. It was almost impossible to get near them at first and they would then crowd in with their shield down whenever we attempted to approach them. But after we had chased them about outside on back up the flats & I shot three high birds, two Greater & one Lesser.

A large  
flock of  
Yellow-legs.

As our time was somewhat limited we spent less than an hour in pursuit of the Yellow-legs and then round to Bass where we met C. & E. R. S., returning with them in the afternoon by steamer. As we came out into the lake we saw three Yellow-legs & two Terns the latter sitting on an old snag. At 4 P.M. Will again round me round to the Outlet. We found the Terns just where we left them & I shot one which proved to be an adult of *Sterna hirsuta*. The other was also an old bird & almost unquestionably of the same species I was so sure of this that I would not shoot it.

C. & E. R. S.  
reach camp

*Sterna*  
hirsuta

1896

September 1  
(No. 2)

The Yellow-bills were all back in the old place. We counted 29 of them to which add the three that I shot this morning and four which, as I afterwards learned, Crocker killed this forenoon making 36 as the number of birds in the original flock. They were no less shy than they had been in the morning but I managed to secure three more all Greater Yellow-bills & two shot flying over a long distance of.

We also found on this flats a flock of seven Green Herons of which I shot two and a flock of eight Semipalmated Sandpipers of which I also killed two.

Great Blue Herons were unusually numerous on the marsh to-day & I saw two Wood Hawks strike, both Green-bills. Whenever they approached the Yellow-bills the latter would rise and fly off clanking loudly & showing evident alarm although the Hawks did not apparently molest them in any way nor, indeed, pay any attention to them.

Along the Androscoquin we saw two pair adult Eagles one a very small, the other an unusually big one. An Eagle when flying carries the fore part of the body round appreciably - in the whole curved him a long axis of the body & neck is not horizontal - and the neck looks much larger than in any other of the Raptores. By these characteristics it was to most easily distinguished from an Osprey when flying at a distance. Nevertheless even with frequent observations I confused the two - as happened yesterday.

Yellow-billsTerns  
securateCircus  
hudsoniusHaliaeetus  
leuccephalus

1896

September 2

Lake Umbagog.

Outlet marshes

A calm day with gathering clouds & light east wind in the afternoon.

At 8.30 A. M. I paddled over to the Outlet and entered the river. I had gone but a little way when a Common Grebe *Podilymbus podiceps* started from under the left bank within four or five yards of me and flew past & behind me out into the Lake. There was absolutely no wind at the time. This bird looked like an adult but another which I found among some lily pads further down the river was certainly young. I followed the latter for some distance & repeatedly saw it swim instead of diving drawing its head & neck down backwards. Sometimes it showed the rump - a perhaps the ends of the folded wings - as well as the head and neck with the back wholly submerged. I could trace its course beneath the water with perfect accuracy by the hopping and "skittering" of the numerous small pickered which doubtless mistook it for a particularly large & voracious predatory fish.

There were five Greater Yellow-legs, a King-necked Plover and a flock of nine Semipalmated Sandpipers on the flats at the right of the Outlet. Four of the Yellow-legs & the King-neck rose 200 yards or more away & flew out of sight in the direction of Gospy Cove.

Waders

As I was working about on these flats I happened to catch sight of a Wilson's Snipe *Strebopus* in a crouching attitude between two grass tussocks its profile sharply outlined against a space of water beyond. I flushed & shot it when two others rose wild. One dropped wet far off & I started & killed it. The other flew out of sight.

Snipe

1896

September 2  
(No 2.)

Lake Umbagog.

Pine Point &amp; Outlet

Near where I shot the second Swift I started a Nuthatch from the edge of a pool surrounded by tall grass. It went off over the Lake in the direction of Moon Point.

About twenty Cove Swallows accompanied by two Swifts were flying about over the marshes for the first hour of my stay this morning but they all disappeared before I left. I saw a single Bank Swallow there yesterday but have not noted either the Brown or White bellied Swallows this month.

Swallows &  
Swifts.

A singular and very disappointing feature of this season is the remarkable scarcity of Warblers and indeed of all the smaller forest-loving birds. Thrushes, Titmice, Kinglets, Warblers, Vireos and even Woodpeckers are all represented by only a few scattered individuals. I have seen only one gathering that could be called a flock and that contained less than twenty birds. I miss badly the chirping, twittering herds that for the past few years have enlivened the woods on Pine Point. The few birds now inhabiting these woods still pay regular morning visits to the camp & flit and chirp among the branches but I rarely see more than a pair of Chickadees, a solitary Red-bellied Nuthatch or Creeper and then a few Warblers in any one morning. Elsewhere about the Lake these the woods seem utterly lifeless. It is evident that the Nuthatches had left the country before my arrival & both species of Woodpeckers seem to have since followed their example but what has become of the Warblers? The flock of upwards of twenty visited Pine Point on the morning of the 27<sup>th</sup> August. The night before I heard migrating Warblers chirping about incessantly. Since then I have heard almost none

Continued  
scarcity of  
Warblers



1896

September 3

Outlet.

A dark rainy day, warm & sultry with almost no wind.

I am establishing a custom of going to the Outlet every morning to look after the waders for this is about the height of their migration here and the extensive mud flats, just laid bare by the rapidly falling water (they are cleaning it off on Canal to repair the dam there), are in the best possible condition for them birds.

The Lake was dead calm when I crossed it at about 8 a.m. this morning. As I approached the Outlet a Loon was longing down the Lake and two Whistlers were diving for food near the grass but I neither saw nor heard anything of the waders until I landed on the right bank where a pair of small Sandpipers rose and flew across the river. Although they started freely as yet, I felt nearly sure that they were Baird's Sandpipers and when I followed & found them feeding on a mud flat near the end of the south marsh this conviction proved to be correct. I approached them within about thirty paces and watched them closely for at least fifteen minutes. As my observations have been written out at length in my systematic notes I will not repeat them here but will simply add that I finally got both birds in line and killed them with a charge of fine shot. I also shot a young Loon.

Tringa  
bairdii

There were five Loon Swallows & a young Martin feeding on the marsh this morning. Swallows.

Besides the Baird's Sandpipers I saw a solitary Green Heron, Waders a Snipe, and two flocks of Curlews, one of nine, the other of seven or eight birds  
(I afterwards heard that the Curlews started 13 Snipe & killed 9 of them.) Snipe

Outlet Marshes

1896

September 4

A clearing day with driving clouds & high N.W. wind, becoming much cooler towards evening (ther. 45° at 9 P.M.)

The Auclars were on the marsh by hundreds this morning and we heard them for a dozen or more shots while we were dressing & eating breakfast. When, finally, I crossed (under sail) the flats at the Outlet were barren of bird life, but from them opposite Richardson's Covey there came Peeps (Breast) and a Ring-necked Plover as I approached. I landed twice & looked for Snipe but found nothing. A solitary Barn Swallow was the only representative of the Hirundinidae flying over the marshes to-day.

WadersSwallows

Keeping on down river I entered Leonard's Pond where I found and shot ten Solitary Sandpipers all but one hitting. I skinned the first two for specimens and finding them too fat to skin & in tempting condition for the table kept one. It was three plumpets of increments for the birds, as usual, were as tame as sparrows - a lover.

SolitarySandpipers

I also shot at and wounded but lost a ♀ Sparrow Hawk which alighted on a stick at the head of the island.

Sparrow hawk

A Bittern flew across the river & alighted in the marsh as I was looking back to camp.

Bittern

At noon a Ring-necked Plover with pale reddish flanks & a Chestnut-sided Warbler in the plum & white autumn plumage came about the camp.

Bay breast W.Chestnut-sided

Just as it was getting dark this evening the barn swallows were still on hand on Pine Point in 1895. I shot a specimen at the head of our boat cove. First he hopped from trees, next hopped from a willow, finally hopped several times after this manner.

MyadestesOrn

1896

Lake Umbagog.

Outlet.

September 5

Clear, the forenoon calm, the afternoon with strong S. E. wind and gathering clouds presaging the approach of another storm.

I was at day break this morning and after a hundred horse feet started in the hunting canoe for the Outlet. There was a dense fog but as a rather fresh breeze came from the north as I left the point I felt confident of striking somewhere near Richardson's Covey. By simply standing across, close hauled, under ~~small~~ sail. I sailed and sailed and sailed, however, over what seemed an endless expanse of gray water threaded in gloomy fog. At length I heard a Kingfisher rattle & saw a Osprey albatross and presently a line of forest clad shores became dimly visible straight ahead. Rushing down in I made my old camping ground south of Wood's Rock! The breeze had hauled into the west and I had missed even the outlying point of woods at the mouth of the river. Standing back I made it safely into him. Just as I entered the river a canoe with two young men appeared coming out into the lake. They had one Greater & two Lesser Yellow legs which they had just shot. As I was talking with them two Greater Yellow legs came flying past & I shot one of them. The other alighted on the flats. When I landed & approached the shot I found two birds feeding together. They acted as if they & rattle so I took a long shot at them killing one & wounding the other which flew off to a little distance & was soon afterwards killed by my young friends in the canoe. I, meanwhile, was engaged with a number of small waters which I found on the flat. There were two Kinglets, four Solitary Sandpipers, a Redtail, a Baird's Sandpiper,

Lost in  
the fog

Yellow legs  
or  
Baird's species

Waders  
Ring neck P.  
Baird's S.

1896.

September 5  
(No. 2)

Lake Umbagog.

Oullet marshes

and eight Semipalmated Sandpipers. The Bairds' Sandpiper  
cluded me but I shot them of the Solitaires and getting  
the Bremetes well "bunched" killed all but one by a  
high discharge from the 20 gauge. I committed this  
act of slaughter chiefly in the hope that I might  
find one or more E. occidentalis among the slain but  
all proved to be typical E. pusillus. It is curious  
that I have never been able to add occidentalis to  
the Umbagog list for surely it must occur here.

Bairds' S.  
Solitary "  
Bremetes

Keeping on down river I found on the flats opposite  
Bernards Pond two more Ring-necked geese feeding with three  
Bremetes and not far off a flock composed wholly of  
the latter species & containing fully twenty-five birds.  
Again visions of possible Western Sandpipers entered my  
mind but I had no heart to destroy more of the pretty  
little creatures on the chance even although those that  
I might kill could be used on our camp table.

I had just packed them when I heard one peeping  
shrilly and turning saw a high bird coming directly  
towards me with a Pigeon Hawk in close pursuit.  
The Sandpiper was evidently doing his best but the Hawk  
overtook him with the utmost ease just as the two  
were within about 50 yds. of me. The Sandpiper doubled  
abruptly, however, at the last moment & the Hawk  
overshooting his mark by some ten yards ~~but~~ turned back  
quicker than thought and again the greedy doubled & this  
time the Hawk abandoned the chase in evident  
disgust & flew straight away over Bernards Pond  
while the Sandpiper delighted with his companions  
who had not seen at all during the episode.

Pigeon Hawk  
chase a  
Sandpiper

1896.

September 5  
(No 3)

Lake Umbagog.

Outlet Marshes.

Soon after this a flock of 22 Rusty Black birds appeared on the marsh flitting from place to place alighting on the mud.

Rusty Black  
Birds.

There were also six Swallows, two Barn and four Barn, flying about.

Swallows

I beat the high grounds carefully but saw only one bird which rose very wild & flew out of sight.

Snipe  
seen

After entering Leonard's Pond, where I found only one Osprey and a Kingfisher, I returned to the Outlet. The two Ring-necked & the hovering Greenlets were still on the flats but the Baird's Sandpiper had disappeared. Presently I discovered a solitary Blue-winged Teal swimming near a grassy island just outside the river's mouth. Making a wide circuit I had done up behind the island but the bird was almost out of range. It raised its head & stretched up its neck when it saw me & fearing it was about to start I fired: it flew off very badly wounded & dropped in the marsh where I searched for it in vain, starting a Bittern which then engaged.

Blue-winged  
Teal.Bittern

As I was re-passing the Outlet on my way to camp the Baird's Sandpiper appeared flying high & calling creep, creep in shrill rather harsh tones. I called it within long range & fired at but missed it.

Tringa  
bairdii

A little after this I shot a young Whistler that was swimming out in the Lake. It dove as I approached but I traced its course under water by the dipping of the young bird's head and killed it when it came to the surface. It was fully grown but the wing coverts were not of full length.

Young  
Whistler

1896.

September 6

Lake Umbagog.

