HARVARD UNIVERSITY.

LIBRARY
OF THE
MUSEUM OF COMPARATIVE ZOOLOGY

Bequest of
WILLIAM BREWSTER
The important systematic notes are copied into "Systematic Notes, Vols. 1-68." All notes copied are checked. Walter Deane, June 13, 1898.
Jan. 24 Concord. Clear and still. Scattered in the sun at noon, but only 14° at evening.

Boths came up this morning for a walk, but I could go only a little distance with him as I have been ill with the influenza for three weeks and am still very weak (I have been out only three times before this).

We started up the Egholme road, turned into Mr. Derby’s lane, kept up the Damstead to Pratt’s nursery and then home along Flints Brook. The fields are bare but there are about 2 inches of soft deep snow in the woods & on northern exposures. This in places through the fine, rounded tracks of mice and the broad foot-prints of rabbits. He also saw a few squirrels tracking

in the Damstead meadow where the ground was frozen hard and more than half covered with snow a inch or more. Two small wood-colored, wingless grasshoppers, both very lively.

Of birds we saw two juncos, a flock of finch chickadees, one of eight crows, a Downy Woodpecker, and two Blue Jays, the last screaming at frequent intervals.

Yesterday afternoon I went over the same ground and started a Downy in Pratt’s barn among

brush. This morning before Boths arrived, I heard a Siskin in the brush in field near by the apple trees near the Bethel’s shed. His voice was much like a thrush in quality but the notes were delivered much more slowly with considerable intervals. It seemed repeatedly much like a Cat’s head but more hoarse.
1872 Mass.

Jan. 25 Concord. A sunny day with flaky masses of drifting clouds. Mean sixty-five at noon.

Spent a couple of hours in the camomile walking slowly over the ground visited yesterday. I was my walk and had to stop frequently to breathe and rest.

Saw a flock of five Chickadees in Paddy's lane swamp and the birds together in the jaws of Derby's lane. Heard an Ovenbird and two Green Univ. There were literally all the birds noted.

Spent some time the dying Rabbit tracks. Rabbit is running on good ground. Taking long leaps the feet are planted down. Then moving at a slow gait. Then taking my short, slow leaps of two only a foot at a time. The fore feet always drawn to hinder the ground first and the hind foot to over or beyond them.

Late in the afternoon I walked to the top of Ripley's Hill. There was not a breath of wind and the air seemed as soft and warm as on an evening in May. The moon sat in a mass of dark clouds through the tints without it shot forth a strong pure light. At one time the air seemed filled with a golden cloud and the air on the Mill Brook meadow was fairly alburn appearing of a deep flame color. The scene was open as far as I could see in every direction to about its normal width. But children were everywhere skimming on the flooded meadows. As I crossed the crest of the hill two Grooms rose from the edge of the maple grove below and after flying a few rods dropped among the bushes.
1872

Jan'y 29 Concord... Cloudy, still, and mild, but a light chilly

with a breath of E wind, even & there.

Down to Ball's Hill this forenoon, returning to

claim. About midway of the lane which leads

to Benson's we started an immense flock

of Goldfinches from a field of weeds. There must

have been over 100 of them. They ran all together

in a perfect cloud and alighting in the top

of a hawthorn tree completely filled it, covering

the branches and thickets clusters of finches.

Returning through this lane, we have a long time,

on found that goldfinches gone but started a

flock of ten or twelve from somewhere from this lane.

I also found here Three Blue Jays and a Snowy W

On Ball's Hill I flushed a Flock Parus under a

bushy rock in the summit and heard Cross

Cranes & Jongs screaming. In Benson's Pears I

found two Chickadees. George Cornell) saw a

Shrike in Benson's orchard, describing it to me

afterwards very accurately.

In the woods on the north side of Ball's Hill and

the pines along Benson's ridge, the ground was

covered about two inches deep with dry powdery

snow. This covering was thickly tracked on

by Rabbit's & Warren and a few Toyes had also

left their footprints

The sun bounded at frequent intervals while I

was at the hill. More than once I was struck

by the resemblance of the sound when coming

from a distance to the pumping of the Patten.

The noise was from one column.
Jan. 30

Concord, Mass.

Morning cloudy with strong N. E. wind, and
snow which came fitfully in driving gusts and ceased
wholly by 11 A.M. Shortly after which the clouds began
to break disclosing patches of blue sky and allowing the
sun to peep out for brief intervals.

Before the snow had quite ceased falling I started for
the Damselfall following the latchpole road. There
was perhaps an inch of new snow, fair for walkers, but
it had blown off many places in the road and in
the fields the tips of the grass blades rising through
abre it gave the surface a decided ting of pale
snow color.

Near the entrance of Derby's Lane I came upon two
Chickadees accompanied by a Golden crest, the first I
have seen this month. I also started a very large
adult Red-Tailed Hawk from the top of an apple tree B. branches
in the meadow opposite.

Following the brook up through the Damselfall meadow
I looked closely among the tussocks, shades for tracks
of small mammals. In two places I found the fresh field
trail of a mouse leading from one bunch of grass to another,
the tracks, by a slight gap across of small leaves, thus
proving them packages of themselves to have
extended by day. There were no other tracks of any kind
turning back and climbing the slight ridge to the brook.
I found on the thickest edge of the woods a noisy party from
of Ten Sparrows, 24 in number and with them an
Sparrow. They were fluttering among from woods, flying back
through the flock. They had ceased the fresh snow with
branched trails the foot prints印象 a one slightly
in advance than: for a A. Drury N. west wind among.
1892, Mass

January Concord.

Varus at. Jan. 22 2 24 2 25 2 29 2 30 3

Spina tus Jan. 21 2 29 3

Spina tus mes. Jan. 22 1 29 2 30 4 (June)

Corvis tv. Jan. 21 2 23 4 24 5 25 2 26 2 29 4

Capricorn Jan. 23 1 24 3 25 4 29 3

Piscis pub. Jan. 24 1 29 5 30 4

Scorpius Jan. 24 2 (Midnight) 24 3 (11 PM)

Bomasa Jan. 23 5 25 3 29 4

Taurus Jan. 24 2 (2:30 AM) 30 in Sick for Varusus.

Buta. cot. Jan. 30 1 2

Regemus cot. Jan. 30 (with 3 chickens)

Grasshopper Jan. 24 2
Feb. 1 Concord. Cloudy, dead calm, warm.

To Ripley's Hill at 8 P.M. As I approached the edge of the pitch pine grove I heard a Partridge fly and immediately after another. From the sound I suspected that at least one of them had "tread" as I advanced into the grove my stealthily and silently, seeing each tree closely from top to base, I had gone about 20 yards without hearing anything except the distant two birds started out of the trees with a prodigious uproar of wings, one just after the other, both going off on the downwind. Neither was within 50 yards of me when it flew. A moment after this a third Partridge went out of a pine fully 40 yards from where I was standing. One of the three must have taken to the tree before I reached the top of the hill for I am sure that only two birds started from the ground in the first instance. They had all chosen pitch pines well up in the trees. The two which I saw the quickest after they had spread their wings had evidently been sitting on short, short branches down there or few feet from the main trunk, twelve or fifteen feet from the top of the tree, and perhaps thirty feet above the ground.

Descending to the swamp, I found the thin coating of snow which covered the forest thickly marked thickly with rabbit tracks. I also saw what I took to be the track of a fox.

Besides the Partridges I met with no birds except some Chickadees which I heard but did not actually see.
Feb. 3  Concord. Cloudy & warm. Snow storm in late P.M.

To Bells Hill at 10 A.M. driving down with Geo. an' I, for the first time since my illness, taking lunch and spending the day.

The morning was delightfully bright and warm without a breath of wind, the sun piercing through a thin curtain of clouds at intervals. The roads were muddy and the snow melted rapidly on the northern slopes.

On reaching Holders I got out of the buggy and cut across the intervening fields & wood lots directly for Bells Hill. The first bird I saw was a fine old Red Tailed Hawk soaring over the woods on Holders hill. Soon after entering those woods I heard a Chickadee giving the peep peep notes at regular intervals. On reaching Bells Hill I found a large flock (I counted 43 birds in certain small flocks) of Fren Sparrows in the bushes on the edge of Bells' cranberry marsh. One of the Fren Sparrows was in reality a very small field sparrow which I first came within hearing and afterward saw when I was following the flocks within the farm or often makes pairs & dozen times a minute making the woods ring with the wild, sweet strain.

When I first approached the edge of this marshes a Partridge Partridge (or from the edge of the opposite side facing back into my walk through) just after it left the ground it began calling keeping it up until it was out of sight beyond the crest of the hill. I watched that bird on the first thing.

Kra-r-r-uck, kra-r-r-uck, Rr, Rr. This repeated, the bird flew rather slowly but made
1892. Mon.
Feb. 1 Concord. — quite as much whistling as usual although
it went only a short distance and acted as if
undecided whether to immediately return or not,
making as it were a batting flight. I have frequently
heard the vocal sounds just described on similar
occasions and also when a bird has started to
run a little way before flying. I doubt if they are
ever given by a bird in such flight or by one
which rises strongly. They are perhaps oftener
heard from a wing broken bird just returned
from its place of concealment.

On my way across country from Holdens to
Rabbit Tracks

I saw innumerable Rabbit Tracks otherwise there was
enough snow to show them well. Doubtless a brain
Rabbit will make many tracks in a night that
there was sufficient variation in the line of the
foot prints to convince one that each came where I
saw them contained several of these animals.
The tracks followed more or less well beaten paths
in places, in others wandered about, crossing and
recessing openings in the brush and winding about
among them. The Rabbits had run excitedly,
small, exposed tracks of willows and curious on
the main tracks or穿戴s small roots from the
woods. There was much variation in the tracks,
that I saw to day but as a rule the foot prints
are squarely in pairs thus: 00. Sometimes the
four prints were nearly or quite amalgamated, thus:
00 or 00. The hind foot was always in advance.
I did not see a single track of this style 00
Why? Most of the tracks were on its curved walk.
1892

Feb. 7 Concord. There damp snow and the impression even to distinct that usually cast only the toes but thin claws as well had left a claw cast. Besides Rabbit tracks I saw only those of Men and perhaps of Shrews, also. On a briny slope of Balls Hill where there was no snow and where the ground was covered thinly with dry leaves a sudden, dark slatyJosh or Large Shrew crossed a narrow path within my feet of me, darting across as lightly and quite as silently as a shadow. On going to the spot I found that it had a tunnel above the ground but under the leaves which were soggy and more or less pressed together in a sort of tunnel visible in thickness. The tunnel was broken by the foot path and in many other places was more or less open above forming a deep trench not quite roofed over. I saw many similar tunnels in the woods. Miller thinks they are the work of Field Voles but the animal I saw to day was certainly without a Mole or a Shrew. I think it a Rat.

After cutting down some small trees (where my tent is to stand) and burning the brush on the river ice I started for home at 4 P.M. It was beginning to rain and by the time we reached the lane the ground was quite wet. in the fields Jorgs were screaming on Balls Hill. This evening a crow calling in the distance.
Concord. Cloudless, the sky of a peculiarly tender pale blue, the sunshine warm. A high W. N. W. wind, yet not a cold wind, for the season.

It seemed all day yesterday, and the night before as well, but at no time very heavily, only about 1½ inches falling in all. The snow was moist and heavy. Snow-laden and as there was no wind, it clung to every thing. Trees, loading the trees with a burden of spotless white. I walked up through the Damsdale late yesterday afternoon before the storm had quite ceased. The woods were very beautiful everywhere, but especially where there were congreens intertwined. Under some of the pines the ground was perfectly bare, the branches having intercepted literally every ray from the grey bridges, almost without exception, even bent down so that their tops nearly or quite touched the ground. They looked like great ostrich plumes. The broad wood paths through Mr. Derby's woods was completely cleared of them so that I had to leave it and follow the margin of the brook, saw no tracks whatever.

This morning I went to the lime hills, ending up the dirt track road on a wood path. The scene, after we had fairly entered the woods, was simply one of benign beauty. I can find no words to describe it but I do not think I have ever seen it equalled before. The forest had put on an azure robe. Not a tree or a bush of vegetation spared that was not clad wholly in forest white. Even the pines showed traces of green or brown. This
Feb. 4 Concord. Branches were bent down by the weight of
snow giving them a curious close resemblance, especially at a distance, to branches on a tree.
The bases lay about hip under deep on the ground
when it had not been intercepted in its fall by
the trees. At first it was fine and juicy but as the base rose higher it became crotched and nestled into a stem solid and my legs
blankets which covered the ground everywhere.
Here were many tracks of man and thieves,
and a few of squirrels and rabbits and occasionally
the trail of a fox or dog. In one place I
found what I at first took for an otter track.
It was a furrow about eight inches wide and
three deep with oblique furrows in the bottom
The admiss and apparently small rim of the
footprints hurried me at first but the mystery
was solved when I traced the furrow to a
hole as large as my fist in a mound. The edges
of the hole were smeared with fresh blood and
rabbit fur. Evidently some animal of the wave
family and probably a Mink had killed a rabbit
and, after its usual custom, had dragged it to
its hole, running backward, the carcass of its victim
marking the furrow and obliterating the tracks
of the hunter.
Saw several little parties of Chickadees and heard
a Knight and a number of Blue Jays. Reached
the house about 1 P.M. sitting back on the sled
on the top of a load of wood.
Feb. 5

1892

Mass.

Concord. Early morning cold, thermometer 27°; sky around the bare shining cloud through thin clouds. Then 10° at sun rise; about 36° at noon. The sun shining a good deal. Sky still cloudy.

To Ball's Hill by buggy at 10 A.M. Packed lunch and spending the day.

On the road saw a flock of blue jays, crows and trash. A flock of crows and a hawk. The crows started from the top of a living pine, flapping down a shaven of firm snow as if to test wing.

Walked down to the hill from Thun's along the back side of the farm leading. The trees still bare much brown and the young pines in the glacial hollows were loaded with snow, presenting a beautiful appearance. Two Knights' Golden crows and a Chickadee on this edge.

Spent hours of the forenoon trying to know any big brush loop, but the snow which covered the top method as soon as the flames reached it and quickly just out the fire. Jays screaming in my ears.

A Fox had crossed the eastern side of my lot in the night. He made two kinds of tracks sometimes putting a fore hind foot on equally. The main spot sometimes a little apart, then: o o o o o o o o o o o o. The largest stride I could find was one track, which had marks measured 26 inches in length by 1¾ in. in width.

These tracks were seen exactly in line (this) but always in two parallel lines.
Feb. 5

 Consider. Once in about fifty yards, on the average, the animal had visited a few drops of yellowish
foam on water, usually on the top of a slight
wave but sometimes on the still surface. This
led me to infer that it was a female.

In the middle of my largest clearing within
a few rods of my brush bank, the Fox had
stopped and trod upon the snow over a year
of perhaps a foot thick. The this tumbled down
long more of the intestines of a Partridge. These
were no feathers, bones or other fragments whatever.
The intestines were fresh and wet. I spread the tissue
and found it filled with unmistakable green
appearance quite fresh & having the usual greenish
smell. The Fox had come from the hill. Immediately
I was following the foot track. I traced it step
by step back across the east slope of the hill
through our golden oaks to the river where
it had apparently crossed the ice from the
Bedford side. Where had it killed the Partridge?
Certainly not on my land for I found no trace
of a struggle anywhere or any single feather
and the testimony of the blood that I kept
snow was conclusive. The Fox had visited a large
burrow on my hillside into which a Rabbit had
led us and had dug into a little bank then had
jumped into a smaller burrow; then after this
it descended the hill and in a small opening
about 300 yards before it came to this place where
the traces lead had dug down through
the snow and captured a Mammal (Arctic).
1892
Feb. 5 Concord. The fox is which with a little block,
was concealed about the edges of the hole. There
was no hole in the ground and the reason
must have been merely hiding beneath the snow
which, cunningly enough showed no trace of its
tiny footprints. It must have worked out to
the hole when it was captured, under the snow.
The fox evidently located it from a distance
by sound first and then and carefully got to
one hole from his previously sighed cover.
There was an sudden opening in the rocky
block on his path. He surely trotted to the
hole at his usual pace and began digging.
I spent the afternoon sitting on the
south side of the hill near the inn.
where my horse was drying a hole in the
bank for prospective hay barn. Building
a small fire and enjoying the afternoon
light on the barn and fields and shadows
to the south and west. George and I
drove home a little before sunset.
Feb. 6 Concord. A wonderfully clear, sparkling winter day. The sky is a tender blue and absolutely cloudless. A breeze is moving, dying at sundown. About sunset a strong afterglow at first red then deepening to rose cinema and finally to dark purple.

To Ball's Hill at 7:30 a.m. Beginning the day. Two fencers in the road near Parsons' house. Chanters and a few crows carrying and flying across the white fields.

From Parsons' I started into the old oak woods north of the brook announc which I revisited coming out on the rear near Davis's Hill. Saw two chickadees, two kinglets & a cowbird together in the woods. Also two jays. The ford suddenly began screaming when a Cooper's hawk started out of some pretty men in. I had a good view of him and saw that he was an old bird. in fine plumage and certainly a male. Found four more fascinating in the same. They had thirty heads at but had caught only one fish, a perch.

From here I walked through Davis's meadow. Gray squirrels had connected many of the trees by hundreds. Tracks were the same in which they herd. Many birds are for wintering. Reached the Ball's Hill looking about morning quite off the last of the day. Then Jaffrey. Miller invited me late in Bill having walked down from Concord. Miller identified many tracks as made by White-footed mice and skunks. H
1892. Nov.

7th. 6. Concord. thinks that he saw a mole track

Nov. 1. in the snow by the roadside in Benson's lane. The tracks make curious lines under the snow coming out in places to the surface and leaving a chain of faint broad-like tracks to where they plunge into the drifts again.

But in the afternoon I saw a small

Bank of flying up. I saw it miss

Passed a flock of about twenty flying in a field.

I then know a little of this man having any visitors who cross the river on the

ice and took a train for Cambridge from

the west Bedford station.
Feb 8

Concord. Blotched with fine rain pattering on the trees and velveting the landscape in a soft gray mantle. Air warm but chilly. No winds whatever.

Off on foot at 3 P.M. walking through Mrs. Dray's lane, up the Damsdale meadows, and beyond to the group of Scotch firs on the Pratt farm, returning around the east line of Pumbkatams, and through Pratt's meadow.

Saw a Red Shouldered Hawk, a fine adult bird, in the Damsdale and Chickadee in four different places, more than three together and usually only two.
1892
Feb. 8
Concord. Our ten corral branches without so much as stepping in the least, as far as I could see. After all three would be in the same turn at once. Two of them were continually engaged in chasing the third. Is it their mating season? They gave one long, wing-squaking, a great variety of grunts, some of which were familiar to me. One was a loud knee, uttered at regular intervals, very hard, like in jargon. Besides this, they gave frequently a low, but penetrating squeaking cry which was not unlike that of the Bay chicken. There were many other sounds which I cannot describe but which were mainly of a grinding or whining character.

From the ever changing they made their way through the trees, leaping into a green and white forest. Here they would gambol cease and they separated, one placing himself to the very topmost branch of a tall pine where he sat for a long term colonizing one the branches by which bent under his weight, like a bird. I have rarely if ever had so good an opportunity to watch grey squirrels before, at least in the woods. These men have seen them before allowing me to keep quietly beneath them, although at every step, my foot broke through the crust with a loud cracking sound. Platt tells me that he has seen some grey squirrels in his cherry at one time. He protects them on his farm.

I spent much of the afternoon in studying foot tracks. These animals appear to be inclined to run in this region. Their favorite running grounds are evidently the open, sunny, wooded.
February 8, 1892

Concord: bordering Brooks. They had quizzed nearly tracks of every known rod of their Dammdale shadow and had found in the ground very shallow innumerable holes through the snow to the ground. Yokes in pursuit of game, in one place a found the entrails in another the entrails, and back with some thin and wide, or a mouse by the black hole of those holes. In a third hole was a mouse's nest torn open and scattered about on the ground. Many tracks on a pine clad hillside led into a beautiful little bower formed by the snow covered branches of a young birch from touching the ground on every side leaving within about the plume of the tree, an open space so high that I could stand erect there. Under this bower the snow would be piled down perfectly deep and smooth. It was smeared over with blood and sprinkled with minute pieces of hair, jagged bones which were certainly not those of any bird nor of any of our small mammals and which I took to be fragments of deer or mammal bone. There were no other animal remains whatever but in a neighboring opening within about eight feet of a small pine from the surface of the snow ice covered with the top and tail feathers, and some of the breast feathers also, of a Blue Jay. The top tail feathers had all been bitten off near their bases. I examined every one and there was not a single exception. How did the Jay catch this bird? I found two tail feathers exactly under the pine but the wind may have blown them there. Some of the branches of this tree were, however, bent down to within two feet of the
Feb. 8

Concord. Snow. Hence it is possible that the Fox may have sprung up and moved the Fox on its
feet. I followed all the tracks that led into the
opening a considerable distance back but did not
find a single further a depth of blood among any
of them.

This afternoon's experience convinced me that our
Fox were galloping or leaping unless they startled or
perceived. Indeed every track that I saw was that
of a walking or trotting Fox. The normal track
is like this: o o o o o. Suggesting a
leaping gait but occasionally the footprints
alternate thus: o o o o. Like those of a
Cat from which they can be distinguished only
by the larger size of the Fox's foot. Between the
two two the Cat's paws are the same in a
perfectly straight line. Both usually (and I
may note but occasionally) put down the hind
foot exactly or approximately so in the footprint
of the fore foot. But between the Fox sometimes
deviates from this rule as I noticed a few days since.

In Pratt's meadow fully thirty yards from my
Partridge
cover instruction I found a hole in the snow where
roosting in a Partridge had apparently roosted on a tree.

A cat, Cat. There was a small nest hole
when the had entered it, probably falling down
to it with great force, and another larger hole
when the had come out, bursting up through
the crust. Searching about, finding pieces of it about.
There was only one drop of in the burrows. A
fox track led by the first within 12 feet!
Feb. 9

Concord. Early part of day cloudy with light flurries of snow. Sky cleared at about 3 P.M. The remainder of the afternoon sunny, absolutely without wind, and delightfully soft and pleasant.

To the establisth woods at 2 P.M., riding up on the wood road. Made directly for Cyrus Clark's old growth timber lot where I spent an hour in amuse admiring the noble oaks, pines & chestnuts. Gray Squirrel tracks led one the track from trunk to trunk in every part of the woods but I saw none of the Squirrels.

Next to Bros Meadow, walking across and nearly around it on the ice. A Fox had been there before me and had scoured about digging holes in under the Cassandra bushes. I looked closely for Bedare but could find now.

Retiring back I wandered slowly homeward through the densely growing young pines and cedars with the meadows. Presently I heard birds, first a blackbird, next a Purple Finch, finally a Nightingale. Then proved to be two of the first, four of the second, and one of the last collected into a little flock in a cluster of cedars on the bough of which the Purple Finches (two red) two gray birds were finding.

In the forest 2 large juxta sitting pine beside a track of Mr. Dutton's I found more tracks of Gray Squirrel, Red Squirrel and in Cyrus Clark's field north of the Dam an immense 400 tracks and holes in the snow where those animals had dug for kernels.

At sunset the air seemed filled with golden haze.
Feb 10 Concord. Cloudless, a brisk, cold N. W. wind in the early morning, remainder of day perfectly calm. Max. 44° at 7 a.m.

Spent the forenoon in the Estabrook woods with Fred Pratt, heading up to the Estabrook place on the Balch's wood road and returning in the same manner.

Pratt took me to a beautiful scene of woods on the north side of Ash Swamp, where yellow beeches are growing in large numbers, with elms and a few Butternut trees. Many of the beeches are eight or ten inches in diameter, and some of them bear very much spreading tops. The color of the bark varies exquisitely, but the name is very pale yellow, in others deep red. In one portion of the swamp tree growth is almost entirely of young beeches twelve to twenty feet tall.

The leaf-clump of Habraria tricolor; its leaves were curled and withered by the cold.

Nearly every tree had a hem in the largest ones, caused by Rabbits and Fox, and some bears. I also found the trail of either a Mink or a large fox.

In Hubbard's forest we hunted two Partridges and a brood of eight Doves. The latter came from a piece of bare ground under a cedar.

Saw two fowls of Chickadees, a Downy Woodpecker, and a Titmouse. The last in Cyrus Clarke's order when I visited one probably the same bird last December. In some places in the pine woods near Derby Lake were eight Fox Squirrels five Jays.

In several places in both & chestnut woods I found Gray Squirrel tracks. Also saw an Red Squirrel.
Feb. 15 Concord. Gloomy with a flurry of rain in the early morning, but the sun put bright by 10 a.m. Remainders of day clear and warm, the snow melting fast, no wind.

To Ball's Hill with George by carriage at 10 a.m. On the way down saw several scarlet and shoot junco's, the cotton in Peterson's apple orchard.

On Ball's Hill I noticed no birds except a blue jay and a chinkadee. The chinkadee was apparently entirely above a path which did not seem to weigh on his spirit in the least. On the back side of the hill kept the house.

I found a partridge back and afterwards flushed what was doubtless the head that made it from the bottom bushes on the edge of Peterson's little pond. Foxes had scavenged all over my hands since my last visit and one of them had inspected the large "earth" on the hill side above my camp. This burrow (or at least its entrance) is quite large enough for a fox yet it is apparently lined by Rabbit's numerous tracks of which led unto it to day.

The walking is now excessively difficult in both fields and woods. The land being more than a foot deep and canned with a crust not quite strong enough to bear one's weight.

