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All important systematic notes are copied into
"Systematic Notes, Vol.1-68." I copied all the
notes and they are all checked.

Walter Deane, June 10, 1899.

Walter Deane, Princeton

1897.

January 27 Cloudy most of the day, the sun shining clearly for a brief interval in the forenoon. Light breeze from the N. E. Ther. 26° at sunrise, 32° at noon.

Visited Ball's Hill to-day for the first time this winter taking the 10.16 a. m. train for West Bedford and crossing the river on the ice which was nowhere less than six inches thick. Most of the open country was wholly bare of snow but in the woods there was a good deal of icy snow with dusted over with a thin layer of fine dry snow which showed footprints to unusual advantage. I have never before seen so many tracks of Foxes, Rabbits, Red & Gray Squirrels, Mice and Partridges as I found to-day in the woods near Ball's Hill. The Rabbits especially seem to be swarming there this year. Scarce a yard of snow anywhere that was free from their footprints & in the hummocks the surface was literally trampled over by ~~them~~ them. The Squirrels, too, had left traces of their recent excursions in every nook and corner. I do not remember to have seen their tracks in January before. I started at least seven different Partridges but small birds were apparently very scarce for I saw only a little flock of Chickadees near the cabin and two Downy Woodpeckers in some pine woods. As I was crossing the river I heard a Snow Bunting call three or four times high up in the sky. Linn's Goldfinches or Redpolls had been feeding in the beeches near the cabin for the snow was covered with the fragments of their birds' cones & seeds. A Partridge had wandered all around the cabin & along the river bank. I know of no other large bird that could make very short steps. When we advanced on crossing on opening the foot prints ^{melts} a trail on

Concord, Massachusetts.

1897

January 27

(No 2)

another three: + + +.

Near Ball's Hill in the Holden meadows a flock of upwards of fifty (I counted one forty) Crows were walking about on the ice. I was surprised to see so many there at this season.

As I was walking along the ridge of Davis's Hill I started a Red-tailed Hawk from one of the large pines. As it flew off over the frozen river it uttered its hoarse scream two or three times.

Returned to Cambridge by the 4 P. M. train.

Cambridge, Massachusetts.

1897

January 31
(no. 2)

He (the Frog Catcher) confirms a story which Oliver Ames ^{Wild? Ducks} told me recently about the finding of a Black Duck's nest with eggs in the Maple Swamp last summer. Ames was shown the nest after it had been robbed. It was on dry ground among bushes & had a good deal of dark colored down. The eggs were hatched under a hen but the young all died soon afterwards. I consider these statements reliable enough but I suspect that the Duck was really a tern or that had "Helen" her nest in the swamp although the man who found it assured ^{both} that she was like a wild bird & flew off out of sight.

Bothwell also told me that he examined ten nests of the Green Heron which contained eggs or young on dry land ^{near} spring. They were all in maples in the southern part of the swamp near Heron Pond. He brought me one nest with a fine set of five eggs. Passing around Heron Pond to-day I counted five nests of this Heron scattered about on an area of an acre or two, all in maples at an average height of about 20 ft. This comes pretty near being a colony of Green Herons. They did not breed so commonly in any part of the Fresh Pond Swamps thirty years ago. Bothwell says that about all the nests are found & robbed by Coy. According to Robinson (who has trapped them assiduously the past two years) the mammals which was ^{most} abundant this swamp are Field Mice, White-footed Mice, Cotton-tailed Rabbits and Muskrats. ^{It} ^{also} ^{has} ^{been} ^{observed} ^{that} ^{the} ^{smaller} ^{Measel} ^a ^{specimen} ^{of} ^{which} ⁱⁿ ^{winter} ^{pelage} ^{was} ^{shot} ^{late} ⁱⁿ ^{November} ¹⁸⁸⁶ [&] ^{shown} ^{to} ^{me} ^{by} ^{Carlton} ^{Boys}. The Maple Swamp has suffered no known depopulation within the past decade & most of it is as wild & beautiful as it was thirty years ago but its days are hardly numbered for I hear that the Dick Mallards will be able to

Green Herons
nests

Mammals
still inhabiting
the Maple
Swamp.

Cambridge, Massachusetts

1897.

January 31

A remarkable day, cloudless and absolutely calm from daybreak to close, the air singularly clear, the sunlight especially brilliant. Ther 8° at 7 a. m., 28° at 2.30 P. m.

A winter
morning in
the Maple
Swamp.

Spent the forenoon in the Maple Swamp with my camera, driving up at 9 a. m., walking back in time for dinner at 1 P. m. It would be difficult to conceive of a more perfect day. The air was cold and biting early but by 10 a. m. the snow was melting on southern exposures and the rays of the sun were almost uncomfortably warm. I found the snow knee deep where it had not drifted and waist deep in the drifts. The bushes were loaded down with it and the tunnels of the trees excavated on their north-east sides. It was dry, powdery snow & brilliantly pure & sparkling everywhere back from the roads.

I saw the following birds, all in the Maple Swamp:
Chickadees - two; Pine Siskins - a flock of ten; Goldfinches - heard;
Song Sparrows - two; Tree Sparrows - two; English Sparrows - three or four;
Crows - two; Red-shouldered Hawk - one screaming at intervals for upwards of an hour near Allard Brook.

The Siskins were feeding on alder seeds, clustering in the tops of a single bush and working many minutes at a time before changing to another place. I met with the same flock twice in different parts of the swamp.

I was disappointed in the signs of small mammals, seeing less than a dozen snow trails in all & what looked like the track of a weasel. Sicut Robinson says that he started a Cottontail Rabbit in this swamp about a month ago & the old Frog Catcher with whom I had a word or two to-day told me that he had seen their signs within a week but I could find no traces of their presence.

The Maple Swamp





Cambridge & Belmont

1897

March 11-23 Since March came in the weather has become milder & milder from day to day and the snow has wasted rapidly under the influence of the warm sun and one or two rains until now (March 23) the ground is everywhere bare, the roads nearly dry, and the grass is fast springing up in sheltered & sunny places.

- " 11 a bright, sunny morning with chill N.W. wind. Drove around Fresh Pond (9-9-30 a.m.). Saw two Bluebirds (one in full song) and heard a "Hiller" "shouting" and the wild, plaintive song of a Meadow Lark. One of the Bluebirds was in the fields near the foot of Bassett's Barn; the other three birds were on the Hittenger farm in Belmont. Looked & listened in vain for Robins, Song Sparrows & Red-wings.
- " 18 Heard a Song Sparrow singing steadily this morning in the hemlock hedge on Mr. Saml. Sudder's place, Braintree St.
- " 19 Cloudy with light, cool S.W. wind. Walked (9-10 a.m.) to Cambridge Cemetery. The Song Sparrow again singing in Mr. Sudder's hedge. On the Coolidge farm between the brook & the Cemetery I heard at least five or six Song Sparrows and saw several others flitting among bushes or into bush hedges. A "Hiller" "shouting" in the oaks on the knoll & the flight call of a Bluebird passing overhead. At least forty Crows scattered about on the marshes & in the oaks where there or four sat perched looking down at me calmly as I passed directly beneath. English Sparrows hovering everywhere and making my ears ache with their infernal din, leaving the sweet voices of the Song Sparrows at times & exclaiming in their way. The pretty cedar-topped knoll is fast melting away under the attacks of the ground ants.







Cambridge, Massachusetts.

1897

March 22

Calm and warm with thin clouds veiling the sky.

Drove around Mt. Auburn, through School St. to the Payson place ^{Rush of} and back by way of the road around Fresh Pond and the ^{early migrants} Swamp, starting at 9 a. m. The country was alive with early spring birds a heavy flight having evidently arrived during the night. Saw or heard about twenty Robins, thirty or forty Song Sparrows, a Junco, a Tree Sparrow, eight or ten Flickers (all "thawing"), four Meadow Larks (~~one~~ just beyond Francis Old Place, one on the Adams place, one on Hillings meadow, and one on the field flat between Fresh Pond and Glacialis, all in full song) a flock of about fifty Red-wings (also single birds about Glacialis & one singing in Smith's Swamp, Fayerweather St.), two Bluebirds, a Shrike, a Brown Creeper, and numerous Crows.

There were apparently no Robins in Cambridge this morning but early in the afternoon one appeared in one garden and just before sunset they were scattered about everywhere between one place and Elmwood sitting in the tops of the trees, calling. There were three together in one of the big oaks just below the reservoir on Highland St. and as I stood watching them one began to sing, at first in low subdued tones then bursting out into full song and keeping it up for several minutes. This delightful music was finally interrupted by a small boy who threw a stone at the bird and drove him away.

Cambridge, Mass.

1897

March 23

Clear, warm, dead calm through the early forenoon, afterwards with a chill east wind.

Starting out 9 a. m. I drove into and around Mr. Auburn, seeing or hearing 5 or 6 Song Sparrows, a Flicker (chattering in the oaks near the tower) a Red wing (singing at the little pond where I used to trap musk rats) a pair of Bluebirds, a Blue Jay, and countless English Sparrows.

Birds in
Mr. Auburn

I was astonished at the abundance of Gray Squirrels of which I counted 34. Most of them were in maples in the extreme tops of their trees among the slender terminal twigs which they were stripping of their buds. I saw six in one tree and four or five in each of several trees. At a distance they resembled birds' nests & I actually mistook one of them for an old Oriole's nest. In one place where the path curved sharply around some shrubbery I surprised hundreds of these Squirrels feeding on a broad space of leaf. They all started off all together in the same direction and for a distance of thirty yards or more ran so closely crowded together that a large flockster would have covered the whole bunch. When they reached the nearest tree (a large oak) they swarmed up its trunk in a perfect stream some of them in the rear actually having to wait until a space was cleared for them. A good many of these Gray Squirrels were young animals but little larger than Red Squirrels.

Gray Squirrels

I saw only one Chipmunk. The Cemetery officials have voted reluctantly upon this species for several years past for the alleged reason that it eats flowering plants.

Concord, Mass.

1897

March 31

Clear with strong, cold N. E. wind.

I came to Concord last evening and was settled over more at the Huges' in my old room - the back room with but one window and that facing the west. The early morning singing can seldom be heard to advantage from this room and this morning although I was awake early I heard nothing whatever. But when I went out after breakfast and rambled about in the fields and orchards I heard and saw Starlings, Robins, Redwings, Tree Sparrows, Song Sparrows, a Cross Finch, a Phoebe, then Cowbirds, Junco etc. There were no Flickers or Meadow Larks. The Song and Tree Sparrows were very numerous and their songs came at times from every direction.

Liber's came at 10 a. m. and we drove down to Ball's Hill where we put the cabin in order, dined, and then took a long afternoon walk in the woods which were unusually silent and apparently nearly barren of bird life. In Benson's pines we heard Chickadees and at least one Canada Warbler, perhaps the same bird that I left there last November. Song Sparrows & Crows were the only species that appeared to be at all numerous. There was a solitary Robin, a Pewee, two Chickadees, two Song Sparrows, and two or three Fox Sparrows in the thickets along the river front near the cabin. We flushed at least three Partridges & saw three Jays, two Red & one Gray. One of the Partridges, a fine large cock flushed by Benson's dog, was in perfect silence & flew up into a pine rising and pushing to exactly like a Cooper's Hawk that I mistook him for that bird. We drove back to Concord City in the afternoon.

Concord, Mass.

1897

April 1-5 The weather during the 1st, 2nd and 3rd & 4th was remarkably uniform with cloudless skies, cold nights (the ground freezing hard) and warm, sunny days. The wind has held steadily in the N. to S. and, as a rule, has been very chill. Last night it rained heavily and to-day is cloudy with light showers and a warm S. W. wind.

I have spent all of these five days at Ball's Hill going and coming in the sailing canoe, ~~from~~ the first three days over the meadows, using the soil at least half the time. Now the water has fallen so that the meadows are impassable by boat.

Birds of most of the earlier kinds such as Song & Fox Sparrows, Phoebe, Redwings, Robins, Bluebirds, etc. have been very numerous. The Fox Sparrows have been singing gloriously in the early mornings. But, alas! I have not heard a single Fox Sparrow although I saw at least a dozen of the latter on the 1st and since then two or three daily near the cabin.

I saw the first Fox Swallows on the 1st since when they have been daily observed in slowly increasing numbers; the bulk of the flight, however, has not yet arrived.

There have been very few ducks. On the 31st March and 1st of April I saw a pair of Goswimmers, on April 2nd two Black Ducks, April 3rd five Black Ducks, April 4th six Black Ducks all on the Great meadow. There were two Herring Gulls there to-day.

Concord, Mass.

1897

April 1-5
(No. 2).

When I came here on March 31st there was no snow or ice anywhere save in deeply shaded hollows in the woods but although the roads were dry & dusty in most places there was no tinge of green on even the summit of the grassy slopes. I noticed the first green grass on the afternoon of the 4th on Mr. Barrett's Lane and also along the river banks where the canary grass was sending up fresh shoots in many places. To day many of the fields are distinctly green.

Vegetation

The willows previous in the woods and the crimson blossoms of the river maples are in their fullest perfection now. The hepaticas near the cabin had their flower buds fully developed & on the very point of unfolding this afternoon. No doubt they will be out to-morrow.

On Saturday (April 3rd) after noon I heard the first frog a solitary Wood Frog which croaked doubtfully a few times in the little pond behind Ball's Hill.

First Frog
voices.

The Leopard Frogs began the next morning and at noon their singing rose and fell over the whole extent of the Great Meadows although I do not think that at any one time more than a dozen or so were engaged in this concert.

We heard the first Pickering's Hyla's this evening (April 5) perhaps for the first in all jumping cheerily in the Mill Brook meadow near the Lowell R.R. crossing - about the earliest place for them that I know of in Concord.

Concord, Mass.

1897.

April 1-5
(No. 3).

Concord is a good place at which to watch the arrival of Colaptes since this bird does not winter here in any numbers. I heard one "chattering" on the Bedford Horn opposite the cabin on the 3rd and another the next day. This morning (April 5) I heard three, one near the house, another at Hunt's Pond, and the third at Ball's Hill. Hence I conclude that the first real flight from the north occurred last night.

" 2

While passing through an opening in the pines on Thurston's knoll this afternoon I started a fine adult Godawk, a large bird & here I suppose a female. She was perched scarce five feet above the ground among the live & dead branches and did not take wing until I was within three or four yards starting me by her sudden appearance ~~at such~~ so very near. Bearing something (which looked like a blackbird and half-divorced Partridge) in her talons she flopped heavily off across the opening & into some pines beyond where I failed to find her again. She had either lost or was mouthing her tail feathers for the tail was very ragged with not more than half its feathers of normal length.

Accipiter
atriplex

" 2+3

On both these evenings a little before sunset I saw two or three Red-wings feeding on stubble fields near the river bank and singing at short, regular intervals on the ground, rarely pausing and creaking their heads as they gave the tward'lee and then rambling on in quest of food. They were not together but at different places

Agelaius
phoeniceus
singing while
feeding on
the ground.

Concord, Mass.

1897

April 25

(No. 4)

On the afternoon of the 4th I started a very blue-backed male Cooper's Hawk from an oak near Benson's Landing. Crossing the open field it disappeared among the pines on the crest of Ball's Hill. Returning there soon very fully on horse back I flushed a large Cock Partridge which also flew towards the pines just mentioned. Less than a minute after it had passed beyond my sight it reappeared coming directly back over my head with the Cooper's Hawk in hot pursuit but fully one hundred yards in the rear. The Partridge went fully three yards to the Hawk's own and had disappeared in the woods towards Holden's Hill before the Hawk came to where I was standing but the latter bird kept steadily on its track like a hound on a keen hunt and I noticed that when it came to a curve in the top around which the Partridge had curved sharply it took exactly the same curve. I do not believe, however, that it caught the Partridge.

Accipiter
Cooperii
chases a
Partridge.

The song of the Tree Sparrow has been constantly ringing in my ears these past few days. Despite its exquisite melody it goes ill with the surroundings. If I close my eyes while listening it can at once transport me to the far north and by the slightest effort of the imagination can see about meth wild, barren tundra, half shrouded in sea fog, carpeted with gray mosses and dotted with clusters of stunted sphens. Such a wild, plaintive voice has no place in these soft meadows and half-cultivated woodlands. Alas! I fear it will not be heard here many days longer.

Song of
Sparrow
monticola.







Concord, Mass.

1897
April 6-10

During this period the weather has been cloudy most of the time with rather brisk easterly winds but no frosts. It has rained a good deal in fact more or less every day and on the 9th all day and very heavily ~~more~~ too.

Under the influence of these rains and such ~~atmosphere~~ as we have had vegetation has advanced steadily. The grass is now green on all southern exposures and along the river banks the fresh shoots are fair or big inches tall. My hophorns were in full bloom on the 6th and Claytonia the next day.

I have spent every day at Ball's Hill when with the help of Pat and a Norwegian, Andersen by name, I have planted most of the lower part of Bennett's field with young white pines.

Almost nothing of special interest has fallen to my notice respecting the birds. A few migrants have come:— Five Warblers on the 5th, at Ball's Hill (Will. Southwell saw one in Deep Hollow Cemetery on the 4th), Swamp Sparrows (two singing opposite Ball's Hill) on the 7th, a Field Sparrow at Dalkin's Hill and a Ruby crowned Kinglet in Bennett's pine woods on the 8th, a Barn Swallow on the 9th (with about fifty ~~the~~ swallows) flying over the meadows near Ball's Hill.

I saw the last Fox Sparrow (near the cabin) on the 5th and believe that all have now departed. I have wholly missed the singing of this species this spring. Two Sparrows have lingered up to the 8th and doubtless I shall see them for a few days longer. They have very few.

Concord, Mass.

1897

April 6-10

(No. 2.)

When I made my first visit to Ball's Hill on March 31st a Phoebe was singing near the cabin. I have seen him there daily since but always about up to the 8th when he was accompanied by a mate. The pair are now apparently settled and I have strong hopes that they will build on a shelf which I have put up for them in the corner on the east side of my door.

Phoebes
on Ball's Hill

Everyone agrees that Ducks have been unusually scarce this Spring. The last observed up to this date were a pair of Goswainers which I started from Hunt's Pond on the evening of the 8th as I was picking up rice. I heard Geese landing on the morning of the 8th.

Ducks

There have also been remarkably few Hawks. Thus for I have seen only one Red-tail, one Red-shouldered, one Cooper's, one Marsh Hawk & one Goshawk. This is the first Spring, I think, that I have not seen the Fish Hawk here but perhaps I shall yet get him on my list.

Hawks

Concord, Mass.

1897
 April 6-10
 (No 3)

According to the best information which I can obtain the
 Hampton of muskrats during the high water in March
 was something unprecedented of later years but still there
 are a good many left, indeed nearly the usual breeding
 stock I should say. For the past three or four evenings
 I have been five or six during each of my homeward
 trips up river to the 'Hoges'. They are usually in
 pairs but I have neither smelt their work nor
 heard their peculiar low murmuring this year. On several
 occasions I have seen one of a pair - the female no doubt -
 chase the other by diving and coming up well out in
 the river leaving the male cruising about above in those
 looking for her with evident anxiety. The muskrats'
 eyesight is evidently not of the best even in the
 evening twilight.

Muskrats

Painted Tortoises have been out in numbers we have since
 April 1st. The Crows have already got some of them for
 I have found several freshly cleaned shells on the
 river banks. On the 4th I heard a croaking in
 the leaves on a hill side several hundred yards
 from water & going to the spot found a spotted tortoise
 crawling laboriously up the steep incline. Could it
 have been thinking of laying its eggs there early?

Tortoises

Wood Frogs, Leopard Frogs and Pickering's Hylos have
 been heard daily since they began their croaking or
 peepings but not one of the three as yet in any
 numbers. I cannot understand this for the frost is
 all out of the windows and the water is unusually
 warm for the season.

Frogs

Concord, Mass.

1897.

April 10

Cloudy and calm all day.

H. M. Spelman joined me yesterday afternoon and we spent the night together at the cabin. Nothing singing near the cabin this morning excepting the Phoebe, Song Sparrows and Red-wings. After breakfast we walked to the meadow field and back through the woods. A Dove cooing at short, regular intervals in Prescott's pines its voice very solemn & impressive in the still air coming from the depths of the woods. Two Pine Warblers in full song on Davis's Hill. A Goshawk humming about in front of the cabin this morning and a Red-billed Gull in the same place late this afternoon.

Mrs. Spelman quitted about noon and in the afternoon she and her husband walked to the meadow field and beyond starting a pair of Doves and three Partridge.

11

Cloudy and calm the Hly chasing & the sun coming out about 5 P. M. flooding the landscape with strong, pure light.

At all depths in the cabin last night, the Spelmans occupying the upper chamber. The chilly, cloudy morning evidently depressed the birds for there was but little early morning singing. We took several short walks finding the feathers of a Partridge, which had evidently been plucked by a Hawk, on the edge of the swamp behind Ball's Hill and seeing a pair of Chipping which alighted in an oak on Davis's Hill. At sunset I started for Concord (the Spelmans left by the 4.10 P. M. train) sailing across the meadows which have been again flooded by the recent rains. A Great Blue Heron passed me flying down river. Spelman saw three of these Herons together yesterday.

Concord, Mass.

1897.

April 12

Clear with moderate N.W. wind. There was a hard frost last night the ground and shallow ponds in the meadows being frozen this morning.

Gilbert arrived by an early train and in the forenoon pushing away the "Stella Maris" canoe for the summer and fitting up the open canoe for my use the remainder of the Spring.

In the afternoon we drove to Batesman's Pond for rock fossils and to Bismarck for hepatics getting a good supply of both. We saw but few birds and nothing of especial interest excepting a large flock of Brown Geese in the white fens about the R. W. Bismarck place.

After our return and just before sunset, however, as I was standing with Miss Hays in front of the house for Canada Geese suddenly appeared coming from the direction of Fairhaven and passing directly over Red Bridge at a height not exceeding 100 feet! Though the geese I could see their markings distinctly. They were flying very slowly and appeared to be tired and undecided whether to alight or to keep on. They finally settled on the latter course and rising slightly went off to the northward over the Putnicks' house.

Canada Geese.

• 13

On the morning of the 13th I went to Cambridge where I shall spend the coming week.

Chipping Sparrows arrived in force in Concord this morning according to Miss Northcutt and Mrs. Kitchel heard one singing in Cambridge. I am very sure there were none in Concord yesterday.

Concord, Mass.

1897
April
No 1

Turdus pallasi. I did not meet with a single bird but
W. Bartlett saw one in Sleepy Hollow, April 17.
(Foxon has seen only one in Belmont - Arlington region)

Mercula nigrolava. A year or two ago, I noted what seemed
to be a small ^{Spring} Robin nest in town down
young pines on the N.E. side of Balls Hill. This
season I have seen the birds there on only one
occasion viz. April 26th when between sunset & dark
a dozen or more came in from different directions
but chiefly from the S. & S.W. I think they were
all males for nearly if not quite every one sang for
a few minutes just before dark making a fine
chorus. A strong & exceedingly chilly S.W. wind was
blowing this evening and they doubtless sought
shelter from it among their pines under the lee of
the high ridge. Robins have been scarce, than usual
at Concord this Spring.

Haerophylax rufus. The first birds seen at Balls Hill
April 25th Song heard that morning. By April 30th
four birds were established, one opposite the cabin
on the W. Bedford thorn, two opposite Davis's Hill,
one above Parsons's house, none on any part of my
land. One of the birds opposite Davis's Hill regularly
and at frequent intervals interpolated in his song
the loud call (four whistles) of Helminthophila melanotos
imitating them exactly. Hence, also, I heard him
give the bob-whistle of the Quail. I have never before
heard a Thrasher imitate any other bird. This
Thrasher was a remarkably fine singer.

Concord, Mass.

1897

April

No 2

Scalia hails One pair established and no doubt nesting in Benson's orchard, another among the willow stubs along the river between the Holt and Harris Pond. I have also heard a male singing rather frequently in the orchard near the W. Bedford Station. About Concord proper I have seen neither form elsewhere this season than last, but I have spent little time there. Foxon tells me that they have increased amazingly here last year in the Belmont-Arlington region where he thinks they have about regained their normal abundance. A similar increase is reported by Charles Foxon for the West Roxbury region.

Sitta canadensis. - W. Bartlett tells me that Canada Nuthatches wintered commonly near Concord. I left them a few birds in the Ball's Hill region last November & found them there on my return this Spring. They have remained through April (I saw them Apr. 25th & on April 30th) haunting chiefly Benson's Pine Ridge & Davis's Hill. On several occasions one of them has visited the cabin to feed on some winter food which I hung up in the oak in front of my door to attract the Chickadee & Downy Woodpeckers.

Vireo solitarius. The only bird which I have met with during the month was a male in full song near the cabin at Ball's Hill early on the morning of April 27th. Apparently these birds have not increased (at least in Concord) since the severe blow which befell them in the South a few winters ago. I do not think that any have bred near Ball's Hill since.

Concord, Mass.

1897

April
No 3

Zonotrichia albicollis. A remarkably handsome ♂ appeared at Ball's Hill on April 21st and stayed until the 28th although much of this time the weather was very warm (the 82° Apr. 25) and the nights clear. Probably some hemp seed which I scattered over the ground every day or two & on which the bird appeared to feed & closely was the attraction which held him there so long. He rarely if ever left the strip of bushes in front of the cabin & he became very tame. In the early morning he usually sang a few times & he was always ready at all hours to respond to a good imitation of his song which was remarkably plaintive & varied & invariably was preceded by a low chattering call like that so often given by the Swamp Sparrow. Altogether we found him a peculiarly attractive & interesting bird neighbor.

Sturnella magna. Scarce than last year. Early in the month I noted two birds, one on the Kings farm the other near the swimming place. On April 2nd May 1st I could find but one just below Flint's bridge.

Cyanocitta cristata. Quite unusually scarce or very silent & retiring. On April 30th a pair appeared about the cabin at about 7 a. m. one of them breaking some dead twigs off a tree & flying with them to the crest of the hill. Next day I found the beginning of a blue jay's nest in a small room near the cabin!

Concord, Mass.

1897

April

No 4

Covus americanus. During the latter half of the month the Crows in the region about Ball's Hill have been exceedingly loquacious making all the various sounds which I have heard from them in former years and in addition a peculiar succession of low whining and mewy cries which are quite new to me. At times these cries resembled those of young Kittens, at others of children talking & laughing in low tones. I have heard them on many occasions in different places, always when two birds were together, and when a pair were engaged in copulation (April 30th) in the top of a low pine on Davis's Hill. Apparently therefore, they are love notes. They are often followed by a succession of husky Crows.

Sayornis phoebe. Every year since my log cabin was built a Phoebe has hung about it in early spring as if thinking of building there. This year I found him there on my arrival March 31st and up to April 23rd he sang regularly every morning on the eaves over my door and during the day hunted his insect prey from various perches along the river bank near at hand. On April 8th he was accompanied for the first time by a mate and after this date the two birds were constantly together but they were last seen on the 23rd, at least near the cabin. I cannot understand why they will not nest there for there are many admirable places on the rough log under my eaves.

Concord, Mass.

1897
April
No 5

Dryobates pubescens. On April 1st I hung up some pieces of mutton fat in the eaves above my cabin. The Chickadees found it at once & came to it regularly thereafter. A Red-bellied Nuthatch also came occasionally. On April 9th a male Downy came and not a day passed after this when he did not visit it from one to five or six times, apparently eating his fill at each visit. He invariably alighted first on the branch just above the fat, pecking crosswise and looking kindly about in every direction for a minute or more evidently to make sure that no danger threatened. Once satisfied on this score he gave himself up wholly to the pleasure of his meal, changing Woodpecker fashion to the face of the thief of fat and digging out large mouthfuls by a succession of vigorous pecks. On May 1st he appeared in company with a mate this being the first occasion on which we saw a female near the place. I noticed that the male came oftener during stormy than in clear weather. On very rainy day he appeared & fed lustily no less than six times (& probably more). His plumage on this occasion was badly bedraggled & completely water-soaked.

Ceryle alcyon. A single bird seen near Ball's Hill at intervals during the month. On April 30th two appeared together for the first time. They spent more than an hour in the afternoon flying back & forth over the pond, 200 or 300 ft up, talking incessantly. What did this mean?

Concord, Mass.

1897.

April
No 6

Bonasa umbellus. Last year three Partridges drummed regularly through April in my woods, one on a small ballless log at the north end of Davis's Swamp, another on a stump on the north side of the Blackmore Ridge, the third on the stone wall bordering Holden's meadow just north of the eastern extremity of Ball's Hill. I have seen a cock bird in the last named locality almost daily this season but have heard no drumming there. Both of the other stations have been occupied but at neither has the bird drummed at all regularly or frequently. I have heard only three two drummers & doubt if there have been any others.

On April 29th as Haxon & I were crossing Davis's Swamp by the little used foot path a hen Partridge ran a few yards ahead & flew strongly off whirring loudly. On going to the place we found a nest built on the top of a mound between the stumps upright stems of a large bleeding bush. There were five eggs all covered & completely with leaves that not one could be seen until I moved the leaves aside with a stick. This nest was in the swamp itself (~~the~~ unusual situation) but not over 30 yds from the spot on the crest of the Swamp Ridge where I found & photographed a nest with 9 eggs two years ago. I have no doubt it belongs to the same bird. It is one 200 yds. from the drumming log.

Concord, Mass.

1897.

April

No. 7

Gallinago delicata. During the first ten days of April the Great Meadows were, as usual, flooded but after the 10th continued warm, dry weather caused the water to fall steadily until by the 21st the river was in most places well within its banks. No doubt there had been Snipe on the Great Meadows of Concord long before this but the first bird that I noted was one that drummed a few times near Ball's Hill on the evening of the 22nd. During the remainder of the month I heard them every evening as well as in the early morning whenever I happened to awake at the right time. In the evening they began drumming about 15- or 20 minutes after sunset, keeping it up until the light had faded out in the west (I did not ever hear one after it had become fairly dark); in the morning I heard them from 4.15 to 4.30 o'clock. They were most numerous on the evenings of the 27th and 28th when the meadows seemed to be fairly alive with them, three or four being usually engaged in drumming at one time while others were calling or "scipping". As a rule the calling was seldom heard until near the close of the drumming period when, for ten or fifteen minutes, it would come from every part of the meadows. In quality it is very like the cut-cut note of *Rollus virginianus* and anyone hearing it for the first time would be nearly sure to conclude that it was the voice of some species of Rail. It varies somewhat in tone and form and greatly in duration and rapidity of utterance. Ordinarily the syllable kep is repeated about 15- or 20 times at the rate of about three keps to the second but sometimes they are continued without the slightest pause for several minutes. Again they are sometimes given

Concord, Mass.

1897

April
No 8

(*Gallinago delicata*) much more slowly at the rate of about three to each two seconds. So far as I have observed, however, the rate never varies during any one cooing period. The tone is usually rather dry and harsh but occasionally it is soft and almost liquid—a keep rather than a keep sound. The coo is very penetrating in quality for it may be easily heard half-a-mile away when there is no wind.

The drumming carries even further under favorable conditions—to quite three quarters of a mile when the air is still. It varies considerably in tone and fulness with different birds & to some extent with the same bird.

On the 27th I heard a single drum several times at about 9 a. m. the sky being overcast but not densely cloudy at the time. On the morning of the 29th a bird drummed almost continuously over the meadows opposite Birch Island from 6 to 8 o'clock although the weather was clear and the sun, after 7 o'clock, very warm. At first there was no wind but a fresh breeze from the N. sprang up about 7.45. Although we (Mr. Faxon was with me) stood for a long time on the shore at Birch Island using our glasses freely we did not ever get our eyes on the bird & unfortunately we had no means of crossing the river. At times, however, the ^{single} noise ^{was} heard even within 200 yards or less judging by the sound of his wings while drumming. He cooed away now and then. We heard him first from just behind Ball's Hill a distance of fully half a mile. ~~On the evening of the 27th~~ He stopped drumming at 8 a. m. About half-an-hour before sunset he was at it again ~~at 1/2 mile~~ ^{at 1/2 mile} ^{at Ball's}

Concord, Mass.

1897

April 21

Clear and cool with fresh W. wind. A heavy frost last night the ground and water frozen. (Night before last the thermometer fell to 22° Fchs.).

After spending a week in Cambridge I came to Concord this morning. Most of the forenoon was consumed in transcribing some business in town and getting a lot of plants, ferns etc. down to the river bank from the 'Ropes'. Indeed it was past noon when I got them all stowed in the canoe and set sail. The fresh steady breeze worked so well that I made all the birds and reached the cabin without having ever dipped my paddle in the water.

On the way down I heard but few birds singing. I saw a good many Red-wings but very few Song Sparrows - not over three or four in all. About 25-30 Swallows seen flying over the meadows, rather more than half the Swallows, the remainder Barn Swallows and one Martin.

Started a Bittern from the river bank just above the minute man. Another pumped steadily through the late afternoon in the usual place on the South Side of Great Meadow.

Near the cabin I found a White-throated Sparrow, a flock of ten Yellow-rumps, a Phoebe (singing), a Song Sparrow & three Chickadees.

Walking to Davis's Hill & beyond late in the afternoon I started three Partridges all together & heard a fourth drumming in the distance on the Adamsville hill.

Saw a Carolina Dove & heard a Red-bellied Nuthatch, & three Pine Warblers. Purple Gallinule (introduced) in bloom.

Concord, Mass.

1897
April 22

Clear and much warmer with strong S. W. wind.

Spent the day planting trees near the cabin when I heard or saw ~~them~~ Chickadees, a Phoebe, three Yellow Robins, one or two Yellow-wings, a Black & White Creeper, and the usual number of Robins, Redwings, Flickers etc.

Early in the forenoon as I was standing on the top of Roll's Hill I saw a Goshawk doubtless a ♀ for it looked as large as the biggest Red-tail.

It sailed over the pine covered knoll beyond the swamp and on reaching Benson's field began hovering so very like a Butor that had it not been for its excessively long tail, short wings and blue back I could not have believed it to be an Accipiter. When landing it looked exactly like a big Cooper's Hawk. When it was still in light an immature Red-tail crossed the river near Davis's Hill.

A Greater Yellowlegs whistling off near the cabin in P. M.

A little after sunset I walked to Benson's field when I heard a single drum several times apparently over the meadow just north of Holden's Hill.

The Hylas were piping by hundreds this evening but there were no other Batrachian voices except those of a few Snapping Toads. I heard Toads trilling in Cambridge on the 19th.

Will Burtlett called in the afternoon. He saw a Spotted Sandpiper just as he landed.

Concord, Mass.

1897.

April 23

Weather very like that of yesterday but much warmer (about 70° at noon) with high S. W. wind.

Spent most of the day planting pines but in the early afternoon I went to Bernard's pine knoll and spent an hour or more rambling about through the beautiful openings or lying under the shade (very grateful to-day) of the trees. The birds were very silent. Indeed I heard only a Field Sparrow and two or three Pine Siskins during this walk.

On the 21st I was following the wood road which leads through these pines when I started a Dove from a very large & bushy white pine which stands in the opening south west of the Glacial Hollow. A Dove reared a pair of young in a nest in a large cedar near this pine some or five years ago and something in the manner with which this bird flitted on this occasion led me to suspect that she flew from her nest but I could not see anything that looked like it. To-day I flitted her again from the same tree and looking more carefully discovered the nest placed ~~on~~ a stout branch directly against the main trunk about 15 ft above the ground. I did not examine the nest. Soon after the first left it a Dove, perhaps the same individual, began cooing in a peculiar manner in the woods just above the Glacial Hollow. I heard a Dove cooing near this nest

on April 4th (During the remainder of April I frequently visited this nest & always found the bird sitting (the last visit was on May 1st). She sat high & held her head & neck well up. She would occasionally fly if I stepped within 20 yds. & hit my glass on her. ~~She did not enter the nest.~~

Concord, Mass.

1897

April 23

(Wed)

There were few birds near the cabin to-day and very little singing anywhere. In the evening I heard one Yellow Warbler & one Yellow Palm Warbler besides, of course, Redwings, Song Sparrows, Swamp Sparrows etc.

In the afternoon an Osprey flew directly over the cabin carrying a large fish in his talons and a little later a Pigeon Hawk passed over the crest of Ball's Hill skimming before the strong wind with amazing velocity.

Osprey &
Pigeon Hawk

Shortly after sunset a Snipe began drumming over the meadows opposite Benson's Laundry keeping it up at intervals for half-an-hour or more. Twice this same or another bird gave the kee-kee-kee-kee-kee call or cooekle very distinctly & apparently not over 100 yards from where I was standing but on the other side of the river.

Wilson's
Snipe

The air this evening resounded with the din of innumerable Hylas & Leopard Frogs but strange to say the Toads were entirely silent.

Batrachians

Blood root is full bloom to-day & a single blue violet blossom on the Spring Barrell in front of the cabin.

Concord, Mass.

1897
April 24 Clear and very warm with light S. W. wind.

Spent most of the day staking and tying up the young pines in the new plantation on the wood to Benson's. The strong S. W. winds of the past few days have loosened them in the sandy soil & the sun is drying up the roots.

Purdie arrived by the noon train. After supper we walked to Benson's pine ridge and back by the landing where we heard several Geese drumming on the Great Meadows.

" 25 Clear and a really hot day for the season the thermometer rising to 82° at 2 P. M. Mild S. W. & very strong in the afternoon.

We rose late and did not start out until 10 a. m. when Will Bartlett came by appointment & we all took a walk together following the line paths to Birch Island, then striking inland and wandering about through Lawrence's & Mrs. Bartlett's woods.

Birds were silent & apparently scarce. We heard only a very few Sing a D. virens, two M. varia & a Field Sparrow besides a few Song Sparrows, three Pine Wackers, some Red-wings etc. Saw no less than three Sitta canadensis, one on Davis's Hill, a pair on Benson's pine ridge.

Purdie & I took another walk at evening hearing Geese drumming & calling on the Great Meadows.

Concord, Mass.

1897

April 26

Clear most of the day with variable winds. Much colder than yesterday.

We rose early and spent nearly two hours (7-9 a.m.) walking about in the woods. Birds singing freely but not very many individuals of any one kind.

Took the 9.29 a.m. train for Cambridge where I spent the day returning to W. Bedford by the later afternoon train. The evening was very beautiful with cloudless sky and no wind.

" 27

Cloudy with strong S.W. wind.

Spent the day working near the cabin & saw very few birds. At evening walked to Alden's Hill through the woods. Squirrels were chattering & calling all over the Great Meadows. Judging by the racket they made there must have been dozens of them. I heard ~~one~~ 7 of barking, also.

" 28

Cloudy with strong S.W. wind, clearing late in the afternoon, the following night cloudless with a brilliant display of stars and cool, frosty air.

Spent this day also setting out traps & thunks. Heard a squirrel drum several times about 8 a.m.

Foxon came by the 5.30 train to spend the night. After tea we took the old wooden boat and rowed up to the Stone Dam Rapid. The meadows were thickly abun with Squirrels & their chattering & calling for an hour or more was almost incessant.

Concord, Mass.

1897

April 29

Clear and calm with a white frost in the early morning and a midsummer temperature at noon.

Faxon and I turned out at 5 a. m. and after a light, hurried breakfast started for a walk. We followed the river paths as far as Birch Island returning by one of the more inland routes. There's very few but some swamps were disappearing. One or more Snipe were drumming almost continuously on the meadow opposite Birch Island from 6 to 8 a. m. although the morning was cloudless and the sun at the latter hour decidedly warm.

We heard two Partridge's drumming and in Davis's swamp found a nest with 5 eggs. The bird was directly from the nest at a distance of a few yards. The eggs were so completely covered with leaves that not one of them could be seen until this covering was disturbed. The nest was on a mound in the middle of a cluster of tall blackberry bushes.

Will Stone joined us by the noon train and Faxon left by the 4.10 P. M. train.

Stone & I took a short walk in the late afternoon. The twilight streaming through a rent in a bank of clouds that had gathered in the west flooded the landscape with story, amber light producing a beautiful effect. We saw nothing of particular interest. Several snipe were drumming at evening although a young junco shot past a few on the meadow this forenoon which we had watched him



Concord, Mass.

1897.
April 30

Cloudless, the forenoon calm and very warm, a strong, cool S. E. wind in P. M.

Stone and I took a number of photographs in the early morning spending most of the midday hours going in the shade in the woods talking. He left me by the 4.10 P. M. train for Boston.

Late in the afternoon I sailed down river to the "Two Mothers" rocks and back making the distance very quickly for the wind was steady & strong. Saw a Red-billed Gull just above Carlsbad Bridge, a Red shouldered Hawk just below, a pair of Marsh Hawks opposite Davis's Hill and a Bittern opposite Birch Island. The Bittern was standing on the meadow at the water's edge. As I approached he crouched & thrust his bill off a few yards into the grass reminding me of one I saw by his stealthy gait. After I had passed he stood erect & frequently "pumped" twice in full view.

At evening I walked to Benson's & beyond having a Dove coming in Prescott's pines, a Towhee, Field Sparrow & Song Sparrow in the fields. It was nearly dark when I reached Benson's landing on my way back. The Hylas, Deepford Frogs & Toads were making an outrageous din all over the meadows but above it all rose at short, regular intervals the hoarse, gasping voice of a Fox who barked for ten minutes or more near the middle of the meadow. Gilbert had heard one Snipe downing. Many shots were fired on the meadow to-day & I fear most of the birds are killed.





Concord, Mass.

1897
May 1

Bumpy and cool with strong E. wind (which brought a heavy rain storm the following night & day).

Spent the forenoon finishing my tree planting & putting the cabin in order for its long summer rest from occupancy. Paid a last visit to Tom Davis' nest and was relieved to find that he was all right & still sitting gently. My uneasiness on his account was due chiefly to the fact that a pair of Cooper's Hawks appeared yesterday when I started both birds together from one of the trees on Davis' Hill and later saw the male fly over Davis' Hill and then low over the meadows to the Bedford shore. I fear they have taken up their quarters on my land and will decimate the small birds of the breeding region as they did them a few years ago.

At 3.30 P. M. we closed the cabin and started for Concord, Gilbert going by road on his bicycle, I by wire in the course, & probably practically the whole distance. On reaching the Hayes' we put away the course and its contents in the barn. We took the 5 P. M. train for Cambridge.

Early this forenoon I heard two Yellow Warblers and an Oriole singing in the willows on Holden's woodlot.



Cambridge to Lake Umbagog.

1897.

May 10

Cloudy with light rain in the late afternoon and evening.

Left Boston at 9 A.M. and reached Bethel at 4.30 P.M. Dr. Gehring met us at the station and we drove west to his new house on the hill above the Bethel House. After tea we walked about his grounds for an hour or more. A fine, light rain falling, the air still and fragrant. Peewee Birds, Robins & Chippis singing, swarms of Chimney Swifts flying about overhead. As twilight fell a Woodcock began peeping and singing in & over the field - a fine singer he was too. Still later two Whippoorwills sang in the distance. Hylas in great numbers peeped all night over the house.

Woodcock
Singing at
Bethel.

" 11 Early morning foggy. Remainder of day clear with warm south wind.

Spent the forenoon walking about near the house with Dr. Gehring. The swampy thickets on both sides of the farming land were simply alive with birds chiefly Warblers of which I identified by their songs Ministella, H. audacifolia, Campoplexis, Dendroica coronata, penicillata, maculosa, & caerulescens. The vespertina warblers were the most numerous. There were also a Throated Thrasher in full song, a solitary Wren, a Junco, several Peewee Birds, Song Sparrows Chippis etc.

Warblers

Brown Thrasher

At 12 M. I started for the lake in company with Mattson and Gilbert. The roads were in fairly good condition, the weather was delightful and the drive was in every way as pleasant as possible. We saw a good many common birds & in Newry, by the roadside, about 3 1/2 miles from Bethel two Yellow Palm Warblers. In Grafton three Broad-winged Hawks were seen.

