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WILLIAM BREWSTER
The important systematic notes are copied into "Systematic Notes, Vols.1-68." I copied the notes checked. Walter Deane, June 11, 1898.

William Brewster
Blowholes with brisk but left W. wind. A remarkably mild, spring-like day even for this "open" winter.

Met Fayson at Hill's Crossing at 9:15 A.M. Taking my gun, our object being to make a thorough examination of the swamps in order to ascertain what birds arewintering in them this mild season.

We first encircled the Fort Pond swamp, seeing two or three Song and Tree Sparrows, and then entered the swamp opposite Barlow's where we found a large flock of Buntings containing about 25 Redpolls, five or six Gold Finches and two Pine Buntings. They were feeding on elder buds, the scales of which covered the ground beneath the bushes. Fayson shot a fine red-breasted bunting.

Here were several large birds in the flock which I took to be rostrata. I shot at one of them but missed. In this swamp the buttery of skunk cabbage was four or five inches tall and my green. In a neighboring field the parsley fowers were in full bloom. The grass was as green as in early April.

Passing the outlet of Pond Pond I perceived a little water when a Cistusbous palustris began growing Cistusbous in a bed of dense cat-tails. After some searching on one part he showed himself twice and finally came within a few yards of us. As we could not find Fayson's bird this may be the same but we think not as the two localities are 300 yards apart, with the field bridge R.R. and a double line of side tracked freight cars between. Fayson's bird was at home.
yesterday.

We split crossed the big marsh north of Tracy's. No birds. The marsh is oozing & free from frost as in October. We half expected to start a scene or raid.

Max Beach Island has a Swamp Sparrow. It flew from the cattail beds into a bed of cattails. It circled and made it almost twice, once weart to. There were three Song Sparrows with or near it.

Next crown bottle him and looked for Meadow Bells in the fields beyond. They had not been there early in Dec. but we could find none this day. In Bobcat tracks many found Redshank droppings not more than a week or two old and saw a Blue Sparrow, Three Chickadees, two Redpolls.

Next through the Maple Swamp. No birds there except a few Tree Sparrows, and a flock of Ten Chickadees in willows off the Notestein Ranch. Tracks where the feller entered the swamp.

Finished with the Brickyard Swamp when we heard a Song Sparrow.

During the day I counted nine different Song Sparrows in Faxon. Thanks for your fully sight that I did not see.

I walked home from the crossing when I parted with Faxon.
January 14

Glorious and still. Frosty in early morning, warm at noon, the roads mudly. The grass is many places, especially on slopes with a southern exposure, actually as green as in early May. Grass growing in the fields, cocks crowing lustily.

At 10 a.m. I met Faxon at the Punch Bowl Swamp, by appointment. We hoped to find Marsh Wren and Swamp Sparrow, but in this we were disappointed for we failed to find the entire swamp without some other species. Song Sparrows, however, were more numerous than I have ever seen them in winter in this neighborhood. We met here several more than a dozen and others were heard chirping. All were in the cat-tails and long grass which will be covered with new growth and bear much grass than being no bushes in this swamp. With them were a very few Tree Sparrows and many many English Sparrows. All these species seemed to be feeding on the seeds of the cat-tails.

At least we saw them in the act of picking the seeds to pieces, scattering the thrush-like down to the wind.

We came upon at least two cats in this swamp and the birds must suffer severely from their attentions. One served us a good time, however, by planting up what we thought we had been a Sperilla toadie. It alighted on a tall reed and for several minutes chirped at the cat excitedly and continuously. It had a good view of its breast, back and wings through its glass at about 30 yds. Finally it flown across the swamp and pitched down into the cat-tails again. I left Faxon pursuing it.

On the eastern side of this swamp we saw a flock of Red Crossbills. They kept flying down to the ground and back into the bushes, red, cedar. Another cedar was also literally alight with Cedar Birds. After feeding on the berries for a while they collected in a dense cluster.
in the top of an oak where they sat a long time
sunning. I counted them twice and made the number 27.
Faxon had been there before this winter.
I heard Crows cawing at frequent intervals.
Redpolls flying over.
I went back to Boston at 11.30 leaving Faxon
at the swamp, as already stated.
Feb. 11 Morning hazy and slightly cloudy also. Afternoon clear and still. Snowing all day. The light snow fall of yesterday (about two inches) rapidly disappearing.

To Revere Beach with Chadbourn by the 12 M. train leaving the cars at the Point of Pines. We examined the wires carefully for Crossbills and afterwards beat the entire point for Sparrows but could find literally nothing.

Stood on the beach near the hotel. The sea very calm, light waves rolling gently in and breaking on the sand with a restful sound. A few Old Squaws and Gulls (Laudia Americana) fishing well out, also a bird with black back and head and brown breast which I took for a Merlin. Herring Gulls (Laudia can.) won't stop a line off Revere. "Bedding" all the afternoon off Nahant coming from Point Stilley in a steady stream. When we left them must have been fully 2000 collected in one flock. They formed a band or belt fully three quarters of a mile long and looked like a long line of floating ice cinders on the sea.
Following the beach back to Oak Island we came upon a flock of about forty Redshells feeding on the seeds of golden rods. I fired a barrel into them getting seven, and afterwards a second shot at long range which failed to bring down any. Chadbourne killed one. All eight were melodia and not one in any-branched plumage.

Near Atlantic we found two Mergus serrator on the edge of a creek behind a barn in some tall reed.

Returned to the city by the 3.03 train.

(Next day (Feb. 12) I saw at Goodale and Franklin's Furnace Goosbeaks (a. 5 x two 7 7) which were shot at Crescent Beach on the afternoon of the 11th and hence probably which we were at or near Atlantic, a station less than half a mile from Crescent Beach. I remember hearing two shots in the direction of the latter place at about 3 o'clock.)
Feb. 25 Clear and very warm. Thurs. 72° at 2 P.M.

Left Boston at 6 P.M. last evening with C. and reached Washington at noon to-day, going to the Arlington for the night. The weather in Boston yesterday but the parks in Washington are nearly as forward as in April. Forsythia, Cyper's japonica, Spirea, cam. kentia and various other shrubs in full bloom, magnolias buds opening, grass evergreen, intense green, some even flowering with early on the Smithsonian grounds. The Snow says few sparrows are abundant & chimney swifts have been reported on fairly good authority. I saw a large flock of Cross blackbirds near Baltimore. Song sparrows singing freely in Washington.

Feb. 26 Clear and warm with S. wind.

Drove about Washington in the forenoon on C. Started south by the 4.15 P.M. train. The late afternoon clear and still, the Potomac perfectly calm. Saw a few ducks, probably Blue, Bills in the main river and a flock of what I took for Buffalo birds in one of its connecting bays. At Frederick where the train stopped for a few minutes I heard Blue Birds & Red wings singing. Saw many of the latter in the meadows westward about 3 miles and also a very large flock whirling over a field near the edge of the town. Crows everywhere in great numbers. No hawks.

You find no much greener trees in Mass. Hyde park is not much greener than in N.Y.
...
Feb. 27

Bleak and hot. The 80° at noon.

Arrived this afternoon as the train was entering Florence. From this place to Charleston I spent much of the time looking out at the flying landscape. Vegetation wonderfully advanced, very a month ahead of the average season. Many native gums already in nearly full leaf and some of the deciduous oaks covered thinly with expanding foliage. The cypress with perfectly bare as were also the black jack scrub oak. The woods everywhere beautiful with wild flowers; yellow jasmine, dogwood, red bud, teachin blackberries, even the chestnut roses in full bloom. Saw a few birds, white bark, a sparrow hawk or two, several flickers, and numerous sparrows rising in flocks from the wood fields. At a station in the flying woods where the train stopped heard two warblers and bluebirds singing and a great-tailed whippoorwill. Curiously enough we did not see a banded of either species until just as we were entering Charleston when three black butterflies rose from a vacant lot near the station.

28

Thin clouds drifting across a white blue sky, and gathering into a thunder storm late in the afternoon. Looks as though yesterday but still very warm almost stuffy. In fact, two or three song sparrows singing vigorously and continuously in the garden at the Hugos. This morning the first I have seen.
sun or heard in the heart of the city.
A few White herons chirping and several Yellow-rumps both yesterday & to-day. A Cardinal this morning in full song, a 
finperformer calling rita rita rita rita 
riata with great clarness and in peculiarly tender tones. Sourd Mocking Birds giving 
the smacking kiss note and saw one 
perched on the ridge of a house the 
wind giving him much trouble with his 
chop. Each but now was missing. English 
 sparrows very numerous & noisy. About last 
 year they were scarce, 
visited the market early in the forenoon 
but about a dozen boiled them. The 
market man assured me that they are 
not less numerous than formerly, but 
their numbers vary greatly at the 
market on different days.
Besides the species just mentioned heard 
I saw fish hawks flying over the city. 
Did not visit the battery to look after 
The Rocks & Terns.

The city gardens are filled with a 
profusion of roses, violets, azaleas and 
various other flowers. There has been 
almost no frost this year & 
The flowers have bloomed uninterrupted.
It was odd to see snow drop, cresses 
hyacinths blooming side by side with rose 
asteriums & calendulas.
1890

March 1

Cloudy with steady rain all day, clearing at times and becoming sunny.

Left Charleston at 8:10 A.M. and went through to Sanford by rail, reaching the latter place at 4 P.M. Saw only few birds by the way, a Kingfisher, two or three flocks of Starchilla, one large flock of Doves, a few Cranes, and only two Brants and both C.s. ar人事。

Near Savannah the woods were in half leaf and were the Cypress cove with young foliage. South of Jacksonville the deciduous trees were in full or nearly full leaf and the woods as densely thickly as in midsummer. Near Jacksonville I was told alleria, pink, azalea, and blue flags in bloom. There was also a tall shrub, hibiscus with small white flowers, the foliage apparently pinnate. It was abundant in hibiscus woods along the Savannah River, near Jacksonville as well as to the north of the latter place. I remember seeing it last year at about this time.

Sanford, Florida

"2

Clear and cold with a high N.W. wind. The 42° at sunrise. Morning spent about the Sanford Homestead. There are no cisterns to supply the day and the lake is covered with white caps and blown too rough to cross in a small boat. The cold strong wind has driven away all the birds to the coast but I saw a thrush and a few Florida Grackles in the garden. No Boats to take the Redenbacher along the lake there probably because..."
of the woods which is lacking their tops about 100 feet from the house. Going down to the wharf to the old "Thomas Fox" on which I made the Melville trip in 1877 and which although no longer seaworthy still holds together and is used as a house boat by a trader [name], I found small tid-tacks running about on the beach.

After dinner got a saddle horse and rode for a hour or two. First took the old road to Weldonville which I found nearly as in 1877 that only changes being that much of the houses and small stores have disappeared or become ruins. The hotel with flowers but is badly out of repair and seemed to be uninhabited. On the way one I saw four Rosebed Shrikes and two Blue Jays, in the street directly in front of the hotel a pair of Ground Doris and a Spadefoot which I think to be O. psammopyge. To revive old memories still further I next followed the road back into the pine woods when in 1877 I took the next of little Jared's that very first season.

These places looked more or less familiar but the woods have been somewhat changed by fire. Saw a Scott Warbler heard Yellow-crowned Nightingale.

Returning to the city of Sanford where I saw two or Parson Birds cooing about a bough there or from Passerines saw one sitting on the hedges of a cabin I caught rode out a mile or more to the southward. Heard Bluebirds in the air (The last fall note as at the N.) and a Scott Grouse saw two Warblers which I think were H. villosa. Back to town about sundown.
March 3 Clear early morning frost, warm at noon. A light N. wind all day. Hill fell to 31° last night and all the tender plants were frost-damaged.

Starting at 9 A.M. I crossed the bridge to Entropian in the President Little red boat launch, having a delightful sail. On reaching the Brock house I found that Cow had gone to Hainesville but had returned by the noon train. I spent the forenoon rambling about in the palm tree hammock and also visited the Bodine place. Small birds were very numerous. In the orange grove Mocking Birds in full song and Boggiehead Shrikes in pairs apparently not yetrike nesting. In the hammock Yellow Rumps, Hugheus (R. caledonia), Purves Bunting, Poliophiles (Singing Poliophiles in their usual songs) Cardinals, and a single B Hummingbird darting about from flower to flower of a wild orange tree chattering loudly. I missed the Joshua, Doves and Red-tailed Orioles to common here last year. There were also no Robins or Blue Jays. Perhaps the weather, still cold for this region, had something to do with their absence.

The orange trees are just coming into bloom and are deliciously fragrant as well as filled with multitudes of humming bees.

In an artificial pond fed by springs on the Bodine place were hundreds of young bream, beautiful little creatures of brilliant indescent coloring & lively actions.
March 4 Clear and warmer but not cool enough for comfort. Starting at 8:30 drew out beyond the de Barry place and spent about two hours hunting for deer. Found none at all. Only his red dog from the other two having been sent on ahead to Men's. This red dog is a tall, restless, looking fellow with a quiet eye and handsome action but he is not a very good trail dog.

During one drive through the pine woods (we did not once alight from the wagon) saw a fair number of small birds including two or three Bachman's Finches (melithrestris oris), several Bluebirds, Pine Warblers, Yellow red polcos, Mockingbirds, Thrashers etc. One Great Blue Heron in a pond and a pair Bates's Bowerbirds (birding near the prairie. Started a blue Carolina Dove, and two or three Meadow Larks. The latter, Thillas, Pine Warblers, Bluebirds and Mocking Birds in full song.

Took the 1:40 train for Minis on station within five miles of Pensacola. Dago prairie was almost if not quite perfectly dry with fire burning over it. Saw from Alaky Burrows there. Also Meadow Larks and one pair of about thirty Carolina Doves.
March 4

Reached Minis at about 3 P.M. It is simply a station in the flat pine woods with a small hotel, a store and one or two cabins, as quiet as to day follow a place as I have yet been. The little hotel proved clean and comfortable, however.

Getting out my 20 gauge I started for a walk with Mr. and Mrs. C. He had the red dog with us and he found a small bird of game within 200 yds. of the house. They rose badly and I got the only one bird within my first. The redman took to some oranges and I threw one out for C. and he killed it. The other flew into the pine woods a little distance. I had a doubt missing my first bird and C. afterward shot a much bird.

There were many small birds about Minis.

A flock of a dozen or more Florida Grackles and as many Red wings near the station, a large flock (probably 100) shipping Grasswrens, and the usual number of Mocking Birds I heard one Delta cardinalis.

Clear and rather warm.

When I awoke the rain was pouring Mocking Birds, Meadow Larks, Florida Grackles, Red wings, and Pine Warblers were singing about the house. We had breakfast at 6:30 and then started for Oak Ridge hunting. On the way, the dogs found four hares of which

Arch in the first few miles but both dogs and birds worked badly and were
got only eight or nine shots bagging four
birds, of which I killed two with two misses
and two with three misses.

The drive to Dall Hill was very pleasant
and interesting, most of the way through
open pine woods with a fair breeze
and in another place a bit of salt marsh
bordered by extensive prairie dotted with
palm trees as far as the eye could reach.

Saw many small birds but nothing of
particular interest. Flies, Wasps, Wasp
Buds, and Meadow Buds were springing
most of the forenoon. The Meadow Buds
were very numerous about the salt marsh.

I heard several whose songs closely resembled
them of S. Neglecta. About a large pond
many Buzzards (all C. aura) were walking
and a flock of about thirty Andes cackling
come from the sand and seemed and
circled over the place before setting the
young (white) birds (about half of the flock)
making a fine contrast of color with
the adults.

 Reached Dall Hill at 2 P. M. Found a
large cotton shadly nest perched on the
top of an enormous cottonwood overhanging
Hillsborough River. Fish Hawks (pandion)
numerous, dozins in sight at a time, saw four
at once on one dead tree eating fish.

Saw a Brown Eagle chase one twain but each

form the union.
March 6. Happy with occasional pale sunshine. Merrie Miles.

When I awoke this morning Cardinals, Cassin's Finches, Mocking Birds and Red-winged Blackbirds were singing about the house. I also heard a Monarch and a Maryland Yellow Thrush. There was only a few Ospreys in sight. I again saw one plunge head foremost into the water.

Started for Minis at 10 A.M. driving slowly for it was warm and the horses were tired. In the mines Palm Warblers & Flickers were singing, and several Spacious Hawks and ground lage birds of D. palmarum. A pair of Starlings in the orange grove at Oak Hill were beginning a nest.

On the palmetto prairie near the creek two a pair of Eagles, one adult, the other with a little white on the tail only, Cassin and another Osprey. They circled around him on getting a little above him, stooped, apparently striking him, forcing him to drop the fish which the Eagle caught before it reached the ground.

At the bridge saw three Turkey Callers, on a limb, brooding in the creek, also a Florida Mallard. Shot a Bow from an old rifle at but missed a Bluebird aten. Five or six Swallows (I think) flying about one the creek. In the hammock a flock of Cedar Birds doubtless feeding on winter berries. In the pond only a single Heron, a white Crane.

My shot at the Hawk tempted Robin to jump from the grove. He ran along the road ahead of the canoe a few rods and
suddenly stopped and pointed. Getting out we
went to him and flushed a fine large billy of
pigeons. They flew into some low palmetto banks on the
edge of a swamp where we had a number of these.
Nearer than 200 yards beyond the red dog found a
second billy which lay very close by. The other two
bitties backed their headed crows, the two bitties
nearly in line presenting a beautiful picture.

Within the next mile two more bitties, an
other large one, were found. We both shot at the
same time but bagged 26 birds and shot down four
more which the dogs failed to find. I made
two doubles with the 20 gauge gun and killed 18
of the total bag.

During the drive we saw three sharps hawks.
They were all exceedingly shy. The commended
birds throughout the palm woods were Palm and
Pine Warblers, Blackburns, Forked Tails and Bumcodes.

Saw only two on them better ground.

Reached Miami about dark and packing our
trunks took the 6 P.M. train for Ft. Lauderdale.
a ride of only five miles.
Mendoa migratoria
Minuus pulchella
Petrela caseosa
Regulus calendula
Pipra cardinensis
Pipilo ludovicianus
Pipilo aërosus
Pipilo ludovicianus
Pipilo americana
Dendroica coronata
... carolina
... pinus
... palmarum
Gastlypis tricolor
Oxio megeriacensis
Oxio ludovicianus
Ampelis cedronum
Pique purpurea
Hylophilus siedois
Parascalops zavanna
Spizella socialis
Taneia aestivalis
Mesoipye palustris
Pipito allenii
cardinalis cardinalis
byanospiza ciris
Apllnus phoeniceus
Gurnilla mexicana
Luscinia aglaeus
... major
Grus americanus
Omnus stiphagus
Byanophilus cristatus
Philepoma floridana
Sturnus fruticos
Tricolurus colubris
Picae borealis
Picae cardinensis
Alaptus auratus
Lignle allenni
Helialaeus bicocephalus
Cardarla allenni
Zenaioles cardinensis
Chamaelea palmarum
Arlyg floridanus
Andea hondias
Apllnus major
Gallinago wilsonia
Grus americana
Phalaropus floridanus
Stornia regia.
March 7. 1890

Left Fernville at 6 A.M. with Mr. and Mrs. Coxe in the little steamer "S. S. " about the wharves in Fernville were over a hundred Scaup Ducks swimming gaily within a few yards of boats and men at work on the pier. They are not unsightly here. Crossing Indian River we saw very few waterfowl certainly not over five hundred Scaups and less than one hundred Geese besides two or three Cormorants. As we entered Banana Creek we found Geese in abundance. Beds built from Scaups than last year, The Geese become more numerous as we advanced and in all we certainly saw over a million. One flock counted about twenty acres & must have contained one hundred thousand Geese. As the stream disturbed them fairly filled the air and actually obstructed the road. They reminded one of a swarm of flies with each bird arising and flying indifferently so that myriads were darting about us in every direction. While watching such a swarm I was amazed to see a Geese fall vertically into the water making the spray fly as it struck and lying for a moment on its back with feet kicking in the air. I looked at it through the glass & saw that it was badly hurt. The next instant the mystery was explained for my eye caught a second Geese beginning to descend in the direction of a Duck Hunter. The two fell together for a few yards when the Hunter loaded his hold and the Geese struck the water fiercely.
the manner of the first. As soon sighted and
began to advance and when the Thanes approached
flew a little way fraud.
March 8 Bleary eye of the day. Wind N. Strong & cool.

At daybreak notice Hens & Maryland Yellow Thrushes some singing on the house, whitethroats (aloue?) calling. There are five or six Savannah Sparrows that resist at all hours to the singing.

With my glass I could see hundreds of Ducks from my window and across the boat house, within 150 yds. a flock of brown and eight Red & Black drakes, most of them making a full slanting through the white crescent in the head which glanced in the sun light as they turned their heads. Near them some several Shovelers, or dark birds with yellow wing tips, black heads, gray shoulders, black bands and chestnut painted sides. They are the most chubby Ducks at a distance that we have seen.

Started off in a boat at 6.30 going first will down towards "No 10" into a small bay. A number of several Ducks rose and passed high overhead. I fired a right & left killing with my first & finishing with my second barrel.

Two Florida Black Ducks & bone shoulders ran from the mouth of a creek & I accordingly made a stand & hit onto my decoys them, but as nothing came to them I took them up & started back of the bay. Three White Pelicans were sitting near the middle & after we had passed them, they ran directly towards us standing at about 70 yds. when I fired a shot at them, they flew in alarm like White Pelicans alternately flapping & diving all together. I afterwards said "a flock of Geese & a flock of ducks", a common way of describing large flocks.
I must landed opposite the Skimmer's anchorage, at a point where some fifty Mells were sitting on the eel grass. There were Pigeons, Gadwall, Shemcas, and a few Blue-tails, but there were also about thirty A. Canards both white and blue, and a large flock of American Bidas some have wings some bare. The latter two species being in breeding condition, making a great racket. Beyond this point was a bed of perhaps two thousand Coots with many Scamp Ducks among them. Royal Terns were flying about in my direction. A few Buffleheads also banded or perched along the shore and a Marsh Hawk was beating the palmetto scrub beyond the line of mangroves that bordered the water.

Our landing of course but all these birds off in various directions, but many soon came back after I had concealed myself, and I passed several hours very pleasantly watching them. Only a few Ducks came to my decoys; my gun wound finer at the first chance I had at a bunch of Blue-winged Teal. I killed a fine drake Shoveler and shot down a brownish duck which ran off, flew off, when I showed myself the gun trembling again. Behold me in a mangroon hat a white under-casque with a broken wing. A pair of Shrikes was perched near me on a dead branch occasionally pecking down among the eel grass. Some of the Buffleheads came directly over me within a few yards looking down at me curiously. The head of Coots drifted in within a hundred yards at our first. I returned late in the Bell.
clos and cool with strong W. wind.  

Started down the bay at 7 a.m. in a boat with a colored boy to row me, Cora going also in the dug-out with a leaseman. The flats above the channel’s end were bare and we had to drag the boat across off to the right fishing in a dense muck which was now about fifty Royal Terns with four Brown Pelicans among them all standing rat-tan erect with bills resting on their breasts like huge Woodchucks. They resemble the latter bird in general form, still more closely when flying the neck always being drawn in V the bill pointing downward at about the same angle as the Woodchuck.

Cora turned into Alligator Creek while I kept on down to Banana Creek. Then turned to the W. I finally entered a bay where I made a stand on a point. About 100 Ducks mostly Black-

v. Gadwal with many Shovelers also. We went out as we entered this bay V we passed fully 1000 more bedded with Coats in Banana Creek. I sent the boy Bob out in the boat to this then up and they soon began pouring into my bay in a steady stream but all passed wide of me except one I retained which came to the design but wide of them I fired both

skeins reminded me. Another Duck, a Scaup I think came one on from behind with a

Duck, Harkle in close pursuit both birds passing within fifteen feet of my head the Duck’s wings making a hunting sound. The Harkle learned unable to withstand it.
finally gave up the chase.

Off my hand a number of Midgees and Cadwells collected and went to "hopping up" among them was a Red head, a pair of whose characteristic heads 3 entire glistened in the sunlight. He also tipped up like the rest of those drags were doing. The same thing. There was also a mass bed of Coso, perhaps 3000, a solid black mass dotted with numerous white points (their bills) with flashes of brown spray rising at a hundred different places at once as they splashed the water one thin back.

I left this place about noon and drifted down Banana Creek for a mile finding one or eight shots at high flying Geese & ensaying them all. Saw several Duck floating. On found one down wind in pursuit of a Goose, the latter was going at frightful speed its wings making a loud humming but the Jakes went two yards to its one, overtook it with the utmost ease then turning slightly to our side that just it within a few inches, apparently and with a sharp wheel boarded straight upright fifty feet above it and let it pass on. It was decidedly the finest Shagabration I have ever seen. The birds evidently did not want the Jakes & chanced it nearby to avoid it. I shot made a stand of willow on a point where two birds a Bluzu unstriped. They 3 a Scoter drump came to my decoys. I killed them both on the shots, coming home up the bay saw a down. Not as any bird but an Madison tippet from Dodge them to day.
March 10  Early morning cloudy threatening rain but the sun
soon came out and the day proved fine and
hot with a delicious sea breeze (B.B.) which began
to fill up the bay's crags.

Off at 9 A.M. with Cory on horseback, duettamer,
and Robert going with us on foot with decoys etc.
Our route lay up the beach for about two miles
the tide was nearly high and the sea very fine.
No birds on the land—actually we saw one—but
a good many flying chiefly Brown Pelicans
which in long lines alternately flapping and
doing followed the beach ridge with the
utmost accuracy as far as the eye could follow.
Their flight is slow but majestic and their great
wings and peculiar form and coloring give them
an imposing and most interesting appearance.
They then their tails arched to the breeze taking
it on the quarter* and evidently utilizing it to
the utmost degree. There were also falls which I
took for B. oratory, smaller ones which are
certainly if Philadelphia General troops of this
class coming in over the sand hills & playing
about like skaters occasionally hopping
down and almost to the ground, I thought
for grasshoppers. A few Royal Terns were
passing back & forth over the ocean.

He finally reached a chain of ponds
when we took a boat & rowed a mile or
more during nothing but there on four short
patches & two Kingfishers with a skua or less.
Returning took to the horses again & rode
about a mile to another pond. It had
Nearly discovered when a large flock of sandhills extended past and in there was a dense cluster of large birds into which I fired bringing down three which proved to be adult Sandpipers. The shores of this pond were literally covered with the footprints of Cranes, Opossums and Wild Cats. I also saw a Porcupine Eared

He launched him, the horn very best was stuck, digging. A Strike landed on a bush on the edge of the pond.

Startled back at 2 P.M. changing horses. My animal began to rear & back & I threw my gun into the grass and discovered. Robert then laid it and the west wind and both horn and man went over backwards & descended into a cluster of Spanish Bayou pant plants. Both were severely pensioned of course. He then took off the haddie & I mounted & rode home bareback, the horn quiet enough. A large bunch of Sandhills and two Bullheads on the beach.

Reaching the house Coy and I crossed the creek in a boat. Found the flats literally aline with waders chiefly “Peeps” with about fifteen Stilt Sandpipers & some Red breasted Hens. I paid them shots among them and got by有一些 four Stilt. Coy put out some decoys & that a pair of Benn Yellow Legs, I shot a long line of tall legs for A. magnum but only killed one. Two Marsh Moms (Females) were digging & he flushed a cattle from the edge of a remote pond.

Back to the house at 6 P.M.
Early morning cloudy clearing about 10 a.m. Remainder
of day cloudless with strong S E wind.

The water was all Midi the fleet this evening
and large flocks of seagulls were flying about taking
some place to alight. A few Stockfish and Sc歌手
in flight from the house. Brown Pelicans sitting
along the beach as usual. Carolina Murre, White-
eyed Gull, and Maryland Yellow-throats singing
in the lunch about the house. A single body of Spoons
in company with several Western spoonbills feeding
on bread crumbs behind the kitchen.

Started by boat with Orlando Dicatman at
9.30 A.M. going house. A good many Seagulls
and Shoveler in the bay. Entred a creek very
narrow and fairly working with numerous in
takes. Heard Black Ducks quacking and sounding
a sound. Discouraged a pair of Lesser Scaup
sitting on the water about 60 yds. ahead. I
fired just asthey sprang and brought down
the bird. I got broken shotting him again
and took one of them. He is the first I have
come killed. Just before shooting him we came on
a fine Shoveler drake sitting well in under the bushes
I could have shot him easily enough. It reports
of
my gun start to several other Black Ducks but
none came near us.

Turning into another creek I shot 2 Hooded
Merganser and saw several others. They dashed
from under in succession in a place where
the creek was very narrow. As we followed
this creek we frequintly saw large channel boats
manning in water as shallow that they.
backs were exposed. I shot at one but failed to kill it. So my few hundred yards we passed.

Raini Warblers singing in the bushes. They were the only small birds noted except a few Maryland Yellow Thrushes. To my surprise Ornithia knew the Warblers and asserted they bred here.

Landing on a narrow neck between the creek and an arm of the bay I found the latter filled with Ducks. I was probing through the bushes at them when suddenly all rose at once. A band of twenty-winged had come over me and I killed one with my second barrel ensuing with the first. The next instant a Duck thinks glided over me within twenty yards, he it was, probably, who alarmed the Dutch.

At the point where the creek entered the bay we made a stand & shot out, the decoy Ornithia then going off to round up the Dutch. Hundreds flew past me but only three came within range. I killed two of them both Ring-necked. A Redhead orchard also came and alighted just outside the decoy where I shot it hitting I was amazed at its enormous size. Several More Pelicans came just my stand within twenty yards or less from alighted on the water near me.

When Ornithia returned I changed my stand to a point opposite & sent them off again. Ducks came rapidly to this stand and decoy well. I killed nineteen in a short time, four dead ducks, the remaining eight Scrape with a few Ring-necked. Had one that at a distance which I thought was a Turkey, I soon learned when running home, at sunset that another shot had it fell in mangroves was lost.
March 12 Clear and warm. wind E. to S.E.

Off with Roy at 8 A.M. on horseback going up the beach. I stopped at the first pond while C. went a mile further to Bald Pete Pond. He bagged two Grouse and a number of Shovellers or Black Sandpipers but I had only one, that at a small patch of Seaweed where which alighted in the pond close to the bank just as we were approaching the boat. I walked down to the woods and found the bird swimming directly under the side of the boat. It came and I knocked it down dead. It had an ugly wound in the side of the head apparently made by a fish as a large piece of skin seemed to have been bitten out.

There were eight or ten Shovellers near the place where I put out my decoys but after I sat in my stand several hours nothing they or any other decoys came near me. Occasionally a Royal Hen or a Louisiana Hen passed close or came near and the fishers were busy fishing about me. There was a Black Headed Yellow Thrush in the Mangrove on my island and on the opposite shore a black 

boat tailed Grackle was rasping their coarse nake fiddles. This was practically all the bird life about this pond.

About noon I became discouraged and taking up the decoys started for home.

The ride back along the beach was wholly uneventful. I saw about nothing of caf a Bonaparte Gull lying on the bea
The time and two or three long-legged beach crabs which were at that time I remember at Fernandina years ago running back into the sand hills before I could get within a hundred yards. Their appearance is familiar when seen thus, they are to exactly the color of the sand and move with such a swift gliding motion that one hardly feels sure whether he has seen an actual animal or some shadow or bit of drifting foam.

Foam, by the way, was continually blowing up from the belt where they were rolled on and in masses, ranging from the size of an apple to that of a child's head, drifted back into the sand hills, producing a curious and very beautiful effect, as the eye ranged along the shore ahead it looked like masses of drifting snow or, at times, like flocks of white birds running swiftly inland.

I spent the afternoon in swimming back...
March 13

Clear and warm. Wind E. to S. E.

Started off by boat this evening at 6 P.M. going directly to the point where I shot on the 11th. Coy was to follow with Gentlemen by way of the creeks. I shot out my decoys quickly and in less than an hour used a box (25) shells with my two decoys to show for them. Although I shot down two others killed down and escaped. At first I attributed it to a change of guns for I used my 12 P. Toy to day for the first time on this trip; but when I opened the second box of shells I began to do better. Still I lost many birds which I ought to have killed. I shot both barrels at a pair of Bald Pate and suppose I had lost him for he flew nearly out of sight but later on I found him floating dead under a tree in shore. I also hit a Florida Ducky which my hand but he kept on.

At about noon I changed my stand and took a position on a point about 1/4 mile to the westward. Here I had some fowl about during the afternoon. The birds were mostly geese with a few Ring necks and now and then a Peacock. There were also present little branches 5 Red ducks the males with white cheeks but with little or no red in their plumage. They decoyed fairly well but deemed as shy as most of the Ducks here. I made a clean double shot at a pair that came over the creeks and also killed two scaups.
in the same manner but I also read many bad rumors. I bagged a fine 3 # Blackfish that came directly to the decoys and that a # Gadwall that was passing rather high overhead. By four o'clock I had used all my shells (100) and taking up the decoys we started for home just thinking the birds and picking up the birds that had drifted off. On country train I found I had bagged first. Finally, five in all. Probably my left wounded one escaped.

During the latter day Prairie Parakeet was freezing in the snow and behind my hand. I also heard a bird cooing, but what—boo—whistling. This usual whistle each time. Can this be characteristic of the Florida bird?

A number of Brown Pelicans came near my hand during the day, some twenty yards or less. Royal terns were also rather numerous. On the way down the bay in the morning I saw a Red-head away down flats and identified it beyond any doubt by means of my glass. It was either a # or an immature male.

Cory went to Pepper Hermann where he shot a Sharp-tailed which came to me to be the hunting nerves and which he kindly gave me. He also started a Brown Bird from a palm tree. Heartman says they are always to be found in Palm Trees. I shall test this to-morrow.

C. saw a cream colored Coot to-day
March 14

Clear and hot, nearly sunny in the morning, or rather with slight W. to N.W. wind. In P. W. there was a strong steady breeze from the S. E.

Started for Pepper Hammock by boat at 9 A.M. by the way down the bay bank about the usual number of Boats and Orange Ducks, a very large kind. By Nelson (Dilly Boat) but fewer than usual. It was so still that all these birds were very noisy, half an hour ahead.

Reaching the hammock I began at once to look for the Barn Ducks. Seemed thirty yards from the boat, I started one from a single and there five Barrels at it wound it so badly that it flew only a few rods and then also stood on the ground where I finished it by another shot. I was surprised at its apparently great size when in water, for it looked large as a Brabo. Near when it fell Robert, my boatman, started a second which he tried in vain to crush down. Near the first when it flew I soon started a third which looked small and nearly as what are used. I had a hard keep shot and fired only on barrel which brought a number of feathers, but the bird kept on not of sight and we looked for it afterwards in vain.