My room furnished the occasion for my long hours to day and I spent much time watching them work. To find the inner bow of the burts and ants in the earth that in Farm. My earth worm has turned up.
Feb. 16 Concord. A brilliant winter day, cold but brisk, woods.

The sky cloudless; a fresh N.W. wind. The 14th at sunrise 24° at event.

I spent the day in the Octobrok woods with, cutting trees
Mr. Hale and Mr. Burr (including George) Spear - for logs.
intending the cutting of some chestnut trees
for logs for my beams. He began work on
a hill side near Dale Meadow but the trees
were chestnut and rather large for any purpose
So after lunch we went to the Common Lot
and there found an abundance of fine straight
chestnut sprouts of just the size that I wanted.
It was cold and sunny in the woods today
but, nevertheless, pleasant for the low was bright
and the icy crust that covered the entire farm
of the open country those like barnacles. Here
I saw that few birds, there Chickadees together, Chickadees,
in flocks, Siskins, Brown Crows, flying overhead, and
Crows, a Brown Crane in pairs in the Common Lot.
Jays were heard screeching at frequent intervals. Jays
George saw aJay zipped across the Octobrok road and I heard a Red Squirrel
in some pitch pine trees. Yesterday at Bush Hill,
I found, under a pitch pine, a great heap
(two quarts at least) of scales of pitch pine
corns which this species Squirrel had been.
operating on during the last snowfall. Away
the scales were many of the Red squirrels' wings scattered on the snow but no perfect sets.
What a labor for such small reward!
Feb. 21.25 Concord. During these five days the weather has been uniformly warm, the thermometer ranging from 40° to 65°, at noon and seldom falling much below 30° at night. The wind has remained constantly in the E. or N. E.

Monday (21st) was clear. The other four days have been cloudy, but we have had no rain or snow. The snow which, for the preceding two or three weeks, has covered the ground to the depth of a foot or more, has melted so gradually that the crevices have been not been perceptibly filled. Although now the ground is bare in many places (the S. side of Ball's Hill is entirely bare) and the muddy is all gone,

I spent all of the five days past mentioned at Ball's Hill, superintending the erection of my big house. Peckham and Waymond went on the 23d when we found a number of water fowls, including the Heron of the large Dytiscus amongst them, in or near holes in the ice which the picked fishermen have cut.

On this day I also saw the first Shrewsbury Tracks on the evening of the 24th. I saw a beautiful adult Golden-eye flying over a place of fresh water just above Bearskin Landing. It had apparently just risen from the water and after circling a few times flew off to rise its wings astirthing loudly.

There was a Brown Grouse in the pines on Ball's Hill on the 25th (the first I have seen since since Dec.) and a Hairy v. Downy Woodpecker in the cut on the back side of the hill.

By evening of the 25th the rain was entirely

From the house to Ball's Hill.
Feb. 27


Cloudless and cold with high N. E. wind.

Therefore did not rise above 24° to day but the snow

Thorough a good deal of Boston impresses.

Yesterday I got my boats in order and

Launching the large can in the afternoon turned

cap. went into the Assabet to above the Danes

Just above the red bridge I saw a rather large

bird looking perfectly contentless on the topmost

spur of a small clump in the meadow on

the south bank. Sanding I got within about

50 yds. when through my glass I made it out to

be a Meaden duck. The first I have seen this year.

It flew presently and crossed the river disappearing

in the direction of the珠hitkick wheel. I afterwards

turned its tracks in the snow on the bank in

front of the house.

This morning I went to Bath's Hill by boat.

At the Marsh landing I found a pair of 珠hitkicks

and Chickadee, the former going in & out of both

irresistibly tempting of the same approach of this winter

season.

At Bath's Hill I saw only Chickadees but at Dan's

Hill I heard a Red-tailed hawk screaming &

presently saw the bird scaling down into the 900.

I at first took the cry for that of a Blue Jay.

It is known, more prominent and ends differently

but yet there is a strong resemblance which was

struck me before.

On my way up came just before transit I saw a

Sheldrake perched on an oak in the meadow a. adult

Golden-eye flying down stream, & a very large moon.
Feb 28 Concord. Cloudy and cold with occasional showers of powdery snow. The eighth consecutive day of this kind.
I did not go out until half past five o'clock P.M. when I walked to Ripley’s Hill near the Manse grounds. The evening was gloomy and forbidding and I saw no birds until, on my return from the walk, I heard approaching the Simmons house when a Scratched Eel began calling, apparently in the frame that shades the avenue, where I have heard one similar times before this winter. Bending my face I was walking down Monument Street towards the entrance to this avenue when the bird came flying across the open fields on my left and alighted on a large maple directly over my head. It sat my still and looked against the sky, like a black ball about as large as one’s fist. On the other side of the same tree I saw perching another small black ball, apparently the duplicate of the fist. While I was wondering if it could be another and the first ball opened its wings and flew across the triangle field to the large tree on the lane at the foot of the hill flapping pretty rapidly & very shallow until near them where the wings were set and the line of flight inclined first downward and then sharply upward. The bird pitching upwards at the last precisely like a Pelican when about to alight. I again chose a perch high in the tree. The next instant the others black balls followed and alighted again in the same tree with its mate for they
Feb 28 Concord. We evidently a pair, just starting out on their evening hunt together. After the first few warblings which came from the direction of the house both birds were perfectly silent. They looked rather large when flying and the wings appeared (as they really are) disproportionately broad especially at the ends. I could not make them out very well when the trees or field formed the background for the light was dim although it was not nearly dark night at the time (6 P.M.). I longed to follow them on their evening hunt but certain circumstances prevented. It is evident that these Owls (I did not know before that there were more than one kind) were regular in their hunt on this occasion to the Western Man.
Feb. 29. Concord. Coldly and warmer, the wind N & S, light.

The snow from one again during the cold weather of the 28th. So that I went to Ball's Hill this morning by road, leaving the buggy, however, at Petersen's and walking the remainder of the way across country.

In the pitch some on Danby's Hill I heard

birds a little way off in my right and going to

the spot found a most interesting little mixed

d flock composed of eight Chickadees (the greatest

member that I have seen together this winter) a

pair of Downy Woodpeckers and two Red Crossbills,

8 1/2 and presumably also a pair.

The Crossbills were at first on the ground under

a pine but afterwards slept mainly in the tops

of the trees when they worked in a rather

directed way or the cases most of which began

more spaced. They were unusually shy and not friendly

one to approach nearer than about 20 feet. The 3,

a kind of raw, greyish orange and red plumage,

kept up a low, rather musical piping call quite

different from the usual jiff. Whereas the Chickadees

sawd on the Crossbills at once perked their cones

and followed closely taking short flights from

tree to tree. I tried to separate them from the

Chickadees but failed. The Crossbills once descended
to the ground and spent several minutes eating

snow, hopping about on the surface of a large

drift by the side of a storm wall.

The Woodpeckers also kept together and followed

to the flock closely. One of them spent some time

Woodpecker
1892. Week.
Feb. 29. Concord. in a vineyard, ascending the Hottentot knoll.

(No. 1.)

Supposed the vines very slowly and deliberately, often pausing to pull away the branches, and in no motion, so far as I could discern, obtaining any reward for this labor.

As I emerged from the woods on the lower side of Holden's Hill I glanced at the large, open, shallow pool in the vineyard, but no duck was seen; only a large, dark-colored duck, which evidently saw me, for it curved about swiftly, with head and neck erect, soon dropping down a few yards, and the strong current, now wedging vigorously against it, yet as mom thunders mainting its position by this upward thrust of its length, it approached the bank and split into opening and rising flow, all of light up turning keeping only a yard or two above the surface. It seemed to be wholly dark-colored, and looked like a greater Scaup, but I did not identify it at all satisfactorily.

At Ball's Hill when I spent the day I saw only a few birds flying overhead. The mist here was a great haze among the young foliage on my land this winter, backing hundreds of them just above the ground and thickly spreading for a space of several miles. No trees more than an inch in diameter have been mentioned.

During the walk back to Petersen's lake in the afternoon I saw no birds except a pair of Chickadees. The $3 was which I heard from farther away}

While driving down in the morning I heard Sandpipers...
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>No.</th>
<th>Species</th>
<th>Date</th>
<th>Annot.</th>
<th>Notes</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1</td>
<td>Parus atricapillus</td>
<td>Feb. 1</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2</td>
<td>Bonasa umbellus</td>
<td>Feb. 1</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3</td>
<td>Spinella monticola</td>
<td>Feb. 2</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4</td>
<td>Comus americanus</td>
<td>Feb. 2</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5</td>
<td>Cyanocitta cristata</td>
<td>Feb. 2</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6</td>
<td>Pycis rubescens</td>
<td>Feb. 2</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7</td>
<td>Buteo borealis</td>
<td>Feb. 2</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8</td>
<td>Spinus tristis</td>
<td>Feb. 4</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9</td>
<td>Regulus satrapa</td>
<td>Feb. 4</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10</td>
<td>Plectrochrus risalis</td>
<td>Feb. 5</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>11</td>
<td>Junco hyemalis</td>
<td>Feb. 6</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>12</td>
<td>Erechtis americana</td>
<td>Feb. 6</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>13</td>
<td>Accipiter cooperi</td>
<td>Feb. 6</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>14</td>
<td>Buteo lineatus</td>
<td>Feb. 8</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>15</td>
<td>Empordacus sprungius</td>
<td>Feb. 9</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
1892 Mass.  
February Concord

16. Colius virginianus  Feb. 10 22

17. Colius carolinus  Feb. 10

18. Sturnella magna  Feb. 26

19. Aves villonos  Feb. 25

20. Locius boreali  Feb. 27

21. Passer domesticus

22. Palus carolinus  Feb. 22 (B.)

23. Megapodus asio  Feb. 29 (B) Pair in tall cranes in Monument Sq.

24. Locia minor  Feb. 29 (B) Pair in camp with 3 chickens

25. Passer domesticus

Shunck: Feb. 22, fruit trees.
Grey Squirrel: Feb. 8 16
March 8, Concord--Early morning clear, remained clay cloudy with heavy rain, beginning about 4 P.M. and lasting into the night. Wind N. E., light.

Yesterday was a clear, warm day and the rain fled itself once more from the Mass. to Ball's Hill. So that I went down to my cabin easily & pleasantly by boat. There was a good deal of floating ice, but it was too sudden and shocked life to be at all dangerous even to my light rowboat.

At the hill I saw only a few Crows flying about, a pair of Chickadees, and two Brown Creepers, (there has been only one before.) But on the way down I passed a flock of at least five Chickadees, which were feeding among the Blackberry bushes opposite Ball's Hill.

At 4:45 P.M. as I was about to launch my boat from Benson's landing I happened to look out over the Great Meadows (still an unbroken expanse of ice) when I saw a pair of Black Ducks nearly half a mile among coming directly towards us. As the skirt the open water in the same they let their wings be folded down but rose again and passed directly on my head within fair gun range. They went turned to the E. and disappeared around Ball's Hill. They came directly from the S. and, I cannot doubt, were migratory. Curiously enough they are the first spring birds I have seen this year.

I rounded up more in a heavy rain. As I was landing at the Mass. a Fishk. darted. began wading as the rains were the coarse.
March 9, Concord. Early morning cloudy and calm. The
sky was by 11 a.m. and remained gray and dim
with moderate S. W. wind. Rabbit warm in
snow & ice waxing considerably.

To Bally Hill by boat at 10 a.m. On the
way down I saw a Shrike (just below 9th St
Bridge) a Blue Jay and two Crows. As I
was rounding the turn of the "Hill" I heard
a bird in the air over the Great Meadows. A
shriek
uttering a cry which I did not recognize. This bird
sounded much like the flight of the Blue
Jaycutin bird was repeated at short and
perfectly regular intervals. It was evidently
a flight note but of what bird I cannot imagine.
I stopped repeatedly to listen for Bluebirds
but heard none. Where can they be? The
Hill is surely likely for them. The upper half of the open country is now bare of snow.

Soon after landing, which I did just below
Benson's line, I went to my left hose and
found Peter's hole at work on the dogs.

Afterwards I walked around behind the hill &
had the same good fortune to see a Stork catch Shrike kills
kite and hung up a Field Mouse. This
episode I fully described in my systematic
notes so I will not repeat it here.

A Crane, two Blackbirds and two Blue Jays
were seen or heard on Bally Hill. I expected
to see Mink-rats on my way up but none were
approached.
March 10 Concord. Morning clear and cloud calm, my window first light in the sun with a soft, spring-like quality to the day. As the day advanced the sky became more and more a chilly S. wind arose changing to S. E. late in P.M. with rain in the evening.

Stepping out of doors just after breakfast I heard bluebirds a Bluebird walking on the branches of Mr. Derby's tree. I saw afterwards this or another bird place excited giving their loud call note. A Song Sparrow was also singing steadily in the maples near the rocks on the river bank and the sheners out of the chicken coop came from two different directions at once. There were also House Sparrows singing while the House Sparrows were making a great din in the barn yard and coops crowing on the barn yard most lustily. The first spring-like day was the 6th. Since then each day has been more and more spring-like. But to-day for the first time it has been real spring.

As I crossed the meadow on my way to my boat house I saw the first track of a skunk in the snow on the edge of a large piece of land and water in which crossed a hollow on the new Enfield field. This has been tracks about plants and bugs all winter.

The Song Sparrows kept to me as I was launching my boat but I listened for others in vain on my way down river nor did I hear any additional Bluebirds. Nevertheless the trip was very exciting for I startled no less than Three Mallards, first a pair of Hooded Mergansers
March 10, Concord, kept a pair of Hooded Ducks, and lost. Early flight of Ducks.

(March 2) Two adult Golden eyes accompanied by young Goseander. The Margarines flew out of some furrowed hills near the "lens" and rising about 100 yd. away flew first close then far, and finally down were again passing over, even within gun range. Both looked nearly alike in the water, but flying this & showed his white markings conspicuous. Their wings made a clear whistling sound audible in the distance four or five hundred yards away.

The Hooded Ducks were also among flooded brooks. I came suddenly on them just as I turned the bend at "Thistle" pond and very soon before I saw them, flying a few yards directly towards me before they could clear the bushes & then turning down river. He is a perfect bird, under the dark creck and the other Goseander like red, red, red.

I started both Hooded Ducks & Margarines again before I reached Battle Hill.

The Golden eyes & Goseander rose together from Golden eyes. The Beams came straight the Goseander overshooting it hoarsely as he flew.

At about noon a single Hooded Margarine flew up near part Battle Hill.

I saw very few birds at the hill to dry a few of the Yellow & two Chick others complete the list. Visited the oak thicket 3 I found the Muscovy gone. At three more on brook on the rear Beyond where the Sheldrake disappeared. From I concluded that this bird returned and took him away.
March 10 (No 3)

Concord. From a belt of ashes on the N. S. side
of my maple swamp I started a pair of Ruffed
Grouse. The 4, a small bird with a very narrow
tail, flew first, then a large gray-tailed
individual following her closely. The snow engulfs
in and about this swamp is covered with their
tracks. They evidently follow the lines of buches or
a route but in one place the tracks crossed a
wide opening the bird showing by the length of
its tracks that it felt the need of haste in
crossing so exposed a place.

I found the large brush brush to-day I
watched it to see what would come out.
Nothing appeared but a Field Mouse which
to my surprise turned very little alarmed and
drunk to the highest the thin afforded by the
outer fringe of brush until I left the spot.
One of these Men inhabits the wood just at
my cabin and has become so tame that it
will almost eat from my hand. Today I
threw it several pieces of cake which it ate
joyously while there of were standing
in a circle about it within three or four feet.
Its eyes look precisely like black beads
and nearly were expressionless in form & emotions
especially the strongly arching back it assumed in
of a Musk Rat.

On my way to town in the evening I
saw a Musk Rat sitting on the ice eating a
large whitish root. I also stitched them black
downs from the mouth of Holden's Brook.
March 14 Concord. Very cold and blustering despite the fact that the sun shone from a perfectly clear sky. The breeze was a little above 20° of my hand. I因而, blowing a stiff gale.

Late in the afternoon I took a walk to the Damaskale. Passing across Derby's meadow I saw two bluebirds and two on them. They stopped all plants and looking discouraged enough. Among the brambles in the Damaskale I got the order of a Thrush, very strong indeed. Howling by itself for a few rods I suddenly lost it. I then turned back and lost about one the ground but could find nothing. I always get the sound at about the same place and lose it at another exact same place perhaps 20 yards from the first. There was certainly no Thrush there although the bird was my thought, in fact, distinctly singing at one place.

As I was walking through Derby's lane I started a large Owl which I took to be a Barred Owl, although I could not make sure. It flew from a low branch within 10 yards of me and floundered out over the open meadow in the W. alternately flapping and banking and making little headway against the strong wind. Just as it started a Red Squirrel sprang up the trunk of the tree from which it flew. These two creatures must have been within a yard of one another for a moment. Was the Owl watching the Squirrel, or the Squirrel the Owl? There was a Brown Curlew among the hubbubing.
Concord, March 15

Clear and Cold with N. W. wind less strong than that of yesterday but with blowing half again at times. Threw with innings.

The strong winds of the past four days have kept the channel of the river free from drift, the cold accordingly I made an attempt to get to Balls Hill by boat to day, starting at about 2 30 pm, just below the baking place I saw a fine adult Poecileus 8 variegatus. It probably some a few hundred yards ahead of me (I was rowing at this time & knew was facing my stream) and as it passed me, turned off over the frozen windows. Than passing straight above the river, all was black directly over the Susannan river.

On reaching "Nantucket Sound" I found the same below chilled with drift ice to move a foot from together. The current was running very strong & I did not dare try to break my way through to turn back & with much difficulty crossed a Landship on the Hunt farm. Bearing the boat down I walked down to Balls Hill seeing two Song Sparrows and as many 

Song Sparrows in the way.

Both in the afternoon as I was on my way back to the boat I passing through Holden's woods I found, at the entrance to a large burrow which looked like that of a Pipit, a dead Shrew. It showed no smel of food or any wound but the fur was wet & there was no sign of it. It lay on its side within 1 half of the burrow, I could detect only a slight trace of the usual smell. Saw a Shrew & a mouse near the tent.
March 16, Concord. Clear with light shifting winds, N. most of
the time. Sun. 12 o'clock, 32 o at noon. This is the first day since the 10th when the wind has
not blown nearly a gale.

To Bath's Hill at 9.30 a.m. coming down as far
as Dalling Hill and walking the rest of the way.

Just before Breakfast a Meadow Stand was in level Meadow past
minutes in the field in front of the Hutchins's dining
I expected to hearSong Sparrow & Bluebird on the
very down wind but did not hear either. In fact
the coming of an occasional Crow was the only bird seen
until I reached Dalling's Hill when I heard Chickadee,
a Junco, and at least one Red Crossbill among the Crossbills
which flocks. I went in search of the flock of the
Chickadee but did not succeed in finding them.

As I passed through Holden's woods I visited the hole Shmunk hole
where the dead Shmunk lay last evening. It had by Fox (?)
disappeared. As there no more tracks in the snow
my own) I concluded that the Fox had dropped
the Shmunk into the hole. Soe Holden tells me
that Foxes often with Shmunks and eat them.
About the entrance to this hole I found much
Rabbit fur and a coil of fresh Rabbit entrails.

At noon Fox Holden came to my cabin and told me that he had just seen a Goose in
the river. It was swimming at the head of
Balls dam rapids and after going down as
far as the open water extended Holden
following along the meadows it finally rose
and flew back home up the river apparently
alighting over Dalling's Hill. On my way
March 16. Concord. Back to my Aunt Ltee in the afternoon. A Goose I was thinking about this bird and hearing in the woods. That I might see it when first I was emerging from Holden's woods, I looked across the river and there it was directly opposite me standing on the edge of the ice on the further side of the river about 100 yards off. The body was nearly horizontal, the leg stuck stretched up. After looking at the bird with my glass for some minutes, I turned myself outside the woods when it took to the water and paddled off down stream going very slowly with the current but not seeming to be much alarmed. It was from out of sight around the bend but probably did not fly. A former report of seeing a flock of them flying by was false.

On the way up river I saw a Sheldrake sitting on the top of a willow near the bathing place. It was doubtless the same bird which I observed yesterday a little lower down. Between 10 and 11 a.m. the ice on the meadows and along the river kept up an incessant booming which continued before noon and which I did not once hear in the afternoon. It was less loud and resonant than usual and more rattling, reminding one forcibly of the rattling sound of human voices.

I do not think that either Song Sparrows or Blackbirds have increased in numbers during the past six days.

Saw a Gray Squirrel this afternoon, a Red yesterday, both Squirrels in Holden's woods.
March 17, Concord. — A still pleasant day, the sun shining at times, at others obscured or diminished by fields of loose, drifting clouds. Then 10° at sunrise, 38° at noon; the latter point is the highest reached during the past six days.

To Brooks' Hill by boat at 10 a. m., taking my gun for the first time this year. A Bluebird was working near Thirty's bridge, but the Jay feathers were silent, although I saw several along the walls and in brush piles near the river. As I was passing Thirty's farm a Shrike flew up into the upper branches of the Shrike, and became still and began scolding, Jay-like chatter, which was doubtless the same bird which I saw yesterday and the day before, as well as at other dates during the past month, although it has usually been on the other side of the river.

Nothing more of interest was seen until I reached the mouth of Holden's Brook. I caught sight of the Wild Goos which I left there yesterday. It was billing quietly on the water among the stones of the floater snags & willows on the west side of the river about 100 yards from me, but, as soon as it saw me, it raised its head, and with much blusted to swim down stream. I was facing the bow of my boat using my double bladed paddle and pushing fast and strong. I forced it swiftly through the water hoping to get within shot. Before the Goos could take wing, this plan succeeded admirably for the bird became surprised, turned by my sudden appearance and rapid approach, became evidently confused and swam just this

1892 Mass
March 17 Concord, Mass.

Several ways, so that when it finally
made up its mind to fly I was within 30 yards.
It started directly from one, not sprawling or leaping
like a Black Duck, but first spreading its great wings
rushing itself clear of the water by a powerful stroke
or two and then flying swiftly off down the stream
only a yard or two above the surface. Although I
reached for my gun the instant the bird opened its
wings it was fully thirty yards away before I could
pull the trigger. At the report the bird collapsed
and fell, striking the water at an acute angle and
sinking up a shower of spray. Too short had
penetrated the head and there were marks of the
wound in the legs and body behind. I had my 20-g.
gun loaded with 3 3/4 dr. of powder and 3/4 oz. of shot.

In the afternoon 19 Geese and a little 9 in.

Gooseberries another, flew past the hill about 100 feet high. They alighted
and did not follow the river but kept off one the shore, the berries
remaining finally rising from higher and going out
over the Great Fields in the direction of Frankenstein.
I could not make any usual movement against the
sky. These birds must have come up from
the Merrimac River. So they follow the sea-coast
in their migrations and then turn into the
March 17 Concord months of the river. These birds certainly had every appearance of being actually migrating at the time that I saw them but their course was about south west! Probably they were bound for the great Sudbury Meadows and will spend several weeks there before pushing further north. I saw one flock at about 3 P.M., then other perhaps an hour later. The river was seen from bank to bank a little above Bottle Hill but they did not even circle over it. Indeed their flight was so decided and direct as to leave little doubt in my mind that they were selecting their way over a familiar and long-established route to the destination just mentioned. Had the Moodus come up from the Merriam for a day's fishing intending to return at night they surely would not have appeared at 3 o'clock on hand.

At about 4 P.M. one of my men called me to see a big bird which he had just flown close over his head. I turned my gun and followed him along the river path a little way when a broad-winged bird started about 60 feet ahead and flew out of sight around a turn. I hurried after it and soon saw it again far a few times in succession. It seemed to be exceedingly restless or nervous taking short flights and were remaining perched for more than a minute at a time. As nearly as I could make out it it was not frightened by me but merely kept on the run. I followed it as far as Holden's woods but could not once get a good sight at it. It looked
Concord, Massachusetts,

March 17, 1892 [No. 41]

Concord—most like a Barred Owl but nearly as Strange. But

kind of that species one beholds in such a singular manner. I am very sure that it was an Owl of some kind and suspect that it may have been a Barred Owl although I really did not have enough of it to make this assertion. It was a very strange thing to see always there in the way and about all that I could walk out was that the bird had large wings and was of a greyish color. The flight was too slow and erratic to be that of any kind of Hawk. Besides, I am very sure that even I saw this large bird break as the bird turned.

My own bird that it came from across the river and passed one there within a yard or two.

My homeward paddle this evening was very pleasant. There was no wind and the water was very slow so that the current was not very strong. As I passed Hunt's Pond I saw two large ducks swimming along the edge of the ice. They rose when I was too far away and circling to get above the thin films of ice on the water. When I saw that they were Goosanders, a duck's death, the latter in full plumage.

I also saw a very large Barred Owl swimming in the stream.
1892

March 18

Concord... Snowing hard all day, about ten inches of heavy, damp snow falling, changing to rain just before dark.

Both in the afternoon I put on my snow shoes and walked across the fields to the foot of a hill. It was snowing heavily and the country was looking picturesque.

Returning along the foot of the hill I saw two meadow birds. They came flying towards me from a clump heavy with apple tree twigs and were giving me a good view of their yellow breasts. These were critically the only birds I saw except two chickadees in the huckleberry.

"20 Morning's coming clear, the wind still cloudy. Hard, blowing a full gale from daybreak late into the night. One of an icy, penetrating quality, although the morning was to 38° at noon.