Lake Umbagog.

Lakeside.

1897.
May 11
(No. 2.)

We reached Lakeside at 6 P.M. and after tea walked along the road to the eastward ^{as far as the deep hollow.}
Heard two Woodcock singing both in places where birds sang regularly last year, one on the hill above Lakeside, the other in the Brown clearing where we found the nest in 1896.

Woodcock

Heard also numerous Peabody Birds, two Hermit Thrushes (one singing, the others whining), several Robins and a Whippoorwill, the last on the lower side of the road in the Brown clearing.

Whippoorwill

At Bethel the vegetation is about a week behind that of eastern Massachusetts; here it is fully two weeks behind. The only green in the woods is that of the paper birches or they are only just beginning to unfold their leaves. Trilliums were in bloom as far up the road as the Notch but above the Notch the birds had not opened. The fields here are very green in places, in others the grass is seen & brown. The Lake opened on the 6th, Richardson Lake on the 9th. About two weeks ago the three mountains here fell to zero Faha, one night.

Vegetation

From what I saw of the smaller birds to-day & yesterday I think that the first great "rush" of Warblers reached Bethel this morning but that it had stopped there. As it is warm to-night with a south wind we shall probably see large numbers of "arrivals" here to-morrow.

Back
of the
summer
birds not
here yet

1897
May 12

Early morning calm and slightly foggy. An east wind sprang up about 9 a. m. bringing rain which fell steadily but was heavy through the remainder of the day.

Taking a short walk immediately after breakfast I saw a few Warblers or rather but one small flock which contained a Parula, two Black & Yellows, and a few Yellow Rumps. Watrous who went much further reported being almost no Warblers. In the afternoon, however, he found the woods alive with them and I had a similar experience near the Lake House where I spent the day on the house boat getting it in order for a float. During the forenoon I noticed no birds excepting Robins, Blackbirds, Peewee Birds & a few other such early-arriving species; but at about 2 P. M. Warblers of half-a-dozen kinds appeared everywhere in the thickets along the shore and one, a beautiful male Blackburnian, paid our boat a visit alighting first on the roof the cabin and then hopping along on the tiller.

From this I infer that the great flight noted at Bottom yesterday did not arrive at Umbagog until this afternoon. It may be, however, that they halted, this morning, on some of the higher ridges or mountain sides and walked their way down to the lake shores later in the day.

As I have just said I spent the day getting the house boat in order. At 5 P. M. we hoisted sail and made a quick run across the flooded meadows to Backside.

Migration.
Few birds about this morning
a few flights noted in the afternoon
no about this year
this small.

We sail house boat to Backside.

1897.
May 12
(no 2)

On the way over to the Looker House this morning we landed at Peaslee's Spring. Just as our boat reached the shore a female Whistler flew from a large hole in a big yellow birch which stands near the mouth of the brook & on the very edge of the water at this season. I had heard that there was a nest in this tree last season and I was looking directly at the hole when the bird came out but nevertheless I did not actually get my eye on her until she was in the air. She started when we were about 25 ft. from the base of the tree & flying heavily past us, her wings whistling audibly but not very loudly alighted some fifty rods off on the flooded meadow. Half an hour later & again in the afternoon I saw her in company with her mate fly into the cave where the nest is situated. The hole is a rectangular cavity nearly two feet in height by a foot in width with its edges everywhere rounded in by bark. The tree is apparently alive and firm for this cavity, and the hole is about 25 ft. above the ground.

Nest of
Whistler
near the
Peaslee Spring

Besides these Whistlers we saw a pair of Black Ducks. I am told by the boatman proper that a large flock of Geese alighted in the Looker on the 8th and another flock on the 9th which two birds were seen on the 10th. All these Geese were seen either between Birch & B. Points or in Sargent's Cove.

Black Ducks
Canada
Geese in
the Lake

Lake Umbagog.

1897.

May 13

Early morning cloudy; rain began falling at about 9 a. m. gradually increasing until it came in sheets. I have never seen it rain harder than it did for two hours (11 a. m. - 9 p. m.) The hollows in the fields quickly became ponds and the road from Lakeside Hotel to the Landing was gullied badly by the rushing brook which followed its course down the steep slope. There was almost no wind.

Heavy rains

I spent the day on the boat and made no observations worth recording but I saw & heard many hawks along the neighboring shore and western, who spent two or three hours in the Sargent clearing before the storm began reported the woods simply swarming with small birds.

Woods alive
with birds.
about Sargent
clearing.

" 14

Clear and warm with light W. wind in the early morning and a fresh S. E. from the remainder of the day.

I went out to Upton on the steamer in the early morning and returned in the new 18 ft. canoe paddling the whole way, keeping close in shore, often stopping to watch & listen for birds. In the alders near the Lake House where I found a Wilson's Black-cap last from a ♂ of this species was in full song & I afterwards saw a ♀ not far from Lakeside. The woods along the north shore were alive with birds scattered about & singing freely as well as in small mixed flocks. I noted great numbers of Black-burnian hawks, then Black-throated Green & many Purple & Yellow, & Parulae. Heard a Winter Wren & saw a ♂ Marsh Hawk. At evening a Wilson's Thrush called & an Olive-sided Flycatcher sang on the Lakeside shore.

Upton
birds across

Wilson's Black
Caps

Woods alive
with birds

Marsh Hawk

Olive-sided

Flycatcher

1897.
May 15

Lake Umbagog.

Clear and cool with fresh, steady N. to N.W. wind.

Southern end of Lake
Dut in the
sailing canoe
I visit the
lake shore
north of
B. Point.

We breakfasted at 5:30 a. m. and by 6 I was off in one of the canoes sailing out around B. Point and down into the cove behind where I landed near Crocker's camping ground and took a walk back into the beech and maple woods behind, they are badly injured and disfigured by the fire of last spring & but few birds seemed to be in or near them although there were many singing in the hemlocks near the water. The beech alone has been badly mangled, however, by the lumbermen who last winter cut all the spruces and many of the fir, tall white pines all the way from this landing to the deep cove near the Tidwell place. Lumbering is a very different business now from what it was twenty years ago. Then only the large trees were taken; now the pulp mills devour everything and nothing is spared thicker at the butt than five inches! The spruce forests of this whole region are, indeed, fast melting away & the mountain slopes are changing rapidly as the small evergreens are mowed out by the lumbermen, leaving only the hardwoods & a few unscathed white pines. The hemlocks, however, are not as yet undisturbed.

Lake shores
badly mangled
by the
lumbermen
Changed
methods of
lumbering
Spruce
forests fast
melting
away

These changes in the character of the forests must work steady & considerable changes in the bird fauna. The shore near Crocker's camp, for six years, has been one of the chief breeding grounds for the Bay Breasted Warbler. They will breed there no longer, now that all the spruces are gone.

Returned to the home boat by 9 a. m.

Lake Umbagog.

1897.
May 15
(no. 2)

Watrous visited and examined the Whistler's nest at the mouth of Pease's Brook this morning. It contained nineteen eggs, all of the same type as regards both shape and coloring. The ♀ was not sitting either yesterday (when I rapped on the tin) or to-day. The nest was a little more than an inch length below the entrance. The egg, Watrous says, was literally piled on on another. They were unincubated but there was an abundance of down about them.

Whistler's
nest with
nineteen
eggs.

I saw the pair (or another pair) of Whistlers flying along near shore this afternoon and on this, as well as every other occasion that I can remember, the duck was leading & the drake following closely in her wake.

The ♀
is in lead
when the
pair are
flying up
shore.

I believe that with the Black Duck also the female always precedes the male when the pair are flying together or least at this season. Certainly this has been the case with all the pairs that I have seen ^{here} this season including two birds that passed our home boat this morning (started, as I afterwards learned, by Watrous near one of the floating islands near Upton). The sexes can be easily & certainly distinguished by the difference of size, the ♂ being much larger than the ♀.

Black Ducks
The ♀
leads when
the pair
are on
the water.

Early this morning I heard the piping call of a Titlark repeated a dozen or more times. The bird was evidently flying about over the lake, at a considerable height apparently.

Titlark
heard.

1897
May 15
(No 3)

At rather long & irregular intervals during the day an Osprey passed over or near our boat bearing in his (or her) talons each time a single long head of bark & over a large wisp of hay or grass. Only once was it accompanied by its mate. It always followed the same course & after passing over the road near the school house dipped down into the woods beyond where it must have a nest.

Osprey
carrying
nesting
material in
its talons

Early in the afternoon Watson & I looked for the nest of the Woodcock that sings every evening in the Lakeside clearing. We flushed one of the birds but found nothing else. In this case I saw a purple bellium in full bloom. Last evening Watson & Gilball took a walk to the Sargent farm where they heard two Woodcock singing.

Woodcock

Purple
Bellium flower

There has been little evident change in the appearance of the woods since the 11th but the birches & poplars are perhaps a little more conspicuous now than then. They are the only trees that have as yet begun to unfold their leaves.

Vegetation
advancing
slowly.

I saw the first mosquito on the 12th, a very large one of a species different, I think, from that which is so numerous later in the month.

First
Mosquito.

Lake Umbagog.

May 16 Sunday. Fair, the sun shining at frequent intervals. Forenoon dead calm; light W. wind in P.M. Cold last night ice forming $\frac{1}{4}$ inch thick.

Spent most of the day on the boat taking, however, two short rinds and a walk along the road at evening. Birds very silent and retiring but few bring down a head. At evening a Grass Finch, a Robby Bird, two Downy Woodpecker, and two Woodcock were all that we heard.

Few birds
heard.

For nearly an hour this morning a Brown Thrasher, the first that I have ever noticed here, was in full song on the Lake shore at the base of B. Point opposite our anchorage. From what the river clerks tell me I think that there must be another on B. Meadows. They believe it to be a Woodcock bird!

Brown
Thrasher

A solitary Bluebird also appeared this morning near the landing flitting from tree to tree & giving the call notes only.

Bluebird

Lake Umbagog.

1897
May 17

Clear, rather cool nor warm, wind light from W. altogether as perfect a May day as could be imagined.

Shortly after 6 a.m. I went ashore with Wolcott & Gilbert and we spent some three hours working for Woodcock's nests without success although we flushed their water birds over below and another above the road on the eastern edge of balsam clearing, the third on the upper edge of the Brown clearing.

Further search
for
nests of the
Woodcock

In the latter I found a Hermit Thrush's nest with 4 eggs flushing the bird almost under foot by striking with my beating stick the stem of the willow fir (36 in. high) under which the nest was concealed. This nest was in the same willow thicket where we found our first Hermit's nest last year and not over 25 yds. from the site of the latter. A ♂, the only one heard to-day, was singing about 200 yds. off.

Nest of
Hermit Thrush

Small birds were either very scarce or very silent, doubtless the former for the morning was still, the sun bright & every condition right for fair singing. Probably the bulk of the great flight which came on the 12th has passed on & no heard arrival of any number of immigrants has yet come.

Small
birds scarce

The Brown Thrasher sang again this morning on the shore at the base of N. Point. I could hear him faintly but distinctly from the hill-top behind balsam, a distance of fully half-a-mile.

Brown
Thrasher

During the day we saw from the boat a fine adult Bald Eagle, several Fish Hawks and a pair or two each of Polack and Minister Ducks. Also a Herring Gull.

Eagle, Osprey,
Ducks, Gulls

1897
May 17
(no. 2)

Shortly after sunset Huttons & I paddled across the lake to two Sagitts farms. On the way we started four ducks which were swimming together off Neck Point several hundred yards from shore. I took them to be Greater Scaups but was unable to identify them certainly. He also saw a Great Blue Heron flying over high in air.

Standing at the head of the cove we walked up past the deserted house into the pasture where we found two Woodcock in full song. They were exactly in the same places respectively where the two birds sang last year. Furthermore every one of the peeping & singing stations were holeside occupied last year has its bird this season. What does it mean? Either the birds are the same individuals or the particular spots of turf over which they run and peep every evening have certain attractions obvious to all their birds. It can scarcely be mere coincidence for the pastures are all large and two of them contain nearly a thirty acres each while the particular spots which the birds use do not seem to differ in any way from the rest of their open, turfey pasture lands. If the birds are really the same it is a miracle that so many could have escaped the dangers of the winter months last autumn & then return this spring. Thus far we have found five singers here this east of holeside, two to the westward in the Sagitts opening.

Woodcock

During at least two nights the fog with the Woodcock nearest holeside sang steadily up to 10 P.M. & no doubt much later. The moon was nearly full. The first night was clear, the second rainy but with the moon breaking through the clouds at short intervals.

1897
May 17
(no 3)

Besides the Woodcock we heard nothing in the Sargeant clearing save a number of Spotted Sandpipers just working in the twilight and an occasional song of the Governor Sparrow. But just as we were pulling off from there on one station a Barred Owl uttered a sterting who-a note at hand and another answered in the distance towards B. Point. After we had reached the lower boat we heard them constantly for an hour or more & one two of them came together and indulged in working calling, calling & working medley so often heard along the Florida river but which I cannot recall ever hearing in the north before. I think there were in all at least three or perhaps four birds, two in the Sargeant Cove & one or two on B. Point.

Spotted
Sandpipers

Barred Owl
calling

1897.

May 18

A cloudless, calm morning succeeded by a sunny, perfect day with fresh W. wind. Heavy thunder showers in the evening.

At 6 a. m. I visited the Hermit's nest in the
 Brown clearing taking five photographs of it. The ♀ was on
 the nest and for a Hermit sat very closely allowing me to
 sit up the corner & focus on her at a distance of about
 4 ft. but gliding away just as I was about to expose a
 second plate. She would not return to her egg, however, while
 the corner was in position although I waited for her
 nearly an hour. During this time she and her mate
 kept flitting about near the spot whining & giving the night call.

Photographing
 nest of
 Hermit Thrush

Near by a Bay-Quoted broom, the first I have heard was
 singing fitfully in some spruces and within hearing was
 a Black-throated Blue, a Pewee, a Black & Yellow & other
 common species. Altogether, however, small birds were rather
 scarce. I saw three pairs of juncos & heard two Redstarts.
 But the most interesting bird seen was a House Wren
 which I found in a bush near on the edge of the
 woods just east of Ballside.

Warblers

Huttons & Gilbert spent the day nest-hunting looking
 for Woodcock's nests near Ballside in the morning &
 ranging to & around Great Island in the afternoon but
 they found absolutely nothing.

Viburnum cicutaroides and both kinds of Jillicium in bloom
 everywhere yesterday & this morning.

Plants in
 bloom

1897.

May 19.

A brilliant October-like day with sparkling air wholly free from haze, an absolutely cloudless sky and a strong wind from the north-west.

Affairs connected with our still unfinished house-boat continue to claim most of my attention. Moreover I have not as yet sufficiently recovered from my illness of last winter to be able to stand much fatigue. Hence to-day, like most of those days that have preceded it here this month, has been devoted chiefly to small tasks on the boat. I found time this forenoon, however, to take a sail in one of the canoes bearing up to the head of the Sargenta Cove where I found some interesting birds. First ^{a pair of} a pair of ^{Black Ducks} Black Ducks which started well in among the flooded forest (the lake is exceptionally high even for this season) and were forced to mount nearly straight upward to a height of 40 or 50 feet before they could get clear of the trees (striking their wings loudly against more than one dead branch) during the ascent). Next two Partridges descending, one on either side of the cove. Then a Barred Owl hooting almost incessantly for more than an hour (9-10 a.m.) in one place, apparently only a few rods from the water's edge. I landed & went in search of him but failed to find him as he stopped hooting as soon as he heard me approaching. Two Crows were greatly excited by his outcry & my responses, flying first to him & then to me, cawing loudly.

Of the smaller birds I heard a Cuckoo, a Canada Warbler, Pine Siskinets, Yellow-rumps, Black & Yellow Warblers and a Flicker.

To Sargenta Cove

Barred Eagle
Black Ducks

Partridges

Barred Owl
hooting in forenoon & bright sun.

Small birds

1897.
May 20

Cloudy, the forenoon calm, a fresh S. wind in P. M. Warm & sultry.

I spent the early part of the forenoon photographing the Hermit's nest in the Mame clearing, exposing his plate getting two pictures of the sitting bird at a distance of about 3 ft. accomplishing this by sitting up my camera with the Hermit down and then going off into the woods for half-an-hour or more to give the bird a chance to return. I walked the Hermit by means of a long rubber tube.

Photographing
nest of
Hermit J.

The woods into which I retreated during the intervals of waiting proved to contain a large number of small birds including a Golden-crest, a Mame Creeper, a Bay breasted Warbler, two male Black-burnians, a female Black-throated Green, a pair of Black-throated Blue Warblers, a Canadian Warbler, a Redwing Vireo (in full song), a Hermit Thrush (singing), several Parula birds, an Oven bird, and a Canada Jay. The last was exceedingly noisy finally flourishing me with its shrill downy-bell screams which, at first, I did not recognize.

Small
woodland
birds.

Canada
Jay.

While well back in these woods I heard the chirp of a Bobolink evidently passing overhead very high in air & was doubtless migrating. Two Bluebirds flying in company & uttering the flight call only also passed high over these woods.

Bobolink.
Bluebirds.

On my way back I found a Cape May Warbler in full song in the pasture spaces just below the road opposite the place where the cart path to the Mame farm enters. This birds song repeatedly had been notes this morning. A Cape May song in the same place last year.

Cape May
Warbler

A Bobolink was singing in Solovide meadow as I passed through it on my return to the boat.

Bobolink.

1897
May 20
(No 2)

When the south wind blew up just after dinner we decided to run one floating house up the lake but so many things had to be done that it was 4 P. M. when we cast off from our moorings & hoisted sail.

At first we intended to walk Pin Point if possible but when we reached the Narrows the little cove at the north end of Great Island looked so very attractive that we put about and stood back for it. As we were beating into this cove the flopping of one big moose and started a deer which made a prodigious crashing as he went off through the woods quite as loud indeed as the falling of several dead trees in quick succession.

A Black-throated Blue Warbler, an Oven bird & a Solitary Vireo were singing as we entered the cove. Later as twilight was falling there was a fine concert of herons and thrushes from the densely wooded shores all about us. Still later a Spotted Sandpiper flew about us feet-velocity.

After night closed in we heard nothing but the purring of numerous Hylas and the croaking of a Great Horned Owl in the direction of the Hogwood farm. I was disappointed in being no Deers.

From what I saw this morning I was convinced that the heard great bird were arrived last night or early this morning. There were very many small birds everywhere.

We sail the
House Boat
to north end
Great Island

Deer heard

Birds
Singing at
evening.

Second
bird wave
arrives



1897.

May 21

Lake Umbagog.

Head of Great Island.

It rained heavily during the night and fitfully in brief showers through most of the day. The forenoon was very warm - almost sultry - with light S. wind but early in the afternoon the wind changed to N. W. and the evening was decidedly cool.

There was a grand burst of song at day break this morning the Swains and Water Thrushes taking the principal parts. Birds sang freely through most of the forenoon also. The forest about us seemed to be literally alive with them especially along the shores of the channel at the head of Great Island and on the island at the western end of this channel. I noted for the first time a Red-eyed Vireo and a Scarlet Tanager, both in full song. Canadian Warblers appeared to be common and were singing freely. A Rose-breasted Grosbeak also sang near our anchorage. Three Bobolinks flew overhead high in air chattering. Parula, Blackbird, Black & Yellow, & Yellow winged Warblers were especially numerous and Black-throated Blue Warblers were highly everywhere. I heard one Black-poll (this also is a new arrival), one Winter Wren, one Mown Creeper, and one Bay-breasted Warbler.

Birds
singing as
usual

Bobolinks.

Warblers.

Woodpeckers appear to be almost as numerous here as they used to be all around the Lake twenty years ago. I heard or saw to-day three Hairy, one Downy, one Yellow-bellied, and one Arctic Three-toed within half-a-mile of our anchorage.

Woodpecker

There were also several Bald Eagles about & later in the afternoon two Brown birds went to roost in a hemlock at the head of the cove where we are anchored. For

Eagles

1897
May 21
(no 2)

nearly an hour they kept up a loud screaming uttering a whistle, repeated several times in quick succession and to my ears the clear-clear-clare of Sphyrapicus torus that we were all drilled at first. It was, however, louder and given more slowly.

At 7 a. m. I started off alone in the new canoe paddling through the channel and into the Great Cove. Mists of mist were rising and whirling about lazily everywhere along the heavily-wooded shores but the water was glassy calm. How the birds sang! It reminded me of the good old times to hear their voices coming westwardly from every direction and in such numbers and variety as to be fairly bewildering. There must have been a heavy flight last night or else this locality is far more populous than the lakeside region.

As I emerged from the western end of the channel a pair of Black Ducks were on the little island where I took a nest many years ago. Further out - indeed near the middle of the Cove I could see two other pairs of water-fowl swimming. One pair proved to be also Black Ducks, the other two birds puzzled me at first - indeed until I got within 100 yards of them. At a distance they looked like ^{Goosander or} Hooded Mergansers but as I came nearer they stretched up a pair of long slender necks & began swimming rapidly away from me like Grebes. Finally I made them out to be Red-necked Grebes a breed I have never seen here in spring before. They were both in the full upright plumage and in just the right lights I could see

Sweet Cove

A full

bird count.

Black Ducks

swimming

in pairs

A pair of

Hobbs's

Grebes.

1897.

May 22

Clear, the sky filled at times, however, with masses of clouds driven rapidly before the violent N. W. wind. Much cooler.

Although the wind did not rise until half-past six this morning there was almost no singing at daybreak. Indeed I heard only a Winter Wren, a Winter Thrush and the high calls of several Swainson's Thrushes. It was a great contrast to yesterday morning. No doubt the cause of this unusual silence was the sudden fall of the temperature for, as I satisfied myself later in the day, there were plenty of birds about although less, I think, than yesterday. They sang rather freely, too, at midday & in the early afternoon despite the rising wind but when the wind fell at sunset and the air became frosty again the woods were again silent or so nearly so that I heard only one Olive-back, a Winter Wren and (on the Haywood farm) a Savannah Sparrow and a Red-winged Blackbird.

Just before breakfast this morning we saw the pair of Black Ducks again swimming together close in shore near the little island at the eastern entrance to ~~the~~ Island channel. As soon as we landed on this island and searched it systematically and as we supposed thoroughly but without finding anything save an old nest of a Winter Thrush. On the way back to the boat, however, and within a few yards of it I noticed an isolated patch of rather scanty grass which we had all passed by on first landing. Turning aside to examine it I suddenly saw one of the branches move slightly and a long dark neck was thrust up within ten or twelve feet of where I stood. The next instant a Black Duck rose with a prodigious flutter and loud quacking and went

A sudden fall of temperature silences the singing birds. They sing chiefly at midday.

Nest of Black Duck found on island near our anchorage.

1897.

May 22

(no 2)

out through the trees and off one the cover. Without moving from my position I could see the eggs through the thin curtain or rather canopy of yew foliage. There were thirteen of them none in the best covered although there was plenty of down under and about them.

The nest was placed near the edge of the bed of yew (which covered about 20 feet square) on firm dry ground five or six feet above high-water mark, near the eastern extremity of the island, and about 30 feet from the water's edge in that direction.

After making this interesting "find" we landed on the island at the western end of the channel and searched there closely but without result. We then crossed the Great Cove and followed its western shore to its extremity and tapping on all the stabs that had promising looking holes but without finding a single nest. We saw four Woodpeckers of four species viz Downy, Hairy, Yellow-bellied and Golden-wing. At the end of the cove we started two Whistlers and a Broad-winged Hawk.

Early in the afternoon I paddled along the shore to the north of our anchorage as far as the Haywood place. Between the channel and the deserted Staples farm the woods are low and swampy with a rather dense growth of ferns and bolorms. In these woods near the shore I heard two Cape May Warblers singing.

Landings at the Staples farm I walked around it finding a Robin's nest (with two eggs) in a pasture fence & being a number of common birds.

Nest of
Black Duck

Sweet
Cove

Woodpecker

Whistler
Broad-wing
Hawk

Cape May
Warbler

Robin's nest

Lake Umbagog.

1897.

May 23

Clear and calm up to 9 a. m. when a southerly breeze started increasing to half-a-gale by noon and bringing cloud masses which at length obscured the whole sky. Much warmer.

The birds being fairly at daybreak and up to the time the wind rose but I heard only those in our little cove for my sole excursion during the day was to the little island at the entrance to the channel, to photograph the Black Duck's nest. Three of us went in the boat and the noise we made in landing (although we were there or made yesterday) started the sitting bird who rose again directly from the nest and went straight up through the trees in the opposite direction from that which she took yesterday. After taking a number of photographs of the nest & eggs I left my camera in position, first wrapping it with green boughs, hoping that the Duck would not notice it on her return. But if she returned to the nest with all her keen eyes marked the suspicious object for at intervals during the forenoon we saw her flying unceasingly about the island in company with her mate. At 1 P. M. I sent Gilbert for the camera. He reported that the bird was not on the nest.

Birds being fairly at dawn

Photographing nest of Black Duck

Watson found another Black Duck's nest to-day (among some young spruces he says) on a small island on the west shore of the Great Cove. He nearly took a sitting bird who scattered off to the water's edge before taking wing. He mistook her at first for a Rabbit. This nest had 10 eggs.

A second nest of Black Duck found



1897.

May 24

Heavy rain last night and frequent brief showers during the forenoon. Afternoon fair the sun shining forth at brief intervals. Light E. wind all day. Warm.

I spent most of the forenoon on the boat taking, however, just before dinner, a paddle around the eastern shores of Great Island. Birds were singing freely. Besides the regular summer resident species I heard a Great-crested Flycatcher. Also heard Bobolinks chattering high in air & apparently migrating (11.30 a.m.). At the southern end of Great Island freely fifty Chimney Swifts with an equal number of Swallows were flying about over the house & the tops.

Birds singing
freely.Great Fly.
BobolinksSwifts &
Swallows
over Lake.

Watson spent the forenoon along the eastern shores of the channel between Great Island & the Tidwell place and among the islands S. E. of the Narrows. He found a Whistler and a Black Duck's nest and took me to them in the afternoon. The Duck's nest was near the S. E. extremity of Bear Island, the Whistler's in an old maple stub near the landing to the Tidwell place. Charles Tidwell, my cook, tells me that a Duck of some species nested in this stub every year when he lived on this farm 12 or 15 years ago.

Nests of
Whistler &
Black Duck

I took my large camera and photographed both these nests as well as that of the Black Duck found by Watson in the house corner yesterday. The light was exceptionally clear & good and, as afterwards turned out, I secured some fine negatives. I went in the row canoe, Gilbert & Watson in one of the boats.

Nest of
Black
Duck

1897

May 24
(no 2.)

We were out all the afternoon - in fact did not get back until after our usual supper hour. I saw a Great many birds but nothing of especial interest or novelty. A Fish Hawk was to my mind brighter, first over Great Island, then drifting off over the mainland towards the Tyler Cove passing & flapping his wings loudly screaming cree-cree etc. almost incessantly, keeping this up for fully 15 minutes. Finally his note appeared varying in great variety a thousand feet or more beneath him. He, however, kept on passing, flapping & screaming at his former level.

Song flight
of Osprey.

Nearly every one of the small, densely-wooded islands which we have visited in search of Ducks nests has its pair of Song Sparrows and Spotted Sandpipers. These are almost certain to be found. There are also, usually, a Redstart or a Parula Warbler. We saw a Red Squirrel on New Island.

Birds breeding
on small
islands in
the Lake.

Great Island is simply alive with birds from one end to the other & I think most of them will stay & breed. Black-throated Blue Warblers are the most numerous of all. There are also Song-broods in four numbers & in the Cove near our anchorage the only Winter Wren and Brown Creeper that I have found since leaving Lakeside. There were two Eagles haunting this Cove when we first came but I have not seen them for two days past. Nor have I seen either of the Black Ducks to-day. Herring Gulls fly to & fro through the "guts" & occasionally enter our Cove.

Abundance
of birds on
Great Island

Eagles

Herring
Gulls

Lake Umbagog.

1897.

May 24
(no 3)

The entrance to the Whistler's nest was a vertical slit apparently formed by the elongation (and to some extent widening) through decay of a Flicker's hole. It did not look as if a Duck of any kind could possibly squeeze into it (the edges were jagged in places) but two large tufts of down clinging to the trunk a few inches from the hole assured Watson that there was an occupied nest although he could start nothing by rapping on the trunk this morning; nor did a most vigorous hammering with our T-handle hells when we reached the tree this afternoon produce any sign of life above. But when Watson began to climb the stub - indeed immediately after the first stab of his climbing iron - a female Whistler emerged from the hole and flying rather busily & clumsily at first with legs & feet hanging down, made off over the lake calling kee-reek, kee-reek, kee-reek in deep, guttural tones. She alighted about 200 yards off and after swimming about for awhile flew still further away. Watson this morning saw five Whistlers together in the water not far from this nest. Three seemed to be females, the fifth being a fine old drake. (I should add that when the female flew from the hole this afternoon her wings whistled audibly but with a hollow tone something like that of a humming top. According to my experience it is unusual for a Whistler to sit as closely as did this bird. Ordinarily they leave the nest before you can even get boat alongside the stub & I have never before known one to fail to start at the first thump on the foot of the stub.

This nest had 12 eggs; three were fresh, the others representing every stage of incubation up to about 7 or 8 days.

nest of
a "Whistler"

1897.

May 24
(No 4)

Here is a condensed summary of the chief points of interest respecting the three nests of the Black Duck that we have found thus far.

May 22-25

^{13 eggs.}
Nest on top of knoll at S. end of small densely wooded (chiefly with spruces, balsams & hemlocks) island at S. end of Great Island north channel. At base of hemlock trunk near edge of bed of rather ~~shrubbed~~ ^{rather shrubby} & open ^{rest of island & dense} ~~woods~~ ^{woods} by which both nest & eggs were well concealed. ^{When found May 22 the sitting bird was at about 12 or 15 ft. After we had made her repeated visits she became much shyer after rising as we were landing (at 20 yds. & one of her eggs).} She always rose straight up through the trees to a height of 30 or 40 feet, avoiding the branches as evenly as a Parula sp. ^{usually the first directly from the nest but once she rose a few yards first. We never found any of the eggs covered (perhaps this bird does not cover them when suddenly flushed). On the evening of the 21st & on the morning of the 22nd we saw the duck & her mate swimming about together feeding within 40 to 100 yds of the nest. On both occasions we saw the ♀ return to it, by rising and flying directly towards it, plunging into the woods only a few yards above the ground. I doubt if the ♀ ever went out of sight of the island.}

After photographing the nest & eggs, 6-7 a.m., May 23 I left the camera in position ^{about 15 ft. up}, partially covering it by the trunk of a large birch & further masking it & the tripod legs with young spruces. Although in those three the whole forenoon the duck would not return to her nest. At frequent intervals we saw her with her mate flying over & around the island, evidently alarmed or at least suspicious. She returned to her eggs soon after I removed the camera at 1 P.M.

Anas obscura

Nest & eggs

"3021"
13

Like Umbagog.

1897
May 24
(No 5)

Nest, 10 eggs, S.E. point of Bear Island about 20 yds. from shore in these directions on level, perfectly dry ground 4 or 5 ft. above high-water mark, ground covered with a coating of dry leaves perfectly free from undergrowth, weeds, grass or other low cover but partially shaded by large trees chiefly yellow birches (as yet leafless) and a few scattered spruces & balsams. Nest placed near the foot of a balsam (4 in. diameter at base) made chiefly of dry leaves mixed with down the rim raised & prominent. In situ it measured 10 x 11 inches across the top by 3 1/2 inches deep.

Ardea obscura
nest & eggs
3022
10

So wholly unconcealed was this nest that the light buffy eggs contrasting strongly with the wood brown of the ground paper could be quickly seen from 15 yds. away in every direction and a Crow looking down from above must have been indeed dull-sighted had he failed to discover them. They were not covered in the least.

When Watrous found this nest this forenoon and again when I visited it with him in the afternoon the bird flushed at about 15 yds. going straight up through the trees. On the 25th Watrous tried to be on the nest by rowing quietly past the spot in his boat but the rose before he got within thirty yards of her.

Nest, 10 eggs, northern extremity of small island on west shore of Duck Cove. Island heavily wooded with spruces, balsams white pines and birches with the densest possible undergrowth of young spruces. The nest was about 30 ft. from the water in these directions and near the middle of a cluster of three little spruces (3 to 5 ft. high) which were crowded so thickly together one as well as close around the nest that I doubt if any large bird, even a Partridge, could have risen up through them. The Duck did not attempt it, although when

Ardea obscura
nest & eggs
3020
10

Lake Umbagog.

1897.
May 24
(No 6)

Watson found the nest on the 23rd or when I visited it with him on the afternoon of the next day but on both occasions she ran to the water's edge starting the first time directly under foot (Watson says he nearly stepped on her) the second time when I was about 8 ft. from the nest scuttling off through the tatter nearly as fast as a man could run on open ground. On reaching the water she flew about 40 yards & alighted swimming slowly off swinging her head and neck back & forward like a Fulvia as she rose and fell gracefully on the swell.

This nest measured in area 12 x 13 inches across the top by 3 1/2 inches deep. I took down five photographs of it both before & after cutting away the spruces in the foreground. The nest was a rather thin mat of pine needles & birch leaves mixed with down and lining a deep^{er} & perfectly circular hollow with a round rim formed evidently by the earth which the bird had scraped out of the middle.

In respect to size and general construction all three of these nests were remarkably uniform and the distance at which they were placed from the water was practically the same in each case, but one was in a very exposed situation, another well concealed, and the third so perfectly hidden that without reasoning or bending back some of the spruces or their branches it would have been impossible for either man or bird to see so much as one of the eggs either from above or from a distance of four feet away in any direction. I have now no doubt that nearly all the Black Ducks which had about this latter place their nests on island & this unquestionably is to escape danger from the Foxes.

Anas obscura
Nest & eggs
30x0
10

Nests of
Anas obscura





1897
May 25

Although the sun set clear last evening it began raining again in the night and through nearly the whole of to-day there was a steady & at times heavy downpour.

We spent most of the day on the boat but late in the afternoon I sailed through the "gut" and across the Sweet Cove. Jim, whom I met there looking for a pair of cedar to make a saddle of, told me that a pair of Barred Owls had been hooting steadily for an hour or more on the west shore.

Sweet Cove

Barred Owls
hooting.

During the entire day birds sang freely in the woods about the cove where our vessel lies at anchor. I heard the Brown Creeper, Winter Wren, one of the Copin May Warblers and a Great Tanager birds a host of common species.

Birds sing
freely.

Nations tells me that there are fully as many Martins and House Swallows at the Gibbs (Haywood) place as there were last year. I seldom see the Martins about our cove but the House Swallows visit it daily in numbers in company with Barn, Tree & Bank Swallows. Yesterday I heard Martins near Bear Island & on the 22nd I saw a number flying over the fields of the Gibbs farm.

Swallows
about
Gibbs farm

The vegetation has advanced very slowly yet rather steadily this past week. The poplars ^{paper} & birches are now in $\frac{1}{4}$ to $\frac{1}{2}$ leaf. Shad bush is in full bloom. Rhodora buds are scarcely hatched as yet. Where the forest growth is of birch, yellow birch & maple there is as yet scarce a tinge of green.

Vegetation

Lake Umbagog.

Head of Great Island

1897
May 26

Cloudy and cool with rather fresh N. W. wind.

I spent the morning in the cabin writing. At noon three Fish Hawks entered our cove and flew around it all whistling as over making the wooded shores ring. In my ears this whistling ^{call} is even more musical than that of the Martin which it somewhat resembles. One of the birds carried a small fish in its talons but neither of the other two attempted to rob it. An eagle had just passed through the gate & one of sight when the Fish Hawks appeared.

Ospreys

I immediately after dinner I started for Lakeside in the new canoe making the distance from the gate to Lakeside Landing in just thirty minutes, under sail. After getting down things at the hotel I paddled back keeping close under the western shore. Every part of the lower arm of the Lake including all the coves was literally swarming with Swallows & Swifts which were nowhere missed but, on the contrary, were very evenly distributed. I must have seen upwards of a thousand in all and Western who spent the day up the Lake reports that every part of it, as far as least, as Pine Point, was similarly enlivened by the presence of these birds, of which he says he saw several thousands. They all flew very close to the water even the Swifts skimming just over the crests of the waves.

Sail to
Lakeside &
paddle back.Swallows
Swifts
swarming
over the
Lake

At evening three Herring Gulls delighted in our cove & were about for some time close to the edge of the woods.

Herring
Gulls

1897
May 26
(Wed)

As I have just said Watsons (& Gilbert) went up the Lake this morning. They spent the day among the stubs near the Outlet and also roved down the river and into Swets Meadows. They found three Whistlers nests, one with 8 eggs just west of Emeralds Pond, (but not in either of the stubs where we found nests last year), the other two in Swets Meadows. One of the latter was in the hole in the tall ash stub where we found an added egg & some egg shells last year. A Whistler flew from it to-day when W. rapped on the stub. On climbing to the nest he found that it contained two eggs of the Whistler and two of the Hooded Merganser! The third nest was only about seventy-five yards from the one which contained the Merganser's eggs.

Nest of the Whistler

Watsons also found a Pileated Woodpecker's nest in an ash stub in the cove between Mells Rock & Mells Carry. The ♀ came out when he rapped on the tree & flew to a neighboring stub where she called a few times bringing the ♂ who at once flew to & entered the hole where W. left him.

Nest of Pileated Woodpecker

The northern Shad-bush is now in full bloom. I saw some fine specimens this afternoon along the western shore of the Sweet Cove. Several of them grew out over the water with a wall of dark evergreen foliage (hemlocks, Spruces & Cedars) forming an effective background for their snowy blossoms. They were quite as conspicuous at a distance as are the dogwoods (Cornus florida) along the western river. One was of about the same size & shape as the Crab apple tree in our garden at home.

Shad bush in bloom.

1897
May 27

Although the wind was with west the whole day rain fell continuously and heavily from daylight to late into the night. Indeed it was one of the heaviest storms of this exceptionally wet season.

I spent most of the day on the boat but later in the afternoon paddled across to the Gibbs farm where I landed and called on the owner. He tells me that every one of the fifteen compartments in the Martin box on his shed is occupied. A dozen or more Martins were coming on the ledge of the box looking very wet and very wretched.

The Barn Swallows are just beginning to build. A few of their nests - perhaps a dozen - have withstood the winter storms and are in perfect condition. Gibbs says a great many fall very summer. He thinks the birds "don't find the right kind of mud".

A fine male Marsh Hawk was soaring over the fields near the house and some Crow Blackheads were feeding on a piece of newly planted ground.

All day long the bog near our anchorage was alive with Horn, Barn, Tree and Bank Swallows with a number of Swifts, in all there a few hundred birds but not a Martin among them. They remained close over the water catching insects just above it a fingerwidth pulling them from the glossy surface. He tried both eye and brain to watch them long as they quivered back & forth turning & doubling back, crossing & recrossing each others lines of flight in an interminable merry dance. Their swaths of mist driving over the water at the time making the birds look as large as Pigeons, in the distance.

Colony of
Purple Martins
at Gibbs
farm.

Colony of
Barn Swallows
at Gibbs
farm.

Marsh Hawk,
Barn Swallow
Grackles

Swallows
over the
Lake

Lake Umbagog.

1897.

May 28

Early this morning we felt weakly here that the pressure
 protracted and more tedious storm was at an end. The wind
 changed to S.W. and all around the western horizon the clouds
 began breaking away showing blue sky in places. But by 10 a.m.
 they thickened and settled low on the mountains again and
 during the remainder of the day and well into the night
 showers succeeded showers in rapid succession. The wind was light
 from the S.W. with several intervals of dead calm. It was
 much warmer than yesterday.

The storm
 continues

Four of us started for the Outlet at 9 a.m. Watson &
 Gilbert on the St. Lawrence Sluff, Jim & I in one of the
 larger boats. The water was almost perfectly calm and
 saw every acre of it, from the narrows to the Outlet,
 swallows in greater or less numbers (but as a rule
 very crowded districts) were skimming close to the
 surface. The birds, of which we saw fully 100, were
 flying much higher and usually about a one wooded
 point.

To the
 Outlet for
 the day.

Swallows &
 Swifts over
 the lake

Four Herring Gulls were seen off Black Island, two
 standing on isolated rocks, two swimming well out in
 the lake.

Herring
 Gulls

Wherever we passed within ear-shot of the shores we
 heard a melody of bird voices swelling up from
 the woods but I noted nothing of especial interest
 among the performers. Parula, Black-burnian, and
 Blue & Yellow Warblers seemed to be most numerous.

Birds along
 shores of
 lake

Every rocky point or island had its hair
 more of Spotted Sandpeeps.

Lake Umbagog.

Owllet1897
May 28
(No 2.)

Our walking, the Owllet Waters took us to the nest of the Pileated Woodpecker which he found on the 26th Nest of
Pileated
Woodpecker
It is in the flooded forest of dead trees nearly opposite the mouth of the Megalloway and about 40 yards back from the south bank of the Androscoggin. The tree is an old and much-decayed brown oak about 15 inches through at the base, branchless and almost wholly devoid of bark. The entrance hole is on the N. E. side of the stub about 20 ft. above the water which, at present, is some 5 ft. in depth. The hole is somewhat irregular in shape the lower left-hand corner having a large nick. It looks as if it may have been excavated last year but of this I am not sure. It is apparently large to admit Waters's arm which, thrust down to the elbow, did not reach the bottom.

When we first reached the stub we found it hard without finding anything. A minute or two later while we were still sitting in the boat at the base of the tree the ♂ Red-coll came flying directly towards it and alighted on a small fir stub about 6 ft from it and perhaps 10 ft. above the water. After looking down at us calmly with an expression of calm inquiry for a moment he swung across to the nest and alighting just below the entrance hole with his legs wide-spread and his tail firmly braced against the trunk clung there motionless for an instant looking in. Next he made as if to enter thrusting in his head but noticeably withdrawing it with a jerk and turning it on one side to look down at us suspiciously. He kept this up for fully a minute walking a down a more feral stalk but each time going further & further in

L. L. V. magog.

Outlet1897.
May 28
(No 3)Nest of
Pileated
Woodpecker

waited finally he quite disappeared but a few seconds later he thrust out his head having evidently turned within the nest almost as soon as he reached it.

After looking down at us a moment with evident uneasiness he came out and flew first to the small fir and then afterwards to a tall stand 100 yards away where he cockled several times. Then he started for the distant green woods crossing the intervening region of flooded stubs on a level plane flapping heavily & continuously like a Crow. On reaching the ridge near Moll's Rock he began drumming making a long even roll partly like a Flicker or a Downy Woodpecker's only many times louder. It was so loud indeed that although the bird was now nearly a quarter of a mile off the sound reached us with startling sharpness and intensity rousing the crows, too, in all directions. I have no doubt that it could have been easily heard a mile away & probably even further. The bird continued drumming, as well as, occasionally, cockling (or clucking) in one place for ten or fifteen minutes. Then he crossed to Leonard's Pond and drummed & cockled there for an equal length of time. We all thought that he was trying to call his mate to inform her of the danger that threatened the nest but if to be failed for presently he reappeared above. Our boats were now partially hidden behind some brush thirty yards or more from the nest. The log-catch either did not observe or did not fear us, at that distance for he entered the nest this time without hesitation or delay. After waiting a few minutes to see if he would rattle us round off leaving him in the hole.

Lake Umbagog.

Owl.