Pine Point. Orléans Marshes

Heavy rain storm all day with strong S. E. wind

I spent the day about camp working etc. There was a rather large mixed flock of Warblers etc. drifting back & forth through the birch grove and at noon, commencing them on the end of the Point I made a very accurate & complete census of the species and the number of individuals of each. The list is as follows:

Parus atricapillus, 1; Troglodytes aedon, 1; Certhia f. americana, 1;  
Sitta canadensis, 1; Mniotilta varia, 1 ♀; Helminthophila  
rostrifrons, 3 juv; Compsothlypis a. usneae, 2 juv; Dendroica  
coronata, 1 juv.; D. caerulescens, 1 ♂; D. striata, 1; D.  
blackburniae, 8 juv.; D. maculosa, 1; Vireo olivaceus, 1;  
V. solitarius, 3; V. philadelphicus 1 (a little beauty, very yellow  
 beneath, in full autumn plumage, very tame); Turdus, 3;  
Coturnix varius (a young ♂ singing both ways); Reisfuturus, 1.  
 There was also a solitary Swift darting about over  
 the trees. Altogether I have not seen so many birds  
 on the Point at one time before this season.

In the afternoon Bill Sargent roved across the lake & fished down the river for a mile or more. He saw an enormous flock of Bear Yellow-Cops more than 100 birds, he says, and his statements & impressions as to such matters are to be taken into entire conf'dence. They were feeding on the flats opposite Dever's Pond and were very tame. He also saw three flocks of Wilson's Swifts, with 7, 5, & 3 birds respectively, flying about in the rain.

Census of  
mixed flock  
 of Warblers etc  
 at Pine Point.

Phaeocephalus  
trius

Chimney Swift

Big flock of  
Summer  
Yellow-Cops

Wilson's  
Swifts in  
flocks

Lake Umbagog.

Outlet Marshes.

1896

September 7

Clear with fresh N. W. to W. wind, warmer, ther. rising to 60°.

Starting at 5:30 a. m. I paddled across the Lake through a dense fog laying very even by compass for Richardson's Cove and striking about 100 yards south of it. As soon as I recognized the shore and within fully forty yards from it I began turning the canoe. The sound of the paddle started a flock of a dozen or more Black Ducks from a shallow pool in the marsh. They must have been at least eighty yards from me when they were hit by a sudden impulse I find and one of them fell, evidently with a broken wing. I got ashore as quickly as possible but of course my bird had disappeared. I beat about through the grass for some time & was on the point of giving up the search when the foolish Duck started nearly a gun shot off and quacking loudly began running & flapping one the wood when I finished it with another clap.

A morning's shooting on the Outlet marshes. Long shot at a Black Duck

Passing through the Cove and crossing the wire I found the extensive mud flats on the left shore chiefly clear with small waders. There were fully thirty Breunts, several Semipalmated Plover, two Bonaparte's Sandpipers, a Redtail, a Solitary and about a dozen Snipe. The last was behaving in a most interesting manner running about on the level and perfectly bare mud a hundred yards or more from any cover. Every now and then they would draw together in a close bunch like Puffs. I had several opportunities to kill at least five or six at a shot had I wished. They proved a little but seemed to be chiefly engaged in pulling up food. All the while the fog hung low & dense over the flats. When

Waders

Singular behavior of Wilson's Snipe

Lake Umbagog.

Outlet Marshes

1896  
September 7  
(No 2.)

it cleared and the sun came out a little later the  
Scaup rose, one after another, and flew to drag the grass  
into which they dropped. I followed them but they were  
very wild and I got only four shots bagging three birds.

Wilson's  
Scaup

Before the fog dispersed the small Plover & Sandpiper were  
scattered about over the whole of the flats feeding busily  
and silently & rarely taking flight but after the sun  
appeared they became restless and noisy and coursed about  
over the marshes in compact flocks. I shot only one of  
them, the Pectoral.

Small Plover  
Sandpiper

I next paddled to the Outlet where I found a few more  
small waders and a flock of about twenty Lesser Yellow-legs.  
The latter were very tame but were scattered about one  
to wide a space that I could get only two together  
for my first shot. The main bunch went off at the  
report but several stragglers remained & I quickly killed  
four more.

Yellow legs

Soon after this a Golden Plover came flying about.  
I called him up and missed him the first time  
at less than thirty yards & missed him the second with  
a charge of No 4 shot as he was passing very high overhead.  
He was an adult in autumn plumage - a beautiful bird.  
His flight was exceedingly swift. In fact I doubt if  
any bird except a Falcon could outtake a Golden Plover.

Golden Plover

Returning I entered Leonard's Pond, where I shot  
a young Pigeon Hawk that was sitting on a stub  
pulling his feathers and an adult ♀ American Rail  
which I started in a little cypress meadow flooded  
by yesterday's rain. There were also four large but

Pigeon Hawk

American Rail



1896

September 7  
(No 3)

they were so very wild that I could not get near them. Wilson's Snipe  
Although the day was now clear and warm they avoided the grass and kept obligingly on the open mud when they would run a few yards & then crouch behind some irregularity in the flat surface.

Four Wood Ducks, the first I have seen for a mile or more, were from the marsh behind the island where I put up my tent to stand for camp. Wood Ducks.

In most places where the water is less than two feet deep and the bottom sandy or muddy I see the tracks of the Great Blue Herons. The huge foot prints, widely spaced, suggest the presence of some big, herbivorous bird. They are often found on hummocks far & near out from the shore. Tracks of Ardea herodias

While sailing on the lake off Pine Point in the early afternoon I saw a Night-hawk flying south. Soon after it had passed a Golden Plover appeared high in air uttering its shrill, squeaking whistle. On coming over the Night-hawk it swooped down at the latter brushing close past & evidently frightening it badly. Night-hawk & Golden Plover

Just before sunset I sailed over to the Outlet & watched them until it was nearly dark. Two Ring-necked & three Greenlets alighted near me on a knump of mud. On looking at them with the glass I saw that one of the Greenlets had a comparatively long bill. I accordingly shot it & found it to be apparently an G. occidentalis.<sup>\*</sup> I very regret the change <sup>all</sup> killed the two Ring-necked & one G. pusillus. Snipe & Herons flying about at dusk but no Ducks seen.

\* On comparison with my birds at home I have decided that this specimen is an occidentalis long-billed G. pusillus

1896.

Lake Umbagog.

September 8

Cloudless, calm and very warm with the air almost wholly free from haze.

There was a heavy flight of Warblers last night. I heard them chirping almost incessantly from soon after dark to the time I went to sleep - about 11 P.M. The war must have started to the northward of Keegan's & passed beyond it before morning for there were only a very few birds in our woods either yesterday or to-day.

Heavy flight  
of Warblers

Sometimes during the night (last night) those of our party who were sleeping in tents were suddenly and very effectively awakened by an outrageous squealing & screeching exactly like that of two cats fighting but at its termination the outcry ran, without the slightest separating pause, into the ordinary hoot of a Barred Owl. It was wholly unlike the long, low, conversational preformance of this species in the morning but, minus the terminal hooting, was identical with the cat-squeaking which Mr. Skillings & I heard at Moss's Rock a number of years ago & which I now believe to have been made, as Sumner Sargent asserted on the time, by one of these Owls.

Syrnium  
nebulosum  
squealing  
like a  
tom-cat.

At 8.30 A.M. I sailed across the lake & visited the flats at the Outlet & near Bernard's Pond. Two Ring necks, a Great Sandpiper and five Greunties were all the waders that I could find. I shot an Greuntie which has a bill almost long enough for S. occidentalis & missed another with a still longer bill which I am confident belonged to Pigeon Hawk or other species. A Pigeon Hawk passed me within 4 yds. passed close & the little flock of waders within 20 yds. skimming low & swift over the marsh. The waders were standing motionless without doing at the time & their patchy coloring probably saved them well. There,

Waders

Greunties.

1896.

September 9 Clear, the forenoon calm, a light S. E. breeze with gathering clouds in the afternoon.

Spent the day on B. Brook Point with C. & E. R. S.  
On a sandy part of the shore near the spring we found numerous fresh deer tracks made, as well as suggest asserted positively, by a very large buck, a large deer & two fawns of this season. The track of a buck is much thicker at the toes than that of a doe, his pointed out to us.

A day at  
B. Brook  
Point

An Eagle, an Osprey, a Broad-winged Hawk and a Kingfisher were seen along this shore & a Blue Jay, a few Warblers and a band of eleven Chickadees were hovering about in the woods. The Chickadees evidently wanted to cross the Cove - about  $\frac{1}{4}$  of a mile wide - but were half afraid to venture on even so short an aerial journey. They made several false starts, rising 50 feet or more above the tree tops, shaking out over the lake with chirping inconspicuous to our ears & turning back after going 100 yards or less! Finally they divided into two parties & went across. Jim found a Chickadee floating dead in mid-Cove yesterday morning just after the fog cleared & it seems that they sometimes perish by drowning as the Warblers, Vireos, Sparrows & other small birds so often do.

Chickadees  
hesitate to  
cross an arm  
of the Lake

The Chickadees are evidently increasing rapidly in number about the Lake shore. Up to within three days we have had only a single bird at Pine Point & I have seen but few elsewhere. On the 7<sup>th</sup> three appeared about our camp and yesterday there were five or six.

Chickadee  
drowned in  
the Lake

Warblers appeared to be scarce everywhere to-day as well as yesterday but there was a heavy migration to night with many thrushes.

1896.

September 10

Lake Umbagog.

Pine Point.

Cloudy with east wind and fine, mistlike rain at intervals

Spent the day about camp. Two Canada Nuthatches, three or four Chickadees, two Winter Wrens, a Yellowthroat, a Magpie and an House Wren, a Chipping Sparrow (young in streaked plumage hopping about in our camp yard) a pair of Downy Woodpeckers and a Star Jay were the only small birds that I noticed on our point.

Bird aboutcampChipping Sp.  
in the forest.

The Red Squirrels are scarce one-tenth as numerous on Pine Point as they were in 1894 & 1895 and the few that are here evidently have much difficulty in getting a living for their own firm, hence no balsam cones this year, nor any maple buds.

Red Squirrels

The Squirrels near camp get more or less of their daily food from our waste but then <sup>back</sup> in the woods are eating mushrooms and the buds of the paper birches. They take the mushrooms up into the trees & store them on the horizontal branches but within a day or two they either eat or remove them.

Two Chipmunks visit Camp daily & one comes every few minutes & has become very tame taking nuts & corn from our hands, entering all the camps freely & rambling about on the floors under our feet. He rarely eats anything that we give him but merely carries it off to add to his winter's board. His hole is only a few paces from the camp and in the middle of the path that leads to the landing.

Chipmunks

1896

September 10  
(no 2.)

Late in the afternoon I paddled across to the Outlet, down river to Richardson's Carry and thence across to the outer end of Moose Point where I waited until it was nearly dark. Only then Ducks came over the point and they kept on towards the Outlet. I heard a Snipe and some small waders, probably an Eremita. The heavy rain of the 6<sup>th</sup> has raised the Lake a foot or more and the mud flats, as well as much of the grass-covered marshes, near the Outlet are under water. Hence it is not surprising that about all the small waders have disappeared. Besides the Eremita just mentioned I heard (and also saw) only a solitary Golden Plover.

Snipe,  
Eremita?Golden Plover

Late night a Great Horned Owl hooted for an hour or more in the hemlocks near the head of the boat cove on Pine Point. This evening he began his serenade before sunset and was presently answered by another bird in the same woods, the two hooting responses to each other for nearly half an hour. One bird regularly said hoo, hoo-hoo, hoo, hoo; the other hoo, hoo-hoo-hoo, hoo, hoo. These are the first Great Horned Owls that I have heard on Pine Point this season but Will Sargent heard one in Glosby Cove on the evening of the 8<sup>th</sup>.

Bubo  
virginianus.

On the western side of the Lake I have once heard an old bird near Moll's Rock and reportedly young birds in the flats near Denmark Pond.

1896

September 11

Lake Umbagog.

Pine Point

Clear and warm with south wind. Ther. 80° at noon

The morning was unusually beautiful for there was no fog (the night had been too warm for it to form) and the air was peculiarly soft and sweet with the breath of the south wind. There were few small birds on the Point - only two or three Warblers, a Chickadee or two and a pair of Canada Nuthatches - but we had two unusual visitors, viz. a Canada Jay and a Pileated Woodpecker each the first of its kind that I have noted here this year. The Jay kept high in the trees and avoided both the shore and our camp ground. It was very noisy whistling and screaming almost incessantly. It went off in the direction of Glassy Cove.

Birds aboutcampCanada JayPileated W.

Two years ago this month Will Sargent and I heard, one morning, a call new to us both and paddling out into the dense fog came upon two Loons playing together near the Outlet and making the sound in question. I have not heard it since until this morning when for nearly half an hour before the wind rose it came at short intervals from the direction of the Outlet where, with the aid of a glass, I could see two Loons swimming about on the calm water. I do not remember just how I rendered it in 1894 but to-day I set it down as varying from a rather deep & hollow hoo to an abrupt oh. It is very human in tone and might be easily mistaken for the call or ejaculation of a man. It was repeated twice or thrice in quick succession as a rule but sometimes was given only once.