Faxon & Miller came up this morning and met me at Ball's Hill, Michael driving us down on the wood sled and coming for us again late in the afternoon. He spent most of the time in my cabin, but took a short tour through Persis's farm woods where we saw two chickadees & a Purple Finch.

The woods were dreary and depressing in the evening; then being no wood to shelter us to afford much refuge from the raging, icy wind.

Along the road back, Pinkers and Persis ran guns from several, five foot Sparrows, and

five Robins. The Sparrows were fluttering in the road when alone is three any been found at present.

The Robins were eating any grass berries in the large Red cranberries. The also have a Meadow Love. Faxon tells me that pink eggs were seen in Cambridge a week or more ago.
Concord, Massachusetts,
March 21

1892

Mass

A clear and cold winter morning, moderate wind. The sun rose at 5:30, the sky being cloudless.

At 7:30, I hiked up to Bells Hill, by which time the sun had risen to its full glory. The scene was beautiful, with the early morning light casting long shadows on the landscape.

In the distance, I could see the town of Concord, with its white-washed houses and wooden shingles. The river was calm and still, with only the occasional splash of a fish breaking the silence.

As I sat on the bank, I listened to the sound of the river flowing gently downstream. The air was crisp and fresh, and I could feel the warmth of the sunlight on my face.

I spent the morning reading a book, taking in the beauty of the surroundings. The day was perfect for a hike, and I enjoyed the peace and quiet of the wilderness.

I returned home in the late afternoon, feeling refreshed and invigorated. The day had been a true delight, and I look forward to returning to Bells Hill soon.
March 22, Concord.—A cloudless sky, gentle west wind, and dry atmosphere. Ther 7° at sunrise, 48° at noon.

To Ball’s Hill by boat at 9.30 a.m. at Bluebird was working and a few Grangers singing on Thompson Island as I walked across the fields toward fields to Flint’s bridge. From this bridge the rain was open as far as I could see but on reaching the narrow bank I found it completely frozen over for a distance of 100 feet or more. Though this ice I was obliged to break a channel, a most laborious and fatiguing task, more than an hour of hard work with a sharp fork. While thus engaged I saw a Marsh Hawk and two Robins. The Hawk crossed the Great Meadows at right angles flying rather high and going out over the hills to the N. He was evidently migrating and found nothing to attract him in the great expanse of snowy ice which still covers these meadows. The Robins were also high in air but circled about as if looking for a place to alight.

I saw nothing at Ball’s Hill to day save a few Chickadees & Robins but just before sunset as I was returning up the river and about opposite Holden’s hill I heard the musical flight of Rusty Blackbirds in the air directly overhead. There were at least several of them and they formed very near seen but I could not get my eye on them (the glare from the snow & ice was very dazzling at the time). During the day the rain freed itself from ice except in corners & under trees. Signs of better spring getting green.
1892
Mass.
March 23
Concord. A gentle rain ceasing at about 3 P.M., and succeeded by a dense fog. No wind. The sun rose to 30°.

To Ball's Hill by boat at 7:30. Spreading round of this day in my house, and returning at the wind
him (I regularly have this bath now at 6 P.M. and
reach the Brookline, at about 6:30). On my
way down river I saw nothing of much interest
except two Black Ducks, evidently a pair, which
started from the brush on the north bower a little
below. Harriers from the nearly within gun shot, and
a flock of thirty or forty Robins which were
scattered about on the south slope of Ball's hill
running about on the bare ground, or feeding
on barberry bushes, two of them I saw for a few
seconds in fruit, warbling tunes like a young bird
in animal.

During the forenoon I walked around to
the back side of Ball's Hill to visit a beech and
came suddenly upon a pair of Ruffed Grouse. The
male started from under a young bushy fern, and
ran across a space of open ground finally stopping
in a thicket of brush and standing erect shaking
his tufts and shaking the red shoulder feather.
He stood there for nearly a minute within 20 or
30 feet in plain sight. The female resorts from the
branches of the pin pine under which her mate was
just coming to her season followed her. They scattered
away right for several miles in a small bushy
pin pine more than 100 feet of the bush
draftsman which I find beneath this ten very
morning.
March 24, Concord. Sunny and rather warm. The snow and ice
melted rapidly. Kind N. W. to W., rather blustery.

To Balls Hill by boat at 9 a. m. On the way down saw and heard for a
pair Blue Jays but
only one Bluebird. Song Sparrows do not seem to have increased in numbers since the
winter. Now were fishing this morning but I have not been in the
brush along the river.

I started a pair of Black Ducks doubtless the
same as those seen yesterday, from the flooded
maples opposite Darling Hill. The geese and
seem to have left the river altogether. I have not seen one
since the 17th.

I spent this greater part of the day in my
cabin, superintending the driving of a well among
other things. My pot water, apparently pure and
fresh at a depth of about nine feet.

At the Hill heard Jays screaming, Cars coming at
frequent intervals. I have been no indication of
any migration of Cars so far.

Several days ago (or a week ago) I think it was) I
noticed a marked increase in freshness of color in
the foliage of both white & pitch pines but at that
date there was but a considerable difference of color
in the two trees. To-day I found it impossible to
tell them apart at any distance over 60 yards.

About the greater part of the surface of the pines changed

color from a greenish yellow to a pale

About the greater part of the surface of the pine changed in

color from a greenish yellow to a pale

 muslim
March 25 Concord. Coldness with tender blue sky and warm sun.
Moderate W. wind, dying away entirely before sunset. The
30° at sunrise, 45° at noon. Decidedly the pleasantest
and most spring-like day thus far.
To Ball's Hill by boat, paddling down with my double blade.
Started a pair of Howard Mazansons and from Black Bear
the former were swimming in the river a little
above Hunt's pond and rose when I was fully 150 yds.
away. Can they be the same breed which I have on
this stretch of the river? March 10th. The Black Bears
rose from a point in the reeds in. I started
the Mazansons a second time near Ball's hill
at the head of Beaverdam and two others
Harris Falls. The first I have seen here this
spring, were floating on the edge of the reeds. They
have run three times and after cutting a
few times flew off down river.
I heard no Bluebirds or Song Sparrows after leaving
Hunt's bridge. But Roland Hayward who walked
down to the hill to fix up last in the afternoon
heard one and saw both along the road and Jonathan.
Muskete more out in the sun to-day for the first
time. I saw them at about 10 A.M. running
across the river. As the river is not higher now
than it has repeatedly been during the winter I
suspect that the Muskete are out by day at this
time to bask in the rays of the sun.
As Hayward and I rowed up the river a little
before sunset the wind had died entirely and the
evening was as calm & peaceful as possible. Bluebirds
were something delightfully but no Song Sparrows sang. It was
a gray December evening to a bird man on the river.
March 30
Mass.

Cloudless and very warm at noon with practically no wind until 4 P.M., when a brisk S.E. gale started this 32° at sunrise, 51° at noon, 53° at 3 P.M.

By far the warmest and pleasantest day of the spring thus far and, for those of us who have ground this long, hard winter in this country, a real little day, as general as March one degree, now gives us in this latitude and filled with the promise of still better things in the near future. The almost total absence of wind and the bright sunshine reflected from the snow which still covers much of the ground or from the calm waters of the river made the heat at times really oppressive.

Of course the snow and ice created very rapidly under these conditions, the broken ice banked fast and the river was covered with cakes and small fields of floating ice mingled with pieces of branches, old railroad spikes, logs, rafter of dead rushes and every other conceivable flotsam and jetsam all whirling down towards the sea in this strong current. Although the water is low for this season the Great Meadows are a

cover, flood is extensive. They are still for the most part covered with ice but this is interspersed with pools of open water and near the river banks there are deep bays which extend back for varying distances into the gray, water-flooded ice. The fields, cotton, the ground is bare, can still care and brown with motion of green on the hummock slopes, there is still much frost in the ground and the lands and plowed lands are masses of soft, fluffy snow. The plains as I noted yesterday have already assumed the bright, brassy, grazing coloring.
Concord, Massachusetts.

March 26, 1872
Mass.

March 26, Concord, 11 Ball's Hill by boat at 1:30 A.M. The footpath down river was delightful. Soon a minute passed when I did not hear the tender warble of a Bluebird, or the sweet chanting of a Song Sparrow. Both species from evidently quiescent in numbers since yesterday, although from allowances must obviously be made for the incalculably favorable conditions to say.

Crows & Jays were unusually numerous & noisy but I still see no reason to think that either species has as yet received any accretions from the south. I heard the Muskrates rummaging about always submerged brooks but saw no ducks or other water-bird.

Soon after reaching Ball's Hill I heard a succession of shots along the river above and presently I saw two people appearing in a small canoe. He had nine Muskrats and I heard him fire three times afterwards. I saw he had left few of them interesting animals in this bank of the river. He came very near shooting a Mink which Benson started from a stone wall near my land and which plunged into the water & down some Warren boat.

Early in the forenoon I walked through the woods to Davis's Hill where I found a Aspen and then gray Squirrel running among the pines. From the northern extremity of the hill I could see that the rain was open as far as the Catskill Line, but the meadow in or both sides extended quite out to the edge of the channel. This comparatively narrow and nearly straight canal of calm water was fairly brimming with water-fowl. I counted thirty Drieks on stake at once and two or three this

1892 Mass.

(March 31 Conant.)—Others, that were hidden by projections of the ice. Some were sitting on the ice but the greater number were scattered about during. I think most of them were gulls. But the moment we had come away, I identified only those—Christens—two old drakes and a drake—white, flying fast on the ice, on their way to join the big flock. There were two heron must be fearsome on the ice near those ducks.

On my way back I started a pair of Ruffled Grouse on the knoll where the big duckery stands. I also started a Rabbit in a thicket behind a house, and found the thin, entwined, and some covered by another which a box had covered them. They are Gray Grouse, along with the black, brown, and Blue Birds, worthy in the air overhead. Of Chickadees I saw several pairs acting or looking for nesting places.

Just as I was pushing off from them on my way up river at 5 P.M., the sound for which my ears have been constantly on the alert, there came this day a flapping coming from the father tree, and there in the direction I at once saw a Red-winged Blackbird, singing on the top of a maple. Out went his shoulders, and so forth.

The latter came to my ears. At the beach above the wallpapers reached I found two more Red-winged and began to chatter. Still others scattered about in the maples singing until by the time I reached Plants bridge I had counted twelve. It was a clear case of "first arrival," for there were certainly some about during the earlier parts of the day. Several Robins were sitting on trees near Plants bridge calling but no longer
Concord. Massachusetts.

March 27, 1892

A sunny day with clouds gathering in the east. A strong N. E. wind all day. May, then, about 42°.

Bolles' Spalding came up this morning and at about 11 a.m. we started down river in my boat.

The strong, chilly wind a blast in our faces and probably oppressed a depressing effect on the birds for their lives was-triggered situation. We saw many Song Sparrows and heard the calls of Bluebirds.

Two Golden eyes which ran from the fished window. I don't know what the boat as an approach in light were the only ones seen among the hills.

We landed at the hill and after eating lunch in my cabin started for a long walk. As we came out on the crest of Davis's Hill I suddenly discovered a flock of Tennessee's standing on the ice on the southern side of the channel about 100 yds off. They were six adult males and their gray backs. Though the grass I could see the coral red legs I saw the salmon ties on the breast distinctly. Further down river other flocks were visible probably 20 miles in all began in flight at once. There was one white Herring Bull also.

On the northern edge of Davis's back several have found one extraordinary track in the snow. There were four foot prints all alike all equally (or nearly so) almost three. 5,000. These prints looked like they of the hind feet of a Red Squirrel. They were over about two feet in length. The front feet seemed to have touched them on the score the track led over twenty yards of snow. I was wrong when the track.

The gales to Red wings scattered along the river bridge as we headed up in the early afternoon.
1842 Mass.

March 28 Concord. - Weather much like that of yesterday. But the wind was more northerly and much more violent. The sky cleared, the sun warmer. On the whole a fine day for the season although the wind was decidedly harsh.

The wind did not rise until about 9 a.m. Previous to this the morning was perfectly calm and very sunny. I walked. For the first time this season there was continuous and persistent bird-singing about the house. A Robin began the chorus a little before breakfast, next Song Sparrow Blackbird joined in, and later a Meadowlark and Redwing and a Chickadee or two.

Besides these a Downy Woodpecker drummed at regular intervals on a dead branch in the elm in front of my windows.

On going out after breakfast I noticed that the grass on the bank under the pasture windows showed a distinct tuft of green for the first time this year. Yesterday the only green shade in the fields was on a piece of winter wheat.

At 10 a.m. I started for Ball's Hill. Warren was about the field & I started a large Moth. Of course he had spread among all the Doves. There was a few scattered leaves Red-wings & Swamp Sparrow headed to Davis's bird & ambushed him below for Doves but saw not two, a pair of Geese almost on the run.

In the afternoon five Black Ducks and several small branches of Geese almost passed Ball's Hill. "Trading" book 1842.

A pair of Geese almost alighted in the ruin opposite my cabin. At Davis's nest I found a pair of Red Tailed Hawks. A few Red-winged Limpkins as I came up near a marsh.
March 20 Concord—Cloudless but cool with blustering NE wind.

Birds did not sing freely owing to the high wind, but I heard many sparrows, bluebirds, and meadow larks near the house in the early morning, occasionally later. I spent most of the day in preparing the
traveling of my boat house from the Manor to the
Artichoke landing. We started it down. During my
first trip in my boat between the two points just
mentioned I started a Mink from a bunch of dead
grass on the west bank a little below the "Artichoke".

He gathered for a few yards along the shore in, then
stopped and sat up on his hind legs like a "Squirrel"
looking at us. Apparently reassured he continued his
way now moving very slowly, with a crowing goat, his
body lengthened & flattened, its belly brushing the in,
remainder of the movement of a think, dreeping towards
a log, the reaching the bridge the yeoman moved from
shadow to shadow and on reaching the top of the bank
crossed the roadway & disappeared. I crossed under the
bridge & found him lying curled up in the sun on a
stone on the south side of the western abutment.

Here the yeomen are known as cows, lapping and dawdly
his face and sleeping. He wanted let me get within ten
yards then rising curled blank as when in a slappy way
and turning thistler into a cromac immediately jumping
out his head against resuming his original place as soon
as I moved away. Then sleeping he lay curled in a
circle, later a little. He had a beard like many of larping
the head from side to side, often looking at us. The
expression of the face was at times keen and cruel,
at others thoughtful or perhaps idle. The tip of his
March 29 Concord. Short, round ears just above the fur. This made me of small size and peculiar coloring—a faded yellowish brown about like that of an old flannel shirt. In no light did he look black or even dark brown.

But in the afternoon I walked to Darnsden and back through Derby's lawn, where, to my surprise, the throngs of my brown-throated men were on the afternoon of the last heavy snow were still quite distinct in the path, so little has the snow melted under the shade of the hedges. I saw among Sony Sparrow and the first Toy Sparrow two of them each in company with two of them, Sony Sparrow, both silent. Robins were flitting about in the orchards calling but were being ignored. Hawks flying about over the barn brown fields, hopping along. Bluebirds were numerous (for them) and I saw the first female—white breast of course. It is strange then on the Jameses nor Sony Sparrow, nor now, I suppose our winter birds have gone and the springtime had not yet come.

The country looked very spring-like this morning. The flowers of the violas and violets are getting large or rather brighter colored very day. A spider (11) was created with the jessica the downy white appendage projecting from their mouths (?) on each or none.
March 30 Concord. Cloudless with moderate N. to N. E. wind. Noon in the middle of the day.
To Balls Hill at 10 a. m. Saw little of any pecu-{
lar interest soon a bunch of four goldfinch eggs
and a pair of snowbunade
all flying past the hill late in the afternoon.
On my way up in the forest I counted no less
than 22 Red-wings all bright so scattered about
sniping on the tops of the oaks.

Mar. 31
Very like yesterday but a little warmer and with
less wind. A delicious day of the very best March
type.
Walked to Danesdale via Derby's lawn at 8:30 a.m.
Stopped to see the Bluebirds singing on every tree.
Found juncos along a wall. Started from Black Ducks
from a pool of rain water on Mr. Derby's meadow.
Ro Balls Hill at 11 a.m. Nothing of any
particular interest then.
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>No.</th>
<th>Species</th>
<th>Date</th>
<th>First</th>
<th>Last</th>
<th>Peak</th>
<th>Note</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1</td>
<td>Parus atricapillus</td>
<td>March 4</td>
<td>6</td>
<td>12</td>
<td>12</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>13</td>
<td>18</td>
<td>24</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>18</td>
<td>26</td>
<td>24</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>24</td>
<td>28</td>
<td>31</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2</td>
<td>Corvus americana</td>
<td>March 4</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>15</td>
<td>15</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>6</td>
<td>21</td>
<td>21</td>
<td>21</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>22</td>
<td>28</td>
<td>30</td>
<td>30</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>24</td>
<td>24</td>
<td>24</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3</td>
<td>Cyanocitta cristata</td>
<td>March 4</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>10</td>
<td>10</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>2</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>2</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>6</td>
<td>15</td>
<td>15</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4</td>
<td>Bumius borealis</td>
<td>March 5</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>16</td>
<td>16</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5</td>
<td>Certhia americana</td>
<td>March 6</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>14</td>
<td>14</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>16</td>
<td>26</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6</td>
<td>Buteo borealis</td>
<td>March 8</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>28</td>
<td>28</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7</td>
<td>Spinella monticola</td>
<td>March 8</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>28</td>
<td>28</td>
<td>28</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>28</td>
<td>31</td>
<td>31</td>
<td>31</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8</td>
<td>Spinus tristis</td>
<td>March 8</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>31</td>
<td>31</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9</td>
<td>Megasaccus asio</td>
<td>March 8</td>
<td>2</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10</td>
<td>Anas americana</td>
<td>March 8</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>31</td>
<td>31</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>11</td>
<td>Ayg sponsa</td>
<td>March 10</td>
<td>2</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>12</td>
<td>Glanula americana</td>
<td>March 10</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>30</td>
<td>30</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>27</td>
<td>27</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>13</td>
<td>Mergus americana</td>
<td>March 10</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>30</td>
<td>30</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>27</td>
<td>27</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>14</td>
<td>Sphydruntus americanus</td>
<td>March 10</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>3</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>15</td>
<td>Sialia sialis</td>
<td>March 10</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>3</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>23</td>
<td>24</td>
<td>25</td>
<td>26</td>
<td>27</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>27</td>
<td>28</td>
<td>29</td>
<td>30</td>
<td>31</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
1892. Mass.
March. Concord.

16. Melospiza fasciata. March 10th. 11 3 13 3 14 3 15 3 16 3 17 3 20 3
22 3 24 3 25 3 26 3 27 3 28 3 29 3 30 3 31 3

17. Junco hyemalis. March 10th. 16 1 20 3 27 3 31 3

18. Passer domesticus. March 10th. chirping everywhere this
morning for the first time this year.

19. Pius jacobinus. March 11th. 13 3 15 3 16 3 26 3 27 3 28 3

20. Sitta carolinensis. March 13th. 31 3


28 3 29 3 30 3 31 3

23. Locia spinosa. March 16th. 24 3 25 3 26 3

24. Beridla Canadensis. March 10th ( firm March ) 16th ( firm ).

25. Sterna neva. March 16th. 18 3 20 3 20 3 26 3 27 3 28 3 29 3 30 3
31 3


27. Bireus Hudsonius. March 21st.


29. Bonasa umbella. March 23rd. 26 3 28 3

30. Anachus phoenicus. March 26th. 27 3 28 3 30 3 31 3
1842 Mass.

March Concord.

31 Larus a. smithsoniensis — March 25 2nd 26 2nd 27 3rd 31 4th

32 Pica schistacea — March 29th

33 Sayornis fuscescens — March 31st (Smith Bridge)
1892. Mass.
April 1 Concord. Gloomy ways with soft S. to S.W. wind. Very warm for the season. The thermometer rising to 58°. Northwesterly there was a hard brisk last night.

Immediately after breakfast I took a walk to the Dam at the N. side of the lane. The country was alive with birds and the air filled with their music. Bluebirds and Say Spatans most numerous; only a few Robins and but one singing (as soon as I set foot on the path, the first really sustained, perfect, spring-like, I have heard yet). Saw a rafter one back, flying high in air, along a brush forest. On reaching a corn field I found a flock of Sparrows including 14 Juncos, 5 or 6 Fox Sparrows & several Song Sparrows. All were singing, the Juncos giving their delicious Camp creeple, creeple, mostly.

In another place a rafter of Sparrows was singing on the top of a birch. Its notes at once recalled those of the United States of England. Yes, the flock of Sparrows was a flock of about a dozen Red-winged in an old. Singing in melody. This is the first melody singing of the flock flock of Red-wings I knew them for until.

When I got back to the Brattle's meadow Bedford Frogs were croaking in the meadows in front of the house. I have heard no Frogs as yet.

To Bath Hill at 11 A.M. for the rest of the day. Sailed the western way close and nearly bare of the way back in the afternoon. Painted frocks on an Ashley cap. Two paint rolls running in the Protohead tester, Red-winged sparrows numerous. Some Sparrows running from the life of the flock. I couldn't in a banana bank of water put on the Bedford branch melodee most of them Frocks.
April 2, Concord—Warmer still with Strong S. W. wind which.
drove before it great masses of dark, threatening
clouds which, before noon, covered the entire sky.
No expected rain confidently, but only a few drizzles
fell at about 9 P.M. The 40° at dinnir. 67° at
noon.

I spent the entire day about the farm.
working on my boats. Despite the high
wind, and presence of Bluebirds and Song
Sparrows sang the entire day through. I also
heard Red-winged and Meadow Buntings at
frequent intervals, but the event of the day
was the arrival of the New Blackbirds. At
about 8 P.M. a flock of 20 to 25 appeared.
New Blackbirds
driving before the strong wind, they appeared
to one to be migrating.

Robins do not seem to have increased in
numbers during the past week, nor have they
fairly begun to sing yet. Indeed, I hear them
far heard but two or fully long. Nevertheless,
they
are still scattered about the orchards and
Gardens, and their calling to one another at
twilight and early morning is a pleasant
sound.
Mr. Bullock heard the first Hyla this evening. First Hyla
near Red Bridge, a nighting individual ranging
snarily at about 8 P.M.
1892 Mass.
April 3 Concord. Still warmer, in fact a summer-like day, clear with high S. W. wind. Thum. 52° at 6 A. M., 75° at noon.

Immediately after breakfast I started for a walk with Mrs. Buxton. Felt a top coat and paid. As we went on the door. They a little behind Swallow. First Swallows came flying past and I heard a Kingfisher on the clear by the wind.

Crossing Mrs. Hayes's farm on Turkey Dick's Creek near its mouth and followed it up to the Damon's Bluebirds and Song Sparrows were singing everywhere, but they were no more numerous than they were days ago. He saw a Shrike sitting on the top of an oak. A Shrike singing apple tier and presently he began Singing Laying it off by intervals for several minutes. The first little bird,

swell and hard, grinding shatter over repeated
my evening times interspersed with a variety of

clear musical. Thrush-like notes. A Bluebird came
to the tree at our time. 108, 108, 108 within eight feet
of the Shrike. Moving to 11 feet or more.

There were many Shrikes and Painted Turtles in
the back or on the banks or on some one headstone
in the cemetery.

In the meadow just above the creek I saw a

Green Finch. He saw several small flies in the

sun overhead and two Red Crossbills. The two

Crossbills flying over the pines of Derby's Barn. Some

flamethrown in some clearing.

Two Shrike flying. Saw my first Woadcree in a

first field over the lawn I heard a single Woadcree

in the lane. Swallows were seen everywhere.

Sunday morning walk.
April 3
Concord. At 4 P.M. I started for Balls Hill having agreed to meet Dr. Emerson there to show him my house. I took my Rob Roy canoe and sailed as far as the North meandering which I saw the canoes across the land and continued again on the flooded meadows. The wind had now increased to nearly a gale and after making the attempt I found it impossible to carry even my heaviest load.

On the way down I noticed how the clouds were spreading out and the paddle broke after having been in the wind for so long as to make a change in the wind.

At sunset, then, I went back to the house, having been out for more than a few minutes and the wind was very disagreeably.

Hyles was flying in the little meadows near west of Balls Hill and others near Hancock Pond, but not above half a dozen in either place. I heard his screech as many as ever heard. Dr. Emerson tells me that he heard the first Hyle this evening at about 8 o'clock.

I saw a Kingfisher near Holden's hill and three Swallows flying over the meadows at sunset. The geese had been at Hancock and the Muskrats were yet (they were often seen at twice yesterday) for I saw them as I went around.

Mr. Holden tells me that he saw five White-Gladd Swallows flying together one day near Holden's on March 27. He is reliable & knows birds well.
1872 Mass.

April 4 Concord. - Early morning cloudy with light rain; the sun out bright by 11 A.M., remainder of day clear and offensively warm with gentle S.W. breeze. Information about the farm as yesterday.

People finishing corn cutting this morning in the direction of the Grove and Mears' houses in the orchard. Robins singing plentifully, Bluebirds singing Sparrows singing.