1897.
May 28
(No. 4)Nest of
Pileated
Woodpecker

The foregoing literal account of my first experience with a nesting King-cowle fails to convey any idea of the impression which the fine bird made on us all as he clung to the trunk of the old oak some twenty feet above our heads, his scarlet crest erect, his eyes flashing, his whole bearing betokening restless energy, superabundant vigor, and a wild untamable spirit. No wonder that such a creature retreats as disapproves before the advance of the settlements. The primitive forest is as indispensable to his existence as it is to that of the Moose or the Beaver or the Wolf. What dangers can it hold for him? He lives above the reach of four-footed marauders and it would be a bold Hawk or even Eagle that would venture to attack so marked a looking fellow armed as he is, too, with that long, sharp bill. As for the four human creatures sitting in their boats at the foot of his stronghold he was, it must be confessed, evidently a shade doubtful. Evidently he did not give them any promise to save the nest and though it were to secure his own we hold a council of war over the situation, not that he showed any signs of fear or even timidity. On the contrary he seemed disposed ~~rather~~ to resist and resist rather than to flee before an invasion.

His drum call was especially impressive. It rang out over the whole country and with the same startling emphasis that fire bells have when rung in the dead of night in some quiet village. I half expected to hear it answered from a dozen different directions and I saw a horde of big scarlet-crested Woodpeckers come charging down on us. But nothing appeared save a big brown Eagle soaring listlessly above the breathing points of the tall, grand trees that surrounded us on every side.

Lake Umbagog.

Pine Point

1897
May 28
(No 5)

It had now begun to rain smartly so we rowed across the lake for Pine Point. A pair of loons swam nearly out of the boat as we approached and I could hear Water Thrushes singing all along the shores of the point.

The camp proved to be safe - indeed only thing was just as on left it last autumn, save that the Porcupines had made holes with their long barrels & boxes behind the camp, gnawing down of them all to pieces.

We lunched in the camp and then I took a short walk around the level having the following birds: *Troglodytes hyemalis* (1), *Regulus satrapa* (1), *Sitta canadensis* (1), *Empidonax hammondi* (2), *D. blackburnianus* (3), *D. clemsonensis* (1), *D. castanea* (1), *D. coronata* (1), *Seiurus aurocapillus* (1), *S. v. montezumensis* (3), *Satrapiza* (2), *Cyanocitta* (1).

Porcupine
work

Birds
noted near
my camp

Soon after this Jim & I started back for the house boat leaving Nelson & Gilbert to spend the remainder of the day looking for nests. They found only two, both of *Glycyphaps* and both on Black Island Cove. They did not inspect or closely examine either of these nests.

The forest of stubs about the Outlet was simply alive with small birds. Great Blackbirds & Tree Swallows were nearly as numerous as they used to be twenty years ago & the same may be said of the Downy & Yellow-bellied Woodpeckers but we saw only one Hairy. Song Sparrows were singing on every side although there was not a yard of dry land for a quarter of a mile in any direction. Parula Warblers & Yellow-wings were also numerous. We saw one White-bellied Nuthatch in the very place where I found a nest in 1879 or 1880. And, one Duck - a Black Duck - was there.

Abundance
of birds
in stubs
forests at
Outlet.

Lake Umbagog.

Outlets.1897
May 28
(256)

A Canada Jay was heard screaming in the direction of
Broward's Pond. There was apparently only one male Red-wing
singing in the whole Outlet region.

We found five or six Cowbirds' nests, all in
hollow stumps over the water. Most of them were empty
& apparently were quite finished but two had bits of
five eggs each, one set being fresh, the other slightly
incubated. One of these nests was as bulky and elaborately
constructed as any most of the nests which are placed
on the branches of trees, the other was a thin shell of
mud scarcely lined with dry grass. In the case of
the former the hollow of the tree was large & roomy,
in that of the latter the nest, slight as it was, fitted
it closely all around.

Nests of
Browards
Geckle.

The Tree Swallows acted as if they were carrying but
we did not open any of their nests.

Tree Swallows

Lake Umbagog

Head of Great Island

1897.

May 29

The early morning was dead calm and the clouds appeared to be breaking away. Indeed the sun shone out bright and warm for several brief intervals. But by 10 a. m. the mountains were once more shrouded in mist and a fresh north wind brought another deluge of rain which lasted later into the afternoon. The sunset was clear, however, with a fair rainbow.

In the forenoon I took several photographs (with Gilbert's help) in the Gut at the head of Great Island and along the western shore of the Great Cove. The birds sang freely at first but later in the day relapsed into silence and collected in flocks along the more sheltered shores where I saw nearly all the Dendragapus of this region (including the Cape May warbler), with Swainson's Thrushes & Wrens feeding about among low bushes at the water's edge. The whole surface of the Lake was again embowered by the presence of myriads of swallows.

Photography

Warblers in
great variety
found to
the shores
of the Lake

I heard three Yellow-bellied & Cassin's Kinglets and a remaining Warbler, the latter in the woods on the west side of the Great Cove.

Empidonax
flaviventris

In the afternoon Wilson & Gilbert went around the edge of the Gibbs farm seeing a Spruce Partridge near its western extremity - a hen bird very sluggish & brown suspicious or feeding listlessly in a little opening in pasture grasses.

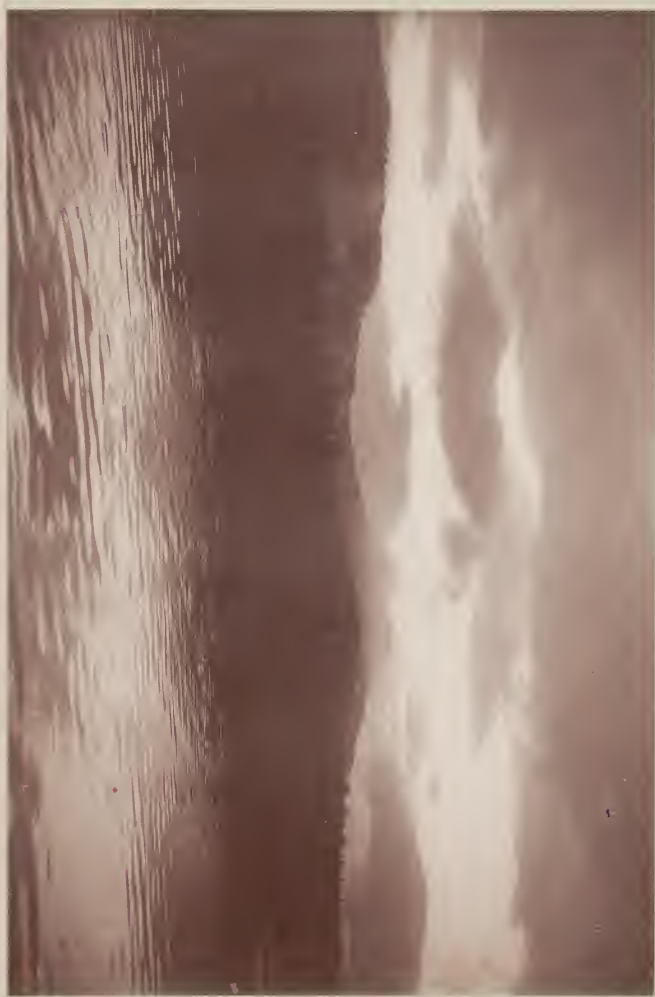
Spruce
Partridge
seen on
Gibbs farm

Good Birch still in bloom. Rhodora buds just opening. Poplars & common bushes in nearly full leaf. Yellow bushes, Amelans & bushes in half leaf.

Vegetation







Lake Umbagog.

Great Island - Leonard's Pond

1897

May 30

The sun was clear this morning and it shone most of the time through the day although the sky was at times half covered with cumulous clouds. A rather fresh S.W. wind blew during the forenoon and through the afternoon.

Sunny
weather
over more

The birds evidently appreciated the return of fair weather after so long a period of gloomy skies and dripping woods for they sang almost without cessation during the entire day and in the early morning and at evening with rare fewness and abandon. We heard the morning concert in our pretty little cove at Great Island, the evening concert at Leonard's Pond for, after spending most of the forenoon in trying to make our unskillful craft through the narrows with a beam too light to be of any real service, we got away successfully soon after dinner and without mishap or the slightest difficulty reached the open lake and stood straight for Leonard's Pond in which we cast anchor at 4 P.M. From that hour until twilight we in the birds sang as one seldom hears them sing even on this flood tide of their love season. Nearly all the common species of this region were represented (except the Peabody bird) but the Heron's and Water Thrushes were by far the most numerous and prominent. At least six of the latter could be heard from one anchorage and frequently four of them would sing in rapid succession one beginning just as the preceding one ceased producing the effect of a continuous broken thrush song of four times the usual length. This happened so many times, indeed, that I became satisfied that it was not mere coincidence that the Water Thrushes also gave their flight songs a down

Birds sing
carelessly
all dayWe sail the
House Boat
up the
Lake &
intoLeonard's
Pond.Wonderful
bird concert
at evening.

Water Thrush

Lake Umbagog.

Leonardi Pond

1897

May 20)

(No 2.)

times or more this evening and I am positive that one of them went up there a few times in the course of eight or ten minutes. The flight song of this species parts that of the Oven bird (which I heard also this evening) quite to them.

Flight song
of
Water Thrush

The singing of the Swainson's Thrush was remarkably fine and impressive rising and falling in rhythmic cadences all around the wooded shores of the pond and lasting ten minutes or more after all the other birds had become silent for the night.

Evening
Singing of
Swainson's
Thrush

Two Great Blue Herons, a ~~Brown Eagle~~, passed high overhead soon after sunset and a Brown Eagle went to roost in the old beam on the north shore behind the island. Then a muskrat cut a delay across the pond and a Great Horned Owl began hooting in the distance towards Moll's Rock. After this I heard only the plaintive piping of the Hyles which lasted later into the night.

Herons
Eagle.

Muskraat
Bubo
hooting.
Hyles
piping.

But the most interesting expression of the evening remains to be mentioned. Soon after we had cast anchor four Whistlers, all, as far as I could make out with my glass, females, began flying about over the stubs on the peculiar manner now rising high above them, next descending and dashing between the trunks & branches, moving their wings incessantly as in ordinary flight but describing a succession of circles, in the center of which stood a remarkably tall bird with a flattened, jagged top. Around this they would pass a

Four
Whistlers
circling
about a
stub

Lake Umbagog.

Leonard's Pond.

1897.
May 30
(no 3)

✓
Whistles
circling
about trees

down trees or more gradually narrowing their circles and drawing near to the stub until at length one bird leaving the rest would pitch first downward, then sharply upward still moving its wings but using them at the last to check rather than increase its headway. On reaching the stub it would try to alight on the ragged top. Usually the attempt failed when the bird, continuing its flight, would disappear through the trees, presently reappearing above them to begin circling again; but twice it gained a foothold and actually remained perched on the top of the stub for several seconds although it was obliged to keep its wings almost constantly in motion to maintain its balance.

On several occasions it seemed to direct its upward sweep towards a point a foot or two below the top of the stub and once when no Dicks were in sight circling I distinctly saw two fly in quick succession from this part of the trunk. On examining the tree from the opposite side next morning I found that it had at just this place a round, neat-looking hole quite large enough for a Whistle to enter and without doubt containing a nest and eggs.

It is remarkable, however, that four birds should have circled together so many times about this tree but at times two of them would go off leaving the other two to continue their gyrations. They were all silent most of the time but once or twice I heard the loud continuous call noted here last year.

Lake Umbagog.

Outlet & Leonard's Pond1887.
May 31

A beautiful day, calm & overcast at first but afterwards clear with gusty variable winds which seemed to temper what would otherwise have been an uncomfortably high temperature.

We had another exceptionally fine outbreak of bird song early this morning and it lasted well into the forenoon.

At 8 a. m. I went with Jim to the Pileated Woodpecker's nest. No bird appeared when we rapped the trunk but hoping that one or the other of the pair might return soon I set up my camera with the tripod firmly locked to an old root & a plate ready for exposure. We waited nearly two hours without either seeing or hearing our long-cocks. I begin to fear that something has gone wrong with them. As I have already noted only the male appeared during our last visit but Wetmore saw both birds on the 26th when the ♀ after being driven from the hole called up her mate who entered it & took her place.

✓
My second
visit to
nest of
Pileated
Woodpecker

While waiting for the long-cock I saw a number of interesting birds in the thick forest about us. There were at least two pairs of Yellow-bellied Woodpeckers, two or three pairs of Downy Woodpeckers, a pair of Hairy Woodpeckers, many Tree Swallows, Parula and Yellow-rumped Warblers, a Red-winged Blackbird, several Song Sparrows, and a Great Crested Flycatcher. The Song Sparrows here feed entirely on the floating logs and other driftwood. They nest, no doubt, in old Woodpecker holes (I found a nest years ago in a Hairy Woodpecker's hole in Leonard's Pond). They are very much more numerous than the Downy Sparrows. Their songs are unusual.

✓
Characteristic
birds of
the thick
forests.

Lake Umbagog.

Outlet to Leonard's Pond

1897
May 31
(No 2)

Besides the birds just mentioned I heard Crossbills (evidently a large flock) flying over the thick forest, and saw a Cooper's Hawk soaring in the distance. A large Brown Eagle also appeared and soared directly over us within good gun-range.

Megalloway River

After an early dinner we all went up the Megalloway taking two boats and wending slowly along near shore tapping all the thickets that had woodpecker holes or likely-looking places for Ducks' nests. We saw only two Ducks a female Wood Duck and a solitary Hensler, the former in the meadow opposite Pulpit Rock.

Wood D.
Whistler.

The Swallows were nesting everywhere where there were many thickets. They evidently spread over this whole region unlike the Browned Grackles which evidently congregate in colonies and of which we saw none up the river to-day.

Tree Swallows

The Song Sparrows appear to be almost as widely distributed as the Tree Swallow but it is not found far back in the forest but clings to the shores of the Lake & to the river banks. We heard them singing in several places along the Megalloway as far up as Pulpit Rock.

Song Sparrows

In the flooded meadow opposite this rock are several floating islands covered with bushes - admirable places for birds of several kinds to nest but apparently quite tenanted.

Floating islands.

We found a nest of a Hairy Woodpecker in this meadow containing young which, judging by the loudness of the clamor that they made when the parent (always the ♂) fed them must have been at least a week old. This Woodpecker is evidently one of the earliest birds to nest in this region.

Near of Hairy W. with young

The woods along the Megalloway were alive with small birds in many places and besides Bay-Breasted Warblers, Black-burnian Warblers & Parulae I was glad to hear

Warblers along here

Lake Umbagog.

1897
May 31
(No 3)

a Kinglet (*Troglodytes*), two Brown Creepers, and no less than three Solitary Tarses as well as a Hermit Thrush. All of them have evidently increased in numbers since last year (excepting, perhaps the Hermits) but Winter Wrens have not increased. I did not hear one this afternoon.

Megalloway River

Brown Creeper

Winter Wren

Tanager

Holding an insect over the floating carcass of a yearling buck, which Jim thought had tried to cross the river on the floating logs of the large dam that passed down two or three weeks ago, were three Canada Jays, all old birds. They hung about the dead for several minutes, inspecting it closely from some overhanging alders, then walked off along the river bank taking short flights and hopping along ^{one} the floating logs & driftwood, keeping perfect silence.

Canada

Jays about
the carcass
of a Deer.

Leonards Pond

Early this morning I heard a Bittern pump a down a ^{few} ~~times~~ ^{times} in the direction of Curtis Meadow which, however, ^{is} ~~is~~ nearly a mile off with dense forest intervening.

Bittern

pumping

Nelson found a Whistler's nest this morning in a stone maple stub when we broke open a nest containing eggs last year (I have photographs of the stub taken last Spring). It had eleven eggs none of which were covered. This nest is within 30 yards of the one in the tree stub about which the four Whistlers were circling yesterday. I thought then that one bird which departed from the nest and swept low down through the stubs might have gone to this nest.

Nest of
Whistler.

It was cold and very windy this evening and there was almost no singing from the warbler birds. The Nighthawk, however, peeped more freely & vigorously than for a while or more past.

Cold evening



Lake Umbagog.

Leonard's Pond

1897.
June 1

Cloudy with a strong and, for the season, a bitterly cold wind from the N. to N.W.

Nathans and Gilbert went up the Megalloway this morning finding a Kingfisher's nest (from which they started the bird) in the river bank near Horse Shoe Bend. I spent the entire day on the boat writing etc.

It was disgustingly cold outside even at noon and the woods were almost silent although very near and then a Water Thrush's song would be heard above the rushing of the wind & the creaking of ourelage.

Herring Gulls visit us here almost as regularly as they did at our last anchorage behind Great Island. I never tire of watching and admiring their graceful flight as they beat back and forth around the shores of the pond their heavy plumage contrasting beautifully with the sombre green of the background of spruces and hemlocks.

Herring
Gulls

About half-an-hour before sunset this evening I found three of these Gulls perching in a large dead pine at the eastern end of the island. Two fully mature birds, no doubt a pair, were standing side by side almost touching one another, the third, in immature plumage, was lower down on another branch. I paddled almost under them before they would take wing. It was cloudy & dark at the time & I believe they had gone to roost for the night.

A Robin, Song Sparrow, Red-winged Blackbird, two Black & Yellow Warblers, and four Water Thrushes were the only birds that I heard singing this evening. The Downy Woodpecker's usual call tip and et-ee-ee

Birds heard
at evening



Lake Umbagog

Megalloway River.

1897.

June 2

Cloudless with raging N.W. wind, the air sparklingly clear and uncomfortably cold during the earlier hours, the mountains wholly free from haze.

Jim has cut a passage through the bushes on the north side of Leonard's Pond near our anchorage and as the banks at this point are now five or six inches under water we easily cross the narrow strip of submerged land in our boats and enter the Megalloway a mile or more above its mouth.

As we emerged from this channel at about 8 o'clock this morning we started a pair of Hooded Mergansers which had been swimming near the middle of the river, the male showing his fine crest distinctly just as he chased the water.

Hooded
Mergansers.

We made the first stop at "Parson's landing" where Watson found a Kingfisher's nest yesterday. The hole was in a bank of pure, hard clay about five feet above the river. It ran in almost perfectly straight but ascending slightly for a distance of exactly four feet from the face of the bank to the back of the nest chamber which was nearly circular in shape with smoothly finished walls and measured 8 inches in height by 12 inches in diameter, the bottom being slightly hollowed and just 2 or 3 inches below the surface of the ground above. The ^{entrance} to the tunnel measured 4 inches wide by 3½ inches high. It is perfectly fresh^{ly} arranged in a circle lay on the bare damp clay in the middle of the chamber. There was absolutely no trace of a nest - indeed no extraneous material whatever save one small fish bone.

nest of
Kingfisher
in river
bank.

One of the birds was perched on a root within 20 yds of the water & flew off, rattling, as we approached. The other

Lake Umbagog.

Meyalloway River

1897.
June 2
(No 2.)

was in the nest. She made no sign when I thrust in a long, slender rod but ^{when} it dug down to the nest from above and just as we broke through the roof of the chamber she emerged from the entrance hole and flew off in silence. I have applied the feminine pronoun to this bird but as a matter of fact I was unable to get a sufficiently good view of either of the pair to make out which was the male and which the female.

Nest of
Kingfisher.

From here we kept straight on to Bellefleur Pond seeing only an Eagle, a Hooded Merganser & two or three Golden Jays. The high, cold wind silenced the smaller birds almost completely. It increased in violence until at times we could scarce make headway against it. Just above Bellefleur as we were approaching some tall, dead elms, Watson & Gilbert hugging the shore and heading directly under them, a sudden gust tore a huge limb from one of them. As it struck the water with tremendous force, sending the spray high in air, we shoved out into the middle of the stream. But when we reached the pond and went to work searching for nests we were obliged to enter the stubs and take our chances. During the day several heavy fawns fell within a few rods of us and once a large tree came crashing down not far off but out of our sight.

Eagle

Bronze Wr. HeronBlue JayViolentWind

It was most difficult, too, to handle the boats. They were frequently whirled quite around by some unexpected gust. There was one compensation, however, in the absence - a comparative absence - of black flies & mosquitoes which are fast becoming numerous

Lake Umbagog

Megalloway RiverBottle Brook
Pond1897.
June 2
(No 3)

The water in Bottle Brook Pond is now about six feet above its normal autumn level and the shores in many places are submerged. We paddled about at will among the fine old White Maples at the western end of the pond near the bank of the river. It would be difficult to find a more favorable place for arboreal nesting birds than this ancient forest for many of the trees are dead or dying and they furnish holes and crevices of all sorts of shapes and sizes. Some of the largest trees are three or four feet in diameter at the base and eighty or ninety feet tall.

Watrous soon found two Whistlers' nests, both in natural cavities in maples about eight feet above the water. One was evidently a last year's nest the down being matted & disarranged. There were no eggs or egg shells. The other nest contained seven eggs. They were badly stained and coated one with small fragments of shreds of rotten wood which had chipped fairly on the shells. There was no down under or around them and the spiders had spun a close netting of web just above them. No bird was seen near the tree. These facts satisfied us that the nest was deserted and although I did not care for to pry and disfigure a set we thought it a pity to leave them. We were greatly surprised, on blowing them next day, to find that six of them were perfectly fresh. The seventh was slightly cracked & half empty with such of the contents as remained consist but of the consistency of damp mud. This egg is unlike the others in shape. Can it have been in the nest over the winter? If laid this spring why was it deposited so long before the other six?

Nests of the
Whistler

Lake Umbagog.

Megalloway River

Boyle Brook

Pond.

Nests of the

Whistler

1897.

June 2

(No 4)

Two or three hours later we found a third Whistler's nest by watching the bird while we were eating lunch. She first alighted on the water near the tree and for fifteen or twenty minutes swam or drifted aimlessly about preening her feathers. Then she flew out over the pond describing a great circle or rather loop rising gradually until she had attained a height of about twenty feet when she made directly for the nest, which was about thirty feet above the water. On reaching the tree she pitched up sharply the remaining ten feet keeping her wings in rapid motion up to the last moment but checking her speed very considerably just before she reached the hole. Some intervening branches prevented me from seeing just how she entered it.

Half an hour after this we paddled quietly across to the tree. As soon as I had taken a position which commanded a good view of the hole Watrous struck the base of the stump a single slight blow with his paddle. This was immediately followed by a scratching sound in the hollow above and then the Whistler's head and neck appeared at the opening. The next instant she was in the air and darting off over our heads. It was all done so quickly that although I was watching the hole with the closest attention I actually did not see the bird leave it. Indeed she appeared to burst forth at nearly full speed and I was half inclined to believe that she began her flight within the trunk. I certainly did not see her open her

Lake Umbagog.

Megalloway River.Bottle Brook
Pond

1897.

June 2
(no 5)

wings. It seemed incredible that so heavy and clumsy a bird could emerge from such a place so readily and get under full way so quickly. Not that this particular hole was exceptionally small.

On the contrary it was of rather generous size. Its shape & position are well shown by two photographs which I took of it. I also photographed the other nest with the fresh eggs.

Upon first entering the pond this morning we started four female Whistlers from somewhere near the northern end. These birds kept coming back at intervals through the day circling high over the pond always keeping together & calling kur-uck, kur-uck. One of them was accompanied by a drake, a fine fellow in full plumage.

Whistler[♀]

A female Wood Duck also came flying past us through the maple woods a number of times. No other Ducks were seen here. We searched the islands for Black Duck nests in vain.

Wood Duck

While we were eating lunch a pair of Broad-winged Hawks rose high in air and soared in circles one of them at length shooting straight down with closed wings from a height of 400 or 500 feet, a beautiful sight.

Broad-wing
Hawk

Two Night-hawks also appeared and flew about over the pond, squeaking; every now and then alighting on the branches of the maples.

Night-hawk

There were about 25 Bank Swallows flying over

Bank
Swallow

Lake Umbagog.

Megalloway River.

1897
June 2
(No 6)

the pond but strange to say no other species of Bottle-Brake Pond the family was here here although Swifts were Swifts numerous.

Happening to direct my field glass towards the summit of Mt. Dustin, several miles away, I discovered soaring above it a large dark-colored Eagle which two smaller birds, apparently Crows, were mobbing. I could not help suspecting that it was a Golden Eagle but at such a distance it was impossible to get an identification.

Golden (E)
Eagle

In some places the tops on one of the ponds several Black-bell Warblers were hopping about only a few feet above the ground. No afterwards heard & some others on Bear Brook.

Black-bell
Warblers

On a floating island in the pond a Swamp Sparrow was singing and Watson on landing there found several old nests as well as one new one not quite finished.

Swamp Sp.
nests on
floating
island

There were several pairs of Downy & Yellow-bellied Woodpeckers about the shores of the pond and we found one nest of the former species. The entrance hole was the smallest I have ever known a Downy to make. When we rapped on the hole & the female bird thrust out her head it seemed to fill the opening completely and when, a moment later, she essayed to follow it with her body she had to struggle violently for two or three seconds before she could get out.

Woodpeckernest of
Downy W.

Lake Umbagog.

Bottle Brook Pond.

1897
June 2
(No 7)

The crowning piece of good fortune of the day as well as reason there for - Came just as we were about to leave the pond. I had landed on the eastern shore - about opposite the end of the lower point at a place where dense evergreen woods (spruce balsams & cedar etc) came quite to the water's edge - and had taken two photographs when as we were pushing off in the boat Jim said "is not that a Three-toed Woodpecker?" Looking up the first thing I saw was a fresh-looking, neatly drilled hole in the trunk of a dead spruce, the second a ♂ Picoides rearing up the stem of the tree next beyond. I had only a glympor at him before he flew back into the woods where he presently began drumming making an even rapid roll very like that of a Downy but much faster (perhaps this was because his drumming place looked resonant) though when he changed his position, as he did twice soon after this, the roll was practically of the same quality or at least not louder). After drumming a down turn or more he gave a long rattling cry closely similar to the Kingfisher-like rattle of the Hairy Woodpecker but decidedly less strong & penetrating.

I followed him back a little distance without seeing him again and then returned to watch the nest hole from which I suspected we had driven him (I had put up my camera within a few yards of it & Jim had cut down several small trees that interfered with my view making nice enough to shoot almost any sitting bird). My drumming proved correct for no sooner was everything quiet

nest of
Picoides
americanus

Lake Umbagog.

Bottle Brook Pond.

1897.
June 2
(No 8)

Nest of
Picoides
Americanus

again then I heard the peculiar hollow rattling of wings which all woodpeckers make when taking short, halting flights and the next instant the bird struck against the trunk of the dead spruce a few feet below the hole. Up to this time I had taken it for granted that at the best I had stumbled on an occupied nest of Picoides arcticus a good find, of course, provided it proved to contain eggs. But what was my surprise and delight when within the bird in plain view and some ten yards distant I saw at once by his small size and the white bands on the back that I had discovered one of the very rarest of New England bird nests and one quite new to me viz. that of Picoides americanus. It was the same bird that we had driven away from the nest - the male - and a beautiful creature he was with his clear yellow crown (the feathers of which he raised every now and then in a loose crest) contrasting finely with the black and white of his general plumage and the background of dead spruce foliage. He did not appear to notice us at first although he looked keenly around before climbing up to the hole. Just as he reached it I was conscious that his bright hazel eye met mine eyes which, of course, was riveted upon him. Instantly he resorted to one of the prettiest tricks that I have ever seen practiced by a bird here and ~~was~~ ^{at} its nest and ~~was~~ ^{was} to ~~avoid~~ ^{avoid} ~~avoid~~ ^{avoid} suspicion of its near presence. He began ~~immediately~~ pecking at the trunk just below the hole paying off small pieces of bark & piling

1897

Lake Umbagog.

Bottle Brook Pond.June 2
(1897)

behind others as if in search of food. Then very deliberately and with an air of the most perfect nonchalance he walked away from the hole and around the trunk. Just as he was disappearing one of my companions made a slight noise with an oar and the bird at once flew and disappeared in the woods. He waited some fifteen minutes for his return but nothing more was seen or heard of him. Evidently Picoides americanus is a sly and cunning fellow when near his nest. Of course we left ^{the} hole undisturbed this day but I shall return to it to-morrow if nothing happens.

Nest of
Picoides
americanus.

Bottle Brook

Leaving ~~the~~ Pond at about 4 P.M. we next entered Bear Brook of which we paddled about a mile. The alder thickets which border the winding channel were waist deep in water and it was most difficult to get a boat through them but we landed in two places, once to search for the nest of a Black Duck that was at or near the edge of the woods, again to look for that of a pair of Rusty Blackbirds which were making a great outcry among some densely growing young balsams. We did not succeed in finding either nest but we saw and heard a great many interesting birds among them a Parus ludovicianus which was uttering the usual chirp, Chon - he ludovicianus dec. call. There were also a Brown Creeper & a Kinglet & two ^{Solitary Vireos} singing & very many warblers chiefly Black-throats, Black-bellied & Bay-breasted. I found two Creeper's nests, one Red, the other just begun. Once I thought I heard a House Partridge ^{Sparrow (?)} drum; it was just the place for one. Yellow-bellied Flycatchers were ^{Partridge} drumming in several places.

Bear BrookBlack Duck

Rusty
Blackbirds.

ParusChon - he ludovicianus
Warblers
Sparrow (?)
Partridge
drumming

1897.

June 2
(no 10)

As we turned the boats at the furthest point to which we could penetrate (the alders closed the channel completely above) the noise of the oars etc. started a Deer which ran for some distance through the water making a great "clucking". We saw Deer signs everywhere in the swamp.

Deer heard

The return down river was uneventful. & we reached the home boat at about 6 P. M.

For the first time this season we were somewhat troubled to-day by both black flies & mosquitoes but they were not really numerous.

Mosquitoes &
Black Flies
troublesome

Clouds gathered at sunset and the night closed in dark & foggy with light rain. From 8 to 10 P. M. heard a number passed whom I did not hear the calls of one or more Gray-checked Thrushes. They all seemed to be passing overhead low down. No doubt they were migrating. I heard no other birds of any kind.

Gray check
Thrushes
migrating
in numbers

Lake Umbagog.

Outlet & Seconed Pond

1897.

June 3

Cloudy with heavy rain through the forenoon and showers in the afternoon.

I spent the morning on the boat. Soon after dinner we all went together to the Pilated Woodpecker's nest opposite the mouth of the Megalloway. I begin to fear that it has been deserted for no bird was in the hole when we looked it and some come near it during the two or three hours that we spent within sight of the hole. I have already noted that only the male was seen during our visit on May 28th and that he then spent a long time calling for his mate. Possibly something has happened to her.

My third
nest of
Pilated
Woodpecker

We found and took a Tree Swallow's nest with four fresh eggs and attempted to take a Downy Woodpecker's but the rope which we attached to the hole did not prevent it from toppling over on the last and all of the four eggs were broken. The nest-cavity is an unusually symmetrical & neat one.

Nest of
Tree Swallow

Two Hooded Mergansers, both females, alighted in the water within 100 yds. of us and sat there motionless for several minutes with their crests fully expanded. One of them flew back & forth by us a number of times before & after this. I think there must have been a nest somewhere near.

Hooded
Merganser

Lake Umbagog.

1897.

June 4

Megalloway River

A sunny and very warm day, dead calm during most of the forenoon, with a light S. S. wind in the afternoon.

Starting at 7 a. m. we rounded up the Megalloway to North Brook Pond stopping but once by the way — at Pulpit Rock where we landed to take a photograph & get some water at the spring.

It was an exquisitely soft and beautiful morning and the birds were singing with unusual freedom, at least for this gloomy season. Following out my pencil and note book on starting I kept tally of every thing seen or heard during the trip between (and including) Leonard's and North Brook Ponds. Here is the list with the species given in the order of their numerical occurrence: Scirius umbrovirens 17, Dendroica maculosa 12, Setophaga ruticilla 9, Campostethyris americana vesper 7, Sylvania canadensis 6, Zonotrichia albicollis 6, Dendroica coronata 4, Carpodacus purpureus 4, Melospiza fasciata 4, Myiacebus cinereus 4, Agelaius cristata 4, Ludno harrisi 3, I. fuscus 3, Dendroica blackburnii 3, Vireo olivaceus 3, Coccyzus americanus 3, Empidonax flaviventris 3, Peucaea canadensis 3, Peucaea carolinensis 3, Dendroica striata 3, D. caerulescens 2, Helminthophila ruficapilla 2, Parus atricapillus 2, Regulus satrapa 2, Troglodytes hyemalis 2, Sylvania pusilla 2, Hyemus canadensis 2, Picoides americanus 2 (at west), P. arcticus 1, Sitta canadensis 1, Catherpes mexicanus 1, Dendroica virens 1, Geothlypis trichas 1, Vireo solitarius 1, Junco hyemalis 1, Sphyrapicus varius 1, Dryobates pubescens 1, D. villosus 1, Corvus americanus 1, Chondestes americana 1, Ardea herodias 1, Bonasa toxostoma 1

Full list
of birds
noted
during
the day.

Lake Umbagog.

Boothe Brook Pond.

1897

June 4
(No 2)

On reaching Boothe Brook Pond we first paddled around it as silently as possible starting two ♀ Whistlers from the water & a third from the nest found on the 2nd.

Nest of a
Whistler.

This sitting bird came out to-day much more reluctantly than on the first occasion not moving until Watson had rapped the first head a number of times. She was also much less nimble about leaving the hole. In fact she struggled a little before getting clear of it & did so on her first grasp its lower edge with her feet & then spread her wings.

After taking three or four photographs of the pond from the eastern shore (one of them should show the fallow of a wood rat which was swimming across the calm surface at the time) we spent the remainder of the day on the west of the Banded Green-tail Woodpecker taking six photographs, three from the water (with poles six feet in length attached to the legs of the tripod) and three from the land just within the edge of the woods. Five of these pictures show the ♂ woodpecker clinging to the trunk of the tree just below the hole. He was in the nest when we first reached it at about 9 a. m. and he remained near it the whole time up to 3 P. m. although he frequently flew off into the woods for a distance of 50 to 100 yards and drummed for his mate but always without bringing any response available to our ears.

Nest of
Picoides
Americanus.

I have rarely seen a nesting bird so alert and keen of hearing as this Picoides. The sound of our oars or the slightest noise of the paddles would bring

Lake Umbagog

Bottom Brook Pond.

1897.
June 26
(No 3)

Nest of
Picoides
americanus.

him at once to the entrance of the hole even when we were 40 or 50 yds. away, and every few minutes when we were sitting perfectly still he would look out turning his head in every direction. He would not leave the hole, however, until we were within a few yards of the foot of the tree and after he had deemed advisable he would return to the flock which we were sitting near its base with the course directed towards it. Thus I had several good opportunities to photograph him but could register a want of nearly a quarter of an hour with the mosquitoes & black flies being viciously.

On returning to the flock the bird would usually flit against it about two feet below the hole and reaching the ^{hole} by two or three quick, upward movements would cling to its lower edge alternately looking in and down at us. The chirp of the camera shutter did not alarm him but when I moved forward to try to change the flash he invariably flew. He did not once enter the hole which we were near the tree nor did he top the tunnel near the hole as noted on the 2nd June.

He evidently realized that these were bad food.

When he flew back into the woods he always took one of two courses and along each he alighted not only on the same trees but on the same spot on each tree on each occasion: He had one particular place on the trunk of a large spruce where he would spend ten or fifteen minutes at a time preening himself & watching us before returning to the nest.

His favourite dressing place was against a short

Lake Umbagog.

Bottle Brook Pond.1897
June 4
(No 4)

upright day proving (a lost leading Horse) of a living species but he also descended on a tall walled stand & on more distant trees which were beyond our view. The species stood on the edge of the pond about 20 yards from the west.

I had abundant opportunities for studying the drumming call to-day. It varied in duration from one to two seconds (never passing over a under three limits) but was usually $1\frac{1}{2}$ to $1\frac{3}{4}$ seconds, the intervals were too irregular to be worth recording. The first three or four notes were slightly slower and more disconnected than the remaining ones but the general effect was that of one uniform roll similar to that of the [♂] Downy Woodpecker but less ^{loud} penetrating. Still it carried well & doubtless might have been heard $\frac{1}{4}$ of a mile away under favorable conditions.

My impression, based on the comparatively slight expansion of June 2, to the effect that Picoides americanus is a very much less active and restless bird than P. caeruleus was confirmed to-day. At least this note which I had under close observation for five or six consecutive hours was almost if not quite as slow and lethargic of movement as a Sphyrapicus varius. He would spend minutes at a time clinging to an spar and when he moved up the trunk it was in a singularly slow, deliberate manner. Only while in or near the nest did he show any real animation.

I did not hear him make any vocal sound whatever to-day. When he flew from tree to tree the beating of his wings was always audible & often very distinct if

nest of
Picoides
americanus

Drumming
of bird

Lake Umbagog.

Bottle Brook Pond.

1897.
June 4
(No 5)

not really loud. It was very like the rattle of heavy hail.

I took my last photograph at 3 P.M. Either it proved too much for the hitherto exemplary patience of my subject or the time for his afternoon outing had arrived for when he started he went directly off through the trees & out of sight. A moment later he descended several hundred yards ~~off~~ away and then further & still further off until, reaching a station only just barely within our hearing, he kept up his rattle call for half-an-hour apparently in one place. Soon after he heard a Woodpecker come flying past and alighted directly at the hole. I shot it immediately and found it to be the ♀ Picoides which we had not hitherto seen. I then waited half-an-hour without seeing ^{any} any thing of the ♂. He finally returned at about 4.30 and I shot him also. It was perhaps the hardest task of the kind that I have ever forced myself to face - the killing of these beautiful & most interesting birds. But it was a duty that I could not possibly shirk although when the ♂ flew away I devoutly hoped that I should never see him again.

Upon saving off the top of the studs we were surprised & was a little disappointed to find that the nest contained only two eggs, both perfectly fresh of course.

The ♀, as I found on dissecting her very dry, would have laid but two more. One enclosed in a ~~fragile~~ shell not yet hard & broken by a shot was about half-way down the oviduct, the other, a circular black field with yellow ~~of~~ the skin of a Chipping Sparrow

near of
Picoides
americanus

Lak Umbagog.

Bottle Brook Pond.1897
June 4
(no 6)

egg was still in the ovary.

On measuring the nest-tube I found it to be 39 inches in circumference 1 ft. above the ground. The hole was on the west side at a height above the ground of exactly 10 ft. 11 inches.

Nest of
Picoides
arvensis

I should have noted that twice to-day I heard the ♂ Woodpecker pounding away vigorously inside the nest. I think that he was enlarging it as it is unusually narrow at the bottom.

It was half-past five o'clock when, after leaving off the bottom of the stub which contained this nest, we started back down river. A chill wind blew in our faces and the woods were nearly silent.

We saw a Duck a tern and a pair of Eagles, one brown the other white-headed. The latter was carrying something in its talons which the other bird appeared to be trying to take from it. They came together a dozen times or more in quick succession one or both uttering a hoarse hoarse scream many times. This note is wholly new to me.

Bald
Eagles

Katers took the nest of the Downy Woodpecker at Bottle Brook Pond to-day. It had five eggs slightly incubated. The ♀ was sitting at 9 a. m. (she was in the hole at 4 p. m. on the 2nd) and, as on our first visit, she had the utmost difficulty in squeezing her body out.

Nest of
Downy
Woodpecker



Late Um 707

1897

June 5

Cloudy with a cool but light S. S. wind and occasional showers of fine rain.

Watson & Gilbert went up the Megalloway this morning finding a Swamp Sparrow's nest with four eggs and two tree hollows, one with four, the other with six eggs, all these nests being in the flooded meadow opposite Peepit Rock, the Swamp Sparrows on one of the small floating islands near the head of this meadow.

Nest of
Swamp Sp.
Nest of
Tree Sparrow.

In the afternoon they visited two nests of the Yellow-bellied Woodpecker which they had previously found in Black Island Cove. One contained young, the other four eggs far advanced in incubation. Watson unfortunately broke these eggs but he brought in the nest a remarkably one drilled in a dry oak stub. The entrance hole is evidently an old one for it is gray & weathered but the interior has been at least freshly chiseled off on every side & perhaps wholly excavated this season. It is not at all uncommon for *Sphyrapicus* to make use of an old hole in this way.

Yellow-bellied
Woodpecker
Nest

In the evening we all visited a nest of this species at the western extremity of Donald's Pond. It was in a dead, upright spray of a living white maple about 30 ft above the water - altogether a typical situation. It contained four fresh eggs.

In the afternoon Watson found a Hairy Woodpecker's nest in a dead maple at the mouth of N. Brook Cove. It had four eggs which were on the very point of hatching & which he did not take.

Nest of
Hairy W.
with 4 eggs

A winter followed by 7 or 8 young about as large as Robins came through Donald's Pond this forenoon swimming close along the shore.

Winter
with
young

Lake Umbagog

Outlet

1897.

June 6

A warm sunny day, the sky overcast with a veil of thin clouds. Forenoon nearly dead calm; a light S. E. breeze in P. M.

Jim and I spent the entire morning in photographing a Browned Grackle which had a nest (with a set of four remarkably beautiful eggs) in a small, isolated, hollow tree on the north side of the Condoscoggin nest far from the mouth of the Megallowamy. The female was sitting hard (the eggs had been incubated for a few days) and after she had become accustomed to the boat she would usually return to the nest in a few minutes after the camera was adjusted. But to get its fairly fixed in the right position was a matter requiring much time & patience for the water was on least eight feet deep and the bottom so hard that it was almost impossible to make the long poles, which we had lashed to the tripod legs, take a firm hold. He succeeded in the end, however, and the pictures came out remarkably well.

He also photographed another Grackle's nest, not far off, in the top of an exceedingly narrow cavity and in the early afternoon I got a good specimen of a third which Wallace found & which was built behind a large hole of been built exactly after the manner of a House Wren's nest - a unique illustration as far as my experience goes.

There must be at least twenty pairs of Grackles breeding in the neighborhood of the Outlet. They seem to live at peace with all their smaller bird neighbors but when a crow appears there is great excitement and soon for & more they gather to mob & drive him away.

Photographing
nests of
Browed
Grackles.





Lake Umbagog.

Outlet Region.

1897.
June 7

Cloudy with occasional showers of fine rain.

Curtis Meadow

Jim and I went to Curtis Meadow this morning returning to dinner on noon. On the north side of the meadows just beyond the forest of dead cedars we found a floating bog, probably on an island, and at least 100 acres in extent! It was an immense raft of vegetation everywhere literally floating on water six or eight feet deep and bearing not only Shrubs of large alders but hundreds of short, stunted, scraggy but living cedars hung with blackish flowers. These trees, 8 or 10 to 15 or 20 ft. tall, were scattered about irregularly, singly or in clusters. Over most of its extent, however, the island bore nothing taller than Kalmia glauca, Azalea polytrich and Rhodora. The last was not abundant but the other two grew in a profusion & to a perfection that I have never before seen equalled. All three were in full bloom & the Kalmia made the finest show forming, one space of many square rods in extent solid masses of color. Under & among these ^{wee growth} shrubs, a fine white fringed orchid and thousands of Cattails palustris, the latter only just coming into bloom. There were other plants that I did not recognize.

Big floating island.

The whole island was literally swarming with Swamp Sparrows & there were two males and three or four female Red-winged Blackbirds, two Maryland Yellow-throats, one Song Sparrow and two Downy Sparrows (singing on a bare spruce covered with orange-brown moss) besides a Bittern. The last was doubtless the same bird which I heard from

Birds breeding on floating id.
Swamp Sp.
Red winged Maryland B.
Song Sp.
Savanna "
Bittern
Black Duck

Lake Umbagog.

Outlet Region.

1897
June 7
(No 2)

Leonards Pond about a week ago. He prompted the whole forenoon to-day. I got within about 100 yards of him when a channel of open water slipped very further across.

I found a Swamp Sparrow's nest with three eggs on this island built in short, dry grass about 6 inches above the ground. I also found the remains of a Black Duck that a Fox had killed & eaten. He saw three living Black Ducks flying about & also, near the head of the pond, a ♀ Hooded Merganser. On the island I saw what looked like a last year's nest of a Dove.