A singularLoon call

1896.

September 11  
(No 2.)

Lake Umbagog.

Pine Point.

At 10 a.m. a Solitary Vireo began piping on the Point keeping it up for ten minutes or more. It was an old bird, the first I have heard this autumn. How its wild, clear notes rang through the silent woods!

Solitary Vireo  
singing

A little before sunset a flock of seventeen Goosanders went down the falls and turned into Gleepy Cove and half-an-hour later a bunch of four followed them but kept on into B. Moose Cove. No doubt they spent the night along this rocky shore. The water has fallen so low that many isolated boulders & several ledges are exposed and perhaps they roost on some of these.

Goosander

As we were eating supper in the Open camp I heard a long, piercingly shrill whistle back in the woods in the direction of the big hemlocks. A minute or two later a huge Owl came flying from this direction and alighted on a branch of the tall pine in front of the camp but, startled, no doubt, by an exclamation from one of our men, it almost immediately took flight again and disappeared towards the falls. It looked as large as the biggest Eagle. Its wings made a loud rushing sound like the wind blowing through pines.

A strange  
Owl visits  
camp.

The warm weather of the past three days has brought out the Hyla (H. pickeringii) and I hear their dry cracked voices everywhere in the woods, especially in the late afternoons. I have also heard one or two Wood Frogs.

Hyla piping

1896.

September 12

Another cloudless, calm and very warm day.

There was a dense fog in the early morning but it cleared at about eight o'clock and at once the woods were flooded with sunlight and enlivened by the calls of numerous small birds. I heard only one Warbler but Titmouse Nuthatches and Woodpeckers were all present in large numbers than on any previous morning this season and the Pine Siskin and White-winged Crossbill got on my list again for the first time in two or three weeks.

Small birds  
about Camp.

A small flock of Hudson Bay Chickadees were among the other visitors to the camp. I was unable to count them but judging by their calls there were at least three or four and probably more.

Parus  
hudsonicus.

On my arrival at Pine Point, August 25<sup>th</sup>, I found many of the maple-like plants already showing gold and crimson leaves and a few days later I began to see here and there about the Lake some solitary small maples that showed more or less brilliant coloring. But with these exceptions the woods generally up to September 7<sup>th</sup> were as uniformly green as in midsummer. On the morning of the 8<sup>th</sup> I was surprised to find that a large proportion of the foliage of the paper birches on the Point had changed become more or less conspicuously yellow. The change must have taken place during the night. It has since advanced steadily although rather slowly.

First signs  
of autumn  
coloring



\*

1896

September 12  
(No. 2)

Lake Umbagog.

Outlet Marshes

Just before sunset I paddled across the lake and after visiting the flats at the Outlet and finding nothing there I landed at the little pond hole near Richardson's Covey where I shot the Duck on the 7<sup>th</sup>. As I approached the place I saw seven Black Ducks flying about in the lake close to the beach and I felt nearly sure that they would return before dark. Soon after crossing my stand in some tall grass I heard a thin Yellow leg whistling in the distance. I called him but although he answered regularly he did not change his position for ten minutes or more. He was evidently hatched on the Moon Point beach. At length he started & coming directly towards me alighted in the pond where I shot him falling.

Coming on  
the Outlet  
marshes

Black Ducks

En. Yellow legs  
shot.

Soon after this I heard the ducks alight on the bank several hundred yards away. They quacked & splashed for a long time but finally swam in nearly to within shot & then rising & circling came over the pond directly past me within thirty yards. Just as I was to fire five of them hovey together & I felt sure of getting at least three with my first barrel but to my infinite disgust none fell at the report & my heart that was equally unfeeling. I think that on changing my shells for the Yellow leg—or rather when I changed them a second time after shooting him I got in two dots that cartridges by mistake.

Black Ducks

A good shot  
missed.

I heard two snipe & saw several Herons.  
Mosquitoes were nearly as numerous on the marsh this evening as they were last June. They attacked me so severely that I could hardly endure it. The evening was very warm & clear

Mosquitoes  
troublesome

1896

September 13

Cloudy &amp; cooler with fresh S. to S.E. wind.

I spent this day about camp looking across to the Outlet tower. Made no observations worth recording. Will Sargent, who went down the river picked up fishing, reports seeing a flock of four large Plover and several smaller waders.

Waders

September 14

Cloudy with S.E. breeze.

After breakfast I walked across the bays & made the rounds of the marshes & flats. Although the water has fallen to just the point most favorable for the waders I saw but two of these birds, a Black-bellied Plover and a Bonaparte's Sandpiper. The Plover, although a young bird, was exceedingly wild and restless, covering over the whole marsh region, frequently alighting but never remaining on the flats for more than a minute or two at a time. Sometimes he would go off high in air towards the South until lost to sight & bearing but in a few minutes he would return & again pitch down to the flats. Noticing that he paid frequent visits to the extreme point of land at the Outlet I ran the corner into a creek there & waited. Presently he came over in very high & flying very swiftly but a charge of 4 shot brought him down.

Charadrius  
helveticus.

Lake Umbagog.

Megalloway River

1896.

September 15

A fine day, cooler, sunny for the most part but with masses of dark clouds driving rapidly overhead before the violent north-west wind.

I have been waiting for just this kind of day for a trip up the Megalloway so immediately after breakfast I started with Will in the large boat. The whole Axellan family were shooting Snipe on the Baxter meadows and Harry Axellan, who hailed us as we were passing through Richardson's Cove, told us that they had started about 15 <sup>birds</sup> and killed 2 up to that time. He also said that his father had shot a Black-bellied Plover.

Trip up the Megalloway

Snipe shooting

Beetle-head

The shooting continued as long as we were within hailing and just before we reached the mouth of the Megalloway a breeze came from the direction of the big marsh and delighted me as we were on the river bank. I landed but the bird was very wild & I missed it.

Landing next at the first pond hole on the left bank of the Megalloway we found perfectly fresh tracks of a cow moose, apparently the same animal that I saw August 27<sup>th</sup>. For the next two miles above this place, as well as around the shores of Pine Hill Pond, moose tracks were to be seen everywhere near the water, some of them those of the cow, others of a large bull, some fresh, others made at different times during the last two or three weeks. Will's quick eye detected a number of long hairs clinging to a stump where one of the big beasts had anchored himself. At several places we saw where the animal had climbed or descended. The steep banks of the river its hoofs slipping and making long grooved marks in the clayey mud.

Moose tracks

Lake Umbagog.

Megalloway River

1896.  
September 15  
(No 2)

There were no Ducks in Pine Hill Pond but in one of the small ponds just above on the left I got a long throat at a Whistler but missed it.

We next landed at Pulpit Rock where Dick took me back into the woods on the South side of Pine Hill and showed me some very large & interesting boulders covered with the finest growth of rock ferns that I have ever seen. Under one of them was a porcupine's den with a well-beaten path leading from it. I spent the remainder of the forenoon photographing these boulders and we lunched by the side of the cold spring just below the camping ground where two young men had part of their lunch. They told us that Ducks were numerous in the ponds along the river above and that they saw Deer almost daily but neither they nor we said anything about the Moose. I heard a Red Crossbill in these woods.

Pulpit Rock  
woods  
Rock ferns on  
Big boulders  
Porcupine's  
den.  
Photography

Starting on again after lunch we stopped first at the long, narrow meadows just above Pulpit Rock. At this place and I found a flock of 11 Black Ducks in a small pond hole and near, but not actually associating with, them, a solitary young drake Wood Duck. I spent more than an hour attempting to stalk these birds but whenever I got them in a good place & crawled towards them through the grass it happened that before I could reach them they drove off to some other part of the pond. Finally I lost patience and directed Dick to make a circuit & try to drive them to me. When he showed himself they all started in my direction but only three came within range. I brought down two of

Stalling  
Black Ducks  
in Pulpit Rock  
meadows.

Lake Umbagog.

Megalloway River

1896.

September 15  
(no. 3)

them with my first barrel and hit the third bird head with the second but he flew out of sight.

At Horn-Blow Bend I was surprised to see a large pond tortoise scuttle down the steep bank and plunge into the river. This is the first tortoise of any kind that I have ever seen in this region and I have always understood that none were to be found but Miss Sargent now tells me that "a small blackish turtle" is abundant in Cambridge River above the Falls. He could not remember that it had either yellow spots or red markings & I failed to recognize it by his rather vague description. He has never seen this or any other species in Umbagog.

Sand Tortoise

We had confidently expected to find Bothle Brook Pond abun with Ducks but there were only eight, all Black Ducks and all huddled together on a small grassy island off the point between the right & middle arms of the pond but quite out of range from the shore. In the left arm (or 'leg' as it is usually called) I started two Herons and a fine old Bald Eagle. There was a Common Grebe in the middle arm. Deer tracks were scarce about this pond & none of them were fresh.

Bothle Brook Pond.  
Black Ducks  
Herons.  
Bald Eagle  
Pied b. Grebe  
Deer tracks

I took several photographs here - one, that turned out to be very beautiful, of the pool where Dick lost the wounded dove duck several years ago.

Photography

A good many of the species have been cut about the shores of Bothle Brook Pond since last autumn but still the place retains much of its former attractiveness & beauty.

Lake Umbagog.

1896

September 15  
(no 4)

On our way back down river I landed at the rather large pond opposite the mouth of Bear Brook. I do not remember to have seen any Ducks in this pond for a number of years - perhaps not since I shot the pair of Mallards there in 188 - but this afternoon I found a flock of five Wood Ducks and three birds which I think were Hooded Mergansers but which rose and went out without giving me an opportunity to identify them. The Wood Ducks proved more accommodating although at first they were unaccountably shy and restless, rising and flying several times but always re- alighting in the pond. After a good deal of trouble and headless attempts I finally got within thirty yards of them and killed four with the first barrel wounding the fifth bird badly as it rose. Of the four killed there were young drakes changing to full plumage, the fourth a young female.

I did not get another shot until we reached Richardson's Cove and stopped for a few minutes to watch for Ducks. The twilight was fast deepening into night and the hoarse cries of snipe came from every direction while we occasionally heard the rustling wings as one of these birds alighted near us. One of them also descended three in quick succession. Just as we were about to start on a bird, which both Will & I took for a Hooded Merganser, came flying past us at a wonderful rate of speed, so fast, indeed, that as Will after words said, he did not believe that that could catch it" and to tell truth

Megallan River

Wood Ducks  
in Horse Shoe  
Bend Pond.  
I bag  
four of them

Evening on  
Outhouse marsh

Snipe  
drumming.

Red billed  
Grebe flies  
on marsh.

1896

September 15

(No 5)

I had the same feeling as I raised the gun to my shoulder but at the report the bird started down a long, slight decline finally striking in the middle of the cove near the cove and sending the white spray high into the air. It was perfectly dead when we reached it and great was my surprise to find that it was a Carolina Chick doubtless the same that I have seen almost daily near the Outlet for the past two weeks. Poor bird! I would not have shot at it had I suspected what it was.

Solitary Sandpipers were unusually numerous to-day along the Mygalloway. I must have seen more than twenty in all, most of them on the muddy shores of the river itself but one or two about each of the small ponds that I visited in back of Docks. They are by no means invariably "solitary" for one often finds two and occasionally three or four feeding or flying in company. They do not, however, appear to associate, unless by mere chance, with any of the other species of waders. American Wood Sandpipers they should have been called for they love these forest pools & rivers and, when startled, frequently fly directly back into the densest woods making their way through the branches with quite as much ease as does the Woodcock.

SotamusSolitary

1896.

September 16

One of the most perfect of September days, nearly calm, the air exceptionally clear & sparkling, the sky filled with great cloud masses drifting lazily & casting thin shadows on the slopes of the mountains.

Spent the day at Sunday Cove with C. & S. R. S. rowing across the water Bay in the morning and landing home in the late afternoon. We landed first at the high ledge but finding the place very sunny & otherwise ill-adapted to our purpose kept on and entering the cove found just inside the point on the right of the entrance the prettiest little nook imaginable, sheltered alike from sun and wind, with beautiful woods of mixed growth covering the slope behind and a shore piled with blocks and boulders of every conceivable size and shape. Just above the place where we drew out our boat a ledge rose nearly vertically from the water to a height of twelve or fifteen feet. The more distant view up the Cove was very fine and rendered doubly attractive by the clear air and constantly changing cloud effects.

Two Muskrats inhabited the ledge just mentioned and, to my surprise, they spent the entire middle part of the day <sup>(which was cloudless & calm)</sup> fishing for mussels, swimming out several rods from shore, diving in water eight or ten feet deep & taking their mussels in under a shelving rock where the bottom was thickly strewn with the discarded shells.

A Mink, also, entertained us for nearly half an hour by appearing among the loose boulders on the other side of our position and gradually working towards us until he came within a few yards of where we were sitting.