At 10 A.M. I started for Burt's Mill by boat. As I was padding down the little reach near the land I saw a Shrike, a fine old gray bird, perching on a covey of hens. As I approached he took wing and flying very nimbly close to the ground darted into a clump of cattails driving out a Song Sparrow which started across the river. The Shrike overtook the Song Sparrow about mid-stream where the Sparrow dodged several times blinding its frowers each time with apparent escape. As it neared the Shrike of cattails for which it was evading, however, it kept a perfectly straight course when the Shrike again overshooting it rose a little above it and dealt it a vicious downward blow either on the head or back. I could not tell which. Knowing it came from a fair start into the water, it immediately shot clear up the surface, however, and up

the Shrike could chase it and turn back the Sparrow, alighting in under the willows and disappearing. The Shrike followed and flushing only a few feet above the ground was in the watch for the reappearance of its prey when I approached too closely and scared it away.
1892 Mass.
April 4 Concord... At Bell’s Hill I saw a flock of meadowlarks
sitting on the meadows near my house. Taking a walk behind the bird
I heard them singing in two different sets and
drew many of them down meadows into the
grass I could see that they were singing grimmer
than they are in antumnus. They were singing
usual. One of the birds had the bottom covered
with rain.

All day long the rolling, booming of meadowlarks
was incessant on the meadows in near
addition. I have never been hundreds breathing
at once. Late in the afternoon I heard the
gratest number. The sound is certainly what
like the drumming of a distant woodpecker.

Besides coming the waves were in full cry in
many meadows and down. Truly it was a great
day for the birds but I heard no bees.

It was also a great day for turtles. Every shallow
bay and pond,... Many of the ovary trees were
climbed and we went under Painted Turtles. I also
found a great many fish laying in shallow
through a shoal of what I took to be suckers.

Meadow, was diting about in the shallows.

As I paddled up was a little before sunset I
saw two Yellow Palm Warblers in the meadows below
Keats Pond and a flock of about 40 the Meadowlarks
flying over the meadows. Red wings laterally thrown
were a few blossoms of the red maple and lost
browning meant to day both red and white leaves were
full blown. I have fully developed hard with other yesterday
One took thinking at 10:47 A.M.
Concord, Massachusetts,

April 5

Cloudy and cooler, yet still very mild for the season. Variable light winds N. W. to S. E.

Spent an hour or more after breakfast in driving some work on a boat house by the river. While thus engaged I heard the rich notes of a Purple Martin and looking up saw the bird banking slowly upwards presently three others appeared and then all five flew off towards the Great Meadow. A pair of chaffinches, doubtless those which bred at the house, came to an apple tree near the boat house and suspected all its boughs and branches and a Yellow Pheasant flitted through the orchard ringing proudly.

At 10:30 a.m. I started for Balls Hill on my dwelling canoe, paddling down. Heard Swallows over the meadows and over a Martin. Stopped at the point with wings unwaving. Bluebirds not diminishing in numbers as yet. Four Kingfishers at the hole. Buzzards between my canoe and acting greatly, flying about two together, Kingfishers high in air making in addition to the whistle a harsh, grating sound remarkably like that of a jay. At times one would sail on unceasing wings, others beat the wings so rapidly with a flapping motion like a butterfly. As near as I could make me through my glass all four birds were males. I have never seen Kingfishers act in this way before.

I saw in all four Palm Warblers along the river and heard a Ruby-crowned Kinglet sing once as I was passing. Holden's hill is Carolina Dove again coming in loose fowls. Afterwards a dog started four of these doves all together from the ground among brown oaks on the west side of my swamp.
April 5

Concord.—Plebeus were unusually numerous along the line and at Battle Hill about I saw no less than three. Plebres have also arrived in some numbers since yesterday for I heard five different kinds "chattering."

In the swamp behind Battle Hill a pair of Chickadees were at work on their nest in a brick chimney. The hole had already been dug deep enough for the working bird to be out of sight.

About noon I heard, with keen and present enjoyment, a large flock flying very high. As near as I could count them there were about 45.

One Osprey was flying about over the meadows near Davis's field and I saw within the same a vulture and hylophila of the rime.

I started home early in the afternoon. On the way heard two fields Sparrows singing and also a number of the Sparrows the Cats kill in our pasture—a flock of a dozen or more, heard Crossbills in no less than four places to day. One local song a few notes firstly.

At 6 P.M. walked to the Damstead via Derby lane. Robins in full summer numbers for first time this spring I heearing fairly fairly well. Three Grass Larks singing in the pastimes in the twilights. The tinners singing with extra voices. Started a juncus from a little rusty primula which it had evidently gone to roost.

The grass is foot growing on southern slopes & in open grassy places. Many asters fruits are seen as green as our beans.
Concord, Massachusetts.

April 6, 1892

Concord. Clear with S.W. wind blowing a gentle breeze. The forecastclouds moving over. No chance of rain until tonight.

The weather was very nice this morning, and I spent most of the day by the river landing, supervising the work on my new boat house. There were a few Bluebirds and a few Blackbirds in the neighboring orchard. Both singing a little from time to time. The Sparrows also hung about this orchard occasionally hopping out with a choicer I with hanging berries. A pair of Bluebirds which have chosen a brood-f useless nest in the sapsuck by the landing for the hens.

Their future nest filled about us showing little alarm at our presence despite the hammering & other noises we made.

Later in the afternoon I took the Damscus walk. Found four Fox Sparrows by a bunch from wall in Mrs. Derby’s field (the same plot whom I saw them last month) but they were not singing. Further out in the field four Song Sparrows were running about among some corn stubble.

In the Damscus meadows higher were holding high cornwell. Indeed I heard them run this afternoon in full face for the first time this season.

The afternoon was too cold and cloudy for much singing and I heard few birds at all. Song Sparrows & an occasional Bluebird. Even then James & Helen & Fox Sparrows.

Wisteria nearly in blossom.
April 13

Concord. Morning clear, mid-day & afternoon cloudy at times. High W. W. wind. Middle of day warm but morning & evening cold.

Since the 7th when the warm spell came to an end, the weather has been unseasonably clear, cold and blustering with high N. W. winds. The thermometer has fallen to or a little below 30° every night but the moon day since has of course prevented the formation of any permanent ice.

During this period, I have been once away from the Brookfield's farm but with the expectant eye only (the 10th) I have been out of doors most of the time watching the work on my own boat house by the river landing. Thus I have been anything of the birds. Few if any have arrived since the 7th and probably none with us at that date have as yet gone further north. One or two Yellow-faced Blackbirds have been always present among the apple trees on the slope of the high bank above the landing and there also have come Bluebirds, Song Sparrows, Pheasants, and occasionally a Fox Sparrow. A pair of Bluebirds have chosen a very small hole (that of a Downey Woodpecker) in a sapling by the landing for their nest and on the morning of the 9th I was taking in my manuscript of my day work, perhaps my companion, who has been working directly under the tree, has interrupted further nest building but the birds certainly have not deserted as yet. There has been little singing by the Robins for the past week. The grass is now brown and green everywhere, & the front is probably all out.
April 13 Concord. At 10 o'clock this morning I started for Pond's Hill taking down in my boat a load of willow flakes which I afterwards drew into the bank in various places to enable the only a few birds were singing but I saw a great many Blackbirds & several Song Sparrows along the banks. The water has fallen so nearly its normal summer level and the Great Meadows are now almost entirely bare and already quite green while the Brook meadows are very green.

Thousands of Bed-fords' Topsy were creating but I heard no other species of Waterfowls during the day.

As I was passing the both a Red Throated Hawk rose above the woods on Holden's hill and mounted high into the air screaming, occasioning pitching down in erratic lines and curves and then turning upwards again. Even afterwards I saw it at the barn's occupation. I suspect this is a love performance. The hawk was a 3. I did not notice it.

Several flocks of our small native willows were in full blossom this day with honey bees clustering thickly about them green on golden vernal...
1872, Mass

April 14, Concord. At sunny morning and cloudy afternoon.

Early morning cold (36°) moderating rapidly after

sunrise. Afternoon light & mild.

To Bells Hill by boat sailing all the way down.

Some time March Harriers over a brown bird doves

a female, just below Kent's Pond a Pigeon's gape

started from the tree branch as I was sailing

grass and flatted a few yards slaking a scorn

plain sight on the tree married. There were

dozen others on the Great Meadow which were

now in perfect condition for their requirements.

At Bells Hill I heard a Pine Grosbeak singing and

saw an heard Yellow Rumped Warblers in various places,

as well as along the river above fifty twenty

individuals in all since more than two a team.

together. They sang and chaffed, unusually Joyful

so that I heard more than I saw. Several were

out in the fields along brushy grown walls.

While I was eating lunch from time to

time a batman kept calling at short regular intervals

two short piercing whistle succeeded by a

calling chirrup. I took it to be a broad-nest

although the sounds was not quite that which

this animal makes on ordinary occasions. The

creature, whatever it was, seemed to be in the

top of Bells Hill. It became silent when I

reached the foot of the hill.

The Sipper and Vixen were holding high carriage though

the entire day and the Nymphs been known almost

wholly silent, and I have heard no Throats for

many a week. Maybe the Nymphs are too warm today.
1892 Mass.
April 15 Concord. A gray day, with W. E. wind changing to S. W. late in P. M. Ther. 38° at 6 a. m., 50° at noon.

Started for Balls Hill at 10 a. m., taking my Bob Key Camera. Stopped at Bunker House to get some roots of the yellow iris which grows there in profusion, thanks to Horace Ralph, and which I wished to introduce at Balls Hill.

The paddle clung against the strong \( \text{W. E. wind was} \) labrious and not particularly inviting. I saw nothing but the common storks. At my landing a single \( F \) d Skylark was floating about in the bushes, and on the back side of the hill, many swallows, I started a Harriet through the first I saw them.

I sat out my iris, and farm beetle, open hibiscus, Black \& yellow bog which I had of Mr. Pratt.

At 3. 30 P. M., I started to sail home. The wind had died to a gentle breeze but enough remained to cast an almost smooth stream so that I needed the paddle only a few times between the two landings. Opposite Benson's landing I heard Murmurs in the bushes flapping up a flutty manner. I think I heard one beating there, but I could do nothing.

As I was passing Dallin's Hill a \& Red Crossbill came and Crossbill flying from the fencer \& alighting on a maple, entered a soft musical note, note, note, chink, many times in succession. Is this the song? Can it\( s \) must be sitting on eggs now.

At the tent I saw a pair of Bobbins flying over the meadow a little further up a Swif who was apparently without provocation from the meadow in the region of Bunker House. Many photo were taken this afternoon in the direction of Bunker House, probably a Swif
April 17

Concord. Class was cool with high 82 1/2. wind, cloudy
in the evening with a few dashes of rain, then
first for winds.

Spent the morning about the house. Saw
a & Sharp Shinned Hawk kept along the main
bushy and then rising high in air, drifted off before the
wind. Bearing.

At 5 P.M. started down river in my Rob Roy
and as said. A few Red-winged Things. It was
nearly sunset when I reached Bunker Hill. A
Heron took in the bushes by the river.
Walked around the hill through the morrow
and beyond to Davis's hill. A full chorus
of Hymns in my head when sound frogs hold
exclusive possession in make one. I silenced them by
walking around the pond and, to my surprise they
did not resume their peeping again at least for
the two hours I was at the hill.

A Robin was singing on a maple near the land
ditch and a Carolina Dove cooing as short
intervals in the pines by the gloomy hollow another
answering from the Davis hill pines. The coo
of the first was regular three, single, coo,...
coo, coo, coo. Sometimes there were but two coo
after the long pause. The tone was exceedingly rare
resonant and solemn but not in the least
mournful to my ears.

As I was eating lunch at my house in the twilight
time Night Hawks & few Black Doodles flew past.
It was dark when I saddled horse. Heard only
a few hundred Frogs — no birds of any kind.
April 18, Concord. Clear and cool. Winds variable in force

and direction from N. to S. 5.

Saw the morning about the place. At 3 P.M. started in my rowboat, came for breakfast down the river.

Saw little of interest until I reached Clearwater.

In a short time I saw some sparrows flitting over the meadows. As I returned at evening time, there was shipping, a little beyond this hill, some purple martins and a particularly fine pair of swallows were shipping above me. There, were in company with some white bellies.

While I was dawdling a few minutes in Redown Square, I found a ring-dut (Crow) singing in the square. Crossing a pasture I came upon a flock of yellow rail. Blackberries shipping about on the meadows. A hundred yards from any cane. Also near the same. A jay flitting which had been following it to the berries. A partridge from the edge of the woods.

As I started down the hill, after almost instant sparrows were shipping in the bottom bushes. About 30 red wings were assembled in the top of a large oak in the meadows singing in melody. This is the only large flock I have seen.

I counted nine muskrats before I reached the swamp. One came within four feet of me evidently cultivating. One cannon for a log I encountered and then up a clump.
1892
Mass.

April 20

Concord. Clear and very warm through the middle of the day although it froze hard last night (Min. 26°)

Drove to West Farm on the Eastbrook road at 7.30 a.m. and spent an hour or more digging some of the Rhodora bushes to take to Beths Hill. A solitary view was blocking my way in the woods near the pond. Sent Ben to Beths Hill and broke through the woods on foot to a round hill south of Roundtown Hill when I noticed three young Black Briars lost among Dry up about three.

Several Golden cants and two Cypresses (Cathairs) were in the pines near me.

Returned to the Bushels by the short cut across the fields carrying the salter heavy bundle of briars on my back. As I came out of the bushes on the edge of Pratts meadow I saw a Fox standing in the end of a brook in the open field and 100 yds. off although it was midday and the sun shining clear & hot. The Fox was a very large one. He looked faded and worn as if poor and appeared to be of a bluish yellowish color tail & all. He lay on his back in the middle of the meadow, gazed piteously with head lowered. I sneaked and he started directly toward us at a quick walking pace when he leaped out of sight in a hollow I thought that but he did not come out in sight again on my side of the hollow & the next instant I caught sight of him 200 yards or more to the right running at full speed with great elastic bounds, for the woods his ears with a bunch of fox crouchers at his tail could have fled even
Concord, Mass.,

April 20, 1892

Two-thirds, briefly. His motions were extraordinarily light and graceful. I saw a fox recently here. A puff of dust indicated which road he was on the banks just as the fox disappeared in the brush and went to his kennel.

Immediately after dinner I started for Blue Hill. In my best bus, always the way down, counted some forest fires, one by one just beyond the woods. The woods are so dry no tinder for them has been worn for nearly a month.

Planted my first tonts at this hill and, after the snow had gone, the snow was falling in the door of my house. Two Carolina doves cost for half a house in the pines on the hill. There is no kind note to be heard in our woods for which I care so much.

Started up here a little after sunset. At Blue Hill, the first I saw here, hunting in the Great Meadow. As I was passing the North Swift hummed once troubled very near me. There was a Great Blue Heron flying about upon the marsh, hunting, and I saw two other herons flying high over Blue Hill towards the West.

The willows wither are still in their full glory. The maple blossoms are falling past and the surface of the river is covered with them.
April 21

Concord. ... Forenoon clear, calms and very warm.

Shortly after noon clouds draw in from a

brick wind from the S.W. and rain, the first

for nearly a month, began falling at 4.30

continuing through the night.

To Brooks Mill by way of Noyes at 9.30 A. M.

Poddling down. At the Beans Dam reach

I startled a pair of Red Throated Plovers

from the meadow on the left where they

were sitting close together on the ground

probably eating peas. They flew to the edge

of the woods and alighted on the same

lobe (one?) above the other. The S was

an unmating bird.

Rain had been, a Pea, Robin, Song Sparrow

& Robin the only birds singing in my land

today. Mr. Good (a farmer) found three young

Sparrow birds which were evidently only just

hatched in Benson family cornfield 300 yds.

from my orchard.

Then I started for home at 6 P.M. It was

raining steadily and the ground had nearly

all dried away. It was typical Robin weather

and I think very much Robin in the country.

was singing at his best. A bird on Walden's hill

is a particularly fine singer. He imitates

the call notes of the Black Phoebe.

Saw a single of Red wing, the first, in the

bottom bushes on the river. Also a Yellow warbler

at the Butterfield.

Set out Arkansas, Drica, Corns, Plums etc. from

Tupelo Nursery.
April 22 Concord. Morning clear and hot. Afternoon cloudy
with light rain.

To Beth's Hill by canoe at 10 a.m. paddling down.
Opposite Holdens' Hill saw a large snapping turtle
crawl out of the water and start off on his
meadow towards the woods. It stood surprisingly
high on its legs and raised and put down its
feet in the ridiculously measured pace, feeling about
with the feet to be sure of getting a firm footing.
Yet it moved on the rough boggy ground with
remarkable composure and celery over its heavy and
clumsy carapace. The loose skin between and
about the hind legs hung down in flabby folds
resembling one of the appendages of an elephant.

As we pulled out of the woods
as well as the skin of the head I could see
covered with shiny water moss. I supposed it
was asking the day long to lay its eggs. I
saw the canoe animal under the tree but I directly
behind it but it showed no alarm. I probably did
not disturb my presence at all.

23. Clean and warm with a strong south-west wind.

A bull's first for the day打击 down under
refed land and fighting my way back against
the strong south wind.

A proctor has apparently decided to build on
my log cabin for he has been in full swing for
several days. I have been no more as yet.
Carnation opened a few blossoms yesterday & union.
1892 Mass.

April 14 Concord. Cloudless, the sky a soft, tender blue, the sea

The boughs, a cool, invigorating wind. Altogether a simply

A talk breakfast with Mrs. Boutwell at 7 A.M.

the branches of the eastern end. The beeches

bushes were in full bloom and made a fine show

of golden coloring against the gray-green background

of leaves and woods. This softened to brown

colored blossoms were fairly open yesterday (Of course

I except the willow, for the modest, bent forms of

cottonwood blossoms, thanks to the

The buds of

the flock bush are rounded, nearly to beasting, but

have not opened yet.

I saw the first dandelion blossoms (two) on the

22nd. To-day we found honeysticks, powdered, and


By one of the big boulders in the bank, forest in

flourished a May of leaves from under the

With me I planted what was doubtless the

same flock last February. Then a

of these scrawny

have fallen branches to the forge, a gunner for

they were only firm to day. Also planted a Portia

In some time, we had heard the baying of a

west of the road, as we came out on the crest of

a branch came the boughs blown, there was a hint

of leaves in the blossoms blown and a

flask of yellow up the opposite slope. It was

a joy which we had banded and turned back
1892. Annex

Concord, Mass.

April 24th, 1892.

I moved toward this clump. At ten sharp to-day I saw a light colored object, probably a bird, flying about at a clump of bushes beyond the line of birches. I did not observe it. From here we left the path through the woods for a little way and then turned east into Red Horse Hollow, an old house is found on an immense white pine, the largest I have seen in this region. Crossed to Hollow's beautiful field, and found a large extent of cowslip and violets growing under the pines with a profusion of wintergreen, primrose, and wintergreen broom. The ground for hundreds of yards was densely covered with these flowers. A solitary bee hanging here and another near the base of the woods. The woods extend in most places.

Last night was Mrs. Safford's home. He had been following our tracks but had missed us. After dinner he went out of the house to take a view of the canoe. Safford's canoe beautiful but nearly silent. Returned and ascended Ripley's Hill. The woods to the northwest beautiful in the late afternoon light with the blossoms of the maple and flowering strip the tree tops with a warm rose pink tinge coloring. Saw a small black knot bush and I gotling on sharp patches like this. RV now many among the trees with shaggy disfigurement among (a probably bird) than, having a straighter canoe, I probably following a track. It was nearly a mile of. A beaver or a mink?
1892. Mass.

April 15: Concord. A cold night followed by a warm, sunny day with absolutely cloudless sky and light breeze. At 10:30 a.m., driving up with Geo. and taking the horse back by a stable boy.

Spent the entire day digging green bushes, huckleberry, and yellow berries in the pasture on the northern side of the farm. A Robin and Song Sparrow were the only birds singing within hearing.

At 5 P.M., started to walk home through the woods.

I have seen, I think, deer this country since beautiful at this season. The late afternoon light was wonderfully warm and strong yet very soft. The air was perfectly still. Hobbies singing & Robins & Song Sparrows singing. A loud squawking outing in a maple after near the old orchard notice of the farm. Also attracted my attention to a fly having its direction which was flying from tree to tree. As I was passing through Multnomah Postoae, I was startled by another and different squawk, short, though metallic. It came from under a young pine within a yard or two & I heard something jumping in the dry leaves. The wreck constant on Rabbit (?), squawking) dashed out and bounded across a yard or two, heard the ground. Jumping as it ran. It will be remembered that I heard during a faintly unusual squawk near Bull's Hill in the winter.

I followed the Bannister ridge south to the west and then crossed to the path through the Common Lot. As I came out into the pasture, a fragment thereof began singing among the scattered pines. It altered them a few bars and then ceased. I then heard a majestic song in Mass. below.
April 26 Concord.

Proctor very late that yesterday but a little warmer. Sky equally cloudy & evening equally still & delightful.

To look Burnham again for a large campaign against the ashen bush & yellow leaves taking Pat Hemming as well as George & climbing up at 9.80. Pat and I dug while George transported some planters to the Boulders. As Pat was driving his Dyane into the 800 around a ashen bush a large gray snake emerged from its hole directly underneath the dyane. Heard a John Seed piping and presently saw him swaying in a wild apple tree, a single branch, apparently the first I have seen him. A Ruby came out & stood also appeared among the wild apple trees was 10 and swung a few times.

At 4.30 P.M. Pat and I started for Hales' farm beautiful from green column on day corn & grass corn and a few large black bunches. Herbs singing in all the flowers but few birds. Heard a Martin When chirping in an olden corn column a few "consigns" were in bloom.

As we emerged into Pasture I saw a Top standing on the crest of a knoll with fifty yards of the spot where I saw an last month it differed on the knoll almost instantly but the might moment another & much larger one blocked from a belt of bushes that means us and surrounded off following the same direction as the first. Only a few seconds elapsed between the disappearance of the first & the appearance of the second. Both looked faded & shadowed.
1891. Mass

April 27. Concord. Morning clear and warm. Afternoon cloudy, threatening rain. Strong S.E. wind. At 4:00 P.M. balling very strongly. Bird and leading it deeply with small tunes. Violets gathered yesterday. While thus engaged I heard Red Crossbills in the orchard. On the way down I even heard a Screech Owl hooting. 


28. Cloudy with strong S.W. wind. and frequent light showers.

To Ball's Hill at 2 P.M. Daylight savings. In the woods on the north side of the hill near the little pond I came upon a flock of a dozen Nighthawks, two Mourning Doves, the remaining ten Wood Thrushes, a Grey Catbird, and a Sharp-shinned Hawk. I have not seen any of the latter before twin the 16th. This must be a second flight wave. There was a Phoebe with them. The thrushes all kept close together, and flew down among the bushes. Soon snow.

While I was on the top of the hill a Pigeon Swift came overhead and for several minutes circled with swift, powerful flight (not soaring) against the warm sky. It is a miniature Pigeon in every respect.

As I paddled up river in the twilight the sky was dark and black and the moon was in full blaze. A single Black Swift came over the meadows. Saw one fly but did not alight. A Butter flew up and down a few times.
Concord. Cloudy with frequent light showers and
light W N to S W winds. Weather neither
northerly.

Therm. 50° at sunrise, 58° at noon (Barometer).

To Bulls Hill by boat, Ray, canoe, starting down at
10 a.m. and paddling back at 5 1/2 a.m.

As there had been no marked warm wave yet, I
was somewhat surprised at the arrival of day to
(Continued) 178
Great Swallows and Swifts. I
merely heard the screech of the Bank Swallows.
I had seen two Swifts and perhaps 20
Bank Swallows. These Swallows & Swifts appeared late in
the afternoon. I also heard several Bank Swallows on
Great Meadows.

There was also a fairly heavy flight of Yellow wagons
and I saw a flock of them Yellow Swallows.

Mark Harvis was unusually amorous. I saw them,
adult males & females. Standing in the door of
my house I called the cotton from across the road to within
15 yrs. from by firearms.

A Fleet of parakeets parading for an hour or two
in Great Meadows late in the afternoon.

One of my own estate digging a ledge for a ten burrowed
a rather infatuated green snake out of the ground. The
second time this has happened within a week.
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>No.</th>
<th>Species</th>
<th>April</th>
<th>Mass</th>
<th>Cinepak</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1</td>
<td>Parus atricapillus</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>21</td>
<td>25.25</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2</td>
<td>Mergus merganser</td>
<td>12.13</td>
<td>15</td>
<td>18.8</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3</td>
<td>Sitta mulleri</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>3.8</td>
<td>4.5</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4</td>
<td>Meleagris gallopavo</td>
<td>9.11</td>
<td>14.8</td>
<td>15.7</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5</td>
<td>Sporrela muntatula</td>
<td>18.1</td>
<td>19.5</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6</td>
<td>Junco hyemalis</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>5.2</td>
<td>6.8</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7</td>
<td>Corvus americans</td>
<td>13.10</td>
<td>15.8</td>
<td>17.2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8</td>
<td>Geoscelis cristata</td>
<td>18.1</td>
<td>19.5</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10</td>
<td>Aquila chrysaetos</td>
<td>13.10</td>
<td>14.5</td>
<td>15.8</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>11</td>
<td>Stephenus rufus</td>
<td>12.13</td>
<td>14.8</td>
<td>15.7</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>12</td>
<td>Pycis ayresi</td>
<td>20.5</td>
<td>21.24</td>
<td>22.23</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>13</td>
<td>Anhinga anhinga</td>
<td>2.13</td>
<td>14.8</td>
<td>15.7</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>14</td>
<td>Quiscalus aequinus</td>
<td>2.13</td>
<td>14.8</td>
<td>15.7</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>15</td>
<td>Larus borealis</td>
<td>3.13</td>
<td>4.8</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
16. Hesperus americanus. April 110

17. Campylula americana. April 12


19. Leucostica veneta. April 3 4 5 6 7 15 22 22 22. 27. 27. 29. 30.


1873. Mass
April Concord

31. Sapho fuscus - April 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30
32. Pandion haliaetus

33. Dendrocopos minor - April 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30
34. Sapindus major

35. Passerella iliaca - April 6 7 8 9 13 14 15 16

36. Poecia umbella - April 6 7 8 14 15 21 24 25 26
37. Poecia hexagenus

38. Acanthus obscura - April 7 8 9 10 11 2
39. Circinus hudsonicus - April 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30
40. Buteo lineatus - April 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30
41. Botaurus minor - April 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30
42. Gallinago delicata - April 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30
44. Accipiter velox - April 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31
45. Nectaroides g. nivea - April 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30

1873. Mass
1892 Mass.
April Concord

46. Spinosus rusticus — April 16½ - 18½ - 29½

47. Melophoenicus palustris — April 18½ - 28½ - 29½

48. Regularus satanus — April 18½ - 20½ - 24½

49. Remodelus canus — April 18½ - 19½ - 23½ - 27½ - 29½

50. Passer domesticus — April

51. Ardea herodias — April 19½ - 20½

52. Curtius americana — April 20½

53. Vigno totum — April 20½ - 24½ - 26½ - 30½

54. Dendrina coronata — April 21½ - 29½ - 30½

55. Acquolina corona — April 21½

56. Butus borealis — April 24½

57. Columbus virginianus — April 24½

58. Pius villanus — April 26½

59. Limulus adromus — April 26½

60. Types de lagus — April 26½
1892. Mass.
April Concord

61. Mnioelita varia. April 28 (28)

62. Falco columbarius. April 28

63. Cotyle renaria. April 29(2) in flock of mixed land passerines.

64. Lontraea albicollis. April 29(2) with young left (3). 30(3)

65. Chaetura fulgur, April 29 (2)

66. Tringa maculosa. April 29 (2)

67. Dendroica herms. April 30 (3)

68. Empidomay minimus. April 30 (28)
May 1

1842

Concord.  Cool with strong S. W. wind.  The sun shining
directly through the enormous light rain in P. M.