Near the entrance to the pond (or meadow), a Chickadee's Thrush was calling loudly. I mistook its shrill peep for a Red-winged Blackbird's note at first & wondered what a Red-wing could be doing back in the woods among some down young Hens.

Robins are more numerous along the Androscoggin Riv. than elsewhere in this vicinity. I saw & heard at least 5 or 6 this morning.

at 3 P.M.

Yesterday, Watson visited the Whistler's nest with 11 eggs near the entrance to Leonards Pond. Several of the eggs were cracked. I sent him there again this evening just after sunset. He found all but two of the eggs hatched & the nest full of the pretty ducklings. The old bird did not learn it until he was at the foot of the tree & then returned & entered the hole before he had round 100 yds away. He did not count the young.

Curtis Meadows

nest of
Swamp Sparrow
Black Duck
killed by
a FoxHooded Merganser
Old nest
of Dove(?)Chickadee's
Thrush.

Leonards P.

nest of
Whistler.
The eggs
hatched

Lake Umbagog

Leonards' Pond.

1897.
June 8

This is the fourth day of south-east winds but the sun has shown faintly more of the time through a thinly veiled sky.

Gibert and I were up before sunrise this morning and at 4.30 were at the Whistler's nest which Watson visited last evening. He approached it with great caution, paddling slowly & silently the whole distance. The Whistler was absent and at first I feared that he had removed his young during the night but on looking into the hole I was delighted to find them still there huddled closely together in a circle showing a little for the air was sharp & keen. There were however only five of them with the two eggs still unincubated. What had become of the remaining four eggs? Watson tells me that he did not count the eggs on the 6th nor did he count the young last evening but he is very sure that none of the eggs were missing on the former occasion as the nest seemed to be packed closely with them & the absence of as many as four would have certainly left a gap that he could easily have looked to notice. He is by no means certain that there were more than his young and two eggs last night.

Partially concealing one of the boots (we had taken two) among the sticks about 30 yards from the nest and ~~resting~~ myself at full length on the bottom with my head raised just enough to enable me to look over the ground I lay there perfectly motionless for one an hour. No Duck of any kind appeared until 5.10 when a ♀ Whistler came from the direction of the Mallowing and without any preliminary

✱
Watching
nest of
Whistler.

Lake Umbagog.

Leonardi Pond.

1897

June 8

(No 2.)

alighting on the water a few yards from the nest. After floating motionless on the calm surface for at least two minutes with head & neck erect and evidently watching & listening intently she flew directly to the lower hole (Holmes says she entered on the top of the hollow last night) and alighting on its lower edge stood there for an instant flapping her wings a little to maintain her balance. Then she popped in the wing up her spread tail just as her body disappeared much as a Duck often does when diving. I saw nothing more of her although I watched the hole closely for another hour at the end of which time (at 8.15)

Gilbert who had been to the boat for his breakfast came to relieve me and to keep guard while I had mine. It was arranged between us that if the Distress began taking out her young while I was absent he would shout a few times to let me know of the fact.

I had just finished breakfast when I heard this signal and jumping into the St. Lawrence River rowed as hard as I could pull for the nest but as soon as I came in sight of it I found I was too late for Gilbert was standing up in his boat and paddling slowly towards the tree. Here is his account of what happened during my absence:

At 6.45 the old Duck appeared at the entrance (the lower hole) to the nest where she sat for five minutes moving her head continually and looking about in every direction included within her field of vision; then she went back out of sight reappearing at the end of a minute and looking about as before for another five minutes. At the

Watching
nest of
Whistler

Lake Umbagog.

Leonard's Pond.

1897.
June 8
(No. 3)

end of this second period of observation she flew down to the water and swam around the stick three times chattering and calling. After completing the third round she stopped directly under the hole and gave a single loud call or whistle when the ducklings at once began scrambling up to the entrance from the nest and dropping down to the water ^{falling} ~~climbing~~ on top of one another. In other words the brood literally poured out of the nest much as shot would fall from one's hand. One or two hesitated or paused for an instant and looking the mouth of the hole but the greater number toppled out over the edge as soon as they appeared. All used their tiny wings freely beating them continuously as they descended. They did not seem to strike the water with much force.

x
How the
young
Whistlers
left the
nest.

While this was going on the old Duck sat motionless on the water looking up at the nest. When the last duckling dropped on her side she ^{at once} swam off at the head of the brood guided by this appearing in a flooded thicket a few rods away.

In connection with my own observations I should have noted that after the old bird entered the hole two other female Whistlers flew several times over and around me and one of them at length alighted on the water swimming up close to the stick and looking at it intently as if she too had some interest in it. On several former occasions, moreover, we have found from two to four female Whistlers hanging about this nest and the same thing occurred at the nest on

Lake Umbagog.

Leonard's Pond.

1897.
Junk
(No 4)

Lidswell's point as well as near that at Bottle Brook Pond. These facts lead me to believe that two or more birds not infrequently lay their eggs in the same nest. We know that Whistlers & Kingfishers sometimes do this & I see no reason for doubting that the Whistlers take the same liberty with our nesters.

Two or
more Ducks
lay in
same nest.

Probably all sets of one ten or twelve eggs are thus compounded & perhaps the usual number laid by one bird does not exceed eight or nine. It would be interesting to learn whether or no the labor of incubation is fairly divided and also if all the young are cared for by one parent. The mysterious disappearance of some of the eggs from the nest yesterday this morning suggests that they may have hatched and the young have been taken away by another bird.

Of another thing I am pretty well satisfied viz. that the Whistler is often polygamous. I have seen here this season only four drolls (one near the nest at Pease's brook with a single female, one at Lidswell's Point with four females, one at the Outlet with at least five or six females, one at Bottle Brook Pond with five females) to at least twenty & probably thirty females.

Watson thinks that the number of eggs in a nest corresponds pretty closely with its capacity & I believe that he is right. When the cavity is small at the bottom the bird that takes possession of it fills it with her own set. When it is large often Whistlers & occasionally a Kingfisher, also, lay in it until it can hold no more eggs. John Brown of Lyndon tells me that he once took 21 eggs from a Kingfisher's nest.

Lake Umbagog.

Leonard's Pond.

1897.
June 8
(No 5)

On first visiting the Wistler's nest this morning I took one of the young and sent it to the boat by Gilbert intending to return it to the nest after breakfast. But the sudden departure of the mother with the rest of the brood defeated this plan and we have the pretty little creature still. I have taken advantage of the opportunity to try a number of experiments. First I put the bird on the deck when it ran about freely standing & moving always in a nearly erect position, lying prone with half extended wings when tired. It called every few minutes in shrill piping tones very like a young Turkey—peep-peep-peep-peep-peep. It did not appear either shy or apprehensive but, like many young birds, it was exceedingly stubborn & persistent giving me the greatest trouble to force it for photogaphing; absolutely refusing to remain when I invited it to although it would settle down gently almost anywhere else.

Next I put a shallow pan filled with water near it. It ran back and forth through this wavy mass without apparently taking the least notice of the water.

Next it was placed suddenly but gently in the middle of a tub filled to the brim with water. For at least a minute it remained floating in one spot looking about with evident bewilderment but without signs of fear. Its feet & legs hung loosely down beneath it. Occasionally it would twitch them slightly. Presently it began using them as paddles, slowly & hesitantly at first. Indeed it was more than an hour before it swam at all fast or

* Behavior
of young
Wistler
taken from
nest.

Lake Umbagog.

Leonard's Pond.

1897
June 8
(No 6)

vigorously. One of the first things it did was to begin picking at various small objects - bits of bark & wood - floating on the water. It apparently swallowed several of these fragments. After a little while it tried climbing one the sides of the tub. When it had accomplished this first great thing we removed about half the water out, it went up the sides almost as easily as before clinging with its claws to the ~~side~~ wood. By noon it had learned to spring, either from the water or from the bottom of the box, ten or twelve inches straight upward. The muscular power & vigor of its thick legs was indeed most remarkable and it seemed to get as firm resistance for the upward spring from the water as from the smooth boards.

Thus far we have been unable to find any food which the poor little thing seems to relish. It has picked at and swallowed a little egg yolk and some wiggling fragments of earth worms which it gobbled at first but after getting several of them well down its throat it ejected them with evident disgust. Indeed I fear that it will die of starvation although it is quite willing to try everything that we offer it.

Later in the afternoon while looking for earth worms it dropped the fragments which before sinking in the water. It at once thrust its head beneath the surface & tried to catch the worm as it descended. This is the nearest approach to diving which it has thus far made. It dives often & capriciously.

After a bath it preens & dries its downy plumage with great patience & care using its bill like an old bird.

Behavior

of young

Whistler

taken from

nest

Lake Umbagog.

Leonard's Point

1897
June 8
(287)

When I entered the forest of Stubs this morning I was surprised to find them ^{very} perfectly silent and apparently deserted. What had become of the host of Swallows, Grackles & Woodpeckers which are visiting them? Literally not a bird of any kind was in sight or hearing. Half an hour later they began calling, singing & flying about. I was especially interested in a pair of Great Crested Flycatchers. The ♀ was building somewhere behind me but I could not remove my eyes from the male's nest long enough to follow her flights. The ♂ sitting on the top of a Stub would now and then call whit-whit-whit-whit-whit in tones mellow & unusual for this harsh-voiced species. I suspect that this may be the nearest approach to a song of which the Great Crested Flycatcher is capable.

Stub forest
silent in
early morning

A pair of
Crested
Flycatcher

Song? of
male.

The Bronzed Grackles have a small nest in a dense thicket of second growth birches & poplars on the island in Leonard's Pond. To this ten or a dozen birds of both sexes fly by two & three soon after sunset every evening. The ground under the trees is covered with their droppings. Watson found a Water Thrush's nest ~~with eggs~~ in a small root bank directly beneath this nest. It contained five eggs about a week ago but when I visited it with him on the 6th the eggs were all broken and the shells intermixed with the lining of the nest which the pool of water beneath was flown with the Water Thrush's feathers. Could a Grackle have committed this foul deed?

Spring nest
of Bronzed
Grackles

Nest of
Water Thrush

Lake Umbagog

Outlet Region.

1897.

June 9

Still another day of S. E. winds & gloomy skies with heavy rain in the lake after noon and evening.

At 10 a. m. we warped the house boat out of Leonard's Pond and attempted to beat down the lake but the clumsy craft would not work up against the light wind, our casting anchor and center board got entangled in sundown snags and logs as we were crossing the flooded woods and at the end of the day we had got only as far as Moll's Rock (about a mile) where we cast anchor for the night. A Winter Wren, Oven bird, Blackbreasted Nuthatch, Hairy Nuthatch and Junco and Sparrows' Thrush were the only birds singing on coming on the neighboring shores.

We warp
the House
Boat from
Leonard's
Pond to
Moll's Rock

Our little Whistler was alive this morning but he seemed feeble and depressed and as he would eat practically nothing it was evident that we could not hope to see him. Accordingly we took him into the flooded forest and putting him on a piece of floating drift wood near the foot of the tree in which he had been hatched backed the boat off a few yards & left him at freedom. He stood erect & motionless for a minute or two looking about him; then entering the water he began swimming about, at first slowly & evidently in ^{evident} ~~some~~ bewilderment. But very soon he gained confidence and struck out more boldly until at the end of a few minutes he was darting hither & thither skimming the surface

*
The young
Whistler
set free
near the
nest

T. L. Timbago.

Leonardi Pond

1897

June 9

(No 2)

as lightly as a pluff of thistle down and in
 course as ~~thin~~ ~~eratic~~ as those of the lucky bugs
 whose gambols he disturbed. Now he tipped the water
 eagerly, next he pecked at a floating leaf or darted
 after some small aquatic insect. Every now and then
 he would raise the forward part of his body and flap
 his tiny wings exactly in the manner of a Old Duck.
 The floating sticks andrafts of drift that covered
 a large part of the surface did not embarrass his
 progress in the least for he crossed them either
 by swimming or by a succession of short, quick leaps
 as nimble as those of a Wood Frog. Poor little
 wife! It was most pathetic to see him start off
 this alone & unprotected on his perilous journey of
 life rejoicing, evidently, in his freedom and the
 novelty of his surroundings but quite unconscious
 of the dangers which lay before him. I could
 only hope that one or the other of the two female
 Woodpeckers which we flushed from the water near
 the nest tree would alight & come for him &
 I was glad to see one of them fly back into the stub
 forest soon after we left it.

* ✓
 Young
 Whittier
 set free
 near the
 nest

A Cat-bird appeared on the island in Leonardi Pond Cat-bird
 & sang for an hour or more on the morning of June 10th
 We heard nothing of him on either of the following two
 days but he was singing there again freely yesterday
 & again this morning so he will probably stay
 and breed.

Lake Umbagog.

Head of Great Island

1897.

June 10

Yet another gloomy and very stormy day with strong N. E. wind. It rained heavily last night and through the forenoon and the early part of the afternoon of to-day.

At 8 a. m. we weighed anchor and made a quick run down the harbor and through the Narrows to Great Island where we shall spend the remainder of the week. A few Swallows were flying about close over the water but nothing like so many as we saw a week or two ago under similar conditions of weather. Probably they are too busy now with their eggs or young to visit the harbor freely. No doubt many of them seen in May came long distances.

Later in the afternoon the rain ceased and as the breeze held fresh and steady I sailed across the bay from Bear Island to Metolone Island. A pair of Great Crested Flycatchers were calling in the maple grove at the Narrows & I heard two Wood Pewees there & another on Bear Island.

Notions took a run on Great Island finding a Black-throated Blue Warbler's nest with four fresh eggs & a Hermit Thrush's with four large young.

Soon after sunset this evening a Herring Gull came flying about our vessel attracted by large schools of small fish which was lapping the otherwise glassy surface of the harbor as if a light breeze had struck it. The Gull would make straight for one of these spots flying swiftly a yard or two above the surface & plunging down heavily & as it seemed to us, most

We sail the
House Boat
from
Moose Rock
to
Great Island

Crested
Flycatcher.

Nest of
D. caerulescens
Hermit J.

Herring
Gull.

Lake Umbagog.

Head of Great Island

1897.
June 10
(no 2)

climbed into the middle of the school causing the fish to jump into the air by dozens all around him but never succeeding in catching any of them although he tried again & again. He would sometimes thrust his head & neck under water but never his body. I cannot understand how any bird could expect to catch fish in this manner. A man might as well attempt it, ^{apparently,} by jumping into the water and thrusting down his head.

Herring
Gull.

Vegetation advances slowly this season. An apple tree on the Heywood farm is still in full bloom. The woods, however, are nearly as dense with foliage as they will be in midsummer.

Vegetation
tardy

Gibbs says that a deer comes out into his field with great regularity every evening a little before sunset. He doubts the statements so often made that deer injure crops of any kind. They nibble his grass a little, walk through his sprouting oats without apparently noticing them and they never touch his corn or potatoes.

Deer
do not
injure
crops of
any kind
in this
locality





Lake Umbagog.

Great Island.

1897.
June 11

Although the morning dawned cloudy the sun came out by 4 o'clock and the remainder of the day was bright & beautiful save just before sunset when the edge of a heavy thunder shower passed over us.

At 7 a.m. Watson, Jim, Gilbert and I all went ashore on Great Island with the determination to make the most of the fine weather and discover as many nests as possible. Judging it to be now time for most of the Warblers to have eggs, or, at least, finished nests, we paid especial attention to them, beating the beds of grass for nests of the Black-throated Green and crawling over rocks upland until they asked, scanning the spruce & hemlock branches for those of the Bay-breasted & Blackburnian. We were fairly successful finding two nests of the Black-throated Green Warbler (besides the one mounded by Watson last evening) two Olive-backed Thrush's nests with one egg each besides several empty but fresh nests of this bird and several Warblers nests high up in spruce & hemlocks which may or may not prove productive later on.

I kept a note book & pencil in my hand the whole forenoon and again in the afternoon, when I went one new ground, and jotted down every bird of each species that I heard or saw. In the case of the more numerous represented species it was difficult to make an accurate count but I was careful to get on the side of conservatism and if at all and the number of individuals noted in the following list may be safely taken as in no case exaggerated. This is the list with the species arranged in the order of the numerical occurrence:

Dendroica castanea 13♂♂, D. Blackburnian 13♂♂, D. maculosa 9♂♂,

Nest hunting

We find
Two nest of
D. castanea,
Two of
Dendroica
& several
empty nests
of Warblers

Course of
birds breeding
on Great
Island

Lake Umbagog.

Great Island

1897.

June 11
(no 2)

D. Caeruleus 7 ♂♂, 3 ♀♀ with nests, Carpodacus lypis a. varius 7 ♂♂, Corvus americanus 6, Dendroica concolorata 5 ♂♂, Sitophaga vitellina 5 ♂♂, Vireo olivaceus 5 ♂♂, Ptila canadensis 5, Turdus swainsoni, 4; Spinus americanus 4 ♂♂; Certhia americana 3 ♂♂, Arctura hyemalis 3 ♂♂, Parus atricapillus 3, Spinus norboracensis 2 ♂♂, Ceophloeus pubescens 2, Trochilus colubris 2, Sylvania canadensis 1, Dendroica tigrina 1, Coepodacus purpureus 1, Cyanocitta cristata 1, Contopus borealis 1, Dryobates villiersi 1, D. pubescens 1, Corvus obscura 1 (stealed from shore) Haliaeetus leucorhynchus 1, Buteo calurus 1; in all twenty eight species. To this list should be added Turdus passacis of which I saw the nest the 10th and four young found by Watson yesterday. The nest was placed on the top of a little knoll, deeply sunk in the mossy ground and surrounded by a rather scanty growth of fern which was not over 12 inches in height. It is unusual to find a Hermit's nest in heavy old-growth forest for removal from any opening or clearing (I heard a Wood Pewee & Red-breasted Grosbeak singing a few 12. This was the ^{last to 31})

Sort of birds noted there to-day

nest of Hermit sp.

The Cape May Warbler was heard singing about 50 yards from the shore in rather open woods of large Spruces, Balsams, hemlocks, & yellow birches. The song of this Warbler is louder - or at least stronger and more penetrating - than that of either the May-brewer or Black-chin. In other respects it resembles the song of Protonotaria but the tone or quality is more wiry and, indeed, very close to that of miniata. The bird is perhaps the least regular and persistent singer of the genus. One can never be sure of finding him in song, even in the early morning, and his singing proceeds an ordinarily brief with long intervals of dead silence. The number of

Cape May Warbler

Lake Umbagog

Great Island

1897.

June 11
(no 3)

notes varies from three to seven. One of the birds established in the Staples farm woods just north of Great Island (I heard both of these birds singing on the morning of June 12th) usually gives only three notes but sometimes raises the number to five. The other bird ordinarily gives five and sometimes six. The bird near the Brown farm east of Rollin's habitually has seven.

Song of
Cape May
Warbler

The woods on Great Island are among the most beautiful and interesting that I have ever seen in this region. No lumbering has been done there for over thirty years and, strange to say, there are no windfalls and almost no fallen trees which even old, crumbling logs are scarce. Indeed the ground is almost everywhere smooth, firm, free from holes or inequalities with but few rocks and almost no undergrowth save *Sium* which, near the lake shore, forms a broad, continuous belt extending around the whole island. Further back the land rises in gentle slopes and the center of the island is fifty feet or more above the lake, and nearly level over a large area forming a plateau with a large swamp or bog covered with stunted spruces occupying thirty or forty acres of the middle portion.

Forest growth
on Great
Island

The entire island is heavily wooded with fine old timber many of the trees, especially the spruces, hemlocks, and yellow birches, being of the largest size. We found one tree of the Coast-wooded Spruce which had a girth of 12 ft. 6 inches a foot above the ground and tapered but little for the next thirty feet upward. Its top, however, had broken off to the trunk, although alive, was not found.

Lake Umbagog.

Great Island

Nests of

D. caeruleus1897.
June 11
(no 4)

All three of the nests of Dendroica caeruleus which I examined to-day on Great Island were in beds of grass a few rods from the lake shore. One³⁰⁴³ was in short, rather dense grass about 8 inches above the ground, another⁽³⁰⁴⁶⁾ in denser, taller grass about a foot above the ground, the third⁽³⁰⁴⁷⁾ on excessively rank grass about high but the nest not over 15 inches above the ground. These nests were near large, prostrate logs. All three birds were sitting. Two flew from the nest at a distance of eight or ten yards in advance of us & one of them would not return to her egg which my camera was in position about 6 ft. away although I left it there for some time. The third bird sat more closely than any of the two others that I have hitherto seen. Watson stalked the grass within six inches of her with his stick without starting her. Later I set up my camera first about six feet away, then four feet, & finally within two & one half feet using the focusing cloth each time & testing his position in all. When the tripod lay above the branch which supported the nest the bird would raise her head and crane her neck out over the edge of the nest to get a better view of me. At all other times she sat very still merely winking at short regular intervals. My photographs show her position in the nest well. When I had finished my work I packed up my camera & plates & left the bird still sitting on her egg. Watson took both nest & egg the next morning at about 8 o'clock when the bird was absent.



Lake Umbagog.

Great Island.

1897.
June 12

The morning began rainy as usual and showers fell at frequent intervals during the forenoon. The clouds showed signs of breaking soon after dinner but a strong S. wind sprang up and a thunder shower ended the afternoon with a perfect flood of rain followed by a heavy sunset.

Watson & Gilbert spent the forenoon hunting for nests on the slopes above finding several Warblers' nests in trees but they did not attempt to climb and an Black-throated Blue Warbler's in the tree, finished but empty.

nest of D. carolinensis

I took a short walk along the slopes where I found two Cop's Warblers singing and saw a ♀ Whistler attempt to enter a hole 60 ft. up in a dead elm. She failed & then flew off towards the house coming rising just above the trees & crossing over the wooded neck of land a thing I have never seen a Whistler do before.

Cape May W.
nest of Whistler

Immediately after dinner we began heading the house boat through the channel between Great Island & the Island plain & on reaching the open stretch of lake below headed landward and beat down to Rich Point where the storm struck us & we cast anchor reaching our moorings off Southside by noon heading in the early evening.

We said the House Boat from Great Island to Southside

Watson & Gilbert spent most of the afternoon on the southern extremity of Great Island where the former found a nest of the Red-breasted Warbler with 6 fresh eggs & one of the Black & Yellow Warbler with one egg. He sent Gilbert after the house boat to let me know of this & I looked back in the canoe, landed, & examined both nests in the morning a perfectly certain identification of the ♀ Red-breast just after Watson started on

nest of Baybreast & Magnolia W.

Lake Umbagog.

Great Island - Lakeside

1897

June 12

(no 2)

egg. She sat wonderfully close refusing to move when
Watson shook or moved the branch gently or when he
thrust out a stick & pushed the twigs within a few
inches of her head. I have described the position of the
nest & the behavior of the bird too fully in my hydrobi-
notes to require further mention here. Watson got the
nest by tying the branch firmly to other branches above
& then climbing out on it.

No bird was seen near the other nest but its character
& that of the egg leave no doubt in my mind as
to its ownership.

Nest of
Bay Breasted
Warbler

As we approached our moorings this evening in
the deepening twilight I heard a Veery and a
Cottontail piping near the stream landing & on or
two other beaches calling along the shore further to
the westward. Olive-backed were piping on Masket
& B. Points & a Kinglet-hawk flying in the distance.
A Barred Owl brooded over in the con woods of
B. Point.

Lakeside.

Veery.
Cot. bird.

Swainson's?
Kinglet Hawk
Barred Owl

Hyles have perched more or less freely every night
since I reached the Lake last month. To-night they
were in full chorus in every direction. They always
seem to become silent here soon after 9 P. M. Toads, also, Toads
have been trilling in goodly numbers this evening but
I heard none up the Lake.

Hyles
perching

trilling

Inke Unbeep

Lakelande

1897.

June 13

Cloudy all day with heavy rain coming not continuously but in showers with brief intervals between.

The weather was so very bad that we decided to devote the day to packing and to later tomorrow for my last trip up the lochs. Accordingly I spent most of the forenoon in the cabin of the house boat and practically the whole afternoon at the hotel.

Mr. Chandler showed me a Barn Swallow sitting on a nest placed under the eave of the piazza nearly over the front steps and within two or three yards of the front door of the house. The nest - which rests on a spear timber about 8 ft. above the floor - was occupied two years ago by a Robin which reared a brood in it. Last year it was unoccupied. He does not know just when or by what bird it was built originally but it looks most like a Robin's nest and it has certainly been in its present position for three or four years. Of course the Swallows have added a further lining.

Nest of Barn Swallow under roof of piazza

C. tells me that the two Swallows take turns at incubating & change places every 15 or 20 minutes (I saw this for myself two days later). They pay no attention to the people walking or sitting beneath them and yesterday one of the young ^{standing under the nest} was fired upon by fifty shots from a rifle, ~~standing beneath the nest~~ ^{within two yards of the nest} without disturbing the sitting bird.

Pine Point.

1897.

June 14

Another thoroughly disagreeable day with a succession of heavy showers marching down upon our arctic's heels on the already deluged region. During the brief intervals between them the sun occasionally shone for a few minutes on the drifting woods.

Jim, Watson, Gilbert and I went up the Lake this morning on the steamer taking two of our small boats in tow. We landed first at Pine Point where Watson had previously (on June 8) found and marked several Warblers' nests. Only one proved good and that had but two eggs and no bird sitting. It looked like a Blackburnian's nest but was placed rather low for that there being scarcely 20 ft. above the ground near the extremity of the horizontal branch of a red Spruce which stands near the end of the point on the upper side of the path that leads from the camp to the landing. No bird came very near it while I was watching it but a male Blackburnian was singing lustily in the very next tree. I took several photographs of this nest.

nest of
Blackburnian
Warbler.

As we were following the path which leads around the boat cove Jim was lucky enough to find a nest of the Bay-breasted Warbler containing five fresh eggs. It was on a stout, drooping branch of a large red Spruce about 5 ft. from its extremity, 13 ft. from the main trunk, and 20 ft. above the ground. The ♀ sat very closely, refusing to move when the branch was shaken with some violence and only leaving her egg when Watson struck the twig close over her head with a long stick. She then flew down into some young arbutus vines where the male immediately joined her & both birds

nest of
Bay-breasted
Warbler

Lake Umbagog.

Pine Point.

1897.
June 14
(no 2)

Began feeding neither showing any solicitude or appearing to notice the movements of Mr. Watson who, with a stout rope, first tied the branch firmly to the trunk above and then walking out on it heard the nest & eggs. Previous to this I had of course identified the ♀ to my entire satisfaction. I also took several photographs of the nest before it was disturbed. Like most nests of this Warbler it showed plainly enough from beneath looking very like a large nest of a Chipping Sparrow but from above and from every side it was well concealed by the spruce foliage that passed close over and around it. Before the ♀ was flushed her mate was flying steadily in some humlocks about 20 yards from the nesting tree.

Nest of
Bay Breasted
Warbler.

While Watson was taking the nest of the Bay-breast Gilted spied another and much larger nest in the top of the very next tree, a tall but unusually slender & woody oak-vitex. On investigation this second nest proved to belong to an Olive-bellied Thrush which was absent at the time but sitting on home or two later. The nest was placed close against the main stem of the tree scarce 4 ft from its top & about 30 ft. above the ground. There were three eggs which in touch with the nest.

Nest of
Swainson's
Thrush.

The next hour was wasted in climbing to two warblers' nests high up in large trees, one in a spruce, the other in a humlock. Both proved to be old nests although they looked promising enough from beneath. Indeed one of them appeared exceptionally neat & symmetrical when viewed from the ground. The only way, however, is to climb the tree & investigate the nest from above.

Time wasted
in climbing
to old
nests of
Warblers

Lake Umbagog.

Spelman's Point.

1897.

June 14

(No 3)

It was now to use more that in all went to the end of Spelman's point and building a bridge in the storm fire-places in the middle of the little grassy opening hunched them with the rain falling heavily all the while and the black flies & mosquitoes attacking us in force whenever our backs got low.

Black flies
+
Mosquitoes

The trees and thicket on this point were alive with birds most of which I think were merely feeding there as they were continually arriving from and departing to places more or less far back in the forest. The variety & number of species which we saw in the corner of an acre or less was something unusual for such a locality.

Great number
+
variety of
small birds

Unfortunately I made no full list but I recall a ^{Robin,} Swainson's Thrush, Canada Warbler, Chickadee, Blackburnian, Bay-breasted, Black-throated Blue, Parula, and Canadian Warblers, several Redstarts and Red-eyed Vireos, a pair of Chipping Sparrows (the first I have found in the forest this season), a pair of juncos, a White-throated Sparrow, a Song Sparrow, a Pine Siskin (pecking industriously at the terminal unfolding buds of some young balsams), a Crow (the bird which has a nest in a hummock near the end of the point), a Blue Jay, two

Chipping
Sparrows in
the forest

Olive-sided Flycatchers, a pair of Great Crested Flycatchers, and Crested Fly an representative each of the Hairy, Downy, Ash-throated, Picoides are and Yellow-bellied Woodpeckers; in all twenty four species (with, no doubt, several others that I do not remember) seen within an area of less than 1/8 of an acre!

Staples Place

At 1 P. M. we started down the lake leaving thicket, without either stopping or landing, all the way to the Staples place below the Masses (where we started a Great Blue Heron that was feeding just inside the rocky island).

Gr. Blue
Heron

Lake Umbagog.

1897.

June 14

(No. 4)

Staples place, near Green Island

Watson had previously found two Warbler's nests in a
grove of Corp hemlocks close to the shore near the Green.

One proved to be an old nest but the other was
a Yellow-rump's with four eggs rather far advanced in
incubation. This nest was in a hemlock on a stout
horizontal branch about 5 ft. from its extremity, 10 ft. from
the main trunk, 35 ft. above the ground, and the same
distance from the top of the tree.

The ♀ Yellow-rump was sitting and for some time she
absolutely refused to leave her eggs. Watson first shook the
branch and then with a long stick poked and struck
brusquely the bird within an inch or two of her head. At
length she hopped out of the nest and stood for a minute
or more on its rim looking about her. Then she flattened
down towards the ground with quivering wings and wide spread
tail moving slowly and slightly round trees on a branch
or cluster of twigs where she would lie prostrate for a moment
beating her wings feebly and simulating the movements of
a wounded or otherwise disabled bird. In short she behaved
precisely as one of the ground-making birds (Scissors for
example) will do under similar circumstances. Watson
sawed this nest & hit in the same manner as that
by which he took the Bay-breast earlier in the day.
The nest was lined with feathers as usual but from beneath
it looked so nearly like a Bay-breast's that we were
all deceived. Indeed we could distinguish no differences
whatever the general effect being precisely the same.

Nest of
Yellow-rump
Warbler

Sibert on the 12th had found a nest of D. caeruleus, Nest of
finished but empty, in their woods. It had two eggs to-day. D. caeruleus
I attempted to reach it but my sprained foot gave me so much

Lake Umbagog.

Staples place near Great Island

1897.

June 14

(no 5)

found that I abandoned the attempt (the nest was several hundred yards back from the shore in a bed of low on a slight ridge) and while the others were gone scambled slowly about in the woods near the shore. Unlike the woods on Great Island they were remarkably free from undergrowth and the ground was not only mostly level but very smooth and free from rocks or boulders. A good many Bay-breasts & Blackthroats were singing in the tree tops & I heard one Cape May Warbler. Deer signs were very numerous.

Nest of
D. castaneaCape May
Warbler.

Great Island

We next crossed to the northern end of Great Island landing first on the western side of the cove to visit a Warbler's nest found on the 11th in a big hemlock, fully 60 ft. above the ground. Watsons reached it with some difficulty when it proved to be an old nest, apparently of D. castanea! We have ^{had} many such disappointments of late.

Old nest of
Bay-breast
Warbler

A similar-looking nest, found by Watsons on the 11th in a large red spruce 200 yards or more back from the water on the opposite side of the cove, was next visited. It turned out to be a Bay-breast's containing a fine set of 5 fresh eggs. The nest was fully 50 feet above the ground near the end of a stout, drooping branch about 15 feet from the main trunk. Watsons reached this nest by climbing a tall, slender maple which, by the aid of a rope, Jim and Gilbert drew over and held within arms reach of the nest. The nest was almost perfectly concealed from view from every direction by the density of the surrounding spruce foliage. The ♀ sat very closely, refusing to leave her eggs until Watsons parted the twigs directly over her head with his hand. She

Nest of
Bay-breast
Warbler

Lake Umbagog.

Great Island.

1897.

June 14
(no. 6)

then shot down on a very steep incline and alighted in a small spence where I had a perfectly sane's factory view of her at close range. During the descent from the nest she vibrated her wings in a peculiar manner and for nearly half a minute after reaching her perch she kept quivering thru much as a young bird does when soliciting or receiving food.

nest of
Bay-breasted
Wrenbler.

Returning to the boat we pulled out of the cove and along the shore eastward to a spot where, on June 11th, I had found an empty nest of Swainson's Thrush only a few rods back from the water. It was built in a slender spence sapling close against the main stem, about 8 feet above the ground, and some two feet from the extreme top of the tree - altogether a typical situation. This nest was the most beautiful one of its kind that I have ever seen, very large and thick-walled with much lichen on the outside. It contained four handsomely-marked eggs to-day. Neither bird was near the nest when we first reached it but one of them afterwards came flitting about us, making a low, whining call.

nest of
Swainson's
Thrush

As I was packing the Thrush's eggs Watson exclaimed "there is a Wrenbler's nest!" and looking up I saw it at once, almost over our heads. It was in a red spence (a tree about 40 feet tall and 10 inches in diameter at the base of the trunk) on a stout, horizontal branch 11 feet from the main stem, 3 feet from the extremity of the branch, and 25 feet above the ground.

nest of
Bay-breasted
Wrenbler.

Lake Umbagog,

Great Island.

1897.

June 14
(no. 7)

On climbing the tree to a point well above the nest Watrous reported that he could see at least four nest of eggs. A ♂ Bay-breasted Warbler was singing not 20 yards Bay-breasted off and twice he came into the tree and flitted about Warbler near the nest showing evident interest in it. It is possible that we disturbed and frightened off the ♀ which we were talking the Thrush's nest but more probable that she was away feeding. At all events we saw nothing of her on this occasion and for this reason left the nest undisturbed although there can be no reasonable doubt that it is a Bay-breasted. (Watrous and Gilbert visited this nest again on June 16th and took it with a set of 5 eggs. The ♀ was sitting and Watrous had a good view of her)

Along this shore we met with a young Bald Eagle which at times was singularly tame. It flew up from the ground and alighting on a stick sat quietly looking down at us as we round past, almost beneath its perch, and within half gun shot.

Mosquitoes swarmed in the woods to-day. I have rarely Mosquitoes seen them more numerous or obnoxiously than they were on Great Island this afternoon. At Pine Point we found a good many black flies and a few "no-see-ums" but the last have not given us serious trouble anywhere this season.

We reached Belleisle at 7 P. M. and found that the the house house boat, during our absence, had broken her moorings and boat goes gone ashore on a rocky point but Charlie had managed to adrift get her off and anchor her in deep water before any damage was done done.



Lakeside - Colebrook - Wolfboro, Cambridge.

1897.

June 15

Forenoon clear and warm with light N. W. wind and every sign of fair, settled weather at last but shortly after 12 M. the wind increased and clouds overspread the sky and before night we were treated to several brilliant showers.

The forenoon was spent in packing my trunk and putting away the things that are to be left at Lakeside. Immediately after dinner I started for Colebrook with Chandler in a mountain wagon drawn by two horses. We had a pleasant drive but I saw no birds of especial interest. Near Thurston's nest of Swainson's Thrush sitting on her nest in a small spruce only three or four rods back from the roadside. We reached Colebrook at about 6 P. M. After tea at the hotel I walked about the village and its outskirts, hearing and seeing a good many common birds. There were fewer Martins and more House Sparrows than last year.

While on the hour boat this morning I heard a House Wren sing a number of times among the shrubs near the base of B. Point where I found a bird of this species last year.

Troglodytes aëdon.

" 16

Clear and cool with strong N. W. wind.

I left Colebrook at 6 o'clock this morning and reached the Weirs at noon. The Trustees meeting had been held yesterday & every body had gone home. There was no way of going direct to Wolfboro but I reached it there evening at 7 o'clock by taking a boat to Carter Harbor and driving around the lake thence via Lupton's & Ball's village. Spent the night at Mr. Lord's & returned to Cambridge the next day.

Concord, Mass.

1897.

June 22. I spent the day with William Brewster in Concord on the river and at Ball's Hill. We took the train at West Cambridge and drove from Concord Station to the Buttricks where we packed our baggage into the boat and proceeded down the river. The day was clear, a cool breeze was blowing, and the vegetation was most luxuriant on either bank of the stream. We found the species of birds and their relative numbers just about the same as W. had observed in former years, this being his first trip on the river at this season for some time. Painted Tortoises were abundant on floating logs, and in one place we saw a big Snapping Turtle perched on a projecting rock near the bank. Kingbirds were in great numbers, busily engaged in fly-catching, and one pair were constantly diving from their stand down to the water, plunging the head and bill into the water, and quickly rebounding into the air and returning to their perch. Red-winged Blackbirds and Bobolinks made the meadows resound with their notes. They were as abundant as usual.

The former were attacking and driving the Bronzed Grackles which were in very large numbers along our course. They *Quiscalus* *p. cinereus* may have been hunting for Red-wings' eggs, but what we specially noted was that they were engaged in picking worms from the leaves of the trees on the banks. They were either

Concord, Mass.

1897.

June 22. eating them or flying away with the grubs in their bills. We saw several young birds with the old ones.

About half way down to the Hill we heard an Orchard Oriole singing in a clump of trees on the bank. The notes much resembled those of a Purple Finch. The bird was shy and not disposed to show himself. However we feel very sure that we saw him once fly out and light on an exposed branch. If so, he was an immature bird. On our return up the river in the afternoon, the Oriole was singing in the same spot, this time uttering his more oriole-like notes. He is doubtless nesting close by, for otherwise he would hardly have been found in the same place so long.

*Peterus
Spurius*

Arriving at Ball's Hill, we turned in to the landing and walked up to the cabin. Here we enjoyed an interesting spectacle. A Partridge with her covey of young had taken up her position close by in the grove of oaks not more than 6 or 8 feet from the left-hand front corner of the cabin, and we were close upon her ere she was aware. She uttered her whistle of alarm, and immediately the young, which were about the size of Robins, beat a hasty retreat, some running, some flying. The old bird at first disappeared behind the cabin, still whistling her warning. As we ran after her to watch her movements, she suddenly turned about and, with extended ruff and wide-spread wings, she came to within about four feet of us, before she

*Bonasa
umbellus*

Concord, Mass.

1897.

June 22. turned and in stumbling flight disappeared up the slope.

After lunching in the cabin we took a tramp for two hours or more over the place and found almost all the trees and shrubs that had been set out doing well. As we were walking along, two Mourning Doves flew over us at different times toward the river. We had seen a pair in the morning flying over our boat. We visited the White Pine where a pair were nesting in May. I climbed up to the nest and there seemed every indication that the young had flown.

Zenaidura macroura

As we were returning to the cabin through the woods we heard the cry of the Hairy Woodpecker. We did not succeed in seeing him for he soon uttered a rattling cry and flew off through the dense foliage.

Dryobates villosus

Though we did not see many birds, we heard a good many. The Chestnut-sided Warblers were singing at every step, the Black-throated Green was uttering his drowsy notes in the evergreens, and the Pine Warblers were trilling among the Pines. Almost all the common birds that frequent the place were about in varying numbers.

We were very near the cabin in the path between the cabin and the open meadow, when we saw before us some twenty feet a Star-nosed Mole. It was a most unusual sight to see one of these creatures in the broad sunlight, running about scratching and rooting in the ground. We watched him for a while

Condylura cristata

Concord, Mass.

1897.

June 22. with our glasses and then approached nearer. He took no notice of us and soon we were stooping over him. Then he began to move away, but his actions were slow. He was evidently trying to find a hole or cover of some sort. We even put our fingers on his soft dark fur, and I pressed a stick on him to keep him still while we examined his star nose and short stout feet. He struggled a little at first, uttering a cry that consisted of a succession of squeaks, but he became perfectly quiet in a few seconds. When I let him go he scrambled off trying to escape. At last he got under two or three dead leaves, and we left him in his fancied security.

We rowed back to the boathouse in just an hour, and two or three times heard the "pumping" of a Bittern on the Great Meadows. The Bank, Have, Barn, and White-bellied Swallows were skinning over the water, and Green Herons flew over our heads. We took the 6 o'clock train at the Lowell Depot for home, and got back by 7 o'clock, after a most delightful day.

Walter Deane.

*Botaurus
lentiginosus.*

Englewood, N.J.

1897. A beautiful June day, cloudless with fresh W. wind. To
June 28. Englewood, N.J. by 10 A.M. Shore Line train for New York and
4.30 P.M. train from New York, Chapman meeting me at West
Shore Ferry. Walked from W.Englewood station to Chapman's
house where, some ten minutes after our arrival, John Bur-
roughs joined us. He wore a plain but well-fitting suit of
blue flannel, a soft, light-gray felt hat, white shirt with
black shoe-string tie, and broad low shoes. He had been walk-
ing for upwards of *three* hours - having passed directly by Chap-
man's house and on to Englewood village a distance of two
miles and back - and confessed to being somewhat tired but he
talked freely enough as we sat for an hour or more under the
trees in front of the house.

After dinner we walked through the Phelps woods east of
the railroad station. The sun had set some time before we
started and twilight was falling when we entered the woods.
Indeed most of the birds had ceased singing but the Wood
Thrushes, which we had especially come to hear, did not disap-
point us. To my surprise they were everywhere equalled in
numbers and in places actually outnumbered by the Wilson's
Thrushes. Such a concert as the two gave us! I have never
before heard anything that approached it. The still, damp,
fragrant air that filled the arches under the fine old trees
fairly rang with the bell- and flute-like notes which came

Englewood, N.J.

1897. from every direction far and near. More than once we had four
June 23. or five birds of each species singing within twenty or thirty
(No.2). yards of us and both species appeared to be very evenly dis-
tributed throughout the swamp which is at least one quarter of
a mile in length.

Everywhere along the borders of the wood were thickets of
alder in full bloom the snowy cymes gleaming against the dusky
background. As we came out into a large opening white with
daisies and shimmering with the dancing lights of innumerable
fireflies a Woodcock passed close over us, flying down into
the swamp.

Later, as we were sitting under the trees at Chapman's,
a Barn Owl called once in the distance giving a single, short,
husky scream which I did not hear sufficiently well to de-
scribe here, but which at the time suggested the haink of Ar-
dea herodias.

Englewood, N.J.

1897. Clear and warm with but little wind.

June 29, After an early breakfast we spent two or three hours in the beautiful Phelps woods taking first the eastern portion and then crossing the railroad to the western side. Birds were singing freely especially during the first hour. The most abundant or, at least, conspicuous species, were the Wood and Wilson's Thrushes, the Catbird, the Hooded Warbler, the Oven-bird and the Red-eyed Vireo. The Green-crested (Acadian) Flycatcher was common and we heard two Rose-breasted Grosbeaks one Scarlet Tanager and one Nashville Warbler, besides Maryland Yellow-throats, Towhees, etc. A Yellow-winged Sparrow was singing in a grassy opening.

Returning to the house at about 10 A.M. we started on a long drive, visiting first the Hackensack marshes where we heard dozens of Marsh Wrens and a few Swamp Sparrows and finally coming out on the Palisades where some of Chapman's lady friends had prepared a lunch which was eaten in a beautiful spot under some large oaks on the very edge of the cliffs.

During this drive we saw two Baltimore Orioles but no Orchard Orioles although the latter species is found in limited numbers. The Yellow-breasted Chat was heard everywhere in suitable places. A House Wren was singing in the Chapman's orchard and a pair of Bluebirds with their young were seen in a field near by.