A day in  
Sunday Cove

Muskrats  
fishing for  
mussels at  
mid-day

Mink



1896.

September 16  
(No. 2.)

He explored all the nooks and crevices among these boulders with great thoroughness keeping most of the time in the water between or beneath them washing, swimming a diving and often when we could not see him mouling his position by the loud "Hushing" noise which he made. Every now and then he would stretch up his long slender neck between two stones or coping to the top of one would shake his dripping body violently and look keenly around before resuming his search for food. All his movements were characterized by the fierce, intensely nervous energy peculiar to the Weasel family. The expression of his face combined stupidity, cunning and devilish cruelty in about equal degrees but his pretty, dark, glossy fur, long, lithe body, and graceful, sinuous movements made him on the whole a singularly attractive & interesting creature. His sight seemed to be weak of the best but when, at length, he discovered us he showed much alarm and having the stone bounded up the steep slope behind us and disappeared in the woods.

Habits of the  
Weasel

Besides these mammals I found a rather large and interesting mixed flock of birds on this point. There were Chickadees, Hudson Bay Tit, Kinglets, Crows, a Winter Wren, two or three Nuthatch Woodpeckers, a Minioptila, a Parula, a Black Poll, a Black-throated Green, a Red-eyed Vireo, a Sapsucker etc. etc.

Mixed flock  
of small birds.

Along the Stone King pines one rattling & chasing in another. Two loons also appeared at the mouth of the cove for a few minutes.

1896.

September 17

A dull rainy day with S. E. wind.

Spent the day about camp. In the afternoon Will heard Outlets. Yellow legs whistling and I paddled across the lake in search of them but although I visited the Outlet, the flats opposite Kennedys Point, and Moon Point, I saw nothing but a solitary Songspire & a couple of Kingfishers. Just as I reached Pine Point on my return, however, I distinctly heard a winter Yellow-leg's whistle coming from the direction of Richardson's Cove. Gr. Yellow-leg

" 18

A clearing day with strong N. W. wind.

Work on the home boat confined me to the neighborhood of our camp during the forenoon. In the afternoon we took the big boat out and sailed her across to the Outlet. She went to windward and came about freely and but when we tried to return we could not get her before the wind until we reefed the main sail.

While off the mouth of the river we heard Yellow legs whistling and saw many flying together. Douglas stopped his Thomson & bounding fired several shots at them. He afterwards told me that there were fifteen birds in the flock. Yellow legs

" 19

A very heavy rain storm all day with S. E. wind.

Spent the whole day about camp & on the home boat. One woods seemed to be almost wholly barren of birds. Indeed I have seen very few there, least three days & have heard none migrating at night. Pine Point

1896

September 20

Lake Umbagog.

Penic Point.

Cloudless with clear, bracing air, the wind north-west and blowing very heavily through the forenoon but moderating in the afternoon & falling calm at sunset. Therm.  $40^{\circ}$  at 8 A.M. &  $50^{\circ}$  at 8 P.M.

Spent the day about camp taking a short sail on the boat in the afternoon. No small birds on the Point excepting a Nuthatch, a few Chickadees, two Golden-crested Kinglets and two young Magnolia warblers.

Small birds  
about camp.

John who rowed up from Lakeside late in the day reports seeing a flock of fully fifty Button-billed Coots just below Great Island. They were very restless flying up & down this stretch of water continuously, once coming within gun shot.

At about 8 P.M. just as the moon was rising above the trees one mysterious Owl paid the Point a second visit hawking and hooting for nearly ten minutes. He appeared to be on the bamboo launch but when I attempted to stand thereon along one path he became silent & presently began again slowly out of hearing towards the east. He did not utter the hoarse cry to which I believe his hull is almost as loud as the took of the Trinidad Bull Bird.

The mysterious  
Owl again  
visits camp

Soon after the Owl departed the moon called me out again to hear a Fox who was barking in our cove. I stole to the edge of the launch and heard him to great advantage. His bark was much like that of a dog but more husky or "ragged" as they expressed it. It was very loud for the voice of so small an animal.

Fox barking

1896

September 21

Lake Umbagog.

Pine Point

Clear and warm with light, variable winds.

Spent the day at a new camp, most of it on the house boat repairing the work of fixing up the cabin etc.

Four Chickadees, <sup>a White-bellied Nuthatch,</sup> two Golden-crests, a ♀ Black-throated Green Small birds  
 Warbler, <sup>a House-wren-like New,</sup> and another Warbler which looked like a Tennessee but about camp  
 which I failed to identify came about ten days after  
 breakfast. Evidently most of the Warblers have already departed.  
 Crocker passed Pine Point at about 10 a. m. and landed  
 on the big marsh spent the forenoon then boating for  
 hours as I could see by the end of my glass. He fired  
 fifteen shots which indicated a fair number of birds  
 flushed.

" 22

Cloudy with two or three big showers, the forenoon calmer  
 the afternoon with violent north wind.

I was again confined to the Point by the necessity  
 of looking after the work on the house-boat which drops  
 deplorably. Four Chickadees, several juncos, a Canada Nuthatch, Small birds  
 and a Hairy Woodpecker were the only birds I saw near about camp.  
 camp but I heard Pine Siskins several times and saw  
 the chirp of a Warbler which I think was D. virens.  
 Out on the banks I saw four Sheldracks, a House Duck,  
 a Swan, a Hairy Gull, and a Marsh Hawk and a  
 Great Blue Heron. Last evening a Hairy Gull was  
 flying about making its shrill clamor incessantly. This  
 was the first instance of the appearance of the species  
 this month. Up to the very end of August I saw or  
 heard several during -

1896

September 23

Clear and cold (34° at sunrise) with violent north to north-west wind.

The necessity of looking after the work on the big boat kept me near camp all day. There was a good deal of desultory shooting on the marshes and Miss Casper who went down the boat in the forenoon reported seeing a flock of about thirty Scoters which he thinks were Bitter-bills off B. Brook Cove.

Flock of  
Scoters

A flock of eleven Pine Grinnets alighted in an orchard near in our boat cove this morning.

Pine Grinnets

" 24

Cloudy with S. W. wind and occasional light showers.

There was again a good deal of shooting on the Outer marshes but I had no time to go there or elsewhere to-day. I saw a flock of six Ducks which looked unfamiliar crossing the lake high in air this morning. They were about the size of Widgeon & seemed to have very white bellies. Callers that I heard.

Strange -  
looking Ducks

Just after breakfast I found two very tame Swainson's Thrushes in the woods near the shore in front of the camp. They kept close together running along on the ground and calling softly to each other using the night call exclusively.

Night Call of  
Swainson's  
Thrushes

A Colaptes & a little flock of Chimney Swifts were the only other small birds here.

Last night a Fox actually kept me awake for nearly half an hour by his persistent barking near the camp.

Fox barking

The sound is very loud & penetrating. It resembles the cry of cardinalis for which we often mistake it at first.

1896

September 26

Clear and warm with light, variable winds alternating with periods of calm.

Yesterday and this forenoon were spent in "breaking camp" and putting the things aboard the launch boat. Immediately after dinner we hoisted sail and tried to beat down the Lake but the wind beat the wind, light at best, forced us utterly before we got to B. Brook Point so we were glad to get a tow from the Steamer the remainder of the distance anchoring our boat off Ballside shortly after dark.

We break  
camp.

A small mixed flock consisting of four Chickadees, a juncy minutilla varia, a Parula, a Black-throated Green Warbler, a Chestnut-sided Warbler and a solitary Tree Toad visited Pin Point early this morning. As we were weighing anchor I heard a Picoides arcticus and presently saw the bird on one of the tall pines on the point. It is certainly the first that I have noted this autumn.

Small birds  
on Pin Point.

Yesterday I visited the Moon Point woods to take some photographs and found there three Excubitor at which I exposed several plates and an Otocorys alpestris which I shot. The birds were running about on the shore very near the Songspiders. I also saw a large flock of Greenbirds. Two juncos whom I met said that they had killed two Blue-winged Teal from a flock of about fifty on the 20<sup>th</sup> in one of the ponds on the Megalloway.

Otocorys alpestris

Pectorals.

Blue-winged  
Teal

27

Clear with light S. W. wind.

In the forenoon took some photographs on or near B. Point. In the afternoon sailed & pulled the launch boat to Upton.

1896

September 28

Lake Umbagog.

Cambridge River Marshes

Heavy rain during the night clearing off cold and windy early this morning.

At 7 a. m. started for Upton in the big boat, closely followed Waders on  
 morning. Just as we entered the mouth of the Cambridge a the Cambridge  
 heavy squall accompanied by a dose of rain swept over the River marshes  
 marshes. Immediately afterwards we heard Yellow-legs whistling  
 and saw a flock of a dozen or more wheeling high in air. Big flock of  
 They went off towards the south but returned presently and Gr. Yellowlegs  
 alighted with some others which were feeding on a mud bar. I killed four  
 The combined flock contained just twenty-seven, all at one shot.  
 Greater Yellow-legs. There were also two Dunlins and a few  
 Peeps (Greenlets). Carefully paddled me up to three birds &  
 I killed five Yellow-legs and a Dunlin at one shot.  
 afterwards bringing down another Yellow-leg that came  
 flying past. The remainder of the flock rose high in air  
 and disappeared.

As I was paddling back to the wharve at evening I found Dunlins  
 the other Dunlin feeding in company with three Greenlets  
 and killed all four birds—recollecting enough but the  
Greenlets seemed to me to have very long bills & I suspected  
 that they were *S. occidentalis* but after viewing them  
 I decided that they were all *S. pusillus*.

The Cambridge River marshes are too dry for Snipe  
 but the flats at the mouth of the river are in  
 capital condition for Yellow-legs & Sandpeeps.

I am a little surprised to find one or two Eagles &  
Ospreys still lingering about this end of the Lake for  
 I have not observed either species near the Outlet  
 for a week or more.

Eagles  
Ospreys

1896

Lake Umbagog.

Cambridge River Marshes

September 29 Clear and warm with light variable winds.

Spent the day at Upton attending to the unpacking and stowing away of our effects. Saw very few birds, the most interesting being a little flock of five Greenlets and three Ring-necks on one of the bars near the mouth of the Cambridge, and a flock of 26 Tit Cuckles flying about over the marshes. There was also a flock of seven Goldfinches in the pond just below the Ball House. They were having a fine time playing about and thrashing the water with their wings after their usual custom.

Early this morning I heard a White-crowned Sparrow chirping loudly & incessantly outside my window, probably in the thicket near the stable.

WadersGreenletsTit CucklesWhite-crownSparrows

" 30 Heavy rain during the night & early this morning followed by a clear, warm day, with strong S. E. wind.

Went to Upton for the day as usual, paddling over in the early morning and sailing back at night.

There were five Greenlets and four Ring-necks on the flats to-day, doubtless the same birds left there last evening with the addition of another Ring-neck. Near Pease's bend I saw three Solitary Sandpipers and a Sparrow Hawk.

Waders

The autumn coloring reached its fullest perfection here on the 28<sup>th</sup> and has since been on the wane although it is still brilliant enough. It came on very suddenly with the warm weather which began on the 25<sup>th</sup> before that date there had been but a trifling change from the midsummer coloring.

Autumn coloring



1896.

August

September

Lake Umbagog.

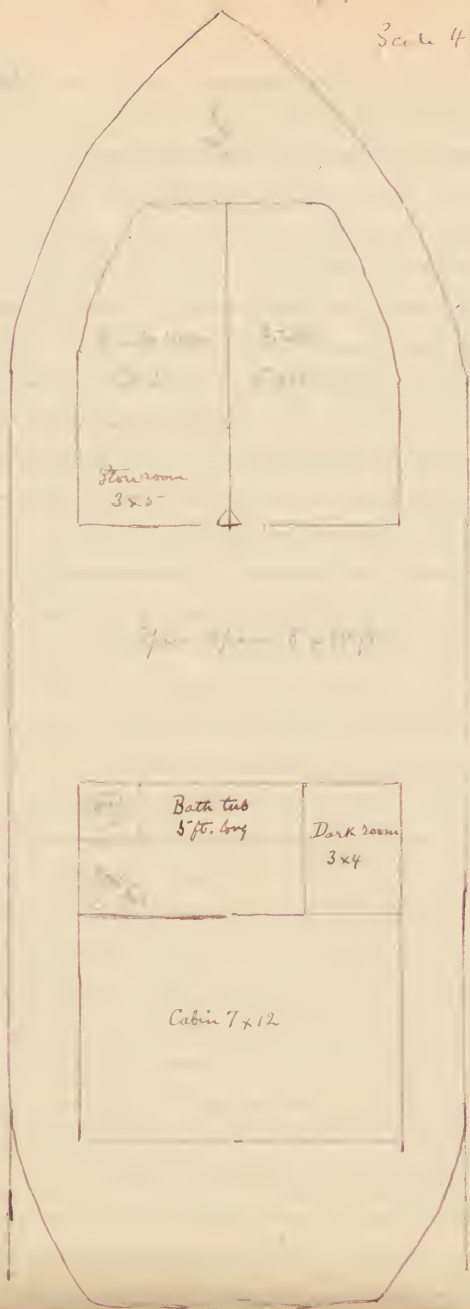
27 28 1 2 4 5 7 8 12 14 15-28

Wilson's Snipe		2			3								
White Ge. loag	1	5		2			1			6			
Sumner "		1		2	6								
Grass Bird		2			1								
Turnstone	2												
"Peep"		2		7	2	1				3			
Black Duck						1				2			
Wood "										4			
Whistler "	1			1									
Solitary Sandpiper				10	3								
Ring neck						2							
Soliman Plover						1							
Lin. Rail						1							
Pink bellied Plover								1					
Dunlin										2			

*[The text on this page is extremely faint and illegible. It appears to be a series of lines of handwriting, possibly a journal entry or a list of observations.]*

House Boat for Lake Umbagog 40 x 14 ft

Scale 4/8 to 1 inch



Arch's description of above boat.