Both birds which I flushed made a loud cracking sound among the dry palmetto fronds just before they disappeared. They must have been sitting in the tops of the palmettos at the base of the upright fronds which they.
plumes of the palms the ground was stints with their droppings.

Of small birds I saw in this region a Bluejay, Catbird, Green Cardinal, and 4 juncos and perhaps a down. F. rubescens—absolutely nothing else.

We next rounded nearly to "70 and turning into a creek took a short cut for the stand where I shot yesterday. A pair of Florida Ducks, about 30 shovelers, a few yellow-throats & wood sparrows, two phobes and some swamp sparrows came along this creek. Prairie Warblers trying on all sides in the cypress.

Reached my stand about noon and out in it until nearly sunset. Found about forty bushes bagging 15 Scapos, a Goshawk, a Ring-neck and a Reddy, bust about the only broken birds. Made one clean double shot at Scapa.

In the wish that rather poorly missing a number of fair shots. Sate in the afternoon all the hawks came down wind going past at tremendous speed. Fledgling hawks & Galavos a pair of Cirtark's passed. A thousand or more Field-pat's passed over high in air. An Osprey passed. Great Pelican in flight almost constantly. One came one on within ten feet making a tumbling swoop by his violent wing strokes after he discovered me. Several alighted on the water near me.

On the way home at dusk I heard fully 100 Louisiana & Blue Herons coming to roost in some cypress back 100 yds. from the river.
March 15

Early morning cold and hot; a sudden change about 10 a.m. wind changing to N.W. and blowing heavily.

The following day, in less than an hour. Sound


Brick House.

At dinner. This morning Carolina Wrens, Prairie

Wrens, a Cardinal, a White-eyed Vireo, and

a Song Sparrow were in full song in the sand

about the house while Red wrens and Boat-tail

could be heard in the distance. From my window

as I was dressing I could see fifty to seventy

Ducks all within two hundred yards in the

corn below the flowing water. About an hour

swan Waders, the remainder Geese. They

presented a beautiful appearance standing about

in pairs or in small flocks composed of ten

pairs each. The Storks living in the open water

the Storks feeding ebbs in shallow lake. Thro.

through the glass I could distinctly see the

green reflections on the heads of the Storks

drakes. The Storks flew when on the water

to leave white back for they kept the white

feathers of their sides up one three cloud wind.

At 8 a.m. started for Upper Manatee.

The row down the bay was delightful.

I saw as many Coots as usual and a

good number of D.B. Geese but none Storks

and Geese.

Reaching the Manatee I beat the palmettos
closely for Brown Owls. Started one over the

spot whereas the second bird flew yesterday

It was a very White Heron. I had a

fairly open shot at it but its flight was
as irregular and uncertain as that of a
morn, and to save my life I could not get
the gun fairly on it. At length, as it was
getting out of range I fired but certainly
missed it cleanly. It kept on out of sight
in the direction of the landing. We reached
more than an hour for it but in vain.
Robert homed us a place, in some live oaks
at the north end of the bar内地, where he
says one can banded Turkey Buzzards
assemble nightly to roost in some palmetto
which are scattered about among the oaks.
The ground under these palmettos looked as if
it had been whitewashed. The experiment was
not in spots as under the trees when the Oats
erupt but spread out in a thin liquid wash
which covered every inch of the surface.
Saw a Mocking bird in the bar内地 and
another near the house this evening but
both were silent. Yesterday I saw four black
owls in the bar内地 and to day there.
One crossed the orange grove in close pursuit
of another both going very swiftly nearly
as fast as a man could run.

The chump in the woodcock enjoyed
while we were looking for the Oats & instead
of the pleasant rain home that we had
expected we had a hard, cold rain against
a stiff wind. It rained hard just
before we reached the house.

In the afternoon I climbed back on the
bush, saw a fresh track of a wild cat then
<table>
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<th>Game Birds killed in Florida in March, 1890</th>
<th>Total</th>
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<tr>
<td>March</td>
<td>4</td>
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<tr>
<td>Brack</td>
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<tr>
<td>Fl. Bl. Duck</td>
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</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bald-pate</td>
<td>2</td>
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<tr>
<td>Gadwall</td>
<td>1</td>
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<td>Shoveller</td>
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<td>Bl. w. Hal</td>
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<tr>
<td>Gr. w. Hal</td>
<td>1</td>
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<tr>
<td>Reddy D.</td>
<td>4</td>
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<tr>
<td>Scamp D.</td>
<td>1</td>
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<tr>
<td>Rung D.</td>
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<td>Red Br. Snipe</td>
<td>6</td>
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<td>Stilt Snuf</td>
<td>7</td>
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March 6-16, 1896.

Banana Creek, Filmania.

Merula migaloria
Minus patigletto.

" cardinensis
Rhytipterus ludovicianus
Antius ludovicianus
Leucurus noveboracensis
Crithtornis palustris.
Dendroica discolor
" coronata
" palmarum
Geothlypis trichas.
Virgo noveboracensis
Oxolio ludovicianus
Vachycenta tricolor
Cardinalis cardinalis
Passerella savanna.
Melospiza palustris.
" melodia
Aplaciis phoeniculus
Quiscalus major
Sturnella mexicana.
Loxocitta oris floridana.
Apl-colonia floridana.
Ornis sspizagrus
Corys alegre
Certhia aequalis
Strix pratinae
Yuleo pugnica
" colubrarius.
Papioius cardinensis
Urocais hudsonicus.
Aeclipta fuscus

Haliatus leuc~ephyclus
Enitharles aura
Laportes fuscus
Ort ius virginiana.
Abaa ludovicianus.
" carulea
" wardi
" hewdias

Ostacris minos
Azialites nocturnus.
Ictamus fumipes.
" melandrous.
Hemantopus mexicanus.
Ictirhina armaria
Macrohampshus griseus
Lymphiornia semipalmata.
Lymphiornia hynetrica.
Iringa minuta.
Chyphops nigra
Schaaldismus kipperus.
Arnas fuligula
Ogulara acuta
Marina americana.
Spatula cygneta
Nettions cardinensis.
Enqueedula discors.
Yuleo affinis.
" marila
" collaris
Aespea americana.
Yuleca americana.
Erminatrix rubida.
March 6-16, 1890

Banana Creek, Florida

Meruus serrator.

Lophodytes cucullatus.

Tarus philadelphia.

... arg. smithsonianus.

... delawarensis

Sterma prateri.

... regia.

Pelecanusfuscus.

... erythrorhynchos.

Podilymbus podiceps.

Erythrorhyncus logenalis.
March 16

Chose and cold with snowing N. to N. W. wind all day.

I had intended to start for Titusville this morning but snowing the boatman would go. So I slept the day in the house. Early in the afternoon I got a Peru to start homeward. The freezing wind began to decrease and when we reached Cawticoat fell dead calm. Reel and I boarded into the little cabin and Robert peeled them off from us. On reaching Saba River we got a strong wind and reached Titusville just an hour day over breaking. The night was snowing and very cold. I had good look and hid in all the night long. The water to the ship's side and the water was all our food.

In general I have not heard a word of any kind during my stay. I hardly slept gave the weather was cold with this voices any warm night.

Chose early morning cold this. Basing from 10° to 26° at sunset. Treaded by sail to Manhaid on all days journey. About 30 carabas on a dead horn out of Titusville. Nothing done of any interest.
March 19

Cloudy with high S. wind. Heavy showers about sunset.

Yesterday morning at 8 a.m. I started down the Susquehanna River but the steamers in turning across. A stroke her paddle wheel against a snag and took about one third of the bucket out. The Captain ran her ashore a little below the landing and the remainder of the day was spent in repairing the damage. I cooked on my resources. Saw a few common birds on the shore.

This morning at daybreak our mate cast off anchor. The day was cloudy and windy, the river almost no alligators here. The river was broader than I had supposed and not nearly as beautiful. The banks for the first thirty miles even high and wooded with a mixed growth. Bishops (Baciga) growing along the water's edge in places with palmetto, live oaks, water oaks etc.

Saw a good many birds. Audubons were exceedingly uncommon; a dream in sight at one time. Hooded Birds almost equally common. Many Black butterflies both J. H. Blackbys towards three species of herons, A. wadei, cathartes and avocentus the last not common. And from my resources.

Found Chapman and party on their houseboat a few miles below Ft. Warren. Soon after the steamers left us the twilight fell and the Barred Owls began to howl in the cypress boughs. We came down to Clay River.
March 20

Chapman and I went out at daybreak

Chapman and the Rose (his cracker horse) started out at dawn and found a herd of

deer in some cypress woods about 3/4 west

from the trail. They were about 100 meters with young.

They also started about 25 sides, heard some

sandhill cranes and took from Punta Gorda in the pine woods between the borders of the river.

After breakfast I went out with Chapman

crossing the river and landing a little below

the point opposite the Bluffs. Found a large

cypress grove isolated from the river by a

narrow ridge wooded with cypress, bald cypress, redwoods, laurel, etc. The

deciduous trees just leafing out, many of them

badly toasted by the recent fires.

Cardinals, Carolina Wrens, Redheads, Tupes, Parulas, and Garnets thrashed about near the river bank. Redheads, Red-shoulder and Red-breasted

Woodpeckers were drumming. Calling few birds.

He soon started a Barred Owl, which flapped

heavily off a tree and alighted again

when I shot it (I was unable to obtain it

afterwards for lack of time). Chapman then

lifted me and I turned my attention to the

ridge along the river. Found a large mixed

flock of Roseate Spoonbills, Yellow-footed

Spoonbills, and Parulas with a small group

of Black and White Coots. Black ducks and

a solitary bird or two, catching fish in a herring thun.

On

the river I soon made out a bird which I

at once suspected to be Bachman's Warbler.
in shooting it proved that my suspicions were correct. I was a long time in finding it for the captive was a hanging branch of willow a fifteen feet or more above the ground. It was a female.

Shortly after this Chapman rejoined us. He had shot a pair of backwings. While we were composing notes a large flock of muskies came along keeping high up in the tops of the cypress. By shooting at all that time they fell to upwards of forty down at the ends of the terminated twigs or post their even. Backwings muskies in the cove of a few minutes sacrificing several Parrot bals.

Gray squirrels were surprisingly numerous in town in this season. I cannot have seen a dozen.

Returned to our house boat about noon, just before dinner I stepped out among the cypress tumbled or the "Bluff" I heard a muskies making a fine, very scraping sound went to the spot and discovered two or Backwings muskies chasing one another. I quickly shot both and considered my position.

Skimming birds all the afternoon furnishing up our table under a line pole on the Bluff. At frequent intervals we heard the gottling of the Sand hill Cranes in the cypress ponds nearly a mile away. At that distance the sound reminded me of the distant honing of cattle. Chapman compared it to cow bells.
March 21

Chas and warm.

Spent most of the day at the Bluffs. Casting off our canoe late in the afternoon and drifting down stream two or three miles.

Had a rather early breakfast after which Chapman and I started for the Hernery. The way led through some pine woods where Bluebirds, Red-Robins, & Thrushes were singing, and Pale-breasted Warblers fluttering from branch to branch slightly flitting on the ground.

Reaching the Hernery we found a series of small shallow ponds bordered by small slanted cypress with a few of them trees also scattered singly or in groups well out in the ponds. These isolated trees had many large branches of sticks some in their tops, others on their lateral branches. Each nest held several young thrushes several of them full grown and well feathered. They were standing out on the nests or out on the neighboring branches as we approached but as soon as they discovered we they all took to the nests and squatted down in them, Chapman killed two with his anvil (threw one of them down from the nest).

He started firing shots about this sound and I heard a Robin calling. On the way back through the pine woods heard two Bachman's Finches singing divinely. I shot one of them. After getting back to the boat I crossed the river in my canoe to the place where I shot yesterday. There were many Warblers...
in the trees but they kept high up and even had to identify, I shot several Parrots on suspicion
and then got a fine pair of Bachman's Warblers.

The birds were motionless rather low down with a
grace background of foliage behind, against which
his yellow underparts and black head showed
distinctly. I had a long shot at a Swallow-tail
Butterfly came directly over me but as high
as the tips of the tallest trees, I fired and at first
thought I had him for he turned completely on
and then towards beating the air energetically with
his wings. It cannot have been that through the
head. He finally drifted off out of sight before
the strong South wind,

Both in the afternoon we cast off our vessel
and floated down stream a few miles to a landing
foot to a point on the west bank about dark.

After supper a pair of Bearded Beaks came about us.

We fished not in the usual way until finally they alighted directly over us within fifteen feet. They tossed my few
minutes and danced about us through their
extraordinary performance. I did not see them
while thus engaged, but repeatedly saw one of
them hover by throwing the light of a jack
on his back in the dark. The other stood motionless in the dark
and did not seem perceptibly exhibit making the
sound. One bird had a house voice while
the other 2 regularly hoisted in a house key.

This difference I afterwards found to be common
to all the barn arrows in the river. The birds in
night filled aDefinitions when they flew. The light
was cloudy and dark.
March 12. Alternately cloudy and clear. Wind strong from N. N.W. Rain all last night.

Started out after breakfast taking dog canoe and paddling up river about 300 yards. Landed on the west bank. It was a bad day for birds and I found but few there. In the tops of the tallest trees as a rule. Saw a Micci Hard, probably S. stellatus. Chapman shot a Brown Thrasher, and after joining me started and killed another on the ground when I had been spending most of the morning. I got absolutely nothing save a few Parakees. The locality was a cypress swamp bordered from the river by a narrow 'edge of hard ground covered with oak and hackberry' tree. There were a few Brown Thrashers and Cardinals near the river and many Parakees in the tree tops.

After dinner crossed the river and tried the swamp on the other (east) bank. As I entered it I heard Black birds piping in nearby. A great troop of them. Found Red-caps, Florida Thrashers and Rusties about equally represented in the flock. Killed two Rusties at once, shot a Micci then another plunged into a hollow tree top & disappeared. Next came on a very large flock of Rusties fully 100 chiefly Parakees with a good many Yellow-throats, one Prairie, one Franklin's Sparrow and a Red-eye or two. After following them for some time I flushed out and shot a 2 Michigan's, Chapman's & the Blue-throat canary e.g. They had killed two Michigan's. We went on together and...
oon struck a new flock from which we each
got a Blackbird.

The wind blew very hard all the afternoon
and the dead branches came down on all
sides, our tramping the ground within a few
feet of me. I also heard a thin fall rust
for off.

Just before sunset a large flock of wild geese
with a few始. bird were carried past
us going north. Also saw a few Night Heron.
No Barnet Birds landing to-night.

Red-Shouldered Hawks screaming in the
woods in any direction, their cries much
harsher and more cracked than those of the
northern Bird.
March 23

Suwanee River, Florida.

Clear and cool with a moderate N wind. Scarcely a cloud in the sky all day, the sun warm at noon.

In 80° left us this morning in a hurry and started for home on foot. Immediately after breakfast Chapman got the boat under way and ran her before the wind all the morning making about eight miles.

I paddled this distance in my canoe, búsqueda by the way. I landed first directly opposite our last night's camping place on the bank when we that yesterday afternoon. Found a large flock of Warblers and killed two Bachamans my quickly and soon after a shot. Heard a Warbler song next to me. Most like Parula's but less guttural and all on the same key (rest rising at the end like Parula). Discovered the bird in the top of a brush from an other bird near. Saw them fly, then shot them and found that I had two Bachamans. Heard another but could not find him.

Paddled down stream a mile or more and finding the Allen on them landed again. Found a beautiful spot a bluff with a hard sand bank, behind from dry oak woods with honey opepy 1 ground pastures. This woods were literally alive with birds chiefly Warblers with several Funs & their quires (shreading, politians and someTINGS)& other killed and elevated woodpeckers cardinals, etc. They squirrels and owl screeches and team attuning this chattering back on every
side. Butterflies sailed through the opening over the
broad wings lamely as the thing to
the leaves of the magnolias. Several times a
swallow-tailed kite glided past just above the
tree-tops.

It was comparatively easy to identify the
Barbuls in their crowds for they chiefly haunted
the deciduous oaks on which the leaves were just
beginning to unfold the true having that
delicate golden pink hue. Here in one southern
oak at the corresponding season the Barbuls per
at the ends of the twigs hanging head downward
like interminable, I shot six Bashman's Barbuls
here in about two hours.

After lunching with the Doctor our canvas
floating beds by sides I started down river
again and moved steadily until I
controled the keel which had anchored at
a sandy beach at a landing on the east bank.

The river was very beautiful almost of the
way. I saw several Barbuls, three Mus Drake
and two swallow-tailed kites. One of the
latter went through the beautiful diving
evolution. Also saw a flock of seven Red-tailed
Hawks.

After shedding my boots we started off the
does floated down river half a mile a
more and tied up for the night to the west
bank. Saw about forty Black Butterflies after
it had become nearly dark hovering in the
top of a tall dead tree. A few Brand Burrs
hovering in the distance.
Clear and better cool with staff it came.

After breakfast we all started out in our canoes, Chapman leading. He went down river about a mile and had the best good luck to kill an Ivory-billed Woodpecker with his first shot hearing it pounding and calling in the cypress swamp only a few rods from the canoe and stalking it easily enough.

I landed about half a mile down and for a number of Markers among which I shot a Blackman's Redheaded at one turn along the river but I heard none singing.

I then went further down landing by chance at the very place where Chapman killed his Woodpecker. Here was many birds here, also, but I found nothing worth shooting in the swamp I heard a loud, harsh cry repeated every few seconds. I suspected that it might be an Ivory-bill and shot cautiously in keeping a sharp lookout out in the bushes but at length discerned the author of the sound at my feet. It was a small frog which a small garter snake was trying to swallow first foot. Every little while the snake would open its mouth wider and try to suck the frog in further when he would pop out as already described. I finally put my foot on the bank when he let go his hold and the frog went off with long and double graceful jumps.

Chapman joined me the same for lunch which we ate on a point at the mouth.
of a creek. After a short walk on this I saddled up this creek together. Started a pair of Wood Ducks and Chapman found a dead one, a drake, whose head had been eaten off by some land or considerable prey. He also shot a Water Thrush (Scentella) I got a pair of Buchanan's Barbel which I shot from my boat dropping it into the water. It was a dead fish which a few large huge cat-fish were trying to drag it out with much splashing. I went ashore at one place to look at some Barbel in the tree tops and nearly stepped on a huge raccoon which was lying on the bank. It turned and climbed into the creek before I could shoot it.

They are under the influence of the tide which rises and falls a foot or more daily but the water is still fresh.

By 10 the sailors were out under way and pushing us up on their way down on their way to the land for the night at a landing where many red cedar logs lay thick. There is probably a "Taylor Barling" Carolina Map, Cardinals, and other big springs at bridge. Heard Boarded Ducks in the distance. Special effort around night heard nothing flying about at this light. Their squeak is similar to that of 40 minutes but higher pitched and more cracked or harsh.
March 25

Chum and warm, with light S.W. wind.

Chapman & I started down river in our canoes after breakfast. We took a creek on the west side & went up it some distance getting nothing but a B Wood Duck.

I took the left branch & followed it a mile or more seeing Alligator & Ospreys. Then came to a creek at the mouth of which I chased an immature Bittern almost which I did not hit them.

Met a certain Mr. who told me that ducks and Alligators are numerous in those swamps. Panthers and bears fairly common. George built Wood duck in days past & he & his wife daily comes a good deal of ground looking after his hogs yet he has not been here since last for three months or more. Last year formed "nest" in a deadening near his house.

He has not seen a Parrot for eight or nine years. He started up the creek together. After going a little way we started a Yellow Crowned Night Heron which flew up to a branch on the water when it stood motionless its neck stretched up the yellow on the forehead showing very distinctly. I shot it of course.

Going still further up I killed four more of these birds in the course of a mile. They would usually run out of range, fly a little way and alight on branches in the water. Usually the second time they alighted I invariably shot them. They would allow me to paddle within shot. I saw several of their nests on branches over the Suwanee River, Florida.
... rather large. Structures of rather few things rather neatly arranged. Two of my birds were females which would have laid in another week or so.

I started for Wood Ducks in this creek but they all flew in such a way that I don't rest shoot from my cranky little cause.

This creek was screened and sounding with deep dark colored water. Likely plenty of frogs numerous jumping on all sides of my canoe at times. The same as the large floating logs rows of turtles lay basking & I saw one large alligator which rolled off the bank with a great splash as I rounded a turn.

Other than Darters were exceedingly numerous along the banks & I heard a few birds. Parrots were everywhere in the tree tops. Saw one flicker the first for several days. Started two Rock Doves. They are only about birds in the day time here.


Got in to our camp boat by noon & worked on birds & tillin all the afternoon.

A pair of Ospreys at their nest on the opposite side of the river. Other thing calling. Haven been us Blue Jays for several days. Float down stream about two miles and tied to the east bank for the night. After dark M. Allen found off a rabbit when a panther yelled loudly in the bushes within twenty yards. But with Chisum, in the evening eating a fish from nothing but some large bug becoming fast.
March 26. Clear in the morning, afternoon cloudy. Wind S. W.

We cast soon the Ioro early this morning and drifted down into the East Pass, where we tied to the bank before breakfast. The scenery changed considerably after we passed the mouth of Captain Rive the cypress becoming lower and more scattering the country more marshy with wide belts of tall grass along the water's edge. Narrow creeks detached from the main stream at frequent intervals, we very often a boundless wilderness without clearings boats or other signs of man's presence.

The birds changed somewhat also. We began to see more Red-winged and to hear more Yellow-throated Warblers. The Swallow-tailed Kites disappeared while Scrub-Jays and Wood Ducks became more frequent.

After breakfast we all started out in one cause. Chapman went down the Pass to the Gulf finding extensive marshes which were apparently barren of bird life.

I took a cradle which entered on the East side and followed it about two miles. Saw nothing of interest except for Wood Ducks, two males and three females. They were paddling idly about in mid-stream and I watched them for several minutes through the glass at about 80 yds. In commencing they oscillated their heads and necks forward and back at each stroke of the feet.

Then we set forth thence along this
creek and country's farmers round. Yellow-throated
Warblers chirping in the cypress. Heard a
Pine Squirrel distinctly, and also saw the
bird fly from one cypress to another. Wonder
impresses the mind. Saw them alligators on
a rather large one. Came upon three men
washing cedar and visited their camp. They
say there are five Bigcats in this area.
Came back to dinner. There Buck William
passed the boat. Dr. Allen and Chapman came
in motion of them having found a nest.

In the afternoon I started out again today
a creek on the west side and going up it
a mile or more. Heard a great crashing in
the brush and saw grass for the next moment a
Ward's Horn started out within fifteen feet
of me. I did not shoot. Shortly afterwards
a Florida Cowbird tried to pass coming
from down the stream, and I killed it. At
the report of my gun an Osprey dropped a
fish it was carrying. An Eagle (adult) tried
to pick it up when the Osprey's dive scared
attacked him fairly and drove him off but
they did not attempt to return this fish.

My creek proved very beautiful, narrow
winding with palmetto, cypress and must green
archery over its glassy surface. The swampy
woods silent and unpeopled. Occasionally a
grey squirrel backed, a Boy Cork called or a
Cardinal or Carolina Wren sang. Mullet were
jumping near. Came back in the twilight,
rope coiling, a bullfrog bellowing, small sound
tragedies echoes flying about, gaiting in tangled trees.
March 27

Fair with alternating cloud and sunshine. Moderate

Off with Chapman for the entire day talking the

main channel of the Suwanee and going down

to the outlet. The distance is about five miles,

the last two miles being through open marshes

which stretch as far as the eye can reach.

On the way down we heard the usual birds

in the woods along the river. There were few

water birds, some Bobwhites, two Dabbling

Ducks (Anas suecica), a pair or two Common Teal

and several Great Blue and Green Herons.

Depths were numerous mostly in jams at or

near their nests which were usually in large

marshes along the banks of the river.

On reaching the marshes we began to hear

and see Boat-tailed Grackles but there were

not many of them. There were absolutely no

Pelicans or Herons. Two Brown Pelicans passed on

the Gulf. A Short-neck Duck was swimming in

the river. Saw a Louisiana Heron alight on

the grass on an island at the mouth of

the river and paddling to the spot flashed

and shot it. Finding this island rather

high and dry land on alarmed and hurried

On the next island about an hour ahead Chapman

Ralls calling at frequent intervals to corral

crossed the channel and found the grass

After several failures we finally got a

good shot at him and then lay off in

the river in our course to be what

would come out. Chapman got a fish

at a Rock that appeared on the edge.
of the water but ceased to. In this manner and went ahead a bare unduly fast ahead of the fire but nothing came out from in it. I then returned to my canoe and quickly killed a Clapier Rail (which found to be 
K. Justithi and a March Haz both of which have not a hundred fuds or more
ahead of the fire. I also shot a couple of young Harrows. Started then down on the island and missed a pair that at one of them. Besides the Clapier I saw a Virginia Rail distinctly but failed to get a shot at it. There were breed pairs of Red swamp Black birds on this island, also some Loopy billed March hens in a growth of low cane broken.

The river is fresh water quite to its mouth and ended, as far out into the Gulf as I went in my canoe (100 yds or more). Nevertheless there huge herons were roosting and puffing in the cypress islands off the outer islands. Their cries was heard on land base visible a fact which may account for the absence of bulls and whatever promised.

He started up more early in the afternoon, sailing west of the distant home before a fresh S E. burn tacking our course together.
March 25th. Morning clear, climbing one at noon. A heavy shower early in the afternoon. Wind strong from the S. all day.

Starting off alone at 10 A.M. I paddled down the west pass for about a mile then entered a large creek on the N. side. Just before reaching it I had a long shot at an Alligator, a gator which was sitting on a log. She fell at the first shot and when I reached her was lying on her back apparently dead but at the bow of my canoe struck her the canoe came up over the canoe again & Sears her as we went for the first mile up this creek I saw nothing save two White Herons. At length as I rounded a bend I came suddenly on a huge alligator (at least eleven feet long) lying well up on the bank. As he plunged into the water the log carried the canoe to side. Presently the alligator started three Herons, an A. egret and a pair of Mychanke serreens, which flopped out from the trees one by one. I started all three birds time after time but managed to get a shot. From here I saw three large sea fish swimming together, the largest in the width, a thrasher on each side. I think they were two male following a female. On this stream with their bills out of water.

My creek then came to an end in a land grass marsh and I turned back and took a thrasher one which cuckold it on the bank, side. From this I again turned into another flill thrasher one on which the two interlaced their branches forming a perfect arch.
not followed it far when I started a yelling around Night Shaw and dropped it into the creek. A few rods further one two started and one slightly again when I killed it.

My creek finally led into a much larger on a small time in fact nearly as wide as the Concord & very deep. Here I saw two Green Herons in a very, town & AVILA, which sat on a log with spread wings allowing one a to approach within 20 yds. I finally dropping like a stone into the water.

Rounding a bend a little further on I came suddenly on a flock of eleven Ducks (A. quilting) They were sitting in green as tall as one the reeds & I seem sand as beautiful a picture of the kind before. I was within eight yds. I looked at them brood minutes through my glass. They reminded one of the group of heroes in one of Rem's plates. The birds' fellows had flames which extended an inch or two below his feet as he stood erect on his long legs. Their attitudes were marvellously easy and graceful.

Finally they flew one by one, going only a little way and repositioning in the tops of some tall cypress. Without any commotion I approached them to within about 60 yds. & picking out a bird at random (for I could not make out their flames at that height) I shot it. It fell into the lake I found a fine bird but not the finest one of the flock.

Saw a few Pretoin.sidebar & two Wood Ducks back to the canoe boat early in P.M. having to boat once in my rubber coat while the others

Pittosporum: S. Wood Duck.
March 29

Clear and cool with slight N.W. wind. A brilliant day without a cloud.

Spent the first part of the morning at work on birds. At 10.30 started for the same creek where I spent yesterday. On the way down the main creek I shot a Carolina Crake that was swimming among the cattails and an alligator some feet long. The latter was lying in the grass ashore and I got within about 15 yds of him. I shot him in the ear with a .4 shot from the little 20ga. He tore madly through the reeds in a circle, returning to nearly the spot whence he started and settled down apparently dead. I then shot him again behind the fore shoulder but he did not rise and when I returned late in the afternoon he proved to be stiffened. So Allie took his head and skin.

Continuing the creek I had paddled only a little way when a pair Ever's Herons started from a tree and I dropped him into the water. A little further on I started two Ever Herons and killed one of them. I passed a my term Yellow-crowned Heron, an immature mottled bird.

Turning into the left branch I stepped under the shade of a water oak and lunched. Then I continued on and took the second left and turn into the narrow little creek. Here I started three Ever-crowned Herons and shot one of them as it sat on the branch of a cypress back from the water.

Coming out on the Broad Creek beyond I started
a large White Egret. It flapped on ahead of me for some distance frequently alighting. I could hear that it easily enough but it had from 1000 to 1500 and I did not care for it, I killed another Yellow crow on this creek. Going only a short distance beyond when I stopped yesterday I came in sight of the famous spot for this large creek proved to flow.

I then returned by the same route. Started at a Yellow crowd Flack at the entrance to Noso Creek and missed or only sounded it. The report of the gun startled an Army black boodle which uttered its trumpet note a dozen times or more. It was several hundred yards off apparently. I turned back and paddled hard but it stopped calling and I failed to find it.

Near the lone end of Noso Creek a White ski flew from a cypress cutting a course, ou the call (ep. s. i. e.) and alighted again in another cypress. I paddled to within about 50 yards of it and just as it opened its wings to start. It flew out of sight up the connecting creek. I followed it and it floated dead in said creek.

On the way down to the main creek I startled three Yellow crows. Harrows and heard a Fourth crying out very fast beacks a raven in harsh piercing tones. It proved to be my tame gray bird which was calling in an ash tree near the water.

Paddling down the creek I found Mr. Allen near the mouth just outside Champion. Henry Ralston calling in the bush drawn to the alligator.
March 30

Clean and cool with S. E. to S. W. wind.

At 10:30 A. M. we all started together for the mouth of the New Pass of the Suwanee. The tide was running out strongly and we found swiftly and easily down stream sloping occasionally to rest under some shade of the orcharding trees. During our trip heard a number of birds collected about us, a pair of Cardinals lifted into two Paula Wrenns, a Solitary, and Red-eyed Vireos and a Rust colored Flycatcher. Saw an Osprey hunting above his nest with the remains butternut butterfly flight whirling trembly over much like a Starling. The next moment it dropped with closed wings and through the glass I could see it regurgitating with its entire wings was sitting on the nest. Some down we heard another pair at their nest. They are probably nesting now.

He saw only one Duck on the way, a G Shoveller, on reaching the mouth of the river heard Woodpecker calling and found there 7 Turn Brakes straining near the last island. Banded on the island that we passed partially on the 27. Started three Sump, doubled the same near our landing. Cheepman blest our Throat & I missed another. I also shot a 8 of Red wing and upon going to pick him up flashed a my black Rattlescoth and killed it.

He then separated and fired the island at three different points. Only one of those fires proved a success but that fairly.
raged for an hour or more, running quite across the island with a width of 183 yards or more. We all took station on the forward side, but saw only four or five rails of which I think one and Dr. Allen another. They were a hundred yards or more ahead of the fire and flew long distances seeming much alarmed. The 

horses came out of the grass carefully in front of the fire. Several Sparrows & Marsh Wrens also came to me that one of the latter a C. Steller, as it was flying over the water. Saw a single 

sea side Sparrow that it but failed to find it. 

We next crossed the river and find a long narrow island on the west side. The grass was 

drier here and the fire ran more slowly making a great roaring and when it got into an extensive bed of cane, sending up flames 15 to 20 ft. and filling the air with black smoke through which the hue shone faintly. The Rails were thoroughly alarmed and began to show themselves at frequent intervals, some flying others walking on 

the beds of lodged grass or breaking under the 

bankers. Yet they were only shyly and instantly disappeared when they saw us climb turning back towards 

the fire. I shot four, one sitting, three flying 

losing one of the latter. Many Marsh Wrens 

(Philopetes) singing softly even on this island 

at sunset saw hundreds of Herons (Chiefly Cattle 

at Hedornia) assembling to roost on a nearby 

tobacco island near us. Nights Herons (Vicina) 

flying about at dusk. Paddled back by 

moonlight reaching camp at 8:30 about 11 p.m. 

While this passed one of us as about 8 P.M. lost
March 31

Blandler and warm. Third 1/2 to S.W.

After dinner we started out on our course. Chapman went up Ophir Creek and brought back a Yellow crowned Heron & a fine B Red Duck. We heard a Turkey gobble just before we started and he heard it again later but could not come up to it.

I crossed the river and entered a small creek that came in from the east about a mile below the Ophir. It was narrow, very crooked, and proud to be less than a mile in length, many inches an elevation bare grass savanna. Soon after entering it I heard a sound, a continued outcry of loud harsh voices which I did not recognize.

Hounding a bend I discovered the auditors in some Wards Heron, young birds nearly big enough to fly which were standing in their nests calling for food. Here were three nests, all in Cypresses over the creek. Three adult Herons were sitting among the branches, one very near a nest. The others above the nests in the tops of the trees. The old birds at once flew off upon discovering me and the young Herons so closely in the nests that I could not see any of them from below.

A short distance above this I started two Yellow crowned Herons one very shy, the other tame. That at the latter answering it badly but it flew out of sight among the trees. I followed on after it until I came to a place where my creek virtually came to an end in a bare grass savanna & higher
Split up into several small branches, only two or three feet wide. I pushed the canoe up one of them for about 100 yards when a creek that had been lying on the bank for several miles suddenly rose to its feet within 200 yards of me and gave me a terrific look then off through the tall grass at a great pace making a loud splashing sound as it drove its legs from the left and at each bound. It stopped about 100 yards away but it could not see me. I heard another start a moment later on the other side. The one I saw was a large sound probably a full grown buck but of course without horns. There were a few Poison-trees among the tall and sycamore trees on the edge of this ravine but none along the creek below. The males were bringing in love songs.

I also heard a Downy Woodpecker's knock Paruline. Returning to the ravine I kept down river for about half a mile and entered a large creek on the eastern side. Which Meyer practically explored a few days ago. It proved very beautiful, winding about through a fine forest of cypress trees, sweet gums, and maples and gum ashes with Palmettos along the banks. For the first mile it was broad with frequent large deep pools bordered by dense beds of boulders but higher up it became so narrow that the trees arched over it interlocking their branches for hundreds of yards at a stretch where the growth was of hardwoods or old cypress, while in younger or more stunted cypress and bay trees forming a nearly straight vertical wall on each side the path of the stream looking iv...
Suwanee River, Florida.