Englewood, N.J.

1897. (The above page was written six months after the date to
June 29. which it relates; hence the meagreness of statement in de-
(No.2). scribing an experience which was really full of interest).

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Company.



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Red Star Line.



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New York and Antwerp.

S. S. "KENSINGTON."

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Miss Isabelle Arthur
Mr. Fleuker Augustine

Miss Mary A. Bachelder
Prof. L. H. Bailey
Mrs. Bailey
Miss Sarah Bailey
Miss Ethel Bailey
Miss M. B. Bald
Mrs. Frances H. Barry
Miss A. B. Bates
Miss E. C. Bates

Mrs. Mary Borland Beattie
✓ Rev. Wm. R. Bennett
Miss Camille Benson
Prof. Wm. F. Bentley
Mrs. Bentley
Miss Florence M. Bentley
Miss Anita R. Bibbins
Mr. Geo. J. Bird
Miss Adelaide Bird
Miss Harriet E. Bird
Miss Jeannette Bliem
Miss Lucy R. Bliss
Miss E. M. Brandt
Mrs. Fanny Bressant
Miss Eva Bressant
Mr. Wm. Brewster
Miss M. J. Brink
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Brown
Mrs. Margret Bush

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Mrs. Alfred Cait
Miss Bessie Carey

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Mr. John B. Chapman
Mrs. Chapman
Mr. Louis A. Chase
Rev. Wellesley Codding-

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Mrs. Coddington
Miss Gertrude Codding-
ton
Dr. Grace E. Cooley
Mr. William Collar
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Miss Nellie W. Conrad
Mr. C. M. Coulter

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Miss C. Agnes Crofts

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Mrs. E. P. Donnell
Mrs. Jennie C. Donnell
Mr. Wm. A. Dunn

Mrs. W. C. Earle
Dr. J. Eeckman
Mrs. J. Eeckman
and infant

Rev. A. P. Elmendorf
Mr. H. M. Estil

Mr. Edward R. Evans
Hon. Nathaniel Ewnig
Hon. John K. Ewnig

Miss Amalie Faller
Miss Kathie Fern
Miss Susie Ferry
Miss Nellie M. Ferry
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Miss Alice B. Foster, M.D.
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1870
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1880

On Board the Steamship "Kensington".

1897. Clear and hot with fresh S.W. wind.

June 30. Left Englewood this morning by 8.10 train for New York with Mrs. Embury, Burroughs and Chapman. I sat with Burroughs who talked about his son (a boy of some seventeen years of age about to enter Harvard, interested in college athletics and a keen sportsman) and the Hackensack Marshes. The latter, he says, would surely be drained some day and, he added, "They should be drained. It is a shame to have so much fertile land lying idle". Chapman and I thought them worth preserving for their beauty and the bird life which they support but Burroughs appeared to regard them wholly with a farmer's eye.

I spent most of the day at the American Museum whence, late in the afternoon, I went to Pier 14, North River, where the steamship "Kensington" of the Red Star Line lay with steam up ready to sail for Antwerp. Chapman accompanied me and I found George Kettell waiting for me on the wharf.

The "Kensington" got off promptly at 4.30. I saw only one sea bird, a Wilson's Petrel, before night closed in.

On Board the Steamship "Kensington".

1897.
July 1.

Latitude, 40°10' N.
Longitude, 67°45' W. Noon observation.
Run - - - 231 miles.

Clear and warm with light north wind and smooth sea.

Steamer escorted all day by a swarm of Wilson's Petrels. There must have been fully two hundred. Most of them followed our broad wake skimming close over the creamy water churned by the powerful screws. crossing and recrossing each others lines of flight. Whenever table refuse was thrown overboard they assembled quickly over the spot but I think that they also obtained much food of a more primitive kind brought to the surface by the violent agitation of the water.

Late in the afternoon (at about 6 P.M.) a Cuckoo (apparently C.americanus) came close about the ship flying high in circles. Twice it tried to alight on one of the masts but at the second attempt it got into the dense volume of black smoke issuing from our funnel and at once started off towards the S.W. It flew strongly and rapidly.

Saw a solitary Puffinus major a little later.

A school of fin whales are seen by the passengers, and also many porpoises.

On Board the Steamship "Kensington".

1897. Latitude, 40 10 N.
 Longitude, 61 30 W.
July 2. Run- - - - 337 miles.

Sky covered with a thin veil of clouds through which the sun shone dimly and, for brief intervals, brightly. Wind light from the N. to N.E., very warm or rather sultry. Shortly after sunset two thunder showers passed to the N. After this the air was cooler and the sea became rougher.

We were in the Gulf Stream all day. The water was very blue and I saw one flying fish and many small fragments of the brownish orange Gulf weed. Wilson's Petrels were less numerous than yesterday but fully 100 followed us from morning to night. One of the passengers reported seeing a "small pure white bird" floating on the water. I saw nothing but the Petrels.

On Board the Steamship "Kensington".

1897.

Latitude, 40 45 N.

Longitude, 54 W.

July 3.

Run - - - 328 miles.

A cloudless or nearly cloudless sky, sea intensely blue with short, low, white-capped waves flashing in the bright sunlight, a steady rather fresh N.W. wind - perfect weather in short. Practically no motion and all the passengers on deck. No birds, no whales, no porpoises. Several barks standing eastward.

On Board the Steamship "Kensington".

1897: Latitude, 41 40 N.
 Longitude, 47 30 W.
July 4. Run- - - - 319 miles.

Cloudy with strong N.E. wind, high sea and fog dense enough to bring the visible horizon within half a mile or less, but not sufficient to require the use of our whistle. No animal life reported to-day; but in the evening a flying fish of some six inches in length came on board and was picked up by one of the stewards who disembowelled it and stuffed it with tobacco!

The Kensington proves to be a phenominally steady ship. She rolls and pitches but little, and the seas break against her sides as against a cliff or an iceberg.

On Board the Steamship "Kensington".

1897. Latitude, 44 20 N.
Longitude, 41 30 W.
July 5. Run- - - 313 miles.

A smooth sea with thin clouds through which the sun shone dimly. Wind N. to N.W. and at all times moderate.

Several porpoises were seen this morning but no birds were reported. A bark heading eastward was the only vessel seen.

In the evening the 4th of July was celebrated by a concert in the saloon and by fireworks on deck with much interesting singing by the German and Belgian steerage passengers.

On Board the Steamship "Kensington".

1897. Latitude, 46 30 N.
July 6. Longitude, 34 30 W.
Run - - - 319 miles.

Weather similar to that of yesterday but with less and feebler sunshine and thin fog obscuring the distance.

Porpoises were reported by several of the passengers and at about 7 A.M. Miss Gay saw four or five small dark Petrels with white rumps. They passed close to the steamer but showed no disposition to follow her wake. Miss Gay says that they looked exactly like the birds that were so numerous on the 1st and 2nd.

On Board the Steamship "Kensington".

1897.	Latitude, 48 N.
	Longitude, 27 W.
July 7.	Run- - - - 328 miles.

The finest possible weather, the air very clear, the sky half-filled with drifting clouds, the sea as smooth as it ever is at this distance from land, the wind light from the W.

Animal life abounded to-day. Several Whales and innumerable Porpoises in schools of 6 or 8 to 25 or 30 appearing at intervals rarely exceeding 15 or 20 minutes coming close around the ship, and often plunging under the bow. They had to exert themselves to the utmost to overtake and pass us and ordinarily they soon gave up the race and fell rapidly astern (our speed at the time was about 15 miles per hour). All were apparently of the same species, of rather small size (six to eight feet long) with white or whitish bellies, greenish sides and light wood-brown backs. They frequently leaped quite clear of the water, describing the most graceful curves, one following another in quick succession.

Small Petrels followed our wake all day. In the early morning there were 40 or 50, at noon about 100, at sunset 25 or 30. They all looked and acted like Wilson's Petrels. Shearwaters which I took to be P. major were also seen at short intervals, usually two or three together wheeling or scaling on set wings close over the surface of the water occasionally alighting for a moment but never following our wake or, indeed appearing to notice us in any way.

On Board the Steamship "Kensington".

1897.
July 8.

Latitude, 49 15 N.
Longitude, 13 50 W.
Run- - - - 330 miles.

A gray sky, strong west wind and lumpy, following sea which made our steamer roll heavily at times.

Porpoises of numerous and frequent occurrence during the entire day. No birds except Wilson's (?) Petrels which were rather less numerous than yesterday.

Late in the afternoon the U.S. war ship "Brooklyn" passed us about 12 miles to the southward on her way back to America from the Queen's Jubilee celebration.

On Board the Steamship "Kensington".

1897. Latitude, 49 50 N.
 Longitude, 10 40 W.
July 9. Run- - - - 325 miles.

A fine day, warm, nearly cloudless, with tender blue sky and deep blue sea roughened by short, low waves but so nearly without swells that the "Kensington" kept an even keel for minutes at a time.

Several vessels seen; at one time, just after lunch, we had a tramp steamer and a dingy old bark on our port side and to the southward, about twelve miles away, four British war ships going through some intricate manoeuvring.

The only bird seen during the forenoon was a Herring Gull (a gray bird) that came about the ship soon after breakfast. Early in the afternoon five or six Petrels (apparently Wilson's) followed our steamer for a short time and a Gannet (in spotted plumage with dark wings) and a fine, old Herring Gull came close about us.

We made Bishop light on the Scilly Islands at about 10 P.M.

On Board the Steamship "Kensington".

1897. Latitude, 50 25 N.
 July 10. Longitude, 20 35 W.
 Run 310 miles.

Early morning cloudy but the remainder of the day sunny with a smooth sea and almost no wind except late in the P.M. when a fresh and chill easterly breeze blew for an hour or two

The run through the British Channel occupied the entire day and well into the night. The distance was obscured by the usual English haze but we passed near enough to some of the headlands to see distinctly downs, cultivated fields divided by hedges into the usual checker board squares, towns and country houses surrounded by parks and park woods. The white chalk cliffs of the Isle of Wight were especially interesting and striking. Water birds were very numerous. Gulls (chiefly L. canus with now and then a L. argentatus) followed our steamer during the whole forenoon in a long straggling flock comprising upwards of a hundred birds. The Mew Gulls were very tame coming up to within a few yards of the steamer and sometimes hovering over and looking down at us.

Murres and Razor-billed Auks in pairs were sprinkled about over the water sometimes allowing us to pass within a few yards without either flying or diving. There were also a few Puffins. A solitary Gannet was the only other bird observed.

Antwerp, Belgium.

1897. We reached Flushing at 6 A.M. and Antwerp at 11. The run
 July 11. up the Sheldt was most interesting. The scenery is just what
 I had pictured it - the first time I have ever had this ex-
 perience with a country new to me. The land was perfectly
 level as far as the eye could reach and bordered along the
 river - as well as intersected everywhere - with dykes. Pop-
 lars and willows extended in rows as far as the eye could
 reach. Water birds swarmed along the muddy and sandy flats a-
 long the edges of the river. The most numerous were Black-
 headed Gulls and Terns of two sizes (the smaller S.hirundo I
 think). I saw three Shags, two large Curlew and a solitary
 Crow or Rook.

E.R.S. awaiting me at wharf at Antwerp. C. ill and at
 Rheims with Mrs.S.

To Hotel du Courrier, Rempart du Lombard, a pretty lit-
 tle inn with inner court open above and filled with shrubbery
 (chiefly lilacs) and flowers. After lunch visited Cathedral
 and "Zoo". The latter on a smaller scale than the London
 "Zoo" but to my mind more attractive and effective, certainly
 much more beautiful. The collection of birds and animals is
 less extensive than at London but the enclosures are larger
 and better planned. The Giraffes and Hippopotami especially
 fine. A curious feature was the crowding together of immense
 numbers of birds of the same species. In one large aviary we

Antwerp, Belgium.

1897. saw fully four hundred Indigo Birds and as many Nonpariels
 July 11. mostly males. There were at least fifty Wood Ducks in one of
 (No. 2). the ponds.



Antwerp to Dinant.

1897. Clear with warm sun and strong, cool, dry air very in-
July 12. vigorating and refreshing.

To Dinant by rail, 10.20 A.M.- P.M.

Antwerp to Brussels 27 1/2 miles.

Brussels to Namur 35 "

Namur to Dinant 17 "

Total distance 79 1/2 miles.

Country for first few miles flat, exceedingly fertile, under high cultivation, divided into small holdings, with abundance of shade trees, many small towns and houses everywhere. Next, a range of hills of moderate elevation covered with unbroken forest which extended for miles in every direction, the trees chiefly oaks and beeches with a good many larches, Norway spruces and Scotch pines and a few birches. Then the valley of the Meuse with broad fields of grain near the river and further back high ridges, in places rocky and precipitous, in others steep slopes covered with young forest or fields of ripening grain. Most of the woods seen to-day were evidently planted.

Hotel de Tête d'Or. Dinant, Belgium.

A quiet, pretty inn with an inner court filled with flowers and behind this a terraced garden with narrow foot path leading upward by easy grades amid dense shrubbery of lilacs sumacs, elders, and hobble bushes and through narrow fissures walled in by ivy-covered rocks, reaching finally the top of

Hotel de Tête d'Or. Dinant, Belgium.

1897. the cliff at least 500 feet above the town and crowned with an
 July 12. old fortress. Back from the cliff as far as the eye could
 (No.2). reach to the eastward stretched a rolling plain covered with
 fields of rye, oats and other grain with one or two houses and
 farm buildings in the distance.

As we climbed this path late in the afternoon Swallows,
 Martins and Swifts dashed over and around us continually but
 none of the smaller birds were seen or heard, probably because
 of the heat for the face of the cliff was shut off from the
 breeze and the sun's rays shone full upon it. But when we
 reached the top we found the fields of ripening grain alive
 with birds, chiefly Skylarks which were rising and singing in
 every direction far and near. Either I failed to appreciate
 the song of the Skylark when I first heard it in England in
 1891 or these Dinant birds have finer voices than their Brit-
 ish cousins. At least as I listened to the former this after-
 noon I became quickly convinced that in brilliancy and finish
 of execution and richness, purity and tenderness of tone their
 songs far excelled anything that I had hitherto heard either
 in England or America. It is true that they lacked the calm
 serenity - the almost divine spirituality for which the songs
 of some of our American birds, such as the Hermit Thrush and
 Bachman's Finch, are deservedly famous.

Hotel de Tete d'Or. Dinant, Blegium.

1897. The Skylark, however, has so little in common with this
 July 12. order of singers that he cannot justly be compared with them.
 (No.3). He belongs rather with the class of loud, rapid voluble song-
 sters of which our Bobolink is a familiar example. But the
 Bobolink, although scarcely less blithe and joyous than the
 Skylark, is infinitely inferior to the latter as a musician.

The songs of the different Skylarks heard to-day varied
 comparatively little in respective merit but the repertory of
 each bird comprised an infinite variety of themes which were
 given in unbroken succession, one following another without
 the slightest pauses between.

Besides the Skylarks I saw in these fields Stone Chats,
 Gray and Yellow Wagtails, Swallows, Martins and Swifts. A low
 grasshopper-like churring song coming from the fields of grain
 was perhaps that of the Grasshopper Warbler. The Wagtails had
 a flight call exactly like the tzee of our Kingbird but neither
 they nor the Stone Chats sang.

In the woods or shrubbery along the cliff I heard a Song
 Thrush, a Chiff-chaff, and several Warblers of a species un-
 known to me. Swifts in great numbers and a few Jackdaws were
 dashing about over the town at evening.

Rheims, France.

1897. Another bright, beautiful day with strong, cool breeze,
July 13. the air as clear and free from haze as it often is in America.

At daybreak several birds sang freely in the terraced garden behind the house but I recognized only two, a Wren and Chiff-chaff. Even the Wren puzzled me at first for its voice wholly lacked the fine quality of our Winter Wren's and more resembled that of our Song Sparrow. We continued our journey southward at 11.45 A.M. going to Charleville (57 miles) and to Rheims (60 miles) reaching the latter place at 5 P.M.

Just before reaching Charleville we left the hill country behind and entered a region very similar in general appearance to the plains of Nebraska with long gently sloping swells rising and falling as far as the eye could reach. Despite the fact that there were no woods and but few scattered trees to interrupt the view we often rode for miles without seeing a house or even a human being. Nevertheless the country was of the most fertile character and all under cultivation, chiefly devoted to fields of oats, rye and other grains with some English hay. The farmers, E. told me, live in the towns and not on or near the lands which they till. As most of the crops were not quite ready for harvesting the country was practically deserted.

The whole region was unfenced and there were but few hedgerows. From the car windows I saw Skylarks, Wagtails,

Rheims, France.

1897. Stone Chats and other small birds, a few Rooks (not above a
 July 13. dozen in all), a Kestrel, a Lapwing, and six Magpies, the last
 (No.2). in grain fields far from any woods but with low hedges near
 at hand. On reaching Rheims we took a tram car to the Hotel
 du Lion D'Or where we joined C. and Mrs.S.

The fine old Cathedral (Notre Dame of Rheims) directly
 in front of the hotel is evidently a huge natural aviary.
 Hundreds of Swifts collected about it this evening circling
 over it in a great swarm as I have seen Chimney Swifts at home
 There were many Jackdaws, also, very many Pigeons, all of the
 domestic kind I think, and a few House Sparrows. After most
 of these birds had finished their circling flights and gone
 to roost in the innumerable niches and crevices of the walls
 a Kestrel appeared and glided through the outer arches and un-
 der the flying buttresses evidently looking for his evening
 meal. Finally he turned sharply, swept upward and seized a
 bird (probably a Sparrow or a Swift) from a narrow ledge 200
 feet or more above the earth, carrying it away in his talons.
 All this occurred directly over a city street filled with peo-
 ple.

Rheims, France.

1897. Another fine day a little warmer than yesterday with less
 July 15. wind. To Coucy-le-Chateau with E.R.S. starting at 8.45 A.M.
 and getting back at 9 P.M. The country between Rheims and
 Laon chiefly open and rolling with fields of grain in attrac-
 tive stripes or patches of strongly contrasting colors, the
 oats pale glaucous, the rye deep russet, some kind of legume a
 very deep dark green. The oats and rye are not as tall as
 with us but they are much more heavily fruited. In these
 fields I saw Larks, two Kestrels, a pair of Red-legged Par-
 tridges, forty or fifty Rooks and a few Turtle Doves. Magpies
 were numerous wherever there were hedges or clusters of trees
 in grain fields. After passing Laon the country became more
 broken and varied with very much more woodland. The woods in
 places, especially where they were bordered by meadows or pas-
 tures, closely resembled those of eastern Massachusetts.
 Probably the trees had been all planted but they were not in
 rows nor was there the usual association of those of the same
 kind, the pines, birches, spruces, larches, beeches, oaks,
 chestnuts, lindens, etc. intermingling just as they do in our
 own woods. Most of the pines were Scotch or Austrian but I
 saw a few vigorous specimens of our P. strobus.

Throughout this wooded country Magpies were abundant. We
 saw them every few minutes singly, in pairs, and in families of

Rheims, France.

1897. Five to eight, rising from the ground in pastures and gardens
 July 15. and flying up into the trees. There were also a good many
 (No.2). Rocks and Turtle Doves but Wood Pigeons were scarcer.

We reached Coucy-le-Chateau at 11.30, lunched at the Red Lion Inn and then drove up the steep hill to the village where we walked to the castle. The shade trees and shrubbery in and about the castle were alive with birds. A Robin, Blackbird, Wren, and many Greenfinches were singing and I saw a Green Woodpecker (very Flicker-like in flight and general appearance and behavior) and dozens of Chaffinches. The guide told us that Owls frequented the ruins, and pointed out a quantity of pellets under a crevice in one of the ruined towers. He said the bird was "Le grand Duc" (Bubo maximus) but I think it more likely to be the Barn Owl although the pellets were certainly large enough for those of a true Bubo. I found two of these pellets, both perfectly fresh, on the floor of the big Donjon Tower. Feathers of Jackdaws strewed the floor of all the towers and I found the mummified remains of a young Jackdaw and those of several large Moles in one of these towers.

The guide said that Bats inhabit the subterranean chambers.

Scores of Swifts were continually dashing about the tower uttering their incisive, ampelis-like Zi-i-i-i-ing, and the

Rheims, France.

1897. monotonous, even trill of the Greenfinch came from various di-
 July 15. rections among the crumbling ruins. I saw also Redstarts,
 (No.3). Flycatchers and heard one Chiff-chaff. The walls of these
 ruins supported abundant growths of ferns, clematis, and vari-
 ous small flowering plants and in places elder and hobble-bush
 (covered with cymes of reddening berries) had gained a foot-
 hold but there was much less ivy than one sees in similar
 places in England. The grass of the lawns, commons and road-
 sides in this part of France is everywhere similar to that of
 New England and very inferior to that which forms the deep,
 velvety turf of England. In the drier places it is fast ripen-
 ing and turning brown owing to the dryness of the present sea-
 son. The leaves of the birches are also turning yellow and
 falling.

With respect to the birds, fruits and flowers the season
 here seems to correspond very nearly with ours of similar
 dates. Many of the birds have evidently gone out of song
 while others sing only at morning and evening and then list-
 lessly. This makes it difficult for me to recognize the spe-
 cies that I know or to identify those new to me.

I am struck by the comparative scarcity of the House Spar-
 rows. Even in the towns they are greatly outnumbered by other
 birds and nowhere are they one fiftieth as numerous as in

Rheims, France.

1897. America. Indeed I doubt if I have seen and heard more than a
July 15. dozen in any one day and in many places I fail to find them at
(No.4). all. Both males and females are colored like our birds and
their notes are all similar.

As we repassed through the great grain fields between
Laon and Rheims twilight was falling. The soft light of the
afterglow seemed to bring out the rich, varied coloring of the
landscape even more strikingly than the sunlight of the morning.
It is indeed a beautiful country especially when seen under
such conditions.





Dinant, Belgium.

1897. Weather similar to that of yesterday but with clouds
July 16. gathering in the late afternoon.

We all left Rheims at about 10 this morning and reached Dinant at 4.30 P.M. The change from the breezy open plains which surround Rheims into the wooded hills of Ardennes begins a little north of Charleville. Thence to Dinant the railroad follows the Meuse closely, piercing many a projecting cliff by tunnel. The hills and ridges are nearly all densely wooded from base to summit but the trees are mostly small.

Dinant, Belgium.

1897. Clear and sultry with but little wind, the distance obscured by smoky haze. Rambled about the quaint old town in the forenoon entering many of the shops and making a few purchases. In the afternoon we all drove to the top of the cliff where we left the carriage near the fort and walked over the same ground which L. and I visited on the 12th. Another glorious concert of Skylarks, one bird in the air and singing without the slightest pause or break for fully 12 minutes (L. timed him $9 \frac{1}{2}$ minutes not looking at her watch until he had been up at least 3 minutes. He rose to a height of fully 1000 ft. Saw a family of Tits, a Redstart, a Magpie, several Wheatears and a dozen or more -- ? Warblers. Few birds singing except the Skylarks.

In the terraced garden this morning I heard a Wren sing many times near at hand. The song was less liquid and musical than that of our Winter Wren but the form was essentially the same. The tone was not unlike that of our Song Sparrow.

Swallows and Martins very numerous about these cliffs. All the notes of the Swallow are precisely the same as those of our Barn Swallow. The Martin appears to have only one call note which is about intermediate between the chatter of our Sand Martin and the ghur of our Eave Swallow.

Here as in England I am struck by the absence of the tsup and tsip calls so common among our Warblers and Sparrows.

Dinant, Belgium.

1897. The smaller birds have either chattering or Zi-ing calls.

July 17. Grasshoppers fairly numerous in the grain fields to-day and

(No.2). crickets chirping in the village gardens this evening. House

flies are scarce throughout France and Belgium and mosquitoes

practically absent. I have seen no toads, lizards or snakes.

The only butterfly at all common is the Cabbage Butterfly.

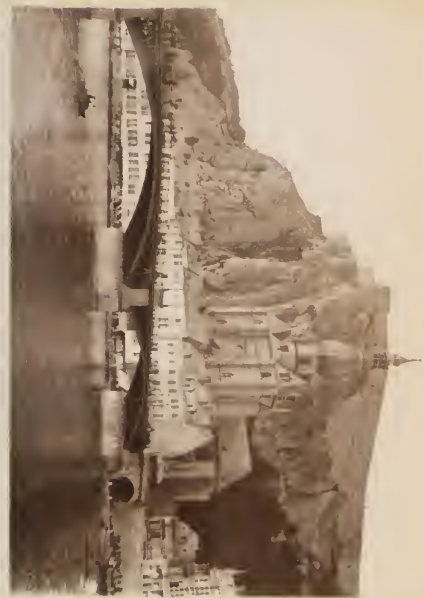
Besides this I have seen literally only two species (a large

and a small brown one) and but one individual of each. Not a

single Dragonfly as yet. Insects that prey on vegetation must

be very scarce, for the foliage of the trees and shrubs is

everywhere perfect.



Dinant, Belgium.

1897. Early morning cloudy, remainder of day clear and warm

July 18. with light N. wind.

Spent the forenoon in the terraced garden behind the hotel watching the birds and trying, with the help of Saunders Manual to disentangle them. It proved a difficult task, for the adults are now in worn, faded plumage and there are many young. The Warblers are especially provoking. The commonest species is what I take to be Sylvia atricapilla, but of the dozens which I have had under my glass not one has shown a full black cap. It is the same with a bird that I am calling the Black Redstart. Its bright bay rump and tail are very conspicuous but all the specimens that I have seen (and it is numerous enough) have had the throat and breast slaty gray instead of black. Coal-Tits in family parties and Robins feeding their spotted young are very common. Yesterday I saw a brood of young *Parus major* in a plantation of young spruces.

A small, very slenderly built Warbler wholly of a pale grayish or slaty brown both above and beneath agrees with nothing that I can find in Saunders although the bird is common here. The Spotted Flycatcher is less common than in England. Yesterday I saw what I took to be Brown Linnets, four ^{about} birds flying and alighting in a field of grain.

The Coal Tit has one call consisting of four or five

Dinant, Belgium.

1897. notes which reminds me of that of our Parus hudsonicus being
 July 18. similarly emphatic and distinctly annunciated. It also utters
 (No.2). a low chee-dee-dee-dee very like that of young Parus atrica-
pillus. The smaller wood birds here, as in England, are si-
 lent and shy - or at least retiring - when conscious of the
 near presence of man. As I walk in the terraced garden thread-
 ing the narrow foot path that winds by easy grades up the face
 of the cliff, the dense thickets of hazel and lilacs, the
 clusters of locusts and Norway spruces and the ivy-clad walls
 of weathered blackish limestone seem alike silent and deserted
 but within a minute or two after I have stopped and seated my-
 self under some slight cover Warblers, Redstarts, Robins, Hedge
 Sparrows, Wrens, Titmice, etc. begin to show themselves or to
 call to one another from every side. If I rise and advance
 towards one of them they all disappear in a twinkling. The
 Titmice are the tamest and least suspicious but even they ob-
 ject to a too close inspection.

One bird which I have not yet identified has a call note
 exactly like that of Geothlypis trichas. But the only bird
 here whose notes are all and at all times wholly familiar is
 the Swallow. There are positively no differences in either
 his flight call or twittering song from those of our Barn
 Swallow.

Dinant to Antwerp.

1897. Clear and really very warm with light S. wind.

July 19. At daybreak this morning I heard a Blackbird, a Wren and a Hedge Sparrow singing. The last is the bird whose song I have thought so much like a Song Sparrow's. It is like that of a young Song Sparrow warbling in broken snatches in autumn.

We left Dinant at 10 A.M. for Antwerp. Alighting for a moment at Chastre a small station in the Province of Brabant, about ten miles north of Namur the train went off without me. I found my way to a café very small, very primitive and very neat, where a gendarme interviewed me and asked all manner of questions as to my business in the place, whence I had come, whither I was going, etc. As neither nor anyone else about the place could speak or understand a word of English I found it difficult to satisfy his official curiosity. A glass of beer and a cigar, however, won his confidence and we parted excellent friends.

After a primitive but by no means bad dinner at the café I strolled through the village, a picturesque little place with thatched stone houses and large barns into which the farmers were bringing loads of hay and grain from the neighboring fields. It was midday and very warm and sultry, so I heard but few birds singing. Black Redstarts and Pied Wagtails

Dinant to Antwerp.

1897. seemed to be among the most numerous village birds and of
 July 19. course there were Swallows, Martins and Swifts (no town in
 (No.2). this region is without them). A walled ^{garden} near the station was
 alive with English Sparrows, Domestic Pigeons were flying a-
 bout everywhere singly and in flocks. They are far numerous
 in Belgium than in the United States.

Outside the village Skylarks were rising and singing over
 the great fields of waving grain. At 2.43 P.M. I took a train
 for Brussels where I made close connection with another for
 Antwerp. On reaching the Hotel du Courrier I found a telegram
 from C. She with Mrs.S. and L. had waited for me at Brussels
 where I had somehow missed and passed them. They came on and
 joined me, however, half an hour later.

In Antwerp I have seen only House Sparrows and Swifts.
 The latter fly about at evening in flocks of a dozen or fif-
 teen birds each making a great outcry. They are much noisier
 than our Chimney Swifts.

A flock of fully 50 Lapwings rose from a marshy place
 just outside of Antwerp as our train passed this P.M.

Antwerp, Belgium.

1897. Sultry with overcast or cloudy sky and a thunder storm

July 20.) on the afternoon of each day, that on the 20th accompanied by

" 21.) hail stones of large size which the children gathered in the streets.

Antwerp to Dordrecht.

1897. Alternately cloudy and clear with heavy shower in forenoon.

July 22. Started for Holland at 3 P.M. by train. The time consumed in getting from Antwerp to Dordrecht is only about 1 1/2 hours. For the first 15 or 20 miles (N. Belgium) the road passes through a wild region almost wholly devoted to planted forests mostly of Scotch pines, the trees set in rows but very thick together with furrows ploughed every few rods and broad straight wood roads at wider intervals to stop fires. The ground is kept perfectly clear of dead twigs, branches or undergrowth. After passing the frontier we saw more of these planted forests but most of the country was occupied by grain fields or pastures all perfectly flat and scarce a foot above the level of the water in the canals and ditches which drained them. These meadow-like fields were swarming with birds, chiefly Starlings and Lapwings. The latter in flocks of 50 or more were running about like Plover and paid no attention to our train. On a flat covered with shallow water I saw my first Stork, a noble bird, black and white with red or orange bill. He was walking slowly and made a downward Heron-like thrust with his big bill. At the long bridge across the I saw Gulls, Terns, a Heron, and hundreds of Waders. Most of last named were of one species which I took to be Totanus

They were about as large as our T. flavipes and had the rump conspicuously white.

(Hotel Ponsen). Dordrecht, Holland.

1897. Clear and cool with strong N.W. wind - a September-like
 July 23. day. Spent most of the day in the business part of the town
 visiting the markets and canals and lunching at the Hotel
 Bellevue on the Merevede over which numbers of Black-headed
 Gulls (L. ridibundus) mostly young birds, were fishing. They
 were very tame often flying or hovering low over the wharves
 and coming within a few yards of the piazza where we were sit-
 ting. The only other birds seen here were a few Jackdaws and
 a Heron (Ardea). The latter looked exactly like our
A. herodias as it flapped lazily over a canal and alighted in
 the marsh on the further side.

Starting out again just before sunset I spent nearly two
 hours strolling about the streets near our hotel. They are
 shaded by a double row of vigorous young English elms about
 40 ft. in height and bordered by canals some thirty feet in
 width. On the further side of the canals are houses with
 lawns, shrubbery, flower beds and gardens shaded by fine old
 trees. Nowhere else in Europe have I seen so many flowers or
 so great and interesting a variety of trees and shrubs. Gera-
 niums, fusias, begonias, tea roses and nasturtiums seem to be
 the favorite flowers. Horse-chestnuts, plane trees, weeping
 willows, retinosporas and Lombardy poplars are the commonest
 trees. Every lawn has a big rhubarb plant carefully cultiva-
 ted.

(Hotel Ponsen). Dordrecht, Holland.

1897. Birds are fairly numerous. A Blackbird is in full song.

July 23. I cannot understand how anyone can compare its song to that
 (No.2). of the Robin. It is given in bars separated by wide intervals
 and reminds me slightly of the song of our Swainson's Thrush
 but is much finer, the voice a full rich contralto. I saw the
 bird singing and fully identified him. Another bird which has
 a rich flowing song not unlike that of our Orchard Oriole is
 new to me. I had a good view of him. He was about the size
 and color of Vireo olivaceus and acted much like that bird
 hopping from twig to twig as he sang and peering under the
 leaves. A Song Thrush is singing as I write. I should hardly
 know him from our Brown Thrasher, the notes very similar and
 given rapidly in threes. Turtle Doves have been cooing at in-
 tervals all day in the trees over the streets. This evening I
 saw two Wood Pigeons in a tree near the hotel.

Swallows, Martins and Swifts are here but the last are
 much less numerous than in Belgium and France. House Sparrows
 are so scarce as to be positively inconspicuous. I have not
 seen nor heard one during my walk this evening. The notes of
 the Jackdaw remind me constantly of those of our Purple Mar-
 tin. Heard at a distance they might actually be mistaken for
 them but near at hand they are louder, coarser and harder or
 more woodeny.





Dordrecht to the Hague.

1897. Clear and sultry with light W. wind. Left the Hotel Pon-
 July 24. sen at 8.30 A.M. and took a tram car across the town to the
 Hotel Bellevue where we had to wait nearly an hour for the ar-
 rival of the boat. I spent this time taking photographs.

At 10 A.M. the boat arrived and we went on board. Like
 most of the Dutch canal steamers she was of iron painted plain
 black. The hull was long, narrow, low in the water and she
 proved to be, as she looked, very fast. She was a screw
 steamer but many of the boats seen to-day were "side wheelers".

Our route lay through the De Noord canal and thence by
 the Maas to Rotterdam. These water ways were simply crowded in
 places with steamers, barges and Dutch sailing craft of every
 size and description. Aside from the great interest attaching
 to these and to the picturesque Dutch houses I found the sce-
 nery much more attractive and varied than I had expected. Ex-
 tensive beds of tall, broad-leaved reeds (very like the cano-
 like reeds that grow on Alewife Brook) alternated with meadow
 pastures studded thickly with cattle and fields of grain or
 vegetables. There were many thickets and small plantations of
 low willows but no other trees save those which shaded the
 village streets and houses and the long rows of elms or pop-
 lars marking the dykes and public roads. The margins of the
 canals were everywhere fringed with reeds, flags (very like
 our sweet flag in general appearance) and low willows among

Dordrecht to the Hague.

1897. which grew various tall-stemmed wild flowers mostly yellow or
 July 24. crimson and none familiar to me.

(No.2). There were remarkably few birds. Indeed I saw only three
 or four Gulls (L.), a few Rooks and Starlings, an occa-
 sional Wagtail, Swallows and Martins, and five superb great
 Storks (*Ciconia alba*). The last were flying in company but at
 varying heights over a meadow, soaring in circles very like
 Wood Ibises and rarely flapping. They all carried the head
 and neck extended to the full length.

We crossed Rotterdam by tram car and after waiting for an
 hour and lunching at an inn took another steamer for Delft.
 This boat was very unlike the first being much smaller and
 very narrow and low the rail scarce a foot above the water.
 The smoke stack was hinged and had to be lowered at all the
 bridges. The decks were covered with freight and produce of
 every description. The canals through which we passed were
 exceedingly narrow in places and almost everywhere so crowded
 with traffic that it seemed impossible to run a steamer
 through them. Much of the time we moved very slowly, feeling
 our way as it were, but not ^{once} did we touch any of the curious
 craft that we passed. Along this part of the route I saw hun-
 dreds of Lapwings and very many Swallows and Martins. House
 Sparrows were numerous in or near some of the villages. They

Dordrecht to the Hague.

1897. seem to be much more locally distributed here than in America.

July 24. During the entire trip I did not see a Heron or a wild
(No.3). waterfowl of any description. Apparently there are not even
Water-hens, at least along the canals. There were a few
flocks of tame Ducks with tufted heads. As we were approach-
ing Delft a Common Tern flew close past us.

At Delft we took a tram car for the Hague which we
reached at 5 P.M. A swarm of Swifts careering over the Vyver
at evening dodging the telegraph wires with interesting
adroitness.



The Hague. Hotel de L'Europe.

1897. Clear and cool with strong west wind.

July 25. Walked about the city parks in the forenoon. No birds seen except House Sparrows (which are not numerous) and Swifts To Scheveningen by tram car in P.M. The woods through which the road leads do not, as Baedeker says, contain "numerous fine old oaks" but, on the contrary, are composed of elms, horse-chestnuts, plane trees and lindens with a few beeches, none of the trees being of large size. Indeed the majority, judged by American standards of growth, can scarce exceed fifty years of age. The whole forest was simply alive with people and the ground beneath the trees was everywhere hard and bare. I saw no birds except House Sparrows which were numerous. The beach at Scheveningen was also thronged with people. Just outside the breakers Gulls and Terns passed and repassed at short intervals and I saw a pair of Oyster Catchers flying along the shore uttering a wild cry which closely resembled that of our Haematopus. On a lawn in front of one of the hotels several Starlings were walking about probing the ground with their sharp bills.

We returned to the hotel at 6 P.M.

During the trip to Scheveningen on July 25th I walked too far and thereby brought on an attack of my old hip trouble which proved so severe and persistent that I was obliged to take to crutches shortly afterwards. Moreover I became ill in other ways and finding it impossible to get about sailed for home on August 7th, the interim being spent as follows.

1897.

The Hague, Holland.

July 26-30. Confined to the hotel most of the time taking, however, another ride out to Scheveningen on the top of a tram car and visiting the picture gallery on the 29th.

July 30-Aug.3.

Amsterdam, Holland.

On the afternoon of the 30th we went by rail to Amsterdam but my experience at that city was confined to what I saw in driving from and to the station and from the windows of my room at the Brack's Doelan Hotel to which I was confined during our entire stay.

Aug.3-5.

Dordrecht, Holland.

On the afternoon of August 3rd we returned by rail, via the Hague to Dordrecht where we went to the Hotel Bellevue. The next morning I was rowed through the canals in a small boat taking a few photographs and in the afternoon we made a trip in one of the excursion steamers to a point some twenty miles up the Rhine.





1897.

Aug. 5-7.

Antwerp, Belgium.

We returned to Antwerp on the forenoon of the 5th and spent the next day there.

During the railway journeys between the Hague and Amsterdam I got some idea of the general character of this part of Holland as well as fleeting glimpses at a few of the larger or more conspicuous birds. The country traversed by the railroad appears to be perfectly flat and is said to be considerably below the level of the sea. It is divided by ditches into rectangular fields of varying extent. The surface of the land is apparently raised only a few inches above that of the brim-full ditches but it is everywhere reasonably dry and firm and under the most perfect cultivation. By far the greater part of the fields are devoted to grass and, at this season at least, most of them are used as pastures. Ditches take the place of fences and the numerous black and white Dutch cattle keep the grass so closely cropped that the eye may often range for miles over a surface as smooth and uniformly green as that of a carefully trimmed lawn. There are no bushes, and weeds are rooted up as fast as they appear but in places one sees fields of vegetables or grain and every now and then square plantations of young trees growing very closely together and resembling, at a little distance, the maple swamps near Fresh

1897.

Aug. 5-7.

Antwerp, Belgium.

(No. 2). Pond.

I was both surprised and disappointed at finding no unreclaimed bogs or marshes, the nearest approach to them being a few narrow strips of swampy ground bordering shallow pools or neglected canals, and covered with dense growths of rushes intermingled with various kinds of tall wild plants some of which bore yellow or pinkish flowers. No one of these natural reed beds seemed to me extensive or retired enough to shelter Bitterns but I saw a few Herons (Ardea cinerea) standing erect and motionless along the ditches and now and then a big White Stork walking slowly over the smooth turf of the pastures near, or even actually among, herds of cows. I also saw a Stork's nest made of coarse twigs much after the manner of an Osprey's nest and placed in a garden, within a few rods of a house, on a cart-wheel at the top of a pole, twenty^{feet} or so above the ground. Two young Storks, fully feathered and apparently nearly ready to fly, were sitting close together in this nest.

By far the most numerous and characteristic birds of these meadow pastures were the Lapwings. Scarce a field but had its flock and many of the flocks contained from fifty to one hundred individuals each. Scattered about over wide areas, often intermingled with the grazing cattle, each bird standing

1897.

Aug. 5-7.

Antwerp, Belgium.

(No. 3). motionless in a crouching posture with its dark back turned toward the railroad, they might have been easily mistaken, at a little distance, for so many lumps of freshly-exposed, blackish loam but when, as was frequently the case, they took flight at the near approach of the train and closing together wheeled and circled over the fields in a compact flock, the white on their wings and under parts flashed in the sunlight and made them conspicuous enough. There were also a few Golden Plover and now and then a bunch of Sandpipers as well as many small brownish birds some of which I took to be Skylarks and others Pipits. Swallows were everywhere numerous but I saw no Swifts north of the Hague.

The only Water-hen (Gallinula) which I met with anywhere in Holland was seen swimming in a canal not far from Haarlem.

Kestrels are apparently very common in this part of Holland for during each of my two trips between the Hague and Amsterdam I saw five or six hovering over the fields.

Directly opposite Dordrecht was the only natural marsh of any extent that I met with in all Holland. It comprised at least twelve or fifteen acres of unreclaimed land covered with the densest possible growth of cane-like reeds, six or seven feet tall, of a dark green color, and having broad,

1897.

Aug. 5-7.

Antwerp, Belgium.

- (No. 4). lateral blades branching from the main stem like the Phragmites communis of the Fresh Pond swamps which, indeed, it closely resembled in every respect. I have little doubt that this place harbors, during the summer season, Bitterns, Bearded Tits and many other interesting birds but it was out of the question for me in my disabled condition to attempt to enter such a place. As twilight was falling on the evening of our arrival I saw a pair of Mallards and several large Herons (A. cinerea) come in from the westward and circle over the reeds. The Herons alighted there but the Ducks finally kept on up the Rhine.

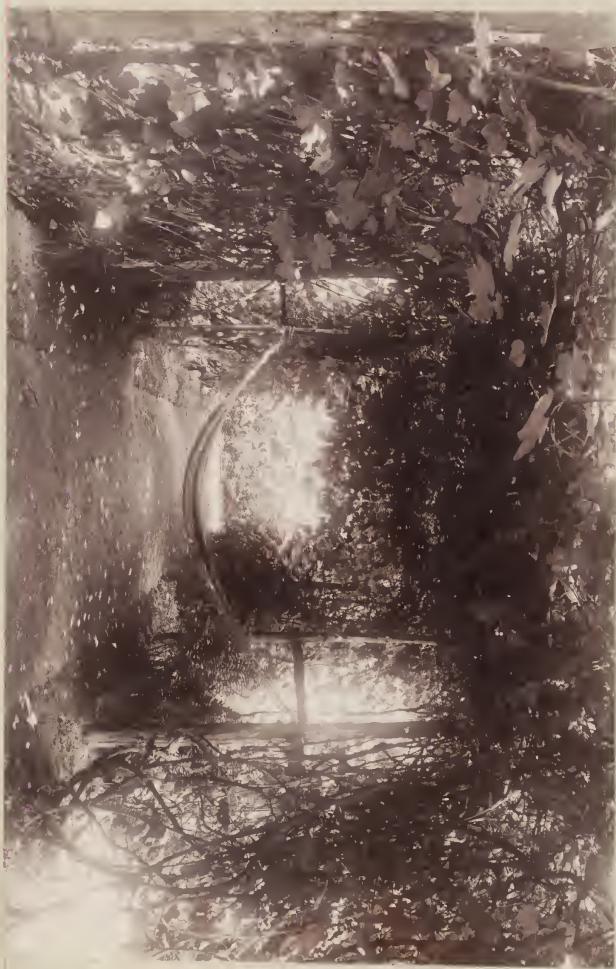
The Voyage Home.