Lake Umbagog.

Cambridge River Marshes

1896.  
October 1

Cloudy with N.W. wind and occasional light showers.

I sailed over to Upton at the usual time this morning seeing nothing worth noting on the way. The flats were utterly deserted and the small woods which have spent the past two days there must have left during the night. They were there last evening when I found the flats a little after sunset.

I had in my long day at Upton and my start back was deferred until long after sunset. It was a gloomy evening with black, threatening sky but only a little wind. Nothing of interest occurred until I had reached the outlet of the upper meadow pond when two Great Horned Owls began calling among the stubs dead above both uttering the husky scream which I have described in this journal under date of August 28<sup>th</sup>. Presently I saw one of them perched on a stub on the end of the rocky island (the Ospreys frequently sit on this stub by day). I changed my stubs & was about to paddle towards the bird when a whuff-whuff-whuff of beating wings was heard behind me and the clanking scream sounded in my very ears. The next instant a huge bird sailed directly over me on its wings passing laterally within six feet of my head. Just as it reached the river bank on the marshy (south) side & dropped its legs, evidently with the intention of alighting, I fired bringing it down with a broken wing & firing another shot to finish it. It was in full plumage but the bill had some patches of light color indicating immaturity. This experience definitely settles the authorship of this night cry but is it made only by the young birds? It was very wild & piercing in the still air, to-night & reminded me of the night call of Pernis flavus but it is louder & harsher.

Bubo virginianus

1896.

October 2.

Lake Umbagog.

Cambridge River Marshes

A dark, gloomy day with light east wind and steady rain from morning to night.

At day break I was awakened by several shots fired in quick succession near the house. It turned out that one of the Wornell party had been out with his gun and had fired at five birds which he found in Sargent's Cove and which from his description I think must have been Night Herons.

Night Herons in Sargent's Cove.

(This was afterwards confirmed by the fact that early next morning I heard a Night Heron grawbling in the distance of this Cove).

At 7.30 a. m. I started for Upton. Just inside the mouth of the river I saw three small waders flying about high in air. They uttered a whit - whit somewhat like the call of T. fascicollis but louder & well above and also a curious purring sound. Shortly afterwards while I was trying to paddle up to a whistler in the large lagoon a pond near the Middle House three three birds came overhead & alighted in a cluster of lily pads near the middle of the pond where I saw that they were Red Phalaropes. They were again in a minute or less & having found going was a good thing but my shell missed fire.

Red Phalaropes  
✓✓✓

There were two Ring necks on the shore of this pond & I heard the call of a Grass bird & a Winter Wren in the distance which I was then. I afterwards learned that Charles killed three "Winters" on the marsh in the afternoon.

Ring-necked Pectoral S. Gr. Yellowlegs

Charles Douglas came over to Upton with the Ossicobos at noon & started back at about 4 p. m.

1896.

October 2  
(No 2.)

Lake Umbagog.

Cambridge River Marshes

I came very near going with him for it was raining hard at the time and there was little prospect for a solitary fowling but I was detained by the necessity of deciding about some work on the home boat.

A Blue & a Lesser Snow Goose shot by Douglas.

I missed a rare opportunity by this chance happening for Douglas killed a Blue Goose with one barrel and a Lesser Snow Goose with the other both birds which I have never seen living and both, I believe, were to my Umbagog bet. They were on the outer most grassy island at the mouth of the Cambridge River. When first seen the "blue" bird was lying down, the other standing erect.

When the steamer was within about 30 yds. Frank Douglas, the engine, fired at them but missed. They rose, flew about 40 yds. & alighted in the river. Charles Douglas then ran the boat to within about 40 yds. of them & killed them both. I learned of all this on my return & at once went to Douglas's house in the evening rain and bought the birds of him.

My fowling bell from Upton was without incident of any kind save that I heard a number of Snipe scolding hoarsely as they ran and flew about over the marshes. It was impossible to count them but there must have been half a dozen or more. I caught a glimpse of two flying together.

Wilson's Snipe

Some young ones were seen down the banks in a canoe report being two large flocks of Scoters

Scoters

1896

October 3

Lake Umbagog.

Ballside &amp; Cambridge River Marshes

Cloudy with N. E. wind and fine rain in the afternoon.

A flock of Scaups was seen from the house this morning & immediately after breakfast I went in pursuit of them & found them just beyond N. Point. There were thirteen birds in the flock, the majority old male Surf Scaups. They rose at fully 100 yards & resighted was Great Island but I did not follow them.

Surf Scaups  
in the lake.

As I entered the river a flock of 12 Huddocks were feeding on the feather bed of a marshy island but they saw me & flew. A little further on I came upon three winter Yellow legs but they proved to be very shy & I got only a long & fruitless shot at them. There was a single Grass-bird with them. Soon afterwards a mixed flock of Grass-birds & Bonaparte's Sandpeeps flew one- about a dozen birds in all but just how many of each kind I could not tell.

Goosanders

Gr. Yellow legs

Pectoral S.

Bonaparte S.

A number of Herring Gulls were flying about and soon after I reached Upton a Carolina Duck appeared in the pool just below the Boiler House. I was watching it with my glass and admiring its graceful movements & pretty wings as it flung about close in those when suddenly the report of a gun rang out, a charge of shot tore up the water, & my poor little Duck turned belly up and floated dead. Keller, who is staying at the Boiler House, had crept up behind a cluster of bushes & fired the fatal shot. I fear he will make no use of the bird.

Herring Gulls

Carolina Ducks

1896

October 3  
(no 2)

Lake Umbagog.

Cambridge River Marshes.

The light was fading and a fine, mist-like rain  
 falling when I started to paddle back to the shore.  
 I saw nothing but three or four Woodcock & a Herring  
 on two but just as I reached the mouth of the river  
 Swifts began swooping & flying about in every direction.  
 The swallows hummed busily about with them. There  
 were also a number of other voices calling - two Kinglets,  
 several Grass birds & what I took to be some Duckies.

Wilson's Swift

Swarming

Kinglet P.

Petrels.

Duckies?



1896

October 4

Lake Umbagog.

Locksides

A superb day, calm, cool, with high-draughty clouds alternately opening & shutting in. There was a warm light on the gorgeously tinted autumn woods & hills. The foliage is now much more brilliant than it has been hitherto & probably at its highest perfection. I have never seen the coloring so perfect, even here.

A large flock of Scoters appeared over the lake just after breakfast and continued easy on about the lake for an hour or more with their extraordinary aerial evolutions. They alighted several times & several paddled out to them & shot one bird. He reports that they were mixed with the Hills & Reef Scoters.

Scoters in  
the lake.

A superb Golden Eagle also passed over the town & circled around Sargent's Cor. Though the glass I could distinctly see that the bird was fully adult with a bright golden bronze head and no white in the tail. His flight was finer & more graceful than that of a Bald Eagle - more like a Red-tailed Hawk's. His wings were held perfectly level but the tips were upturned a little. I have never actually seen one of these Eagles at Umbagog before.

Golden Eagle.

I spent the day packing for my short homeward to - woods.

1896.

October 5

Lake Umbagog to Boston.

Cloudy but with a clear, strong light and occasional brief intervals of sunshine.

I left the Lake at 7.30 a. m. on Mr. Gell's Stage. Mr. Mc. Glidden, the British Photographer, was with us and we both took a number of pictures along the road (most of my negatives turning out very well when I developed them a day later). Small birds were scarce and I saw nothing of much interest until reaching Poplar Town. We stopped here for dinner and Mr. Glidden and I crossed the river to look at the trout pond. On our way back and just as we were at about the middle of the suspension foot bridge a light-colored bird started directly beneath us and skimming close over the water flew down stream for a few rods uttering a sharp whit, whit very like the call of a Spotted Sandpiper anxious about its young. Almost at the first glance I recognized this bird as a Red Phalarope which, of course, I was greatly surprised to meet in such a place. It alighted again in the middle of the river when it floated lightly and skinned the swift current with apparent ease but it took advantage of the eddies as much as possible and presently began working about the lower ends of some large boulders when it seemed to find food in abundance for it preened rapidly & vigorously at their rough surfaces wet with the lapping of the waves. It also fed on the surface of the swirling eddies, moving about very rapidly and in diverse courses. It was very tame but whenever I got within about 20 ft. it would rise & fly a few yards uttering its sharp whit. Finally I went to the house, got my 32 cal. collecting pistol & returning about the bird. It drifted down stream on a raft of a mile or more before I found a chance to reach & draw it in with a long pole. Reached Boston at 2 P. M. & took the 3.30 P. M. train for Boston.

Red Phalarope  
in Bear River

1896

October 11 Cloudy with heavy N. E. wind.

I came to Concord late yesterday afternoon and am staying at the Hayes' as usual.

After walking for several hours on the Cause this morning I cantered one of them and paddled down to Ball's Hill where I spent about an hour and then returned looking all the way back.

The river is at about its average October level. The meadows are very green & attractive but the fielded wood and other semi-agricultural plants have been killed by the frost. The autumn coloring is comparatively dull and most of the maples have already shed the greater part of their foliage. The oaks are still green but the chestnut trees are turning. The crop of chestnuts is said to be heavy this year and blue jays are numerous.

Pat tells me that about twenty-five ducks have been killed by Gallant between Flatts Bridge & Ball's Hill and George Hayes says that Jones saw one fifty this afternoon while flying in a blind on the edge of the meadows pond opposite Davis's Hill. I saw no water fowl to-day except a Grebe (*L. pratensis*) which was swimming about in front of the cabin.

Of the smaller birds I saw or heard Chickadee, a White-bellied Nuthatch, a Kinglet (*mitis*), two Creepers, Robin, Yellow rump, Song Sparrow, Chipping, four Red-wings, 8 or 10 Jays, 12 or 15 Crows

1896  
11

THOREAU AND THE WALDEN WOODS.

The Damage by the Recent Fire Not as Great as Was Reported.

To the Editor of The Herald:

The notice in your widely-circulated journal concerning the recent fire in the Walden woods will convey a wrong impression to many readers, the facts about that fire having naturally been exaggerated while it was going on, and before any one could say where it would stop. I examined the localities yesterday, and can qualify to some extent your remarks.

The term "Walden woods" covers a great tract, on both sides of the Fitchburg railroad, and on all sides of the pond, which it is now the fashion to call a "lake." This tract might be so measured as to be two miles long by half a mile, or even a mile in width, and of this area, probably less than half a square mile was burnt over in the last fire, which did not reach the fine large pines around Thoreau's cove and cairn, nor, indeed, any of the woods immediately enclosing the water. It did run through a large plantation of white pines, made by Thoreau some 20 rods from his hut, eastward, on land belonging to his friend, Emerson, and it burned through a large tract on the east side of the Lincoln road, and the hillside covered with green oaks, chestnuts and pines, once called "Hubard's wood," and named by Emerson, "The Park." Fortunately, this park, now the property of Emerson's daughter, Mrs. W. H. Forbes, was hardly touched at all, so that the regions more especially associated with the two friends, Emerson and Thoreau, were not greatly injured by the fire.

Through this park ran the path by which Alcott, while Thoreau was living by Walden (1845-47), used to visit his young friend—walking across from the Edmund Hosmer farm, or from whom soon became Hawthorne's "Wayside," then owned and occupied by the Alcotts. Emerson's own way to Walden was only for a few rods through the fields; he then followed the wide Lincoln road, over "Bristle's hill," or diverged to the right, at the hill's foot, into a woodpath. Both sides of this woodpath have been devastated, either by the axe or by fire; but nature is quick to repair such ravages in our woods, and before 10 years, if the railroad engines set no more fires, nobody could see where the late fire has run in this part of the tract. Probably the pines planted by Thoreau, and are mostly killed, and this is a serious loss. But the woodland associations of Thoreau and Walden are only slightly injured, otherwise, by what seemed so disastrous a combustion.