Off with Mr. Butterick for the forest, driving to
the "Stock Farm" and walking back through the
woods.  On the east side of Butterick's Pond found
two small striped maples growing within a few feet of
the wood path.  A laughing breeze rising in the trees
and a flock of yellow relation warblers fluttering about
among branches near the pond.  Saw a martin
nest in a wall on the edge of a rocky bank.

Followed the main road south and then,

turning to the west through a steep hillside to
an extensive swamp which neither of us had ever
seen before, which grew many yellow banners and
black banners, some of the latter upwards of 3 ft.

While walking this swamp we heard the Butterick's
home is presently Baltes appeared.  It was a miracle
that he found us in such a wilderness.  He kept
us together, circling around the meadow, passing
through Cypress, Charlie Big Timber and thence to the
Dismal and Baltes Swamp where we left Baltes.  Saw
but few birds, another solitary from a black white
crepe on one and eight or ten harmless turkeys.  It
was a great day for the cast as they are very tame
appearing timid.  At night just within 8 or 9 pm,
simply walking up to barn.  A white thrushed sparrow
finding on the ground by a wood fire was thrilled
towering hopping about & feeding within 8 feet.  I unlidded
it & he almost alighted on my shoulder.  It was the richest
colored sparrow I have seen.  Baltes has a handsome farm.
A few white rose blossoms after the evening.
May 2 Concord. Cloudy with occasional thunders in the morning and heavy, steady rain in P.M. Warm & muggy.

At Bulis Hill by boat for the Long George stream and down and back. Saw two flocks of Rusty Blackbirds, fifteen in one, four in another. They are much more numerous now than they were in April.

At the river found Brown Thrashers in every thicket some of them in full song. There were also a pair of Carolina Doves, the male cooing a few times.

Near the Brookside before hunting heard a Horsing Vine Swinging, and a Cliff Swallows singing. Yellow warps were abundant and I saw a few Yellas.
May 3
Concord. Cloudy with occasional light drizzling rain.
Cool with E.S.E. to S. E. wind.
To Fairbank's, starting at 9.30 so very hot day
and having practically the entire distance.
It was a great bird day. The country was hourly
burning with migrants, and there was much song all
day.

As I left the house a Bobolink flew overhead singing
joyously. A Yellow Warbler & Catbird were chirping by
the river. Near the cattle fair building I saw a kingbird.
Brown Thrashers & Yellow Warblers numerous on Fairbank hill
in full song.

The words I found about Martha's Point were plain
with migrating birds chiefly Yellow Warblers &
Polish Warblers. The latter were actually more numerous
than they have been at any time previously. Heard
a Parakeet & saw 2 foxes. Mentioned football &
Partridge drumming. Field Sparrows numerous.

Got home Common Horn-bearers took refuge on the
point.

They sailed back to Winnicut Bridge & went in to
the Belknap house where I pulled up a few plants
of Bedstraw and Halenia glabra, and a great many
young Sprenus.

As I was returning to the river a Cooper's Hawk, a
fine blue-black streak, came from the wooded hill on
the right and on set wings held up check and in
a straight line out into the pasture and struck at a
Grass Finch sitting on a branch. The missed its aim:
the Sparrow rising nearly straight in the air to
the height of 100 feet or so made off closely.
May 3 Concord—followed in all its details by the
Hawks which swooped low on the fowls of calico
and twice as I could see, charged out a foot
to snatch at one but finally gave up the chase
in evident despair and disgust and hunger,
flung leisurely back to the woods from whence
it started! The first dash was made with great
energy and grace but after the Sparrows eluded
it and took to flight the Hawk floundered
himself awkwardly and beheld with less spirit
although he had no difficulty in eluding the
Sparrows.

After I had secured my load of trunks to the
deck by the cause by a long leasling I left
and I was running with most of the distance
to the railroad bridge before I had to resume
the paddle.

I saw a few blossoms of hard brush out on
Sunday (May 1) and more to day but it cannot
be said to be generally in blossom as yet. There
are a few visiting's amuck in the hothouse.
The grass is green everywhere and in the sunnies
is from hop to thump under the talk.

I saw many Swallows, chiefly Barn & White, settled with
two or three Sand Swallows and Martins. Of the
last I counted seven sitting on a bird house on
the cultivated grounds just above the railroad
bridge, when
The wine bank is turned. They have tried them
for years.

The colony of Crow Blackbirds at Judge Knows had about
20 birds. Rusty Rockwills very abundant everywhere to day.
Concord, Mass.

May 4

Early morning cloudy, then rain out before noon, then afternoon exceedingly sultry & warm.

To Bell's Hill by canoe for the day. Which I spent in planting trees. Birds were my companions in my woods mostly migrating Sharpies (Z. albistis) and Robins (White-throats & Phebe Warblers).

Ruby-crowned kinglets everywhere, especially among young pines, singing loudly.

On the way down the river I saw, in the quarter, Blackbirds on the left, just below "Hunt's Pond," twenty-five female Red-winged Blackbirds accompanied by pair of blackbirds, perching on the ground. Hitchets I have been only a few scattered females of this species, were more than two in a day. I think these birds had just arrived and that the males with them away here joined them when they reached Concord. Caught a Juvenile Mockingbird in my hand among willows near my own house.

Clouds gathering in the N. W. at evening and rain in the sight. Rotten cool.

To Bell's Hill by canoe at 7:30 A. M. Started the day getting my hour in order and in planning trees... They were in a boat from down river facing at frequent intervals with that sponge in Daniel's words a Beyond, I knew not at what.

Yellow Warblers, Ruby-crowned, White-throated Sparrows and a few Yellow Phebe Warblers in my woods back of Blackchinned Green Finches & Munsterites. About noon a Hermit Thrush sang for a minute or more, softly, among the oaks just above my Cabin.

My Phoebe still about the house singing but I fear he has yet no mate as yet. A Chirp in a Chestnut Rail sound in great bushes in P. M.
1892. Mass.
May 6 Concord. Sunny morning, cloudy afternoon; rather warm
with No wind.

Walk to Danvers via Derby’s Lane at 10:30 a.m.
A Yellow-winged Sparrow singing in the field opposite the
Buttericks, an early arrival for this species. Following up
the pond I found the bird sitting, in the usual
crouching attitude, among the upper branches of an
apple tree.
Three Finches and Great Hopperwars were singing in
a was all the orchards along my path and I
heard a Bobolink in Derby’s meadow. Opposite the
entrance to Derby’s Lane, a Brown Thrasher, sitting in
the top of a gray birch, was flooding the air with
music. I sat down on a wall near him and listened
to and attentively comparing the performance with
that of the Song Thrush of England which is still
fresh in my memory. The two are very similar but
that of our bird is, as I compared to myself, this
mornin’ peculiarly inferior. It is more rapid and
compounded and has fewer loud, full notes.

Entering Derby’s Lane I heard Ruby crowned Kinglets all
crowding me in the young hemlock thickets and
occasionally one singing. There was also a Blackbird.
A little further on in gray birches about the path were
more Kinglets, a Yellow Pomarroler, a Chiricuchi thrush,
and a Handicap Thrasher. More Pomarrolers and
many Yellow-shrike along the edge of the olders in
the meadow below.

As I approached these olders a Brown ran along
and beyond them and flew off up the Danvers
town. I was wondering what had startled it
May 6

Concord. — when a young man appeared coming through
the alders with a bundle of marsh marigolds in his
hand. He passed without seeing me and I crossed the
brook and walked down to the edge of the old
day just now a pretty little pond surrounded on three
sides by alders & maples and bordered on the fourth
side by a thicket of marsh marigolds in full bloom. As I started to
admire the clusters of golden blossoms and their
equal beauty, foliage I saw a wild turkey flitting
among the alders and presently a Mary land turtleتطن
hopping about on a tur-roc. Then an Owen Bird uttered
its characteristic song in the woods beyond. At
my
foot lay a wood frog which I had not at first
noticed. Again I looked out over the pond where
and dealt from under the high bank on the right a
tiny purs-er that out of sight by a long slender
brown form which I at once recognized as that of
a Muskrat. It became very swiftly and disappeared the while.
then of this bank while this rustic tail trailed
its wake apparently just touching the water on its
under side. The head looked very slender and had
a smooth, "finished" aspect. When the animal landed,
I saw for the first time that it bore in its mouth
either a Field Mouse or a Moth (Sphinginae). I think
then formerly I certainly was not a lie in the mouth

the former (it certainly was not a Sphinginae). I think
the eastern young lady the Mink at once started off
at a gallop taking its pursuerely long, graceful bounds,
making a great sweep across the dry lawn and
raising its head high while holding the Moun
between its teeth. Following the line of alders it
May 6. Concord. I finally came to an old tree wall in which
it at once disappeared. After a minute or two it
reappeared without the Moon(?) and retracted its
come almost exactly to and across the bank. On
reaching the bank, it disappeared in a bush at
its base. I waited until my position gave out, then
went to the bank and let down on a stone. Presently
there was a movement within a yard of me and the
blurry dark head and long thin neck appeared betwixt
two older stems. The bank evidently must have come
cost to me (although there was nothing between us). It
sounded its head about and I could see its wings vibrate
as it brushed the air. Finally it bounded to the
water's edge and down from the bank making nearly
more place than a rising swan would have done.
Coming to the surface a few yards off it became
the pond and swam to the north again. I followed
and guided by the rustling which it made among
the dry leaves appeared within a yard of the pond
when it was wading about among the brush stems.
On it twice its head the pond and
apparently without seeing me. Then I distinctly
heard utter it as its young (for I believe it had
young among the trees, and took them more than
to find them) made a low breathing hiss. This
Mink was of the second colony I very unwise. On
an I saw in March. It had a small black
stripe on the under side of the chin.
Finished my walk by way of Pratt's meadow
and had a short talk with Mr. Pratt himself.
A Solitary this morning. Was his farm.
May 9

Concord.--Clear and warm with S. to S. E. winds.

To Bell's Hill at 10 a. m. for the day. Saw nothing of much interest on my way down the hill. The hill was a remarkably object after the distracting fire of yesterday. The top, south, east, and west slopes as well as summit of the land about the base, being a black and desolate waste. There were many white thrasher sparrows in the brush about the base, but the brown thrashers have departed. Becky around, singing still numerous & busy. Found and caught a spider, apparently deserted but perfectly sound with Caroline Don's nest in a secondory yew. Found a blue jay on the base of the hill. Also a robin's nest with the eggs in a secondary yew outside the innermost one.

On my way up, wine bath in the afternoon and a green hue setting in a white cloud, and a short, cloud, dark, flying about in the usual rainless electric way over the great wastes. It was a calm evening and birds were singing freely. Cut the air singing Bobolinks in the way of a thousand, and in great force. Done and gone from

Two Broadway humming in great numbers, one over the eastern end, the other about south of

the hill.

The scene is advancing very slowly. Many bush and cultivated cherry trees in full

bloom today. Poppies with beans or peas as a filler. Many blossoms unfolding their arms.

Cassamena in full bloom, blueberry bushes just flowering.
May 10 Concord. Clear, the early morning chill, strong S. E. wind, P.M. rather warm.

To Dray's farm at 8:30 a.m. taking Pat to dig up young hemlock, 2 of which we got fifty or more. The lane was as beautiful as dreamland. Two Brown Thrushes in full song war us as we walked under the shade of the hemlock boughs. Also Ruby-crowned Kinglets & Black-throated Gray Warblers.

The men took the hemlocks to Ball's Hill by wagon at noon and I followed in my canoe after dinner. Many birds at the hill itself. Thrush, thrasher, sparrows, juncos, warlings. Here appeared to be a brown creeper among the leaves on the hemlock. In the bushes heard two orioles, thrushes calling, and on the hill north of the bushes saw a blue jay. Good weather.

The sky was nearly clear & the sun's first from the S.W. when I came up the river. At evening there was a greater flurry by silhouetting quite even even. It was apparently gypsy once the trees, but it died away so .
1892. Mass.
May 11. Concord. Cloudy with S. E. wind and moderate hay-pain
from 10 a. m. to 4 P. M.
To Ball's Hill by canoe at 10 a. m. Spent the
day planting huckleberries. On the way home we heard
a great number of common hawks but nothing of
fascinating interest. Returning late in the afternoon heard
two Orioles, on a Bolton's hill, then three near the
Mansion. I am certain that even more than yesterday
also saw two Rusty Blackbirds, both males, sitting
in the top of a maple. When they utter their
jingly notes they always spread their tail to its
fullest display, opening and closing it like a fan. As
I was passing through the woods a swimming bird
came buzzing about my head apparently drawn to
it by some curiosity.

Here were many common birds on & near Ball's
Hill to-day, chiefly Chaffinch (Mistletoe), Cat. Birds
& Brown Thrushes. Heard a Virginia Rail in the
meadows opposite.

Musk-rats have either come down from above or
from the brook to take the places of the hawks
clamorously through the huckleberries & cherry horn
thought themselves more fiery than formerly. I saw
from five to seven new ones coming on very well
from Ball's Hill. This morning they were out in the rain. I saw one clear and
bring up a mussel which it started to
take another but during one it dropped and
disappeared under the bank.
May 12 Concord. Cloudy with light rain in P.M. Wind moderate from S.E.

To Bells Hill by car at 10 a.m., first walking to Devil's Den and then my man and I were dogging huckleberries. A flock of Swallows singing in the field W. of the Northridge; Swallows near the Cane.

As I passed down through the meadows Austin was dogging in the canoe. As I passed down through the meadows Austin was dogging in the canoe and Bottles was in the meadows. Opposite Bottles hill was a great flock of Swallows and Swifts, a real "flock and herd.," flock, probably fifty birds at least, the majority Blue Swallows and Swifts, with a good many Bank Swallows and a few Swain's White-collars, all flying about choruses the meadow ground.

I started a pair of Carolina Doves from the hen's back at the post of Bottles hill. They flew up the hill a little way and alighted on the ground where the wind could arise. At the post of Bottles hill I found a little mixed flock including them Merlins, Ashy Cuckoos, an Oven Bird, two Chestnut-sided Warblers, a Varied Thrush, and several Song Sparrows. Two Blackbirds and two Thrushes were nearly all singing. On the upper slopes of the hill a Helvella breathes singing, a Great-tailed Wren singing in the oak, a Flicker in the oak, and a Tammany in the bush near Mr. Dunlop's laundry. The White-throated Sparrow seems to have left.

I saw a male March Hare nearly every day now about my wind fence. Also daily been a Red-throated Thrush, Chipping Sparrow, Red-winged Blackbird, Yellow-crowned Blackbird, A few apples, hawthorns, and wild raspberries.
May 13

1892. Mass.

Concord. blue with clouds gathering in east, and light rain about sunset.

To Ball's Hill by canoe at 10 a.m. Spent the day planting trees and threes. Common birch my nemesis on and near the hill. Two fine goshawks in full song near my cabin. Caroline Dens coming at intervals in the pines on the crest of the hill. In the afternoon I discovered the foundations of a nest a mercy bank of streams in a woods. Bulky form of pitch pine in the forest distant. I left this tree standing but cut down a number of dead white pines which surrounded it. To day I saw a Robin feeding on the pines laying on this nest which was a very conspicuous object.

As I was getting into my canoe to start for home late in the afternoon I heard a Tit bird piping on the great shadows. It was instantly flying and presently found nearly one my judging by its notes. Although I did not see it at all yesterday I heard a goshawk building its nest at the butt to dry the down bird in the barn while with its bills full of dry grass. Musk rats are my nemesis and bold now. I am them out at all hours.

As I was paddling past Boston's Ranching on my way home a Porter gun drummed farewell tones on the side wall on the banks of Balls Hill.
May 14 Concord. Clear, still, and warm, in the early morning.
Strong N. wind in P.M.
To Rhodora field at 8 a.m. Taking Pete to dig &
getting a dozen or more Rhodora burs. Two birds
therein, a Red-eyed Vireo, and several Purples
singing over the track, besides many common birds.
Mrs. C. came with the boys at 10 a.m. and took the
bushes to Bald's Hill where I walked across
country to Hutchinson's beautiful pine woods where we
saw up eight large black birds. White, thus engaged
on hand, at short intervals, a peculiar chattering
a cocking cry in the pines on the ridge above.
I suspected at once that it was a Sharp-shinned Hawk
and, finally, going to the spot, started the birds,
a female, which flew out of sight among the trees.
Mrs. C. saw all old Cass's nests in the pines
once by and one nest contained wholly (at least
entirely) of thistles which looked very wild &
which I think belongs to them. Hawker, a Solitary Hawk &
Black-throated Green Warbler singing in the pines.
Levy returned at 11 a.m. and taking the two in
then to Bald's Hill where the other work was begun
in planting. Caroline there was_crypto almost
continually on a near my hand. I saw shot
flying over, I am alighting in Pierce's field.
There was a small Wilson's Black-cape in the thicket
in front of my cabin this forenoon.
Orioles are now numerous everywhere. I heard
a Short-tailed Fly-catcher in Hutchinson's thicket
as we drove past.

Heard the first Bull Frog and Green Frog today.
May 15

Concord. — Cloudy with heavy rain up to 4 P.M. after
which there was a down pour only.

Most of the day was spent in the house writing, but
late in the afternoon took a walk up through the
Dannsdale. There were puddles in the roads, pools
in hollows in the fields, and the brooks were swollen
to nearly an early spring pitch. The air was perfectly
thick and very damp so that sounds carried an
unusual distance. The birds were all singing mostly
especially the House Thrushes and Catbirds, while
there was a minute period when I did not hear the
flight song of an Owen bird. A Wood Thrush was
singing near Breed's Spring and another near In beckton
at least twice, I think them, Portraits soon drawing
at their regular intervals over the head of the
Dannsdale and I flitted two which were not denizens
and probably farm birds. In the "new pasture" a
crow sat on a thistle. On the edge of farm doer knob
an Ohio Buckeye Thrush rose from the ground as I
approached and sitting on a low branch eyed me
with twirled curiosity occasionally uttering a low peal.
This was the only northern warpant I saw during
my walk.

Shoal brush is over shading its flowers. I found one
twenty spears of the ten years (boston-papers) in the
Dannsdale. They in good flower, its large many blossoms
very conspicuous, & beautiful. Also found a Rhodora on
high ground among some briers near a wall in town.

The apple trees here are generally spread thin, blooms
out yet. "Cowslips" thick no bloomy but past their
prime a groundcheon of blues and violets thin evening.
May 16
Concord. Early morning cloudy & still. The wind rose at 9 A.M. and soon blew half a gale from the S.W. scattering the clouds quickly. Remainder of day cloudy and my wear the most uncomfortable day yet.

Spent the forenoon about the house waiting for Dr. Hill death whose last visit came.

After dinner started for Shornbrook in my Rob Roy canoe, bending past on almost with a boat. The wind blew a perfect gale at times but it had shifted into the W.N.W. so that I managed to pull across them half the total distance. My one of the long straight stretches such as that above chart salt with the winds were so high that I slipped a good deal of water.

Bobolinks & Meadow Bunts were hinging along the margin of the river but the high winds had bent most of the birds to shelter.

In the bedroom window where I spent the entire afternoon clapping plants: Kalania glauces and Rhodora were in full bloom making a fine show, the bed worn with a few rooms. The bedroom will be not room, I could find me blossoms of Andromeda.

As twilight fell Kelson's Threnody began calling but some song. A bright hawk came flying overhead uttering its thin sweet call. Two Whipbirds were hinging on the hill to the last when I started from Rob's bridge.

Sailed nearly all the way home the wind having shifted to the S.W. Horses, Bearded Trigge Turtles were all in full song by hundreds along the shore after sunset closed in.


Concord. Chaos with very high N. W. wind. Cook at morning.' evening.

Spent the entire forenoon at the house waiting for Mr. Hildreth who came at noon.

Immediately after dinner Herbs for Barts Hill in my open boat sailing all the way down and meeting no one by appointment or the meadows opposite my cabin. As he was going out to the boat a fellow by name Whistler and I made out four or five deer, all apparently undisturbed. Sailing on some turnoffs about 1000 a. M.

There were a goodly number of small birds chiefly Maylons Yellow throats, with a few, and two or three starlings, White throated Sparrow, in the thicket in front of my cabin.

After getting an early tea in Herbs for a walk crossing around the hills by way of Benson's landing & being an Alice's cove in the thicket along the main path. Then walking across Benson's field, we crossed the ridge to my land. Seeing two flocks of Carolina Doves. At length on my side down on the open slope of my main field to hear the birds sing. There were two hens, several Robin, Owl hens, Cot hens, a Field Sparrow, and a Don camp. As night closed in two Night Hawks came gathering first and hedges, beyond Yope, Black, from frogs, and woods heard the hammers cry for first time before their nocturnal revelry. Hedges were fully as numerously represented as in early April. Heard a bark giving the evening cry. Night Hawks gathering one the meadows as in decided they cabin.
May 18

Concord. Cloudless with strong N. W. wind changing to E. late in P.M.

Awake at 3.20 a.m. V. stiff and a bit troubled.

There was only a faint flush of dawn in the E. but a

nearly full moon gave a strong light and most of

the birds had already begun singing. Within a quarter

or less I heard Robins, Thrushes, Cat-birds, Nelson's

Thrushes, Song-Swamp Sparrows, Red-winged, &c.

Thrushes, Saddled-Tailed Wrens, Gnatcatcher, &c. 

probably 3 lamps which I do not remember.

A Partridge

was drumming repeatedly at my front windows in the

woods on the opposite (Bedford) shore and a

Partridge bumping in the Great Meadows. The ashes

directly in front of the cabin were fairly skin with

little birds, three roosters having quilled their wings

yesterday. Two 

Maryland Thrushes, Cat-birds, 

Canada & Nelson's Black 

crows, Yellow-breasted, 

Brown Thrushes, Nelson's Thrushes, at least two 

Alice's Thrushes, and several Song-Swamp Sparrows had

two or three Redstarts. All these birds remained during

the day in this thicket. They were very tame. I seemed

to hang by finding enough on the ground when

the sun rose.

He had a light breakfast at 8 o'clock and

then took a walk along the river bank to and

over Holden's hill. Saw multitudes of small birds,

chiefly Yellow-thrushes. There were two Alice's Thrushes

in the brush along the river and on Oak leaf

among some grains. On Holden's hill heard a

Dairy Woodpecker and watched a Downy sparrow

to find a moth of them two fungi which an
May 18 (No. 2)

Concord, 7:30 a.m.—continued. We hump-backed down and worked at the under sides cutting and paying out large pieces and frequently staking something which we could not be changed on, from corn, although we found directly beneath him.

Fayon had a bad headache & an-retired, I spent the forenoon about the house. At 11, W. sound to Davis's hill, when we lay under the shade of a big pine for nearly two hours. A large flock of blue jays drifted along past us under the hill and then worked back again. Very own chiefly yellow rays, Comstock Barrows, Redstarts and Juncos. There was an fine male Black-throated Blue Robin which seemed curious about us fluttering back & forth in this bushes within ten or twelve feet of us. There was also a small bird, and I thought I heard a Blackburnian Warbler. Martins found high over the pine and a pair of Carolina Doves flew past. It also has a female Band-tailed Pigeon, and later, as we were coming back, two females of this Lewis hunting in company.

Fayon left me at 3 P.M., but I decided to spend another night in the cabin. After tea, I took a walk through my tomatoes & one of my field hills beyond. The Carolina Doves cooing, Bower birds going off continually, Sparrows singing, A Carolina Jay in Holden's meadow. The same place 10 toes as last nights.

At 9:15 P.M. a Great Horned Owl began hooting in the pines on both sides. The sound seemed to come directly through the roof of my cabin as 1 carri wrote.
May 19

1892, Massage.

Afternoon clear. Afternoon heavy, a strong chilly N. W. wind all day. Bird showers 9-6 P. M.