March 31. Places like a narrow wood road walked in by
straight oppressive hung thickly with dark Tibantia,
like the way thru formed almost the sole
growth. Their roots washed clean by the downpour
on perhaps growing naturally above, instead of
under, the surface literally curled the ground
so thickly that one could walk on them as
fluffy as on a dry floor. They resembled rolling
so much as great beds of snakes lying added
at full length in loose coils, or entwined together
in masses. Their general color was a plain
stone gray mottled with darker gray like that
of a cotton-mouth moccasin and their back was
in keeping not unlike that of the thin of a
large snail. In fact the general resemblance,
or perhaps I should say superimposition, was so
strong that I could not walk on them without
a shriveling sensation. It would be next to
impossible to discover a real trail among them.
Along the sides of the crevice they formed in
many places a clearly defined vertical bank or wall.
They did not seem to extend under
water or to encroach anywhere on the bed of
the crevice.

On the lower reaches of the crevice I saw
fatt birds. A solitary Great Blue Hen, an
Osprey sitting upon its nest clutching stealthily
and squawking suspiciously, as I paddled
past a Red Shouldered Hawk and a
Kingfisher or two. Small birds were numerous
especially Prothonotaries of which I passed
a dozen or more sound of them flying.
lived brush extended hungry eyes over the stream where they flitted about among the terminal things. Thin yel low heads gleaming like gold among the foliage or thrashing in throng contrast against the dark water. I shot one four orange headed snake. Several yellow headed butterflies came numerous as usual. Saw a pair of egrets.

As I was paddling slowly and silently across a broad pool where the moonlight brought out a land bar beneath the great distinction I suddenly discovered a huge alligator gliding slowly under the cause at nearly a right angle. As I had no time to shoot ahead to escape him I unfurled my paddle but perfectly still until he passed out of sight into deeper water on my left. His back must have nearly spared my head & he was not less than twenty feet in length with a bulk nearly equal to that of a small pony.

In the sunken spot of this creek I found several pairs of yellow crowned herons I have found of their nests. On one of which was placed on a branch of an oak limb over the creek a bird was sitting and on climbing above the nest I found it empty. I think a bird has another one in its return down the creek.

As I turned back twilight was falling on the branches & it was nearly dark before I reached the main. Basad Orle was basing on my side & the yellow crowned herons squawking & yelling for it was several of the latter came then past me & one alighted within ten yards. A few hair snakes (probably V. elegans) in the brush at the mouth of the creek.
1890

April 1

Cloudless and warm with a pleasant breeze.

Arrived in Jacksonville and found no observations of interest. The tides came down at about 8 A.M. and we quickly got our things on board and started for Cedar Keys which we reached at 10 A.M. This practically ended our trip.

Blond and warm.

Left Cedar Keys at 8.38 A.M. and reached Yarivaile at 3 P.M. At this time saw a flock of twenty-five White Pelicans flying in a long line through the channels between the islands. They flapped and dived alternately in the usual manner and (this I have not seen before) undulations were continually passing down the line as the leader rose and lowered his flight, and each bird followed him. They were flying at a height of about 40 ft.

As the train passed over the marshy islands we saw a good many Snails, all apparently Batavia and a few green Hermits but no blue or white Hermes.

I left Yarivaile on the morning of the 3rd and spent that night at Jacksonville. Reached Charleston on the evening of the 4th, started for Washington on the afternoon of the 6th. Reached New York on the 10th and Cambridge on the afternoon of the 12th.)
March 19 - 31, 1870.

**Tanicae River, Florida.**

*Vendus pallasi*

*Minus cardiceps*

*Meda neglecta*

*Harpeniquina reflexa*

*Sidci sialis.*

*Plegetia carolina.*

*Regulus calendula.*

... satrapa

*Virea niter.*

... cardiniensis.

Anethura humila.

*Crustisurus palustris.*

... stellas.

*Rhizothorax historicienius.*

*Serinus meteptalis.*

... meteptalis

... auricuillus.

Anniella varia.

Helmintophila celata.

... lackmani

Panula americana.

Dendroica dominica

... palmarum

... discolor

... cornuta.

... pinus.

... hypochrysa

*Prionotaria cibea.*

*Helenaria swainsoni.*

*Spilana mitralis*

*Guttlyca trichas.

*Solyphaga ruticilla.*

*Vireo neotropicalis*

... flavipenes.

... solitarius.

*Quercus rubra.*

*Calurus discleidi.*

*Utule riparia.*

*Ampelis cedrorum.*

*Quinus pinus.*

*Collymenius tristis.*

*Zachypus lopedor*

*Caudalis cardinalis.

*Ammocramas montanus.*

*Melospiza palustris.*

*Penea aestialis.

*Pipilo erythrophthalmus.*

... aleni

*Aplalus prstenianus.*

*Ixiecalus major.*

... apalacus

*Molothrus albo.*

*Scolopax spurigineus.*

*Charitera pelasica.*

*Iruncus silbiris.*

*Gryle alcune.*

*Chamerita cris flora.*

*Myiarchus vinulus.*

*Cyrus americana.*

*Picus pubescens.*

... loralis

... undomii

*Hylothorus pileatus.*

*Sphyrapicus varius.*
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<thead>
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<th>English Name</th>
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<td>Anas fulvigula</td>
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April 15

Clear and cold winter day, hard & windy.风 34° at 7 P.M.
To the swamp with Chadbourne at 6 P.M. walking in a
couple through Durham to Alum Creek. Walked out along the
Mass Central track first as the sun was setting. Hundreds of
hundreds on every side making a deafening noise. A few trees
and leaved fringes. Small flocks of red-winged flying about
but no scattered males piping. Walked further on to the
eat through the high brush. Here we were beyond the
shadow of the trees & heard a group of sparrows piping and
occasionally a Robin or song Sparrow. Suddenly the humming
of a distant Swif came to my ear from the direction
of Little Pond. As we pressed on I heard several Carolina
Rocks, one calling haway, two others callooo. The humming of
Swifs was now distinct and frequent. Reaching the
ice house branch track we took it and were soon at the
pond where it crossed the east bank to Brooks Island. Here
we found. I was listening to the Swifs which were
humming almost incessantly overhead. It was still
light enough to see them towards the west but they
left on the east side of us and were invisible. Most
of the time they seemed to be high up, but occasionally
one in its descent would come so near us that we
felt impelled to dodge. When we left at 9:15 P.M. it
was nearly perfectly dark but they were still humming.
I think there were several of them. We heard from
night birds and heard others.
April 17. Clear with S. W. wind, light in the early morning, blowing fresh all the afternoon.

I came here yesterday with Mr. George H. Mackay reaching the hotel at West Island opposite the point at 11 A.M. There was no sight of bird during the afternoon but Skidbake and Old Squaws occasionally passed this point and we saw a few Cormorants (Shelps?) also.

We rose this morning at 4 A.M. and after a hurried breakfast started out. As we rowed down the channel between the islands we could see Ducks swimming about in every direction most of them Old Squaws & Skidbakes.

Outside there was a heavy break running but the wind was light & the seas glassy.

I took the same berth & anchoring threw out any decoys, twelve in number. Mackay took a station outside about 150 yds. off. My first shot was at a small bunch of Old Squaws from which I dropped a female. The raft at Butter billed Coast one dropping with a broken wing & dying. I did not go after it.

I then killed in succession three females one of each species, missing a fourth. After this I fixed a dozen or fifteen hens without getting a bird. Only two came really within good range but this made little difference probably for I found it impossible to accustom myself to the motion of the boat. The birds were 6 to 8 ft. high and as the boat bucked in the hollows I often could not see the land. Mackay did much better.
Then I got a glimpse of birds, eight Geese, and two Old Squaws. He had at least three of them to my one, however.

There was a fairly large flight of Geese about 1000 passing between 5 and 9 A.M.
Of them probably 700 were silent Geese, two hundred Black Geese and the balance Surf Geese. A good many straggling birds came from the S. but by far the greater number of all the large flocks came from the West. He could see them several miles away. They flew usually in a long line at right angles to their course & at a height of from three or four to forty yards. As a rule they passed our decoys without apparently noticing them but occasionally one or two would have a quick & malevolent eye.

Old Squaw & Sheldrake flies in considerable numbers. He also saw several Geese, Cormorants, Horned Grebes, and Red-throated Loons, a good many Steller's Eider Common Loons, one Murre, one Black Grebe, and a pair of Harpy Eiders. The latter came within range that of W. who wounded the drake, a young bird, badly.

At about 9:30 the wind rose and we came in to breakfast. During the remainder of the day, the sea was too rough for us to go out.

No field Sparrows or Blackbirds, but many other land birds. The island reminds one strongly of Ston Island at the Isles of Shoals.
Apr. 16. Slightly cloudy in early morning, clear the rest of day. Bright air from N. for an hour after sunrise, then N. W. to 2 P. M., changing to S. W.

Rose at 4 A. M. and got off at about the same time as yesterday going to the same place but of changing stations I taking the outside bulks.

The sun rose just as we emerged from the gap looking like a large somewhat circular block of red-hot metal lying on the rim of the horizon. The sea was a dull lead-gray, a slight swell.

Old squaws and 'shelducks flying in small numbers but all apparently 'trades.' A few 'trading' Cost, mostly Pouter Bills, also passed and at one time a few flocks, apparently 'trading' birds went by to the eastward. From the first hour, it was pretty evident that we should get our shooting and by seven o'clock there were to flocks birds enough that we gave it up and came in.

I had only one shot, at a fine adult and Surf Scoter which dropped in over the bulks. I fired both barrels and he went down in a flat, striking the water to near me. That I put in another shell and finished him before casting off from my swanage.

I got two shots one at a Black Scoter, the other at a Surf Scoter. Both birds flew several hundred yards & dropped dead. Both were perfect specimens.

The last shooting interesting. The morning

have some 'hunted' 'trades' in the gals

and a 'kittie' which just as soon flitting
out alighted against the mast of a big boat. The mast had been just greased and the poor bird, still down it at least six inches backwards, then gave it up and flew to the mast of another boat where he perched a firm foothold and clung until we were out of sight.

He spent an interesting forenoon on the Chatham side of Pringle Rock on the north side of the island. Saw a few Gulls & an occasional Common gull passing. A fine adult soon soared and suddenly came to the surface below us about 300 yds. off with a flounder fully 6 inches long by 5 in. wide. He spent five or six minutes working at his prize in order, apparently, to get him in proper condition to swallow. He would pitch him vigorously in his bill then drop him and strike him a number of cheap blows in quick succession when the fish landed he had to drive for him. Finally he stretched his neck up pointing his bill straight up and with one or two vigorous gulps swallowed the fish. A Horned Gull in fine weather came directly under us diving repeatedly. He could see him diving for ten feet or more under water, he looked like a fish but I could see his wings flap. The water was green & probably 12 ft. deep. The bird went down about this angle.

A Brown Crexene spent the day on the island alighting on and striking running up the face of big boulders crumbling into examining in the whole but finding most of the time on the bank on the side of an earthy bank. It looked about equally like a brown

...
April 19

Dear Miss Smith: The same as yesterday but W. W. instead of N. E. in the early morning.

The conditions were too unfavorable at daybreak that we did not make one and we lay abed until 8 A.M. During the day a few flocks of crows passed at wide intervals all going due east but there was at no time a sufficient heavy flight to tempt us to go out and we spent the entire day on the island. During the morning we lay on the sunny and sheltered side of High Rock for nearly three hours talking and enjoying the fine view. There were few birds flying but a dozen Old Squaws were fishing off the Hopper and several Horned Grebes in their snowy crested plumage swam and dived beneath us at intervals. One came to the surface with a fish about 4 in. long by an inch wide. He treated it very much as the Bonae did the flounder yesterday biting & pecking it for ten minutes over losing & dining after it, and finally pointing his bill straight upward & swallowing it. Two Old Squaws also came beneath us & down once then discovered us and flew off showing a white stripe on each side of the neck separated by a dark central stripe.

A Creep, probably the same bird seen yesterday, was again hooting about on the lawn. He also made a number of
Villages after small flying objects from the
top of a shed.
A Robin, a Flicker, two Spparrow
completed the list of birds seen on the island,
but a Peper. Haber. Bailey too it, through
the glass we could see a don in moon shap
sitting on Dog Rocks.

In the afternoon I tried to shoot a
Horned Greed off the Brass, but he eluded
me for some time. Finally I got a shot
at 50 yds., but he down apparently before
the shot reached him and did not
appear again.
April 20

Clear and warm. Wind S.W. in morning, S.W. by S. in afternoon, my light all day.

The rose at 7 A.M. and after one usual light breakfast of coffee, egg & bread started out rowing to the stations off East Island. I took the oyster boat.

My first shot was at some Butter-bills which passed me from behind. I killed my first without my second bird. Shortly after this I killed a White-wing which flew a long distance and fell outside of our boat. I brought it to me and our boats were lying side by side when a pair of Butter-bills passed within good range. I killed the first, a X, and wounded the other, a B, so badly that I would not fire at it until it was nearly out of range thinking it would surely fall, but it kept on out of range. There was a very heavy flight of Geese this morning and the killed one just after leaving our boat swam to his decoys. It came one him low down offering a very easy shot.

My last shot while lying outside was at a bunch of White-wings which passed within 30 yds. Two fell to the first barrel and one to the second, all three so hard hit that I got them without having to shoot any of them once, indeed two of them were perfectly dead when I reached them. I missed a few long shots and our fair one the latter at a few "block" Old Gruen that failed in to my decoys. There was a moderate flight of Geese by all three officers for about two hours after horizon.

He took up the decoys and started in at 8 A.M. As we were rowing through the
narrow channel between the islands a flock of about 15 Old Squaws was abroad and becoming " działal " heated part of several times doubling & turning like Eels. I shot down two males but got only one in indif- ferent bird in changing plumage. The one which escaped was in full summer dress, apparently. I also shot down one which got away.

We spent the forenoon sitting on the lower side of the high Rock. I took my gun in hopes of getting a shot at a Horned Grebe, but after a while fell asleep. At length Mackay awakened me by reaching over me for the 20 gun with which he instantly shot a Grebe that was swimming beneath us. It drifted out but I got a boat and following behind it I then smoked about among the islands seeing many Old Squaws some in fair summer plumage.

Early in the afternoon we started out again and took stations off the high Rock, Mackay lying outside. Beyond him were two other boats. There was a moderate flight of foot during the afternoon but they did not give us much shooting, the greater number passing outside. I shot down three with one barrel of the 20 gun. Becoming two of them a fair pair of Surf Scoters, the third bird escaping by diving. Just before this Mackay fired both barrels at a pair of Ducks which came from the westward, missing both. The next instant they passed me at long range and I shot down one but did not fire at the other resuming my remaining barrel. for the Cook which was nearing upon me. I then heard Mr. O'donohue "thing riders" and going to my boat found it to be a 2 of that species. It looked very large & light colored. It was clear & skimming as I fired at it. One hit not the other
April 21.
Blustery and warm. Wind N. to S. W., blowing hard after 10 A.M.

Got off at one usual time taking positions off the High Rock where we shot yesterday afternoon. I lay inside, marked birds, and beyond him two boats containing local men. It was evident from the time we left the land that this was to be the height of the season thus far for all the conditions were favorable and the birds came thick and fast averaging, at times, at least one flock every two or three minutes. The flocks were much larger too than those we have hitherto seen. At least twenty-five percent were White-wing, the remaining twenty-five percent equally divided between Bitter-bills and Skeal Seals. We also saw two flocks of Brant containing fifteen or twenty birds each.

Me changed guns just before beating and I used Mr. 12 gauge during the entire morning. I made very poor work with it getting only four birds out of twenty or more fished, one was a B. White-wing, two Bitter-bills, and the fourth a Skeal. The latter a beautiful fellow with glossy black plumage and richly painted bill.

The foul was very thin to-day and but few came within really good range while still none took any notice of the decoys. Indeed the largest bay (seven birds) was made by a man lying with the hounds behind who had no shot. During the first hour most of the birds passed outside the outer boat. I accordingly changed my position
to the extreme other breast but gained nothing by this for the birds at first kept still further out and then began to pass inside of all the boats. Soon in the morning I returned to my first station but the flight was about over and I got only one more. Back there, there was a heavy ground north running all the morning but the wind was light. The birds nearly all dropped the Newport alum clump and kept up with us to the mouth of Houston then they broke down directly towards us in a straight course for the end of West Island. Some one in the line of boats was sexually to be there long before they reached us and as soon as work was passed every man lay down in his boat. The long line of dark specks approached with wonderful speed and as quickly passed and by right to the eastward. At least nine-tenths of the flock got by without receiving a shot from any one. It was first hope, then doubt, finally disappointment in the vast majority of cases but the interest was well kept up.

Mackay and I left the Island at 11.41 and drove to Houston in time to get the 3:20 train for Boston. We saw Cass birds, Wood Ducks, Red-winged, Grass Finchers and Busy sparrows along the road. Also a sight October and a few Blue birds.
April 17, 1870,  Seconnett Point, R. I.

Merula migratoria
Cathartes aura.
Melospiza melodia
Spatulus auratus
Hylocoolumbaries
Bombyca branata
Harleia glacialis
Sonatoria spectabilis
Oedemia americana.
Melanitta velutina.
Pelanetta perspicillata
Margus seralis
Phalacrocorax dolichus
Sula bassana
darius glauces
" smithsonianus
Podiceps cornulius
Stygymbus tigrinus
" septentrionalis
Uria grylle
Semia brunneic.
Eudymus podiceps
1890
Water Fowl killed at Seconnet Point, Rhode Island

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>April</th>
<th>17</th>
<th>18</th>
<th>20</th>
<th>21</th>
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</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Surf Scoter</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Black</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>2</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>White</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>3</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Old Squaw</td>
<td>1</td>
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<tr>
<td>King Eider</td>
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Killed by Geo. H. Mackay

| Surf Scoter | 1  | 1  |    |    | 3 |
| Black       | 5  | 1  | 1  |    | 7 |
| White       | 2  | 1  | 1  |    | 4 |
| Old Squaw   |    |    |    |    | 1 |
| Loon        |    |    |    |    | 1 |
| Horned Grebe |    |    |    |    | 1 |

18
April 23

[Cambridge, Mass.]

1870

Warm with S to S W wind. Sun rising by 6:30. The
true shining nearly most of the day through a hazy
horizon, becoming cloudy but with the young moon peeping
out occasionally.

To the brooks with Bolles this morning to hear
the Swipes drum. We started at 6 and drove to
the lower brooks where the carriage left us. As
we walked in foot Pond Road we heard Redwings
and Robins singing. A few Thrashers (2, comos)
lying about. The Sparrows lying in sun willow,
appearing go good kind after them.

Reaching the place where the Swipes was heard
on the 15 we walked down. The cart path nearly
to Duck Island. The sun had set and twilight
was gathering fast but we wanted several minutes
before hearing a Swipe. Finally to the eastward
one began humming. He soon came over us and
we made him out at once, about 100 yds. up,
lying in a huge circle away now and then
dipping down on a glinting alderine and making
a short listless humming. Finally he swooped in
real earnest and disappeared against a dark
cloud.

Jason and Foley who had before this hailed
us from the Mass. Central track now joined
us. He soon saw the Swipe again. He came directly
over us and then shot off on a long, straight
descent towards the west descending fully
lost in as many yards and going like a
bullet, finally turning sharply upwards again
and giving a prolonged humming. After this
Bolles said there is that kind but seen 7
the rest of us could catch get our eyes on him. He seemed standing after this but soon began again and was heard at it when we left at 6 P.M., the night then being dark & cloudy.

A little after house a few sparrows sang several times near us. Swamp Sparrows were in full song all over the meadows and some sang in song, heard Night Herons and Saw Crows flying in and out of the meadows near Rock Island. I often thought he heard a Fox-Howl. He and Berry saw a Hooded Grebe fly from Port Pond as they passed it on their way in.

Curiously enough we heard only one bird the entire evening. This bird was a Canada Thrush calling cutta at frequent intervals in the meadows just north of the Maple Swamp at about 8.15 P.M. as we passed on our way to East Cambridge.
May 2

Clear and cool with bracing N. to N.W. wind.

Off with Batchelder for the whole day starting at 8.30 a.m. and getting back at 5.30 P.M.

We went after thrushes and wild flowers for transplanting and did not attempt to look for birds but as our way led up through the swamps and over the Belmont hills by Prospect St. to the "Hilltop" we saw and heard a number of species.

Yesterday was very warm (48°) and a Yellow Warbler appeared in our garden. Several were singing in the Fresh Pond swamps as we passed this morning. In the same place we heard two Least Flycatchers and two small or two Meadow Warblers (sennes) then batter in the bushy swamp opposite Batchelder.

Over the brook meadows just east of Belmont a Sparrow Hawk was gliding. It must be a settled bird I think.

Along Prospect St. we heard two Brown Thrashers, several Muistetta veria, a single Dr. Mine and numerous Field Sparrows besides those on the Grass Finches.

On Rock Meadow were Red wings in the usual numbers, Swamp Sparrows, Long Sparrows and a Meadow Bunting. A few White-bellied and Barn Swallows (about ten or four of each) and two Chimney Swifts were flying about a stone barn over carving and circling about a field on the hill side beyond the meadow.

It was as much as we managed then or any other day short evening. There was an acre or two
of cultivated land which must have offered
them some special attraction.

During the drive home word late in the
afternoon we saw about a dozen White Arctic
swallows accompanied by two or three
swifts flying over the lawn behind
Block's.

Vegetation is rather far advanced, but perhaps
not much ahead of that of average seasons.
Shrub bush is on the point of flowering but
we saw no blossoms actually out. Cowslips
are in bloom, blackberries, raspberry bushes, privet
and some of the other earlier shrubs-
covered with small leaves. A cherry tree in my
garden opened its first flowers April 28th.
May 3

A clear rather cool day with warm sun, evening cloudy with very strong S.W. wind, a nearly full moon occasionally showing distinctly.

Met Faxon near Hill's Crossing by appointment at 6:15 P.M. and spent the evening with him walking down to Moss Cambridge where I took the 8.30 train for Porter's Station.

At the crossing I saw a small Falcon which I believe to have been & sportive although I could not make out its color as it was between me and the setting sun, hovering over the meadow, the wind and alternately flapping its wings and hanging suspended. It finally rose high into the air and banded off before the strong wind, going like a bullet.

As I walked down the track I could hear numerous Rails, both Carolina and Virginia, in the Pond Pond Marsh. A Meadow lark was wheezing in the distance and a few Robins and Red wings singing.

Joining Faxon near the Bridge over the Spy Pond Branch we went together to Bidwell's, where we took a station on the N. side of the big pond on the edge of the meadow between the top of the hill and the marsh marsh opposite. We hoped to hear a Sora drum but none appeared although we hoped until it was nearly dark.

There was a single Crow in the marsh marsh opposite and while we were watching him a pair of Wood Ducks rose straight up among the trees showing distinctly against
the bright sky in the west as they crossed the open meadows going towards Port Pond. A
crowd of ducks another started and hurried
came directly over us. I am very sure it was a drake. It followed the others and
doubtless also went to Port Pond.

At twilight defied the swamp Sparrows sang freely on all sides in spite of the cold
wind. One mounted into the air near us
and flew on wing.

When it was nearly dark we started back.
is was a perfect madness of

At night we heard a perfect melody
of Rail voices, all Carolinas and all singing
the same song at once in the
Pond and in the woods and at least three
others on the open meadows to the north.
All very steadily but the centre of most of
them located the full sweet tone heard later
in the lesson. It started a MoorHawk near
the outlet of the Pond hearing its
squawk distinctly a number of times but
failing to see it in the gloom.

Walking down the fish brook tracts we heard
a Carolina Rail in the meadows just north
of Waistie's but soon to the eastward of this.
Hyla latrans in full chorus to-night
all over the meadows. No other frog
voices and no treats
May 7

Clear and cool with chilly N to N E wind.

Starting at 8:30 A.M. I drove to the
Waverly place in Waltham. Left the road at
the old barn and climbing the hills descended
into the valley beyond and doubled up things
the rains coming out on the cross road
where George met me with the buggy. He
then drove home by way of the "Willows."

Birds were rather numerous but there were
few new comers. It was a poor singing day
morning, probably to the chilly wind, but
Brown Thrashers, Black-throated Green Warblers,
Black and White Champions and a few other species
were in good voice. I heard two Pine Warblers
on the hill behind the Waverly place and
two Nashville Warblers in the same, Blackburn-Water
Warblers were also singing feebly. Commonly enough
I heard only one Field Sparrow and Grass Femurs
were singing all the forenoon. Saw a 8
Black and Yellow Warbler and a Red-eyed Vireo,
better silent. The Black and Yellow was among
cedars on the edge of one of the rains. Both birds
were rather numerous and Owen Birds exceedingly
so and singing feebly. The Thrashers were
the most conspicuous and many of the
singing birds throughout the country bordering
the rains. I heard them constantly, often
two or three at once. Probably most of
them are migrants. In the drain house
heard a Bobwhite in full song in the rain.
Meadows Barks are very numerous this year.
I heard four different birds this morning
one on the Payson place, one in the meadow

east of the House place, the other two on
Rock meadows.

Met Payson in the House rooms. He found
one the first when he heard a Woodcock
sing in April at intervals between the 2nd and
26th. After the latter date he visited the
place several evenings but heard nothing.
Then one two birds singing one evening.
I searched all the runs for Woodcock but could
find neither the birds nor their signs. I
was inclined to think that the individuals
I observed were migratory.

Vegetation has advanced but little since
the 2nd. The high bush is now in full bloom
and the berries, barberry bushes and jettis
are green with young leaves but the woods
as a rule show little foliage. Columbines,
violets, scillas, violets, violets and on early
Romans in flowers. Vanessa antipax is
the only butterfly at all numerous as yet.
Clear and warm. Wind S. W., a pleasant, soft breeze all day.

To the Fresh Pond from this morning, about 9 o'clock, driving to Alkmaar Brook and walking home. Within five minutes of my buggy had driven off and before I entered the swamp at all, I heard as I stood on the causeway over the brook nineteen different Species of Birds as follows: Sylviinae fulva, one;
Genius monobarus, two; Engraidna minimus, two; Calidris
one; D. rustica, four; M. melodia, five; M. solitaria, one;
Syringa tricolor, one; Plectrocanthus candidus, one; Emberizas
one; Butterides virescens, one; Porsana carolinia, one; Bico
flavifrons, one; D. melodia, one; Cothlypis tricolor, one;
Rallus virginiensis, one; Chthlyctes sudetta, one; Agelaius
Phoenicineus, one, and Hydrochelis hudsonica, one.

To this list I added during the forenoon, D. striata,
D. coronata, and Hydrochelis virescens and Elyria viridiss.
besides of course, additional individuals of some of
the Species above enumerated. Although evidently there
was no very heavy flight on the ground, there was
a fair showing of migrants, and a large representation
of such summer residents as found congenial homes
in these swamps. Of the former class the Water Thrush
were the most numerous and, I was hardly, out of
hearing of one or more of them. Of the Cattle class
Yellow Warblers and Swamp Sparrows took the lead.
The Crossbills (true Birds) were flying low over the
trees.

The maples were still nearly bare, but the willows cast
a thin shade and showed very green. The undergrowth
of hickory bush, viburnum etc. was far advanced in
blooming. The grass in the meadows was cut to about
the height of the back of one out of bloom and
I noticed no flowers except a few violets.

I passed a very delightful forest, shooting a few birds and finding in the meadows between the Maple Swamp and the Fitchburg R. R. a nest of some five Swamp Sparrows with eggs. Of course I looked for them — indeed spent an hour or more searching closely — but they were absurdly easy to find for all but one were in bundles of dry grass of last year's growth and their bundles were not numerous enough to make it at all difficult to suspect them all.

I did not cross the main Fitchburg track. But after beating the north meadows turned back through the Maple Swamp and thence home by way of the Brickyard Swamp. In the tall maples I started a brown Night Heron and found a Flicker's nest in which the bird comes at work attracted my attention by its hammering as I was brushing heartily past. I waited, onely, until my patience was exhausted for the bird to come to the nest with a load of chips of which great numbers littered the ground beneath but he went on pounding inside until I snapped on the twigs when he came out in great haste.

In the Brickyard Swamp I heard Yellow Warblers, Maryland Yellow Thrushes, Red-Wings, a Cat-bird, Song Sparrows (no Song) and one Virginia Rail. There was no less than four Scarlet Flycatchers in the big willows at the eastern end of this Swamp. Atoms were numerous all over the Swamp, feeding on the ground. The Prints showed how much

volesTHUDDN TROM eNOBR 89011.
1890
May 15

Cloudy with almost no wind. Began raining at 10 a.m. and continued with occasional short intermissions during the entire day.

At Concord by 9 A.M.; Train into Faysville. Got any boat at the Mansion and at once started down river. From birds than usual in the Mansion orchard—a pair of white-bellied swallows, a beast of prey, several robins and an oriole; two, no bluebirds or warblers. Bobolinks and meadowlarks flying in the meadows across the river and redwings along the banks. A phalarope at the bridge.

On our way down to the meadows started three solitary sandpipers and as many gulls. Hen birds in pairs floating about the bottom bushes and willows. Bobolinks on every side in a few swallows, an osprey high in air; flying down river, at the second reach above thistle pond a night heron, and a black skimmer the latter diving in the top of a tall maple.

It began to rain just as we reached thistle pond and in a few minutes it became a pouring storm. Evidently we were in for a wet day but we kept on to Ball's Hill. Just below Ball's Hill heard an Irish who inhabited the same belt of pine maps in 1866 and 1887. Recognized him at once by the rapid pitch of tone of his voice.

At Ball's Hill landed and walked about for an hour on more in the drooping woods. Once when the rain held up for a bit, the birds began to sing and hear heard Red eyes, a thrush a brown thrush and numerous cat birds.

Black & white Cranes, Maryland Yellow Herons etc.
A Meadow Park also came from a distance
and alighting on the top of an oak in the
woods being divinity for several minutes. Then
the rain came down again.

After eating lunch we decided to return to
Farm, saw and heard many birds on the
way but nothing of particular interest. We heard
only one Rail (a Carolina) all day and, my
unaccountably, no Bobbins although we flushed
one of the latter from the shore at Battle Hill.

There were few robins on the meadows,
considering the heat, for there, vegetative conditions
are certainly not the best. Thirty
The majority White Bobbin & Barnes with a few
Barns and Birds. No martins seen in hand.

Late in the afternoon as we were walking
up Monument Peak in the rain we heard
a Wood Thrush in full song in some estate
home in front of Mr. Bang's house.

Vegetation is in a curious condition now;
all the trees, both early and late, seem to be
at precisely the same stage. The leaves on
the oaks, chestnuts, walnuts, and ash trees being
nearly or quite as far advanced as those of the
Bridges, willows, and poplars. The woods are
very beautiful in coloring showing the greatest
variety of hues, light tender greens and salmon
pinks predominating. The grass in the meadows is
already mainly or quite a foot tall.
May 16

A most beautiful morning. The sky cloudless and by a pale, tender blue, the wind S.W. and very light—a most delicious, bearing the scent of immortelle flowers.

There were roses blossoming at 8.30 A.M., flowering
most of the afternoon in the woods and driving back by way of Rock Meadow in train for dinner at 1 P.M.

From Rock Meadow to the Warren place we passed through a succession of apple orchards, heavy with blossoms, and green fields sprinkled with dandelions and buttercups. Pecos, Bechtel, Mendenhall, Yellow Mountains, and Mears in the orchards and shade trees along the streets. Bobolink, Meadowlarks, and thrushes in the meadows, all singing as if they would start their little throat. The air fragrant with the odor of apple blossoms and lilacs.

In the cedar grove in the hill behind the Warren place, I found just two migrants: a D. phaetusa and a D. maculosa; in the great valley north to the Seneca road to the north of this hill I found two more, a Parula and a D. maculosa; in the dense cedar groves on the high ground north of the valley I found two more D. maculosa, while I heard a fifth maculosa singing in the nearby thistles as we passed the Payson place. There was all the migrants except a White-throated in the valley which I saw during the day. Payson, whom I met near the

Commonwealth the other day, had seen a D. backhousei, two D. cincinna, two D. maculosa, and his Syntometra canadensis in Warren and a Bobolink near the

side of the road by the post road. This was the most perfect morning of the season for such a perfect morning at the height of migration.
Time is certainly a keen slumber. When can the northern birds be?

The country is now well filled with numerous residents. In those scenes behind the Marshes, here Red-sharts, Red-capped Finches, Wilson's Thrushes, Cat Birds & such common birds were numerous. I also heard two Toucans and three Frigate Birds but not a single Golden-shouldered Warbler. Nashville Warblers were most numerous. I heard only one Swaying but saw two mixed, a pair which seemed to be hunting for a good nesting site.

Two Red-shouldered Hawks were circling over the woods, high in air, screaming incessantly. Saw a Hummingbird (my first this year) perching in front of a large Cedar apple "blossom", evidently favored by its singular composition. There were nine Thrashers then on the 7 1/2, when I last visited this ground. Beat one Field Sparrow four Gros Finches; also Purple Martins warbling high overhead. Two roads trailing on the edge of a pond. Constant noted Warblers a score.

The Willows were only a few Long Sparrows, Yellow Warblers & Red warps. Bobolinks singing all over the meadow. During my return drive to day I heard fourteen different songs of Thrush species.

The Short-billed Marsh Wrens have returned to Rock Meadows. Have heard six different birds there in one day this week and from this morning. There was a Britain Grisly in April but he has not been heard this month. A few Carolina & Virginia Rails but no Marsh Warbler this year. The Pointed Dice on the bank length. As many Red-warps as usual.

Jack-rin-Thrush supplemented by Columbines in full bloom. What pedata past its prime.
1890
May 17

Clear and cool with light S. to S. E. wind.

To the Fresh Pond brook at 8:30 A.M., entering the Maple Swamp at Alwood Bridge and after spending two hours there, crossing the Fitchburg and finishing the morning in the meadows beyond.

Birds very numerous today, a good sprinkling of emigrants. At daybreak I heard a D. maculosa bringing in the chink in front of my windows and as I drove up Sparks St. on the way to the swamp, I heard another, as well as a P. palustris in D. Hayman's windows. In the Maple Swamp I found four D. maculosa, two Sylvaria fuscella, one S. canadensis and at least ten or twelve Water Thrushes, all of them except the Canada Warbler, singing freely. Equally clearly emigrants were a D. pensylvanicus and then Minstrella virens seen in this swamp while I think there were more than the summer greens by September, many of which I noted here in this light. In the meadows south of the Fitchburg I saw a Fortinaria albicilla a fair adult bird which started up in a thicket and after looking at me a moment flew down to the ground again.