F. B. SANBORN.

Concord, May 25, 1896

[This account May 5]

*[Faint handwritten notes, possibly bleed-through from the reverse side of the page.]*

*[Faint handwritten notes on the right side of the page.]*

1896.

October 12.

Cloudy with strong N.E. wind.

I spent the forenoon in the burned woods near Goose Pond. The fire, which occurred about the middle of last May, <sup>[May 5]</sup> when I was at Umbagog, was the worst destruction ever known in Concord not only in respect to the area (said to be 1000 acres) burned over but also in the thoroughness with which it did its work. The woods were as dry as tinder and the wind was blowing a gale from the north-west. These conditions so favored the flames that they not only destroyed the undergrowth but in most places the trunks of the trees were burned to their very tops. A forest of charcoal alone remains. As far as the eye can reach to the west and south of Goose Pond the blackened stems, grim and forbidding, cover the hills and hollows. Many of the trees have not sent up any sprouts and but few of them put out any leaves during the summer. They are so completely charred that the farmers say there will be practically no saloop & in many places the land itself has been ruined. The only successful effort which nature seems to have made to repair the general ruin is in the growth of aspen grass and *Rovane* *varianus* which has sprung up very generally throughout the woods. (I sold the whole of my land at Goose Pond in January, 1897.) In the burned tract I saw Chickadees, Crows & a large flock of juncos.

In the afternoon I went to Nails Hill by river. There was much firing on the meadows & I heard afterwards that over thirty Snipe were killed there to-day, twenty one by one man.

1896

October 20 Forenoon clear, afternoon cloudy; a strong, warm S. W. wind.

On the 18<sup>th</sup> I went to Cambridge and on the 16<sup>th</sup> up the Hudson spending the 17<sup>th</sup> with John Burroughs at Esopus and the 18<sup>th</sup> with Chapman at Englewood, returning to Cambridge on the afternoon of the 19<sup>th</sup> and to Concord this morning.

In the afternoon I sailed down to Ball's Hill. The woods were gloomy and wind-tossed and I saw but few birds there. Two were beating the meadows with dogs find ten or twelve shots, presumably at snipe. Pat tells me that he has seen a number of Ducks in the river during my absence last week. I saw a fine northern Oriole on Mill Brook meadow, a remarkably white <sup>bird</sup>.

21 Cloudy and warm with strong S. W. wind and heavy showers in the late afternoon and early evening.

To Ball's Hill at 8 A. M. Sailing down. Saw a Marsh Hawk, a flock of about forty Crows and a number of Song Sparrows. Yesterday I saw three Tree Sparrows.

Spent the day near the cabin clearing out paths etc. Saw two Hermits & numerous Jays. During a walk to Davis Hill & beyond saw several Crows and at least four Red-billed Nuthatches.

As I was paddling up river at evening an immense flock of Tit Cocks rose from the meadows & circled over me. A sportsman whom I met told me that he had shot a Snipe & that his was killed by another man in the evening.

1896.

October 22

A fine day with clear, sparkling air and a fresh N. wind. Much cooler (my hair was frozen stiff this morning).

At 8 A. M. I started for Ball's Hill and walked most of the way down. Meadow Larks were calling in the Mill Brook meadow. Near the Manor I heard Blue birds, Yellow-rumps & a White Bellied Nuthatch. Three Flickers were playing together among some beech poles on the Buttrick's hill.

A flock of fully 100 Crows were feeding on the Great Meadows being when disturbed by a quince who with his red setter was beating the high grounds and who fired two shots thru.

Near Holden's Hill a Red-shouldered Hawk was soaring about. I was rarely out of hearing of the whistled of Jays and twice I heard Tit-larks. There were a good many Song Sparrows in the bushes along the river where, also, I saw a small flock of Goldfinches.

Last autumn the musk rats built literally no houses along this river. Everyone marvelled at it until in the winter, an exceptionally heavy rain raised the water to above its usual spring pitch & flooded the meadows to a depth of five or six feet. The musk rats were then credited with a foreknowledge of this flood. They have built freely this autumn & some of the houses are very large & conspicuous.

While walking in the Ball's Hill woods this afternoon I saw a good many small birds, among them three

1896

Concord Mass.

October 22  
(No 2.)

Three Hermit Thrushes, several Canada Nuthatches, two Fox Sparrows (the first), juncos, White-throats etc.

Partridges appear to be very numerous. I heard them wherever I go. Pat & Benson both say that at least three broods were reared on my land this year.

Will Baettler came down to the river late in the afternoon and we paddled home in company starting just as the sun was setting. Nothing of interest occurred until we reached Hunt's Pond when we saw a single fly swiftly across the river and a moment later heard a Carolina Rail calling kef in the reeds.

A little above Hunt's Pond or, to be more exact, about opposite "the tent", I saw a bird which looked like a Screech Owl fly up into a maple on the river bank. It proved to be a Megascops, a pretty, plump little fellow who sat for several minutes on a leafless branch silhouetted against the sky & showing us far of us although we stopped the canoe nearly under him and commented freely on his attractive appearance. After awhile he flew off across the open fields showing great breadth of wing & a ridiculously short tail.



1896

Concord, Mass.

October 23

Early morning clear and cold but the temperature soon and the sky clouded over very quickly and by 10 a. m. it began raining. There was only a brief shower but the remainder of the day was gloomy & threatening.

I spent the day at Ball's Hill as usual, working with Pat on the Blackstone ridge where we cut down a great number of oaks, beeches etc. that were chaffing some promising young pines. Despite the gloomy weather & high north wind I saw a good many small birds in the woods, among them several Hermits. In the early morning as I was paddling down river the still air was full of bird voices. Bluebirds, Rusty Blackbirds, Crows, Jays, etc. At "the tent" I found about thirty small birds, mostly Sparrows, flitting about in a thicket of Black Alder. There was a Hermit Thrush with them. The Sparrows were Song, Fox (only one), Chipping, Tree, Savannah (one), and White throats. One of the Tree Sparrows sang at short, regular intervals for ten or fifteen minutes. He was evidently an old bird and I have never heard one sing louder, faster or longer in March or April. The Fox Sparrow also sang a little but both over and heard of the Song Sparrows were chattering in low, broken tones.

It was getting dark when I started for home this evening. A duck which I took to be a drake Wood Duck passed me just above the Holt flying up river. The Green Orel was working near the tent but I did not see him. At a distance he sounded like a horse whinnying.

1896.

Concord, Mass.

October 24

It rained heavily all last night and when I started down river this morning the wind was east and the sky lowering & threatening but before I reached Ball's Hill the clouds broke and the sun came out and the remainder of the day was clear and warm with a light west wind.

When near "the bend" I was surprised to hear the call of a Black-bellied Plover repeated a dozen times or more. As nearly as I could judge the bird was flying about over the Great Meadows and either some distance off or at a considerable height. I have never heard this Plover near Concord before. On entering the long straight reach just below Hunt's Pond I discovered a dead Wood Duck (doubtless the same seen last night) swimming near the middle of the river. He saw me and acted as if half disposed to rise but I waded the canoe back behind some bushes without actually starting him. It was then an easy matter to land and approach him under cover of the dense thickets which line the banks at this point but just as I was nearly within range he swam across the river and began feeding along the opposite marshy shore. I lay watching him for several minutes until at length the game warden, Haggerty, who was beating the meadows behind me fired both barrels at a snipe. The reports started my wood duck but instead of making off, as I expected, he came directly towards me and after a short flight alighted

1896.

October 24

(No 2)

on the calm river within less than twenty yards of where I lay concealed. I watched him for several minutes more as he swung slowly around preening his beautiful plumage and drifting slowly down stream with the sluggish current. Then I fired, killing him instantly with a charge of #8. When I reached him by means of the canoe a few minutes later I looked at him a long time before touching him, admiring his rich, varied coloring, half enjoying half regretting my success, wondering whom he had come and speculating as to what his chances of living to another summer would have been had I spared his life. Then taking him by the bill I drew him over the water. The result surprised me. There was almost no perceptible resistance. A fluff of thistle down could scarce have been moved more easily. Then, evidently, was a feather model. I could not help wondering why Ducks do not swim faster.

Passing Ball's Hill I landed at Brick Island and walked to the Mason field. While standing in the middle of the dense oak woods between this field & the river I saw a large bird which I took at first for a jay chasing a Warbler through the tree tops. Back & forth they went passing directly over me several times. The Warbler seemed to be annoyed rather than frightened & his presence did not appear to excite himself. Indeed during much of the time he seemed to be loosing rather than gaining ground but he kept steadily after the Warbler following

1896

October 24

(no 3)

all its twists & turns closely. I was beginning to wonder what it all meant when the two plunged into some dense foliage and the next instant came to the ground together the Warbler chirping in that agonized tone. I hurried to the spot and found that my supposed Jay was a northern Shrike, a brown young bird. He was standing on the ground under the trees shaking the poor, fluttering Warbler as a terror shaker a rat. I had a loaded gun in my hands and was sorely tempted to use it but refrained. The next instant the Shrike flew off over the meadow carrying his prey in his bill. I think the Warbler was a Black-poll. At least its chirp sounded like that of that species.

Two fine Red-tailed Hawks were sitting in the tops of some maples on the meadow opposite Davis's Hill. As I approached one of them flew & alighted in the barn then with the other & within a yard of me. One was adult, the other had a brown tail.

I saw a Phoebe on the river banks near Ball's Hill this evening and two Carolina Geese swimming together in the broad reach opposite Birch Island.

Nothing of interest seen on the way up river this evening.

1896.

October 25 A glorious autumn day "as clear as a bell" with dry, bracing north-west winds.

I gave a dinner party at the cabin and went down early to prepare for my guests, sailing the whole distance. During the forenoon I found time to walk to Birch Island by the river paths and back over the island bridges. Chickadees, Canada Nuthatches, Creepers (two), <sup>Robins (6)</sup> Jays, Crows, White-throats, Tree Sparrows, Yellow-rumps, a Yellow Robin Warbler, a pair about a Marsh Hawk, & a Partridge were seen during this walk. On the way down river I saw six Goldfinches and a number of Song & Tree Sparrows but no Ducks. Late in the afternoon a flock of fully 150 Crows appeared over the Great Meadows circling and cawing vociferously and finally alighting in the woods on the Bedford shore. At sunset a Carolina Grebe paddled past the cabin making his way up stream against the strong wind.

Chipmunks are fairly numerous here this autumn but I see few Red or Gray Squirrels although Pat reports the last as abundant especially on Davis's Hill where he claims to have seen four in one tree a few days ago.

1896.

October 26 Clear and warmer with strong W. wind.

Spent last night alone at the cabin - a quiet night with no sound of birds or animals save one peculiar, low call which seemed to come from the river and which I thought might be the voice of a Grebe although it was unlike any Grebe note known to me.

I rose early this morning and climbed Balls Hill for the sunrise. Crows, Jays, Pine Squirrels & Tree Sparrows voices heard.

Spent the day working in the woods with Pop. Saw but few birds at evening walk on the way up river. The wind was strong against me & I had a hard but exhilarating walk.

1896.

October 27 Clear and very warm with almost no wind, the  
 sun had calm for hours on a time.

On the way down river this morning I saw with a flock of  
 of interest besides a large flock of singularly tame town Crows  
 Crows. There were upwards of a hundred of them  
 packed in the trees on both banks between Bennett's  
 Bar and Hunt's Pond. They scarcely seemed to  
 notice me and I paddled past or under scores  
 of them within thirty feet or less. Others flying  
 across the river passed directly over me within  
 a few yards. Not one, so far as I could make out,  
 either left its perch or changed its course because  
 of my presence but several birds came as we  
 decisively. Some of them cawed and one I  
 heard the "gobble". Evidently there were northern  
 birds fresh from some region where Crows are  
 not much molested by man.

At about 3 P.M. I was returning from Davis's Hill  
 when I heard a number of small birds chirping &  
 holding loudly and continuously in a cluster of young  
 pines near the bottom of the Glacial Hollow. Suspecting  
 that they were nesting an Owl I went at once to  
 the spot and found ~~a~~ first a big Chickadee, a  
 two Canada Nuthatches, several Junco & 7 of Sparrows  
 hopping excitedly from twig to twig in the upper  
 branches of a pine. As usual in such cases they  
 were moving in a circle and I had only to  
 scan the central space closely to discover the  
 Owl, a pretty little Acadian sitting on a stout

1896

October 27

(no 2.)

horizontal branch about eight feet from the main stem and from eighty feet above the ground. He appeared quite indifferent to the movements & clamors of his presenters but he kept his eyes fixed on me with some show of interest but without drawing in his feathers or displaying any other signs of suspicion or alarm. The Chickadees were the most noisy and aggressive of the little birds about him but none of them ventured to approach him nearer than to within six or eight feet. They called *de-de-de-de* incessantly. The Fox Sparrow chattered loudly. Two Red Squirrels on the opposite side of the hollow added materially to the racket by a continuous loud chattering but I doubt if either of them really saw the Owl or knew what the excitement was all about.