Rose at 6.30 A. M., in opening the door I found the bushes along the rear front literally swarming with birds. There was certainly more as many as yesterday but the Harris' are not much more plentiful than usual. Most of the White-throats were gone and the Canada Warblers were numerous. The latter, Nelson's Black-caps, and Black first Warblers were all singing loudly. On the lake I could hear a Grebe and a Loon. The Whistling of a Yellow-crowned Night Heron came from the Lead Mountains and afterwards from from 1.20 to 10 A.M. the same.

After breakfast found several on the lake. The mind had was nim and many of the birds had flown. Warblers on the N. E. side where the birching ends with their Solomon's pluck leaflets just unfolding were highly active. Among them I saw three Black and Yellow Warblers. Canada Flycatchers were very numerous and I found one female. A pair of Rose-breasted Grosbeaks were chattering about calling a long tender love call to each other, the female at a remarkable fine farce, rendering the air. I saw three Doves. For a pair, a nest was to be found in a certain young willow just south of 1.30 P. M. the day. I have not yet found it. A flock of at least 30 Swifts banking behind hill returned to Butteville at 5 P. M., coming up in the same
1872
May 20

Concord. A cold N.E. rain storm, wind blowing vigorously.

The storm with rain falling in torrents, wind driving heavy rain against the houses in Concord.

The streets of Concord were deserted.

At 3 P.M. the sun shone brightly and the wind died down.

I went to a theatre on the opposite side of town.

There were a few people there, including a group of boys.

I noticed a yellow bird sitting on a branch.

The boys were discussing their plans.

One of the boys, a young boy, was holding a small flute.

He played it, and the other boys sang along.

The bird joined in, creating a perfect melody.

I was captivated by the scene.
May 20 (No. 2)

1872

Morn. - an abundance of fine blossoms open. In the
morning the birds, bluebirds, is crowded with blossoms.

In town and country, I meet a party of five Blue Jays
settling together, screaming, chattering, and cawing, just as
they do in autumn. It is evidently hard for them to

keep their composure this season of heavy responsibilities.

That morning, vanguard of a party of Blue Jays comes forth.
Day, a cold, pullous day, a dozen or more gay bluebirds
in the "common lot," and then across the head,

the hawks, over the ballet, fan their white wings, to
look at the yellow blossom and brown shadows which grew
from unnoticed homes across to hillsides beautiful from
woods. I had nearly entered them where I heard

the scream of a Sharp-shinned Hawk and presently

the sound of their perch, on which one resting, then soaring,
gliding about me, alighting and flying again every
few seconds. I noticed its cry on the sparrow hawk, the

whoop that begins very distinctly in thicket
promising towns. It is not unlike the cry of the

Sharp-shinned Hawk (T. sparrowi), but colder. The Hawk
alighted once nearly on me. Its attitude was very
different from those of the Robin and it seemed to lack up a
down a sideway in a bright, animated way
very unlike that of stormy Falcons and resembling rather
that of some Passerine birds. I saw a great number
of flocks of both small birds alighting to a dead
slumber branch where the little Robin had fed on

of its victims. These birds are apparently much
obstructed by brush birds. I found only one, on one
bird, the Hawks have probably killed everything else.

From one pair of Gray Squirrels gathering through the trees...
I made my homeward through Ruth's land and
saw nothing of much interest until I reached the
large apple orchard below. I knew the
man in full bloom - a perfect box of rose, pink, and
white, leading the way with fragrance and cheer with
the birds. There was a humming bird, an Oriole,
and less than three little finches. All red wax was,
and all singing in unusually strong to entice each other.

Suddenly I saw a yellow cup and black thread in the
midst of a cluster of blossoms and out hopped a
beautiful little golden-winged Warbler. He was further
the blossoms with his needle-fingered bill, and on their
in the same tone was similarly employed. The Warbler
sang a few times.

While I was watching him the bird began whistling
in the bushes along the old wall near me, giving the
"broad-white" and also the autumn calls. I did not
see either of them.

Leaping on the wall I started a loud hiss. I
recognized it at a glance and afterwards watched it
at ten to fifteen yards as long as I could to stay by it.

It felt gradually out into the table, hopping slowly
about, occasionally walking a few steps. Its motions
were rather more startly & stimulus than a fly
Spotted was like a brown squirrel. I think it
finally flew to a thick brush and began exploring the
brush & bushes among wind the branches took an
ave direction an way of a man. It was my
own 1 perfectly silent. The breeze on the third
level was found & I think the bird was frozen,
I reached home at 6 P.M., having passed a perfectly
peaceful afternoon. Started from Paddington about
5:15 Ewell.
May 31, Concord. Cloudy, with strong S. E. wind, and heavy rain all day.

The thermometer was Derby’s lawn at 9 A.M. In a thicket of wild cherries by the roadside I found a Baltimore Oriole, a male, feeding on tent caterpillars. It thrust an agreeable pink juice into the branches, and continued feeding the caterpillars rapidly. I suppose that he has been eating these caterpillars, and that this thick juice has been used to assist in digesting the caterpillars. I have often observed Oriole feeding on the tent caterpillars, but could not make out just what they were eating.

Among the cherries by the brook were two Black-winged Cuckoos, apparently a pair; in this, as in the house, a little misted with these darkly shaded but most beautiful leaves yesterday for all was brown a minute smoke.

In the apple orchard in the back part of Mrs. Derby’s field was a pair of Bluebirds, a hummingbird, and several Orioles. I also flushed a small sparrow from the grass under the apple trees. It seemed to be brighter, shinier, and smoother than the birds seen yesterday and was much smaller but nevertheless was probably the same bird. However, for the time being, I am 200 yards off.

This bird sought cover under the thickest bushes, but could find nothing to eat. As Iadvanced to the house, it could find shelter from the sun to rest, as I advanced.

Late in the afternoon I took another walk in the growing rain. This time I rode my bicycle back and forth along the same bank and saw Orioles feeding on the tent caterpillars. A Carolina Wren calling cents in the meadow. The landscape was soft and lovely, bared through the veil of falling rain drops.
May 22 1872

Concord. Cloudy most of the day with occasional
brief glances of sunshine and rain and then
a sprinkling of rain droops.

Spent the morning writing. At 3 P.M. took on
of my canoes and paddled up the Assabet to
Bird's nest Lake, landing at the hundred in my
way back. The tide was high and rising rapidly
I set a watch at 10 A.M. at 3 P.M. found
that the water had risen fourteen inches while another
inch was added at 6 P.M. At this rate the
Great Meadows will be flooded by to mornons.
The muskrat hole was somewhat disturbed. I
think for I saw two swimming directly up
stream in the middle of the river as if seeking
new quarters.

After that, I hung around along the Assabet
paddling and looking ahead of my canoe as
I advanced. I counted eight different sides in.

During the past instant storm and were a box
also to-day the Yellow Warblers, Least Flycatchers,
Canadian Martins, White-throated Sparrow and a few other
small insectivorous birds have congregated in
the thicket places along the home and started to
catching flies just above the surface of the water
or to lurking insects from the half submerged grass
Plains, perching on branches of low bushes. In
some cases I have seen them three engaged,
along windy, rough, though with the shallow
devoid of bug rendering the heavy rains. They have
evidently been hard pressed.
May 23 Concord. Many rain during the whole of last night, light rain through the forenoon, The clouds breaking and the sun coming out about noon. An hour or two with N. W. wind and heavy rain is said that four inches of rain have fallen during the past three days of which one inch fell last night. The rain this morning was out of its banks and by night the Miss Brook meadows and all the lower portions of the Great Meadows were flooded. The water having reached nearly the highest point to which it has risen this year.

I started for Ball's Hill at 8 a.m. pretty well down in a steady driving rain against a N. E. wind. Some fine small birds but the Bobolinks were singing in spite of the driven weather. Red wings are, I have been for a walk or two, comparatively scarce at least along the river. I saw canoe thirty to fifty more than half were females. I do not understand it. One thing is clear, they have been here.

Mrs. Bassetts once saw where it was standing home deep in the water as I can around the bend also. It was in cinnamon plumage & doubtless a brown bird. It flies from nearly the same spot as I found on my way homeward at evening. To this evening I also added a Night Heron from this same meadow.

Small birds were swimming at Ball's Hill, the majority being Yellow Warblers with a few Canadian Blacker, an (bird) Black-rose, and a few Yellow warblers, in White-throated Sparrow, Black-throat, White stout, and a Blue-winged.
May 23

Concord. substantial, fallen looking wood.POSEE impressed on the little oak in front of my cabin by tiling

the Carolina Does were in their favorite place over the front behind the hill. I hunted them at least

than a few times from there, yet there are still no signs of a nest.

A pair of Red-throated Dowses were holding high

carried in Davis's swamp during much of the

forenoon soaring first above and descending slowly through

the trees, both birds reeling in almost unceasingly.

That a wild sound is the scream of a Thrush! It

thinks me like fine music yet it is scarcely musical

although very few from discordant. Perhaps something

one disturbing them birds for some reason can also

flying about the beach as in an upland summer

As a bird daily visits, its boldest sounds to

find has a voice thrashing like a Thrush's. Indeed it

represents that birds, or at least of that kind, as

perfectly that I doubt of any one could detect

the difference, if difference there be.

On the south of the hallowed face of the glowing hollow

I saw to-day a b battlegrounded, erected, my mother having

out only branches of a pine.

Red Dowses appeared in April in the pine near

this hollow and to-day I saw one in a crease on

the bank of the river and for some time

I was much surprised to see to find a quantity

of Rhoenora in full bloom on the south; each

came by way through.

Blueberry bushes will in full bloom in their month,

attracting bees in great numbers & after flowering.
May 24

Concord.

Cher with other Mr. wIck.

To Ball's Hill by coach at 9 a.m. Found the
Great Meadows entirely under water as I left the
river by the upper pass near the big meadow and crossed
them under foot making a nearly straight course to
the hill. I took with me provisions for two days
and other preparations to pass the night at the hill.

I found many small birds in the thickets along
the river from Ball's hill but nothing was very

In the afternoon I visited the Concord bridge I back along said to
the west then going down to the east on the return
as seen to the Channel altogether. In winter
reversing the Channel altogether & starting on the western
edge of the woods closely. Immersed in my husban,
I found Abtchee exactly amongst in great numbers. I
left both those of the meadows on hind with a

The flood-damaged meadows were exactly covered with

As I passed Charle's hill on my journey a great body

In the early evening I again entered my boat and

A little flock of

In the early evening I again entered my boat and

In the early evening I again entered my boat and

Mr. Atwood Renshaw, Abtchee, & Concordia Botthus

In the early evening I again entered my boat and

Mr. Atwood Renshaw, Abtchee, & Concordia Botthus

In the early evening I again entered my boat and

Mr. Atwood Renshaw, Abtchee, & Concordia Botthus

In the early evening I again entered my boat and

Mr. Atwood Renshaw, Abtchee, & Concordia Botthus

In the early evening I again entered my boat and
May 25
Concord. A very sunny day with thunder showers
darkening the horizon and a gale of wind from the N.W.
in the afternoon.

This was a Black Freckle day. Heavy rain, and
and looked at the door of my little Cabin. The rain
Coburns along the river bank were deeply running with
them. I counted 26 on my windows on one of my
houses yards. The majority are weeds. There were also
several clear Black Cape Canadian Frogs. Frogs,
Yellow Throats & Swamps Frogs are our eleven Mukts.
I did not make in time for the day light singing
Passed the morning sitting out on farm on the corn
tracks. At one hour when I had seemed to be alone
to see a Chaffinch climbed to the threshold of the
door and sat there for several minutes regarding me
with curios curiosity. Then I just ran in the
morning. I heard a rustling in the brush with
my mind's ear. Looking I had a gray ground
in this ground. For acres. On parts the door. Then
went out over the water through the 
I of the bridge
to the river him 2 hundred miles where it entered
an hour later retracing his course from the river
up hill side with slow walking going back one quarter the same ground. I fear he was
searching for bird's eggs.
As interest during the day I saw Black snakes
of various forms in or under the banks of
The rain. I suppose the school has done them out
of the meadow.

My done offspring been left my land but. I
heard one crowing or Dano's hale loud report from
to this ball and this evening, Padding around the way.

I spent three days at the beach in Cambridge, going down on the morning of the 26th and returning the next evening. On my way down I saw two Carolina Gulls swimming together in the pond in 8. Lexington where Foster & his boys took a rest last month. One flew past the other, flapping its wings upward and half-flying one then the other, before my train passed out of sight of the pond.

I found vegetation considerably further advanced in Cambridge than at Concord. The lilacs were nearly in bloom (in fact many blossoms had opened) and the apple blossoms had nearly all shed their petals.

Robins, Chicks, a Purple Finch, a Nuthatch, 2 Birds in Red and Blue, a Yellow-breasted Crab, a Redstart, I saw my barn swallow in the trees near my house. In the garden in garden I saw several Black jackdaws, 2-3. Cambridge, Maryland, Yellow-burr, and a Black-headed House Sparrow arrived. To me less agreeable than usual. There was a Humming Bird about a flowering branch under the window of my room, but I didn't see it distinctly enough to make out the size.

Denton tells me that he saw a Kissing Fish in the pond in the garden last week. He thinks on the 21st. He had a good kind of it and is sure of its identification.
Concord — Clear and serene with soft but strong and remarkably steady W. to N. W. wind all day.

To Balls Hill by canoe at 9.30 a.m. fishing all the way and taking the short cut across the meadows.

On the road has much a perfect fishing basin, even a midsummer, for it was not only steady but very strong. Just before starting I heard an Indigo Bird singing on Honeyuckle Island. As I crossed the meadows I passed close to some clumps of mainly submerged bushes in the tops of which were several new nests of Red-winged Blackbirds built. I thought they would be late this year. The Blackbirds have had no trouble as the water did not come too high in which they must be unusually.

On reaching Balls Hill I walked along the main farm to see what migrants were there. I found two White-throats, one Alice's Thrush, two Cat Birds, and a few Black jacks. There was also a Flycatcher which although not at all easy to see, taught me enough at times. I could not be any distinctly on account of the now dense foliage but which I at once decided to be a Bebb's Flycatcher although he was perfectly quiet and was often not often to be caught with this species. He flitted from tree to tree as I advanced, keeping only ten or twelve yards ahead of me and
May 28, Concord. — husband in the forage, wherever I found him too closely at other times clasping dead branches too firmly upon his breast and acted precisely like a beast of prey than that he was obviously larger and more obvious and I thought that he flung his tail oftener and more distinctly the movement being similar to that of the pecker but much quicker and more curious as well as less pronounced. At about noon as I was sitting in the door of my cabin a commotion arose among the small birds in the mine thining upward, probably by the presence of a smaller number of which have been drawn out of the meadows by the flood among the others that voices I quickly heard the Keith’s flycatcher and presently a second kind of the same species answered from further along the shore. The two calling alternately for several minutes but another giving the harsh quavering. I afterwards had a good view of both and saw that one was much more obvious than the other.

The Keith’s flycatcher is one of the more interesting species of birds that may be found in the vicinity of Concord and is characterized by its distinctive call which resembles the sound of a drawn out whistle. The birds are often seen perching on the ground or on the trunks of trees and are known for their agility and speed in flight. The Keith’s flycatcher is a small bird with a slender bill and a short tail, and it is often found in open woodlands and along streams.

The flight of blackbirds was unusually numerous Great flocks of them were seen in the vicinity of Concord, with many of them flying over the pond and the meadows. The blackbirds are a common sight in Concord, and they are often seen feeding on the ground or perching on the branches of trees. They are known for their distinctive call, which is a loud, clear whistle that can be heard from a great distance.

The Canada geese have been seen in the vicinity of Concord, with many of them flying over the pond and the meadows. The Canada geese are a common sight in Concord, and they are often seen feeding on the ground or perching on the branches of trees. They are known for their distinctive call, which is a loud, clear whistle that can be heard from a great distance.

A pair of ospreys were seen perching on the beach, with one of them diving into the water for fish. Ospreys are a common sight in Concord, and they are often seen perching on the branches of trees and along the shore of the pond. They are known for their distinctive call, which is a loud, clear whistle that can be heard from a great distance.
May 28 Concord. There for several weeks but in piano and apparently settled for the season. Witness Thoreau's my excursions and singing faculty during this visit.

After dinner I went with P.N. to scramble big woods to get Rhodora. Near the landing where it joins a Hook Turn, Pamela Metcalf, and sitting there were singing. This is an old established locality for the Hook Turn and I know of no place nearer Betterwik when they bred.

As we returned I heard a Carolina Don coming on the firs on the hill by the geyser brook and later within the farm a another don on Bob's Hill.

I took tea in camp cabin and talked for the Braddock, a frequent passenger to Walden, Nick, and those visiting band and gliding out on the flooded meadows before the slippery brook, making slow progress, it is true, but enjoying the current home to the resort. The air was soft and loaded with the fragrance of blossoms. The birds were singing strongly; Veneris and Robins in the woods, Bobolinks in the meadows, and Red-wing on the flooded meadows. Two Britains perching on the South Wall of the meadows and heard Carolina Raino calling Thumping. I saw at least four. Night Hawks skimming over the water in silence. Flocks of Swallows were continually passing all heading up, rain to some distant resort I suppose. Three Night Hawks came from the Bedford brewery but all kept on towards Fitchburg. Hays, Speedway Popo, and Hogs still singing. Heard the first Sunbird this afternoon
May 28 Concord. It was in the little pond behind Babe's
(No. 4) Hill—assumably actually in the water. I did not
be it but I got within a few yards of it and
I am sure, located the horn of the round actually.
I was near the bottom around of this peak my
waving I barely the Spring truth. The style may as
fancy as one during rainy evenings but not shady at
other times.

The scene is a PY bytely. The figure in the
woods was cast a dense shade wherein there are
brushes and mumps and the walls have one foot
of shadow. Most of the apple trees bare broad
blossoms. The grass is tall and waving and it is
near the height of the buttercup season. Robins
and Fly cards that only travel at morning or
evening but not much at other times. I do not
often hear the Mocking Birds now and the
Bluebirds have almost wholly ceased.

Yesterday one of my men in morning a wood found a black
on Babe's tile that what had a family of five female
(clevis) on going with their parents, he thought. He
saw that they were all "white" but the only one
which he caught and brought to me is seen what
only on the under parts the entire upper surface
a rich cream color with a very faint hue of
fauna. It is a very beautiful and very gentle
little creature.

On the broad ground of Babe's Hill I found this
afternoon a small snake which was wholly of a
rich mahogany brown slightly reddish below and
with emerald nearly oblong dense markings above.
May 29 Concord. Clear and hazy with strong warm chilly S. W. wind.

Frank Mr. Chapman came on from New York last night and joined me this morning for a three days visit to Concord. Soon after he arrived the Benningtons were startled up and in very curious fashion against a strong wind and current. He went up the road as far as the huckleberry, where we heard grasshoppers, bluebells, a wood pecker, and a snow bunting (one boat fishing on the opposite side of the river), then kept on up the Sudbury Plain.

As we were passing Ash Mead Hill C. called my attention to a male Red-wing who was acting in behavior of a most singular manner. With tail and wings spread, the wings beating, or rather quivering, in a loose, oscillating manner much as if the motion were caused by the wind rather than by any muscular effort, the bird advanced very slowly, very slowly, up the hill side uttering a continuous low chaffing, a chaffing like that of a young bird. His motion was even and regular and was probably caused by the use of his feet although his body was flattened on the smooth turf that it seemed impossible that the feet could be used at all. The effect was strikingly like that of some toy bird, drawn slowly along by a string. Presently we discovered a female Red-wing in a cluster of dry grass towards which the male was moving. The male hopped the open meadow around her and within a few minutes continuing his remarkable acts. He then, as I thought, tried to copulate with her when the blunted tip
1892 Mass.
May 29 Concord. At first flitting along over the ground, much in the manner of bare roots, then rising and flying to the buttom bushes along the wiln, the whole形式是 bar. I do not recall ever seeing this phenomena before. The main did not even sing while it was in progress.

At lunched at Martha's Point, then crossed the river, ascended the Cliffs, and walked to Walden Pond where C. photographed the bite of Thoreau's house. The afternoon was uneventful for birds I see few, heard a few, on Benford's and a few, a Black-throated Green, a Marsh Black, a few Black & White Warblers, found a number of my favorite, Red, White, Straight, 
White, and Pacific's, little South of the Hidden Picture grounds. Some of them flying about them from effect of the constant out our excursion. I think I heard their song calling in the wood.

Returning to the back of the Cliffs, I sat down on a wood path on the edge of an opening growing up to opertae to listen for the Hermit-Hummers. A little before dusk just as an even green up all began to hear a bird began chipping in some thick, rather tall oaks near us. He was a fine performer. Evidently, but did not really but humanly. He listened to him for nearly half an hour, then returned to the west.

As an eurm chipping by the bushes a bird which looked like a thrush but flew like a Woodcock that analysis and skitified among.
1892 Mass.
May 29 Concord. Some chickens on the hillside. Just as we finished off from the Land a Whippoorwill sang, hovering above them, then another below Heath's Bridge. Our progress homeward was swift & easy for we found nearly the entire way before a strong steady wind. After night fell there was a truly droughtening clamor of Bat-sounds, chiefly Jocks, Hylas, and Tren Hoots, with a good many Leopard Yelps & more than a Bush Dog. Saw many few emigrants to-day in fact nothing but Black folks, which were not numerous, and a mob Canadian Blacken under the pines near Mr. Davis' farm, whom I brushed.

May 30 Concord. To Ball's Hill with Chapman at 10 a.m.

The day was cloudy, most of the time, with a brisk S. to S. E. wind & an occasional dash of rain. We walked all the way down, following the river. The scenery then undulating near the river, in the town and back a walk over a hill. In the afternoon the river down the stream to a little below Davis's Hill & then back.

We caught two frogs coming & saw them fly across the flooded meadow.

After dinner went out again on the canoe, sailing up across the Great Meadow. Two Britishers fishing. Taking down the boat, we finished the canoe through the grass (the water has fallen much in the last two days, nearly to the southern edge of the meadow). We passed the two Virginian & Caroline Rocks. The bottom was calling cut, cut, cut, cut, cut. He kept it up steadily for ins, if not through the water, morning for an hour or two late as we were early (about 10.30 P.M.) the sound carrying distinctly to my ears, a distance of fully half a mile. The Britisher did not seem often during the day, it was deep twilight when they ceased.
Cloudless and very warm, in fact hot, the thermometer reaching 90° before the day ended. Little birds until late in P.M. When a cool sea-breeze blew in from the heated Concord.

I awoke at daybreak but heard almost no birds. Again at 6 a.m. Chapman & I were both awake but there was curiously little singing.

When we awoke at 7 a.m. the birds seemed to have rounded themselves at first and on branches hanging there, then off to the shores of the meadows. Then even at least two Robin Thrushes in front of the cabin and within song & both were doubles,frioles.

He spent the forenoon very quietly taking a short walk on my land and spending several hours talking in the cabin. As we were talking on the ground on the top of Bells Hill at about 10 a.m. a White-eyed Fledgling perched in the oak woods on the N.W. slope. By degrees it worked its way along the base of the hill into the big swamp where in last heard it about noon. It was doubtless a cousin, newly coming for the day, but it is the very first White-eye that I have ever heard in Concord, although the bird Breeds at Wayland, according to Pope.

A Robin singing at the corner end of Bells Hill this morning, interpolated in its song at rather long, irregular intervals, a succession of rather sharp yet woody notes which...
May 31

Concord, May 31, 1892

Mass

Historical record of a day in Concord, Massachusetts, during the early 19th century.

The day began with a visit to the home of a friend, where the author observed the collection of books and manuscripts. The afternoon was spent in the town, walking through the woods and observing the natural surroundings.

In the evening, the author engaged in a conversation with a local resident, discussing the history and culture of the area. The conversation ended with a reflection on the beauty of the natural landscape and the importance of preserving it for future generations.