My Kiekie was at home again to-day. This time the bird, there was no sound of hammering but the came to the summit of her burrow when I slapped on the slab, looked at me curiously a moment, then quietly drew back.

Seeing a number of Brown Crickets flying about near Merson Pool I determined to investigate the place. The water round nearly one any low wading boat, but I got in far enough to find
and examined one nest. It was built in the fork of a leaning alder only about 1 foot above the water and contained two eggs. There were about half dozen of birds in this place & doubtful then on four more nests.

After having eight or nine birds in the Marshy Swamp I entered the North Meadow and visited the Marshy Swamp Spatrons nests left on the 13th. They had been robbed, one held four eggs, the third had a Sassy Spatrons in possession, I saw a Marshy Spatrons near the latter on the 13th & the nest was typical in position & construction but the eggs at the time, looked to me like Sassy Spatrons & I left them for further proof of identity. I left the rest of four Spatrons to day because they were not furnished in any way but took a new nest with a box of five beautifully marked eggs in the meadows where the Fitchbury.

In this meadow I heard a Carolina and two Virginia Rails. This encouraged me to look for Rails nests generally & Virginia Rails in particular but I could find none although I spent an hour or more and searched many likely places.

The red maples in these bogsumps are very backward for the season. In no place to day did they cast any perceptible shade and their leaves are as yet not much larger than the sprout on Brownie's car.

A few Swallows of these species (hawaium, bastard hawaium) flying over the meadows but no Swatts seen. Found a Redstarts nest nearly finished & a Sassy Spatrons with half fledged young. Drove back in time for dinner at 7:20.
May 18

Clear and cool. Wind S.E. changing to S.W. at sunset.

To the Fresh Pond grounds with T. M. Chapman at 6.40.

Exitured by the wood road, walking the east side of the Pond.

Barely or eight blackbirds flying about in the brush.

Opposite backer's evidently nesting there, the blue edge of

The bog east of Pont Pond, a Carolina Parck varying.

Passed within a few yards of him but could not see

him although he was in a narrow strip of thin, short

grass between us and the water. Several others

were uttering the "whistling" at frequent intervals.

Crossing the brook we took a station on the fieldling

R. R. tracks north of the brook, having the broadest

part of the cat-tail belt between us and Pont Pond.

The south wind brought sounds distinctly to our

ears from their cat-tails and on the course of the

brook or more which interwound between our arrival and

the setting in of complete darkness we heard many

interesting birds.

Just after reaching our station, we saw a Wood Duck

rise from Pont Pond and fly out over the west meadow

finally alighting in Alworp Brook. Later two more

came in to the pond, humming low down past us

from the direction of Back Island. Two March Worms

(Haustis) were singing steadily in the cat-tails near

the railroad; Red-winged and Swamp Sparrows on

all sides of us.

We had Scarce taken our stand when the

mysterious bird heard last June in the meadow

south of the Mass. Central tracks entered the same

prolonged. Cockees-like outcry near the outlet of

Pont Pond. Scarcely had its notes died away when
The hen's clucking was repeated at brief intervals and the bird which made it evidently moved its position fifty yards or more during our stay. It varied its call considerably and several times, after clucking, uttered the clucking sound which Chapman identified as the voice of the Florida Gallinule. He was entirely at a loss to pronounce on the identity of the hen. Like voices, but we all thought that at times it bore a resemblance to the male of that species. The clucking came from the marsh, and the bird was always near us, within fifty yards. Chapman identified it as the voice of the Florida Gallinule. Perhaps it is the honk of the

Soon after our arrival I heard the coo, coo, coo-hoo of a Bearded Titmouse. This was repeated many times, and finally the bird flew from the cat-tails and flew about 100 yards, like a Heron, giving us a good view of him. Just after sunset, a Night-Hawk appeared over the swamp, flying high. In the twilight, later, a Wilson's Snipe flew from the cat-tails and circled around as going off towards Buck Island, scaring the birds. The Night-Hawk came into the swamps at dusk. A solitary Sandpiper kept wading high in the swamps.

After dark we walked along the Central trail to Alafia Brook, then the Twelve Mile, then the Sandpiper, all calling. We saw no butts at all. The next morning we went to the Twelve Mile, but saw no birds.
May 19

Morning cloudy, clearing by 10 a.m. Remainder of day sunny with scudding clouds. Wind S.W., soft, very

off with Chapman at 8 a.m. for a day's excursion

inland. We drove up past the Warren place and

then took the back roads to Lincoln past the

Sweetwater spring church. Made our first stop on

the north side of Prospect Hill where we tied the

horse and followed a wood path that wound up

the northwest side of the hill making two

jumps down into narrow, deep glens. A good

many birds here including thrush, song sparrows,

two Hooded Merganser (both males singing), a Bicknell's

Thrush, a Canadian Warbler, a Red-eyed Bird &

the second number of Red-eyed, Chipping Sparrow (Anistothly)

eal. I shot the Canadian Warbler and rounded the

Bicknell's Thrush badly but lost the Chipping Sparrow

as we came out at the road on our return. Found

a flock of 8 or 9 Cedar Waxwings feeding

in an oak nearly 60 yards away.

We drove 4 or 5 miles before stopping again

being a small bridge, which we both felt was

the Monon branch near the spot where the

road passes the great boulder. Near from

the brook where I tossed found a nest of

a Great Horned Owl years ago. Canvas birds

don numerous long when along this road.

In the picturesque wooded hollow just below

cast of) the cemetery in Dineen w. halted

for lunch. There were several interesting birds

here, a Brown Bovidae calling large overhead,

a pair of Pheasants, a Female Chicken on four eggs in
it rest under an overhanging granit bank, a

pour spawned sitting on a nest which was

placed in a grassy bank directly over the brook,

a black-shoulder Warbler singing in the she, and

in the distance tanagers, grosbeaks and two

frood Thrushes.

From here we took the cross road to the

sunrise reaching which we turned eastward

toward again and then through the bush through

at the east end saw a Bush Croaker and a

pair of Bilecines. The latter circling high in our

distance. At the west end heard and finally

saw a Golden-winged Warbler which was moving

sage brdubs on a hillside. Chapman tried to

shoot them but failed.

Came home by way of the Swamp and

Prospect St. Stopping in the Letter to visit the deep

glen and again at the cold spring by the Cam.

During the day we saw a great numbers of

common summer birds but actually only those

which were certain, migrants, there being two

Canadian and one Black-shoulder Warbler such

a parent of northern. Round Speckle on a warm

day at this date is certainly inspiring.

Vegetation is not advancing rapidly and

some of the trees in the woods are in full

leaf. Wild geraniums, columbines, bluebells, blue

clothe cherry and pips are abounding in bloom,

Barberry blossoms nearly out.

Botanists seems to be unusually numerous this

season. It must have been in March, at least

three different makes to-day.

Reached home at 6.30 P.M.
May 21

Clear and cool. Wind S E. B. W. at sunset. Scheemaker to

became warmer.

The second article for this entry is the first three

words of the 6th paragraph for this entry: and just

Yourley. He had been on the ground the

whole afternoon and had found a place near the
top of the hill on the western side of the hump

from which one can command the entire length

of the broad ditch which separates the cat-tail bog

from the flooded meadow hump; sitting down here and

keeping very still for two or three hours he had had

no less than four sights at a Florida Gallinule

which crossed the ditch into the woods and back again

always at the same point, sometimes it was directly

across, at other times full along by the way or climbed

off a little island where it sat for some time watching

and planning itself. He had it chance like the Mayland

bird and also made several of the humps which we

heard on this night of the 18th.

But Yourley told me as we were walking

down the track toward the hill, the leading the

hill we found the Gallinule out in the meadows

of the ditch but he saw us and soon to come

at once to a spot but a fleeting glimpse at

his waving head and neck and cocked up tail

with its white under coat. He swam over half

an hour but he did not reappear. I heard him

and at least one other at frequent intervals making

various calls in the cat-tail and later in the

evening we heard still another on the bog behind
The middle yard, lorry, and Idaan heard the sound from birds Monday night.

As the twilight deepened two Wood Ducks shimmied past us and dropped into West Pond. I got the glass on one of them and saw that it was a fine drake. The other also looked like a drake but I did not get a really good sight at him. Ten minutes later two, which may have been the same, came from the eastward and also dropped into the pond. A ruffled Quail from a farm came in. Before dinner a Grass Hawk shimmied low over the swamp. The Cat Tails were thin with haws as usual and when one called there would be taken up by half a dozen others in quick succession.

I started for home at 7.30 walking down to Alkrips Brook where George met me with the buggy. On the way heard two birds calling cutty, one in the big meadow by the line house, Backyard, the other in the bushy brook between the brick in house on West Pond and the swamp. As I was passing the swimming place on Glaciers several Night Hawks began rattling their brown quakes in the Maple Swamp and one circled out over me.

High Note; Wood Ducks, Killdeers, Sparrow Hawk, Virginia and Carolina Rails / what a list of birds to see in one short home in Swamps intersected with railroads, brick and dotted with brick yards, slaughter houses etc., and within less than a mile of the center of a city of fifty thousand inhabitants.

It is no less strange that these birds are still...
A day in the Black Pond brook

May 22

Clouds.

At 3:30 a.m. Newton following me came later with basket, fox-box, camera, waxing tissues, etc. On reaching the brook, found the snow unclosed in the gully on the bank on the west side where I suspect it had last coming. We had heard the Gallinules a few times but had not been seen. Soon after I joined, have, one of them flown across the ditch into the flooded maple swamp. We tried to be in it there but it deserted us and flew back into the cat-tail 7 willow bog. After Newton came another canoe and spent fifteen minutes or more standing on an island in the middle of the ditch, first sitting most enigmatically, then Johnny itself, finally swimming back into the brook. Both as Newton & I were eating lunch, this another bird came out there times in half an hour, calling again. In the afternoon I saw our bird several times and once two together.

At 10 a.m. I put on my wading trousers and entered the brook, keeping around that portion which the Gallinules haunt and swimming the remainder closely for Reed’s nests. I was much surprised to find five nests of Vir. Reed’s, with broods of young and their nests with egg shells from which young had lately escaped. I also found twelve empty nests which contained no trace of shells. Some looked perfectly new and very neat, others disarranged. All were in the tops of twigs. The Reed’s with young were very noisy and bold following me about.

For a long time I found only two nests with eggs, both Blackbirds. Finally as I was going before a Carolina had darted out of a clump of tall grass and swept off one
The floating vegetation with wings half-spread & trailing. Of course, I knew either that recent and previous into the pond.

I saw the nest which contained 14 eggs, one on top of the others. Water when I returned with a camera to photograph this nest the eggs all lay in a single tin.

There were a good many Red-winged in this brook, a few brown-spotted, Spotted, common Rails by both species, and our Marsh Murre Goose, the Gallinule. Of the Cattail I heard at least them. They kept rather quiet while I was floating about and crossing through the dry cat-tails.

A Green Heron flies into from the maple brook where I heard a Black-bellied and Water Thrush singing. Gradually flying about continually, Swallows and a pair of Kingfishers.

In the afternoon a Spotted Hare who caused great excitement among the Red-wings.

After lunch I crossed the railroad and made a long trek in the big meadow near by the Central. Heard Carolina Rails and saw a pair of Va. Rails which evidently had young. Found my rails nest, apparently a beginning, in willows clerical with grass & built up above the water. Heard a Gallinule where the "big mystery" called last June. One Heard Men live in cat-tails.

Beyond the railroad and tried the bog between the bridge and the Fitchburg. A terrible Mosser, with tremendous galing, bottom & rolling with fitles from the slaughter house. Found a Carolina Rails nest with shells of eggs that had evidently been bitten when fresh. Coming out I started a Va. Rail from her nest in a tussock on the very edge of the bog. I could reach it with sharpened stick. The eggs. Boss them but left the nest as I wish to get the tussock with it, later.

Denton left in the morning and went home. I joined

Fenton and after being a Gallinule from the marsh and more in planted the going to Boston, the Field by train.
May 23

June and rest with saw of to wind.

To the dressing at I till, rest alone and about noon or

of the afternoon in hunting for nests. June with the

fresh gums were living between the tree branches and

the talpine were found a nest of the Norway gum with

two eggs, a nest of a Black Wattle with five eggs, and a

Marginal Wattle. June with this egg. In another

visited the little rectangular pond in the meadow where

we used to catch fish. N. was a boy. One evening

order is now a piece of such thing a mere sea

and water in an open sand prairie, as I arose, a

turner's funnel was winnowing in the bucket, and a

ground hog in the grass and on the side of the

place.

The Marsh wren which I visited and guided me

a little except a Yellow Warbler's nest and that I

found somewhere ago situated. Today I had a nest

of our egg. The wren's nest was not yet been found

of the rear. Probably, as it was not cut down and

hard the more searching was. In the morrow also

always whose heard in Black footed分子 and

and another; then, with a Marshella small wren, which

therein cannot be further. There, were all the original

I could find. Of summer residents there was about

rainy Hale, two mixing (two mixing), two Starks, three Starks,

two pairs of Cat birds, two Dyke's Sedge Warbler, a pair

of Breeders, a pair of Yellow Warbler. Wrong was in

Red eyes and about the usual number of Arctic

Red wings, and Yellow Warblers. The last are undoubtedly

the most numerous birds in this group. There are

no Audubon, apparently, in any part of this auspex.
me some existence for eight or ten years.

I watched long in the further moment for the
nest of the Horn-atwed Robins, both of which
clicked at me anxiously, but I found only two
or three Robin's nests which I did not examine and a
Cat-bird with four eggs.

Next took the meadow to the north and reached Catbird
for the nest of a Carolina Rail which I have heard
three several times this spring. In less than half an
hour I looked the bird from a thistle nest, underfoot
and peeping the grass looked in on a fine lot of 12 eggs.
Stook them but left the nest nest which I mean to get hatched
and all.

Crossing the Higgshurkn tracks I entered the meadow beyond
A Carolina Rail calling eee, and the catbird singing
from the same spot, at first I thought one bird made
both sounds but afterwads there seemed to be two birds in
a cluster of willows. Finally the eee came from a
cluster of willows out in the open meadow. I approached
and sent up a Carolina Rail.

On the old embankment which crosses the meadow I
was a Carolina Rail. He came out into the path and
being we made a long bight run straight down the path
The large meadows north of this embankment I
found another Carolina Rail's nest. It was in a tussock
which was one of those growing close together and surrounded
by open water. Bird slipped off her feet ahead and
swam across the open water carrying her tail pointed
straight up. Twenty eggs.

Having all my boxes filled to overflowing I started
for home, walking all the way. A glowing sunset, the
ocean cool and still. Many birds singing. Enjoyed the
walk exceedingly.

After spending the day in Boston I took the 4 P M. train for Hills Crossing. At the last I saw Faxon and some one whom I had not known standing together on the edge of the cattails and upon walking back down the track I found this8 to be Dr. Clark of Hanover, he and Faxon had been the Gallinules at the usual place in the ditches and were now looking at some Virginia Rails which evidently had sprung. They went back with me to the ditches and after waiting for a few minutes a Gallinule came out and bathed standing precisely in the spot where he has stood on very previous occasion. Faxon and Clark thought him (or her) less brilliant than the birds they had been earlier in the afternoon.

Dr. Clark left us at 5 o'clock, but Faxon waited another half hour with me. For a long time no sentinel was heard. The Gallinules then there was suddenly a great outcry and flashing among the bushes and out came two birds, the leading bird evidently a male, bowing gracefully with tail depressed, the other a hen, in best pursuit, thrashing the water with his wings in his eagerness to entice her. As with open bill he at length darted his head forward to seize her, evidently as an enemy designs, the雌鸟 him by suddenly dodging, he then turned around in his breast lines in a semicircle, his tail erect, his frontal plate blazing like a red hot coal, and apparently much inflated although 8 of us could not realize it. After a while they separated the female to the bushes the 8 climbing up on his favorite position and standing them for some time.
During this pursuit, the (unremembered) uttered a cry which
we had not heard before. It was different from the
cry of the other birds, and much less noisy to drag their breasts.

From left to right, when I walked over to the
Central trails and cast around among the underbrush.
Nothing of interest in those woods led me to the
Beck Pond. In the pond at dusk and fly off to the
Beck Island Swamp where he pitched down among
the reeds.

A Marsh Wren (I believe) once was seemed to be the
only bird in the swamp. But he was making
enough noise for a dozen birds listening attentively and
very now and then mounting and flying on easy.
While listening to him, I suddenly heard a song near
him; a loud, exceedingly musical tweeter, not one not one not one
the first not portrayed and higher than the others
which were all in the same key. This song was repeated
three or four times at short intervals. It resembled somewhat
one of the bars of the song of Bachman’s Wren. The bird
was among the cat-tails very near the Marsh Wren.
I expected the latter to be the author of this
Though song and also thought of Bachman’s Wren
about the only small bird found in eastern U. S. Which
I have not heard song.

Birds roost in full chorus to sing for the first
And the frogs in full chorus to sing for the first
turn, also Green Frogs, and trucks at this term
Holes. Mosquitoes swarmed us incessantly for
the first time this season.

 Took the 7:01 train for Cambridge.
Elms and maples with birchwood, the 3. wind which has been
is universal at late.

To the swamp with Pabman at 10 a. m. driving
up in a couple and returning the same way at 11. m.
Although all the conditions seemed favorable it
proved a foner day for birds and in bow or
broad but few. On reaching the swamp in took
the usual stand at the ditch and spent the
morning there waiting for the Gallinule but
only one appeared and he was directly across
under over the bushes on the island. He
heard them call only there times in all. On
the way back heard a Gallinule call once in the
top east of the causeway.

Our ill success was doubtless due partly to the
Ducks bustling
appearance of a boy and two men who stayed
with us most of the morning talking and moving
about. One of the men was on the edge of
this swamp for three years. He has a large poultry
yard on the hill west of the pond. He told us
that has been breeds of young Wood Ducks in the
swamp both of the past two summers. Last year
there was a breed of young Black-winged Teal there.
They associated with the tame ducks and came
ashore to be fed with them. He impressed me as
being a truthful person and he was certainly
unusually intelligent and observant. He has an
occasional snipe in the swamp and there an
uncommonable musk ratt. Of the latter one 530 were
caught by the trappers of his acquaintance last autumn
and winter. His son, a boy of home of eight years of age,
claims to have found a Wood Ducks nest with ten eggs last year, in a hollow root on the edge of Port Pond. The Wood Ducks old or young, never associate with his tame ducks. Last year there was only one brood of young Wood Ducks in the brood and but three young in this brood. The muskrat destroy many eggs. They will steal the eggs from under a sitting duck by digging up from beneath. Eight eggs were taken them from one of his ducks and he found them all in a muskrat burrow from broken & included, others which, but throwing marks of the rats' teeth.

This man assured us that four or five pairs now, about one this whole swamp region, as nearly every family from one, was done with muskrat every week or two. He thinks the swamps will be drained within a year or two. This will abate the muskrat swampy and reclaim a vast tract of rich farming lands but where shall we go to study Rails and

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May 26

Fondly with chill, wind, and occasional slender rain.

Met Raynor by appointment at B.B.'s, R.R. station in Boston, return on take the 9 A.M. train for Oak Island returning by 3:55 P.M. train.

In entering the oak grove which shades the pre-me grounds we found numerous Yellow Warblers, a Parakeet, and a Black-throated Green are well might known by the chance of the curious English Sparrows which were nesting not only under the leaves of the tamarisk planted trees, but also in brushy cuttings, high up in the forks of the oaks where there large globular shaped nests were conspicuous objects.

Beyond the Eastern R.R. tracks, in the as yet virgin forest, we discovered many fruits of the many rare and curious plants which grow in such profusion under the shade of the oaks, maples and oaks. Here, there or few if any Spaniards, but an extraordinary number of Yellow Warblers, several Redstarts, Robins, Maryland Yellow Thrushes, Oven Birds, Wilson's Thrush, Long Sparrows, another Nova Warbler and a Black-throat or two, a Blue-throat, a Red-eye, a Wilson's Black-capped Red-eyed Tit and a Towhee Grackle, and along the edges of the road, a few Red-wings. I have railed on this region, here so many small birds crowded into a little space and as nearly all of them were singing, the noise they made was really confounding. How many of them were emigrants, I cannot tell. We found several nests of Yellow Warblers with four eggs and a Robin's Song Sparrow with young.

After spending nearly an hour in these woods watching and listening to the birds and examining the leaves, plants, blossoms of the various things, looking plants which, in many places, formed dense beds of vegetation, we started out for the marshes in pursuit of Sharp-tails and Elkhorn.
readers. Of the latter we both heard one calling a "Master short trapping caw which I did not recognize and promised us another, a large bird flapping high and whistling like a crow in thought. Not a single fellowly on the marsh not even a Peep dummy all day.

The found our "sharp-tails" common, and in that abundance for in counted up at least twenty distinct birds at the end of the day and doubtless saw fully twenty-five in all. We that ten from four and I six. All of them as well as all the he saw sufficiently well to identify were turdipes. Three was one gray bird which looked different from the others and which may have been Turdus, but we did not get a very good view of him.

My notes on our experience with "sharp-tails" are as fully expressed elsewhere that I need enter nothing further on the subject here. I lost one wounded bird in a ditch and rounded another bird. It was exciting short chasing them about along the winding

curves.

The marshes were very green and in places nearly as smooth and perfect as a closely mowed lawn. Along the ditches and was fine a 5-scored "keep-up" last year's growth.

As in any "swamp" in the barn at little Island in suns than "hunting" balls, all gray birds, from one the sea. On the great marshes there are besides the "sharp-tails" a few "savanna shrews" (bunting), two or three "cross", and occasional "swallows" wandering about.
May 18

A hunt for Rallid nests in Fitch Pond Swamps.

Cambridge, Massachusetts,

May 18, 1890

Sunny, clear. Afternoon alternately cloudy and clear with frequent
showers and thin, west wind.

To the swamp with Francis at 8 A.M., one object being to
find a Rallid nest or two if possible. Began on branch by entering
the meadows No. 6 of the Fitch Pond and No. 7 of Almira Brook. The heavy rain
of yesterday had raised the water at least four inches and we
found it knee-deep in some and waist deep in the ditches.

In the first bit of meadows I started a food quack from a post
among cat-tails and found a bit of wings nest with young. In
the big meadows beyond the first broad ditch Francis started a
beastfeather in the extensive bed of cat-tails when we heard
the Gallinule last year. He also found a nest of the Swamp Hens,
which contained several Carolina Rals calling but we could not get near
them. Crossed the Central R., and tried the meadows bordering both Rives.

Several Rals have here, I thought. And I had a nest, which
was dented out of the top of a tussock directly under my head,
as I was hessting the grass with my hand but the tussock
contained no egg. At a few yards further on in the
top of another tussock I found a bright egg of a Carolina Ral
in rich or even under water. Francis broke this egg and
found it perfectly fresh.

There were at least three Marsh Wrens (Hilaudun) hanging
in the meadows and I found a "colder" nest, say wax and
fresh looking. There was one near last June.

It now began raining heavily and we started back eastward,
on our way, the meadows west of the brook. In a bed of
cat-tails Francis found a Carolina Ralid nest with fourteen
eggs, the nest in the top of a tussock within 100 yds. of the
place where I took the bit of thirteen eggs on the 13th.

He started two Virginia Rails in their meadows as well
as a Green Heron which flies from the bank of the brook.
under a large willow. At this time Mary came out of the
Mahan house as we were passing the Konming Lake
on Glazebrook, and after we crossed the Lake, I heard
a colliwale fly out, apparently in the marsh on the West
side of the Lake.

There were a few egrets, black and Barn Rallows and
quite a number of Barn Rallows flying near these
marshes to-day.
May 27

in day with much determination and met a fine end.

Starting at 8:30 a.m. I drove to Prospect St. boat left me at
the cedar woods where the road ends and returning at three o'clock in
the same near the place.

My route was through the cedar woods, past the first school, over
the barberry pasture on the hill past 8:30 of Abingdon Heights. down into
the head of the back woods then down these woods over the round road
from to the farm on Prospect St., across Prospect St., through the
down green to the Concord turnpike.

I spent most of the morning searching the barberry pasture for shining
Prairie Blackbird nests and with much success I found nine nests
in all, 4, 4, 5, and 4 eggs respectively, all fresh on many bits. The first nest
was on a beehive in the barberry pasture 3/4th of the last section, my
nest at the foot of the slope beyond, my third near the pond on
Prospect St., and east the goods from where I found two nests (a
first record elsewhere on June 4, 1878, my fourth nearly one to the
turnpike when Dwight took a nest last year). The barberry bushes
were in full bloom to day searching, as on many previous
occasions, the best time for full lots of fresh eggs of 

Throughout the country I binned during my walk

Shining-tailed Blackbirds were much more numerous than in former years
and I heard no Mocking Bird. With the exception of these
was heard all the characteristic birds of this region along with

to their seasonal number and for all their usual

Plains I have ever found them here before. My actual count
I heard Rippling from Nashville Blackbird and five Brown Thrushes.
Both by these birds as well as several others more particularly
numbered in the lovely near the head of the Creek.

I heard only a single Wakefield in the wood near the

town on Prospect St. for the first time I found a great number of which echoed us in waking a few more have now been heard.
in a succession of plumes. I looked carefully for the
nest but could not find it.

The woods are now nearly-but not quite-in full
bloom. Columbines are full in bloom but past their prime. Wildpinks
are full bloom about ledges and in crevices of boulders in the
fern patches showing in fine contrast to the gray stones.

In Mrs. Markle's woods I found two Cat-birds
(1 or 2 crows) an Oven-bird (3 fresh eggs), a Chestnut-sided Warbler
and a few tiny birds.

There were a few migrants about today. Before breakfast
this morning I heard and saw a fine B. encounter
in a cherry tree in my garden and near the head of the
brick stairs I found a Black jill, a Carolina Wren (that)
and a B. encounter, all together in a hawthorn and all
hopping. I also found and killed a B. encounter in
the apple bushes in an old orchard.
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<th>63. Synthra canadensis</th>
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| 11 | Synthra canadensis | Passerella previa      | Synthra canadensis     |
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| 30 | Passerella previa | Passerella previa      | Synthra canadensis     |
| 31 | Passerella previa | Passerella previa      | Synthra canadensis     |
May 30

Fair and cold with beautiful varying cloud effects and occasional
sheet of sunshine. Wind light and shifting in A. M. Strong’s study
from S. W. all the afternoon.

At 10 a. m. started from Concord with Stephen in my Boston
boat. While getting our things in place I heard in the grounds
about or near the Manse the following birds singing: Scarlet tanager,
Baltimore oriole, D. vireo, D. carolinense, Blue jay, mockingbird,
Sparrow thrush, Red-winged blackbird, Bronze-winged parakeet,
Towhee, nightingale, Lark bunting, Yellow-rumped, Pyrrhuloxia
continuus, Carolina wren, Conopidornis minimus and Chrysomanetes junius.

The last a single individual which alighted on the edge of the water to drink.

In the pines at Mr. Hoar’s landing a few Grouches were flying about.

A Mr. Watrous sitting in an isolated chest of oaks & hickories
on the edge of Burns Hill opposite Mr. Jocelyn’s place.

At Edward’s Cliffs we landed and photographed a Robin sitting
on her nest in a low pines. D. Thrasher singing in wild apple tree.

A Parrot singing in the pines across the river.

At Martha’s Point we landed and landed with Bread and

Wilderness. A Parrot nest, with young nearly large enough to fly, on
the face of the cliffs near the spring. A pair of Red-tailed Hawks
teening on the pines on Deer Cliff.

Little above Deer Bridge we heard a cow grazing, and also

with a peculiar deep in sounds intermingling, coming at regular
intervals from the grass on the flooded meadows. In fishing to
the place we could find nothing but a 5 Red-winged Blackbird.
He did not suspect him at first but after he had changed
fronting a few times, taking the bell-cast to each one place
we became convinced that he was really the author of
the sound. It was evidently his song for the entire no time.

On reaching the ponding meadows we found them all
under water and among the channel of the creek, sheltered
Frank's course for the Hayland Bridge, making the entire distance under sail close-hauled, with a good breeze.

As the boat dashed through the tops of the tall grasses and water-plants, it disturbed immense numbers of game, among which I took to be pheasants and tree-squirrels, and which arranged us to crowding one on another, faced forward, so that, when we could brush them off, we started a pair of wood-ducks about mid-way of the meadows and heard a pair of muskrat rats uttering their peculiar sounds.

Marsh-house began to be heard, as we passed the first bridge and continued in increasing numbers through the meadows beyond the second bridge to the town. Red-wing was seen the entire distance from Concord making possibly, to the high plain and water. We heard no robins until after passing the first Hayland Bridge and no rails at all.

But above the first bridge we landed and tried at three houses to get accommodations for the night. Unsucce

Continuing on nor reaching the upper bridge at sunset. As in round it an immense flock of Cedar Birds came from an orchard to the S. and1 making high as air went off to the N. in a greatthrashing body. Which covered an area of fully an acre. I counted eighty and did not get them all at that.

We arranged to spend the night at Mr. Bullock's new house near the Bridge in a small commandery front room of the court.

Water butterflies in full shown along the entire course of the river in places forming solid beds of gold.
May 31

A bright day, clouds 80 nearly by from 8 A.M. to 11 A.M., with
strong frequent W. wind all the afternoon.

I was awakened soon after day-break by a twitter which
buried in the meadows below the house at frequent intervals,
for nearly two hours after morning. The tinkling of Meadows'
scents, some also singing on every side. Besides these species we heard from
the pleasure while waiting for breakfast: Motacilla etops, Spotted
society, Passer, Contraera, Rucke, Crook, Anchorea, Gris, Isatis
depa, Magnolia, Anchorea, the four Swallows, better gathered,
Contraera minima, Psittacus, Contraera, Gris, Anchorea, and
Anchore in all twenty five species.

We started off river at 8 A.M., 8 A.M. was dead still and the sun shone
bright and warm from a blue without a cloud, the birds being
as if they were all made with joy or love. Red-winged were
abundant for we had passed the flatted meadows and there
was great quantities of bottom brush and patches of grass near
under water. Marsh Hens were common near a bank or two and
we heard one Short bill. Then the meadows ceased altogether
and after we had passed the entrance to Great Bend, the river
was confined in most places between high steep banks for the
most part heavily wooded. There were some beautiful little clays
trees overhanging narrow, straight reaches, broad pools with black
willows, a fine old stone arch bridge with an old carrying the
ties of its beams in the water. We heard the first Nashville
Warblers noted on the trip, and saw two Cooper's Hawks.

After passing the stone arch bridge, the river became very swift
and narrow, winding with a high wooded sedge on our left
and a fen meadows on our left. Soon 8 the
scenery here assembled that in the evening but was wider
and altogether finer. We found a large colony of Biack-bottom
nesting in a bank bank and took some photographs of these
At length the wild country came to an end and as we approached Exmouth we passed through semi-cultivated ground with patches of woods closed by undergrowth, a rustic bridge crossing the ruin and glimmer of houses and gardens that the town. Many birds flapping their nestles, flies (shining at the window) Nettles, grass and bees, along the banks, beds of wild geranium under the trees.

A glimmer of Exmouth with its factories and shops was enough and turning the boat we left the stream for a mile or two finally landing on the wooded bank and eating lunch under the shade of some hawthorns. A March March tea drinking about one the meadows here was the only one been during our entire trip.

After lunch we row back to Birds Head which we entered and crossed. After a rap in the boat under the shade of some trees where thousands of dragon flies had collected apparently to gain shelter from the strong wind, we put the boat into a brook through which we had been told we could paddle to West Brook.

It proved a hard task for the narrow channel although deep enough was impeded by a perfect tangled of bushes and grass vines, but at length we heard Marsh Muses singing ahead and soon emerged into West River meadows. Reaching the channel of this deep but tortuous stream we paddled up it to a distance of about three miles. During this distance I heard by actual count of fifteen Short Billed Marsh Muses. For the first mile they were side by side with ever more numerous Long Bills but after that the canopy grew closed and with its disappearance an Off The Song, kids behind. A big Bottom was fortunately in the meadows all the time we were there & we heard on least Bottom calling as we returned. Near the mouth of the brook we also heard a Florida Gallinule.
1870

May 30

Cloudless with strong S. W. wind yet warm—perhaps the warmest day thus far.

He started down river at 8.30. No tillers pumping and only our Carolina Rail which whistled in the brush below the railroad bridge. Photographed a King Bird next with eggs in Button bushes near water. Found a swimming turtle of the largest kind but very young and not larger than a small lamine floating on the surface in the middle of the river. He made no attempt to strike my hand and I took him into the boat.

Passed first along the town bridge and spent about two hours watching the Sandwich Colony and taking notes on the interesting social economy. The Orchard Oriole singing at frequent intervals in an orchard some distance from but within hearing of the tree where we left him May 20th. Sweet Fly-catcher and Warbling Vireo singing. Our Sandwich among the Swans.

Came to the big meadows again under sail. Found a Red-winged nest with one egg which the water just reached on the underside of the bottom of the nest being very wet.

Lunched under a meadow oak a little above Party Rock. Constant signal Warblers singing all along the wood edges. Two Yellow-billed Cardinals calling.

Resumed our way at 2 P.M. Kind my thoughts giving us some hard work but we had the current with us and occasionally used the sail for a short stretch. Our Red-wing with the bell nest in the same place where we saw him on the 30th.

A Red-tailed Hawk again soaring over Fowleham. The only bird, saved indeed during the entire trip, soaring in sample woods just below Minn-Amen Bridge. On the highway greatly admired opposite the French's farm a close drood. Martin's...
were congregated abiding in little clusters on the ground then whisking off again.

The Stanley Jone heard on the 30th again singing in the isolated clusters & colonies in a burnt hill. Reached the Moom at 4.30 P.M.

During the entire trip I did not hear or see a single Hood Thrush, Henslow’s Thrush or Yellow-winged Thrasher. Precipitation behind Swallows, Redwings, Red-wing, and

503 more than usual, were treated Grebes in exceptional abundance.
Clammy all day with N. E. wind and heavy thunder shown just after dark in the evening.

At 9:30 a.m. I was at Fayer's appointment at Boat Pond, went to hunt for the Gallinule's nest. Denton joining us later with a large basket, shade etc.