I left the place without disturbing any of these birds and went to the cabin for my camera. When I returned some fifteen minutes later the Squirrels were still chattering but all the little birds had departed. The Owl, however, was still perched on the fifth pine branch exactly as I left him. After exposing at him the only two plates I had I threw some pairs of branches at him. Whenever one of them hit very near him he would bend forward and examine the spot with close attention then resume his former attitude. ~~At length~~ I shook the tree forcibly where the Owl at once left his perch and darted off first creeping down nearly to the ground then rising and following a foot path, finally alighting in a young white pine on a short, dead, lateral branch.



1896.

October 27  
(no 3)

scare his feet above the earth. I walked up to within a few feet of him when he straightened himself up and down in his feathers so that his body looked no thicker than his head (while in the field since he had appeared very plump and fluffy). It was provoking enough that I had used up all my plates for I could have put the camera within four or five feet of him and could have taken a fine picture of the bird in his alarmed attitude.

1896

October 28 Clear and warm with light S. W. wind.

Spent most of the forenoon in the hedgebrook woods with Miss Hayes getting a quantity of ferns and various wood plants of various kinds. Stalked three Partridges and saw a number of Jays and a few Sparrows, chiefly the Sparrows & White-throats.

29 Cloudy and warm with light rain during most of the forenoon the sky clearing & the sun coming out at about 3 P. M.

I had appointed to spend the day shooting with Melvin who called for me at 9 A. M. but it began raining steadily just as we reached our first woodcock cove at Braybrook's in action and after being through a small part of the alders we decided to give it up and to drive down to the cabin at Ball's Hill where we dined. After dinner we walked through the woods to Trick Island. His dog, a handsome young pointer, found about eight or nine Partridges pointing several of them very handsomely. He saw no small birds of any particular interest. He crossed the river and beat the Great Meadow but without finding any snipe although he saw their fresh signs in many places.

1896.

October 30

Clear and warm with little or no wind. Late in the day clouds gathered & a little fine rain fell.

To Ball's Hill by canoe as usual spending most of the day cutting down trees at the southern end of Davis's Hill on the crest of which I saw four Gray Squirrels at one time. Late in the afternoon I took out bait then went on Holden's Hill. Along the river the Sparrows have been very numerous these last few days but the Song and Swamp Sparrows disappeared very suddenly & completely about five or six days ago. There are still a few Redwings & I heard Howard Loaks piping this morning near Bonchlon's field. The Linn juncos was on the meadows as usual both yesterday and to-day, but he found only a few shots. On the 27<sup>th</sup> I saw him kill three Snipe, two by a handsome double shot. He also got a Hooded Merganser on the 27<sup>th</sup> or 28<sup>th</sup>. I saw it at Davis's meadow on the 29<sup>th</sup> - a young bird badly wounded by the shot & by the dog's teeth.

I have heard no Bluebirds since the 25<sup>th</sup> and his Bowtell reports obtaining the last on that date.

1896.

October 31

A beautiful day but unseasonably warm, with light S.W. wind.

I had expected to spend the day bird hunting with Will Bartlett and at 8 a.m. we started down river together but each in his own canoe. Just below Clark's Bridge we found a lot of small birds. There were two Sparrows in great numbers in the bushes along the banks and several of them long many times in fact, singing long. Over the fields near the J. the Horned Larks were flying, and piping. We were attempting to land to look for them when two Blackbirds rose from the reeds and flew across the river into some bottom bushes. I followed them at once and finding that they were Red-wings shot one of them. The other flew up into an oak where it was presently joined by four more. All six of the birds in this flock were females but late in the afternoon I saw another flock of about 25 nearly one half of which were males. This second flock flew over Balls Hill coming from the direction of Corbridge bridge. They were so low down in the field a light that I distinctly made out the red shoulders of the males and their rusty & black mottled plumage. Still another flock of Blackbirds which were probably of this species passed over Red bridge this morning just as I was starting. There were eight of them. I supposed at the time that they were Cowbirds they certainly were not Redwings.

Soon after shooting the Red-wing we saw two Starlings on a branch, the other a very white bird.

There were many Crows and above the usual number of Blue Jays scattered along the river banks all the way to Dolan's Hill.

1896.

October 31  
(No. 2)

We landed at Bodd's Hill and spent the remainder of the forenoon sitting on the ground under the pines on the bank just west of the Great Hollow. Here we saw no less than nine different species of birds; Pine Siskins, Goldfinches & Crows flying overhead, Chickadees (six or eight), Brown Creepers (two) Canada Nuthatches (two females & one male), a Golden Crested Kinglet, a Partridge & several other songs among the pines. There were also several juncos not far off.

After dining at the cabin we walked to the Mason woods being on the way no less than three distinct flocks of Chickadees, the first being the same birds which we were watching this morning and which still had the Nuthatches, Jays, etc. in their train. The second flock - on Davis's Hill - contained about seven or eight Chickadees, a Brown Creeper, two Red Bellied and one White-Bellied Nuthatch and six or seven juncos. All these birds excepting the Creeper were feeding on the ground among the heavily-fallen cones. The third flock was in the pines on the Prescott farm and contained five Chickadees unaccompanied by any other species.

We had walked out on the old cart path to Birch Island and were standing by the boat landing then looking for Gulls when suddenly the exulting cry, *chee-dee, dee* of a Hudson's Bay Titmouse rang out on the hill air directly behind us & was immediately repeated. Turning & looking upward we saw the bird hanging on the extremest twig of a birch within twenty yards of us. It was quite alone and, indeed, there were no other birds of any kind in the trees on this small and scantily-wooded meadow island. Probably it had only just come across the meadows & had alighted merely to rest

1896.

October 31

(No 3)

for a moment for I had only just time to see Bonnett  
 when it was when it started again and made off over  
 the river heading at first for the Bedford Stone but finally  
 turning to the right and disappearing among the pines on  
 Davis's Hill. Feeling very sure that it would join the  
 little mixed flock which we had left there long ago  
 before we arrived back. One bird was still busy at work  
 among the fallen leaves but although we followed them about  
 for a long time and repeatedly passed them in review under  
 our glasses we failed to discover the hudsonians among  
 them. I fancy that he kept straight on through a part  
 of them as, indeed, he must have done through a war wren  
 a similar flock seen leaving his home in the north.  
 His course during the short time we had him in sight was  
 down south and he was probably actually migrating  
 at the time.

We started up river a little after sunrise the wind had  
 subsided, died away and the calm water was disturbed  
 only by the silvery ripples of the muskrats which were  
 out in great force. The piping of Titlarks piping over the  
 meadows and the whistled calls or notes were piping of the  
 the Sparrows in the thickets along the edge of the river were  
 the only bird voices. As we were paddling slowly up the reach  
 past Bonnett's Bar looking sharply in the bushes there for a  
 possible Screech Owl I discovered a small, short-tailed, thrush  
 looking ~~at~~ bird sitting curled on the branch of a juniper  
 over the well when I shot the Petrochelidon. Landing I walked  
 nearly beneath it when to my great surprise I found that it was  
 a Swain. The nest among it and another which I had rather  
 started for the tree & killed off over the open fields it was nearly  
 done on the 31st & both birds must have gone to roost for  
 the night in this warm place.

1896.

November 1

Cloudy, calm and warm - a soft gray day, very restful to the eyes and senses.

I spent the forenoon in the burnt woods near Goose Pond having gone there with a wood chopper who wishes to cut off the trees this winter. Ever since the fire I have thought, at odd times, of the flocks that I have heard of Woodpeckers congregating in large numbers in similar extensive tracts of charred forest. Evidently these woods will bear watching for some of the rarer species such as the Boreal & Arctic Titmice for I saw them to-day then Hairy and the same number of Downy Woodpeckers, certainly an unusually large representation especially for the first-wintered species. There were also many Chickadees, a White-bellied Nuthatch, a Brown Creeper, and I think a Flicker. In some bushes near the roadside I heard Fox Sparrows hopping and one of them sang glowingly a downy tern or more in quick succession. Altogether for the time & place there were very many birds.

2

Clear and warm with strong N. W. wind. For more than a week we have had no frost and many of the days have been uncomfortably warm in the sun.

I spent the forenoon at Balls Hill sailing down and paddling back. Saw no birds of any especial interest. On the way up river I saw the canoe on a mill-race snag where it hung broad and in imminent danger or repetition for more than half-an-hour before I finally pushed it off.

Later in the afternoon I went to Cambridge.

1896.  
Nov. 19

Clear and warm, cooler at evening when the wind changed to north.

The A. O. U. meeting and some other matters have kept me at Cambridge the past two weeks. I returned to Concord on the evening of the 17<sup>th</sup> and paddled down to Ball's Hill yesterday morning but was obliged to return at noon & to go to Boston in the afternoon.

To-day was subject to no such vexatious interruptions and the weather was so mild that it was delightful to be on the river and in the woods. I sailed down to Ball's Hill in the morning, tramped over pretty much all of my land during the day, and paddled back to the Keyes' at evening. I saw an unusual number of birds - at the North Bridge a mixed flock consisting of seven Chickadees, two Brown Creepers, a pair of White-bellied and a pair of Red-bellied Nuthatches, and a Downy Woodpecker; at the Glacial Hollow eight Chickadees, two & Red-bellied Nuthatches; on Davis's Hill four Chickadees, ~~two~~ a pair of Red-bellied Nuthatches & a Creeper; in the swamp just behind Ball's Hill five Chickadees, some Ten Sparrows and a flock of Goldfinches; in Prescott's woods then 7 or 8 Sparrows; on the river meadows a flock of eight or more Crows; at Holden's Hill two Phoebe's on a very small but richly-colored shrub & several of the other not fully identified, but apparently of the same species; in the river opposite Davis's Hill a Carolina Wren; in the woods large & a



1896  
Nov. 19  
(no 2)

Partridge or two.

While on my way down river in the evening I also saw three Skuas, both old & rather white birds. One was fluttering from tree to tree along the banks near the I. dam tree (a favorite place for Skuas on old seasons when they are with us); the other appeared suddenly at the North Bridge just as I was leaving the mixed flock above mentioned when I first saw him he was in hot pursuit of one of the Brown Creepers and both birds were about one ten yards of the river and scarce a yard apart.

The Creeper made straight for the big elm which stands at the eastern end of the bridge. When he reached it the Skua's bill was within six inches of his tail but he nevertheless escaped for an instant after the two birds doubled around behind the trunk the Skua rose to the topmost spray of the elm where he sat for a minute or more gazing intently downwards evidently watching for the Creeper. The latter, no doubt, had flattened himself against the bark after the usual fashion of his kind when badly frightened and he had the wiser and good sense to remain perfectly still for at least ten minutes. My eyes were as better than the Skua's for it was in vain that I scanned the trunk over & over with the greatest care. Taking care, however, that the Creeper was really there I waited patiently until at the end of the period just named he ~~started~~ began moving up the trunk slowly at the very point where I had seen him disappear. He

1896.

Nov. 19

(no 3)

was one of the prettiest demonstrations of the effectiveness of protective coloration that I have ever witnessed. Of course it is possible that the Creeper found refuge in some narrow crevice which the Shrike could not enter & which could not be seen from the ground but I do not believe that this was really the case.

During the chase the Creeper flew in the usual feather vibrating manner. The Shrike, like the bird which I saw catch a Warbler last month, kept his tail wide-spread and did not appear to be exerting himself. He did not move in undulations as is the habit of Shrikes ~~showing~~ ordinary flycatcher but flapped steadily and kept on a perfectly level plane looking very like a Blue Jay. It is singular how often Shrikes as well as Hawks fail to catch their prey and how quickly and completely they seem to become discouraged if the first attempt is unsuccessful.

The pair of White-bellied Nuthatches seen at the bridge this morning were at the Kings' where I started and I traced their flight across the meadows as they kept a little in advance of me alighting to rest a moment on the few trees that intervene. They are unmistakably the same birds which nested in the big elm at the North Bridge last Spring. At least I am sure that the female is the same for she is an exceptionally high-plumaged bird with the crown nearly as black as that of her mate. Both birds moreover come every morning to the Kings' to inspect the branch where a large piece of meat

1896  
Nov. 19  
(no. 4)

was hung last winter. (A piece of beef fat was placed there this afternoon and on the evening of the 20<sup>th</sup> the whole Northside was the first bird that visited it).