1897. I came home on the "Southwark", the sister ship of the Aug. 7-17. "Kensington", leaving Antwerp at 7 A.M. on the 7th and landing in New York at 8 A.M. on the 17th. The weather was fine and the sea reasonably smooth during the entire voyage. We had a glorious day for our passage through the British Channel on the 8th, and I saw many Gannets, Murres, Razor-bills and Puffins, a few Cormorants, and swarms of Gulls. All of these birds were left behind at a distance of less than two hundred miles from the Irish coast but during the rest of the voyage no day passed when one or more small Petrels were not sighted. Shearwaters were also seen at intervals but never in any numbers. On the morning of the 14th as we were crossing the Grand Banks, Fulmars were constantly in sight for upwards of two hours. Indeed the ocean as far as the eye could reach in every direction was dotted with them. They floated very lightly on the water and at a distance looked very like Gulls for which, in fact, most of our passengers mistook them. The sea was very calm at the time and the birds were evidently resting for only those which were disturbed by our steamer took wing.

On the morning of the 16th when we were some sixty miles to the eastward of Nantucket Light-ship a Barn Swallow appeared and followed us for two or three hours circling close

The Voyage Home.

1897. over the ship but not alighting. This was the only land bird
Aug. 7-17. that came to visit us but many Phalaropes were in sight during
(No. 2). the forenoon of this day.





Lake Umbagog.

1897
Sept. 1

Clear and cool.

Boston
to
Bethel
to
Lakeside.

Started for the Lake this morning, leaving Boston at 8.30 and stopping at Bethel where I spent the night with the Gehrigs. I own Hill on crutches and am unable to walk at all without them.

The woods and fields all the way from Boston were remarkably fresh & green for the season - the result, no doubt, of the frequent copious rains of June & July. Since August came in the weather has been clear & cool most of the time but there was a heavy rain on the 24th. There has been no hot weather since August 16th and some of the nights have been almost frosty.

Vegetation

" 2

Early morning dew with light showers, the clouds beginning to break away by 10 a. m. Afternoon cloudless with fine cool, dry W. wind.

Went through to the Lake by Stage to-day starting at noon and reaching Lakeside at 5.30 P. M. Although the drive gave me some pain I have rarely if ever enjoyed it more. The afternoon was simply perfect and the summation unusually clear & distinct. The roadsides were abloom with golden-rod, asters, *Eupatorium* & other autumn flowers all of which seemed to me to be unusually deep & rich in coloring owing, no doubt, to the abundant summer rains. *Eupatorium* was especially abundant & conspicuous. I saw a few plants of *Aster alba* with full heads of the white berries.

Roadside
flowers

Birds were apparently most numerous & I noticed nothing of particular interest.

Birds

Lake Umbagog

1897.
Sept. 3

A clear fine day but cold for the season with high north-west wind.

Lakeside

Spent the evening in the hotel. After dinner drove around to the Lake House to see a new course that Jim has made for me the past summer. Saw some Sparrows, Grass Finches & Chipping flying up along the woodsides. A ♀ Maryland Yellow-throat in a thicket of bush maple. An Osprey soaring over the lake.

" 4

Cloudy with light showers in the late afternoon. The Lake calm most of the day.

Pine Point

Left the Lake this morning with Mr. Sargent, Charles Tidwell, and Gilbert and all our camp outfit on the house-boat which with our numerous boats we took in tow of the steamer three days ago by a favorable wind.

Reached the camp at 10.30 and spent the remainder of the day putting things in order.

Only a few small birds on the Point among them a Solitary & Red-eyed Vireo, a Three-toed Woodpecker (arcticus, I think, but I only heard its chuck) and several Yellow-rump Warblers. The evening was still & damp with no Owl hooting & no sounds of small birds migratory.

Picoides

The woods still wear their summer living of uniform green but one small maple in front of the camp is beginning to crimson & the Cassopavilla leaves are mottled with yellow.

Autumn
coloring

1897
Sept. 5

Clear and warm, then forenoon dead calm, a fresh west wind in the afternoon. Heavy fog in the early morning.

At daybreak this morning a Winter Wren sang a dozen times or more near the camp & later I heard a Solitary and Red-eyed Vireo and two Parula Woodpeckers all in full song & evidently old birds. There did not seem to be many Warblers on the Point however, only a few Yellow-rumps and Parulids in fact.

A large number of pine trees were caught a week or two ago at the mouth of Sturdevant Brook and Hill and I went there this morning in the hope of finding a few still lingering about the river. The rocky channel of the brook proved to abate with large boulders among which we saw at least two stone each of which would have weighed two pounds or more but weather would rise to our feet.

In crossing the north arm of the Lake we kept a sharp lookout for dead birds and picked up two a White-throated Sparrow and an Oven-bird. Both were floating belly down as is invariably the case with small birds that get drowned in the Lake these foggy autumnal mornings. They were both cold & stiff. The plumage of the birds & upper parts generally was smooth & perfectly dry as if they had perished without struggle. I have little doubt that a thorough search of the whole Lake would have yielded a dozen or more of birds unfortunate. I still believe that they descend blindly through the fog & strike the water before they see it.

Winter Wren,
Solitary Vireo,
Red-eye
& 2 Wrens
Warblers all
in full song.

Frost fishing
on Lake as
mouth of
Sturdevant
Brook.

Birds
drowned
in the
Lake of
a still
foggy morning.

Lake Umbagog.

1897
Sept. 5
(No 2.)

As we were nearing the mouth of Swanton Cove we saw an adult loon of exceptionally large size floating about 100 yds. off on the glassy surface. Ordinarily I do not wet my nose with birds but I coveted the skin of this gigantic fellow & at once gave him a charge of buckshot. Within one of the pellets hit him or he was a loon of peculiar habits for he began walking a series of short dives often coming up within less than 40 yards from the spot where he had previously disappeared. He moved for the most part in a circle of about 200 yds in diameter but often doubled back. He came up repeatedly within half gunshot but on every such occasion merely broke water and immediately disappeared again like a big fish. Had I had enough shells to risk trap shots freely I should certainly have killed him but as it was I kept my two charges of heavy shot for four clouds at his head & well & missed with both at rather long range. When we left the bird he stood well & flapped his wings heading his long quivering cry back at us as if in decision. By the bubbles which rose to the calm surface just after he had dived my own eye I learned that he ordinarily or, at least, frequently, went straight down to a great depth (I think 20 feet or more) and then frequently turned back or described a brief circle before settling on his final course. Indeed we could get but little close to the place where he was likely to come up by following the line of bubbles. He occasionally went several hundred yards in one dive but ordinarily not more than 40 to 70 yards.

Odd behavior
of a loon



Lake Umbagog.

Outlet Marshes.1897.
Sept. 6

Clear and warm with a fresh west wind in the afternoon.

Hearing the whistling of Yellow-legs (*J. melanotos*) on the marsh this morning we started for them immediately after breakfast but before we reached the landing a volley of shots told us that someone had got ahead of us. The firing continued as we were crossing the lake & upon reaching Moon Point we found two boys of Dr. Nichols of Cambridge, who are camping with Harry Crosser just above Pine Point. They had started a flock of seven Yellow-legs & had killed one of them. They told us that they had killed a Green-winged Teal on Saturday, Sept. 4th, an early date. (I afterwards saw the wings which were apparently those of an adult female).

Greater
Yellow-legs.Green-wing
Teal shot

We next visited the Outlet but found nothing there. The water is so high that only the higher & more grassy part of the marshes is exposed.

We then paddled through Bernard's Pond where I shot three Solitary Sandpipers and saw two, some number of King Willets. The marsh behind the island is covered with water to a depth of 10 or 12 inches but we could find no indication that Ducks have been feeding there of late.

Bernard's P.
Solitary S.
Willet.

In the afternoon I had a glorious boat in the 18 ft. canoe crossing to Moll's Road, beating up the cove to Moll's Cove & returning past the Outlet. Saw nothing but a few Kingfishers.

Sailing on
the lake

Lake Umbagog.

1897
Sept. 6
(No. 2)

At sunset Will rowed us over to Moon Point. The Crocker party was already there and one of them fired twice as we were passing. He afterwards learned that he shot a couple of Carolina Rails starting them from the long grass on the dry, southern bank of the marsh.

We kept on into the creek and took a station among some stubs very near the spot where I saw the Moon last year! The evening was calm, warm & dry. A great bank of black clouds lay along the western horizon but the sky elsewhere was of an uniform pale blue becoming more & more dusky towards the eastward as the light faded. The dim appearance of flat, red-green marsh was alive with sound, first the low chirping & pecking calls of the Savanna Sparrows and the plaintive whistling of Semipalmated Sandpipers, next the rasping cries of Surfs & the shrill peep meeting of Solitary Sandpipers, finally the hoarse harsh calls of Great Blue Herons & the flashing & flushing of muskrats. Of the last-named we had seen but seven first us, following the course of the creek & finally entering a large hollow stub.

There were no Ducks at all or rather we saw none but Will heard one quacking in the distance & another waddled its uneven course high over us through the darkness by the silvery whistling of its wings. The Crocker party told us that this was the first evening for a week or more when less than fifty or twenty Ducks have come into the marsh.

*
Moose Pt.
at evening.

Sounds.

Muskrats.

Ducks.

Lake Umbagog.

Moon Point

1897.
Sept. 6
(No 3)

As twilight was deepening into night & we were Short-eared thinking of starting campward a Short-eared Owl appeared, Owl. distinctly silhouetted against a light portion of the western sky and flying in the usual vacillating, wraith-like manner across the creek some sixty yards off. I squealed like a mouse when the bird at once turned back and came straight towards us. When directly over the boat and at a height of not more than eight or ten feet it hovered for a moment looking down at us, then passed on but another squeal or two brought it back at once. This was repeated a dozen times or more and although we talked, laughed and moved while the bird was directly over us it did not take alarm or appear to suspect that we were discussing it. Its hearing was most keen for the loudest squeal at once attracted its attention when it was a good start or more away. Once it alighted on a low stub directly behind us & from ten yards distant sitting very well & still. It made no vocal sound and the beating of its wings, even when it was within a few feet of our heads, was perfectly noiseless. It reminded me most forcibly of a big moth as it flapped and sailed to & fro rarely following a straight course for more than a few yards at a time & constantly rising, falling or descending sharply.

As we were leaving Moon Point a Night Heron came from the direction of the Outlet and passing near enough to be dimly seen disappeared over the woods when one of the Avella party shot at it. He thought it fell but could not find it. Later in the evening what was probably the same bird passed & re-passed Pine Point quietly & loudly.

Night
Heron

1897.
Sept. 7

Another perfect day, dead calm most of the time from morning to night, warm in the sun but not above 70° in the shade, with the most delicious warm dry air. The evening was cool the thermometer falling to 50° by 9 P.M.

Purdie arrived on the steamer this evening. As soon as he disposed of his things we started out on the Baker, he with Wick in the big boat, I in the hunting canoe. The Crocker party had been boating away on Moon Point for an hour or more. They were just leaving the woods in their boats when we reached it. They told us that they had killed two Greater Yellow-legs, a Snipe, some Grass Birds and a few Solitary Sandpipers.

Soon after they had departed and as we were sitting in our canoe talking a Sheldrake appeared near the end of the point. It was quickly followed by two or eight others, all well-grown birds. They evidently saw us for they at once turned back. As soon as they were hidden behind a bed of grass I paddled quickly in to the bank & raising my head discovered them about 40 yds. off swimming directly out into the bank. As they were well banded I fired at once and gave them the second barrel as they rose but to my surprise & disgust they all went off apparently unharmed leaving, however, a number of feathers on the water to show that the shot had killed through them.

We then kept on along the shore northward starting two Great Blue Herons & killing a Brown Marsh Hawk. In Whelan's Neck Creek I found

Purdie
joins me
in camp.

Gr. Yellowlegs,
Snipe,
Pectorals
Solitary S.

Gooseander

Herons
Marsh Hawk

Lake Umbagog.

Whale-back Cove.1897.
Sept. 7.
(no 2)

the water literally covered with Wood Ducks' feathers and abundant signs of the recent presence of a number of these birds was visible all along the shores & on the logs that extended out into the creek.

Duck signs

This discovery led me to return to the place later in the day, Will rowing me in the large boat. We left Padden to remain on the marsh further down the shore & entered the creek a little before sunset. As we did so a flock of fully twenty Wood Ducks rose from near the upper end and went off over the woods in the direction of Pine Hill Pond on the Megalloway. Thinking that they would surely return later I concealed myself on the shore near their feeding ground which Will took the boat up into a brook & out of sight. Near the place where I landed he showed me an Otter slide that had been much used last spring. It was simply a Hoping Board on the edge of the woods where the Otter had amused himself sufficiently to wear quite through the snow forming a smooth track six or seven feet long by about two feet wide. Near the head of the slide the ground was literally covered with fish scales & bones. Will afterwards found fresh tracks of the Otter along the brook into which he had taken the boat.

Big flocks of
Wood DucksOtter slide

We were disappointed in our hunting for the Wood Ducks did not return but nevertheless I scarcely spent a more profitable two hours evening. Not for an instant did the interest flag and at times it was intense. But before describing the

Lake Umbagog.

Whale-back Cove1897.
Sept. 7
(no 3)

Things I saw and heard I will note down briefly some of the chief characteristics of the place.

The shallow creek expands near its mouth to a width of 40 or 50 yards forming a long pool of open water with a broad belt of marsh on either side. Further back (perhaps 200 yards from the lake) it narrows gradually and becomes more winding with mud flats & clumps rising above the surface and shrubs, bushes and fallen trees lining its margin which is everywhere marshy and covered with hard, wild grasses. At one place a low ridge covered with green woods comes nearly to the water's edge and on every side, excepting that towards the lake, tall, bleached birch stubs form a bristling background and give the place a wild and in some lights, dreary look.

I selected the extreme end of the green ridge as the best place to command the pond which the Ducks especially frequented and here made myself as comfortable as possible behind a fallen log with Will cranking by my side. The evening was heavenly with the most deliciously soft, dry air, and absolutely no wind. ~~I had to my mind was it that we could hear faint, rustling sounds made by the rain.~~ The sky was without a cloud and of a pale, tender blue. For sometime after sunset the afterglow cast a strong, amber light on the green stubs and the rich green meadow grass. Within the creek there was not a breath of wind but from the lake outside came the regular, pulsating beat of waves breaking along the narrow, sandy beach. The only drawback was the mosquitoes which were almost

Lake Umbagog.

Whale-back Cove

1897.
Sept. 7
(No 4)

(Numerous as
as) in spring and actually more troublesome for
the mosquitoes found here in autumn bite most savagely
and fearlessly never hesitating of dallying. There are two
kinds, one closely like, if not identical with, the species
which occurs in spring, the other scarce half as large.

Soon after we had settled down behind the log a
Flicker flew to a stub on the north side of the
creek and entered a hole which looked black & worn
like an old nesting hole. It had evidently gone
there to spend the night for it do not come
out again. I did not know before that Flickers
roosted in holes at this season.

Flicker goes
to roost in
a hole at
evening

Scarcely had the Flicker disappeared and just
as the sun was sinking behind the high ridge to
the westward a Great Horned Owl began making the
peculiar, husky, jay-like scream which, as far as I
am aware, is heard only in late summer & early autumn
and which the guides here say is characteristic of
the young of this species. At first the cry seemed to come
from some distance off in the thick forest and was
given at long intervals but presently the bird came nearer
and called much more frequently. At length it appeared
within about 100 yards of us and half a minute later
it was joined by another, either its mate or, as this
thought, another bird of the same brood. Both birds looked
unusually small but as far as I could make out their
plumage was fully matured. Certainly they were strong
on the wing and their "horns" appeared to be of the
usual length. They kept moving from place to place

Great Horned
Owls.

Lake Umbagog,

Whale-back Cove.Great Horned
Owls.1897.
Sept. 7
(No 57)

by short flights sometimes alighting on the tops of the dead trees but ordinarily chasing a perch or some other lateral perch about ^{half way up} ~~midway~~ of the tree. Sometimes one would follow the other closely after alighting within a yard or two of it on the same tree or even the same branch. At other times they would separate & range about independently. Whenever this happened the calling would be kept up by both until they came together again. I repeatedly saw them utter this cry. The mouth was spread very wide and the head bowed each time that it was given. It was the only sound that either of them made.

Most of the time they sat very erect and quite motionless save for the slow, up & down, bobbing motion of the head common to most Owls. This was repeated every half minute or less. Occasionally one or the other would crouch on his perch and direct his gaze downward as if watching for a mouse in the marsh beneath. I repeatedly saw them swoop down a step within and heard them strike with a crash among the bushes or dry brush or with a splash in shallow water but whether or no they captured any prey I could not see. Once, to my great surprise, one of them flew off 20 or 30 yards from the top of a stub and then ascending nearly straight upwards about the same number of feet, beating its wings steadily & rapidly during the ascent, turned sharply downward again & scaled back to its perch. The whole evolution was so exactly like that of a Pycnonotus that neither Wil nor I doubted for a moment that the Owl actually tried

Lake Umbagog.

Whale back Cove.1897
Sept. 7
(no 6)

for and probably caught some flying insect
no doubt a large beetle (I have found beetles in
the stomachs of Great Horned Owls). It must
have used its mouth alone for the feet were
not extended or even thrown during the flight. During
ordinary, level flight they were often visible and
sometimes hung down nearly to the full length of the
legs when the bird started from its perch but it
always drew them up out of sight among the feathers
before it had gone many rods. The wings
were usually flapped steadily & continuously for the
first thirty or forty yards after which the bird
sailed the remainder of the way to its chosen
perch. The hoarse cry was often given on
wing especially if when ^{one} of the Owls was approaching
a flock on which its companion was sitting.
It is evident that this cry is used chiefly if
not wholly as a call note and I fancy that
whenever it is heard it is safe to assume that
there are two or more birds hunting in company.
On the only previous occasion when I have
seen the bird utter it - at the Dealer House many
years ago and near the mouth of Cambridge
River last October - it was accompanied
by a companion.

Altogether we had the Owls at Whale Back Cove
under close observation for fully half-an-hour.
They worked around us in a half circle
following the line of sheds but frequently toward
base and went over the snow ground. Most of
the time they were within 100 to 150 yards.
We could see them very distinctly against the sky.

*
Great Horned
Owls



Lake Umbagog.

Whale-back Cove.

1897.
Sept. 7
(no 7)

While we were watching the Owls various other sights and sounds attracted my attention at odd moments. Thus a Deer, unseen but marking its progress distinctly enough by occasionally crashing a dead branch or "blasting" through a muddy pool, waddled around the head of the creek and back out of hearing along the grass ridge. Pickered were jumping and frogs playing in the shallow water near shore. Just behind us a little family party of Swamp Sparrows mated and chirped in the rank marsh grass and occasionally one of them uttered the trilling spring song in a low undertone. Big water beetles (Dytiscus) rose from the creek and mounted skyward in spiral courses, rising above the tallest stalks and walling off ^{high} the woods in the direction of the Mayalloway. Who on seeing one of these creatures swimming beneath the surface of some shallow pool would suspect that it could achieve such extended aerial flights!

As it got darker than a few Wilson's Snipe rose in quick succession from the marsh and went off through the stubs scraping heavily, and some waterfowl, probably a Hooded Merganser, passed over us its wings making a loud rushing sound. We also heard an Olive-backed Thrush calling in the forest, two Winter Wrens trilling in a log heap near our hand and a Great Blue Heron harshly in the direction of the falls.

Characteristics
sounds of
the marsh
at evening

It was night when we left the creek and following along the shore picked up Perkins on our way home. He had seen two waders on the beach which judging by his description must have been Baird's Sandpeppers.

Baird's (?)
Sandpeppers

Lake Umbagog.

Pine Point.1897
Sept. 8

A clear, warm day nearly dead calm from morning to night.

I did not go out at all to-day and have been able to record save that a Parus hudsonicus visited the camp this forenoon and an Oven bird was high over the woods on Spelman's Point and gave the full flight long a while before sunset, the first time, I think, that I have ever heard it as late as September.

Last night the moon was nearly full & was early but I heard no Owls until just as I was going to bed (at 9.30) when a Hooded Owl hooted a few times in the direction of Spelman's Point. At day break this morning I heard a Great-horned Owl hoot twice on the opposite side of the lake.

Hooded OwlGreat-horned Owl

Sept. 9

Clear & very warm for the season the thermometer rising to 80°. Forenoon calm, a fresh N. to N.W. wind in P.M.

This day, also, I spent about camp going out on the lake looking with Parker, however, for an hour in the afternoon. Two Redstarts and a Parula Warbler were in full song for nearly an hour this morning.

At Mason Point at evening. Saw only one Duck, a Hooded Merganser which crossed the marsh high up - but heard Male Ducks quacking in the direction of the Outlet. Two Great Blue Herons heard but no Sigbee or other small water Mosquitoes very numerous & troublesome.

Mason Pt.Hooded Merg.Black DuckHeronsMosquitoes

Lake Umbagog

Pine Point

1897

Sept. 10

Another clear, warm day but with a strong W. wind which rose about 8 a. m.

Last night was simply perfect. There was no wind; a perfect the air was dry and warm but not in the least sultry; night. The full moon flooded the lake and the opening in front of the camp with its silvery light; even the foot paths under the dense spruces & hemlocks could be safely and easily traversed without the aid of a lantern. Purdie and I sat out under the trees until nearly eleven o'clock. There were singularly few night sounds considering the conditions just described. It is true that mice rustled and "Rabbits" thumped in the undergrowth near at hand; that a Loon occasionally laughed or uttered his long-drawn plaintive woo-loo-o note on the lake; that scarce a minute passed when the faint hiss of a Wren or the loud, clear night-call of a Swainson's Thrush did not come to our ears from the cloudless dome above. But where were the Owls, Foxes and other distinctly nocturnal creatures? Their voices would carry far on such a night but not one did we hear.

The migration of Waders and Swainson's Thrushes has been heavy and continuous for the past few nights but few of these birds show themselves by day on our point. Indeed the Chiffchaffs, Kinglets, Canada Nuthatches & Crows which regularly visit camp in the early morning are rarely accompanied by more than three or four Waders & these are usually Yellow-rumps, Redstarts, Parulas & Black-throated Blue

Migration.

Lake Umbagog

Pine Point1897
Sept 10
(no 2)

Warblers, however, actually show themselves singly on trees or thorn together later in the day. I have also seen several Black-bills. Yesterday a Robin, several Pine Squirrels and a Hairy Woodpecker paid us brief visits. Blue Jays are singularly scarce this year. Indeed I have noted only one thus far.

Perhaps our most interesting camp visitor thus far was a hen Partridge which ~~just~~ appeared yesterday early in the forenoon. When I saw it first it was standing erect & motionless not six feet from the front of my tent! It presently started off down the hillside and walking slowly disappeared among the undergrowth & fallen logs towards the South shore. Gilbert has heard a drumming twice beyond the wood.

A Partridge
visits my
tent

A Red Squirrel with the terminal third of the tail white is living on the crest of the knoll near the big hemlocks. Will has seen him there daily & I had a fair view of him yesterday as he ran across the path.

Great Blue Herons are much scarcer than usual. I do not see more than one or two in any one day. Probably the water is too high for them. It is rising fast and the marshes are already nearly submerged. The Osler party started for home yesterday feeling that there was no longer any hope of further flights of Snipe & other small waters sitting here. They had their last shooting about Sept. 1st when they bagged seven Snipe besides other birds in one day.

Great Blue
Herons scarce

Snipe

Lake Umbagog.

1897.
Sept. 10
(no 3)

All through the warm, dry days that we have had of late the Pickering's Hylas have been unusually noisy. I hear them constantly about camp and everywhere through the woods. On the marshes I have heard only the occasional trump of a Bull Frog. Why are the Bespard, Pickered and Wood Frogs so silent?

Hylas

Bull Frog.

Scopard

Wood Frogs.

Saw for the yellow mottling of the Sassafras leaves and a bit of crimson maple foliage here & there along the Lake shores I had noted no signs of the ~~near~~ approach of the ^{transformation} ~~green~~ change that must so soon take place in these woods until early yesterday morning when, on stepping out of the camp door I found that the arches of the birch grove were roofed with gold. Evidently the change had begun at some time during the night. Thus far it had affected only the under foliage but to-day many of the leaves at or near the tips of the upper branches are turned. Some of them are now falling as the strong west wind rakes through the grove. I see no autumn coloring elsewhere. The maples & mosswoods (A. pennsylvanicum), at least those near camp, are still as green as in midsummer.

First mottled
change of
foliage

To the Outlet Marshes at evening. Found them wholly submerged but with beds of grass rising above the water in places. Long for an hour in one of these beds. A flock of 5 Black Ducks alighted near but out of camp. Heard others quacking. Also heard two Herons, a Golden Plover & a solitary Sandpiper but no Otter.

Outlet Marshes

at evening

Black Ducks

Herons

Golden Plover

Lake Umbagog.

1897.

Sept. 11

Forenoon cloudy with strong north-west wind and light rain, clearing in the afternoon with a fine sunset. Much cooler.

Leonard's Pond

Immediately after breakfast I crossed the lake in the hunting canoe. Found two Black Ducks swimming near a bed of submerged grass at Richardson's Cove. Entered Leonard's Pond from the river side. There were three Bald Eagles sitting on the banks - two Brown birds and one fine adult. Near the entrance to the pond, but in the river a young Red-billed Grebe was swimming and diving.

Bald EaglesRed-bill
Grebe.

At the eastern end of the island I came upon two Hooded Mergansers. One took to diving (it was, no doubt, a bird that had been wounded) but the other flew & perched on a log large. I shot at it and cut out some feathers but it went out over the lake evidently not much hurt.

Hooded
Mergansers.

Seeing the steamer coming and knowing that it was bringing the Spelmans to camp I landed said and stood across to Pine Point reaching the wharf a minute or two after the steamer had landed my guests. We spent the remainder of the forenoon at the camp.

Mr. & Mrs.
H. M. Spelman
Join me
at camp.Glaspy Cove.

Purdie meanwhile had been down in Glaspy Cove where he found a large mixed flock of waterfowl etc. including Black-throated Blues, Black-throated Greys, Purdie Partridges, Black-bills, Bay-breasted, one Magpie, one Black-burnian, and one Black & white Crows besides Mniotilta where he is very dense was a Yellow-bellied Flycatcher. Emp. flavus
his

Pine Point

1897.
Sept. 11
(no 2)

Just after we had finished dinner by ~~the~~ the
Cozyest winged flock that I have seen this season
appeared in the birch grove in front of the camp.
It contained at least thirty birds among which I
identified two Black-burnian, two Bay-breasted, several
Belted-pheasant and one Magnolia Warbler, a Black & White
Creeper, several Yellow-rumps and a number of Parula
Warblers. This flock came from the direction of Hoop
Cove (which is about an mile from my camp) and
from the close vicinity in its make up to that of
the flock seen by Pondie this forenoon I believe
that it was actually the same. The birds moved
past our camp very quickly following the shore
towards the north-west end of the point.

Large mixed
flock of
Warblers
visit the
Camp.

Outlet marshes
at evening

At evening we rowed in one to the Outlet marshes.
After looking about a bit and trying to find a
place where ducks had been feeding we finally stopped
near where we were stationed last evening and pushing
the boat into a bed of grass (which was more than
half submerged) lighted our pipes and waited. It was
not long before Black Ducks began to arrive and
alight on the flooded marshes. Most of them came
single but one flock of a dozen or more killed
somewhat behind us. None came near us at first
but we could see or hear them in every direction.
At times the whole marsh rang with the quacking
of the ducks and the hoarse, clacked voices of the
ducks. Nevertheless there were not very many in
all - probably no more than twenty or twenty-five. The
single ones called the loudest & oftenest but in

Black
Ducks

Lake Umbagog.

Outlet Marshes * *1897.
Sept. 11
(203)

no instance, so far as I could make out, did they join any of the birds that surrounded them. Each bird, indeed, seemed to have chosen a feeding place that was to its liking & to be merely carrying on a conversation in dumb language with its friends in other parts of the flooded marsh.

Interesting
afternoon
with Black
Ducks.

This had gone on for some time when Bill whispered that some Ducks were coming up behind us. Turning slowly I saw them about seventy yards off directly in the middle of the pathway of barbed wire cast over the rippling water by the full moon which was perhaps an hour high in the eastern sky. It was a picture I shall not soon forget. One by one, to the number of a dozen or more, the stately, long-necked birds crossed this shining path and were at once lost to sight in the obscurity that walled it in on both sides. A few minutes later we followed them but before we could get them again into the moonlight they saw or heard us & rose with a prodigious rush of wings. I sent a charge of shot after them quite at random but without result. The report did not seem to disturb any of the other Ducks for we heard them quacking and splashing in several directions a minute or two later and tried again to handle up to some of them but without success.

Two Great Blue Herons and a Solitary Sandpiper Herons flew about over the marshes while we were watching Solitary S
- or listening to the Ducks.

Lake Umbagog.

Owl MarshGreat-HornedOwl1897.
Sept. 11
(No 4)

But the most interesting specimen of the evening was with the Owls. They seemed to unusually active and noisy. We heard at least three Great-horned, two hooting in responses near the entrance to Leonard's Pond, the third in the direction of Moon Point. A female (or perhaps it was one of the two at Leonard's Pond for it came from that quarter), passed us within 100 yds. flying low and steadily but very swiftly and over the hills towards Pine Point. It flapped its wings more of the time but occasionally showed on its wings for a few yards at a time. It looked like a very large individual. Its flight was strikingly unlike that of the Short-eared Owl being, as I have just said, very swift and steady and giving an impression of great momentum. The bird did not seem to be hunting, nor did the Black Ducks seem to be alarmed by its passage across the marsh, although, as we learned a few minutes later, it must have flown nearly over the flock referred to above.

Soon after we had taken one station and not very long after sunset a Short-eared Owl appeared over the flooded marshes at a height, I should say, of at least 1000 ft. or about that at which Canada Geese ordinarily fly when migrating. It looked twice larger than a night-hawk and acted as if closed flying very slowly, at first in a great circle, afterwards in wavy lines over the hills ~~and some of which~~ ^{direction} ~~leading~~ ^{leading} ~~towards~~ ^{towards} the low hills towards N. Wood Point. This (nearly south) and the height at which the bird would be flying

Short-earedOwlmigratingat evening

Lake Umbagog

Ouellet Marshes1897.
Sept. 11
(no 5)

led me to infer that it was flashing on migration.

Just before we left our stand to paddle after the Black Ducks a prolonged and most cat-like scream rang out from the stubs near Mox's Carry. Despite the distance (nearly half-a-mile) this cry was so loud and piercing—and withal so positively furious in expression—that I confess it startled me for a moment but the next, when it was repeated with a whoo-a ending, I recognized the author as a Barred Owl. Why have I never heard this cat yell in the South when the birds are so very numerous & when I have lain among them for weeks at a time? And why, indeed, is it not often heard here? The cry to-night was much harsher and less varied than that of the bird which awakened us all at Point Point last year. It was exactly like the scream of an angry tom cat but without the growling termination (there may have been loss to our ears because of the distance) and many times louder. It could have been easily heard a mile or more away.

Cat-like
Scream of
Barred Owl

The change in the foliage progresses steadily and Autumn fall rapidly. I noticed this afternoon, large patches of yellow on the upper slopes of Mt. Dutton and the birches in our camp green on turning part.





Lake Umbagog.

Rapid River1897.
Sept. 12

A brilliantly clear day with light south-west wind.

Spent the morning at camp, writing. In the afternoon went to Rapid River in my large canoe Purdin, Hill and Gilbert following in one of the boats. I sailed from camp to the very mouth of the river, close-headed the latter part of the way. Starting up the river with the paddle and ahead of the other boat I found two Sheldrakes in the lower basin. They were swimming along the opposite shore but one of them soon crossed to my side although my canoe was in plain sight to the whole. Presently the bird passed in behind a large boulder up to which I at once paddled with all speed arriving just in time to get a good shot as my poor victim coming out & being we took wing. He fell at once when I turned my attention to his companion which had risen and was passing 60 or 70 yards off. My second barrel brought him down, also, but he was only wing-tipped & finally escaped after a long & exciting chase during which he both dove & ran on the water in the usual fashion of his kind. Hill thought he went ashore but failed to find him there.

Goosanders

There were the only Ducks we saw although we heard some Wood Ducks squawking among the stumps near the mouth of the river.

Wood Ducks

There were few house birds - a Jay or two, a Flicker which sounded twice as if it were a pair instead of September & a Winter Wren or two.

Blue Jays
Flicker

Lake Umbagog.

1897.

Sept. 13

Clear with S. wind through forenoon changing to W. soon after dinner. Several black clouds charged with wind and rain came from the W. towards evening but only one - of which were presently - passed over the Lake.

I spent the forenoon about camp writing etc. In the afternoon Purdie and I went out in the sailing canoe. The wind was light at first & in short spaces of an hour in beating across to the Cutler when we had a Piloted Woodpecker shooting. Two birds appear to be very scarce here this autumn.

Sailing on
the Lake

Piloted W.

Cutler Marshes

At evening we all went across the Lake taking their boats. I had the old gray canoe in which I made Mason Point in two tacks. I then paddled to Richardson's Covey passing Spaldman who had stopped near the eastern end of Rowland's Island.

Here when I ran my canoe into a bed of reeds only the tops of which projected above the water was a Muskrat house submerged to within a few inches of its summit. A Muskrat was sitting on it and two others were floating gently side by side a few yards off. I fancied they were holding a consultation as to whether or no it was worth while to build their house higher. If so they decided the question in the affirmative for two days later the top of the house was more than a foot out of water although the Lake had risen several inches in the interim).

Muskrats

Four Black Ducks passed on their own side, the fourth on the other but none of them came within range. I heard others quacking in the

Black Ducks

Lake Umbagog.

Outer Marshes1897.
Sept. 13
(no 2)

distance.

Before it was dark enough to give up all hope of getting a shot an ugly looking cloud which we had been watching was seen on left camp and which hunters had found to be passing around the north end of the Lake suddenly began rolling rapidly towards us. We could hear the wind roaring in the woods up the Megalloway and Spelman & I, after a short consultation, agreed that it would not be safe to attempt to cross the Lake until the square had passed. Accordingly we awaited its coming, he and his wife first taking their boat ashore and crawling under it, I well protected in my canoe by the oars & my caps. Presently there was a short but violent gust of wind and then a perfect sheet of rain lasting fifteen minutes or more & quite blinding out the mountains & the sun shone soon. After it was over his approach looking for us with the big boat & we all crossed to camp together (the Spelmans got their feet very wet and were both afterwards ill for a couple of days in consequence).

A sudden storm.

The change in the color of the foliage progresses steadily but slowly & very unevenly.

Autumn foliage.

1897.
Sept. 14

A gloomy, depressing day with chill N.W. wind and frequent light showers. The clouds broken away late in the afternoon, however, and we had a glorious sunset.

I spent the day about camp, writing down a number of novel birds for review and developing a number of photographs. At evening three of us went over to the flooded marshes again, Pain & hill in the large boat, I in the little gray canoe in which I sailed both ways.

Outlet
Marshes

The water has risen so high that only the tips of the taller grasses are now exposed. The Ducks have evidently about given up coming to this marsh at evening, none were seen to-night but I heard one speaking in the direction of Brown Point. Several Great Blue Herons were calling and flying about and a Great Horned Owl alighted on the top of a tall tree near Leonard's Pond sitting there for ten or fifteen minutes forming a distinct silhouette against the after glow in the west. I could see him raise & depress the ear tufts & bob his head up & down. Either this or another bird had been hooping in the distance a short time before.

Ducks.

Herons

Great Horned

Owl
perched on
a stub in
Leonard's P.

Lake Umbagog.

Megalloway River.

1897
Sept. 15

A rare day, cloudless with moderate N. W. wind and remarkably clear, bracing air.

The Spelroons were not well enough to leave camp for Purdin, Mill and I started for the Megalloway at 9 a. m. in the Crag boat, Gilbert following in the Dr. Bonorum skiff. As we crossed the Lake the breeze began ruffling the water but in under the land it was still calm reflecting the trees along the shores & the mountain peaks. A fine adult Bald Eagle was perched on a stub on Moon Point being very erect & thick. Opposite the entrance to Leonard's Pond a Pied-billed Grebe showed his slender neck for a moment among the lily pads.

We kept on pretty steadily up the river, stopping Louis's one or twice to take a photograph, however, and turning into Pine Hill Pond when we reached that pretty little sheet of water. I was adjusting my camera for a picture when I heard the junc-like trump of a Brewer's Finch and presently saw the bird flitting about among some bushes on a narrow point. It was presently joined by two more one of which came flying across the pond. All three chirped excitedly for several moments. They were evidently alarmed at something but just what it was we did not discover. After I had taken my pictures on round around the point and Gilbert landing boat it towards us. He started all three birds and I shot one of them but missed it for a Sparrow. Having no shot smaller than ²⁰10 with me, I had a good view of the other two birds and identified

Lake Umbagog.

Megalloway River1897
Sept. 15
(No 2)

them beyond any question. They behaved in the usual manner lying close & skulking about under fallen logs & tops. The place was very wet with long, waxy grass growing in the open spaces.

We next turned into the meadow opposite (and a little below) Pulpit Rock. It proved to be flooded to the very edges of the woods. Near the upper end, however, a belt of grass and bushes encircled a large pool with a floating island in the center. Here we found a flock of 22 Black Ducks & a single Wood Duck. The former saw us & ran out of range but a few minutes later we flushed the Wood Duck from some grass & I fired my choked barrel at it as it was going off. It came down to the water but rearing round about the bushes on the island & was lost to sight behind them. Will felt sure that it had dropped into the water on the further side & had gone ashore. He quickly demonstrated the correctness of this surmise by landing & driving out the bird which I killed as soon as it got clear of the bushes. The noise which we thus made started a flock of ten more Wood Ducks from well back among the stalks where there must have been a pool of water that we could not see. Less than half-an-hour later this flock returned as we were on our way up river & dropped back into the head of the meadow. The water about the island was literally covered with their feathers.

Wood Ducks
Black Ducks

We landed at Pulpit Rock and then kept on.

Lake Umbagog.

Megalloway River.1897.
Sept. 15
(No 3)

stepping to take a photograph very near & then, Bill
landed opposite the mouth of Bear Brook and crossed
through the woods to the pond near Horn Iron Bend.

In this pond he found a flock of seven hooded Ducks, of Wood Ducks
which he killed one.

Bottle Brook Pond.

As there was no hope of my being able to approach
the best feeding grounds in Bottle Brook Pond by land we
dropped the skiff across the bar and Bill paddled
me around this pond. He had trimmed two of the
"legs" without seeing any thing save two solitary Sandpeeps
and were just entering the third & most westerly one
keeping close to the shore when a Black Duck came
out from under a fallen spruce top and at once took
wing. I knifed her down easily enough but the
next instant made a most mortifying miss with
the head ball at another Duck which rose with
a prodigious flourish, from behind the top and made
off in the same direction that the first had taken.

Black Ducks

The shore streaked three Whistlers from somewhere further
up in the cove. They came out ~~fast~~ ^{fast} within
good range but passed before I could get fresh
misses into the gun. There were all the Ducks that
we could find in this pond. The water was too
high for them and all the grass & aquatic plants
seemed to have been killed. Indeed the whole
pond had an altered and ragged look and most
of the black alder bushes about its edges were
dead or dying. This change is probably due to
the overflow of last spring which did not subside
at as early a date as usual.

Whistlers.Pond much
changed &
disfigured

Lake Umbagog.

Megalloway River1897.
Sept. 15
(No 4)

The return down river was delightful. The breeze had fallen and the light on the woods & mountains was wonderfully pure & strong just before the sun would blend the ridge to the west. Larkins was feeding when we reached the Outlet and Herons & Ospreys were winging their way over the thick forest to their feeding or roosting grounds. Near the mouth of the Megalloway we disturbed a Great Horned Owl which flapped heavily off across the stream towards Leonard's Pond. Will also saw a Snipe darting in zig-zag lines throughout the day.

Herons.Ospreys.Great HornedOwls.Snipe.

On the way back we again paddled to the head of the flooded meadows opposite Prospect Rock. We found only one Duck - a Wood Duck - there & it ran out of range. As we were passing around the island we flushed a Swamp Sparrow from some grass. It was just disappearing among the bushes on the island when a Pigeon Hawk plunged into the foliage after it coming from over leaves not where. It struck the leaves & branches with great force & went into them quite out of sight but it must have missed its aim for it appeared at once & skinned past us within a few yards with its feet drawn up out of sight. At the same instant seven Black Ducks alighted on the further side of the island & began tipping up their tails as they explored the bottom for food. We tried to paddle up to them but failed to get near enough although I tried a long time in vain as they

Wood Duck.Pigeon Hawkchases aSwamp Sp.but failsto seize it.Black Ducks

Lake Umbagog.

Megalloway River.

1897.
Sept. 15
(No 5)

Mr. King passed directly over Pondri & Gilbert who were waiting for us at the entrance to the meadow.

Great Blue Herons were more numerous than usual along the river during, no doubt, the high water which has flooded their feeding grounds about the Lake.

Great Blue
Herons

Small birds were scarce. There are practically no Crossbills & but few Canada Nuthatches or Pine Squirrels this autumn. I saw a good many Woodpeckers mostly D. villosus. A Solitary Vireo was holding in a thicket on the river bank & early this morning I heard another singing at Pine Point. Sparrows of all kinds are exceptionally scarce. There are a few Song & Swamp Sparrows along the river but White-throats & Juncos are almost wholly wanting. The flocks of the Winters have evidently gone south. I heard two Swainson's Thrushes giving the pep call this evening in the woods near the mouth of the Megalloway.

Small birds
Scarce. No
Crossbills.
Solitary VireoSparrows very
scarceMost of the
Warblers are
gone
Swainson's
Thrushes

I exposed twelve 5x7 plates to-day & without a high failure, there was a rare light for photographing scenery & not enough wind to do serious harm.

Photograph









Lake Umbagog

1897.
Sept. 16

Morning clear and calm; afternoon cloudy with fresh east wind & very in decline of a gathering storm.

Photographing during the forenoon in the Gilbert, running up past Pine Point & into Sandy Hedge Cove. No birds of any particular interest. Pender went across the Carry to Middle Dam & back. He looks for Pentelops & a Parus hudsonicus.

Photographing
near Camp

P. hudsonicus

" 17 Cloudy with heavy rain in forenoon, the sky clearing at sunset. Spent the day about camp making no observations worth recording.

Pine Point

" 18 Forenoon cloudy & calm. Afternoon brilliantly clear with strong W. wind.

Sailing on the Lake most of the afternoon trying a new course against some of the old ones. Pender & Will went to bird in the forenoon & did not get back until near sunset. They found four young Surf Scoters in a flooded meadow just above Great Dam. Will taking them for Black Ducks landed & stalked them killing one. The others did not leave the meadow & getting the boat he secured them all. It is indeed remarkable that they should have chosen to alight in such a small forest-enclosed sheet of water with the Lake so near at hand but I have known them to be killed in the Androsoggin before this.

Surf Scoters
in a
small pond
near Great
Dam

Lake Umbagog.

1897
Sept. 19

Early morning clear & calm with very promise of a fine day but before ten o'clock the sky became overcast, and by noon a chill wind ran from the S. E. and the afternoon was gloomy and depressing enough with a dash or two of rain just before dark.

I spent the day about camp which was visited early in the forenoon by a Parus hudsonicus and a Hermit Thrush besides some Blue jays & Crows. The Woodpeckers are about all gone and there are few Chickadees & still fewer Canada Nuthatches this year.