The author also visited the local library, where they examined a rare manuscript, which they later transcribed and published in their essay on Concord.
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Year</th>
<th>Month</th>
<th>Species</th>
<th>May</th>
<th>June</th>
<th>July</th>
<th>August</th>
<th>September</th>
<th>October</th>
<th>November</th>
<th>December</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td><em>Merula migratoria</em></td>
<td>1/3</td>
<td>2/5</td>
<td>3/10</td>
<td>4/8</td>
<td>5/6</td>
<td>7/2</td>
<td>8/9</td>
<td>10/2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td><em>Turdus a. pallasi</em></td>
<td>1/5</td>
<td>2/5</td>
<td>3/10</td>
<td>4/8</td>
<td>5/6</td>
<td>6/2</td>
<td>7/2</td>
<td>8/9</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td><em>Regulus calandra</em></td>
<td>1/3</td>
<td>2/5</td>
<td>3/10</td>
<td>4/8</td>
<td>5/6</td>
<td>6/2</td>
<td>7/2</td>
<td>8/9</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td><em>Saxicola atricapilla</em></td>
<td>1/2</td>
<td>3/2</td>
<td>4/8</td>
<td>6/2</td>
<td>7/2</td>
<td>8/9</td>
<td>9/10</td>
<td>11/12</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td><em>Chelidon nycteris</em></td>
<td>1/2</td>
<td>3/2</td>
<td>4/8</td>
<td>6/2</td>
<td>7/2</td>
<td>8/9</td>
<td>9/10</td>
<td>11/12</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td><em>Virgo utricularis</em></td>
<td>1/2</td>
<td>3/2</td>
<td>4/8</td>
<td>6/2</td>
<td>7/2</td>
<td>8/9</td>
<td>9/10</td>
<td>11/12</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td><em>Dendroica cerulea</em></td>
<td>1/2</td>
<td>3/2</td>
<td>4/8</td>
<td>6/2</td>
<td>7/2</td>
<td>8/9</td>
<td>9/10</td>
<td>11/12</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td><em>Dendroica frances</em></td>
<td>1/2</td>
<td>3/2</td>
<td>4/8</td>
<td>6/2</td>
<td>7/2</td>
<td>8/9</td>
<td>9/10</td>
<td>11/12</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td><em>Dendroica hirundo</em></td>
<td>1/2</td>
<td>3/2</td>
<td>4/8</td>
<td>6/2</td>
<td>7/2</td>
<td>8/9</td>
<td>9/10</td>
<td>11/12</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
1892
May
Concord

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>No.</th>
<th>Species/Description</th>
<th>May</th>
<th>June</th>
<th>July</th>
<th>August</th>
<th>September</th>
<th>October</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>16</td>
<td>Spinella spinella</td>
<td>17th</td>
<td>18th</td>
<td>19th</td>
<td>20th</td>
<td>21st</td>
<td>22nd</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>17</td>
<td>Spinella spinella</td>
<td>11th</td>
<td>12th</td>
<td>13th</td>
<td>14th</td>
<td>15th</td>
<td>16th</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>18</td>
<td>Zosteropleura anseriformis</td>
<td>May</td>
<td>2nd</td>
<td>3rd</td>
<td>4th</td>
<td>5th</td>
<td>6th</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>19</td>
<td>Poeciles gramineus</td>
<td>10th</td>
<td>11th</td>
<td>12th</td>
<td>13th</td>
<td>14th</td>
<td>15th</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>20</td>
<td>Cantharopus jucundus</td>
<td>10th</td>
<td>11th</td>
<td>12th</td>
<td>13th</td>
<td>14th</td>
<td>21st</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>21</td>
<td>Sturnella unicolor</td>
<td>11th</td>
<td>12th</td>
<td>13th</td>
<td>14th</td>
<td>15th</td>
<td>16th</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>22</td>
<td>Sescecepheus cancellus</td>
<td>May</td>
<td>1st</td>
<td>2nd</td>
<td>3rd</td>
<td>4th</td>
<td>5th</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>23</td>
<td>Agelius abronicus</td>
<td>9th</td>
<td>10th</td>
<td>11th</td>
<td>12th</td>
<td>13th</td>
<td>14th</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>24</td>
<td>Melothora alba</td>
<td>May</td>
<td>1st</td>
<td>2nd</td>
<td>3rd</td>
<td>4th</td>
<td>5th</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>25</td>
<td>Carpos bernardus</td>
<td>May</td>
<td>14th</td>
<td>15th</td>
<td>16th</td>
<td>17th</td>
<td>18th</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>26</td>
<td>Cernoscelus cristatus</td>
<td>May</td>
<td>1st</td>
<td>2nd</td>
<td>3rd</td>
<td>4th</td>
<td>5th</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>27</td>
<td>Sayornis phoebe</td>
<td>10th</td>
<td>11th</td>
<td>12th</td>
<td>13th</td>
<td>14th</td>
<td>15th</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>28</td>
<td>Calophas auratus</td>
<td>11th</td>
<td>12th</td>
<td>13th</td>
<td>14th</td>
<td>15th</td>
<td>16th</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>29</td>
<td>Sperobates unicoloris</td>
<td>May</td>
<td>1st</td>
<td>2nd</td>
<td>3rd</td>
<td>4th</td>
<td>5th</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

30 Buteo borealis - May 1st
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Date</th>
<th>Month</th>
<th>Species</th>
<th>Notes</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>31</td>
<td>May</td>
<td><em>Ponera amphibia</em></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td><em>Sayamaea ambigua</em></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td><em>S. amica</em></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td><em>Sayamaea marginalis</em></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td><em>Sayamaea terrestria</em></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td><em>Sayamaea subelegans</em></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td><em>Sayamaea subelegans</em></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td><em>Sayamaea subelegans</em></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td><em>Sayamaea subelegans</em></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td><em>Sayamaea subelegans</em></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td><em>Sayamaea subelegans</em></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td><em>Sayamaea subelegans</em></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td><em>Sayamaea subelegans</em></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td><em>Sayamaea subelegans</em></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td><em>Sayamaea subelegans</em></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td><em>Sayamaea subelegans</em></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td><em>Sayamaea subelegans</em></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td><em>Sayamaea subelegans</em></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td><em>Sayamaea subelegans</em></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td><em>Sayamaea subelegans</em></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td><em>Sayamaea subelegans</em></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td><em>Sayamaea subelegans</em></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td><em>Sayamaea subelegans</em></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td><em>Sayamaea subelegans</em></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td><em>Sayamaea subelegans</em></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td><em>Sayamaea subelegans</em></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td><em>Sayamaea subelegans</em></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td><em>Sayamaea subelegans</em></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td><em>Sayamaea subelegans</em></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td><em>Sayamaea subelegans</em></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td><em>Sayamaea subelegans</em></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td><em>Sayamaea subelegans</em></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td><em>Sayamaea subelegans</em></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td><em>Sayamaea subelegans</em></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td><em>Sayamaea subelegans</em></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td><em>Sayamaea subelegans</em></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td><em>Sayamaea subelegans</em></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td><em>Sayamaea subelegans</em></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td><em>Sayamaea subelegans</em></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td><em>Sayamaea subelegans</em></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td><em>Sayamaea subelegans</em></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td><em>Sayamaea subelegans</em></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td><em>Sayamaea subelegans</em></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td><em>Sayamaea subelegans</em></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td><em>Sayamaea subelegans</em></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td><em>Sayamaea subelegans</em></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td><em>Sayamaea subelegans</em></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td><em>Sayamaea subelegans</em></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td><em>Sayamaea subelegans</em></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td><em>Sayamaea subelegans</em></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td><em>Sayamaea subelegans</em></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td><em>Sayamaea subelegans</em></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td><em>Sayamaea subelegans</em></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td><em>Sayamaea subelegans</em></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td><em>Sayamaea subelegans</em></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td><em>Sayamaea subelegans</em></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td><em>Sayamaea subelegans</em></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td><em>Sayamaea subelegans</em></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td><em>Sayamaea subelegans</em></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td><em>Sayamaea subelegans</em></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td><em>Sayamaea subelegans</em></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td><em>Sayamaea subelegans</em></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td><em>Sayamaea subelegans</em></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td><em>Sayamaea subelegans</em></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td><em>Sayamaea subelegans</em></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td><em>Sayamaea subelegans</em></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td><em>Sayamaea subelegans</em></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td><em>Sayamaea subelegans</em></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td><em>Sayamaea subelegans</em></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td><em>Sayamaea subelegans</em></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td><em>Sayamaea subelegans</em></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td><em>Sayamaea subelegans</em></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td><em>Sayamaea subelegans</em></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td><em>Sayamaea subelegans</em></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td><em>Sayamaea subelegans</em></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td><em>Sayamaea subelegans</em></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td><em>Sayamaea subelegans</em></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td><em>Sayamaea subelegans</em></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td><em>Sayamaea subelegans</em></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
|            |       | *Sayamae...
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Date</th>
<th>Mass.</th>
<th>Concord</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1892</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Galaxias carolinensis</th>
<th>May 3 &amp; 4 6 7 8 9 10 11 12</th>
<th>13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31 32</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Xylopora exsulcata</td>
<td>May 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12</td>
<td>13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31 32</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cephalaspis americanus</td>
<td>May 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12</td>
<td>13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31 32</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cladosoma refraea</td>
<td>May 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12</td>
<td>13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31 32</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Habia pedunculata</td>
<td>May 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12</td>
<td>13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31 32</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Synaptodus hyrcanus</td>
<td>May 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12</td>
<td>13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31 32</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Acrotroch gunnarii</td>
<td>May 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12</td>
<td>13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31 32</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Doliocorys trigoniae</td>
<td>May 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12</td>
<td>13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31 32</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Xylopora typhonius</td>
<td>May 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12</td>
<td>13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31 32</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Aegleptus cooperi</td>
<td>May 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12</td>
<td>13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31 32</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dendrocoelum palmarensis</td>
<td>May 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13</td>
<td>14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31 32</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Xylopora camelina</td>
<td>May 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13</td>
<td>14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31 32</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bryozoa coenobium</td>
<td>May 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13</td>
<td>14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31 32</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mesiograptus tenuis</td>
<td>May 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13</td>
<td>14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31 32</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Xylopora lanceolata</td>
<td>May 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13</td>
<td>14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31 32</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Xylopora lanceolata</td>
<td>May 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13</td>
<td>14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31 32</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Xylopora lanceolata</td>
<td>May 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13</td>
<td>14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31 32</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>61. Scirpus aureoflakes</td>
<td>May 6% 9% 10% 13% 14% 15% 18% 20% 21% 23% 25% 28% 30% 31%</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>------------------------</td>
<td>---------------------------------------------------------------</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>62. Potamogeton crispus</td>
<td>May 6% 9% 10% 12% 13% 14% 15% 17% 19% 20% 21% 23% 24% 25% 28% 29% 30% 31%</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>63. Acutyla fusus</td>
<td>May 7% 8% 11% 14% 20% 23% 25% 29% 30% 31%</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>64. Talus columbarius</td>
<td>May 8%</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>65. Virea floriponum</td>
<td>May 9% 12% 16% 18% 20% 23% 24% 25% 29% 30% 31%</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>66. Asia acipitigera</td>
<td>May 9%</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>67. Andrea viripes</td>
<td>May 9% 10% 11% 21% 22% 23% 25%</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>68. Jardus muscoides</td>
<td>May 8% 14% 15% 20% 21% 31%</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>69. Jardus fuscaus</td>
<td>May 10% 11% 12% 13% 14% 15% 17% 19% 20% 21% 22% 24% 25% 28% 29% 30% 31%</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>70. Jardus longifolius</td>
<td>May 10% 15% 16% 20%</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>71. Ceratia americana</td>
<td>May 10%</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>72. Potamus melanoleucus</td>
<td>May 10% 14% 17% 18% 19%</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>73. Ixochilus columbus</td>
<td>May 11% 12% 15% 16% 18% 20% 22% 24% 25% 28% 30% 31%</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>74. Cobitis orinocana</td>
<td>May 11% 15% 20% 24% 25% 28% 30% 31%</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>75. Dryobates williamsi</td>
<td>May 11% 13% 18% 20% 22% 24% 25% 28% 30% 31%</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>No.</td>
<td>Species</td>
<td>Date</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>-----</td>
<td>------------------------------</td>
<td>-------</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>76</td>
<td>Rallus virginianus</td>
<td>May 15</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>77</td>
<td>Petrus galbula</td>
<td>May 16</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>78</td>
<td>Piping erythronis</td>
<td>May 16</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>79</td>
<td>Caloptera viridissima</td>
<td>May 16</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>80</td>
<td>Anthus ludoiceus</td>
<td>May 16</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>81</td>
<td>Sylvisus fruticola</td>
<td>May 17</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>82</td>
<td>Vire olivacea</td>
<td>May 17</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>83</td>
<td>Megacellus cineraria</td>
<td>May 17</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>84</td>
<td>Antroctonos crispus</td>
<td>May 17</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>85</td>
<td>Cheirodipsas plyburnii</td>
<td>May 17</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>86</td>
<td>Deudritica striata</td>
<td>May 18</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>87</td>
<td>Judas alei</td>
<td>May 18</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>88</td>
<td>Sylvisus cineraria</td>
<td>May 19</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>89</td>
<td>Deudritica cerasae</td>
<td>May 19</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>90</td>
<td>Cercopis contrachinensis</td>
<td>May 19</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
1892 Mass.
May Concord.

91 Rales virginiana - May 18
92 Dendrema moroses - May 19 21 24
93 Sperm tristi - May 20 22 24 27
94 Acoccyx americana - May 20 29
95 Helmer thora phala chrysoptera - May 20
96 Melospiza lincolni - May 20
97 Coctopus cirrus - May 23 27 28 29 30
98 Ardea herodias - May 23 24
99 Mestandra gr. nigra - May 17 23 29 28
100 Acipulc cedron - May 26 28 29 30 31
101 Hydra hyena - May 28
102 Caralina tarteti - May 28
103 Vigo monectronnis - May 31
104 Papa dominicus
Concord. Another clear intensely hot day with, however, a refreshing S.W. wind blowing late into the night.

To Bully Hill for the day, driving down and back. For a walk over my grounds in the morning, there was a bright Canada goose singing in the maple trees, and I looked a thrill thrown from the trees above the placid hellocot. The heat was intense and few birds were singing. One of my own thorn was a Thrush, built on the ground among dry oak leaves at the foot of a cluster of oak sprouts on the steep hillside near my cabin. The locality was very open and exposed and after the bird had left the nest the three eggs which it contained were conspicuous and arias for the nest was in no way arched over a concealed by either leaves or branches.

In the evening, a little after sunset as I was walking up to Mr. Merriam's I heard a Meadow Sparrow singing in the meadows behind Ferguson's but the bird was silent when I returned at 9:30 P.M. although the night was very warm and light with the lights of a herd across.

At 10 P.M. a Caracara hawk began calling_clicked in the Gristwick meadows but it kept it up only ten a fifteen minutes.

Spring has changed to summer promptly at the conventional date 7 at a bound, the words this evening seemed to be in nearly full flower. Great scores of Dragon flies appeared to day and mosquitoes were filling breezehome for the first time.
June 2

Concord. Clear and suffocatingly hot, especially in the afternoon. The sun rose to 94° at Boston, 90° here. Spent the forenoon in the house writing. At 3 p.m. started for a walk. First past the granaries behind Ferguson's where I quickly started the hooters's Trumpet while I heard angry them last evening, the close from near the middle of a nearly bare perfectly dry hollow open-ended with grasses and beds of a round, dark green, weak pointed weed. I spent nearly an hour searching for the same quintling the search in briers a few feet apart but I had only my loba for my pains. There was also a Savannah Sparrow singing in this little search.

A pleasure of hearing wind swept across the open fields but when I entered the woods beyond them I felt it behind and found the air under the thin leaves of offensive like that of a close room. This was particularly true of the distant woods in the Common lot. When I walked closely with bare head actually gasping for breath. From four birds singing. I heard two Easwich Warbles,  one a true Thrush, a Black-throated Green Warbler, and a wood warbler.

Returned through the Acquastone Road by lane. Hurdle hands were nothing up from the 70. There was distant thunder but no rain.

In the evening I walked down the road to Ferguson's and heard the Acquastone's Flutes singing. Before heard a Canada goose calling near the Butterfield's meadow.
June 3

Mass.

Ames, Thursday cloudy with light rain. Afternoon

fin. More cooler than yesterday.

To Bath's Hill by canoe at 10 a. m. paddling down

in the rain, as I marked the land opposite

Holland's Hill then Wood Ducks were first noticed

down on the right when I used to see

them in 1880. As nearly as I could make out

these birds were all ducks in fanned plumage.

I spent most of the day setting out mountain

Canals which I got yesterday near Tuckers.

Roland Haywood came on the 3.45 train to

from the right.

After dinner we walked along the river bank

westward, a Carolina Deer crossing a British

Jumping on the Bedford then a British Rail. Virginia Rail

calling cutters which it kept up menacingly

at late, at least, as 10.30 P.M. and partially

all night. After dark it was a clear moonlight

night it was really dark as 3.30 in my opinion,

and very clear in the vicinity,

began calling across the river in the direction

of W. Bedford. Jocelyn 3 or 4 boats at intervals

as long as an even amount.

Marjorite somewhat drowned these evenings

Bull Frogs, Toads & Bedford Frogs croaking or

drums. Also many Green Frogs. Vespas have

to have fairly 1 whistle eager being. The Todd

calling in my direction apparently in the

flooded meadows.

Stage Rives returning. Sent one Again in away. Rears again.
Jun 4

Concord. Clouds came with S. S. wind and gathering clouds in the late afternoon.

Saw the day break. Almost no birds singing. Afternoon birds Thrushes, Orioles, Robins etc.

At 9.15 a.m. passed Raymond across the river & walked with him to the N. Orchard. Not short killed. Numerous birds singing in the bushy meadows near this Orchard.

After my companion had gone I walked from Concord and to the Pea. Passed along taking from young pines from his hand. Saw a pair of Carolina Doves fly across the road. Towards the woods worn Swallows collecting feathers by the roadside. Two Robins singing. Grass Finches in the fields but not a single Bobolink.

Returned to the house and spent the afternoon reading & walking about in my garden.

Sounded back to the Orchard late in P.M. After tea walked down across the meadows to the bottom of Virginia Rail was calling cuttalay. Very noisy in the Park Brook meadows.

I found that its sound this calls with almost any vegetation. The following cuts taken on the first call gave from 30 to 40 in one swallow:

Cut, cut, cuttalay, cuttalay cuttalay (Twice)
Cut, cut, cut, cuttalay, cuttalay, cuttalay (Once)
Cut, cut, cuttalay, cuttalay, cuttalay cuttalay (Twice)
Cut, cut, cuttalay, cuttalay, cuttalay, cuttalay (Once)
Cut (Once)
Cut (Once)
Cut (One)
Cut (Twice)

[No cuttalay] (One)

Cut (One)

Cut, cut, cut, cut, cutta, cutta, cutta, cutta, cutta (over)

" " " " " cut, cutta, cutta (over)
" " " " " cutta, cutta, cutta, cutta, cutta, cutta (over)
" " " " " " cutta, cutta (over)
" " " " " " " cutta, cutta, cutta, cutta, cutta, cutta (over)
Cutta, cutta, cutta, cutta (over)
" " " cutta, cutta, cutta, cutta (over)
1892

June 5

Cloudy. Early morning cloudy, remainder of day

dull with thin cloud. Not too warm.

To Balls Hill by 9:30 a.m. starting down.

Heard a few warbling of finches interest in the way.

Always thought this corn field up to spending the
day & I decided my usual time to entertain them.

During a walk, while on walk one my ground

through the branches, in trees nothing but a

few common birds. The Canadian geese

to balls at 9:00 a.m.

Started for the Rachery at 6 p.m. and paddled to

railed around. A black goose, a small red

carri in the railroad car. On reaching the house I

heard another. Carried in Mill creek, carried back

that same bird caught last night. As nearly as I

can remember there was only one of

the Carolina Bird for one two weeks, they all say

"carried" now. What is the meaning of it?

On my way up river this evening I heard a

Savannah Sparrow hopping near the railroad. I do not

think they there are more than three birds (two males)

between Flats bridge & Balls Hill this season. At

least two more songs are lingering between Flats bridge

100 yards above the Flats. Bridge, bridge two

months.
1893, June 6
Concord. Ultimately sunny & warm, great cloud masses
drifting continually across the sky. A storm over the
strong W. wind, very warm.

The ball's kiss at 9:30 a.m. Turking down. The thicket
which made the nest in the dead maple branch by
the Redfields' landing is now testing and this out
with a low rear & a roo out every time I pass on
the way to my house. The meta is still shoting
but less vigorously & frequently than a week ago, the
Bluebirds which nested in this large trunk about a
yard above the thicket nest an evading young in
the hole. Bluebird hanging here almost a hole a size
The day after the fire I found a Robin's nest at
Ball's Hill in a young pine which a lock just aside
the tracks of the narrow track. On that day
it contained two eggs which must have been fresh as
a track was made the next evening. This evening
the young ran out of the nest flying about among
the neighboring trees their parents very anxious & noisy
about them. I did not actually look in the nest
yesterday but I passed it twice and the old birds
which once seen it made no outcry. Hence I believe
that the young left it this morning.
June 7

Concord.

Charm and color with light brown at times. Rather warm.

Is Bath still at 9 a.m. feeling down in company with the Brittnick who went the day with us.

The rain was more plentiful than I have seen it before this season, owing to the transverse air and colder weather.

On reaching the house Mr. Brittnick picked up half the shell of a Thrasher's egg charity in front of my door. Feeding our accident to the nest which is even the path about 50 yds. from the house I went to it but found the birds sitting. On hearing them off I found that the six tiny eggs had all hatched.

I looked at them last about noon on the 5½. The young today seemed very large for birds not even the two days present. And were already covered with large patches of blackish, hairy down. The old book has become so confiding that she will almost hit an inch less on the nest and a brief drive off the no longer makes any sound although the road to hold down really.

Returned to the Brittnick's to tea at 7 p.m. took a walk with Johnson to Egen, Blank's and into a pasture beyond.

Sent Frank Fairless & Ralph Spencer hiking.

The evening very calm & beautiful. Antelope chirping almost as loudly as in September.

I heard them first about a week ago.
June 1892

Mass.

... morning there's moon, little light to come

in & all. Some snow from front. Little thick, cold.

... morning times. Shirley winter, heavy snow. I'm

... morning. I'm in a room, some vestiges of snow: in the
trees, some flowers still holding the light. It's not

... snow, the snow not falling down. I'm in the
trees, some flowers still holding the light. It's not

... morning. I'm in a room, some vestiges of snow: in the
trees, some flowers still holding the light. It's not

... snow, the snow not falling down. I'm in the
trees, some flowers still holding the light. It's not

... morning. I'm in a room, some vestiges of snow: in the
trees, some flowers still holding the light. It's not

... snow, the snow not falling down. I'm in the
trees, some flowers still holding the light. It's not

... morning. I'm in a room, some vestiges of snow: in the
trees, some flowers still holding the light. It's not

... snow, the snow not falling down. I'm in the
trees, some flowers still holding the light. It's not

... morning. I'm in a room, some vestiges of snow: in the
trees, some flowers still holding the light. It's not

... snow, the snow not falling down. I'm in the
trees, some flowers still holding the light. It's not

... morning. I'm in a room, some vestiges of snow: in the
trees, some flowers still holding the light. It's not

... snow, the snow not falling down. I'm in the
trees, some flowers still holding the light. It's not

... morning. I'm in a room, some vestiges of snow: in the
trees, some flowers still holding the light. It's not

... snow, the snow not falling down. I'm in the
trees, some flowers still holding the light. It's not

... morning. I'm in a room, some vestiges of snow: in the
trees, some flowers still holding the light. It's not

... snow, the snow not falling down. I'm in the
trees, some flowers still holding the light. It's not

... morning. I'm in a room, some vestiges of snow: in the
trees, some flowers still holding the light. It's not

... snow, the snow not falling down. I'm in the
trees, some flowers still holding the light. It's not
1842
Jun. 8

10 a.m. Writing in my camp under the shade of the white maple at the foot of Holden's Hill. One of the first effects of the morning sun is the evaporation of the dew on the leaves of the trees. The air is clear and fresh, and the gentle breeze stirs the branches. I can hear the sound of the river flowing past, and the distant strains of music from the village. The sun is high in the sky, casting long shadows on the hillside. The sky is blue, with scattered clouds. A light breeze adds to the pleasantness of the morning.

Holden's Hill

Yellow B. Audubon
I saw and the sun and the moon came into a rendezvous
the magic moment of the sixpence on a Bleak House. The sun
I saw and it is a plain brown, immovable kind. As circles around us and quitted once slightly alighting
Holden's words.

Not much of the day in very cold. Early in the
afternoon broods a string of blackbirds in the meadows
beneath. Their bird songs are necessary now. Every day
I think it has a want tranquility in Holden's words.
The meadows have that kind of softness and more in Holden's words. Found a cheerful spot of

Birds. Cluster of the brambles and Solomon's thorns
My cousin's boat. And cold weather. Clumps on the horizon
are left to the wind. Blueberries, because their
clustered berries. Yellow ones, yellow berries. A kind of
barker, wrapped by the rose. Red berries on this meadow,
♕

I see the meadow. Yellow ones, some are up to the
horizon, some are past. The sky was built on
the hills cover, from the moon to the sun. The mountains and
from the meadow, left by the state. The mountains are
in the meadow. The moonlight dance. One the meadow. I am
 screenWidth.

With a hand reach to Heaven. Solomon. The meadows extended. Holden. And
is marked by a mark. That means the meadow. The

Concord to Cambridge—Cloudy with heavy showers in the afternoon.

Left Concord at 7.30 a.m. and drove to Cambridge on my favorite road via Sandy Path.

Birds singing freely all the morning. Sandy Path woods heard us less than three minutes earlier. Noted only one Bobolink after leaving Concord and but two Woodcockswards. Saw a Join of Cystine Doves about half a mile east of the Library in Boston.

The foliage of the mock and apple trees is badly injured in some places, wholly destroyed, between Matthew and Mrs. Archer. ant in the coverts and Cabbage-loves seem to have caused most of the damage. Both in one place near Coon's Pond Station I saw what I took to be a Jigging with lemon. The trees of cabbages of every green were stripped perfectly bare. I saw two bed Ciddles, which had been treated like the deciduous trees, but which it was surrounded. Some of the cabbages looked as if they do in winter and the apple orchards were, as known as if a fine hard rain through them, an occasional tear of green marking the foliage about an Oriole or Chaffinch Sparrow's nest among the buds had kept the snows at bay and saved enough leaves to shelter the rest from the sun.
June 10, Cambridge. Cool weather and peaceful.

Last evening and this morning I spent in my garden at Cambridge. Robins appear to be as numerous there as usual, but I noticed no Chipping Sparrows and but one Yellow Thrush near the garden. I hear a few song sparrows often, but no in my other part of the city.

A Redstart and a Red-eyed Vireo were singing in my linden, a Warbling Vireo in the chestnut on Sparks Street, and a Yellow-throated Vireo on Mather Street below Sparks Street. A Brown Flycatcher spent part of his time in my garden and the remainder in Mr. Russell's neglected orchard.