Flickers are staying here late this autumn. I saw two at North Bridge yesterday. The Canada Nuthatches appear to be quite as common as they were a month ago. In fact I find the same birds in the same places well after week. There are at least five or six in my woods near Ball's Hill.

A Deer appeared in the town of Concord on Nov. 13<sup>th</sup> last. It swam the river just above Manchester bridge coming from the South bank although I cannot learn that it was seen before it entered the water. Many people saw it as it ran up over the top of Stead's Hill where Mrs. Wheeler had a good view of it from her parlor windows. She tells me that it seemed to have about 100 lbs. but a man who was out walk near her house & who is familiar with Deer asserts positively that it was a doe. It appeared to be badly frightened and ran at full speed but there is a general impression in the town that it was a tame Deer that had escaped from some one in Weston who is said to have lately brought several of these animals from Vermont. There is also a report that on this same day (Nov. 13) a Deer was killed by Sam Hartman in Belmont, Mass.

1896.

Nov. 20

Clear and cold with high north wind.

Spent the day at Ball's Hill as usual, parking down in the morning and paddling home at evening.

The violent and piercing wind drove the birds to cover and I saw nothing of much interest save a fine pair of Red-tailed Hawks at Holden's Hill perched on trees on the edge of the meadow about 100 yards apart. Both were adults in high plumage with deep red tails. They were doubtless the same birds which I saw on this meadow on the 18<sup>th</sup>. Only the male was there yesterday. They were not the same as the pair seen near Davis's Hill October 24<sup>th</sup> for the ♀ of the latter was immature and the ♂ larger & brighter colored.

A flock of over eighty Crows spent the day on the Belford shore way across & then rising from a corn field where they were feeding and circling with loud clamor.

1896.

Nov. 21

Cloudy with light snow fall beginning at 10 a. m., and changing to rain in the afternoon; - a gloomy, chilly day, relieved only by the almost total absence of wind.

Despite the depressing and very disagreeable weather I saw some interesting birds and one that was actually new to me. I took it to be a Gray Gyzfalcon (*Falco gyrfalco*). It was of about the size and general coloring of an immature female Gos. hawk but it had the long, sharp-pointed Falcon wings and it flapped them as a Duck Hawk does with a continuous, rapid, vibrating movement. My impression with this bird was as follows: I was paddling past the Buttricks' on my way down river at about 8:30 a. m. when I noticed three town Pigeons flying high in air towards Mr. Derby's barn coming from the direction of the town. Just as they were passing over the Buttricks' house the Falcon appeared about 100 yards off and coming directly towards them. They turned back at once and the barn trim before it. The Falcon chose a white bird (the other two were blue) and pursued it hotly. The Pigeon made scarce 100 yards before it was overtaken but it had been riding the whole and <sup>when</sup> its pursuer came up <sup>to</sup> a yard or more under it. ~~With~~ <sup>with</sup> a bounding with easy grace and bounding upward twenty feet or more with a single effort of his powerful wings he got well above his prey and shot towards it down a steep incline, "Poor bird, your fate is sealed"! I said to myself as, with the field glass pressed to my eyes, I gazed breathlessly watching the Falcon's fall, "with the full exultation

1896.

Nov. 21  
(no. 2.)

of seeing him extend his legs to seize his victim.  
~~But~~ Its very surprise he did not show so much  
 as the tips of his talons but on overtaking the  
 Pigeon he seemed to strike it with his breast, half  
 upsetting it and sending it a yard or more downward  
 before it could recover its equilibrium. Then setting  
 his wings he sailed off rapidly towards the Solon  
 woods - the direction whence he had just come -  
 leaving the Pigeon to pursue its way unobserved,  
 at a lower level, to its home in the Deely barn.  
 What did it all mean? Was the Falcon merely  
 amusing himself or was he too slow or clumsy to  
 strike the Pigeon when apparently he had only to use  
 his talons to make it his prey? I have repeatedly  
 seen the Duck Hawk and the Pigeon Hawk, as  
 well as other Hawks, fail in a similar way.  
 On some occasions I have thought that, like this  
 Gyrfalcon, they were not really in concert; on  
 others they appeared to lack the skill and quickness  
 necessary to secure their victims when the latter  
 were brought fairly within reach. Of one thing I  
 am convinced, viz. that nearly if not all our  
 birds of prey including the Shrike Lark prefer to  
in the chase. If they fail in the first swoop they  
 frequently will not attempt a second & I have very  
 rarely seen one of them try upon them three times  
in succession. I am satisfied, also, that few of them  
 get on the average more than one bird in four  
 or five that they pursue. Cooper's Hawk is probably  
 an exception to this rule. He is certainly the  
 deadliest fighter of them all.

1896.

Nov. 21  
(No 3)

As I was walking my way through some dense young pines on the Prescott lot this forenoon Benson's dog who was a little in advance started an enormous Owl which I took to be Bubo virginianus. It rose either from the ground or from a very low branch and flapped heavily and wisely up into a pine. The dog pursued it at once and it flew again as soon as he got beneath it, and before I could get a fair view of it, showing a great spread of wing as it glided off through the tree tops.

Pat reports seeing three Quails this afternoon running over the snow along the wood paths near Benson's landing. They are the first that I have heard of hereabouts since the general and almost total annihilation of them even there a few winters ago. But in other parts of Concord as well as in Dunster, Chelsea and Acton the sportsmen have been finding a good many this autumn.

At about 9.30 this evening I counted 38 Cross passing high over Ball's Hill towards the south and evidently migrating.

Musk rats' houses are plentiful thickly along the river between here and town. I have never seen them so numerous before and they are much larger than usual. I should judge some of them to be nearly six feet in height.

1896

Nov. 22 (Sunday)

Clear with strong cold north-west wind.

Spent the forenoon in the Goose Pond woods with a wood-chopper (Wilson). Saw literally no birds save those juncos. What has become of the Woodpeckers which were congregated here two weeks ago?

" 23

Cloudy most of the day but mostly calm and warm, the surface of the ground thawing freely;

To Ball's Hill by canoe at 8 a.m. The night had been cold and most of the coxs and indentations of the river there (including the whole of Hunt's Pond) were covered with thin ice. At Ball's Hill the river was skinned almost across and I had to leave the canoe at Pearson's landing.

I spent the day (very late, this season) trimming some young pines and superintending the men who were building a causeway across the swamp behind the Hill.

Saw but few birds the only ones of any interest being a Golden-crowned Kinglet in front of the cabin & a Robin (head only) behind the hill.

" 24

Cloudy & mild

Spent the day on the "Karges" putting away the canoe etc. A flock of ten Red Crossbills flew past the house and started to alight in the big spruce but kept on.

" 25

Clear & warm. Spent the forenoon at Goose Pond. Met a bird of any kind abroad there. Took 5 P.M. train to Cambridge.





Concord, Mass.

1896.

October.

November.

*S. tristis* 22<sup>(6)</sup> 23<sup>(6)</sup> 24<sup>(6)</sup> 25<sup>(6)</sup> 26. 31<sup>(4)</sup>

18<sup>(10)</sup> 19<sup>(10)</sup> 23<sup>(10)</sup>

" *pinus* 18<sup>(5)</sup> (N. Barthele) 22<sup>(2)</sup> 23<sup>(16)</sup> 24<sup>hd.</sup>  
26<sup>hd.</sup> 27<sup>hd.</sup> 28<sup>hd.</sup> 29<sup>hd.</sup> 30<sup>hd.</sup> 31<sup>hd.</sup>

21<sup>hd. with  
Kochia leucantha</sup>

*Carpodacus* 22<sup>hd.</sup> 23<sup>hd.</sup>

*A. trichura* 23<sup>hd.</sup>

*Pha. nivalis* ♀

18<sup>head on  
next m.</sup>

*P. gramineus*

*m. fasciata* 20<sup>hd.</sup> 21<sup>hd.</sup> 22<sup>hd.</sup> 23<sup>hd.</sup> 24<sup>hd.</sup> 25<sup>hd.</sup>

" *palustris* 20<sup>hd.</sup> 21<sup>hd.</sup> 22<sup>hd.</sup> 23<sup>hd.</sup> 24<sup>hd.</sup> 25<sup>hd.</sup>

*Junco* 21<sup>(3)</sup> 22<sup>(3)</sup> 23<sup>(3)</sup> 24<sup>(6)</sup> 25<sup>(3)</sup> 27<sup>(3)</sup>  
28<sup>(3)</sup> 29<sup>(3)</sup> 30<sup>(3)</sup> 31<sup>(3)</sup>

22<sup>(3)</sup>

*S. monticola* 20<sup>(3)</sup> 23<sup>(3)</sup> <sup>to first egg</sup> 24<sup>(12)</sup> 25<sup>(3)</sup>  
26<sup>(3)</sup> 27<sup>(3)</sup> 28<sup>(3)</sup> 29<sup>(3)</sup> 30<sup>(3)</sup> 31<sup>(4)</sup>

18<sup>(12)</sup> 19<sup>(4)</sup> 21<sup>hd.</sup>

" *socialis* 22<sup>(3)</sup> 23<sup>(12)</sup> 24<sup>(3)</sup>

*Passerella* 22<sup>(2)</sup> 23<sup>(2)</sup> 25<sup>(1)</sup> 27<sup>(1)</sup> 31<sup>(1)</sup>

17<sup>(1)</sup> 19<sup>(2)</sup> 21<sup>(2)</sup>

*Zenaidura* 24<sup>(1)</sup> (near maple)

*Steloxypus* 22<sup>hd.</sup> 24<sup>(2)</sup>

*Strisorella* 22<sup>hd.</sup> 24<sup>hd.</sup>

*Corvus* 20<sup>(3)</sup> 21<sup>(4)</sup> 22<sup>(10)</sup> 23<sup>(20)</sup> 24<sup>(20)</sup> 25<sup>(15)</sup>  
26<sup>(15)</sup> 27<sup>(15)</sup> 28<sup>(15)</sup> 29<sup>(15)</sup> 30<sup>(15)</sup> 31<sup>(15)</sup>

18<sup>(1)</sup> 19<sup>(7)</sup> 20<sup>(12)</sup> 21<sup>(3)</sup> 22<sup>(10)</sup>  
23<sup>(5)</sup>

*Cyanocitta* 20<sup>(3)</sup> 21<sup>(3)</sup> 22<sup>(3)</sup> 23<sup>(10)</sup> 24<sup>(20)</sup> 25<sup>(14)</sup>  
26<sup>(15)</sup> 27<sup>(15)</sup> 28<sup>(15)</sup> 29<sup>(15)</sup> 30<sup>(15)</sup> 31<sup>(15)</sup>

18<sup>(5)</sup> 19<sup>(2)</sup> 20<sup>(1)</sup> 21<sup>(1)</sup> 23<sup>(1)</sup>



Concord, Mass.

1896.

OctoberNovemberAry 23<sup>3rd</sup> 24<sup>3rd</sup> <sup>shot</sup> <sup>near</sup> <sup>Holt.</sup>A. obscura 12<sup>(10)</sup> <sup>Ball</sup>Parus car 22 <sup>1</sup> <sup>found</sup> <sup>in</sup> <sup>logs</sup> <sup>at</sup> <sup>Holt's</sup> <sup>Pond.</sup>Sargurus 24<sup>1</sup> <sup>Rain</sup> <sup>banks.</sup>Zon. albicollis 20<sup>4</sup> 21<sup>2</sup> 22<sup>2</sup> 23<sup>2</sup> 24<sup>2</sup> 25<sup>2</sup>Otocoris 30<sup>hd</sup> 31<sup>(2)</sup>Parus hnd. 31 <sup>1</sup> <sup>in</sup> <sup>hd.</sup>Agelaius hnd 31 <sup>(6-8)</sup> <sup>(25-28)</sup> <sup>(1-2)</sup> <sup>hnd.</sup>

Falco gyfalus

21 <sup>1</sup> <sup>during</sup> <sup>Ray's</sup> <sup>one</sup> <sup>theater</sup>

Bubo virgin

21 <sup>1</sup> <sup>started</sup> <sup>in</sup> <sup>Piscott's</sup> <sup>woods.</sup>

Loxia humpback

21 <sup>chick</sup> <sup>&</sup> <sup>chatter</sup> <sup>heard</sup> <sup>with</sup> <sup>call</sup> <sup>of</sup> <sup>Loxia</sup> <sup>near</sup> <sup>Paul's</sup> <sup>Mills.</sup>

Loxia minor

24<sup>(10)</sup> <sup>flying</sup> <sup>over</sup> <sup>Keys</sup> <sup>place.</sup>

Flanconetta albrola

27 <sup>one</sup> <sup>shot</sup> <sup>in</sup> <sup>river</sup> <sup>by</sup> <sup>James</sup>Podilymbus 24<sup>(2)</sup> 25<sup>2</sup> <sup>1</sup> <sup>4</sup>19<sup>2</sup>