Pine PointParus hudson.Blue jaysChickadeesNuthatchesMegalloway River

The Spelvers & Purdie went up the Megalloway with Jim. They found a flock of nine Black Ducks accompanied by three Wood Ducks in North Brook Pond & shot one of the former. They saw a Pileated Woodpecker & a Canada Jay.

Black DucksWood "Pileated W.Canada Jay

20

Cloudy with occasional light showers in the forenoon and a heavy downpour the whole afternoon. I spent the morning with the men working on the rafting tackle of the canoes. While trying one of them just outside our camp I heard a Golden Plover whistling & saw either a Green or a Bonaparte's Gull flying over Moon Point.

Golden PloverGreen "

Lake Umbagog.

Curtis Meadows.1897
Sept. 21

Cloudless with raging N. W. wind and phenomenally clear
bracing air - a splendid day for vigorous exercise.

We had planned to spend the day down the Androscoggin
but the boiler looked so rough after breakfast that we
decided to take the steamer on her return from Sunday Con.
It was well on dock so for when we crossed in her the
sea was big & ugly enough.

We took to the boats at the entrance to Sweet Meadows
which we inspected without seeing anything of special
interest. Not a Duck nor even a Heron was to be found there.

Sweet Meadows

no birds

seen

We then went to Curtis Meadows. Soon after entering it we
took out the paddles & started the skiffs slowly keeping
a sharp lookout for Ducks. The water was high & the fens
grounds in excellent condition but we started nothing in
the open pond. As we were nearing the Hundred foot
where the brook comes in, however, we saw a Golden Eagle
first perched and then swoop straight down just beyond
the wooded point which hid the pool from our sight.

Curtis MeadowsGoldenEagle

swoops at

a flock of

Ducks

At the same moment we heard a Duck quacking loudly.
The next a perfect stream of Ducks began pouring out
over the trees. First came a single Mallard Duck, next
two Wood Ducks & a Black Duck, next several Black Ducks
and finally a flock of eight or ten Ducks which I
am nearly sure were Widgeon. The last came within
my gun range & I fired a shot at one of them.
The bird first copped, then towards, and finally pitched
headlong down through the trees on the hillside on our
left. It must have been dead before it reached the ground
the western juncos on hill could find it although they
hunted fully an hour. The place was very thick & tangled.

Wood DucksBlack "Baldpate(?)

Lake Umbagog

1897.

Sept. 21

(No 2)

Curtis Meadows.

Entering the creek we pushed our three boats as far up into the grass as we could and spent two hours or more than first eating lunch and afterwards basking in the sun, smoking & talking.

A Pileated Woodpecker that we had heard off in the cedar (or birch) swamp finally flew nearly over us and alighted against the trunk of a tree, called thus three times in the bush about 40 yards away. Here it remained for at least five minutes. It first moved slowly up the trunk by a succession of short & rather labored leaps & hops. On reaching a point near the top it stopped and clinging to the trunk looked alternately down at us and off on the forest. Its fine crest was erected more or less than the highlight shining through it from beyond made it fairly flame. Very now and then the bird would coo like without moving anything but its bill uttering a long succession of slowly given creaks. Finally it gave the short, tremulous call (quite distinct from the creaks although not dissimilar in tone) three or four times looking all the while towards the west as if it expected an answer & finally flying off in that direction. I have often been much wiser to a Pileated Woodpecker than we were to this bird but never before have I seen one to equally good advantage or where it has seemed so distinct and striking an impression. What a superb creature it is with its flaming crest and proud bearing! On this occasion - as on many previous ones - it reminded me of - or rather suggested - an Indian. I believe it the wildest bird that inhabits New England - not the Myrtle but the protect love of the primitive forest.

A fine view
of a
Pileated
Woodpecker.

Lake Umbagog.

Curtis MeadowsGolden
Eagle &
Heron1897.
Sept. 21
(No 3)

Scarcely had the big Woodcock disappeared when a Great Blue Heron passed us, flopping its way slowly up the corner of the brook. It alighted ^{about 80 yds off} beyond some fallen tree tops which hid it from our view. A moment later a dark shadow skimmed over the meadow grass. Looking up we saw a Golden Eagle soaring directly above us at a height of about 300 ft. Presently it drifted over the spot where the Heron had alighted. Churning itself in the middle of a half-circled circle it poised for an instant brooding its wings rapidly like a King falcon hovering over a school of minnows. Then it swooped, descending in a perfectly vertical line but nevertheless resembling like a spinning rifle bullet so that it showed ~~from~~ its upper and under parts alternately, turning at least four or five times before it passed out of our sight. ~~But~~ never have I seen anything to equal that descent. The big bird simply plunged headlong from a height of at least one hundred yards with almost closed and apparently stiffly held wings making a sound like that of a gale of wind blowing through pine branches. Its momentum must have been tremendous. How it checked its forward speed before reaching the earth or, indeed, just what happened after it passed below the line of the fallen tops (15 or 20 ft. high) I am unable to record but it certainly stooped at the Heron and as certainly missed its aim for just as the Eagle disappeared the Heron set up an outrageous squawking and a moment later was seen flying off at its best pace over the trees evidently badly enough frightened. The Eagle did

Lake Umbagog.

Curtis Meadow

1897.

Sept. 21

(no 4)

not attempt any pursuit but presently it came floating back over us again, this time to low down (certainly not above 60 or 70 yards) that I was sorely tempted to fire at it. For one instant it hung nearly motionless looking down at us curiously. Through my glass I could see every detail of its coloring. It was evidently a nearly mature individual with the golden brown of the head not fully perfected however. It had no white whatever on the tail whereas the bird that drove out the ducks earlier in the day had the basal half of the tail pure white above. The latter bird was also much darker colored the head and body appearing to be almost jet black.

The "King-tailed" Eagle after its exploit with the ducks was harassed incessantly for several minutes by an Osprey which attacked it precisely as a King bird does a crow keeping above and darting down at it from above. Every time it approached it within less than six or eight feet the eagle would turn back downwards and thrust up both its feet with all the talons extended, evidently trying to grasp it. This evolution, which I intended at first half-a-dozen times, was performed so quickly that it was difficult to follow it with the eye but for a fraction of a second the upstretched legs and wide-spread talons were distinctly outlined against the sky. Probably the bird turned over & back again in half a second or less. It did this without apparent exertion & without perceptibly faltering. Both birds at the time were over the

Golden
Eagle.

Lake Umbagog.

Curtis Meadows.1897
Sept. 21
(No 5)

middle of the pond at a height of perhaps 400 ft. and some two hundred yards from my point of observation.

Golden
Eagle.

Everything that I have seen to-day confirms my previous impression that the Golden Eagle is in every way a more spirited, energetic and daring bird than the Bald-headed Eagle. It ~~flies~~ evidently spends much more of its time on the wing, hunts more over woods and mountain tops and covers more ground. Its flight is firm, softer and more buoyant and graceful, the wings are held flatter & do not bend up at the tip or "loft" at the elbow. I also think that it habitually soars more and at higher elevations than the latter.

During the remainder of our stay in this cove we heard only a few common birds such as Chickadees, Kinglets & Blue Jays. A Rusty Blackbird arrived & interested us for some time as it explored the recesses among the fronds of an ~~aquatic~~ ^{aquatic} root pulling masses of water plants out on the roots & pulling them to pieces in search of food of which it seemed to derive a good deal.

Small
birds.

The raw honoured at evening was delightful for the wind had almost wholly died away and the mountains stood out unobscuredly clearly against the amber sky (the White Mts. were powdered with snow). A solitary Barn Swallow was flying over the marshes near Morris Carry.

Barn
Swallow.

Lake Umbagog

Curtis Meadows.

1897.

Sept. 22

Morning clear and calm; most of the afternoon overcast with light S. E. to S. W. wind. Warmer than yesterday.

In Curtis Meadows with Jim and Gilbert taking the large boat and both cameras, and exposing nearly three dozen plates. The last ten pictures, however, were all essentially the same - of a rich forest found between two wooded points on the Androscoptic. Nearly all my negatives after wards came out well.

Photographs

The only large birds seen in Curtis Meadows to-day were a Black Duck, a Wood Duck, an Osprey, a Pigeon Hawk, a Red-tailed Hawk (an immature bird seen in the same place yesterday). It landed again at the mouth of the brook. Heard a Hudson's Bay Tit and saw a Black-backed Turn-stone woodpecker in the cedar swamp. The Rusty Blackbird was again working at the wrack under the old roots.

Black Duck
Wood "
Osprey
Pigeon Hawk
Red-tail "
Picoides

Early in the afternoon witnessed a migration of Blue Jays. They came from the woods on the north side of the meadow and rising to a height of from 100 to 200 feet passed out of sight over a wooded ridge to the south. There was one flock of forty-three, another of ten; the others were scattered birds or parties of three or six. Some of them turned back and plunged down headlong into the woods from a considerable height as I have seen them do at Pine Point.

Blue Jays
migrating
in numbers
this afternoon

Lake Umbagog

Androsoggin River.Gos. hawk
Wood Duck1897.
Sept. 22
(no 2)

We started homeward a little before sunset. As we were rowing up the Androsoggin a Wood Duck crossed that river coming from Swain's Meadows. A moment later I saw it coming back through the flocks flying on great speed with a Hawk in hot pursuit. About 30 ft. separated the two birds when they first attracted my attention. The Hawk reduced this distance about half before the Duck in the next 100 yards but the Duck on reaching the middle of the river inclined sharply downward and striking the water with great force at once disappeared beneath the surface diving directly from on wing. The Hawk turning back alighted on a stick on the left bank. I had a good view of him as he sat with his breast turned towards me & decided him to be an adult Cooper's my only doubt for the moment being as to whether he was a male or not. The Duck by this time had come to the surface and the Hawk again stooped at her when she again dove. This was repeated at least seven or eight times. Either the Duck grew tired or, as I thought at the time, more confident, for after the first two or three dives she would wait until the very last instant before going under. Indeed the Hawk was then over extended his legs & feet (both of them thrust forward nearly to his head) with the talons wide spread evidently fully expecting this time to grasp his prey & more than once his talons seemed to be within less than a foot of the Duck when she disappeared. Had he missed over the spot he would certainly have caught her for she invariably came up within a yard or two of

Lake Umbagog.

Androsagga Rivis1897.
Sept. 22
(no. 3)

the same place and rarely remained under for more than a few seconds. But he always whirled and made for the shore at once although twice the happiness of the Duck before he reached it tempted him to turn back and swoop again. Strange to say he usually chose a perch only six or eight feet above the surface of the river. Here his swoops were performed on a nearly level plane the distance which he had to fly being fully fifty yards. For about two-thirds of this distance he flapped his wings rapidly and steadily but the last third was covered on set wings. It was beautiful to see him glide smoothly and ~~swiftly~~ directly towards his prey rising slightly and ~~then~~ dropping his legs just before reaching this spot where the fat apparently fastened with fear. I noticed however, that the hind leg wings he opened with the tips unincised & this, no doubt, will account for the truly remarkable quickness with which he invariably dove. There was no forward spring, no humping of the back or cast glancing of the tail but simply a splash and wings rolling out over the calm water where the bird had floated an instant before. Over or twice the squeal just before diving. Once the paddled about over a yard or two of surface. But ordinarily the fat intruder with head & neck erect.

At first we were two hundred yards away but we kept moving slowly nearer until we got within 100 yds. The Wood Duck showed us down, at our approach. Doubtless would have permitted

Gos hawk
Swoops on
Wood Duck

Lake Umbagog.

Androscoquin River1897.
Sept. 22
(no. 4)

us to get within gun range but the Hawk, evidently losing hope, did not return to his usual perch but came, nearly towards us and was passing within thirty yards or less when I shot him, dropping him on the bank. To my surprise he proved to be a young ^{male} Gos-hawk, a bird of the year, apparently, in the spotted plumage. It is true that once or twice I had suspected for a moment that he might be a Gos-hawk for when flying his wings looked rather too broad for even those of ^{some} a large female Cooper's but nevertheless I should have certainly expected him to show signs of immaturity much more obvious had not the gun settled the question the other way. I am now confident that I have a young Gos-hawk (perhaps the same bird) on the meadow, Sept. 16th.

One thing that suggested the suspicion that the bird killed this evening was a Gos-hawk, when he first came in sight, was the fact that he gave back vigorous chase to a flying Duck. I doubt if a Cooper's Hawk would ever attempt anything of the kind. Evidently the Gos-hawk is a terrible fellow. He would certainly have overthrown the Duck had the net fallen to the water, although he did not gain on him nearly so rapidly as a Duck Hawk would have done under similar conditions.

The shot that secured the Gos-hawk was the only one that I fired to-day.

Gos-hawk
Wood Duck







1897.

Sept. 23

Trip down the Lake.

Overcast most of the day but with occasional brief intervals of sunshine, Early morning calm followed by fresh S. E. wind which lasted well into the night.

The Spelmans left me last evening but the rest of the party remains as before; i. e. I have Purdie, Jim, Will, Stanley & Gilbert.

The Spelmans depart.

Purdie and I went down the Lake this morning taking Jim & Will with the two large boats and the little new sailing canoe which I used most of the day. I sailed about a mile before a nice breeze of air from the N. W. and then back to the paddle.

Purdie & Will had gone on ahead but I overtook them at Mettelle Island where Purdie had found a great number of small seedlings of Pinus banksiana, some of which Will had taken up for me. The old trees on this island are all standing. He estimated the largest to be over 40 ft. in height with a butt diameter of 12 to 15 inches. Later in the day Purdie & Will found a great number of these pines growing in the Dyer place most of them growing near the shore - where they actually found a grove of some extent - but a good many scattered about in the opening 200 yards or more from the shore.

Mettelle Id.

Pinus banksiana

We spent the entire day between the narrows & the upper end of the Dyer Cove, working slowly along the shore landing very soon & then to take a photograph or to look for plants. Birds were rather scarce. We saw one Black Duck & about a flock of about 15 - Sheldrake Goosander in State Line Cove & a few Flickers elsewhere.

Black Duck

Sheldrake

Goosander

Flicker

I had a delightful boat all the way back to camp at evening



Lake Umbagog.

Trip up Cambridge River.

1897.

Sept. 25

A superb day with cloudless sky, a total absence of haze, a warm sun, and a fresh but steady W. wind.

It rained most of yesterday and when we anchored the house-boat last evening at the mouth of Pease's Brook (we had come down the lake in tow of the steamer as there was no wind) it looked as if we were in for a long storm. But the rain ceased towards morning and to-day proved to be altogether the most perfect that we have had here this autumn.

It was fitting that it should be so for we had planned a long trip up the Cambridge, the most beautiful river, I believe, in all New England. Never have I seen it more beautiful than it was to-day. The light was of rare quality from sunrise to sunset, pure & rich but not as we have grown used to. The foliage in every place had attained nearly or quite the perfection of its autumn coloring and there have been no frosts to damage the herbaceous vegetation. Every where along the river banks this had attained a luxuriance of growth seldom seen in this region. No doubt the conditions have been exceptionally favorable owing partly to the heavy rains of the past summer & partly to the early condition of the dam at the Lake House which has failed to hold the water back & flows the banks.

We started at about 9 a.m. taking Jim & Will with the two small boats. I kept some ahead most of the way keeping a sharp lookout for ducks. We started clean in all, five Mallard Ducks, five Wood Ducks, and a Hooded Merganser. I killed the Merganser and all but one of the Wood Ducks. My first shot

We take the house-boat to Upton

Cambridge River above the Mill

Autumn foliage

Riparian vegetation

Duck shooting

Black Duck
Wood "
Hooded Merganser

1897.

Sept. 25

(no 2)

was at the Merganser which we cornered at the head of the lowest "log" and which tried to pass over us; my next at a pair of adult Wood Ducks which started out from under the bank of the river just as we came around a bend. I brought down one with each barrel. The drake was a fine bird in full plumage. My third victim was a young female Wood Duck which was feeding in a pond hole covered with lily pads & separated from the river by a high bank. It was out of range when I first saw it and would not fly further off finally going ashore & into some grass. Five others went around and started it and I shot it as it was flying past.

Thus far I had not missed a shot but when a solitary Black Duck rose suddenly from a strip of wood and doubled around a bend I fired too quickly & the bird went on. Shortly after this a young Wood Duck came floating rapidly out from under a root within five yards of the boat & I killed it with the second barrel after missing with the first. This was the last shot I fired but we started a flock of four more Black Ducks still higher up. We knew that they were feeding somewhere above us long before we came to them by the fattens and freshly torn-up water grasses that come floating down with the current. They saw us & flew, however, before we were within range.

I know of no more fascinating sport than shooting ducks on the Cambridge. The river is as beautiful as a dream and it is so narrow and winding and the rocks are so about that the chances of getting shots are excellent. One is kept in a constant state of excited expectation as the boat glides silently across the shore rocks and rounds

*
Duck shooting

Lake Umbagog.

Cambridge River

X

Duck Hunting

1897.
Sept. 25
(no 3)

point after point opening out new and more picturesque views at every turn. Hope never seems to flag here. We have passed a dozen terns without seeing anything more than a Solitary Sandpiper, standing by deep in the water tilling its body slightly as it waddles as pass within a few yards, but we feel sure there must be a Duck just around the next bend. As we approach the point dippers roll out from under the banks on the farther side and the gun half aims to the shoulder, but it is only a Murret who dives with a loud splash as the bow of the swiftly moving boat thrusts into his view. Many and varied are the other fowl alarms. Sometimes it is a Kingfisher which starts from a projecting snag with loud rattling or, most nerve-shocking of all, a Great Blue Heron may be surprised in some sheltered nook and come out almost in one's face squawking outrageously & making a loud whoop-whoop-whoop, like the puffing of an engine, with the powerful flapping of his big wings.

From within the woods, too, if it be at all still, come all sorts of interesting and often more or less mysterious sounds; the calls of various small birds, the cooing of the Pileated Woodpecker, the thump, thump, thumping of drumming Partridges and the rustling of mice or Squirrels among the dry leaves. More rarely a succession of loud cracks among the fallen tops ~~is~~ announces the sudden crash of a felled tree. The sand bars & marshy places along the banks are covered with the foot prints of these animals but we seldom see them below the meadows. Other wood to be numerous along the river, but there are none now.

Lake Umbagog.

Cambridge River

1897.
Sept. 25
(no. 4)

We stopped for lunch at the Forks, landing on the sand spit at the junction of the Swift & Dead Cambridge. Here we could command an extended view out over B. Meadows while just below the river entered the forest. I took several photographs here and two or three more above in the open meadow. After lunch we paddled as far up as the haystacks (more than a mile by river above the forks). Why do not Ducks frequent these meadows more? The conditions seem to be perfect but the birds are almost invariably absent although they frequently fly up or down over the meadows following the course of the stream. We started collecting three to-day took a solitary *Buteo*. Deer tracks were more numerous than I have ever seen them before. There was scarce a square yard where one or more deer had not left its footprints. The grass all over the meadow (it has not been cut this year) was trampled down by these animals.

At the Forks Purdie & I climbed the ridge to look for some poplars which, on June 14, 1896, were still hung with catkins and only just beginning to unfold their leaves although all the other forest trees had been in full leaf for two weeks or more. I felt here at the time that these poplars would prove to be something that was new to me but Purdie considers them all *P. grandidentata*. The leaves, however, have red petioles, a characteristic which I do not recall in *grandidentata*. *P. tremuloides* is common all along this ridge & it was in full leaf on June 14, 1896. I do not think that it is much if at all earlier than the other species in Massachusetts.

B Meadows.Why do
Ducks avoid
these meadowsDeer tracks
very
numerousPoplars
growing on
the ridge
near the
Forks

Lake Umbagog.

Cambridge River.1896.
Sept. 25
(No 5)

While looking for the profluous Purdie flooded a large Woodcock. This ridge has long been known to be a resort of these birds in the early autumn and I should not be surprised to learn that a pair or two breed there every year although the only opening near at hand is that afforded by N. meadows.

Woodcock
seen on
the Forbes.

We came down river in the late afternoon stopping occasionally to take a photograph. I might have exposed twice as many plates as I had to good advantage for the conditions were simply perfect the wind having almost wholly died away while the light remained pure & strong.

Photography

During the day we saw or heard a great many Chickadees & Golden-crested Kinglets, one Ruby-crowned Kinglet, two Hermit Thrushes, two Pileated Woodpeckers, a Gos-hawk, a Flicker or two, a flock of one thirty Cedar-birds, a few Sparrows & several unidentified Whistles. Besides a good many Blue Jays, four or five Kingfishers, three or four Solitary Sandpeeps, and about three Great Blue Herons.

Small birdsPileated W.
GoshawkCedar birdsKingfishersSolitary S.Herons

The Cedar-birds were flying about the lower "logan" alighting in dead tree tops. I found the entrance of their hole is close to heavy crop of Dicentra berries still remaining on the bushes.

Cedar birds

The Gos-hawk was seen flying across the river on the trees. It was a young bird of large size.

Goshawk

I was surprised to see a Kingbird at sunset, perched on the half dead elm near the Lake House.

Kingbird

Lake Umbagog.

1897.

Sept. 26

The early morning was densely foggy but when the fog broke away at about eight o'clock the sky was perfectly clear & for a half hour or more we felt the sun of a good day. I accordingly started up the Cambridge with Gilbert taking both cameras and a liberal supply of plates but before we could expose the first the sky became overcast & a brisk wind started from N.W. We kept on for about a mile, nevertheless, & by taking advantage of brief intervals when the sun shone through a rift in the clouds managed to get three or four good pictures. We came back to dinner, however, and passed the afternoon in-doors with heavy rain beating visibly on the tin roof of the cabin. No ducks were seen this morning. I heard White-winged Crossbills for the first time. There was again a flock of Cedar-birds at the lower "logan" but it contained less than twenty birds to-day.

Short trip
up Cambridge
River

Photography

" 27

A wild day with a full gale of wind from the N.W. and frequent showers of rain, snow or hail.

Purdie started for Boston early this morning. I spent most of the day on the boat but tried two of the courses under sail going well out on the banks where the white-caps were chasing one another madly across the black water - an exciting sail it proved to be but without any mishap. No birds were except a crow or two fighting his way against the raging wind.

Purdie
goes home









1897.
Sept. 28

Lake Umbagog.

Cambridge River Marshes.

Weather very like that of yesterday but colder and with an even stronger wind. The sea on the open Lake was exceptionally heavy and I doubt if any small boat could have lived thru. The Steamer made her usual trip but her life boat filled and her fires were almost put out. The engineer thinks that the waves in the North Bay were fully eight feet in height. He saw a large flock (fully 75 birds) of "Butcher-billed Coots" (*Oidemia americana*) near Mettles Island. They were shy and restless flying about continually.

Autumnal gale.

Big seas running on the Lake.

I passed the greater part of the day in my cabin but I had a short sail in the little canoe in the morning and visited Jim at his shop in the late afternoon. It was half-an-hour after sunset when I paddled back towards the Crown boat.

Sailing in the river.

Three Wilson's Snipe rose from the river banks and flew off westward, scampering loudly. Five Black Ducks came from up the Cambridge and alighted on the flooded meadows. A solitary Night Heron flew about me in a great circle qualling at short regular intervals. I do not remember ever noting one at this place part of this season before.

Snipe Black Duck

Night Heron

Leman Sargent says that he heard a number of Snipe last evening and numbers were heard near the Outlet to-night as I often would have heard.

Snipe

Lake Umbagog

Trip up Cambridge River

1897.
Sept. 29

Clear with high wind, through the middle of the day falling to nearly dead calm at evening.

At 9 A. M. I started up Cambridge River with Jim, in the hunting boat, taking both cameras and a large number of plates. The wind was rising when we left the house boat and it interfered sadly with our attempts at photography but later in the afternoon the conditions were fairly good and I exposed nearly all my plates.

On the way up the river I kept my gun ready most of the time and bagged two birds, a Partridge which I shot on the ground among some alders and a Sheldrake which I killed as it rose from the water.

Partridge

The Sheldrake was a solitary bird and was exceptionally tame. We came suddenly on it as we rounded a bend but for several seconds it did not appear to notice us. Finally it began swimming slowly off and as we pressed it harder, rose, but not until we were within a very few yards.

Goosander

There were two Partridges together but the other bird escaped me. It flew up into a balsam and alighted behind a big cluster of twigs & foliage which concealed it almost perfectly & through which I found the shot would not penetrate. At length it started to fly again when I fired at but missed it. These Partridges attracted my attention by making the sickening noise which is so very like that of the Red Squirrel that most of these quides confess their inability to distinguish with certainty between the two animals.

Partridges

Lake Umbagog.

Trip up Cambridge River

1897.
Sept. 29
(No. 2)

The upper landing on Cambridge River where, at this season, we are obliged to disembark, because of the shallowness of the water on the "rips" below, is always a favorite resort of the smaller birds. I saw there this morning an interesting little mixed flock consisting of two Solitary Vireos, two Black-throated Green Warblers, a young Parula Warbler, and a pair of Ruby-crowned Kinglets. The ♂ Kinglet was bringing dolls over. Higher up the river I heard another in nearly full song.

At evening, in the alder thicket on the bank opposite this landing, I heard two Hermit Thrushes, two Downy Woodpeckers and several White-throated Sparrows. The Thrushes were mostly calling to one another but one of the Sparrows sang repeatedly in broken tones.

Small
woodland
birds noted

The high wind kept the smaller birds pretty quiet during the middle of the day but we saw or heard a fair number of the Common and besides one Pileated Woodpecker.

Pileated

When I reached the house boat this evening I learned from Bill Sargent that less than half an hour after we started this morning Benjan Sargent, passing down the river on his way to Lakeside, started a large Canada Goose in the first reach below the mills.

The bird was so tame that he got within forty yards of it although he was rowing at the time. When it rose it flew out towards the bank landing boldly.

Canada
Goose in
Cambridge
River below
the mill.













Lake Umbagog

Cambridge River Marshes.1897.
Sept. 30

Cloudless and warm, the entire forenoon dead calm,
a fresh west wind in the afternoon.

As this was to be my last day at the house I
had to spend the entire forenoon repairing the
dismantling of the house boat. It was a shame to
waste so fine a morning in this way but I consoled
myself by the prospect of an equally perfect afternoon
up the Cambridge. Just as we were starting, ~~just~~
however, the wind rose, interfering somewhat with
photography at first but the late afternoon was nearly
or quite calm and the light something remarkable.
We saw only one Duck, a Hooded Merganser - and
but few small birds. Shortly after lunch, as I was
standing near the school house, talking with Mr. Sherman,
a White-crowned Sparrow chirped excitedly a dozen times
or more in a thicket of the roadside.

Dismantling
the house
boat.

Early in the forenoon a Pigeon Hawk alighted in the
old elm at the foot of the rapids below the mill, sitting
nest and motionless save for its head which it moved
continually from side to side & occasionally bobbed up &
down after the manner of an Owl. At length it started
and skinned off over the river & waded down into
Stony Brook Cove where it stopped on a solitary Sand-
piper. It must have missed its aim for the Sandpiper
after plunging headlong into the water rose high above
the trees & flew off uttering its shrill call incessantly.
I did not actually see the Hawk attack it but that
it did so is beyond question.

Pigeon Hawk

Jim found me out to dole out after our return from the lake ^{trip}.







Lake Umbagog to Cambridge.

1897.

Oct. 1

Cloudless but with dense haze from forest fires coming through the forenoon but clearing away rather suddenly in the early afternoon. Very warm for the season.

Left Lakeside by the regular stage at 8 A.M. reaching Bethel at 2 P.M. The roads were dry & smooth and the drive delightful enough but we saw very few birds - in fact nothing worth mentioning save, perhaps, three Grass Finches by the roadside in Norway.

The autumn coloring was very fine and probably near its highest development which, however, is known up to the range for this region.

- " 2 Clear & calm with exceptionally transparent air. A heavy white frost last night.

Spent the day at Dr. Gehring's where I am to stay until Monday. Heard a Pileated Woodpecker calling not far from the house.

- " 3 Weather similar to that of yesterday but a little warmer.

Took a short drive with Gehring in the forenoon and saw three Bluebirds in a field near the Bethel railroad station.

- " 4 Through to Cambridge by rail to-day. Nothing of interest observed by the way.

Concord, Mass.

1897.
Oct. 19

Clear and warm with fresh W. wind in P.M.

After spending the past two weeks in Cambridge I started for Concord this morning taking Gilbert for I intend to live at the cabin for the next three or four weeks, if all goes well. My chief reason for settling on this plan is that it will enable me to spend practically my whole time in the woods where alone I can hope to recover from my lameness. I have not used the crutches since my return from the South but I have been unable during the past few days for I have been losing weight than gaining ground for a week or more and of late have been able to walk only a few rods on a time.

Taking the 9.15 morning train we reached Concord a little after 10. The remainder of the forenoon was spent in getting the canoe packed & ready. A new one, 16 ft. long, made by firm at the South and sent to Concord by freight is now added to the fleet. I took in down river this afternoon in tow of my Rowbottom canoe Gilbert going in the little open canoe. We hauled down all the baggage by wagon.

On the way down (I landed most of the distance) I heard Song & Swamp Sparrows & saw a pair adult ♂ & ♀ with Hawk & a flock of about 30 Red-wings. As I stood in the cabin door at least two Hermit Thrushes came fluttering past, chattering & lifting their tails. A very large & fine Gray Jay also appeared in the bushes. Two or three White-throated Sparrows were seen on board.

Concord, Mass.

1897.
Oct. 20

Morning clear and calm. Afternoon cloudy with strong W. S. wind and very indistinct of a coming storm.

Most of the forenoon was spent in getting our things unpacked & in order. After dinner I walked down river nearly to Cobble Bridge & back seeing two Pied-billed Grebes in the reach just below Roll's Hill. Ten more birds were there last evening.

Very little of the grass on the meadows has been cut this year and the loose granules bordering the river give its banks a shaggy & picturesque aspect. The water in low now & the farmers are getting what meadow hay they can before the fine weather is exhausted.

Later in the afternoon I walked up on the hill and beyond through the swamp to Purman's pine knoll. I was rambling about there under the trees when I heard the distant hoarding of Geese. Hurrying to the nearest opening I had but a minute or two to wait before the water birds came nearly over me. There was ten of them flying S.W. at about the usual height but in singular order eight being strung one in line while the other two led them by fully 200 yds. Stranger still seven Black Ducks were flying along with the Geese but at a considerably higher level. The Ducks flapped their wings much more quickly than the Geese but they did not appear to gain on them in the least. This is about the way the birds were arranged:

+++++++ ————— Ducks
++ ++++++++ Geese

Concord, Mass.

1897

Oct. 20

(No 2)

I also saw five Black Ducks this forenoon. They rose from the water on the northern side of the river opposite the cabin where I went to the landing to have a bird into one of the canoes.

During my walk this afternoon I came upon a number of horn birds feeding in some grass bushes. There were at least five juncos and three or four Yellow-rumped Vireos with a Sparrow of some kind. I also heard Jays cawing & a Red Spined chipping.

Concord, Mass.

1897.

Oct. 28

The storm began at day break this morning but there was more wind than rain, scarce enough of the latter falling to wet the leaves under the trees. Later in the afternoon the clouds began to break & a glorious sunset followed but the wind after changing to W. went back to N. E. again before dark.

The Canada goose was beating the English grounds this morning with his sister. I saw him flack on high & heard him file file or his notes in odd.

Took a short walk over the hill, ^{in the morning} and a longer one in the afternoon to Thomas's landing & beyond. It is wonderful how quickly my legs grow under these conditions. I was standing or walking for upwards of two hours this afternoon & felt but little pain in consequence. Heard a Anger some Juncos & Chickadees & saw two Gray Squirrels.

Later in the afternoon took a short paddle. Kittens were coming into the meadows to roost & flying about piping. I saw two Woodcocks.

The warblers have shed their leaves & the berries are also nearly bare. The oak foliage is brown & withered already. I cannot imagine what can have spoiled it thus early. We shall have little fine coloring in woods this autumn.

Concord, Mass.

1897.

Oct. 22

Morning sunny & warm; afternoon cloudy with chill E. wind.

I spent the forenoon about the cabin. In the afternoon sailed to Davis's Hill and landing there walked to Brewer's farm ridge & through the swamp to Prescott's farm, in all a distance of fully a mile. Miss Maitland joined me after I had been out about an hour. I started a Partridge (they seem to be very scarce here this autumn) & saw a Hermit Thrush, two Crows, three or four Kinglets, two flocks of Chickadees, a Flicker, a Downy Woodpecker, several Blue Jays & Crows, and two or three Song & White-throated Sparrows.

On the way back to the cabin I saw a large bird which I at first took to be a House Duck walking slowly over the mud on the edge of the river but just as it entered the tall grass it suddenly occurred to me that it was a Wren. I should have thought of this sooner had the bird not looked so very dark - almost black in fact. Just before sunset *Litt. Cates* were flying about continually over the meadows, I counted forty in one flock.

Gilbert went to Boston to-day and returned by the train which reaches W. Rufford at half-past five. I crossed the river to meet him & while sitting there in the canoe heard two birds, one was flying about over the meadow *screeching*, the other flitting from place to place on the mud near me making the curious loud rattling sound of wings that I have heard before at Wobegon.

Concord, Mass.

1897

Oct. 23

Cloudless and nearly dead calm. Although it was cold last night (there was a heavy white frost at sunrise this morning and I saw a thinning of ice on a ditch at 9 a.m.) the remainder of the day was deliciously warm and Dragon flies were out in great numbers. The air was so still that comparatively higher sounds could be heard at incredible distances. The woods seemed to be everywhere alive with Squirrels & their chattering among the dry leaves, the thrushes with Sparrows chattering & calling to one another. In fact it was a day of sounds—a day when the ear noted for more than the eye.

At sunrise a Robin was calling in the oaks over the cabin & as we were eating breakfast a little company of Sparrows including two Song Sparrows, two White-throats & a Downy (the first I have ever seen here) were feeding on some damp seeds which I had thrown out in front of the door. Later in the day I saw a 7' of the two Sparrows, both single birds. I also saw three Hermit Thrushes & I heard Horned Larks piping over the Great Meadows. Two Bluebirds passed over Ball's Hill at 5 a.m. flying close together in a great hurry & apparently migrating.

In the forenoon I walked to Holden's Hill; in the afternoon I spent several hours in the woods behind Ball's Hill laying out a path & cutting down some winter trees.

Chipsunketes appear to be very scarce this autumn. I saw my first to-day.

Concord, Mass.

1897
Oct. 24

Cloudy and calm. Early morning cold, thin in forenoon;
middle of day soft & warm.

In the early morning took a walk northward. Birds seemed to be more numerous than they have been at any time since I came here last fall. Saw a Brown Marsh Hawk, a flock of six Crows, an exceptionally large flock of Chipping Sparrows (I could not count them but there were at least eight or ten) accompanied by a Brown Creeper, a Downy Woodpecker and two Golden-crests. This flock was in the pine at the Glacial Hollows. They were making so much noise that at first I suspected they had found a little Owl but apparently they were only giving vent to their high spirits.

I also saw a Hermit Thrush, a Flicker, a Yellow-rump and two Rusty Blackbirds. The last named was feeding in the top of a gray birch in company with the Yellow-rump. All these birds seemed to be getting on abundantly on some kind of insect food.

Two were beating the woods into a dog field for a big shot evidently at night.

Early this morning I heard a House-Geeked Plover squeaking, at first in the direction of Davis's Hill, a little later over Great Meadows.

Concord, Mass.

1897

Oct. 25

Clear and warm with light east wind.

Spent the entire day in the woods on the back
 side of Ball's Hill in company with Benson, Post,
 & Gilbert walking at a wood path which I am
 walking. Saw remarkably few birds a Crow, some
 Chickadees & a few Crows being all that I noticed.
 At least heard 2 Crows piping over the hill top.
 Two or four Thrush were found on the larger ground
 this forenoon.

" 26

Clear and warm with strong S. wind.

This day also I spent supervising the work on
 the wood path on Ball's Hill but I also walked
 to Davis's Hill in the forenoon. Despite the soft
 delightful weather I saw but few birds. In
 the early evening a Sharp-shinned Hawk descended
 past the cabin and into the oaks above it.

On the top of the hill I saw a Hairy Woodpecker
 - an unusually white & grey bird - and a House
 Crow. This about makes up the sum of the
 day's observations.

Sometime near the middle of last night I
 was suddenly awakened by the pattering of feet
 on the tree roof. The noise was much too loud to
 have been made by a mouse. It was probably
 a Flying Squirrel. It ran across the roof several
 times in quick succession.

Concord, Mass.

1897.

Oct. 27

Another perfect autumn day a little warmer than yesterday but otherwise similar. It is remarkable here the wind holds in the east. It actually has not been in any other quarter (there has been a variation from S. E. to N. E.) since the 19th.

Took a long walk this morning starting at about nine o'clock and not returning to the cabin until nearly noon. Went over all my land to the northward keeping the river farther to Mink Island and coming back by way of the river inland over. The woods were beautiful beyond description and there were a good many birds of the kinds common at this season - Chickadees, Kinglets, Crows, Jays, two Downy Woodpeckers, a ♀ Yellow ^{throat} ~~throat~~ ^{throat} ~~throat~~, ^{throat} ~~throat~~, ^{throat} ~~throat~~, then Partridge, then Field-billed Grackles, two or three Song Sparrows and some Titmice walking up the list of what I saw. The Grackles were together near the middle of the river opposite Mink Island, peering their plumage and rising & falling like Sea Ducks on the banks that looked from the N. E.

A Woodpecker was again at work on the logs of the cabin shortly after noon. He worked on from a hard nap and for ten minutes or more afterwards hammered loudly & incessantly just behind my head. I could hear the rattle of his wings when he lifted from place to place. Finally I went out but he had disappeared.

Concord, Mass

1897.
Oct 27
(No 2)

Soath in the afternoon I discovered a Carolina Parakeet among the bottom bushes on the edge of the river at the entrance to the dock where my canoe lies. It was a young bird and exceedingly tame permitting me to approach within half a mile feet without signs of fear. I watched it for a long time as it fed along the margin of the water jutting up its tail sharply as nearly every flap. It was a beautiful little creature whose every attitude & movement was graceful itself.

Just before sunset I paddled down river to Davis's Hill. The lights & shadows over the meadows were remarkably fine.

The Noddicks are building houses everywhere this autumn. I do not think that I have ever seen so many below Davis's Hill as there are there now.

Concord, Mass.

1897

Oct. 28

Cloudy with dense fog all day. Wind light from N.E.
dry warm for the season.

Early this morning I heard a Black-bellied Plover whistle eight or ten times; it was evidently flying in a southerly direction over the meadows. Soon afterwards the call of a Greater Yellow-leg came from the direction of Holden's meadows.

With the hope of finding something unusual on the river I paddled down as far as Birch Island taking my gun. I saw nothing but a solitary Grebe & was returning when two Grebes passed me flying low over the water following up the course of the river. I saw that they had a good deal of white on their wings but could not make out the species. Some ten minutes later, however, they returned passing this time within about gun range but crossing over the land & coming out behind me so that it was impossible to fire. I saw at once that they were Red-breasted Mergansers both in the gray plumage but one much larger than the other. Although perfectly certain of their identity I had a great desire to secure them for I have never before found this species on Concord River. As they were passing around the bend just above Davis's Hill they let their wings & I looked down towards the water but they must have kept on for I went back to below Birch Island again without being anything of them. Pat saw them pass Davis's Hill on their return. Judging by the time they were gone they would have flown several miles up river unless they alighted somewhere.

Concord, Mass

1897.

Oct. 28

(ms 2)

The Carolina Parakeet seen yesterday was in the same place this morning. Indeed it spent the entire day there working slowly back and forth on a spur of only a few yards beyond keeping most of the time under some button bushes but occasionally venturing out on an open spur of bare wood. Why it should prefer to take a place with the great expanse of grass meadows directly opposite is a mystery. Its manners were even more surprising for two of my men were at work all day within less than twenty feet of the bird and at times they made a great deal of noise hammering at some large stones which they were laying. This Parakeet is a rather peculiar-looking specimen for its bill is dark greenish & its plumage much more admirably marked with white on the back & sides.

The Woodpecker began tapping on the cabin walls this morning & I got a good sight at it. It appears to be a ♀ Downy. I watched it for several minutes but did not see it get anything for its pains. It was evidently searching for food, however, was drumming.

While on Ball's Hill this afternoon I heard the bawling cry of a Cooper's Hawk given several times in succession very near me. As I had never before heard this call in autumn I went at once to the spot & found - a Blue Jay. Although he would not say anything further I have no doubt whatever that he was the author of the sound. It was an absolutely perfect imitation

Concord, Mass.

1897.

Oct. 29

A superb day, clear, calm, very warm at noon, cool at evening.

Spent the entire day working in the woods on Ball's Hill clearing out old paths and working new ones.

Dr. Gehring came from Boston by the late afternoon train to spend the night.

As I was standing near the cabin this noon I heard the ordinary whistling call of the Canada Jay given five or six times near at hand in the maple by the cannon landing. Of course I was greatly excited feeling sure that at last I was to see a Partridge in my Concord woods. But when a moment later, the bird hopped out into clear view on a boxless fence it proved to be a Blue Jay. It gave the call two or three times more while I was looking at it, & then flew across the wire. Evidently it must have been a migrant from some more northern region where Canada jays abound. Only once before have I heard the Blue Jay mimic this cry at Pine Point back Westbury, two or three years ago. The imitation given to-day was simply perfect.

.. 30

Another glorious day, cold in the early morning, warm at noon, with almost no wind.

Took a walk with Dr. Gehring in the early morning. He left for Boston on the 8 a.m. train. I spent the remainder of the day working on my wood paths. Just before sunset a Partridge was seen on that regular interval on the Holliston Knoll & I finished another at the base of Ball's Hill.

Concord, Mass

1897.

Oct. 31

Still another perfect day with light S. W. wind. Thin ice on the shallow parts early this morning but the middle of the day obviously warm.

George Farnsworth arrived last night to spend to-day with me. He spent the forenoon looking on the river. Saw a Marsh Hawk & a Red-throated Hawk. The latter is actually ten first Nests that I have noted here this month! What a change from fifteen or twenty years ago when both owls & hawks could be seen daily almost anywhere about these river meadows. What has become of them all? They have been steadily diminishing in number for the past ten years.

Both last evening & this I heard Snipe scraping over the meadows as I was walking along the river path.

Nov. 1

Cloudy with light S. W. wind changing first to S. E. and finally to N. E. in the afternoon. Rain began falling at 4 P. M. and by dark it was coming very heavily with every sign of a long-continued storm.

Concord, Mass.

1897

Nov. 3

Early morning cloudy as well as foggy and dead calm. Later the wind started from the W. gradually increasing in strength and slowly dispelling the fog and clouds. The afternoon was perfectly clear and very warm and pleasant.

Early this morning I heard a Snow Bunting give the chattering flight call a dozen times or more at short intervals without once uttering the clear peep which almost invariably follows the chatters closely. The bird (I think there was but one) seemed to pass over Ball's Hill and off over the Great Meadows towards the southwest but I could not get my eye on it. I think I heard a Snow Bunting here nearly a week ago but was not sufficiently near at the time to make a note of it.

House Wrens and Tit Larks were also flying about over the woods before the fog cleared this morning, but I could not tell how many there were of them. I saw at least three Tit Larks, however.

There must have been a number of Snipe too for a gunner with a London Setter spaniel nearly the whole forenoon beating bush & fern over the grounds and field at least a dozen or fifteen shots.

A Partridge drummed at short, regular intervals far more than can hear this morning (10-11 o'clock) near the nest of the high wood in the Holloman woods. I afterwards examined the place & found that his drumming station is an old mossy stump under dense oaks.)