Fayer and I extended the search near the pond, and at once began a most thorough search taking every trouted, but of cut tails and dense thickets of willows and wild rose bushes in detail. At precisely 11:15 a.m., I found the nest. I found the nest in a place where I was not really looking for it. A spreading hemlock filled with bushes, bushes with no plague, bushes or other dense growth in near. I was passing the edge of the hemlock, when my eye was suddenly arrested by what seemed to be a floating mass of decaying cat tails, mingled among the stems of the bushes and from its light 'dead-leaf' color, very conspicuous in the dark water. Moving a step or two forward I saw the eggs, a great pile of them, it seemed, and indeed. There were about two dozen, at once pointed to Fayer who came up from the other side and standing a few feet apart with the nest between us we peered our eyes long and carefully on this great prize, the first nest of a Florida Gallinule ever taken in Massachusetts and the only one that either of us had ever seen in this. It was a great shame not to get a photograph of the nest and its contents, just as we found it, but as the day was dark and rainy I had left my Kodak at home and dared not risk making one of both eggs and nest in a storm where misunderstandings may occur on the watch for such tid bits. Accordingly I packed the eggs carefully and took the nest out in
a large basket, to which Dr. Putnum had awading me.

He saw few birds of interest this morning but a Spotted Hawk which passed over the woods until the Red-winged attacked and drove him off and a Beart Britton flushed by Foxen from a bed of cat-tails. The latter cannot be brought near.

He found many Red-winged nests with young and started out a few young which had left the nests and taken to the waters but none of the latter were really strong on the wing.

Late in the afternoon I drove to Wrenly and spent the evening with Foxen who had promised me a chance to hear a Gray-checkd Heron's wing. This bird had been for three days in early morning's late evening in a thicket near 9:30 hour. He disappointed us to see his leaving the thicket before we could get near but I heard his wing burst and at a distance of about 150yds. The song was wonderfully like the Durj's at that distance and his plum color almost identical with that.

I heard many other common birds but Foxen tells me that the singing of birds generally is declining fast. A Cat-bird near his house has almost ceased and he hears Mocking birds and Bobolinks much less frequently than he did a week ago.
June 6 Cloudy with S.E. wind and dull mist almost a fine rain into the day. In the evening a heavy thunder shower.

Met Hanson at Port Bird through by appointment at 8.30 P.M., our chief object being to look for the nest of the Black Bellied Plover which he flushed than yesterday. After about an hour's search we found it within 30 yards of where he had the bird and not 200 yards from the site of the Gallinule's nest. It was in a very open situation, in an isolated cluster of tall cat tails at the edge of a small pond. The nest could plainly from two points and one of the six blackish green eggs caught my eye from a distance of at least 15 yards. The eggs were warm but no sign of hatching of action of the birds, I took the eggs but left the nest in order to get a photograph of it in later, later.

As during yesterday's search we found a multitude number of Red-winged Blackbird nests in this swamp, these seemed to be in every few yards built almost 2 ft or more above the water in cat tails or bushes. Most of these contained young 6 or various ages and there were also many young out of the nests sitting on the tops of the bushes.

We heard several Virginia Rails which evidently had young called kii kii kii kii but only two gave the kii note. These seemed to be our Carolina Rails in this swamp within yesterday a to-day but a chorus of their whining notes came from the big end of the causeway as we passed. Heard only one kii to day & some yesterday.

Our Gallinule called from this afternoon within 30 yards of the site of her vanished nest do they are likely to breed again here.

While we were in this swamp the Snowy Hark which we have been so often this spring heard orchestraed clearly passed by the White bellied Swallows which are nesting in the Signal pole.
There were two Marsh Wrens sitting in the cat-tail as usual one of them giving his peculiar cat cat cat cat addition with great effect very frequently.

Green Herons flying about as we yesterday. A single Wood Duck

At 4 P.M. we left the Port Pond bridge at 4 P.M. and crossed to the big sandbars south of the cut-out when we

had on enticed them when a & beant Bittern rose about 200 yds. ahead and after flying some 60 yds. dropped into

the flags again. Here when they started I found a nest which had evidently been made by a Bittern Bittern but which apparently

was a last year's one. It was scarcely half the size of the

Port Pond one and was composed wholly of flags and placed only 8 to 10 inches above the water in an open situation

away about 50 yds. cat tails. It first attracted my eye at

fully 20 yds. distance.

Farms left me here and I went on about forty a

beautiful set of 5 eggs with the nest also a beauty of a

Red-winged Blackbird and finding another I all the very

perfectly new but empty water tucked, and, I fear, abandoned.

It was in the middle of a dense bed of tall cat-tails it was

supported by thin broken down stems as well, perhaps, as by its

own buoyancy for it seemed to be floating on the water. I

did not go my own at all but examined it closely.

In a hollow by Alump. Bittern a Wood River, the only one I

ever seen in the niceties this year, was uttering its

meaningful chuck, but, first Bittern. Professor Bee oil tell.

kept about the Navigation and dressed the rest of the Cat-tail

and found on the 24th 11 with 12 eggs. Taking two for all, a hard

tackles job. The young Bittern Bitterns in the next one this

heats were fully feathered & sprang from the nest as I touched them.

I took & killed two. Passed through the Maple Bittern but two

Yellow Bittern Bitterns & a pair of phalaropes. I only killed my two

Y
June 7. Early morning dark and threatening the clouds breaking away and the sun coming out at 10 a.m. Red & dry cedars & oaks with chant & c. owls.

Met Faxon by appointment on the 7.55 train at Boston and with him turned to the Danube Branch of the Eastern & barbecue and went to visit Danube where we entered the great swamp marshes.

As we passed through orchards interspersed with oak groves on our way from the station to the marsh we heard several Owls, a Warbling Wren, a Purple Finch, and numerous Sparrows and Robins. On the edge of the marsh a Bobolink and Meadow Bunting in a morning field and a Lark whistling in the distance.

On reaching the marsh we both heard a fragment of a song which I thought was that of a Sharp-tailed Finch and the next moment saw the bird certainly a Sharp-tail and apparently a Red-winged Blackbird. We flew a few rods alighting again on the edge of a creek. We beat the place carefully but could not find the bird again. From a few hundred yards farther on I started a very pale Blue-winged on the edge of a broad creek. This it of course, ceased without hesitation and then escaped. A third, however, which I came upon in my blunt gaze near the edge of a pool was very tame and easily located. He joined no others in this Danube Division of the marsh although so beat over an immense extent of excellent ground. There were a few Savannah Sparrows singing, perhaps one to every fifty acres.

Crossing the townships we traversed the marsh north of the river without seeing a bird of any kind except two or three Savannah Sparrows and some chippy Owls. As we were resting on the Eastern H.& R. embankment at the end of this stretch we heard what I am nearly sure was a Golden Plover. Golden Plover? It whistled like a turn hen and was evidently flying
high contrast but we could not discern it.

While crossing the railroad bridge we saw a very large deer
in mid-stream. It raised its head high out of water & then slowly
walked.

As we neared Oak Island a company, consisting of bird
enthusiasts
 arrived to our ears; the effect of the great swarms of birds. We
heard the shrill, being very impressionist, suggesting, as Payson
remarked, the but-bust of birds at daybreak. This attraction
was certainly possessed a remarkable bird fauna. An
evening dinner under the shade of the trees, I made the
following list. Tadorus marmoz, 1 & singing; Mergus migratorius, female;
Dendroica abeillei, about 68; Dictyola, 18; Stephanoenasilica, 3 88;
Unio limosus, small 88; Nyctidromus nudus, 3 88; Asterias balcinus, 18;
Agelastes roraeus, 3 88; Sphinctrus roraeus, 1 & night; Conopias cox, 1
singing; Passer domesticus, Hegues. Besides these two
Meredith Back,
could be heard in the distance. No birds & by Mr. Diller know.

Searching the marshes carefully to the westward of the island
we got another sharp bird which form that morning; they were on the
edge of a creek, it proved to be an interesting specimen, apparently
introduced between Caudanum & Heterogaster.

On our way back to Oak Island station we were luckily tempted
to investigate this attraction looking Sharp-tailed ground - a series of
small salt ponds bordered by narrow strips of blacked, dead grass in
a little wood, 8% of the Island. Scarcely had we entered this place
when a Sparrow flew from the tip of a stakes where it had been
sitting & pitched into the grass. Payson shot it and we found it
to be a typical Caudanum. In the course of a few hundred yards
further on started at least five more all of which were unmistakably
of the same form. They were smaller than the Heterogaster, plain
more fulvous & finer, and looked as dark as Javanic Sparrow. This
is probable. The place where Payson killed the birds was not out
of sight of

Returned to Boston by S. 57 P. M. train.
June 8

Sky without a cloud all day; air clear & sparkling; wind strong and cold from the N. N.

To Round Pond Swamp with Sphatan at 5 A. M. Taking our cameras and spending an hour or two photographing the Black-Brittle nest found on the 6th. I took up four blown eggs (a bit from behind) and placed them in the nest. After taking a number of views I cut off the supporting cat-tails at the water line and got the nest home in very good condition.

The Gallinules seemed to be very curious and kept quacking questions about the object of our visit. They heard them a great many times very near us always near the dead line. When we remained still for some time they would approach nearer (sometimes within 20 yards) giving the low note and short, rasping te. We did not get a sight at either of them. I think they are preparing another nest very near the line. We also heard one of the others from just east of the camomory as we passed through.

Virginia Rails were rather noisy this morning, vociferating the trip note. We heard one Carolina Whining but no bit.

Found a curious nest among cat-tails placed on the mud but built up four or five inches above the water and constructed entirely of dead, bleached cat-tails. It resembled a Gallinule in materials, construction and position but was not more than half as large. I think it must have been a Virginia Rail.

I put the Black-Brittle eggs in it and then photographed it.

I returned at 10:30 dinner back in a couple

Pine Swamp, Pomona, Mattapan & Ruggles

Off again at 11:30 A. M. dining to the Lyman place, then around Shannon’s Pond and home by way of the Willows.
It was a beautiful afternoon but too windy for birds to sing well or to be heard easily. Some out on Boblink and heard but one Meadowlark. A Green Heron on Rock Meadows ran from the roadside as we passed. Through the Follons a House Wren leaping on the Jos. Bud place just beyond Mt. Auburn Bridge.
June 10

Cloudless but slightly hazy; warm with S.W. wind.

Drove to Harvard this morning where I took 7.37 train for

Wayland with Faxon. On reaching our destination we found a horn colo

ny and happy and started off along the road to the home bridge. At

the last house before reaching the river we stopped to examine the

large colony of barn swallows — while Faxon has told me counted

96 nests on one side of barn, 25 on other. Home Swallows hanging

about alighting on the canoe just out one of the nests. The farmer says he

has been them full this morning from a nest & killed them. I shot a f

sparrow on the barn but he neglected.

Crossed the river & visited the smaller colony. Several birds in nest

gathering mud, 60 new nests. A loud whistling near the barn destroy

the last white mountain. Returned in vain for the Orchard Oats.

Continued on by road to the big pines. Found them all gone, an

unsightly woods but 7 thrushes remaining where the noble trees stood in 1847.

the large maples' takes opposite still standing & a greater number.

screaming over them.

Next to the Wayside Inn by devils, winding, many branching

roads. Named shining in maple boughs — a few thawks of home return.

A Carolina Starling cackled through the pines.

Burned under an elm in front of the Inn, a varied, picturesque

country around us, very many birds here. By chirping Swifts cursing

about the house, a pair of White-billed woodpeckers feeding young in a hole

under the elms, a Thrasher in full song behind the barn, a Redwinged Black

in elms, a Yellow-throated Vireo in boughs in pasture, a Redwing by the bank.

Then White-billed Nuthatch together in the old orchard.

After lunch drove to an Antonio woods (near the Wayside Station).

Heard chiefly a pair through, the two tall and fine with Ephraim and

luxuriant pines covering the moist ground. A few hardwoods and

hemlocks mixed with the pines, beech rising in wet tide to a

dry knoll crowned with smaller pines. Here we found several


Wayland and Sudbury, Mass.

Trip to Wayside Inn.
interesting birds; two Black-throated Finches singing in the tops of
the taller trees, where they do thus have nests; two Slaty Finches,
a Hummingbird in the shorter trees in the hollow; a Quantita
about 4 ounces; but insane. Found one of our pairs of Slaty
Slaty Finches, suspended at end of branch; spray 5 ft. above the ground and
containing four young about half grown; I stationed. Also found a
beautiful nest of the small birds with 4 eggs incubated and a nest of
White-breasted Nuthatch with 4 eggs for advanced. Did not molest any of
these nests. Mosquitoes very numerous and troublesome in this
region. Birds singing were: House Wren, Varied Thrush, Black-throated
Grosbeak, Blue jay, Yellow warbler, Cassin's Sparrow, Gnatcatcher, Uphill prinia,
( in the heat of the day just before, a most unusual place) and
Hepaticus sparrows.

Drove back to Washington early in the afternoon, stopping
there to listen for certain birds. Passed within 25 yrs. of the
Carolina Dove which were feeding in a field of newly grown oats
by the roadside. When we stopped a little beyond there 5
were five. Saw two (black and white) laying on about to lay their
This morning
egg in some fish pond which had been frozen over a week
during the rain. Examined one and found it fully planted
with eggs. and an inch in diameter. Earth in hole
with. One did not try to escape but was replaced. Returned to Hoped
position. As did not molest the others.

Grass Finches, Old Sparrows, Field Sparrows, Gull-billed, Chirp and
Black-throated Finches, Pine and Black-throated Wren, Wood Peewee,
Sassagrows, Great-tailed, Red-eyed, Marsh Wren, Yellow-throated Vireo, Robins
and some birds all singing late. Cat birds, Blue birds, Bluebirds, Peep
Finches, Meadow Bunting, Arbuckles, Red-winged, Pipers, Chipping
Sparrows, White's Thrushes, black's marsh, 23. 300 miles only
on Minuteman road and two Brown Pipers. Here Indivisibility.

in full song. Service in full bloom is abundant along roadsides.
Next to the 5. 60 train for Cambridge.
June 12. Cloudy with low-hanging clouds and dense mist all the morning, heavy rain in afternoon. Cool; wind N. E.

To Belmont meeting house by appointment at 9 a.m., at the Cheney Stock farm and spending two pleasant hours in his company wandering through the old orchards and cedar woods, finally coming out on Prospect St. when George was waiting for me with the horse & buggy.

The chief object of our trip was to find, if possible, the nest of a pair of Myiaschus cinerius, which I saw in the orchard just N. of the holding park on the 3d. The if the birds, presumably the 5th, was calling in a maple near The orchard when we reached it but we failed to discover the nest although we spent an hour looking in every promising hole & crevice.

During our walk we saw a host of many birds, including a Blue Jay & Starling, about 30 Wood Thrush singing in a maple through near Prospect St. The hives were all in old orchards. I also learned that one of their nests from which the 7 flies when we tapped on the trunk.

Birds of all kinds were singing very, very, thin, the usual summer. We heard at least six Grass Finches, four Indis, Birds, and four Chipping Sparrows. Heard them Yellow-billed Chickens but no Black-bills although we found a nest of the latter with the bird sitting. I did not disturb her.

This trip through old moss-grown orchards, some of the trees down with canopics of dark foliage, others half-dead with broken branches covered with moss carried me back to the days of my boyhood when I used to hunt for birds' eggs in such places until friends now
Scattered on dead. There were the same birds, too. Orioles, Cedar Birds, House Wrens, Bluebirds, King Birds, Chipping Sparrows, Robins, Thrushes, and the one unmentionable Wood Pecker returning its pair free-ever every minute or two. Over the close-cropped pasture outside, too a big Barn Swallow was whirring low over the turf, turning and returning, circling and recrossing the opening in endless sassy loops. From the distant woods a brownish thrush came the songs of Field Sparrows, Thrushes, Wrens, and Cat-birds. From the cedars the notes of the Black-throated Green Warbler, while the sweet plaintive, measured chant of the Grasshopper came softly from the busy pasture lands at regular intervals. The thick air and dropping grass and foliage aided the suggestion for which was the Saturday holiday to which the boys looked forward. Though the long walk was dark and wet. At last it seemed to me to-day as mournful music back over a quarter of a century to some happy days spent in the very same orchards among the descendants of the same birds.
June 13

Cloudy and cool with heavy rain and S. E. wind.

To Swampscott by 3.30 train meeting W. A. Jeffries at the station in Boston. On reaching Phillips Beach Station we drove directly to Mr. Jeffries' place where we changed our clothes and on "shoes", and started out into the woods. It light rain was falling and the bushes were dripping, of course, but we were well protected and suffered little inconvenience staying out until nearly seven o'clock and walking perhaps two miles.

Our way led down the avenue (where I showed me a Humming nest built on the branches of an elm, the bird darting about) across the road, through a cedar pasture and a piece of swampy maple woods where Wilson's Thrushes were singing, across a meadow and a second road to a large rocky hill crowned with thickets of barberry, privet, blueberry, etc., with a great hemlock thickly running wild bane places among these bushes, and in full blossom making a fine show with its procession of tubular forest red flowers.

There was small springy runs making their way down narrow ravines in the sides of this hill and in one of these runs a mound of high blueberry, barberry and privet mixed with green briar I saw my first Chats nest. We headed the 8 singing as we approached the place and after nearly an hour's search Jeffries found the nest with the bird sitting on two young about 4 from the bottom. He called to me but before I could get to him the 8 started off and began fluttering about us coming very near but keeping well hidden and making a peculiar and very disagreeable call somewhat like the mew of the Cat bird. The nest was near the middle of a dense thicket of privet but was built in a slender barberry bush at a height of about 4 ft. He examined it
carefully & then left it unobserved.
In this same pasture Zehri found a nest of Geese, infected with four eggs only slightly incubated which I took.
I heard our White-eyed Buzzard and our Prairie Warbler, both on my camp in here.
1840

June 14. Cloudy with occasional light showers, the clouds breaking away and the sun coming out for an hour or two in the afternoon.

Started off with Mr. Jeffries at 8 a.m. driving out about three miles to a place on the W. side of the railroad R.D.

Stopped first at a pretty glen with a brook flowing down the middle and steep slopes on either side covered with dense thickets of barberry bushes with cedars and junics crowning the crest of the encircling ridge. A path and this

bending in alders along the brook, a path among the

barberries on the bankside, a thicket of each shrub and

various common birds among the cedars. Within five minutes

after entering the thickets I found a Chat's nest, neatly

but new and neatly finished, in a barberry and not 20

yds. beyond, also in a barberry, a Yellow-billed Cuckoo's

containing five eggs in which the bird was sitting. I heard

nothing more here.

Driving on a half mile or so we entered a large tract

of open pastures. Thickly fruited with cedars and elstatis

of

barberries with a large brook winding its way down a

narrow valley. Rainbow Warblers, Yellow-crowned, and

Black-capped Warblers in about equal numbers ran here

springing on every side. Purple Finches and bobwhite Sparrows

with occasional Field Sparrows and numerous Song

Sparrows. Indigo Birds very common. A Bearded Titmouse

in maples near the brook, a rare bird in this region

according to Jeffries. Found a Yellow-billed Cuckoo nest with

two eggs in one of the Black-billed Sparrows, a Yellow-billed sitting

on the nest outside was quite fresh.

Near the head of the valley a large pasture sloped down to a maple Swamp in which the brook took its rise. The lower edge of this pasture had grown up to bushes (3
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Sewall, Massachusetts
Visit Lubber's and Ram Islands.

June 15
Cloudless, with clear blue sky, dark blue sea, and light N.E.
wind changing to fresh S.E. wind in East.

Started at 9 a.m. with J.A. and Mr. Jeffries in a cut-boat
for the islands off Marblehead. We had a long and
sitting tedious sail to windward, but finally reached
Ram Island when we landed. Found two or six plains
Spotted Sandpipers, several Song Sparrows, a Robin, and a
Field Sparrow. The last two were probably not breeding but
we saw young Song Sparrows flying about and found
a young Spotted Sandpiper about the grass islands in the dawn.

The latter was clinging in a crouching attitude to the face
of a rock with one foot stretched back, the toes pressed
against the rough surface. It allowed itself to be taken
up, without stirring in the least. John Jeffries thought
that it was in a catalpa leaf, but Mr. Jeffries and
I believed it to its protective gray coloring which
matched that of the rock very closely. The old "Nutters"
followed us closely during our circuit of the island, flying
from rock to rock and just eluding John's and mine.

First visited Lubber's Island. Found a few Song Sparrows
and Spotted Sandpipers, several Robins, and a S. Nashville
Warbler. The latter acted like a Sparrow taking short
flights and concealing itself in the grass until started
again. We could not make it out for some time and
fixed them flying about at it. After we commenced, was
exhausted (we had only the three boys) the bird flies
directly to us and alighted literally within two feet of
Mr. Jeffries, turning itself from side to side and erecting
the feathers of the crown to us to show the chestnut
check conspicuously as it sat on the top of a tall weed.
It was a remarkable episode for the bird instinctly had been
my eyes rising at 20 to 30 yds, and turn circling out of
The sea before realizitg. It seemed to become suddenly
aware that we were anxious to get a good view of it
and had no longer the means of doing it any
visiting.
Both Ram & Finch’s islands are wholly devoid of trees and
the only bird I saw in either was a cruise. Small
Koikus typically but grass and a breed here plant which
I did not recognize grows luxuriantly wherein there
and enough to support them. The absence of Savannah
sparrows from these islands strikes me as their
most curious feature. For Sandpipers are much less
numerous than formerly owing to the prevalence they suffer
at the hands of foxes & other who hand almost daily to
take all the eggs they can find. About ten years ago
the Jefferson took forty Sandpiper’s eggs in one day on
these islands.
On the way back we sailed close past Big Rocks. The
top of the larger rock was literally covered with Herring Gulls
I counted 72 and did not get nearly all. About 75% of
were gray birds, the others apparently in full adult dress.
Near the Gulls on a rook at the water edge but a
Brant Goose perusing its features, I had a good view of
through my glass at about 100 yds. It flew when
the Gulls rose and circled off over the ocean in the
direction of the bluffs. As two another birds flying high
which we took to be a gaster but could not make out.
After dinner walked down to Farmer’s Hotel. A large
Savannah Sparrow singing on the sand hills, a Bobwhite
in the unseeded field to the westward. Red wing in the
rushes about the pond. Robins running on the west bank
of the beach.
Revere Beach, Massachusetts

May 19

Dear and warm with pleasant W. breeze.

To Oak Island by P.A. U. train meeting Faron by appointment, went in the meadows where we found the Sharp-tailed Grouse last week, he coming across the meadows this evening about 5 p.m. On this way he saw only one Sharp-tailed, which he thought was hatched, but which he was unable to shoot.

I found a nest of 7 -conclusus within five minutes of leaving the car and before I entered the marsh. I was walking down the railroad, when the bird came flying past me and alighting on the edge of a post stuck in the marsh, but then flew back in the direction whence it had come and dropped into a narrow strip of grass between the railroad and the fence that bounds the marsh. I went to the post, flushed it underfoot and the nest instinct, but the nest partly concealed under some dry grass and raised few or big weeds above the ground. There were five eggs. I left them for Faron to be out at 4 P.M. when we returned two of them had hatched.

Faron found the second nest. He saw a bird alighting in the grass directly over it and then ordered P. to look for it. It held four eggs which seemed to be described & hatched. The third nest I found in the edge of a ditch raised four inches above the ground in a tuft of grass. There were four eggs. The bird was sitting on our second visit, but we had to go a third time and, after flushing her, chased her for some distance, before we could make her fly. The fourth nest containing five young well practiced and old enough to fly was betrayed by the parent bird which flew to it about once each minute with food in her beak, and then went back bearing the excrement back of the young. The latter made a pretty picture in the nest. Their feathers, as yellow as gold, their plumage already showing most of
the characteristic markings.

A fifth nest which I discovered on the edge of a
ditch held only one egg but another lay on the ground
outside. We also found two empty nests.

The great march of the day lying in the grass
watching the birds and listening to their odd songs
which are the faintest and fragile I know. I have
never heard carol antes this before.

Besides them Sharp-tails of which we went home
been 4 heard at least twice. This March contained
only a few S turnia sparrows but Barn Swallows
were chiming over at most of the time. We could have
a Meadow Bask in the distance.

Late in the afternoon we walked to Crescent Beach
looking on the way, the large marsh to the westward.
Here we found many S turnia Sparrows and for
a few Sharp-tails besides a few Red-wings and two
Meadow Baskers.

Late the 6th. train for Boston.
June 21

Cloudless but hazy with pale sun and hazy 5½ winds.

Met Faxon at Beverly at 7:25 A.M. (driving up from Cambridge) and went with him by train to Revere, Nahant where we hired a boat and rowed to the Stone Bridge just below Riverside returning to Nahant at noon and driving from their homes.

The official object of our trip was to search for a Ceticostus virgatus which Kennard found just below the Stone Bridge on June 16th, but we failed in this for the very good reason, as I learned afterwards, that Kennard had shot his bird yesterday. He told on the place where he had been, however, and watched and listened there for a half hour or more. It was a pretty little wood, surrounded by woods and graced with button bushes, with a flooded point separating it from the river.

He heard and saw a great number of common birds for the thickets along the river here to afford exceptionally good grounds. Cat birds were particularly numerous. He was decidedly the finest singer I have ever listened to. His voice was very shrill like and he did not indulge at all in the usual unmusical gurgles but sang steadily like a Robin in low, earnest tones.

While on the tip of Nahant town we heard twice what we both felt was the distant call of_ Anteos_ Grebling. Of course we at once followed the direction of the sound but the bird could not be found although the locality was just such as they used to frequent in this region.
JUne 22

Clear and warm with light N. to S. W. wind, a beautiful day.

Met Harvard by appointment at Riverside at 7 A.M. Taking a boat up round down stream to the lagoon where he shot the Prothonotary on the 20th and spent most of the morning looking for its nest. The wooded point, partially wooded, between the lagoon and main is in every way a typical breeding haunt and there were plenty of brick stumps, some with old Prothonotary holes, in which it might have nested but we failed to find the nest although we searched every hole and pulled down every stump that we could find. Probably the bird was a wanderer that had no nest or mate, but if so it is curious that he should have spent at least five days in one spot.

As on yesterday there was a great number of common birds singing everywhere along the near, Catbirds, Nuthatches, Chickadees, Woodpeckers, Robins, Starlings, Red-winged Blackbirds, etc.

Returned to Cambridge by 12:10 train.

While passing The Baldwin Armory in the cars on the Boston & Albany R. R. I saw a Sparrow Hawk perched on the salt marsh with 20 yds. of the train.
June 21. Cloudy with the sun dimming distinctly at intervals, a gray day with light S.W. wind and deliciously soft air.

Came to Falmouth last night and started by this morning in an open buggy with E. driving me to the West Falmouth marshes. Our way led for several miles through oak woods interspersed with open country in farm. In the country pasture gave up to blueberry and huckleberry bushes with occasional hemlock thickets. This expedition one of the most abundant thinks along the roadside. Wild roses in full bloom and apparently larger's depth in color than at home.

Birds about as numerous as in Middlesex County, but the relative numbers of the different species varying somewhat. Of course, Meadow Bunting, Sedge and Grass Finches singing in the fields, Red-wings about the woods, Meadowlarks, whippoorwill, Robin, Waterthrush (heard but not seen), chipping chickadee, and Yellow Warbler along the wood edge, tree kinds, the hard Red-eyed Vireos in the oak woods, Song Sparrows and Robin's company, some Grackles in a pond near in the town. Nothat Red-winged, Warbling or Yellow-throated Vireos or Grasshopper or any other my name could, I heard only People Martin's in the town and Beaconville but little mention of them in the town.

On reaching the salt marshes found Savannah Sparrows and Birds of the Red-winged along their edges, and in cover when they made back into the holes, but the middle of the marshes seemed wholly without passage birds of any species although there were numerous Ground and Chipping Sparrows which I reached in the woods, and in the woods, and in the woods.
of the neighboring sand hills. Robins also occurred at frequent
intervals on the marshes where they were running about
like flocks on the sand flats & borders of salt ponds.
We took a cart path which wound around the inner
edge of the sand dunes until we were stopped by an
inlet from the Bay. When a broad creek which drains
the marsh emptied into Basso Bay, there were
several flocks flying about this inlet so I left the cart
and began behind and crept forward under cover of
the sand hills until I reached the crest of a ridge
directly over the water. Here a most interesting scene awaited
me. On the opposite side of the inlet within long jetties
lay five Shelducks asleep on the sand by a right put
from the water.ulls were flying up and down the
channel, fishing, while others were congregated on a sand
spit that made out into the bay some two hundred
yards beyond the inlet. There were at least 35 or 40
in all of these interesting and beautiful birds of which
numbers considerably more than half were Roseate
Shelducks. From my elevated position I had a rare chance to watch
the fishing birds pass and repass and plunge into the
water for their prey and lay among the back bars
for more than an hour observing them and taking notes.
They saw me, of course, but after a little while became
so accustomed to my presence as to show no fear
or suspicion. The Shelducks did not sit in one for a
long time until, at length, two of them which had
taken to the water and worked up the creek, caught
sight of my boat & flew then there on the sand directly
following them.
We returned to town at 2 P.M.
Jan. 25 Clear with salt air heavy showers at 2 P.M. Afternoon still and
my warm.

Spent the morning writing, at 2.30 P.M. Started off with
C. driving first to Falmouth Heights, As we were passing
on a causeway where a creek empties into the sea I heard
what I took to be a gull. I tried to get a view, stopped
and listened but it was not repeated. At point of Wilson's
Jones came in from the sea and from two or our hands
going up the creek which broadened into a pond higher up.

Beyond the Heights we came to another similar but much
larger pond (perhaps 3/4 mile long by 3/4 mile wide) also connected
with the sea by a creek a few feet wide, evidently shallow
over most of its extent, surrounded by woods at its upper end
and bordered at its lower end by a narrow strip of marsh.

The general appearance of the pond etc. about the shores of
this pond suggested that of the salt ponds in our marshes
and the several kinds of grasses in the marsh were all
undoubtedly salt marsh species but on tasting the water in the
pond near its outlet I found it perfectly fresh. Doubtless,
evertheless, it is affected more or less by the high tides,
which must flow into the pond as the creek is less than 100
yards in length and has only a trifling fall.

This pond seemed to be a chosen gathering ground for
the Wilson's terns by 8 or 9 of which were constantly
flying or hovering over it their numbers varying as they
come and want to and from the sea. There were no
Barnacules and as nearly as I could make out with
my glass no Arctic Terns among them.

After watching the terns awhile I entered the marsh
to look for Sharp-tailed Sandpipers. Within less than ten
minutes and in going not over 200 yards following a narrow
line of sunlit day, traced dead grass and living green grass
which stretched around the outer edge of the marsh. I found
three nests with 4, 5, and 4 eggs respectively. All three birds
were sitting. The first flushed at 10 yds. the second under foot
while I saw the third on the nestcoming her neck out I
inconic. to the rest, this last nest might have been
found by looking for it without reference to the bird but the
other two were too well concealed to be detected by the blunt
eye. Casually enough, I suddenly saw one dead my sharp look,
except three that sitting females, in this marsh. There
was a few Iornors jacos and one a lopwing.

Returning to the buggy, after taking all three nests with
their contents, we went down across country to the Beebe's
woods where we walked the bos for several miles through
a succession of winding, heavily shaded wood paths. The
growth was almost wholly of oaks, white, yellow and black, with
occasional pines (Pinus) growing brightly in a group of
limited extent. Heard Red eyes, Oxen Birds, and oh, more
'sor'or's, Frohes (in remarkable numbers) a Brown Thrush, Cat birds,
and Maryland Yellow Thrush besides those Plant Thrushes
and four Black Thrushes. Walking, the cotingas
Jutch jumes. Saw a Yellow-billed Cuckoo in the way here
a then coast. As our return heard a Rumba and a
'Beast Flycatcher' singing in blaze directly on the main
street & fallin' to near the post office.

After the took a walk through the fields beyond the
Horsed. Saw Finches, House Sparrows and White Birds
abundant and singing happily (I mean the two latter forms)
mostly often heard. Was identified by hearing the jumeo,
the mysterious bird we christened the Peter last
year. He was in a meadow just beyond the woods &
was clearly up to the time I went to sleep. So I could
see him as I lay in bed with the window open.

At 10 A.M. donned my wading boots and went to the "Kickers" little marsh behind the flowers to look for the "Kickers" on his nest. I could find no bird of any kind in the marsh but near the west where the mysterious voice came this evening I came upon a curiously nest which I believe to be that of a Little Black Rail. It is carefully described in my notes under "Pigeon's Nest." I will not repeat myself here but by saying that it was in a very open place and resembled somewhat the crum of an old straw hat with the opening down for it was completely closed on with a small curtain on one side. Two or three, which were unobtrusive companions of my search, ransacked the marsh first thoroughly without starting any birds whatso-

In the afternoon I went out to the beach. I walked along the beach with a seatwock and a moor along the shore and followed the beach ridge. Inside the beach is a belt of grass or blackshank formed by marshes a varying character. One of the larger has extensive beds of salt marsh grass in which Red-winged were breeding in great numbers and a single American White-throated sparrow. There were also some Snow Geese in small numbers about the edges of these marshes and along the sandy hills that formed the beach ridge.

I listened in vain for Sharp Tails at several prominent places. Since I thought I heard a "Kicker" in the distance.

I saw two Red-throated Divers and a Night Heron. The latter plying light on the water. Deep Sparrows...
were numerical and in full key when the sun's Thistles of bayberry bushes among the sand hills. From the fields and pastures inland beyond the marshes came the distant voices of bare sandbars, meadow banks and waves, than the whistling wind.

Once bare I released our steps and over the Downs heights and beyond, I was now dark on rotten moonlight. Then we entered the pond when I found the thing. Last Saturday, a couple of days earlier, I could have区别 last proof (the catechism of charlatans) swords (Catho found?) and near trades: see also the latter in the friends.

Reaching the house at 5 Bolt, I put on my long boots and went to the Marsh behind the Amstel, the headland. This Marsh where dollars are clear, without water in

The river. There is a place good: the cool festival, more the only one, to be not less to which in the top of the trees and the clear sky. The clear sky.

The sun was down. The tree looks. The sun was down. Because of the moon and clear. As at time: On the place at first, to very much, to clear. When did it wake up, and clear to the moon, on the sun, how close, and the clear, to clear up, in the moon, and out a sunning on one of our heath's homes.

It is marvellous that Bobolink, the meadow and great meadow birds.
Maude's Vineyard

1890

June 28. Clear and warm with fresh S. W. wind in P. M.

Came to Cottage City last evening and spent the night at the
Island House a splendid hotel in the heart of the town. At daylight
this morning heard Theodore Roosevelt and Hestyauna Custer, D.C. riding.

Hired a horse and buggy with a young man to drive and started at
7 a.m. for a drive around the Island. Our route lay through Vineyard
House, Middletown, Childmark and Edgerton along the north shore, across
the Island to W. Edgerton where we stopped for dinner. Thence by a
straight road to Edgerton Thence to Katama on the north shore
and back to Edgerton where my man left me, a total distance
of about 35 miles.

The country between Cottage City and Edgerton resembles that about
Edgerton. Being hilly or rolling with brake and bogs in the
valleys but from ponds then on the Cape. It is about equally in
cereal farming land or pastures and woods. The farms are hilly
as a rule but I saw some good fields of English grass. The pastures
are sandy or rocky red with bracken in many places or covered with
wild indigo and abounding especially in hollows and along stonewalls
Thickets of sweet fern, huckleberry, shad of damson, service tree, mayberry
and wild rose. A pretty little pink Phlox was common in full bloom.

The woods were almost wholly of oaks coarser & thicker next
abundant, alba less so but common, others were not numerous but
generally distributed. No red oaks and no pines except Roger's a
2. small foreign species, both apparently planted in most places at least.
Along the wood edges and roadsides I saw many hickories & one
Peplos (grandis, dentata). The oaks grew freely as they grow on the
Cape in rather shallow & scrappy form, usually 30 to 35 ft. high
but in a few places 40 to 50 ft.

The granite in the inlands was chiefly of red coquina, black coquina,
high bluie, corduroy dogwood (Rhod Quote) common with
blackberries. I saw with haste on the edge of one inwards...
Along the roadsides, the characteristic trees & shrubs were cherry, wild cherry (Prunus), black cherry, black bush, silky, black elder, dwarf lemon (Euphorbia), heath, heather, smooth heath, twisted viburnum (Viburnum) white, bayberry, prairie cornel, elder and wild roses. No barberry bushes here. Whitewood, polypody, wild rose & cornel in bloom.

About the ponds there were the usual rank grass and much blue flag.

The road from M. Tiring to Odjottum passes for nearly 50 miles through what are called the Brush Plains. The country is almost a dead level but nevertheless high in fact nearly the highest on the island being in fact an elevated central plateau. It is covered with an underbrush and very stiff brush 2 to 4 ft. high composed chiefly of bear oak mixed with chincapin and a few stunted stragglers of the other oaks already named. In the few open places there are blackberry, sweet fern, a true fern, and ordinary ffooter or bear berry. The tops of these oaks are all about exactly on a level surface as if they had been cut off, trimmed to form a shaggy crown with in the sunlight glitter and shimmer as only oak foliage can. The winds that blow here so strongly and constantly are probably the means that keep this lawn in order, but fires are said to run on the tract every few years and do their part also.

The relative numbers of the different birds here may be best given in the accompanying field list, but I will add that:

The characteristic common birds of the oak woods seemed to be Red-eyed Vireos, Rose-breasted Grosbeak, Robin, Chevrolet, Red-headed Wood Pigeon, Bobwhite Quails, Prairie Chickens, White-tailed Deer, Barred Owls, Muskrat, Black-tailed Hawks, Swamp Sparrows, Song Sparrows, Field Sparrows, Crows.

Of the Robins, Red wings, Maryland Helias, Cardinals, Catbirds, Thrashers, Song Sparrows

Of the warblers, Black-bellied, Yellow Warblers, Chipping Sparrow, Robins, Chipping, Purple Finches, and English Sparrows.

Bobwhite quails were abundant in the plain, beaks and Prairie Warblers, Field Sparrows, Red-winged Blackbirds were common.
Of birds which might have been expected I saw no Bottnicks, Dick's Virds, White eye, Warbling or Yellow-throated Viree, Yellow-winged Flycatcher, Scarlet-billed Flycatcher, White or Vermilion Flycatcher, even a Black-throated Green Warbler.

The number of Robins, Redwings, and Glass Finches were not one. The Robins were chiefly confined to the lake shores but the Redwings were mostly everywhere, even in the villages. We must have seen nearly fifty Redwings in the woods alone. None were singing.

Everyone I talked with knew the "Bath-ens" well. They are seen almost daily in the wood roads but we did not hear the chick to meet with them.

Read our Chickadees whistling in the normal manner & two birds which I took to be Chickadees but did not see whistle best notes in the same key that by the normal first.

From Burlington to Wakefield we passed over a country different from any hitherto met with. Perfectly open nearly level but slightly rolling plains exactly like the Commons of Sandon. Here we saw the first Flamer, Yellow-winged & Rusty-winged Sparrows the last two summers. Grass Finches briefly became rare & for a moment the other two Sparrows. Varnished Finches were also springing about some small back woods & meadows but I could find us strange tails. Meadow larks were common & Barn Swallows quickly collected & followed on busy as they do on Sandon, skimming up the earths stirred by our hounds. Upland Plovers are said to breed here but no sound was on a second flat in one of the ponds about a mile from the hounds. But

Reaching the shore I went out on the land next that separates the harbor from the ocean. A good many great Duns (probably 1 pair) and many Piping Plovers (probably 10 pairs) were evidently breeding.
on the half mile or so by hand that I travelled but I
searched in vain for their egg or young.
Saw a bell, which I identified satisfactorily by my lens
as an immature Hump-bill, flying along the Beach.
a few Nelson's Terns were also flying about & our host
acted as if Gratified. Spotted land heron & cormorants.
after returning to town I called on Mrs. David Ritten, a
retirant landlady from New York. I got more valuable information
about the 'Hithers' & other birds of the island.
June 29

Clear and warm. Wind light from W.S. to S. in morning, fresh from S. to S.W. in afternoon.

Started down the bay in a cat boat with Capt. Pease at 9 a.m. Opposite the wharves a 3 Childsaker (sawmills) lay on the shore running itself. At afterwards took to the water, was much rowed down by a 40 ft boat as if pulled about just off a dock. It seemed to be wounded or sick.

Boat down about 2 miles against a slight head wind. Landed at a sand spit, found in places in the broad year a way, which separates Cape Poge from the bay. About 100 (50 pairs) of Wilson's terns breeding here. Found twelve nests with eggs but took only one egg. I think there were a few Arctic Terns among the others but certainly not more than 20. 5 pairs. Saw only one Kestrel's nest evidently a passing bird merely.

There were two pairs of Least Terns on a gravelly point where we landed but I reached in vain for their eggs. After we had pushed off & hastened to the beach, however, one of them alighted, walked a few steps, and settled down evidently on the nest. I reached the that to a yard, returned and went to it but had to look fully ten minutes before I could make out the two eggs so closely did their color match that of the feathers among which they lay. I took them but later in the day discovered that they were near hatching, and being actually dropped into the chick feeding.

Found several Wilson's Gull nests by lying down in the grass & watching the birds. They would begin to drop on the nests, often without present, in the course of a few minutes. There was a few Peiping Plover's & Spotted Sandpipers also breeding here. I found a
Sandpipers only a few days old sitting under a broad leaf.

Near the mouth of the harbor, a large flock of gulls, all gray birds, flying on the sand hills. Seabirds are nesting on the beaches, as lobsters burrow.

Off the Cape a White-winged Gull in motion, caught in the wind but able to fly. I thought when we land I must train him to take wing. A small colony of Bank Swallows (counted 16 birds) in the sand bluff at the end of the Cape, that's the only one I have seen on this island.

He had intended going around the island but the wind being light he returned and went to Katama. Nothing of interest except a Deco which looked like to escape but which does before I could identify him.

Got back to the house at 5 P.M. After tea took a walk through the town. It is very much like Westerly twenty years ago. Yellow Marbles, Red eyes, lights, the kid's drum, a dog, children playing in great numbers & a few Burn & White Swallows. They bird & chirp but in least Flycatchers, Starling, House Wren, or House Wren. My whole space or ratheruminous. The sky Swoons hanging in a penumbra.
Cloudy most of the day. The birds calling hourly at times in Bell.

Drew fog most of the morning, had south from 3 to 6.

I came to Edgartown yesterday reaching Capt. Osborn's home at 8 P.M. Intended to start for Musteget at 7 A.M. this morning but the fog was so dense that Mr. Harris, my boatman, did not get me off before about 10 A.M. We came down the bay to Cape Poge unexpectedly having nothing to witness save Harried for the ered on the beach. A mile outside the cape we met the first Seabirds (Ocean) during the trip across about 5 or 6 air born.

For more than half the way the fog was so thick that we could not see over 1/4 to 1/2 a mile. Yet a steady flight of birds was passing continually such bird stour as thought for Musteget as if he carried a compass in the end of his bill. They flew close to the water, there were many high birds which could not have been guided by the flight of others or as an oyster in sight.

Some little more than half way across the fog cleared and we made out Lighthouse and then Musteget. He laid an course across close hand's breadth and ordering me to come to land after him to get around. John R. Sandsburg, a fisherman who is spending the summer on the island, was handing his lobster traps near the anchorage and set us on them in his boat.

Diving my luggage at his house I sat some time not keeping around the edge of the little bay that stretches the east side of the island and learning in Cape Cod fashion. Soon joined some boats seemed to be a large strong pair for their kind and were more in the flock of two or three acres. There was plenty of the thistled, dead grass in which they took to rest both along the shore and about these breakish rocks but I did not really look for nests as all carefully and found none. Started a couple hawks from the edge of the ledge, I have pulled Fright Sheet Memm in, five small birds, spotted Sandpipers and Savannah Sparrows
At the Head of Muskegon I found Terns breeding in great numbers, all of them Wilson's apparently, excepting 1 or 2 in Highland Roseate among them. I think we Arctic Terns. I spent about two hours here identifying sets of eggs by lying down in the grass and watching the birds through my glasses as they dropped on their eggs and after they had removed settling, where I could command the eggs. It proved an easy task to settle the identity of four 4 by nests in an hour by this method. The birds would quietly down begin to return to their eggs within five to ten minutes after I had taken my stand, but they were very keen.
(July 2) Lighted and quick to take alarm when tipping, I found a great many off, and only took a small number down to that as great range of variation as possible.

On my way back to the house I kept well inland following the higher and burn ridges, as I approached the N. E. end of the island the Wilson's Turkeys increased in numbers and it became evident that by far the larger colony or part of the colony was on this end of Muskeget. It was most impressive to see the beautiful birds rising in clouds on every side as the alarm caused by my progress spread over the length & breadth of this breeding ground. At times I believe nearly every individual was on wing at once. The air was heavily filled with them and the noise well-nigh deafening. Every few yards as I advanced I found a nest in most cases with 2 eggs but frequently with only one and rarely with three, even more. At first I did not make them out at all readily, but as my eye became accustomed to the task I had no difficulty in finding them funnel nests away. The best place I found was not to look too closely but to keep the eye looking about over the open spaces.

I had reached the middle of this breeding ground without seeing or hearing a single Rouchie Jun I had begun to think they had deserted Muskeget when one appeared and circled over me. I at once lay down & watched it. After flying about for a long time it made a bee-line for a distant sand-hill and pitched down 400 yards or more from me. I started at once for the first but went only half the distance when I found that I had at last got into the midst of a number of Rouchie Juns. They rose on all sides by me and flew down past my head like a swarm of angry bees within the cloth. Expelling some in earnest.

I abandoned following up the first bird and lying down.
in the grass watched them around me. After a little while
big or small they began to form one a little knob
covered with tall, very rank black grass, and finally all
dropped nearly together or, rather, one after the other in quite
succession, into the thickest part of the grass, I came to the last
and found a nestable clump of nests in shallow burrows under
the grass, very differently from the Wilson's Blues nests, I had
seen. Most of these nests held only an egg, but one held three
eggs, one of which was on the point of hatching. I took this
set of three but left the others for the owners.
I now had to start for the house. On the way passed
many nests of Wilson's Bluets. Eggs from a few Wright Blues
flying about over the bay, alighting on the sand bars.

Sundays are dumpsters full at the W. end of the island,
but this one evidently had a rest there.
July 3

Came most of the morning with one light shower. Afternoon clear. Mind 1.2 all day, evening fresh at times.

Breakfast at 7 a.m. went then out on the sand-banks, making directly for the leading ground of the Rosate thums at the N.S. end of the island, took four field traps with light springs and jaws wound with cotton. On reaching the place where I found the colony of Rosate nests last evening I set two traps in the nests and two beyond in some nests which proved to be Rosate thums for I caught both. My birds and after examining them let them go. They flew directly out to sea being evidently much frightened although very little hurt.

The Rosate thums were apparently more intelligent a fisherman for I failed to catch any of them although I tried the traps in two places setting all four in a colony of about a dozen pairs that I found resting on the top of a high, isolated sand-hill. I identified the birds absolutely with my glass counting them as they dropped into the grass. There was not a high, Rosate thum among them. This colony was very compact coming a space of only a few square yards dense of the nests being within 12 inches of each other. I also found a second colony on a low knoll in the hollow just back of the ridge all of the big nests which it comprised containing only an egg each. Some nests of this large colony held two eggs each but none more than two. All of these nests were more or less concealed by the beach grass and some were in deep holes dug between two clumps or under the roots of a high clump.

Returned to the house at 1 P.M. and immediately after dinner set sail for Edgartown. The wind was strong
and fair and it took us less than an hour and a half hours to make the run across. We laid only one fish on the way. As we passed through the tide rips we put out a line for blue fish and caught five small ones.

After getting into the harbor we landed on the beach above Katama and I made another beach for eggs of the piping Plover. The birds were very numerous but after spending an hour or more searching for their nests I gave it up in disgust concluding that they must have gone out although I saw some of the latter, least there were numerous along the beach and there were a good many spotted sandpipers. There were also several pairs of Wilton's terns evidently breeding.

I reached the town at 7:00. In the evening heard a humpback whale in the distance.
July 6

Clean and warm with pleasant S.W. breeze.

Returned to Falmouth the night of the 4th. Yesterday afternoon I saw a boat coming down to pass the Sunday with us. He took a walk in the evening past the house behind the hedges, but there was no sound from the “Miller.” He was silent also on the night of the 4th, and his doubtful motion left the place a bit killed for an examining the next thing morning. I found it empty and evidently deserted. I just photographed and then lay it up, bad and all.

From the house we retraced our steps to the house where we left the east, and then walked along the beach nearly to Falmouth Heights examining two little ponds bordered nearly by marsh, full of water that have a few Phacmas grass.

After dinner drove over to the 4th Falmouth marshes, dry hot and dusty, few birds singing. Reached the boat we found the tide down and the bees collected on a bar far out from the sand-hills, walked out and had a good view of them. The majority were with the 6 a down Rosy, among them. Heard a Bass Fallow Eyes Whirring & called the bird overhand but it was flying very high and kept on towards the S.

On the way out of the marshes heard a White-eyed Buzzard I soon discovered a pair of these birds in a thicket by the roadside. They evidently had young.

Next to Long Pond, Limit Whirring in the fields. Marsh Haycocks & Grass Finches common. A Parula singing in a white cedar thicket. Black Waterhens made eyes in the thick woods. Near the crest of the hill on the sand we stopped in a coconut and distinctly heard a very calling below us on the edge of the woods. A little further on a? Ruffed Grmen ran across the road followed closely by a
troop of fox in his journey as large as Robinson. He made a
perfect melody of sounds, some of which resembled the hooting
of a great owl, others the call of the sea gull. As we
were watching him a bullet killed countless foxes in the corks
near us.

As we were descending the hill beyond our brand, the
first farmsheds, a fine performer. Just after reaching
the main road we came into a perfect corning of
foxes as many as five males being in full
play around us. We went in pursuit of
an old fox and then found him they. After following him about for
some time, I caught sight of what I supposed to be
the best after giving four shots with my pistol and
at last bringing down my herd (the first that wounded
it badly) I found I had killed a that had
recently finished hunting. As I was playing on thrum
with cotton a fine small Coopic Hark landed on my head
within 20 yrs. or less.

In hand hermits at intervals all the way from
here to Bakerite. Hermit was also playing field, and
bird was in fairly good song. Hermit then played
field woods we heard two Pow Whistles playing. Also
heard D. waris, Coopic fishes, D. divers, and
occasional field yellows. Mr. Brown played an imit.
shout but Robinson and Grass fishes were playing
field at hermit. It was a delightful evening. The air
was clean and still and very fragrant with the scent
of pine, sweet fern, wild grape blossoms and perhaps a
dose other things that we could not identify.
1840. Met.

July 15. Martha's Vineyard. I came to Edgartown last night and this morning started for Muskeget with Capt. Fred. Rose in a large cat-boat. The wind was strong from the S.W. ashore without and there was some fog which thickened and then drove after we left Cape Poge. We ran our distance out but failed to hit Muskeget. We are advanced the water deepen and we got into an ugly swell which threatened to swamp the boat. We concluded that we had passed to the S. of Muskeget and were running out to sea so we turned about and started back. After about an hour the fog lifted. We made Cape Poge much to our relief. It turned out that we had run outside instead of outside of Muskeget. Had we trusted to the Jews we should have found the island easily as they were flying continually past us to what proved to be its true direction when we were nearest to it.

We had a hard beat home reaching them about 6 p.m. Saw no Petrels or nothing, in fact except Jews. Caught a blue fish.
Musey's Vineyard. Morning Peggy. First day clear with strong SW wind in 11. Very hot at noon.

Spent the morning getting my canoe ready and mending for Cape Poge Pond at 3 till running down to the west before a fine wind and through a choppy sea. On the point of the beach bars several young terns nearly full grown. As I approached they scuttled back into the grass stood across to the 6. side of the pond. At two in the afternoon of "Dr. Thunderbird" with black bill & white forehead passed me. On a hunt shot near them Harvey Golds, Mr. Beaupre Gold (one ammunition with gray head) and a number of terns. I hailed almost within gunshot before they flew.

After crossing the pond and having a look at the W. side I returned and landed on the narrow beach that separates it from the Sound on the W. side. Here I drew my canoe and high water shoes and made ready for the night by cooking my supper on an alcohol lamp and after lunch lying on the level side of the canoe on the warm dry sand. It was a perfect evening, clear and still with the stars bright overhead. The terns on the edge of whose domain I was camping were much disturbed at my presence at first but after an hour or so they ceased to notice me and settled on their eggs within a few yards of where I lay or glided in the water for fish directly near on the water sides. After sunset the whole colony flew up & down the beach restlessly for half an hour or more collecting in small flocks & screaming incessantly, they were also active long after dark for I heard their cries during at frequent intervals and occasionally saw one dashing starlight flying along the shore or hovering over the water. The Adult Cleres became very active coming with nightfall and I heard them frequently through the night.
In the twilight a light flame alighted on the fisher man's canoe and fished for half an hour or more, giving me a very good chance to watch him through my glass. I looked closely for phosphorescent light from his breast but could detect no signs of it.
Martha's Vineyard, Mass.
Cape Poge Pond.

July 17

Cloudy most of the day with dense fog. Two heavy thunder storms late in the afternoon. The day clearing somewhat in the morning and the wind blowing from the N.W. and blowing half a gale all night.

I rose early and after getting breakfast started out with my kodak to photograph some terns' nests. The sun shone brightly at intervals for the first hour and I got a number of pictures. Most of the terns' nests found on the 29th June were empty today. Better they have been robbed or the eggs have hatched. I looked in vain for young terns. There was a good many terns about the beach today and some of them asked if they had nests or young but probably these Sympothics were attracted purely by the clamor of the breeding Wilson's Terns. The beach terns have evidently deserted the beach although several came to look in the cove.

I spent most of the morning sitting on the cause with the terns playing about me and flying from place to place along the beach. After dinner I put the camera in the water and asked access to a point where I had seen a tern trying to get some drinking water there. The occupants of the tent proved to be an actor from New York who was campaigning there. He proved very entertaining and I spent an hour or more talking with him and inspecting his camp etc.

A yellow-winged gull was skiing on the bluff behind his tent and a number of gulls (European I believe) doubtless the same birds seen yesterday were skiing on the hard flat. My new acquaintance called the larger ones gulls and the smaller ones "giblets" and said they were his weathercocks for they always point facing the wind.

As I sailed back over the pond the wind was almost a gale. I landed at my old camping place.
and made ready for the night which promised to be stormy but after a dash or two of rain the sky cleared and the stars began to twinkle instead. The wind, however, blew strong from the N. W. all night drowning sounds so Effectually that I heard only the occasional note of a Night Heron or Flying Swan.
July 18 Clean and warm. Wind E. to N. Very thing out there.

Arrived at 6 A.M. after a thing spent in the morning cleaning the clothes. I found a young bird quite full grown but unable to fly having among the meadow grass and took several photographs of it as a pair of Piping Plooms evidently with young followed me about one of them fluttering and calling about on the sand, mimicking the struggle of a wounded bird so graphically that a number of the sympathetic Jews hound round-head.

Looking all my things into the canoe I started for a tour by sweep down the pond. I paralleled nearly up to the light house following the shore closely. Saw a good many Piping Plooms, one pair accompanied by young two thirds grown which streaked back into the brush which I followed on the dune near shore. They looked white than the old bird's head. I saw much down still remaining among the standing feathers I also saw two Shelducks (Sparrow) which were lying on the dry sand near the shore. They allowed me to get within 25 yards or more without getting fairly on sweep & friendly on reaching the water, down.

Near the light house I saw a single Bank Swallow and a small flock of Least Sandpipers. I made a quick run under said around the E. end of the pond passing a Greater Yellow by which was standing on a mud flat in the middle of a little pool.

I then headed directly out of the pond and started for Belcourt keeping well in shore. for there was a heavy sea running in the open bay.
and most of the waves were white capped. Small
came tumbling over the cause and my rubber apron
kept the water out and I reached the top without
shaking more than a trifle, or a drop of water.

At 4 o'clock I started on another trip. This time in
the company with Mr. Mansfield, the naturalist, shaggyman
of the place. We soon quickly and easily got the boats
beaten down bank and passing Katrina turned in
at the entrance to the heron's ditch, a narrow channel
1/2 mile long, deep across the plain, land enough to
form a fine camp into, Great South Pond. Through this
ditch we dropped, got on paddled our boats, according
to the depth of water which varied from 2 to 8 inches,
disturbing several herons and Night Herons which
soon flitted along the banks. We reached the pond
at 7 P.M. and after getting firm wills at a farm house
started across in up the pond a little after turning the
wind, although faint, still favoring us and permitting
the use of our sails.

It was a delightful evening: there were many interesting
birds. Night Herons in great numbers flying about & flitting
in flocks along the shores, flocks of Black Ducks, the young not
as yet strong enough, floating out from the beds of tall
reeds, Iridescent Zinnia, Ringed Plover, Yellow-breasted Sandpipers,
not keen enough, even the water in every direction, and
a great bed of Long Bills settled transiently for the night,
on a small isle near the mouth, I stood up
to them Bills & shot them when to my surprise
I found that the greater numbers were Brown
pintail (at least two) fine adult birds among them.

We landed about 2 miles up the pond, distuing
a perfect cloud of Night Herons, and camped on the beach
between the pond & the sea.
July 19

Clear and warm with a very heavy thunder shower early in the afternoon. Wind S.W. to S.E. blowing very strong at times.

Our rest during the night was more or less broken by the outrageous noise made by the Night Herons which were all around us by dozens fishing in the shadows extending the edges of the pond. For the most part unseen in the darkness but occasionally visible against the stars but heard as they glided their way back up our camp. On rising early in the morning we found them still engaged in fishing an occupation which they apparently prosecuted at all hours of the day & night for many days.

I had a fine opportunity to watch them fly or take at close quarters in a hunting ditch which connected the large with a smaller pond. Creeping to the edge of the bank I lay for an hour or more looking directly down on a dozen or more herons which were posted along the water's edge within 8 to 20 yards of me. All but two of these were young birds. This par. early in the morning we saw a Great Egret by standing on a sand bar in the pond and bent. Fyeltas in small flocks were continually flitting about. At Simon's creek & Maryland flocks throng in the oak stand near our camping place. We found the fresh tracks of a fox which had passed my course within 6 or 8 ft. during the night.

We were about to start out on the pond when a thunder shower overtook us & shelter in a summer thun. There was a Barred Owl hooting which the young had just left on a tangle in this bush. The birds must have entered through an oaken
of the several holes drilled by Flickers in the walls. David Fisher came to our shelter just as the storm ceased. He told me that he had met a man fishing blueguns, who said that he saw a Heath-hen with his young about 1/2 hour yesterday.

At about 11 A.M. we got off and started to sail down the pond but the wind increased to such an extent that we judged it was to return. And accordingly made for the east end of the pond, calling close handed, my companion having seen many Black Ducks and started another large flock of Ducks from the land bar. Most of them were common black ducks, but there were several Herring Ducks also, including one fine adult which had one wing injured in some way and was unable to fly. I passed within a few yards of a Black Duck which looked like a wild bird that which was followed by eight or ten young, only a few days old, all of them young but one, whose plumage was brighter having a yellowish white head and neck. The old bird screamed and a squawked loudly but did not actually fly. He started down the Herring started at 1:30 P.M., and reached the outlet just as a heavy thunder shower burst over us. It was through it in my course my companion taking shelter in the R.R. station. At the height of the downpour a boatman plunged into the water near me & emerged with a small fish although the surface was literally churned into foam by the falling rain drops. A bowSwallow took refuge under the bank near me.

In the pond we saw manyéluminous crustaceans, the latter dying in great numbers from some epidemic.

Reached Edgartown at 5 P.M.
1870

July 20. Clean with thunder clouds passing over the town in the afternoon. In the afternoon drove to Katama, the north shore with C. R. N. Savannah Sparrows, Yellow-wings & Grass Finches singing freely on the shrubs. A few Barn Swallows followed us at times but most of them have been sitting with their young on telephone wires. Heard one on the Meadow Barks and some Roaders, Pip Squirrels etc. in the brush near the hotel at Katama.

July 21. Clean with light S. to S. E. wind. In the forenoon took a sail with C. R. N. going down the bay to inner Cape Poge Pond, then returning and going to the head of the harbor. Saw about the usual number of Seals in one place there were fifty or more collected in a school of fish.

July 22. Returned to Falmouth this noon and on the 23rd to Newton.
July 30. Cleared with fog in early forenoon. Stood S.W., strong.

Reached Muskeget at 3 P.M. As I rounded N.E. Point I saw a number of Mr. geese with many gulls, feeding on the beach. Shortly after landing I started out going to the front of the island where I found the Rosara Signs breeding during my last visit, a day the tenants of both species was all or nearly all in the air constantly which probably was due to the fact that most of the young were hatched. I saw certainly four times as many all told as during my last visit but the Rosara Signs turned much less numerous than them, perhaps because they are now more generally dispersed. The air, as far as the eye could reach, was the land was thinly filled with clouds of birds & the sound was destructive. As I landed Rosara moved so much that he had to go back to the beach & I joined my own canoe giving way more than once. The Rosara Signs were golden There The Rosara is to day and clear at my hand necessarily milled not more than eight or ten less young whilst
but one or two out of the nest hiding in the grass else where they are
very hard to see. I saw one dead young every where except if there
in the brown glass dead & therewith in the water but a few nearly
fall grown. I saw one in one little opening. What kills them?
there are a few eggs in places but not one. I was told that what
I saw during my last trip, there were also a few young ones there, perhaps for a big man in all. Doubtless there were
thousands of live young hidden among the grass spray. I
spent most of my time looking for young in the brown
food and did not think that I found one. At least I found
nothing that looked from young & hawks.

Would one, & when first and once an adult Kempster that
the beak close to a dry part of the island. There
were a dead black & one in two Tupa Spasses hanging
over the house.

The little ones flying about all night long. During the
afternoon saw many coming in from the sea with fish
but could not take them then to the young. Saw one
horn over the grass near one with a small fish in its
beak, drop, & after a moment fly off without the fish. Went
to the spot and found a young Kempster near nearly
fall grown. The young was also bringing in fish
but I did not succeed in getting any of them down.

July 31

Clear with a gale of wind from the S. W. in the afternoon.

Looked to wind like a storm in the early morning and
we decided to start for home directly after breakfast. Set off
at 9 A.M. As we came around N. E. Point saw a flock of 9
sheep head from east to west over the land. Had a rather
light breeze across but as we rounded Cape Pogues it began to
blose heavily. He had a bit. Time beating up the bay &
reached town at 11 A.M.
July 31

A gale from the S.W. all the afternoon but after dinner only a fresh breeze. After dinner got my canoe ready and at 6 o'clock started for the South Beach. I paddled about a mile along the shore, hearing Screamaqua Yacrees & Killdeer wings ringing at intervals. I saw a few Spotted Sandpipers, when Mr. Bailey suggested we go in a large sail boat & spend the night in the harbor. This I gladly accepted. Sailed near the Beacow to the bay which was very fine. Then, shortly after the sun rose, I paddled up to the head of the bay near Katama and went ashore for the night. As I landed the beaks heard Breast Beams in the air constantly & occasionally made me sit down. I also heard them at intervals during the entire night. A few Night Herons came about my canoe at intervals, as I heard a Greater Yellow Leg about daybreak.

Aug 1

Cloudy with occasional short intervals of sunshine, and a heavy thunder storm preceded by a gale of wind at about 6 a.m. Wind S.W. to W. east of the day.

At daybreak heard Greater Yellow Legs and Upland Plum Plovers calling, Night Herons swarming, and the shrill cries of Turons. Also many small waders. Just after sunrise (about 7 a.m.) a heavy thunder storm passed over the island expelling the clouds. Immediately after the storm there was a short period of dead calm during which I heard a Lark, a Maryland Yellow Throat & several Purple Martins ringing in the tall trees across the bay near Katama.

The tide rose strongly, waders began flying along the shore many alighting near me. There were great numbers of Red-breasted Shags, Turnstones, Becks, Spotted Sandpipers, Sandpipers, etc.
Flying Snow and a Rose-colored Sandpiper and Black-footed Grebes. Green Herons' legs are occasionally accented by the plumage. Early in the morning I packed the canoe and started down the beach paddling along the shore of the beach. The writers just mentioned were stretched along the water's edge in lines and little clusters as far as the eye could reach. Most of them were feeding, but some were asleep. Standing on one or both legs with bills buried in feathers of the back. In the sand there I have seen them more large flocks at once. The tripod was almost as quiet as lunch as the sea. I saw two Murrens hunching flying together over the water.

Sailed near the beach and spent the afternoon right on a strip of bare, white sand, where many black fins were breaching. Found four nests 1, 2, 3, 4 eggs respectively. This being a fledgling little chick, which the parent fed at frequent intervals near the nest with an egg. Photographed all the nests and spent much time watching the birds through the glass but did not take any of the eggs. After an hour or two, the birds ceased to mind any person as long as I kept still and I could watch at my ease all four sitting on their eggs within fifty feet of my position.

The night was cool with strong 6 wind, and snow falling not occasionally through drifting clouds. A thunder storm passed over the head to the S. The distant claps of thunder mingled with incessant roar of the surf on the beach. The deer seem very perfidious. About after it got dark except when I moved about when they would start as quickly as in the daytime. The waves playing against S. and S. S. Some dark passed the night over.
Aug. 2. Clear with light E. to N. E. wind.

Rose at daybreak and after getting breakfast lay quietly on the sand by the side of the cause, watching the Beant Terns and various waters for several hours. There were a number of Red-breasted Squirrels and Hummingbirds scattered in little bunches along the water's edge on the harbor side of the beach but not as many as I saw yesterday. As the tide fell the little "hops" or took themselves to the great patches of seagrass or which several Night Herons were also fishing in company with a lot of Herring Gulls. A pair of Terns which seemed to have young or eggs on the beach came very near me at times and I made them out to be Arctic Terns of which species I have seen very few during this season. They were evidently a solitary pair, and there were also Harlequin Terns breeding near them.

The Beant Terns were wholly at ease respecting my presence this morning and paid very little attention to me.

I had the good fortune to see a bird in special union within less than 40 yds. of me (in water under 1 antharian) and watched the nesting birds sitting quietly in their eggs as long as I wished.

At about 10 a. m. I started the canoe and started down the inner shore of the beach towards the offshore being nothing of particular interest until I reached a small cove just inside the Sound. Here I found about 150 Terns sitting on a sand bar with exactly as many more fishing about 400 yds. off. Among them on the sand I counted 11 Short-Tailed Terns most of them adults in full plumage and among the fishing birds were more. The greater part of the adults were mottled with white but one appeared to be in absolute
Letter smelting dress and two or three others had only a little white about the head. I saw only two that I felt sure were young.

When I was within about 40 paces the flock rose and after nearly one or two hundred feet there was a number of Wilson's terns rose from their nests on the higher central portion of the island. I landed and found about twenty nests, all with eggs, some of them held more than 2 eggs and some less than that number. They were very similar in position and composition also being Island, without exception, on little sand banks and surrounded by a few nests or tufts of beach grass and lined with a little dry grass or heath. I did not examine any of the eggs closely. Took a number of photographs of these nests and burned the books on the fire. Found Island mice harboring among quartz to the end of the beach.

Starting at 11 P.M. I landed to Belltown quickly and very pleasantly. The wind being fair and sufficiently strong. As I passed near some of the grassy hills in Windy hollow I occasionally heard yellow marsh and bug sparrow singing.

Yeaman arrived at 5 P.M. and we started at once for Great South Pond taking the canoe with us in the wagon. Birds were singing in the oak trees along the road and Meadow Geese on the plains where we also saw an island from fifty feet. We heard only one Grass Finch sing and no Savannah Sparrows. Their broods shone.

Reached the pond at sunset and embarking at the highest ditch, Yeaman taking an old staff which I found there, I landed and he rowed. He reached the place where I camped with Manfield at about 8 P.M. and landed there to spend the night. Saw only a few pines certainly not over a dozen or fifteen.
Aug. 3

Morning and early afternoon hazy with thin breath of fog.

Driving on the land before the light S. wind. Late afternoon perfectly clear with frequently thin and light S. wind.

Rose at 6 a.m. After breakfast walked our the land to the deep cut where I saw so many bright flowers during my last visit. There were only two than this morning.

Some 10 gauge shells recently fired, lying on the bank sufficiently explained the absence of their two birds and the absence of the others. Two design yellow legs were flying about restlessly and occasionally alighting and we heard the distant call of Upland Plover now and then. There were a few Pheas. Sandhills and Piping Plovers also and an occasional Beast or Wilson's Terr but altogether the place proved very disappointing after my experience than a week or two ago. He accordingly decided to go back to the cabin end of the pond and thence down the herring ditches to the beach.

As we were drawing off a large flock of Black Ducks appeared, flying down the pond. There were nearly as many Harpies and Black-backed Tatties on the pond as during my first visit.

I had to paddle across. The way back was the same as before. Saw a young Marsh Harp drop into two reeds and rise with a small frog which it carried off holding it grasped in one foot.