Concord, Mass

1897.

Nov. 3

(No 2.)

It is extremely difficult to make a good skin of a Marsh Hawk. The chief trouble is with the feathers of the fore neck which will not lie smoothly or "come" well unless the neck be dried and the head arranged with the bill pointing straight upward after the manner in which Owl skins are now usually made (~~as~~). The explanation occurred to me this morning as I was watching a Marsh Hawk beating a meadow. I noticed that the bird held his bill pointing straight downward the whole time he was within range of my glass. On reflection I remembered having observed the same fact many times before but for the first time it occurred to me that this position of the head & neck must be the only natural and easy one for a bird when whole life, practically, is spent skimming low over fields, and meadows with its eyes scanning the ground directly beneath. When one comes to think of it there are few birds that search for food in this way and of those such as I am familiar with like the Heron & Black Duck and the Mississippi & Swallow-tailed Kites have much the same way of carrying the head as the Marsh Hawk while with the Kite at least the skin must be made after the manner above described in order to get the feathers of the neck to lie smoothly.

I "speaked up" the Marsh Hawk here this morning being it within about gun range although I was well back from the meadow among some downy oaks.

Concord, Mass.

1897.

Nov. 3

(No 3)

Just after breakfast I spent nearly half an hour watching two Gray Squirrels which were building a nest in a tall slender white pine fully fifty feet above the ground. The tree is one of a group of the dozen or more standing on the north slope of Ball's Hill. The Squirrels were working very hard and steadily collecting oak twigs with branches of leaves attached. In order to get these they ran down the pine quite to the ground and thence scrambled off into the woods beyond my range of sight always returning within two or three minutes, however. In no instance did either of them attempt to bring more than one twig at a time and even this burden seemed to embarrass their movements greatly especially when, as was often the case, they climbed one of the other pines and crossed to the nest by leaping from branch to branch. It was surprising to see the boldness with which they sprang from the top of a slender & often dead & brittle branch to the extremity of another over a gap of three or four feet in width and as a height of fifty or sixty feet. I was just saying to myself that their judgment in matters of this kind must be infallible when a startling catastrophe occurred. Both animals had met at the nest and had just entered it together when the whole structure gave way and came tumbling down to the ground breaking up into fragments as it struck against the

Concord, Mass.

1897.
Nov. 3
(no 4)

branches during its descent. How the Squirrels managed to escape falling with it is a mystery but just as it started on run out and after it had got well under way I saw the other hanging by one fore paw only but that seemed to be quite enough for he almost immediately recovered himself and got back on the upper side of the branch. They both took the loss of their home very coolly although literally not a high fragment of it remained in place. Some few of the twigs had lodged some down & those the Squirrels vented and inspected in turn but they showed no disposition to replace any of them.

Concord, Mass.

1897.

Nov. 4

An exceptionally beautiful day for even this rare autumn almost too warm for comfort with light S. wind & long intervals of nearly dead calm. The Balloon Spiders were out, of course, in great numbers.

Walter Deann came up from Cambridge this morning and spent the day with me. We were out the entire forenoon taking the trap westward to the Mason woods. Saw a number of common birds. The Sparrows were numerous for the first time this autumn. We came upon one flock of a dozen or more with two juncos and a Yellow-rump attached. The Sparrows were feeding in the tops of gray beeches, I think on leaves of some kind but probably on buds which are numerous enough this year. The Yellow Sparrow on the whole is aptly named for it is certainly to be seen oftener in the tops of trees than is any other of our tree Sparrows.

Deann was anxious to see a Dog-choise. We found one at Birch Island, floating close in shore among some frost-blackened pickered weed, passing its feet & looking in the air, remaining in the same spot for fully ten minutes. He was within less than forty yards & had an excellent view of it through our glasses. Finally I showed myself and it at once down & was not again seen. Three or four hundred yards farther down five birds which I took to be also Grebes were swimming near the middle of the river, three in one place, two in another not far off. At length the two groups became together.

Concord, Mass.

1897.

Nov. 4
(No 2.)

In the afternoon we wandered about in the woods on & near Balls Hill. A Green Wood Hawk was beating about over the meadows as we found for a few moments by the river as we way back to the cabin.

Early this morning a Greater Yellow-legs came flying low over the river past the cabin whistling loudly in answer to my call. I also heard Horned Larks piping.

At evening I heard Tit larks, apparently in some numbers. Last evening I heard them after it had become nearly dark. A large flock seemed to rise from the meadow and mounting high in air go off southward. I felt sure at the time that they were starting on migration for it was long after their usual hour of "going to bed" but of course they may have been disturbed by something.

For the past three or four evenings I have heard the chuck call of a Black-bird uttered several times in quick succession on the opposite side of the meadow towards the W. Bedford Station. This evening I got it more distinctly than before and the bird also gave the unmistakable peep of the Red-wing before it passed out of hearing. I have no doubt that it regularly passes over this part of the meadow each evening at about the same time.

Concord, Mass.

1897

Nov. 5

Entire morning foggy and cloudy but the afternoon clear and deliciously mild. My little bird all day.

Spent the forenoon writing letters. In the afternoon rambled about in the woods behind Ball's Hill seeing only two or three Tree Sparrows and a Partridge.

A Song Sparrow, the only one that I have noted this month, spent the entire day in the bushes in front of the cabin working a little in sudden turns.

Elbert counted fourteen Chickadees in one flock on Ball's Hill this morning. With them was a Downy, two Tree Sparrows & two Juncos. He also saw five Black Ducks passing over the meadows at evening.

6

Very warm the sky filled with drifting cloud masses through which the sun shone out for brief intervals. Later in the afternoon the sky cleared & a cold N. W. wind arose lasting well into the night.

Spent the day near the cabin answering some mail that the man was doing on a week's path. In the afternoon W. Deane came from Cambridge bringing some important letters. He took a short walk seeing nothing but a 7 of Sparrows (the second only that I have noted this autumn).

It looks as if pigeons are the meadows this morning but none seemed to be about at evening. Several quinces bear the meadows & a number of those were fed.

At evening as I was being D. off & just as he was landing on the marsh a single Redpoll close past us. Later I heard another Scarfing.

Concord, Mass.

1897.

Nov. 7

Clear with strong N. W. winds.

Spent the forenoon in the woods near Davis's Hill. Saw a number of Chickadees, Kinglets and Tree Sparrows and two ♂ of Sparrows.

The Emersons & Stans with Mr. Mass. were down with me after dinner we walked through the woods to Benson's clearing from Portersaps.

" 8

Cloudy, the forenoon dead calm, a light S. W. wind in the afternoon bringing rain before nightfall.

Spent most of the forenoon at work on a new path through the swamp behind Ball's Hill. When I left the cabin the meadows were as white as snow with a heavy hoar frost and the surface of the ground was frozen slightly. The country seemed to be alive with birds. Crows, Jays, Chickadees, Kinglets and Tree Sparrows were calling in every direction. I also heard two Robins, a number of House Wrens, & some Red-wings (local), apparently, in the bushes at the river's edge on Holden's Meadows and I saw a solitary Crow Blackbird flying over Benson's farm hill. Twice I heard the silvery whistle of Doves' wings; on the first occasion I could not get sight of the birds; on the second I discovered a flock of House Golden-eyes flying at a great height following down the corner of the river. I also saw two ♂ of Sparrows & a flock of five juncos in the afternoon I saw a ♀ Hairy Woodpecker in the maple thicket behind the hill.

H. W. Spaldeman joined me about noon. He has come up to spend the remainder of the week with me.

Concord, Mass.

1897.

Nov. 9

Cloudy with heavy rain all day and light wind from the N.E. changing to W. at sunset with the clouds showing signs of breaking.

Spent the day burning piles of brush that have been brought together in various places in the woods.

Saw a Swamp Sparrow in the bushes in front of the cabin. Just after dinner Spelman started a Snake from the path about 30 yards east of the cabin. The ground had been lately dry up along this path and the heavy rain had converted it into a suitable bog but how did the Snake find this out so quickly.

Concord, Mass.

1897.

Nov. 10

Clear and cooler with strong N. wind - a fine, breezy day.

Spelman and I were out nearly the whole forenoon taking a long tramp, first through the woods to Benson's, then through Mrs. Bennett's woods to her house, back by Benson's woods to Birch Island and over Davis's Hill to the cabin.

We started three Partridges and saw four Gray Squirrels besides a number of small birds including, a White-throated Sparrow, fifteen or twenty Tree Sparrows, a flock of six Fox Sparrows, several flocks of Chickadees, each accompanied by two or three Kinglets, a Flicker, several Barn Swallows and a number of Crows.

One of the Partridges was singularly tame. We heard it chattering among some alders near the edge of Holden's meadow and soon afterwards saw it walking slowly along shaking its tufts (it was a very large & fine cock) and jerking its head & neck forward & down at each step in such a way as to make it appear lame. Apparently it did not care to fly because we were in the opening between it and the woods but at length it started out over the meadow and dived back across the opening 40 yards or so in advance of where we were standing.

Soon after dinner I flushed two Partridges together on the level above this opening. One, a large cock & doubtless the same bird seen this forenoon, flew up into a pine & when I approached took a second flight of only a few yards & alighted again on a dead branch within plain sight & scarce thirty yards from me.

One of the birds seen in Mrs. Bennett's woods this morning was also very tame being seen some bushes along a wall & attempting to alight on the top of a fence after

Concord, Mass.

1897.

Nov. 10

(No 2)

flying only a few yards but changing its mind it
glad on into dense dense woods.

In the early forenoon we saw a flock of 14 Crows
flying south & evidently migrating & soon after dinner
two large flocks, one of about 75, the other of nearly 100
birds, passed over Balls Hill & Great Meadows towards
the south west. This is the first migration I have
intended this autumn.

I counted seventy-five Red Pines in Mrs. Barrett's
woods this morning. They are all at the extreme western
end of the tract and well together. Two or three of the
largest trees are fine specimens over fifty feet in height
& more than a foot in diameter at the base. A number
of seedlings which I did not include in the above
count & which are only 6 or 8 inches high are springing
up among the grass & bushes just outside the edge of
the woods.

Just before sunset we looked two of the crows &
paddled up river to beyond Dobbins Hill. As we
were returning we heard several (at least three) large
kinglets over Great Meadows and saw two of them
rise against the light in the western sky & fly
swiftly off up river. There have been no juncos
on the meadow to-day.

We also heard a young Song Sparrow singing in
low, broken tones by the river side.









Concord, Mass.

1897.

Nov. 11

Early morning clear with heavy white frost. Clouds soon gathered & later in the afternoon it began to rain. The night was wild & stormy with violent N. E. wind & floods of rain.

Photographing along the river with Spelman in the early morning going as far up as Dalkin's Hill. Saw a Hairy Woodpecker, a brown Marsh Hawk, a majestic flock of 28 Crows and a few Fox Sparrows.

Dr. Gehring came out by the noon train & spent the afternoon.

• 12

Cloudy with W. wind the sky clearing in the west just before sunset. The rain turned to snow at about daybreak & snow continued falling up to about 10 a. m. whitening the ground for the first time this autumn. I was ill last night and to-day got out for only a short walk in the afternoon. Spelman saw a flock of six Robins along the river path near the cabin and two Red-billed Gulls opposite the lower end of Ball's Hill. During my walk I started two Redwings and saw a Gull near the upper end of Davis's Hill. Chickadees & Fox Sparrows about near the cabin at intervals through the day.

Chipmunks continue exceedingly scarce; indeed I have seen but two here this autumn. Red Squirrels are rather more numerous than usual and Gray Squirrels fairly abundant. Both Red & Gray Squirrels visit the cabin frequently.

Concord, Mass.

1897.

Nov. 13

Clear and cold with high N. W. wind.

Spelman & I spent the day in chopping, on the
Blackman knob in the forenoon, in Prescott's pine woods
in the afternoon. Saw very few birds & nothing of
any particular interest.

" 14

Clear and cold with violent N. W. wind.

We spent the forenoon in the Holden woods.
In the afternoon started for a trail down river but
the wind was so violent and changeable that we
landed at Mill Island & took a long walk through
Lawrence's woods. Saw two Red-tailed Hawks, a
pair, apparently, flying about over the meadow
& alighting on Holden's Hill. In the forenoon
one adult male Marsh Hawk passed over the
Great Meadows flying due south at a height of
at least 500 feet & apparently migrating.

" 15

Early morning cold the meadows & ground frozen.
Middle of day mild and cloudy.

Spelman left me this morning having stopped
just a while. I first took two photographs &
afterwards walked in the woods on Davis's Hill.
A fine Rump-legged Hawk was hanging about
all day alighting in the oaks on the hill &
soaring over the meadows. It was a brown bird
with very white upper tail coverts. Saw but little
else save a Hairy Woodpecker. Heard the cry of a Chickadee.



Concord, Mass

1897
Nov. 16

Clear and very warm with S. W. wind. Early morning densely foggy.

Spent the entire day on Davis's Hill where I have begun to open a series of wood roads.

Birds were rather scarce but I saw a number of Chickadees and two House Wrens working up the trunk of the same tree—a large pine.

Concord, Mass.

1897.

Nov. 17

Forenoon clear, afternoon cloudy, clearing again just before sunset. Much cooler than yesterday with strong N.W. wind which died away completely, however, late in the afternoon.

I spent the entire day on Davis's Hill with Benson and Pat working on the new wood roads. Started three Partridges on the south end of the hill this evening and saw a White-throated Sparrow and a Tree Sparrow in a thicket on the edge of the meadows. Chickadees were about all day and I heard a Downy Woodpecker and a Cuckoo. Crows and jays are getting very scarce; I noted only two of the former and one of the latter during the day. Gilbert saw a Brown Marsh Hawk in the afternoon.

A rare pair of good fortune fell to my lot as I was on my way back to the cabin this evening. It was about five o'clock and twilight was fast deepening although the afterglow in the west cast a strong light over the large open spaces. It was perfectly still the wind having long since fallen dead away. I was following the wood road that leads around the south end of Davis's Hill and had nearly reached the brook when an Owl glided close past me flying just above the tops of the young oaks, & quietly disappearing in the gloom against a background of pines. I saw a few low branches when it quietly reappeared & began to rise and passed low over my head a

Long-eared
Owls

Concord, Mass.

1897.

Nov. 17

(No 2)

dozen times or more finally picking sharply
 upward and alighting on a dead, upright prong
 of one of the large pines that stand on the edge
 of the brook. Up to this time I had taken it
 for a Short-eared Owl but feeling very gloom on it I
 saw at once that it was a Long-eared Owl.
 I looked on it for several minutes and then
 squeaked again. It left its perch at once and
 came directly towards me but before it reached me
 another and much larger bird of the same species
 suddenly appeared directly over my head and literally
within reach of my hand. Then, to my amazement,
 it poised for several seconds on broadly beating wings
not two feet from and directly above my upturned
face. Every time I squeaked it would drop its
 legs to their full length with talons wide spread
 apparently with the expectation of picking a morsel
 off the crown of my hat. Indeed its behavior
 was so threatening that I was positively afraid
 to continue the imitation. Shortly after I stopped
 it the bird alighted on the topmost slender twig
 of a scrub oak within four or five yards of me
 within the male returned to his former perch on
 the pine. I had them both alternately under
 my glass for several minutes longer. In a sufficiently
 good light to be able to see all their characteristic
 markings distinctly. One bird sat rather erect, the
 other took a crouching posture with the plumage
 so puffed out that the bird looked nearly as big
 as a Hen. Both showed their ear tufts but
 these were not held erect as represented by stuffed

Concord, Mass.

1897.

Nov. 17

(No. 3)

Specimens & drawings; on the contrary they drooped backward nearly or quite touching the winter feathers of the crown.

I have never seen any Owls so alert and animated as were these. They kept their heads in almost constant motion turning them quickly in every direction looking not only down towards the ground but on every side and occasionally even upward as if they hoped to discover something of interest or value among the surrounding branches.

But most striking and characteristic of all was their flight. Absolutely noiseless and exquisitely easy and graceful it was not less light and buoyant than that of the Short-eared Owl yet very much smoother and less erratic. Their wings also appeared broader & rounder than those of A. occidentalis. They reminded me strikingly of large moths as they flitted about just over the tree tops often turning back and going over the same ground again. They moved a great deal in circles of from twenty to thirty or forty ^{yards} diameter.

Whether circling or following straighter courses they both invariably progressed by alternate flopping and banking first going eight or ten slow but strong wing beats and then gliding ten to twenty yards on set wings. I do not know any other species of Owl which habitually does this or which circles over the ground while hunting.

Concord, Mass.

1897.

Nov. 17

(no 4)

Altogether, I had three interesting & beautiful creatures within a few yards of me for at least ten minutes. At the end of this time they flew off into the tall pines the Berens's hedge, one following the other rather closely. A moment or two later the whole came back and circled about the little meadow & pond by the cemetery following the line of trees closely.

There can be no question that these Owls were of different sexes for one was fully a third larger than the other. They behaved, too, like wood birds but of course they may have been young birds of the same brood or their association on this occasion may have been purely fortuitous.

This is the first opportunity I have ever had of watching the long-eared Owl which is actually engaged in hunting ^{the birds} all ^{that} I have hitherto observed having been either met with in the day-time or seen at evening flying across openings or thro' way from one piece of woods to another. I confess that I had not suspected that they sought their prey to so large a degree ^{in the open} by flying about in search of it but had pictured the bird sitting erect & still in the depths of the woods watching the ground beneath.

Concord, Mass.

1897.

Nov. 18

Clear and cold with moderate N.W. wind - a day for vigorous exercise but with no chill in the air.

My work was again at Davis's Hill where with Pat & Benson I chopped and dropped brush along the new road by the river which we practically completed a few nights. It is very pretty winding around the base of the hill with thickets on either side and affording several most attractive views down river.

Birds were rather scarce to-day but on my way over to the hill this evening I saw five Kinglets, two in one place, three together in another. Near the brook ten Chickadees accompanied by a Downy Woodpecker were flitting about among some small pines. When I began whistling the blue call two or three of the Chickadees answered as one keeping it up for some time after I stopped.

By closing my eyes I could easily imagine it early April instead of mid-November. What strong associations are connected with sounds especially with bird notes!

Gibbet reports that his Chickadees spent the entire forenoon at the cabin pecking at the wood which we hang up for them weekly four weeks ago but which they have not seemed to care much for until lately. It was also visited to-day (for the first time this autumn) by a Downy Woodpecker.

At about seven o'clock this evening we heard a flying squirrel gallop rapidly over our roof. It was painted with red paint late this afternoon!

Concord, Mass.

1897.

Nov. 19

Cloudy with no wind. Fine snow began falling at about 11 a. m. continuing through the day but it came so very slowly and drifted down so through the horns and grass that the ground was scarcely whitened by dark snow on smooth bare surfaces such as foot paths and the ice on the frozen meadows. Now, at 5 p. m. it is snowing much faster with every indication of a heavy fall before morning.

Davis's Hill was the scene of action again during the forenoon but in the afternoon I went to Prescott's pine woods. The entire day was spent in carrying the large piles of brush that we have made during the past week the weather being singularly favorable for this purpose.

As I was leaving the cabin in the early morning I started a Brown Rough-Legged Hawk from the large red oak at the eastern end of Ball's Hill. This bird was no doubt the same individual that I noted two days ago.

Some water fowl were cutting a long, deep furrow on the surface of the colon line just off Chick Island at about 9 a. m. As nearly as I could make out there were three Black Ducks & a smaller bird which I think must have been a Grebe but I decided not spare the time to go around through the woods for a nearer view. Three Black Ducks came from down river an hour later & flew close past Davis's Hill. No doubt they were the same birds.

Concord, Mass.

1897.
Nov. 19
(No 2)

In Prescott's pine I found a large flock of Chickadees accompanied by three Kinglets feeding in some gray birches where a flock of five Goldfinches presently joined them. One of the Kinglets straying into a cluster of young pines near at hand began an excited zee-zee-ing which was at once taken up by the others. Two and a moment later other Chickadees joined in. The clamor was so great that I felt sure they had found an Owl but on entering the thicket I could discover no signs of one & the little birds all became quiet & quickly went off. During the height of the tumult the Kinglets acted as if crazy with excitement clamoring about with quivering wings & showing their beautiful crown patches conspicuously.

At about three P.M. as I was standing in an opening waiting for Gilbert & Susan to join me I heard the distant hoak of a Goose - just a single call falling faint but distinct from the snow-blurred sky. A second or two later I made out the flock very high in air and far off to the westward, in fact just appearing above the tops of the trees. They passed nearly over me flying in the conventional hollow or V shaped order and steering, as they usually always do here, about north west. I watched them as long as I could, kept them in sight but they favored me with only one more hoak.

Concord, Mass

1897.

Nov. 20

At daybreak this morning the ground was covered by about an inch of snow. The storm continued all day but by night the depth of the snow was scarce three inches. The weather moderated and the snow became damp & heavy as the day wore on. There was almost no wind and the snow clung to every branch & twig giving the woods a most attractive aspect.

This has been the most interesting and profitable day that I have had here this autumn. I spent nearly every hour of daylight in the woods attending to the burning of the last brush piles but also roaming about in every direction under the snow-laden trees going twice to Davis's Hill, over through the Prescott woods and back & forth in every direction over the intervening ground. Altogether I must have walked for a six miles & without the slightest pain or fatigue. My compass has at last wholly disappeared.

The whole country was beautiful beyond description in its robe of spotless white. The effect of the snow on the trees was unusual. They were not loaded down ^{with masses of snow} as is usually the case but each twig & branch was evenly "faded out", as it were, in white. The pines were especially beautiful the snow clinging about the bases of each cluster of needles leaving the tops exposed. The effect of the grasses & weed stalks was most delicate of all.

I had expected to find innumerable tracks of birds & mammals but during my long walk I saw only the footprints of one Skunk, three or four

Concord, Mass.

1897.

Nov. 20

(No 2)

Gray Squirrels, perhaps half-a-dozen more, and a Partridge. Actually I did not meet with a single Fox or Rabbit track! It is possible (but highly improbable) that there are no Foxes in my woods this autumn but I know that Rabbits are numerous enough. Only three days ago I saw one of the latter within twenty yards of the cabin. Probably another animal cared to venture out in the storm last night. I have noticed before that Rabbit tracks are not often to be seen ^{just} after a heavy snow fall. I will venture to predict that the snow will be everywhere covered with them by to-morrow or the day after.

Of small birds I saw about the usual number of Chickadees, Kinglets & Tree Sparrows, one Downy, and a flock of eight Robins. The last were feeding about in a belt of bushes on the edge of Holden's meadow. Most if not all of them were males. I think they come down from the north late in the afternoon for they were not there earlier in the day (I saw them at about 4 P. M.).

But more interesting of all was the flight of Water-fowl. Twice during the day I was thrilled by the honking of Geese. On the first occasion - at about 8 a. m. - the flock, containing 22 birds, passed nearly over me at a great height. The air was thick with falling snow at the time & I was interested to see that the noble birds were slightly confused by the obliteration of their usual landmarks

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1897.

Nov. 20

(No 3)

for, coming straight up the corner of the meadow from Carlish Bridge, they did not, as usual, cross across the land just below Davis's Hill but, on the contrary, nearly passed Ball's Hill to the westward keeping on down south. It was perfectly obvious that they discovered their mistake at the precise moment when they came to the sharp bend which the meadow makes just below the cabin for at this point the flock was for a moment thrown into confusion by the sudden halting of its leaders. Then, after a chorus of loud musical breaks, they actually turned back and sweeping around the base of Ball's Hill in a long curve resumed the path towards the south west which migrating flocks of Geese always follow at this place in autumn. The following rough diagram will make this interesting & suggestive episode more plain.



At about 2 P.M. I again heard Geese landing but did not get a shot at them.

Concord, Mass.

1897.

Nov. 20

(no 4)

Later in the afternoon as I was standing under a green & white down of pine foliage in the lee of Ball's Hill I heard the call of a Robin. I at once stepped out into the open & looked up hoping to get a sight of the bird. I soon noticed a swarm of Black Ducks flying northward. Gilbert who was near me at the time counted them twice making the number 33. I got only one count & made it 34. No doubt he was right. The birds frequently returned & circled over Alder's meadow then passed out of our sight towards the south. Migrating Black Ducks nearly always go directly south here in autumn & due north in spring.

A week or more ago, we found on walking in the path directly in front of the cabin a hole which at first I supposed had been made by a Chipmunk from the fact that no dirt whatever had been thrown out. Yesterday there was a second hole a few feet from the first, which had been nearly closed up in the night. Both holes were straight down for about two feet & then turned off at ^{right} ~~an~~ angle. This morning I went to the spot the first thing & found the trail of a Field Mouse leading from the second hole in various directions. He shows the creature had run over the surface of the snow, in other it had tunneled under it. I did not before know that the Field Mouse shared with the Chipmunk the secret of working a burrow without leaving any of the dirt about.

Concord, Mass.

1897.

Nov. 21

Early morning foggy; remainder of day clear with warm S. W. wind.

When I first stepped out of the cabin at a little after seven this morning the landscape was shrouded in dense fog through which the low sun shone dimly. There was not a breath of air and the river was as calm as possible. Clouds were coming in the distance. A Robin called near at hand & presently I saw him sitting with four others in the top of a maple by the river.

The snow about the cabin was literally covered with footprints, most of them those of Rabbits which, as I predicted, had evidently been working about everywhere during the night (but only in this immediate vicinity for elsewhere I saw very few of their tracks during the day). The finely embossed tracks of mice crossed each other every few yards and one of these animals had plunged a furrow directly across the roof of the cabin. One track puzzled me; the footprints were nearly as large as those of a squirrel but they were placed very near together & showed that the creature had short legs and moved altogether at either a walk or a slow trot. It had come up from the river, crossed the path, and had dug a little at our heap of kitchen refuse. I think it must have been either a Mink or a Mole but both these animals usually gallop a good deal especially when crossing open spaces. It certainly was not a muskrat for the footprints were too small & there was no mark of the tail.

Concord, Mass.

1897.

Nov. 21
(No. 2)

Immediately after breakfast I started on a long walk. Behind Ball's Hill I found Fox tracks. As I was crossing the swamp three Partridges were from among the dense Blueberry bushes with a great war of wings. Their tracks showed that they had been weaving about the swamp together.

Passing Brewer's house I kept on across the Mason field & thence down towards the river when I heard distant shouting in the direction of the cabin. I accordingly turned back and made my way quickly towards Davis's Hill. Just as I reached its crest I saw Herbert Holden & Gilbert hurrying towards me through the woods. In my amazement they were bringing my 20 g. gun and cartridge bag. When they came up Holden explained excitedly that he had come upon an enormous bird which he thought must be some kind of an Eagle at Chick Island. He saw it first flying through the trees. It alighted on the edge of the meadow when he walked up to within thirty feet of it, and after looking at it several minutes left it sitting there & hastened back to the cabin to tell me about it. As nearly half-an-hour had elapsed since he had left it we all feared that it would be gone but walking rapidly we soon reached the island and Holden almost immediately discovered the bird sitting on a pile of wood under the bushes near the landing. I failed to see it at first owing, I think, to the fact that I was not looking for anything nearly so large. As it sat facing us it looked literally as big

Concord, Mass.

1897

Nov. 21

(No 3)

as a boy of five or six years of age. Its position was very erect, its pose impressively dignified and commanding. "What a noble creature!" I said to myself as I put my glass on it. It appeared to be mottled all over with white on a nearly black ground. Holden asked in a whisper "what is it?" I replied "I do not know; I have never seen anything like it before".

All the while we were standing about fifty yards off.

I was advanced covering the bird partially by the stems of some bushes. It must have seen me but it did not move in the least. When I was within about twenty-five yards I fell down of it and taking careful aim at its head gave it a charge of No 4 shot. As it fell over backwards it threw up its legs and thinking that I saw feathered tail I shouted out with exultation "it is a Golden Eagle"! When I reached it, however, I found that it was only an immature Bald Eagle with an unusual amount of white on the back & breast. It showed no signs of having ever been confined. What made it look so very large is difficult to understand for it measured only 7 ft 6 inches from tip to tip.

Almost the thirteenth part of the story remains to be told. On the crest of the ridge a little above where Holden had first seen the bird flying we found its tracks in the snow. Following the trail back we discovered that it had walked through

Concord, Mass.

1897.
Nov. 21
(No 4)

The bush - which was down and over with
green-bird in places - nearly the entire length of
the island - a distance of upwards of 100 yards -
nor was this all for the bush trail led out into
the open meadow an uncertain distance to where
the water was several inches deep & beyond.
We could see the large tracks in sunny places
& beyond where we could go without walking
out feet a broad furrow through the wet
grass as if a large dog had passed. Evidently
the bird had first alighted on the meadow
& then walked to and across the wooded
island. Strange behavior, this, for a Bald Eagle!

In the afternoon I went to Holden's Hill where
I saw two Gray Squirrels, a Partridge, a Downy,
two Kinglets, two Brown Creepers and some
Chickadees. As I emerged into Bowen's field
a little after sunset two Black Ducks came
one on from the direction of Davis's Hill
one of them quacking loudly & incessantly.

It was very warm this afternoon. I saw
small moths flying about in the woods
& started a log on the edge of a ditch.
The snow melted rapidly, of course, and
by nightfall it was almost wholly gone.

Concord, Mass.

1897.

Nov. 22

The sun shone through thin clouds most of the forenoon but the afternoon was gloomy with every sign of an approaching storm. A keen N.W. wind all day.

Immediately after breakfast I walked to the meadow field and back seeing a large flock of Goldfinches feeding in a gray birch. Spent the remainder of the day working with Pat on a wood road on Davis's field. Started two Partridges. Small birds appeared to be very scarce; I saw only a Downy Woodpecker, a flock of Chickadees and a party of five Tree Sparrows. Early this morning a Robin called a number of times close to the cabin. At about 8 o'clock this evening a Screech Owl, the first that I have heard this autumn, worked for eight or ten minutes in one of the oaks by our door.

Just as we were sitting down to dinner Gilbert called my attention to what we at first took to be a mouse that had climbed to a shelf about 4 feet above the floor and was in the act of helping itself to some butter which is kept in an open glass tumbler. To my surprise it proved to be a large Shrew, a Blarina, I think. It would thrust its nose into the butter and eat greedily for a minute or two balancing itself the while on the edge of the tumbler. Then it would descend & disappear in the wood box returning again to resume its feast. I now suspect that it is the creature that made the hole in the bath in front of the cabin. He saw it in a good light at a distance of less than eight feet & there can be no question that it was a Shrew. It had a short tail & no external ears.

Concord, Mass.

1897.

Nov. 23

About four inches of snow fell last night. Although light and dry it clung to every twig and even to the slenderest stalks of grass, possibly because there was no wind whatever. The sun rose clear this morning and for about an hour afterwards the woods were as beautiful as I have ever seen them under similar conditions. Then a strong north wind started and in less than half-an-hour all except the more sheltered crevices of trees had resumed their normal winter aspect. Many trees were freed from their burden by a single strong gust which drove the snow off over the fields & meadows in white wreaths like steam or very white smoke.

The south side of Ball's Hill was almost wholly bare by evening but elsewhere the snow melted but little, the rays of the sun appearing to have but little effect as opposed to the strong cold wind.

I went over to Davis's Hill to-day. Birds were very scarce. I saw only a Robin, a Cuckoo, a flock of eight Chickadees, one of five Tree Sparrows, a Downy, and two or three Crows. The Robin started from beneath a ground juniper on the basis of which it was no doubt feeding.

Although it must have stopped snowing before day broke there were almost no tracks in the woods this morning. The Rabbit that lives near the cabin had been abroad, however, & that before the storm ceased for his footprints were partially filled in with fine snow. During the day the Gray Squirrels were out everywhere. They are evidently great roamers & travel freely & for rather long distances over the ground following very foot paths a great deal.

Concord to Cambridge, Massachusetts.

1897.

Nov. 24

Clear and cold - by far the coldest morning of the autumn thus far the mercury standing at 10° Foh. when I came down from the upper cabin at sunrise this morning. The only open water to be seen from our door was a strip a rod or two wide extending up & down the middle of the river in front of Ball's Hill and lower down near the sharp bend the river was skinned out from bank to bank.

During the day the weather moderated and as the wind was not very strong it was really pleasant in the woods, especially in the openings.

We spent the forenoon putting away our cabin effects for the winter & after an early dinner started up river having first to break a way for the boats through ice fully an inch thick out to the open lane already mentioned. This lane widened as we advanced and above the first rapid the river was almost wholly free from ice the whole distance to Concord.

Nearly opposite Benson's landing we started a Ruffed-head Duck, a young bird which behaved in a curious manner keeping at a very safe distance but taking very short flights, often going out more than fifty or sixty yards before alighting and diving in the same spot a number of times water again startled by our approach. We drove the bird on ahead in this manner nearly to Dallas's Hill when it doubled back past us.

At the Holt I saw a Titball feeding on the

Concord to Cambridge, Massachusetts.

1897.

Nov. 24

(ms 2)

made a few yards from the edge of the river. As it ran about, wagging its long tail, it frequently passed over sticks or stumps although there were also considerable openings where the snow had wholly melted away.

We reached Concord at a letter after three o'clock and Gilbert & I took the 4 P.M. train for Cambridge.

The farmers tell me that a Deer was seen two successive days last summer in a corn field on Mr. Lawrence's place not far from the western boundary of my own land. When stalked it ran down to and across the river meadow near Birch Island. No horns were noticed.

Deer in
eastern
Mass.

Last autumn a Deer, a young buck if I remember rightly, swam across the Sudbury River just above Nashawtuck bridge in Concord and then ran up the south side of the river passing directly across Mr. W. H. Whipple's lawn. It was seen by several labourers as well as by Mrs. Whipple.

The "Gleaner" reported, in the "Manuscript" about a week since, that he had himself just seen a doe in "Norfolk County".

Cambridge, Massachusetts.

1897

Nov. 26

On my return from Concord I learned that waterfowl in unpaired numbers have been frequenting Fresh Pond for a month or more past.

Mr. Walter Deane saw 27 Black Ducks there on Oct. 25th and a flock of 14 Herring Gulls the next day.

Mr. Oliver Ames Southrop, who has ridden around the pond on his bicycle nearly every day since early in October told me that Black Ducks, in numbers varying from 15 or 20 to 60 or 70, have visited the pond daily during this period. Unless disturbed (as seldom happened) they would spend the entire day, flying off towards the eastward late in the afternoon.

Southrop has also seen in Fresh Pond this autumn three or four Ruddy Ducks, several Noddy-heads and two Red-breasted Mergansers, the last adult males. A few days before Thanksgiving (about Nov. 22) he shot an adult Pint-billed Gull in the pond but failed to recover it.

Stirred by these reports I drove around Fresh Pond this morning. The weather was clear and rather warm with a light W. wind. Near the middle of the pond floated a bed of Herring Gulls containing, I should think, fully 1000 birds and covering a space of at least six or eight acres. Near them were about thirty Black Ducks. Gulls were continually joining and leaving the flock and looking off to the S. E. I could see literally hundreds of them dotting the sky.

Concord, Massachusetts.

1897.

Dec. 9

Clear and almost uncomfortably warm with literally no wind during the entire day.

Took the 9 a. m. train to Concord and landing the open canoe paddled down to Ball's Hill where I spent the middle part of the day returning in time to get the 4 p. m. train back to Cambridge.

Along the river I saw a flock of eight Tree Sparrows, two or three Blue Jays, an adult Red-tailed Hawk (at Hedges Hill) and two Ruffle-shouldered Ducks. The last were swimming together at the head of the reach just above Ball's Hill. They were too shy to let me get within gun shot. When I was returning in the afternoon I came suddenly on them close in shore just above the big, fallen logs at the head of Stone Dam Rapid. They doubled back passing me within forty yards or less but having no gun I did not molest them.

In the Ball's Hill woods I saw nothing but a Dove, a Partridge and two Gray Squirrels. There were but few tracks in the soft, melting snow which covered the ground everywhere under the trees. It is now evident that something has happened to my Rabbits of which there were literally hundreds in these woods last winter. I saw tracks of at least one Skunk and probably two or three different Foxes.

Concord, Massachusetts.

1897.

Dec. 10

Clear and very warm with light S.W. wind.

This day, also, I spent at Concord covering exactly the same ground as on yesterday and going and returning by the same train.

Birds were much more numerous than yesterday. Thus I saw 10 Chickadees, 2 Golden-crooks, 1 Arctia, three flocks of Tree Sparrows (with 4, 6 & 8 birds respectively), 3 Crows, 2 Blue Jays, 1 Downy and 1 Hairy Woodpecker, 3 Red-tailed Hawks and 2 Ruffed-grouse. Pat Flannery also told me of 6 Robins which he saw this morning in Bennett's field.

Two of the Red-tailed Hawks, both adults and both apparently males, were sitting perched within less than fifty yards of one another in the maples along the edge of the meadow on the west side of Holden's Hill. The third, a very large immature bird with grayish tail was flying over a field a little below Flannery's Meadow.

The Ruffed-grouse were no doubt the same birds which I saw yesterday for they were in the same place and they behaved in the same manner.

Cambridge, Massachusetts.

1897.

Nov. 27

Clear with light easterly winds.

Visited Fresh Pond at 9 a.m. There were about 200 Gulls and just 20 Black Ducks, swimming near the middle the Ducks keeping a little apart. All the Gulls appeared to be L. a. tricolors.

Dec. 11

Clear and warm with fresh S.W. wind.

Circumstances have prevented me from visiting Fresh Pond during the past two weeks. I went there this morning at 8.30 and found an astonishing number and variety of water-fowl "balled" off the point of the Grove about 300 yards from shore. Sitting as closely together as such birds often do under kinder circumstances they formed a ~~best~~ continuous belt 50 or 60 yards wide by at least 400 yards in length. I counted them carefully and got 863 Gulls and 8 Ducks, as the result. Taking a position at the extreme end of the point of the Grove, where I had the advantage of being 30 ft or more above the pond, and resting my powerful double telescope against the trunk of a big hemlock I spent nearly an hour in identifying and watching the members of this flock. The light was excellent and my glass brought the birds so near that I had little or no difficulty in distinguishing their colors and markings. Indeed I quickly determined ^{almost} every bird which especially attracted my attention to my ~~entire satisfaction~~. The only trouble I had was with some of the young Gulls and even with those I believe I included nearly as well as if I had had them within a few yards distance.

Cambridge, Massachusetts.

1897.

Dec. 11

(No. 2)

Practically all the Gulls were L. a. smithsonianus but there were also three or four young and one fine adult of L. marinus and a single young L. Cereopterus. I made quite certain that the flock contained no Kittiwake or Ring-billed Gulls.

The L. Cereopterus, as I could distinctly see by the aid of my glass, was a bird of the year lacking all trace of ~~black~~^{bluish} on the mantle and having the primaries (which it was obliging enough to display by twice raising & slowly opening its wings) of a nearly uniform brownish white. In its general coloring it closely resembled the specimen taken on the Back Bay, Boston, by the Messrs. Bangs and recorded in the Nuttall Bulletin (VI, 1881, p. 124). It looked somewhat smaller than any of the Herring Gulls which were swimming close around it and its attitudes and movements appeared to me more easy and graceful. Its coloring was so much lighter than that of the young Herring Gulls that it attracted my attention the moment ~~that~~ it came within the field of my glass.

Of course in a way the identification of this bird is open to some doubt inasmuch as it is not certain that we are as yet able to discriminate correctly between the young of L. Cereopterus and L. humilis or, to be more definite, that many if not indeed all of the New-England-shore specimens which have been referred to the former may not really belong to the latter species. This, however, ^{remains} ~~is~~ for the present, ~~an~~ ^{an} open question.

Cambridge, Massachusetts.

1897.
Dec. 11
(no. 3)

The Gulls composing this great flock spent a large part of their time this morning either in floating idly on the surface or in washing & preening themselves. At times fully half of the total number were simultaneously engaged in the latter occupation. They would first thrust their heads and necks beneath the surface and raising them suddenly send a quantity of water over their backs at the same time beating the surface with their wings. After repeating this twice or thrice they would shake themselves to throw off the water and then begin passing their feathers through their bills. It was a pretty sight to see so many of the great, white birds thus occupied with the spray thrown up by their powerful wings floating in the harbor.

The only difficulty that I had in counting them was due to the fact that so many were constantly joining and leaving the flock. Dozens would arrive together coming from both the south & east, flying at a great height while over the land but on reaching the pond shooting down on a long incline with set wings and at a rate of speed that I do not remember to have ever seen equalled before by any birds of this species. They were remarkably silent for so large a body of birds but very noisy and then they would raise their wild, thrashing clamor making the air ring with it for a few moments.

I did not see any of them flying about in search of food but the swimming birds were continually dipping the water and, I think, feeding to some extent on small floating objects.

Cambridge, Massachusetts.

1897.

Dec. 11

(no 4)

The Ducks were scarcely less interesting for although there were only eight of them they represented no less than three different species; viz. Anas boschas, A. boschas, and A. (Nettion) canadensis.

There were five Black Ducks and one Mallard; the latter, a ♀, looked much lighter and browner than the Black Ducks, and showed the white on the forehead distinctly. These six birds kept together and well within the outer ranks of the Gulls.

Convinced, no doubt, of their absolute security which afforded by the alert, wary Gulls, the Ducks spent most of their time sleeping with their heads buried in the feathers (scapulars) of their backs rising and faking on the waves and drifting before the wind like so many pieces of floating bark for which, indeed, they might have been easily mistaken. But every now and then they would raise their heads, close in together, and swim back to the point whence they had drifted.

The Seal were a pair or, at least, ♂ & ♀. The drake was immature lacking the lunar markings on the sides of the breast and having the chestnut of the head somewhat obscured by grayish mottling but with the creamy buff patch on the under tail coverts fully developed. For the first half-hour these birds kept apart from the other water fowl swimming rapidly to & fro as if nervous or apprehensive and frequently raising their bodies out of water and flapping their wings after the manner of most Duck; they finally approached and joined the Black Duck & Mallard.

Concord, Massachusetts.

1897.

Dec. 16.

Clear and rather cool with strong North wind.

To Concord this morning by the nine o'clock train. Sailed down to Ball's Hill in the open canoe paddling back in the afternoon. There was a heavy rain two days ago and the water, to-day, was all over the meadows - quite up to the average spring pitch, in fact. Several parties were out in boats hunting muskrats, with slight success, I fancy, for but few shots were fired. The muskrats do not show themselves readily to much during these autumn floods as is the case in spring, the sun's rays, at this season, being too feeble to tempt them.

Birds were exceedingly scarce to-day. Almost the only ones that interested me were a flock of Chooks, fully fifty in number, in a field near the Hayes'. They must have been migrants which had stopped to feed for a better while.

Pat told me of seeing two flocks of Geese, lately, passing over Ball's Hill, one of 48 birds on the 11th, the other of 31 birds on the 13th. He has also seen Robins almost daily - two this morning.

Cambridge, Massachusetts.

1897.

Dec. 13

Cloudy & warm with almost no wind.

To Fresh Pond this morning at about the usual time. There were eight Black Ducks and twelve Herring Gulls floating on the water off the point of the Grov.

.. 14

Cloudy, with strong, chilly, N. E. wind.

Visited the Pond at 8.30 A. M. Counted eighty-four Herring Gulls and six Black Ducks sitting on the water off the point of the Grov. As I was leaving a large flock of Gulls arrived and I could see others coming in the distance.

.. 17

Clear and cold with N. W. wind.

The only water-fowl in Fresh Pond this morning were six Herring Gulls.

.. 18

Clear and cold with strong N. W. wind.

Visited the Pond this morning but found only two Gulls there. The Ducks seem to have ceased coming altogether although the water is as free from ice as it was in October.

(This was my last visit this month. The 19th was very cold and the weather after this cold or stormy more of the time. I saw no Gulls flying over the place after the 18th.)