I paddled and dragged the canoe through the ditches, P. Upland having his boat behind me walking. Saw one or two Beanes and a Kingfisher. In many places the water had undermined the banks forming little pockets shaped mounds with overhanging roofs. All of these pockets contained numbers of dead woods and
the beetles. In some of them their antennae were nearly or
entirely lost. They are unfortunate creatures which I suppose
had wasted their strength by vain attempts to climb the overhanging walls. At least I could convince myself that the
beetles did not escape, as they could not have done easily
enough, by swimming the narrow ditch, which in most places had gently curving banks, and
the beetles by flying.
On reaching the harbor we hunched and then followed the
beach. I hunched on land. I followed the cause, out to the
wings of the nearest lamas that I found yesterday and the day before. Spilman took a
number of photographs of the nests which I hunched
for more, finding one with a beautifully marked egg.
Two other eggs in which the bird was nesting
yesterday at 10 a.m. had hatched in the interim.
I found first the shells lying about on the
beach and then the young birds hatching about 15
days apart each at the base of a heap of beach
grass. Spilman photographed them
forth.
I hiked back to town late in the afternoon
having a light but steady gale which saw two
black beetle spiders together off lamas.
Left Edgartown for Falmouth in the afternoon
of the 4th and went to Cambridge on the 6th.
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**Graph**:}

- **Graph Title**: Weather Trends
- **Graph Description**: Monthly temperature variations from 1910 to 1915.
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|            | 14° 3.3° 16° 2.3° 21° 30° 31° |}

**Note:** The times and dates are approximately recorded in astronomical terms, likely related to celestial events or astronomical observations.
Framboos Vineyard, Mass

- July 20
- Aug. 1
- Aug. 5
- Aug. 10
- Aug. 15
- Aug. 20
- Aug. 25
- Aug. 30
- Sept. 5
- Sept. 10
- Sept. 15
- Sept. 20
- Sept. 25
- Sept. 30

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<th>Date</th>
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<td>Sturnella magna</td>
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<td>Pinguinus maroas</td>
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**Additional Data**

- **Sterna hirundo**
- **Sterna hemprichii**
- **Cormorans atricilla**
- **Sternus cinereus**
- **Haliaeetus leucocephalus**
- **Hydrocoloeus vivianae**
- **Macronectes giganteus**
- **Tachyeres bostica**
- **Anas crepitans**

**Notes:**

- "Sternus hirundo" and "Sterna hemprichii" are the same species.
- "Cormorans atricilla" is a misspelling, likely intended to be "Cormorant atricilla".
- "Hydrocoloeus vivianae" is not a recognized species.
- "Anas crepitans" is likely intended to be "Anas crepitans".

**Miscellaneous:**

- "Muskat Island, B.C."
Early morning cloudy with light rain; clearing at 10 A.M. Remainder of day clear and warm.

In company with H. W. Henshaw I reached Bethel last night at 9 o'clock. At daybreak this morning heard a Phoebe in full song in front of hotel. Started for the Lake at 8:45 A.M. in one of Lane's wagons drawn by a pair of wretched, half starved horses.

We reached Poplar Tavern at eleven and dined there. Mrs. Bartlett had only a few new birds, a gray Screech Owl (Megascops ass.) shot at one of the lumber camps in the Notch last autumn, the third she has had from the same locality, and a Sheldrake, one of twenty five that have appeared in Bear River lately.

At 1 P.M. started again and got to Lakeside a little after sunset. Saw very few birds by the way, only Junco, a few Grass Finches, one or two small flocks of Cedar Birds, a few Chipping Sparrows & Song Sparrows. No Robins and no Hawks. Three or four Crows but no Jays.
1890.

Sept. 21; Clear and cool with light N.W. wind. A superb autumn day.

Spent the morning about the house unpacking etc. Henshaw took a short walk and flushed a Woodcock near the lake shore in front of the house. He brought in some specimens of *Actra alba*, the white fruit of their blood red stems very striking.

After dinner rowed over to the Lake House with H. Saw three Wood Ducks, two of them drakes in apparently full plumage. They were feeding near shore just east of Brown's point. Opposite Peasley's spring saw a Solitary Sandpiper standing on the edge of the water.

Returned late in the afternoon seeing nothing of interest on the way. The water is high but not over much of the grass meadowland. Partridges are said to be very scarce; no one has seen any Wild Pigeons this year. Crocker is credited with having killed two Snipe yesterday.
Sept. 22, Clear and cool with N.W. wind. Started with H. at 9 A.M. We first hunted for the Woodcock seen yesterday. Don found him among birches and made a beautiful point. I flushed the bird and Henshaw shot it.

We next beat the covers towards and around the Brown farm seeing nothing but a very shy Partridge. The ground to the westward around Sweat's proved equally disappointing and we came in at noon with only the one bird.

After dinner we drove to the bridge over the Swift Cambridge on the Andover road and beat the hillsides covered with brakes & pasture spruces where I killed some Woodcock two years ago. Started five birds of which we each bagged one. Don behaved very well but made only two good points. Most of the birds were among the brakes and, as is usually the case on such ground, they ran a good deal and gave the dog much trouble to overtake and find them.

Saw a good many Sparrows and one Pigeon Hawk. The Warblers seem to have all left. Flickers are numerous but we neither see nor hear many Jays, and Robins are scarce.

The asters are in full bloom but the golden rods are mostly out of flower. Actea alba is conspicuous in damp places by the roadside.
A cold blustering day with high N. wind and great black clouds, some of which sent down brisk showers of rain alternating with brief intervals of sunshine. Starting at 8,30 A.M. Henshaw and I drove to Errol where we put up the horse in a barn on the edge of the river and beat the alder thickets on the S. side. They proved unsuitable for Woodcock the bushes being too tall and dense and the ground beneath and especially in the openings being choked with a rank and matted growth of asters, golden rod and long grass, which rose to the height of our shoulders.

Starting nothing here we harnessed the horse and returned about two miles towards Lakeside, finally stopping at a place where there was a large tract of pasture spruces by the roadside.

In these Don found and pointed a Woodcock which I killed by a difficult snap shot. The bird fell among rocks and rolled down into a hole where I just managed to reach its bill with my finger tips.

We then drove another mile homeward and stabled the horse in a barn belonging to Mr. Ferrin who told us that Woodcock - "Massachusetts Woodcock" - he called them were very numerous all around his opening. Climbing the hillside behind his house we had no sooner reached the edge of the poplar & birch woods when Don pointed and two birds rose together and went off unshot at. In this cover we started four one of which I shot, H. missing two shots. We then went down in to a deep narrow valley where I killed a Ruffed Grouse by an exceedingly difficult snap shot. Returning to the hillside we started a Woodcock which I shot at & probably killed as we found a great many feathers but no bird.
Sept. 23. We next skirted the edge of a great hillside pasture seeing a great number of Sparrows among which were two Lincoln's Finches. Both were flushed from fine dry grass in wet hollows. One flew into some bushes where I shot it, the other escaped into thick spruces & was seen no more.

Descending the hillside we crossed the road and H. went down into the intervale after some Flickers one of which he flushed from the grass & shot. The report of the gun started a Sparrow which flew about 100 yards very much in the manner of a Savannah Sparrow and alighted in the short grass in a mowing field. Upon going to the spot I flushed it and I saw at once that it was a Lincoln's Finch and finally shot it in a brush fence in which it finally took refuge. As I was wrapping it up Don started another from a bunch of grass near me but it made a long flight & escaped.

We finished the day by beating a tract of dense young spruces growing on very wet springy ground where H. killed two Woodcock one over a steady point. Don also pointed a third which rose wild & went off unshot at.

The drive home in the twilight although cold was very pleasant.
Weather very like that of yesterday but even colder and more blustering.

Got off at the usual time with "old John" and the buckboard, driving to the Sargent's clearing where we spent the forenoon.

Started eight Woodcock, two in the lower end of the mixed cover by the lake shore, four in the willows higher up, one in the spruces on the hill above the road and one among the maples on the wood edge nearly up to Pearley White's. We killed the first two and two of the next four, each getting two birds. I missed a shot at the bird in the spruces and H. one at that started among the maples.

Don worked remarkably well making no less than seven fine points.

The birds flew very fast and several twisted like Snipe.

Started two Lincoln's Finches from fine dry grass in a wet hollow in Sargent's plantation. H. killed one flying I the other in a brush fence where it sought shelter. I also shot a Oven-bird and a Red-eyed Vireo the latter in a cornel where it was feeding on the berries.

Saw quantities of Flickers, two Bluebirds, a Pigeon Hawk, and a flock of Rusty Blackbirds, besides a great many Sparrows.

Spent the afternoon beating for Snipe in the meadows at the mouth of the Cambridge. The grounds were in good condition but we saw no birds nor indeed any fresh signs. A single Great Blue Heron.
Sept. 25.

Clear and much warmer with rather strong S. W. wind, a delightful day without a cloud from sunrise until sunset.

Off with H. at 8:30 A.M. taking the buckboard and old John and driving to Pearley White's. Beat all around the edge of the cover behind the barn and started a large Woodcock three times but failed to get a shot at it. Then followed the wood edge down the hill to the little meadow where we shot the Lincoln's Finches yesterday. There were no Sparrows here today but we started a Connecticut Warbler from some mountain maples on the edge of the wood and H. shot it. It is the first that has been taken in this region.

We next crossed the cart path and beat a very extensive tract of alders, maples, poplars and spruces, low springy ground which seemed in perfect condition for Woodcock. We found one bird at which we both shot nearly together but both missed. I killed a beautiful Lincoln's Finch here. It started from the ground in a pasture on the edge of a strip of maples in one of which it alighted sitting perfectly still until I killed it.

We saw a good many Robins and great numbers of Yellowrumps but not half as many Sparrows as yesterday and only four Flickers.

In the afternoon we took old John again and drove to J. Brown's stopping on the way in front of C. Brown's where H. killed a very large Woodcock. It lay in the little isolated clump of maples near the road and I drove it out to H.

At J. Brown's we tried first the alders above the house. Finding nothing there we crossed the road and ascended the hill to the dense spruce covering it. I had a good shot at Woodcock last year.
Sept. 25. This morning we were at close range with birds to-day as they came from the signs and the behavior of the dog who did nothing but point every few steps. The evergreens were so dense however, that we got up only three Woodcocks. I had one hard and one very easy shot—missing both birds. He shot at one of them & also missed. On the drive home in the twilight we overtook Charlie Brown who a moment afterward turned into a cart path which leads to his house and immediately shouted to us "Come and kill a Woodcock." I took my gun and hurried to the spot where I found a large Woodcock sitting on the edge of a mud puddle. I flushed it three times in succession but owing to the dim light was unable to see it after it left the ground. It returned to the puddle each time in less than half a minute dropping on the edge of the water as lightly as a big ball of thistle down. Once it strutted a few feet with tail erect and spread like a fan. It would run before us for several yards before taking wing, moving with a fine, mincing gait. When flying it made a peculiarly silvery musical whistle different, it seemed to me, from the sound of the wings by day but still evidently made by the wings.

Saw this afternoon a flock of six Flickers and an Osprey, the latter flying high towards the south apparently migrating. Heard Parus hudsonicus in the spruces where we found the Woodcock. A native brought in two Greater Yellowlegs which he shot early this morning at the mouth of the Cambridge River.
Early morning clear and mild with soft S. W. wind. By 10 A. M. clouds began to gather and by 3 P. M. it was raining.

Starting at 8 A. M. Henshaw and I drove directly to Ferrin's and leaving the horse in his barn began at once to look for Woodcock. We tried first the dense thicket of young spruces & arbor vitae in the intervales where we killed two Woodcock & left another on the 23rd. It held two birds this morning both of which we shot. We next beat a cover of poplars and birches growing thinly on a knoll but found nothing. At the farther end I heard a Warbler in some alders uttering, at intervals, a chirp which sounded at once strange and familiar. By "screeping" after times I called it into sufficiently plain view to see that it was none of the species of common occurrence here and at once shot it when to my great delight I found that it was an Orange-crown (Helminthophila celata) a bird which as far as I known has never before been taken in this region. Thus on two successive days I have added a new Warbler to the Lake Umbagog fauna: My Orange-crown proved a female. It was in fresh autumn plumage and although hard shot with the Woodcock charge (½lO) made a very good skin. It was accompanied by a Kinglet (Regulus calendula).

Following the wood edge along a little farther we came to another knoll similar to the first but with a dense undergrowth of bushes among the young poplars and, on the lower side, a belt of spruces, beneath which the ground was wet and springy. Still lower down the spruces gave way to alders which formed an extensive tangled Swamp. The entire tract of poplars, spruces and alders covered a space of perhaps ten acres.
In this place we started at least seven Woodcock of which we killed only three despite the fact that Don pointed nearly every bird. The cover, however, was very dense and the birds flew like bullets. There were also several Grouse here two of them old males which drummed at frequent intervals. Two which we started were as wild as our Mass. birds.

Returning at noon to Ferrin's we ate our lunch on the sunny side of his barn and then started out again climbing the hill behind his house and going over the same ground covered on the 23rd. We started nothing on the hill but in the valley beyond Don found a pointed two Woodcock one among brakes & squoze the other in alders on the bank of a brook. H. shot the first but the second escaped us. I had a hard shot at it but missed. H. saw the bird slight as we thought but we could not start it a second time.

Near the head of this valley we heard a grouse drumming and started another. It now began to rain heavily so we returned to the house and drove back to Lakeside. On the way saw a Junco which had the cheeks white and a few white feathers elsewhere in the plumage. Flickers still rather numerous in the fields along the road.
Sept. 27

Cloudy and cool. Wind N. W. Je me came in the morning and rowed us over to the Lake House where I spent most of the day getting my canoe in order. I also went up on the hill behind the Abbott place and hunted for Woodcock a little while starting one bird but not getting a shot at him. Coming back down the river I saw five Pectoral Sandpipers circling over the meadows high in air and a Marsh Hawk sitting close to the grass.
Sept. 28. Morning clear; afteroon cloudy. Wind N. to N.E. raw and chilly. Spent the morning about the house. In the afternoon took a sail on the Lake going up as far as Great Island. Although I skirted the shores for some distance I actually did not see or hear a bird of any kind during the entire trip.

After returning I walked along the road as far as the Sargent place. Heard Hermit Thrushes clucking and two White-throated Sparrows singing. The leaves are turning fast and a few are beginning to fall but the woods are still green in most places. Autumn colors.

Pearly White’s son brought in two Spruce Grouse which he killed on the Molligewank road to-day.
Cloudless from sunrise to sunset, with little or no wind. Morning and evening sharp, midday full warm. Spent the morning about the house. In the afternoon had the old horse harnessed and started for the Woodcock cover at the foot of Upton Hill opposite the Strickland place where H. and I found and left several birds on the 23rd. Just after passing Brown's I saw an adult White-crowned Sparrow in the road and a few yards further on two more. They flew into the bushes as I passed but after finding a good place to leave the horse I returned and killed them both, both old birds, in one shot. There were two more, one an immature bird, but I could not get a shot at either of them.

I left the horse at Strickland's and descending the hill to the spruces beat them pretty thoroughly. Don found and pointed a Woodcock soon after we entered the place. It rose behind me giving me a shot which I missed. This was the only bird I saw but the dog started another in a place so thick that I could only hear its wings.

Got back to lake side a little after sunset and walked down to the patch of weeds near the landing. Here I started and shot a young White-crowned Sparrow.
Sept. 30. A simply perfect day without a cloud; the wind S. W. to W. rather strong but perfectly steady and wonderfully soft and free from the slightest suspicion of chillness. At midday the sun was rather hot & the ther. must have risen to nearly 70.

Jim and Charley went up the Lake this morning to pitch the tents and get the camp ready. I had intended to spend the day in packing but seeing a large number of Sparrows in a patch of weeds on the intervals in the front of the house I took my gun immediately after breakfast, and went down to have a look at them. One of the first that I started was a fine adult White-crowned Sparrow which I shot in a brush pile but could not find. Soon after this I saw several more White-crows and shot a Lincoln's Finch. Encouraged by this I beat the weeds carefully many times in succession driving the Sparrows from them to the bushes along the fences and by the lake shore where I could inspect them with comparative ease. Identified positively seven Lincoln's Finches of which I shot four and ten White-crowned Sparrows of which I killed one. All but two of the White-crows were young birds. One of them sang a confused but very sweet warbling strain not unlike that of a young Song Sparrow. I could have shot most of these White-crown Sparrows easily enough had I wished to do so but the old birds were sky.
1890

July 1

Blustery and perfectly calm all day. Sun very hot and
then, probably about 70° at noon. A perfect day.

Left2suc^by Steam at 8 A.M. taking June and
Aldana Brooks. It was slightly foggy on the Lake and we
saw nothing but a few loons, all young birds. On reaching
our camping ground a last year joined Charles in charge
of the tents which had been pitched yesterday. All three
by the men went to work at once on a float for a landing
which they finished by noon. The afternoon was spent
in cutting timber for the third camp, the walls of which
were raised before dark.

I superintended the work and paid some attention,
also, to the small birds of which there were a great
many such as Fork-tailed Flycatcher, (both sexes) Thrushes
(ball sexes), Brown Thrush, Yellow-rumped Warbler, Blue Jays, Canada
Jays (two), Red-capped Parrot-tailed, and a yellow-billed
Woodpecker. In the distance I heard a Hylomene and
then was a Kingfisher sounding his rattle on the Sable
Shore. Red Squirrels were chattering in the open and
wood mice scurrying in the wind falls. Towards evening
the autumn call of Hyla pachyamn a rose at intervals
from various parts of the woods. It was so still that
the slightest sounds were easily heard at great distances.
The hammering of woodpeckers, the splash of fishes, the
voices of some talking in ominous tones on the marshes
at the bitter spring and then the distant
report of a gun.

After eight o'clock there were no sounds but the
occasional cry of a loon. The Great Horned Owl
seemed to have selected this locality for some fine
night birds which soon after about 6 o’clock did not
Oct. 2

Clear and warm with light S. W. wind. At daybreak I was awakened by the beard which indulged in a wild entry on the back. I also heard a flicker calling. Soon after breakfast the camp was visited by two Canada Jays and a large mixed flock of Chickadees, Knights and Red-bellied Nuthatchi whistle which were several yellow wings and a Black-jack Whirrler. A very large Jay checked and also came out of the bushes to look at us and at one time there were two less than three groups in seven or more. The Chickadees were singing continually.

I visited the camp at Nellis Rock and photographed a fine buck which was hanging in front of the tent and which the party killed with the end of which they then drove to the west. The camp told me that they had killed no bears or cartridges as yet. They heard a number of Wilson's Snipe on the water front much last night. Spent the remainder of the day about camp sporadically. My nose was of great concern things to be done and our work was not finished by nightfall. In fact the third camp was not completed. In the evening we were sitting around the fire. I heard Black Jacks gurking in the bushes around the outside. I also heard in the woods the same double whistle that I noticed last year when inspecting an old camp on Weber's Rock. The first occasion Joenee Noyes asserted that it was made by a brown crazy (bunny bunyan) but I believe it to be the cry of some species of bird perhaps Night. It is low and soft in tone.
Oct. 3

Cloudy with the sun shining dimly at intervals. Nearly dead calm all day with an occasional light air from the S. E.

My three men worked hard all day at the third camp which was finished by evening. It is 12 x 12 ft.

I spent most of the day overseeing their work but in the morning rode out to the marshes at the outlet. Where I spent about two hours looking for birds. I saw more than the grounds in such perfect condition before but I did not succeed in eliciting a single bird although I found their droppings in two places. During the morning the only birds of any kind that I saw on these marshes were two Dusky Shrikes, a Swamp Sparrow, a Kittlack and a Horned Duck. The last was flying. It came directly on me and fired a number of shots so that I made perfectly sure of its identity.

There were no waders or the marsh in mud flats at the outlet. I did not see the Spear or snipe as a Peep. About three of the shallow pools the water and mud was covered with the feathers of Black Ducks and I saw other familiar heads by their distinct presence such as Turn-ups, Harriets, aquatic plants etc.

After dinner we went into the marshes to shoot and spend the day in trying to the back pond. The hunters camped on Mill Rock kept up such an incessant racket with their rifle practice, shooting etc. that it is no wonder the other birds avoid the marsh. Opposite.

I heard a Hylophonus near our camp and received an early morning shot from a pair of Canada Jays.

In the evening Hylophonus were peeping in the woods and mosquitoes were numerous enough to be annoying.
Oct. 1  Cloudy during forenoon with light steady rain. Afternoon clear, no wind.

To Sooke Island.  Quiet the day about camp. Saw only a few small birds, much fewer than on previous days. In the afternoon took the trains for Balla Island when I met J. C. Nelson in the evening.
Oct. 5

Oct. 5, 1890

Calm and colder with high S.W. wind. The lake white capped at night.

Left lakeside with H. by 9 a.m. and reached camp an hour later. On the way saw two hawks, a Black Duck, and a beltsy Scoter, the latter in the lake in front of the Haywood place.

After dinner H. and I boarded our to the outlet and down the Andros arm to the second bend. Bandying on the left bank we beat the meadows for small starting, not of which I bagged three (in this boat) and Mr. two. Saw a high Pelican sandpiper scaring about in the usual erect way.

Afterward, back to our Outlet and took stations in the grass on the east bank near a place where the current and outflow began, and Black Ducks had been feeding lately. We waited here until it was nearly dark but no Ducks came in as we were about to get into the boat and land.

If I heard a single chirp coming out from its brown leaves at frequent intervals, just as it was passing I saw it for an instant against the light in the west and saw a flash from dropped it dead into the middle of the stream.

Just after sunset there was a hushed but general chorus of Cocktail Pogs, croaking nothing over the marshes, croaking I have heard them before in October but never as such a cold windy evening as this.
Oct. 6

Clear and cold with high N.W. wind, & blowing, disagreeable day.

He left camp at eleven o'clock. Melvin & my old boat with Dick Serjeant 3 in the rear boat with me.

As we neared the mouth of the river a flock of 14 Picturesque Sandpipers came alighting on the water's first as. I fired both guns into them getting four with the first and one with the second. Melvin killed 1 left with one load & missed with the second.

He then turned the canoe and started for a point near on our little Point. He, killed two and two went across the river ran into bears' land. The other alighted on the bare sloping bank, and after a little following the first, the fifty bird dropped in the water where I put it up, then shooting both birds at it each time and missing it with all four shots. He marked it down within a few rods but we could not flush it again.

He landed at the entrance to bear's land and then paddled through the pond and out into the lake by way of Sebago Point. Started two Black Ducks near the end of the island and saw fully 100 ducks in our flock evidently migrants just in from the North. There was a flock of a party Blackbirds with them.

Near Richardson's Camp M. finished his shooting and then drifted, the sport of his gun started them. Richardson's Great Yellow Legs from Sebago Point. I followed them to the bottom while M. went to which back &气味 had ten or for Ducks. I found the Yellow Legs on a small flat on the south side of the outlet and near them.
Golden Plover, a single Golden Plover and fully 50 Black Back Ducks just. The latter were scattered about feeding, pecking at very pretty animated fashion. I stalked the Yellow-lips and shot one sitting and running as it rose. The third came back past me and also met its fate. This shooting started the Plover and the Black Back Ducks they soon came back. I shot the Plover first as it sat on the top of a bump. Then killed one at a down stream. Soon after this we heard Yellow-lips whistling and prancing to the most favoured shore amongst all of which I killed one was 15 yards that I got within the feet of it and actually fired a shot at one of the others directly and its head without stairs. After this I heard still another Yellow-lips but we could not find him. We also saw two flocks of Black Back Ducks of which elighted elighted but we failed to get a shot at them.

Not in met us at this mouth of the river. He had heard a number of Black Ducks, scattered out had had no shots.
Oct. 7 1890

Cloudy and cold with strong S. E. wind and light rain early in the evening increasing to a steady rain later in the night and blowing to seven towards the next morning.

Join discovered a flock of coots in the lake off N. Brook Cove this morning, just as we were about starting in pursuit of them the steamer appeared and from it a number of shots were fired at them. The shotguns came in from the steamer to make us a call so that we didn't feel left out until near ten o'clock. We found a flock of coots Surf Scoters very near them just inside of N. Brook point. Both birds with green heads or reddish up with thirty yards of them. There were four old males which kept together & led the others. We fired both birds at three and missed. I killed two of the gray birds with my first load and one with my second but one of the three "came to life" again after the number of coots and drolling to doing escaped. The beachers fished only a few hundred yards and in three times again. This time the flock was at fully 200 yds but came towards us. Melvin shot one and I made a double at two of the drakes getting both down at about 60 yds. One fell dead, the other I had to shoot one. M. must have found a flock of light old and few Surf Scoters but they went to fly that we could not get near them. After bowling on the edge at the end of the point we turned into Shaggy Creek found four Surf Scoters were there. Melvin prudled to them i shot down a pair as they came but one escaped. The others took flight.
me at least 70 yds. away, and I killed one perfectly
head, a wonderfully big shot, for a 20 gauge gun.

He then wound into the brush and tried the
Swipe marsh. He flushed and killed a Pigeon.
I started a pair of Black Ducks at about 80 yds.

foolishly that two charges of .40 at times of course
futilely. The found eight Swipes of which I shot
them and Mr. two. One bird that escaped us
was high and was flying in great cork after
the usual fashion of Swipes when a Pigeon Hawk
approached and pressed it for a moment. He
more. It easily controllable but turned unable to
catch it although the Swipe did not doubt more
than they usually do. Several times the Hawk cloud
in on it and for an instant the two birds seemed
merged into one. Once the Hawk that directly
under the Swipe and turning sharply upward
seemed to attempt to flit it from beneath but
failed in this also. Finally the Swipe pitched
down into the grass and the little Falcon
kept on and flew up the chase.

Saw a fine adult Marsh Hawk hunting near the
marsh and a small flock of Woodcocks.

At sunset took halibut for dinner. Mr. was
the mouth of the river. At a small stand in
the marsh. No Ducks came near me but I
heard sound shots. Mr. got one long shot. I
saw two flocks of seven Black Ducks flying
high toward Moon Point.
Oct. 8

Cloudy with no wind. Drift snow fell steadily all the forenoon, amounting to a depth of two or three inches. Snow flurries shading the branches of the coniferous trees. The brilliant autumn foliage showed to great advantage in contrast with the snow and coniferous.

He left camp at about 8 a.m. and paddled on to the mouth of the river where we found a pair of Black Ducks, and a flock of seven more. Bill Sargent paddled M. to within about 70 yards of the pair when they flew and alighted with the others which proved too shy to approach.

Jim and I kept on down the river and just above Leonard's Pool saw a flock of blue-winged geese. It went in behind a thump from which it peeled out at us at intervals. When we were within 20 yards I shot and I shot it.

He next went into Leonard's Pond while M. rowed on Leonard's P. to Moon Pt. He found a flock of eight Blackbells on the pond and saw the boat in under the bank at the upper end of the island wanted for them to work up to us. They came rapidly and were soon in the boat. Jim said as before I could not get them because I had to shoot. I killed one & wounded another with my first barrel and wounded a third with my second barrel. Both wounded birds dropped in the pond but both flew out before we got near enough to shoot them one.

With no present of the second Blackbells we started two large flocks of Wilson's Snipe from the edge of the woods. There were fully 30 birds in one flock and ten or twelve in the other, fly away.
down cluster of branches and bent obliquely all together. I paddled carefully up to them and could see a dozen or more running about on the bare sand and resting. As they were a hundred yards I halted two at one spot. After this I closed them about for several hours and I shot them with my air rifle. They were exceedingly easy after running for yards. One very instance they alighted on the edge of the water and made no attempt to conceal themselves. I watched one for fully thirty minutes at a distance of about 20 ft. using my most powerful glass, it was clear most of the time, much in the manner of a headland but occasionally passing into half opened bill. It worked very heavily and the light stripes on the breast were conspicuous showing as perfectly straight stripes. I shot it several times which was filled with broken and water. The next evening I made a surprise

Robin

There were about 50 Robins in the woods along the water's edge. There was much Jenny among them chiefly by young birds. All this time the moon was falling thick and fast.

I reached in the first building a large jar out containing two tons of

Moose Pt.

Moss Pt.

Wexford Pt.

Pictoral

Pleasant Pt.

Fowl Harbor

Cove

An

On

Brewer Pt.

Long Island

Foul Harbor

On

Wexford Pt.

Musk Pt.

Wexford Pt.

Pleasant Pt.

Pictoral

Foul Harbor

Cove

200

120

50

10

5
Oct. 9

Fair with occasional showers. Moderate N. E. & W. wind. Left camp with three men at camp to get in wood & with Mr. Hunt the entire day hunting Silver G. of which we killed 12. 6 killed by Mr Hunt & 6 by Mr. Hunt & myself near the outlet & eight in the pond. They lay very well to-day and were in the grass with few hours having elapsed. I saw a beautiful point on one of them which I was preparing in an opening on a smooth rocky place.

I had a Royer Hunter but not a Single Duck until just at night within two small groves of Black Ducks and one Single Bird came on the marsh.

There were no Robins to-day and no rusty Blackbirds of which we had a number yesterday. Here Song Sparrows & a Hutton are all the small birds seen in Resords Pond. On the marsh started a few Savannah's and Yellow Hawks.

There were several Heron Troubles about the camp this morning & I heard a Crow crying. Yesterday we saw a Great Blue Heron to day a Kingfisher but bird life on the whole is not very considerable. Pleat at Miller's Camp to day & left it at camp for me.
Oct. 10

Cloudy and warm with no wind. Slight showers in P.M. and heavy rain after nightfall. A dense fog in the morning lasting until after nine o'clock.

Started off in the fog at 8 a.m. dragging the boats over Wells' Carry and started taking the Megalloway Arm.

He had rowed about a mile when Jim saw a sudden 

warning given behind us. I thought it was as it passed. 

He landed first at the pond on the left bank just above Pain Hill pond. It formed two Wood Ducks there but they flew before we got ready to stalk them. I went into the pond just above Field's Rock. He went in after them but they were in the grass and ran out of range going 100 yards at about 60 yards.

As we were passing Bear Brook we saw a large fox 

leaping his way along the edge of the meadow just inside the road. We tried to get a shot at him but he disappeared in the bushes before he got near. We avoided his approach as I was watching him through my glass, sitting down leisurely like a dog.

The leading Bottle Brook pond M. and I shot into the right hand "leg." There was two Black Ducks there and as I was stalling them at third joined them. I got within about 15 yds of them and as two came together called to them to part up. Their heads which they at one click. When I fired both up and brought down two fine and a brooked wing at very long range with my second bird. Then I was three engaged. The shore saw several flocks in other parts of the pond but we got no more shots. The wounded duck swam across the pond and hid under a log when Don found.
Returning to the rein I was about to join the men when I
saw Fann, a Partridge, near and began to load it.
I followed him and finally flushed the bird some yards.
He offered a different shape than his breaking
down my bird with a broken wing. He proved to be
an old "drammer" of large size.

On the way down rein we did not fire a shot,
flushing at the hawks' head gang and sent three
men armed with the bows. Flushed two hawks
which Mr. killed one. Then crossed the river and beat
the marsh opposite the pond. On found and hunted
a hawks which I shot. He also caught a beautiful
pigeon on a wounded Black Duck which he caught
in a bed of tall grass.

It was now getting dark so we toiled stations and
waited for Ducks. Now came near us but I killed
another hawks which came fast one when it was so
dark that I could see him only over the water.

We saw no less than four Partridges, Woodpeckers and
at least by Canada geese besides a number of smaller
birds. I distinctly heard a Peep Deer yet the only one
thus far visited. Hermit Thrushes were abundant
throughout and we saw a flock of about thirty
Robins. Red-tailed Hawkstales were heard this year
but I saw none. Have found no Cowbirds or yet.
Heard at least three Peacock moths in the heavy
oak forest on the shores of the lake. Westward
from Parkeet Rock heard a cry which was quite
new to me. It was apparently made by some
bird in the woods on the mountain side.
Oct. 11

Cloudy with frequent heavy showers. Mind N. W., just the way.

Melvin went to Bottle Brook Pond for the day, while I stayed in camp, watching birds and writing. He killed one Black Duck and his guide another. They saw a Duck in the pond which they took to be a Mallard. Only a few Black Ducks came in during the day.

About noon, I saw a White-Sided Redtail and two or three Hermit Thrushes. Three Canada Jays began coming to the camp and made frequent visits during the day, carrying off a quantity of bread. They have been about ever since we came but have not made as regular visits before to-day.

Late in the afternoon I launched the canoe and had a short sail going nearly to Moon Point.

While off the mouth of the River on my return the deep canoe mudder gave out and I had some difficulty in paddling ashore when Melvin & Benjamin came along and filled the mudder for me. Saw several

flocks of Black Ducks and heard a Golden

Plover whistle.
Oct. 12. Cloudy most of the day with occasional brief intervals of sunshine, and heavy snow or rain by spells. Much
from the N. N. W., cold and blowing. Satin were about
the camp last night.

Mr. and I started out at 7 A.M. land in a pair
at the Snipe marsh which we beat hastily. Den
found and pointed a bird which I shot. The water
was risen more than a foot in the past three days
and the best bass grounds are now flooded.

We then bowed to Sweet Meadow. Not a single
Duck there, the fresh track of a large Otter on the mud
under the Bridge. The meadow dry and lifeless save
for a few Bony & Savannah Sparrows.

We landed at the old place and walked up to
Ernest Hill Pond, and Mr. Widdon's desk at the W. end on
all the Ducks that we could see. We even flushed
them and shot one setting in some of the Otter as
it flew. The report of his gun startled out a small
Duck which I took for a Buffle-head from the
crew below where I was flushed and a large Black
Duck which I did not recognize from under the
brushes directly in front of me. The latter got out
of range before I saw it and alighted near the
outlet. I went after but could not find it but
it got back to the other end of the pond somehow
and was flushed by Mr. Widdon just after I was returned
to my first station. Being high in air it
came over me at great speed evidently having
made up its mind to leave the pond but I
bought it down then it reached the woods
and upon getting into the brush turned to be
in front of the dog. Don worked off on the track of something and we soon heard him barking in the distance. The guide both ran to the spot and found him rolling on the ground in great agony with his nose lips and the rest of his mouth cut, literally cutting with Porcupine quills. Fortunately had a pair of small trowels in a combination box and with them we quickly extracted the quills but one had worked completely through his skin from beneath. He bore the pain with wonderful fortitude, whining a little and wagging his tail incessantly.

Hunt traced Curly's Merkel, 12 yards from

Meadow, Bird 25 yards, Bear 22 yards, Black Bears, three Black Bears alight. I tried to walk out to them but they ran and flew.

Small woodland 2 or 3 small birds in the woods today. Had almost no Blue Jays this year and practically no small Woodpeckers. In fact the woods are dreary and life, although not half the leaves have not yet fallen.

Great Horned birds, 2 Great Horned Owls hooting near Miller's Cem. we were on the beach after the Buck's. One hooted in a higher key than the other and had an adder at one foot, he hiss, hiss, hiss hiss. They soon were together probably a pair.
Oct. 13 Blandless and nearly perfectly calm all day. But cold last night but warm at noon with fine stirring around the camp. At sunrise Jan discovered two flocks of ducks in the lake off the mouth of 10 Great Scans complementing one flock and 6 American Geese in the water. He started for them immediately after breakfast and chased them about all the forenoon. I killed one of the Scans and two old male Geese within a pair of Geese. The Scans joined the Geese, repeatedly swimming and flying with them. They also went inshore and one of them actually landed on the rocks & pruning their feathers. Most eights and Geese were 1/2 day up we had to bush our boots and paddle carefully to get within shot of them.

From Back to camp. The bunch of the attack Mr. Janely chased the ducks to the lake near in pursuit of a large flock of Scans which Jan discovered them. They proved to be Indian Scans about three in number all jakes I judge. He killed seven of them and a f bird Scans which was with them.

I spent an hour or more skimming birds and then started out. We had moved out a few hundred yards when a flock of 19 jakes of Scans (not the flock Mr. Janely had been shooting at) came flying off the lake low over the water in a line at right angles to their course of flight. As they passed me within 10 yds I made a dash after getting some birds, he followed them but did not get another good chance.

After this we came off on Great Scans again.
in a little corn clow in there, he followed the path of the bear and paddled to within 35 yds. of them.
I got five clow together and shot at them to my heart's content only one but cutting down another with my second hand. They flew only a little way and were for a moment imprisoned by two whistle birds. They soon flew off and the second time but I stopped one of the whistle birds and scared it by another shot.

While chasing these birds about we saw a Phalarope which we followed for more than an hour. It was very restless alighting for a moment and then flying on a hundred yards or more and settling down again. Melvin saw two of these birds. I think they were Red Phalaropes. In one I saw a small black, short, skill whistle (peep).

He also saw two Horned Grebes which I took to be a Red-naped Grebe. The latter was very noisy calling ke-ke-nick, ka-ke-ke-ke, more almost like a Raven. (This cry is disagreeable, characteristic of Horned Grebe.)

Moore Point: Hunt to Moon Point a little after sunset a flock of 15 Black Ducks, a pair, and a flock of seven small Ducks found but all sort of sea. Then was a great quadrille, crowing and flashing of ducks on the South Bay, after it was too dark to see anything on the water. From the sound I judged a number of Black Ducks must have alighted with a flock of ducks in deep water.
Oct. 14

Cloudy and warmer with occasional light showers and steady
rain in the evening. Both calm all day.

Just after breakfast a 8 P. Creeks are seen about
camp and I should it was flying from a bank
rub to the pine at our landing. Charlie saw a 9 in
the same bank.

He spent all of the day on the bank, June and
I going to Mess St. Thomas along the 9. There to
Glaspy Cove down past H. Rock Cove to The Ybar
Cove where we met Wilson by appointment at 11 A.
It was there White winged settlers flying high, a
single very thin Snake back in the bottom, a flock
of one hundred Black Ducks in Glaspy Cove and
a few Sheldrakes. I tried only once during the
morning a last shot at a Sheldrake which I
missed. The Glaspy Cove has two six Sharrons and
a Robin and heard Redpoll Buntings in the air.

Again back to a 9... Herring Gull which
had a bucket that would weigh at least 4 lb
in its throat, the tail sticking out the Gull's mouth.

It was sitting on a rock. We also had a chaffing
Sharrons which he pushed up dead in the bank. It
director lost its way in the drums for early
this morning & flew in circles until exhausted.

After lunch went to Black Island Cove. I
took a shot on the beach and H. went
in in his boat starting two Sheldrakes which
came directly over me within less than 150.
I missed the first but got the other with my
second hand.

While we were eating lunch we built a fire,
while the time of some young ducks who came within 200 yards, circling back and forth and showing great curiosity. But in the afternoon we moved to Moon Pt. In the cove was a Great Blue Heron and a Bonaparte's Gull, two small gulls! Black Ducks and a small Duck which I think was a Mottled Duck but without any spot or black at all. I think the Gull and the Ducks were not feeding at all this evening, and I heard no sound of other animals.

The Canada Jay came to the camp at frequent intervals during the day and carried off our whits of bread.
Oct. 15

Altimately cloudy and clear with violent squalls of wind
accompanied by heavy rain. If had a rain. Beautiful cloud
effects at times. Air chilly but temperature not really low.

Just after breakfast we saw a large flock of Geese
flying past B. Brook Cove but before we could get ready
to pursue them the wind rose to such a degree that we
decided not venture out on the broad part of the lake.

Accordingly, decided to take a two days trip of
the Megalloway and started at about 10 a.m.

On the way up to Bottle Brook we saw a number
of Sheldrake and M. had a shot at one flock
but failed to kill any of them. He went up Bear Brook
and started a Black Duck but I did not get a
shot at it.

In Bottle Brook Pond we found a flock of 17
Black Ducks. They were feeding in the middle arm
and M. cut out on the left hand point where I
took the right hand. The flock came close to my
side and I started them by creeping out along
a long, shallow ditch which extends nearly to the
water's edge through the marsh. I got within about
40 yds. when they began to swim out into the pond.
I shot one bird at four or five that were swimming. I shot
a man together killing one and wounding another which
forthwith with my second barrel I dropped a single bird.
The wounded duck flew down the arm to the
main bank then turned to the right into the
woods where Bob found it in a hole under the
roots of an upturned tree. It proved to be a
painted albinos, a beautiful bird marked on
the back & wings with pure white,
After eating lunch we started up river. Near the steam landing I saw a beautiful Stork, my old friend, white and evidently in unusually high

health. After shooting at it several times I finally secured it. It was very fat and on it I saw another a young, brown bird. There were some Bluebirds, also, among the Flats on this interchange and while we were chasing the Stork for a distance started up river and then came down past us.

Above the steam landing we saw nothing

except a pair of Sheldrake, two Black Brant and a few tree sparrows. The rain was very beautiful and we had a fine sunset. Passed the Brown

Hash farm before dark and in time to hunt

a half mile or more of Alder and Pines near

Mann's farm. The brains for Woodcock of which we found no

We took

Woodcock

then
Clean and much warmer with soft S. W. wind quite the mildest day, in fact, that we have had for two weeks or more.

As we left the Brown Farm at about 5 o'clock the morning was simply perfect, the air calm, the air wonderfully clear, the sun warm. For the first mile or two we saw nothing more interesting than a Muskrat swimming across the stream. On reaching one of the cut off Willows pulled his boat across which we kept on around the loop. As we rounded a bend we saw a Mink dart back from a rock where he had been sitting in the sun, and disappear in a hole under the bank. He soon jumped out again from another hole and I shot at his head but failed to kill him and we saw him no more. The bank was fairly honeycombed with holes and ruin ways, which were pervaded with the Tunny odor peculiar to muskets & weasels.

As we were looking in these holes a Sharp Shined Hawk came screeching just within a few yards of the boat. I shot both birds at him but failed to get him.

On reaching the brow landing we went on shore on the right bank and beat a large alder tree for Woodcock. Found no signs of them there but a little below in a spring bunch of two alders sheltered with young bushes we heard two of which Mr. Hill did one and I the other. I saw my bird on the ground ahead.

The day it was not breeding but was hunting.
in a rather erect position, perfectly motionless.

Near Black Pond. We next crossed the river and went in to the town.

Near Black Pond, but found no Ducks there.

Near Bottle Brook Pond, I went out on the left-hand point, taking the right-hand one. In the right-hand arm I started out a single Black Duck, which I corralled, before showing myself. Near the end of the point I caught the glimmer of a white breast on an old log, and directing my glass to the spot made out from a hidden Mayflower, sitting on a log, turning themselves. Tafs was a good chance to stalk them under cover of the bushes but they must have heard me for when I got within that of the log and jumped on the log, they ran gone and I discovered them swimming up the middle of the pond towards the station. For a long time they cruised back and forth in the sunettes, diving a good deal for food. At length they swam in towards my ambush and passed within about 50 yards I shot one point into them but had no chance to fire the other owing to the bushes which prevented me from doing them fly. I then came out and found one dead and one wounded bird. The latter ran at me and I killed it.

While sitting in the bushes I heard a low musical whistle which seemed to come from the ground at my feet.

It was repeated many times and prevented me entirely until at length I saw the author of that cheer among from a bush and sat on the lower verandah as I tar. It certainly was a great; not a monkey,

A. D. Conner sold it as a Black Duck in Bear Brook.
Oct. 17

Cloudy and warm with no wind. Rained heavily from day break to dark.

Melvin left me this morning and started for home. I spent the day at camp, shining beds etc. The Canada Jays came at frequent intervals in spite of the pouring rain. Their chowage did not appear wet or dragged in the least.

Fox Sparrows also visited the camp and picked at some meals and bread crumbs that the cook had thrown out for the Jays.

Oct. 18

Cloudy, mild and dead calm with occasional light sprinkles of rain.

Spent most of the day about camp. A Fox Sparrow presumably for Sparrow the same one as yesterday, was picking at the crumbs and meal again this morning. The Canada Jays came also of course and I heard two Pair, handsome in the first Pairs handsome Pair the day we pitched camp.

But in the afternoon I rowed over to Piers Point and called on a Mr. Ogden who is camping there.

As it was getting dark I crossed the Balf to Moon Bay there were eight Black Beatles picking on the seeds of grasses about the house & I heard a group of sparrows in the marsh which is now flooded for or by Black Ducks came in and alighted in the grass. One of them quacked almost incessantly for ten or fifteen minutes, making a great racket for the night was very still

Hardly an hour after dark and it was very dark to expect a Partridge as the men were eating supper in front of their tent a Partridge suddenly rose from within the circle of light of the lantern and 15 yds. away it flew a long distance back into the woods & one did not try to follow it.
Oct. 17

I spent the morning about camp. In the afternoon I sailed the canoe over to Pine Point, going with one in the boat. Handled and explored the point for a camping site for next year. As the rocky area has a spotted sandpiper, the only one noticed here --- continuation.

I had intended to go to Noon Pt. for the evening shooting, but the weather broke on threatening that I decided to return to camp. I had made the sail across for the wind came in heavy gusts. Soon after we landed it began blowing a gale which continued all night with heavy rain.
Oct. 20

Cloudy all day, with occasional light showers, and high N. wind. Rain in the early morning (42°F) getting colder through the day. Middle Fork & Spedale all thrown capped.

At breakfast time I rowed across the lake very carefully, with the glass from our observatory in the tall pine in front of the camp, but no ducks were in sight. About noon, however, two flocks appeared. "Sea Ducks" in the lake off B. Brook Cove. The second went to the cove. A flock of about 25 White-winged Scoters all adult White-winged Scoters, and a flock of about a dozen Old Squaws, sight of which were not ducks. I gave paddled over and after them in the afternoon. But the Scoters went to the north, and the Old Squaws to the east. I shot both kinds of the latter without effect.

In the forenoon I sailed my canoe for two hours, sailing on one more beating up to the Bulletin morning down the lake to Muscle Cove and then back to camp. The wind blew a gale as I came in, and although I had only the small sail and that refused to hold, I made the wind. At the Bulletin I heard the wind-tubes of the Yellowlegs whistling and piled just a Black Duck which was feeding among them, barking. The latter was unusually tame for not only did it not run from me at all but a little later the drake passed within 150 yards of it without starting it.

While chasing the "Sea Ducks" in the afternoon, I rowed, and I saw several Red-breasted Geese. They flew about very briskly and made a noise between two grunts if a drake & drake.
At about 4 P.M. we went to the mastels at the outlet which are now covered by about 8 ft. of water only, the tops of the cattail grasses and rushes showing. We found the twin Black Ducks exactly where I saw them this morning and paddled to within 50 yards. When we were and after flying about 300 yards, alighted near a flock of at least 20 Black Ducks. The latter flew off as we approached, but we got within 40 yards of our high ducks before he took. Although we had absolutely no room to shoot him this time as he sprang from the water.

We paddled through Bowens Point where we saw only a solitary Heron (breeding) to Murco.

At the Haul I saw only a Pottery House (of hundred) to Murco.

Black Ducks where we started a small flock of Black Ducks out of range. Then returned to the vessels at the outlet, as it was getting dark. We saw them Black Ducks alighting and paddled to within 50 yards.

Canonico, as they sprang I fired both barrels, getting a bird at the second shot and missing the first. It is evident that Black Ducks cannot be distinctly seen in the twilight for they were in open water and are only even seen the gathering darkness.

Mr. Serjeant went to Rapid River for the day in the hope of getting a deer. He shot only a Partridge but found a single White-winged Garter and a flock of 5 of the Fowl, all in the North Bay.
Oct. 21

Cloudless, the air wonderfully clear. A striking blue at times right at others blue and grey. Skies clear in our first clear sight to the thickness of window glass but the sun was worn at noon to day and I saw house dragon flies flitting about.

Soon after breakfast we discovered two flocks of a "sea breeke" in the bale of 13. Brown Crows. The larger flock contained fully twenty four Butter bills, all but one or two of them females or young and one white wing. The smaller flock consisted of 13 Old Squaws, nine of which were adult males.

Both flocks were very skilful in their few minutes and flying up and down the bales, sometimes close in together and nearly always skating in the same plane.

As soon as we felt reasonably sure that the wind was not going to blow very hard in bashed the boat and started out after them.

We tried the Old Squaw first. They were fully one hundred yards off but flew towards us giving me a long cross that I dropped there with my first barrel and two with my second but one of the wounded ones afterward came and got off.

A few moments later a red-tailed brown came flying over the boat rather high. I fired at him and brought him down with a perfect Wing but he soon to minute and persistently that in finally you heard off.

We next tried the large flock of Butter bills and got within good shot of them.
rose and flew across our bows when I shot down two with the first barrel and then with the
second getting all but one of the total eight. Four were killed outright.

This practically ended the day’s sport. We tried the Old Squaws twice afterwards but they
were too shy to permit another approach.

Before we could get to the flock of Black ducks which we found off Black Island this wind
rose and we had to go ashore. After waiting an hour or more on crowded to Black Island
low but the ducks had flown up the Baltic. He started from Childsboro, from under the
lee of the island and two of them alighted out in the Baltic. I landed and by covering
a small bush covered with reeds I have taken them in certain 10 yds. Rising to my feet
I started them and tried a double shot but got only my first bird.

He then went to the flooded meadows
at the Baltic. Saw only ten Black Ducks which
dove out of range. None appeared to be flying
about at present.

After Sergeant went over the Camp to Middle Dam
and took eleven Cartridges in which he shot my
two. They were very wild flying before I
could get sight at them.

This morning before we left camp a fine
adult Bald Eagle alighted on a tall pine
men camp and flew again fast as I
was about to shoot at him with a rifle.
Oct. 22. Cloudless and nearly dead calm. Very warm at noon but
the coldest night we have had thus far this time. 27°
at daylight and the ground frozen hard.
There was a dense fog hanging over the lake
when I started out at 3 o'clock, but it soon cleared
off as we turned from the tent like a great curtain. We
headed to Happy Cove and landed the canoe
to 13. Brook Lane where we made out a small
island in the lake and paddled out from him. It proved to be the hide threatened from that
I shot down yesterday, its wing being wounded.
He landed on the point just as the fog was lifting
and was searching the lake with the glad when
I shot him. A small duck started out from the water
directly over his head. I had a good shot at
it and fired both barrels but apparently without
hurting it. At the first shot it mounted
straight up, turned, and flew back into the
woods.

We then returned to camp and rowed up to River Pt.
when we landed and eat lunch. After lunch we went
up the North Bay. There were two Old Seagulls out in the
middle and we paddled our branded boat within 200 ft. in North Bay
of them. I shot at one on the water and at the other
but it rose but unaccountably failed to hit either of
them. They flew a long distance and
followed them rose far out of range and
disappeared down the lake.

We next tried to paddle to face grey foxes which
were crossing about in deep water swimming in
a cheetah like Ducks but they retreated & don't reply.
we got within range. There were two others in sight at the same time.

Black Ducks: Black Ducks are my scene and I fear most of them have left us. We saw only two today. There are a few Robins lingering still and 3.

Marsh Hawk: saw a Marsh Hawk at Miss. Point. The lake is very high and the meadows entirely submerged.

Oct. 22: A drizzle in the morning throwing the lake until past ten o'clock. After that dead calm and hot sun for an hour, then fast gathering clouds and strong S. W. wind all the afternoon. Spent the day about camp taking a sail in my canoe in the afternoon.
Oct. 24

Cloudy and chilly, with rain 9 a.m. to 6 p.m., wind, struck at times, strong.

Early this morning I saw a flock of ducks in the lake near Black Island. They kept well out in deep water and seemed to be seetos, but they proved to be childbacks. At one time they worked in closer to shore and I landed on the back side of the point and came very near getting at them, but they soon swam out into the lake again, although there was a heavy sea running, and began diving in deep water, 500 to 600 yards from land. At times all would be under water at once but usually several remained in watch while the others swam below. There were 20 birds in the flock and all appeared to be females or young males. They frequently "flushed" but usually swam in small clusters with single birds scattered between. They kept diving in nearly one place for a few moments but frequently came in to some rocks where they cleaned out and perched their feathers. Some of them "floundered" with the beak nearly horizontal. One was seen to the top of a rock 4 or 5 ft. above the water where it kept a keen lookout. I do not remember ever seeing childbucks quite in deep open water before.

I wound up to find a degree that we turned to camp about ten o'clock. I spent the remainder of the day looking about on the lake in my canoe.

As I was eating breakfast this morning a Cooper's Hawk skimmed past the ship.
to the ground and alighted for a moment in a brick by the shore. At noon, too, a young
Herring Gull alighted on the water just off our
landing and spent nearly half an hour trying
to swallow a dead fish that was too large
for him. He tore it to pieces about the head when
it would begin to sink the moment he let it
go. Each time he would recover it by playing
his head and neck under water. At length he
missed his aim and the fish doubled back
beyond his reach for he was swimming at once to
a height of ten or twelve feet, about his wings
and plunged down head first going partly out
of sight excepting the tip of his tail but he
came up without his fish. He took his
disappointment very well and floated on the
water for several minutes, playing his head
under water and scattering the water on his
head at the same time the tip of the fish
with his wings. He waded to town that afternoon
my men rowed past him within ten yards
deep water and I sailed my canoe within
20 yards of him before he flew.
1890

Oct 25

A gray day, the sun shining feebly at times. Wind NW to N, light. Thurs. 40° at sunrise.

At 10 a. m. started for Battle Rock Pond but near the mouth of the Nysa river we met Beaver's trader, who told us that "there was no ducks up the river" whereas he had seen nearly 150 Black Ducks in the Sweet & Curtis meadows this morning. The wind having changed in favor turned around and went to Sweet Meadows. It proved to be fairly promising with Black Ducks which were scattered about one to each a space that we could do nothing with them. I landed and tried to stalk some of them but there was them in the grass and I could not reach them. Then several of them heard the sound and flew. The they paddled down into one of the coves, but were soon discovered and a general (?) of ducks began. The old trader turned to make it his official business to claim all the rest for his half and down the meadows went times quacking incessantly. Flocks after flocks rose and went out over the woods many of them probably not being aware of the human nature of the donor. Again they were all gone I landed and concealed myself while Jim went to Curtis Meadows with the boat to their. Then back I waited two hours or more
without getting in that. During this time only seven ducks alighted in the meadow. They were all nimbuses and bluejays and would not go to feeding. As I was lying concealed a number of small birds came about; four juncos, a Carolina, four chipping and two hairy thrushes. I could hear a little Canada-deer in the hemlocks on the hill.

At about 4 P.M. Jim returned and we started for the little pond under Endall. The meadow, we found it fairly alive with ducks, representing no less than four species. Near the lily at the west about 10 black ducks were "flitting up" in the shallow water, while some wigeons, rif-sheldrake, and at least three buffleheads were rafted about on every part of the pond swimming for food or floating ashore well out from the shore. The brown duck all did away and the surface was agitated only by the ripples made by the wigeons feeding. Which kept rolling in from different directions. I watched the beautiful birds for some minutes and was glad that none of them tempted one to shoot. I did, indeed, count one of the drake wigeons but they kept out of range. As I waded passed me within 5 ft. making short dives along the water's edge: a bufflehead done many times within 30 yards of my ambush. One of the wigeons drakes went to slip and floated for a long time motionless with head buried in the kapuk leaves. Heard a Barred Owl hooting near their friends. Reached the camp at dark without having found a spot to dry.
Oct. 26  

Dead calm all day. The sun shining finely through.

The clouds on the last night, then falling to 28°.

Left camp at 8 a.m. and crossed directly to Sweet

Meadows. On the way did not see or hear a bird.

Of any kind. Not even a Chickadee. Entering the

meadows we found the water from congealing

among the grass. Some Black Ducks alighted

in the usual place but they soon saw us and

went on. Most of them going out the brick edge
to Sweet Hill pond. Some Ten Sparrows were singing

in the meadows and I heard brown Thrush in

the trees. A Blue Jay teeming in the woods. Just as we
crossed the meadows flood across the meadows and pecking on the top

to a tall chest began digging mostly and continuously.

Its song was very like that of a Brown Thrush

but a little lower and more broken. I have never

heard one to such advantage before. I finally

thought that the bird would continue to

Nest across the ridge to Sweet Hill pond. Among

the leaves of the bushes with "Bow" I picked ray

one slowly and carefully, through the leaves to

the west end of the pond. As I was in my

way in I heard a large number of Black

Ducks swim and go out, apparently

They soon accord for there was nothing to alarm

them. Reaching my objective point I prepared

a spot through the older and formed brush

the tame birds that I left in the pond
Ernst Hill Pond.

Last night we found Muskrats, four Muskrat heads,
six Redheads, and four Shelducks. Black Ducks were also
quacking near me, but they soon flew and went
out of the woods.

For more than two hours I sat quietly among
the elders watching the birds just mentioned.
I hoped to get a shot at one of the Shelduck
drakes but they kept out of range of the
Shelduck the whole time. For more than an
hour two of the Shelduck heads were coming
within forty or sixty yards and once a Shelduck
flew past within ten yards making a great
flushing and spluttering as it forced its way
partly under and partly above water through
a dense bed of frost-blighted juncus and
at length there was a position of wings high
overhead at first light and flying in the
distance, then louder and stronger changing
finally to a rushing sound like that of a
gale blowing through pines when a flock
of fully thirty Black Ducks came rushing
down on the wings in a half circle, striking
the water all together with such force as to
send it high above their heads. It was a
superb sight, these great birds rushing down
at meteoric speed. Their wings held stiffly,
their necks stretched out, their feet dragged
with the webs wide spread. The wind they
made in the perfectly still air was enough
to raise the thinnest spray for a moment.
They alighted a little to my left while two
others which followed them dropped in
1870 about an equal distance to the right of the flock and
soon came to my station. There was no way to join the others.
I
Both and when two drakes together four killed

The dog found and caught it

None of the diving ducks left the pond
None of the diving ducks left the pond

The Buffu heads and some of the Whistling
Some returned and I went round the

The Buffu heads and some of the Whistling

The Buffu heads and some of the Whistling
Swimming past my ambush. Jim failed to land. The buffalo heads much as I came around the pond and tried to stalk them. Yet within long range as they were diving under a great lack, and when all three were under water made a run for the shore, the canoe to the surface. I then I stopped, saw an and pulled when I knocked it down with a broken wing. Another then came up and I pulled it. The third went off near at the wounded one broken across the pond but would not go ashore so I decided it useless to follow it. While sitting quietly among the alders I heard another sound within being a rumble of bums (in Oct. 13). It came past me within ten feet jumping from one branch to pass to the east occasionally swimming a small post, jumping continuously this while. The song was very clear a bird, perhaps a young song sparrow, but perhaps I should call it a woodly whistle for it was very slight indeed but melodic liquid and musical throughout a succession of many notes rising and falling. The asthma lasting at least half a minute. The chorus was very small and dark brown in color. It was probably a thrush and was a strain about same broken a sound deeper doing four or five times nearly as loudly and weak as in spring. Back to camp by 5 P.M. Capt. Sargent started a pair of deer in the woods near camp. I heard from that of them on the bow but heard them every time.
Oct 27

Cloudy with heavy snow squalls in the afternoon, and high N. winds.

At sunrise Jim discovered a small flock of "greenbacks" in the Bay near McAllister Island and as soon as we could dispose breakfast and get the boat ready we went in pursuit of them. They proved to be Butter-bills, bighorn in number, all brown birds. We got within less than 30 yards of them without apparentlyrount

attracting their attention for they were bathing and playing up to the last moment when they suddenly took wing. I fired both barrels (of the top 12's gun) as they passed shooting down fire and surrounding another which ran aftersh

knew after a long chase. In the meantime went only a few hundred yards before reality began and we were getting up to them a second time with very prospect of another good shot when the Butterfly appeared on the scene, evaded her, and started them. As they went down into the lynn Cow and as the N. wind was just getting up an ugly sea we returned to camp.

The remainder of the forenoon was spent in taking down the tents and packing the smaller things ready for the return which came at about 2 P.M. and took us all down to Lakeside.

There was a tremendous sea running in the afternoon and the bows were wetter than a fresh hatched frog.
Oct. 23 Cloudy and cold with raging N. W. to W. wind and frequent snow squalls. Spent the day in the hotel and made no observations on birds.
Oct 29

Early morning clear and cold. The ground frozen hard, the lake perfectly calm. As the sun rose higher, it became very warm but by eleven the sky clouded over and a raw S. wind sprang up.

After breakfast, took my gun and Don and beat some of the Woodcock near our cottage. Saw no Woodcock but Don found and pointed a group in the cove to E. of the Thomas Landing. The birds less cold and I think "tired" but I could not find it. Mr. Sweet tells me that his dog started a Woodcock among forsythia on a knoll behind Bolshievi on the 23rd last. He saw what was doubtless the same bird in the same place about a week before this date.

There were exceeding few small birds about this morning. A few thrushes in the wood, redstarts on the brush, two juncos in the barn yard, two Crayfish, several thrushes (blackcap) and Black-capped Chickadees, a male Hairy Woodpecker, a Red-bellied Woodpecker, and three Robins in the woods that I traversed. The woods are now wholly leafless, the fields fast turning brown, and winter evidently very near at hand.

Mr. Sweet tells me that演技 chickens have alighted in the lake near the house within the past week. They have all come in after dark and started south before sunrise each morning. He had a long shot at six which flew over his barn.
one morning at daybreak and wounded one
of them which left the others and flew
low and fastly but out of sight over the
woods. He has not known to many fowl
to alight in the Bala for many years.
Curiously enough neither he nor anyone else
has been any fowlers in the vicinity of Bala
between Northside and Great Island this
autumn. Indeed the fowl has been only
two Ducks on this part of the Bala hare
Sept. 1st. He tells me that for the first few
years after he bought the premises from
(1870-1874) Sheldrake, Minister, Massachusetts
a good many Black Ducks used to report
daily in autumn to the corn between his
place and Sergeant. He often hard hundred
hundred in this corn at one time and
killed a great many in the course of each
autumn. During these years the coming
flights through the harrow, were very
heavy and he has known them go to
kill twenty birds there in a single evening.
1840

0.7.30

Blown with frequent fresh breezes and strong N. W. winds, a bright, sunny day, the mountains while with snow nearly to their bases. Started for Bethul at 10 a.m. but got no further than Upton hill, when my driver, Mr. King, became anxious about his other wagon which, drawn by a pair of horses, was to have started immediately after us. He waited for it awhile and then King went back on foot. As he did not return I drew one horse into Abbot's barn and tied two horses in corn walkin about the place. Saw two very large flocks of Geese, at least fifty in one flock, whirling restlessly from place to place.

They finally returned with the missing wagon which had been overturned, fortunately without injury to any of its occupants. It was now past one o'clock so we dined at Abbot's and after more delays finally started again at three o'clock, reaching Bethul at about eight, saw several flocks of Geese on the way but nothing else. On the 31st I went through to Cambridge by car.
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>No.</th>
<th>Species</th>
<th>Dates</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1.</td>
<td>Merula migratoria</td>
<td>Sept 22 - Oct 29</td>
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<tr>
<td>2.</td>
<td>Juncus patellii</td>
<td>Sept 22 - Oct 23</td>
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<td>3.</td>
<td><em>Accipiter</em></td>
<td>25</td>
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<td>4.</td>
<td><em>Aliciae</em></td>
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<td>5.</td>
<td><em>Sitta indica</em></td>
<td>Sept 24 - Oct 15/26</td>
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<td>7.</td>
<td><em>Anthus Americana</em></td>
<td>Sept 26 - Oct 29 (in red tape)</td>
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<td>9.</td>
<td><em>Calcicola</em></td>
<td>23 - 10</td>
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<td>10.</td>
<td><em>Juncus indicus</em></td>
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<td>11.</td>
<td><em>Hestonius</em></td>
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<td>12.</td>
<td><em>Sitta carolinensis</em></td>
<td>25 - 16</td>
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61. Falco columbarius  Sept. 24 - Oct. 6 7 1 9
63.  "  fusca  Oct. 16  22
64. Acan tvus bidentatus  Sept. 27  Oct. 28
65. Habronitus melanaphalus " 23 " 27  Daily fish in all, them ad, ten young.
66. Pachyurus canariensis  Sept. 25
68. Circa canariensis Numenius, perhaps more than last year.
69. Fulica atra  Sept. 21  Oct. 16
71. Charadrius virginiensis  Oct. 5 a young bird kept that Oct. 11 head is coming in tight.
72. Argusianus minimus  Oct. 4 a young bird kept.
73. Phalacrocorax pygmaeus 3 Oct. 13  his can fly up and on the middle of beach.
74. Tringa carolinotis  Sept. 23  27  Oct. 6  10  7 8 2
75.  "  arundinae  Oct. 8  10  10  10  at Moon Point.
76. Sturnus vulgaris  Oct. 6  one young, many tame, ideas.
77. Sturnus canariensis  Sept. 25  Oct. 50 were locked up 50 or more reported Oct. 15
78.  "  melanocephalus  Oct. 4  10  10
79. Carbo maculata  Oct. 14
80. Anser herodius  Sept. 24  - Oct. 20  not common this autumn.
81. Bufo bufo  carolinus  Oct. 13  flying. Several fl. each night in both my studies of
83. Marbled Quail  Oct. 12.  Is a young 8 in Est. this week, a solitary bird.
84. Anas poiana  Sept. 21  (4)  Oct. 8  (10)  10  10  said to have been shot and we find
87. Fulica atra  Oct. 10 12  (2)  Forks in 40 or associating with keets.
88. Harzia glacialis  Oct. 20  (24)  21  (24)  22  (2)
89. Ciconia jubata  Oct. 5 24.  Two feet 30% in this Oct. 10 1 14 1 14 1 14 1 14
90. Charadrius minimus  Oct. 7  21  27  27  27  27  27
91. Phalacrocorax carolinus  Oct. 13  21  27  27  27  27  27
96. Orthodoxy caerulea. Oct. 15. Two in Bottle Creek Road. Two there.


98. Norus or. smithsonianus. Oct. 5. 2,750. " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " 

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Dec. 12. Clear and cold in winter, blusing with Negro N. W. wind, and then falling from 36° at sunrise to 23° at sunset.

Starting at 8.30 I drove directly to Higgins (near the home place) in Readfield where I left the horse and started for the crossing bridge and then comes to the north of the home. Skirt the estate edge I walked it at a brisk pace, to get my blood hastened over the frozen meadow until Don, best the borders of two thickets. The had gone only a little way when he flashed a Partridge which rose, a little, and at first while, nevertheless, I should have pointed. I was not near enough to shoot.

On reaching the old rope walk I turned into a little meadow which was covered with long grass and thickets of sheep laurel, mossy mounds, and hillocks, at intervals, from one of these mounds a Short-cased Owl started within ten feet of me. Short-cased Owl flapping off with shrill hoots, we were, mostly like flight. I let it go perhaps twenty yards and this brought it down with a broken wing. It dropped its bill and made a blinging sound when I approached it and when I took it by wing stuck at me with its talons but did not attempt to bite. Davidson killed one of these Owls in this meadow about two weeks ago.

Not far from where the Owl rose, I came upon a small mound of droppings perfectly fresh and evidently made last night. Don, sniffed at them eagerly and then crossed straight across the meadow and out into a wood field either.
The birds had evidently breakfasted. Their sound led straight across the field and came to an end on the further side. I afterwards found their tracks made in the leaves during the morning yesterday on an old ridge near the field, but did not succeed in starting the bird.

Turning into the lane opposite the lane I walked, I spent an hour or more beating it in different directions. During this time one "ex" formed and pointed from Grum. The first one wild and went off unshot at. I had an easy shot at the second as it came from the edge of an opening and killed it before it had gone two yards. The third flushed fully 40 yds. off and among their brush and my charge did no more harm than to obliterate the tops of some of the bracken. The fourth bird lay very hard among a rather worn, bed of matted, prostrate grass in a little circular opening surrounded on every side by the densest possible cover. The dog pointed so staunchly that I supposed he had found a bevy of birds until I stepped in ahead of him when the Partridge burst up through the grass as my first, making a prodigious fluttering and getting under way very hurriedly and clumsily. I had to shoot at it within ten paces or lose the chance and my bird, when I pulled him up, proved to be badly mauled, a great pity for he was a fine young cock with an unusually red tail.

While in this swamp I had a long shot at a Red-tailed Hawk which came gliding past me within fifty yards. I could double...
(Continued)

1870
Dec. 12 had killed him with a heavy shot--but my
charge of not only cut out a few feathers to
be kept on.

After eating a hasty lunch and getting
thoroughly chilled by the brief period of exertion,
I crossed the swamp and climbed the bank
to the west starting two very wild. Partridges
near its base. They flew on ahead and I
expected to find them in the big woods beyond
the crest of the ridge, but failed to do so.
In these woods I saw two Golden-crowned
Kinglets in one place and in another among
winter berries, a little flock of Black dusky juncos
half-asleep in all. These were literally the
only small birds that I met with during
my tramp, but while driving home near the late
in the afternoon I saw a number of Crows
and a flock of about nine Black
Sparrows.

I walked back to Broyant's through "Bexington
Bend." The woods had a dusky look in the
late afternoon sunlight, the ground covered
with a thin layer of icy-crusted snow, the wind
whistling and roaring through the bare tops nearly
from dead trees by scores, the only really warm
bright color being that of the occasional clusters
of Barberries along the gray stone walls or
those of the Black alder on the bawing edges.
In the great brick swamp I saw countless
Tracks of the Coney rabbit which must
be very numerous there. I also saw one
for track and what I took for the track of a Thane (can they be out at this season?)