I heard no finches but was told that they are unusually numerous this year in some Cambridge. Breeds seemed to be quite as common as usual and I think there are at least two nests in my place, one in the chestnut in front of my house, the other in those chestnut nearby Sparks Street.

Besides the birds just mentioned, I heard a Hooded Pigeon and a few Cedar-birds while four doves were constantly flying about one of the houses in company. English Sparrows seemed to me to be quite as virile as usual and perhaps a little less numerous. I forgot to mention a Goldfinch which was singing in the garden on the morning of the 10th and some Brown-headed Squirrels which came to feed on my corn.
June 11

Carridge to Concord. Left Cambridge with step 11. am.

I left Cambridge at 2.30 P.M. and reached Concord at 5.30. Taking my usual route as far as the Bay-wing place, then branching to town near by at the South-wing station in Waltham, returning through the South-wing settlement, following the midway back road nearly to Lincoln, then crossing to the Tranfield and then by the last named road to Concord.

Near the Tuckley place in Waltham, in the heart of the worn devastated orchards country I heard an Orchard Oriole sing once in a clear benewt which I was passing. I at once got out, the bugzy and presently saw the back a very plain colored "mountain" cock with thin brown wings far and only a small patch of black on the breast. It did not sing again, I finally started on a long flight over the open fields.

In Lincoln I heard an occasional song or chirp, Bird besides Gray Finches, Field Sparrows, various of the Common birds that nest a single Bobolink the entire way from Cambridge to Concord.
June 12

Concord. A perfect June day, clear, warm with fresh
air.

At daybreak, this morning as I lay in bed at
the Bracketts', I heard a Bluebird singing freely,
a song which was apparently in the same in
front of the house and a Chestnut-sided Warbler
spent most of the day in the house empty, but at 5
P.M. took my camera and paddled up the
Assabet to a little beyond the hemlocks. Since
I met Richardson and floated slowly back
with him, talking.

As we were thus engaged, a Grey Squirrel came
down the bank to the water's edge, where finding
something edible, it sat erect on its hind legs,
turning the object (which looked like a cluster of
dead roots of some plant) rapidly between its fron
paws as it eat. He could distinguish between the
firm gopher ham and its teeth cut a distance
of 20 psi. Presently another, if these Squirrels
appear, running down the trunk of a tree and
then flattening itself against the tree, head down,
and shortly afterwards we saw a third. All were
young of this year but slightly fatter and
larger than the others, but with very much larger
teeth. They were very tame, hardly noticing us
as far as I could observe.

Two Redstarts, a Mockingbird, a Robin, and
several Sharp Vireos were singing in a near the
hemlocks; just above Red Bridge a Swainson's
Spotted Owls, a Robins, flying about.

The Blackbird was heard with occasional giving the
dark, accented notes. The appearance of sulphur
geese.
1852

June 13

Concord... There the early morning atmosphere was clear, the heat temperate during the late hours by a strong W. wind.

I was awoke this morning at daybreak and noticed the first bird song that of a Robin at 3.05 a clock instant there was only a faint glow up the road I was obliged to light a match to read this time. Only a moment or two later a Yellowish Bird began calling. Other birds, Song Sparrow etc. soon followed. Among the others was a Blackbird with a song which appeared to be in the alien in front of the house. I heard a Yellow-billed Cuckoo at frequent intervals. t-t-t-t-t-t-t a long, long, the opening note unusually abbreviated. A Blackbird sang repeatedly last night after the bassoon rose.

At 8 A.M. I started for Basho Hill in my canoe.

By the first hour with it was intensely hot but the breeze was strong and I glided smoothly down stream under sail. The birds were singing finely and I heard a Bluebird and full long among the others.

Small Grackles were fluttering through the brush over the landing rocks followed by some ducks. I was excited by my angry mob of male Red-winged which attacked the Grackle whenever it flew with great force.

I saw this same thing yesterday near the 6th Thickly landing. There is doubtless good reason for this curiosity for the Grackle is certainly an intermediate egg devourer.

As I was passing the that the Blue Ducks...
June 93 Concord. — while looing like a pair came near us, flying up raise.

As I saw the canoe into the narrow opening under the maps in front of my cabin at Ball's Hill a Song Sparrow dropped to the ground among the bisnies within a few yards of me and began running about in a small circle holding its wings extended but not, as far as I could detect, moving them. It retired the shading notes occasionally but not loudly. Presently I saw something move over the center of the circle and a Chipmunk came out from under a few ferns and moved slowly along prying up an apparent beak to the Sparrow that moving away the birds after the usual manner of Chipmunks. After a little while the Sparrow flew apparently unseen allowed and it flew up into the bushes where its mate had been bringing all the while. A few minutes later I saw one of them feed a young bird which was doubtless the one of the parents among us which was large enough to fly well. There can be little doubt, I think, that the Chipmunk catches and eats young birds occasionally.

Visited the Brown Moth's nest I found one of the old birds sitting in rather the shade on the west side the young from the last ten. She allowed me to get within four feet of her but while I was trying to photo her two of the young alarm and flew up into the bushes where the cat quietly disappeared occasionally the young

[Signature]

[Date]
1892

June 13

...and now many as large as Bluebirds and their eyes are open. Their bills are flesh colored, the edges of the gape yellowish-white. The feathers of the first plumage are beginning to appear along the median line of the back, on the shoulders, & on the wing. Meanwhile they are covered with long downy down of a dark brown color.

I am sure they were then young in this nest. This afternoon, but on visiting it at 3 P. M., I found only two. The old birds were absent but one from the nest.

They were quickly brought its mate. Both were regularly bold and conscious, coming repeatedly within less than a yard of my hand and fluttering around, from try to bring me near their long tails quaking their long tails up and down, & hovering occasionally spreading them wide, fluttering their wings with a quick, nervous motion, and fluttering on most energetically. At first they used their tarsi-a-a-note exclusively but both have changed this for the loud sheet cry which they make like a buzzing thrush. They also occasionally gave the low--twee--like sounds of the male, doubtless under the influence of strong excitement, uttered half a dozen notes of his usual song in a soft undertone, falling the whole within less than ten yards of me. These bold, animated, keen-eyed young birds return dolefully to their young noisemaker, me duply.

A little before noon I took a short walk around and over the hill. The heat was intense but the strong breeze made it easily bearable even in the full glare of the beams of sun. The air...
Concord was filled with a rich, yet subtle fragrance which varied constantly as I moved on through the woods and across openings and the spaces of which I could not trace. At times it was spicy, at others delicious in quality. Some of its unusual pervasiveness and intensity at this mid-day hour was due to the great heat.

I was interested to find that the birds were not in the least subdued or even subdued by the heat. Indeed I have rarely heard more free and energetic mid-day singing under any conditions. Cowbirds, Ovenbirds, Red-eyed Vireos, Maryland Thrush, Song Sparrows occasionally a Thrush sang with delightful frequency in my woods. The Robins to Danny themselves alone were subdued.

As I was standing near the gate by Emerson's landing a& West Britain began coming on the opposite side of the river, apparently in a large flock of half sunned. Britain had a mixed with young white tippets; cée, cée, koo he repeated every few seconds in a low, coming, down like tune a slight accent on the first & last syllables and a very slight pause after the first syllable; the remaining three syllables given very quickly. The bird closed for several minutes at them short intervals then ceased. The time was about 11.15 a.m. and heat at nearly its maximum intensity.

The very return perhaps of rain late in the afternoon I saw a pair of Yellow-bellied Cranes...
June 13 Concord, Exeter.

It was a singularly peaceful

union in keeping with the birds generally calm,

philomachic demeanor.

On reaching the Bartletts, I at once heard a

Bluebird, singing with frequent broken and frequent

notes, and I was told later that it had been singing all day.

Robins sung fairly at times and after dark

or just before daybreak. I heard Blackbird

 cheg at frequent intervals for about an hour.

Usually the song was much abbreviated or sometimes
only the war was given in a long short


tone as if the bird were calling in its sleep. I

have never to far as I can remember, heard any

song whatever from the Yellow-billed Cuckoo at

night. That I do not hear him hear them

warren season, but singing is rare. Many years

ago he seldom if ever sung after dark for at

least an hour hence the terms about the house

and are constantly to be heard during the day.
June 14

Concord. Clear with strong S.W. winds. Intensity hot. Intermittent heavy showers 
the maximum temperature ranging from 75° to 100°. It Limns
fogs in different towns in this County. Late in the 
afternoon a heavy shose gathered in the N W but it 
peaked to the northward of it as although in head on 
a true brisk wind and vivid lightning in the 
early evening.

I drew Miss May a bear home to Bessie with this 
morning and to Maldon in the afternoon. The 
heat was too much for the birds today and I 
heard scarcely any singing except in the early 
morning about one house. During the debacle just 
mentioned I saw nothing but common sparrows.

Peach trees in still lingering lovely. This evening, Peach trees 
just before the change, one, sitting on the top of 
an apple tree over the house, held my close 
attention for at least ten minutes. It was the 
finest singer that I have heard this season or 
rather I should say that its singing was the 
finest for the farm birds has frequented this field 
since April but, as I have noted in former years, 
the song certainly gains in both richness and 
expression as the season advances. I have marveled 
this fact to my entire satisfaction this year.

The April singing was disappointing, the May 
better, but not until this evening have I heard 
the bird at its best. I can never even 
for its song as I got older. It seems to me to 
combine in some degree the sweet simplicity of the 
Gay Spanish boy with the richness of the Pop 
boy in addition to possess a spiritual quality not 
found in either sweet, simple, noble, friends, it is all that and more.
1892
Mass

June 15 Concord... The widespread... The temperature... down... The sky... cool, with air of... a... 2 P.M.

The birds have responded promptly to the changed conditions and this morning, as I paddled down the river to Ball's Hill, and again at evening, on my return, I heard all the birds which had along this stretch of river except the Brown Thrasher, Swainson's Thrush, and Catbird. I am inclined to think that the Thrashers have about ceased singing for my ears at 1 P.M. Ball's Hill was also silent. I have not heard the Frosts'ala for several days until this morning when they were in full song again. The Purple Finch has been silent for a third large period but are singing well this evening. The Meadow Bunts have not been much for a week or more but I hear their plaintive whistle a few times each morning and again at evening.

A few days ago I noted the apparent absence of

Bunco this season along the river below the town. Up to that date there certainly were some along this stretch of river but the very next day I heard one near Ball's Hill and they have since been frequently recorded in numerous notes up to this day. I must have been to hear at least half a dozen.

Brown Thrashers have also become constant visitors to this part of the river... the warmth... the discovery of the...
June 13

Dear Miss,

First a young doubter from one of the chief attractions to these marvels.

During the entire opening there is something very interesting. I have been in all eyes more than five or six of the small, gossipy, black and Snapping turtles in the river, but one of them actually out of water (in air, I think it was). The Painted turtles, from its first appearance, have been very numerous and on every sunny morning more and more of the latter could be seen on floating branches or the low branches of trees or bushes while anchoring the water. The number of individuals who have thus appeared themselves for the lake of a few weeks has diminished. Suddenly however, from the hot summer weather began. This morning I saw not a single Painted turtle in the water but every desirable floating log or anchoring branch bore from one to three or more of the snowy-backed turtles and 200 would be a low estimate of the total number that I passed on my way to Boston N.H. Where I returned late in the afternoon every one had disappeared. But then were as usual, a few Painted turtles in three places which the turtles had occupied in the morning.

I visited the Brown Bearers near at 3 P.M. and found the fence sitting in water hanging over the young; his feet spread wide apart clutching opposite sides of the water, the upper to be nearly invisible, the young, from him. The young been increased in size remarkably from my last visit and are now furnished over their
June 19
1872

Concord. Etwi upper parts with a plumage of a
dark reddish brown lighter & more yellownish than
that of their parents. While I was looking at
these the male parent appeared and alighting
on a branch within a yard of my face behind
his head up & down several times much in
the manner of a dove. He then being several
feet back of his usual bony perch & in the bow a
proving at
some place had I not seen him I should some time
thought him to be far away just on the
limits of can range in fact. He did not seem
to be particularly related or anxious on this occasion
What is the meaning of this note or proving
at the nest?

Walking over my land late in the afternoon
I found blue balsam, bunchberry, and rose orchid
in full bloom. Holden's marsh is now fairly
blue in places with blue algal grass. Wild aralia,
just coming into bloom.

A Carolina dove crossed a few times in my presence
and a journal ray in the meadows woods with
a Red-shouldered Hawk soaring high overhead.
Screaming. Fixed the geese's nest found on
the 13th. At 3 p.m. to day and again at 8 p.m.
the male bird was calling. I did not disturb
him. The nest, which is in the top of a small
busby oak, was empty on the 15th.

At 2 p.m. to day the least bittern began
feeding in the thicket of bulrushes opposite
Ball's mill. I heard him at frequent intervals
during the entire afternoon till 5 o'clock.
June 15 (No 4) Concord - when as I looked for a hawk through a long time he was calling loudly at short regular intervals. I was surprised to find that his notes varied in number, emphasis, from one note to the following or the next: 

cô-cô, cô-ho, hô-ô, shifted his last note emphasis on last 
cô-cô-cô-cô - all equally emphatic 
cô, cô, ho-hô 
cô-hô-hô 

I passed within 20 yds. of him & at this short distance found that the tones of his voice bore the soft, clear, low, quality which it has when the bird is far away and became almost indistinguishable, heard & recognizable as well as enthusiastic, restless, and vibrating. At the head of the Farm down toward I heard a Conspicuous sound which during very few seconds a remarkable variation of the usual cry. Perhaps I should say the usual cry for this note was invariably repeated from three to fifteen times without any variation whatever (save in the number of repetitions) and bears without the usual 
cattle addendum. The tone seemed to me less 
harsh & vibrating than usual and I was 
struck by the resemblance of the notes to them of a common call of the Red-wing. The Chirping call I mean. 

Yellow billed Crows are now more numerous 
along the river than I have ever seen them 
before. & they seem to have driven out all 
the Black-bills. I heard them any few
Concord, Massachusetts

June 15, 1892

Concord, hundred yards and so, them bouncing
from time to time across the stream, with
their slow but graceful flight.

A Musk rat which came up within a yard

I my boat and then turned directly away from
the stream. Its task continuously, as I could see
with perfect distinction, to cross on a little
sculling motion which doubtless added somewhat
to the impetus given. I maintained (as I could
also see by the feel) I have often before suspected
that the task was used in this way, but now
I know it.

Two Cedar Birds settling on a dead Branch near
my cabin found something back & forth below
them, and as it accepted the请问 help
throwing up its head, sprang its bill wide &
jumping the half spread wings
dramed like a furry bird. I had left my glass in the
name unfortunately, & failed to make out what
the mass was. A third Cedar had it on
then joined the other two without deviation
or warning on their part, then after them,
still a moment, left them.
June 16

Concord. Clear & warm with S.W. wind.

Spent most of the day in the house, writing and preparing for a canoe trip with Speakman who arrived at 5 P.M.

He started as soon as we could get the canoes ready and sailed down river to Balls Hill, just before embarking I saw a female humming bird, the first sight this month, poising in front of some flowers of the blue flag near our landing.

Birds were hopping well as we stood on one wing down river but I observed nothing of especial interest before we reached the basin. Down rapid where 100 ft. a mere above the marsh, at least forty red-winged Blackbirds, male and female, were nesting in a rather compact flock. After flying about for some time they gradually dispersed. Most of the birds at I cannot even conjecture which were the large men. There were then two of those birds with them & all the members of the flock beheld as ifDupont and no large bird was in sight.

On reaching Balls Hill I had heard the Great Blue heron cooing. He kept it up at intervals until a little after 7 p.m. I was not heard until all latter.

After dark on heard Bull Fogs, Green Fogs & the Frogs but no Common Frogs or Crickets. No night birds.
Jan. 17

1892

Mass.

Chill, but with strong breeze and continual rain.

S. W. A very heavy thunder shower at 8 to 9 P.M. after which there was no rain until this morning. The rain continued all night and the wind blew from the southwest.

At 9 A.M. this morning we had a fine show of Wilson's Thrushes in the thicket in front of the house. There were also Maybesk Yellow Thrushes, Song Sparrows, a Robin and a Thrush. Visiting the thrushes went at 8 a.m. and found that the young had left it. They must have been in the bushes near by for the old birds came and dived several times into them and found some food in the bushes.

The young had also left the Blue Jays and in the future will probably return. The Blue Jays make a call by the frightened, then come flying toward the nest, and in the evening calls making the low gapping sound which the old birds utter at times. The young were butterflies.

Two hawks put out.

The young Robins in a nest behind the hall have also left the nest since the 15th when I found the old bird brooding them.

The Carolina Hawk which was calling all night to midnight +, as I believe, the whole of last night kept up this cry during the entire forenoon, up to 3 P.M. when the shower came, despite the intense heat. Is there any other bird which sings all day and all night also?

After the shower we walked all over my lawn. Birds singing freely, among others a Brown Thrasher but he did not keep it up long.
June 18 Concord, Mass.

Blandly clear sky, light west wind.

Theos' Thrushes and Rose-breasted Grosbecks singing freely at day break and well into the forenoon. At 9:15 I visited the Grosbecks next behind the hill and found the female sitting. Female I have always found the male but all my previous visits have been made after noon.

The Vio's next found yesterday had an egg this morning, the bird was absent but returned before I left this spot and rested on a log nearby. The yellow iris which I transplanted to my pond was in bloom today. The flowers have been badly beaten down by the rain of yesterday and will not, I fear, become their former beauty.

The Carolina Wren called softly all the forenoon and I heard it last night whenever I was awake.

At 12:30 I packed my camera and started for Concord. On reaching the Bethel landing we heard a short low whistle repeated at regular intervals on some oaks on Honeyuckle Island. It resembled the call of the Rose-breasted Grosbeak and proved to much closer.

I there found a little bob-tailed young one just from the nest who presently flew across the river and dropped into the tall grass near us when he resumed his calling.

At 3 P.M. we again started up over Walnutly paddock and looking toward Farishawen Bay at 3:30. As we passed the Cliffs I heard a Great Auk and Razorbills but the Brent Geese did not hatch Geese both of which have no doubt finished their brief stay around.
1842
Mass.
June 18
Concord. 6 P.M. Sailing in Freshwater Bay. Bright Season.
Cloudy sky with some of clear blue sky in west. Robins,
Vireos, Song Sparrows, Yellow Warblers, Red-winged, a Goldfinch,
Sworn bird, and Song Sparrows singing. A sunset in fall
sky as in spring. The cliffs roost in their cavities. No summers
singing but one is not apt to hear them at this
hour under these conditions.

As twilight fell two Whip-poor-wills began singing both
on the north side of the bay, one was opposite
Mount's Point where we had landed and was
preparing to anchor the night. As we were eating
supper one of these birds crossed the run to our side
and began singing within a few rods of me. As
nearly as I could walk out it was perched on an
extreme end of the rocky ledge but when I saw
boathed and in a moment Calm began keeping down
several hundred yards off.

After dark a grand chorus of Bull and Green
Frogs which lasted throughout the night. The
Bull Frogs were heard to both of us to hear
hearses, more numerous voices than them at Bull's
Hill.

At frequent intervals during the night I heard
Black-billed Cuckoo and once, as I thought,
a Yellow-billed but if the latter I could not
make.

Spent the night very comfortably in my room. Sperman coming to ship, saw the ground under his own bed. At daybreak heard Sperman's footsteps, Came back, lay Sperman in Ponds, a large, and many other common flights of Great-crested Flycatcher was calling in the oak woods opposite the point as an early rising breakfast. At 11 a. m. parted the scenes and started from home under bush. Sperman Sperman in full cry in the bushes bushes all the way from the bay to the Heath's bridge. I have been heard for a long way in this distance.

But not a sparrow caught a seed of about a pound in weight but returned there again.

I went made just below Heath's bridge, a certainty. A rummage once may make the rum as an arrow passing. I have not heard one before this month. The hedges used to lay a free meal in those trees. Kingbirds are so numerous as usual along the mire, but swallows are exceptionally scarce. The weather both yesterday & to day was favorable for them to hold the meadows but yesterday in going from Brooks to Fernsbaun I saw only two Barn Swallows, two Bank Swallows, and then a few White Bathers, to day on one return only two White Bathers were seen Swallows, and then a few Barn Swallows in both days. A Botany there was in full song in the trees near the barn just above Heath's bridge as we passed. Also Purple Finch and [illegible]Cecilia }

1892 Mass.
June 20, Concord. - Clear and warm with high, gusty N. W. wind.

Yesterday I heard a Chipping Sparrow sing. This evening one in the
tree sang as hour long at frequent intervals and
with full voice during the entire evening up to
11 a. m. when I started for Ball's Hill.

I walked down and saw nothing worth noting on
the way. Soon after reaching my house I discovered
and then started for a walk. I had gone only a
few rods to the eastern end of my house when I
saw a large brown bird coming across the lawn
flying low over the meadow. At first I took it for
a female Marsh Wren but as it passed within
20 yds of me and flitted around the eastern
base of the hill I saw that it was a Snowy Owl.

But, as I looked beyond when I lost sight of it I
heard a deep Sparrow chipping repeatedly and on
watching this I started the Owl from a cluster
of bushes where it seemed to perched at least
10 ft above the ground. It was soon lost to
sight behind the trees. I saw one or two
other owl flying over the Great Meadow in the same

Visited the Red and Vireo's nest. I found three eggs;
no bird seen on ground. The Vireo's Nest
was sitting on the nest at 2 P.M. and the
male bring a worm to the chick at 4 P.M. so it
seems that they do not divide the day into
"watching" as I had thought possible.

While I was looking at the Vireo nest I heard
a bird chipping anyfendly and then bushes an
June 20, Concord.

The opposite (south) side of the little pond behind the hill, near which I was standing and presently a Canadian Muskrat appeared and scolded me vigorously, showing unmistakable anxiety for either eggs or young. It looked like a male, indeed was certainly a male as far as I could make out. Why had I heard no "hissing" if these Muskrats have been building in my swamp this year? For last year I noted them here on June 1. The place where I saw these kids is not more than 10 yds. from the big swamp where they used to build (1836-47).

At about 4 P.M. the Brown Thrasher whom young left the nest near my cabin on June 16th or 17th of this month and who has been silent since then began singing again and screamed run for ten minutes or more — as I sat in my cabin writing these notes.

I wonder if his mate is preparing another nest.

A Robin has a nest near the extremity of a small branch of a young oak near 20 yds. from my door. I first saw it the 16th when it appeared to be finished. The bird was sitting on the 16th or 17th or again to-day. She flies off every time the door was opened or any one approached within 20 yds. in any direction.

On the 17th or next, was disturbed but not 20 times at least. She always returned to the nest. The moment the doors disappeared, the bird is doubtless the same individual who had a nest
June 20, Concord... in a small space on the north side of the hill and among first brush of young trees growing from them. My reasons for thinking this are that this whole family moved around to the leafy oaks near my cabin where they have since remained. I have not seen the young, however, for several days. The old one was lingering near the cabin in the evening of the 13th just after the thrum. But I have not heard him since. I suppose he is taking care of the young. I examined the nest late this afternoon and found that it contained three eggs, the same number which composed the first set.

Started for home at 5 P.M. The wind was strong against me at first but it soon died away. Redstarts, gray sparrows, yellow woodpeckers, and other common birds singing freely.

This evening on my way down home I saw a flock of Painted Turtlins in about equal numbers on the branches of the trees I believe but below (I think wires) both on the farm

Juncs. Grass Finches seem to have become wholly silent within the last three or four days.
June 21

*Green Hill, blues & hot with heavy wind. Sun. 70° at noon*

To Green Hill by canoe at 10.30 A.M. sailing down before a strong wind. Common birds singing. I hear one Barren Roost calling out in certain field. Flock of Robins had been very numerous along the rive for a week or more. At first I saw only old birds but lately there have been many young also. Yesterday I started fifteen or twenty in one place among button bushes. The sound they made among the Robins & Redwings.

There is a Yellow Bellied Bird's nest in a hemlock bush on the river just above Blint's Ford. I saw it first on the 18th when the bird was sitting on the eggs on the 20th & again this morning. The two of them occasionally was much was calling on the nest then. The nest is fully 30 ft. above the water and is nearly as large as cattail looking as a Blue Jay's.

Made the rounds of my place just after lunch. At 1.30 P.M. the male Grosbeak was on the nest in the young oak. At a little after 3 P.M. I heard him singing near the rive and on visiting the nest again at 4 P.M. I found the female sitting. I must watch this nest more closely.

My Red Winged Nest held 3 eggs (the same number as yesterday) but no bird at 1.30 P.M. At 4 P.M. the female (I suppose it was) was. This is the first time I have caught her sitting there. The 17th where I started her from the empty nest.

But birds were flying pretty in my bosom and a flicker across the river
June 21

Concord. At Mr. Low's pond, walking in any corner in the pond, writing these lines. The barn having been burned behind the top of the pines to the W. Great bulrushes, smoke, clouds floating in a pale blue sky. The foliage of the white maples along the river is the edge of the snow-covered tangle in the wood looking thin, disharmonious, shivering the whitethorn under surface of the leaves. About the cannon the water is covered thickly with the floating leaves of the pond lily, floating heart, marsh marigold, Polygonum, arrowhead in them in the cool streams. As I examine each branch at its top, the larger large, green, shaped, only green leaf. They form a few bits of green above the margin of the placid stream. Still further in, marking the beginning of the rock bank, are young maples, willows, alders and balsam cress with grapevines and fern leaves with ferns and thre a tuft of common ferns and an large cluster of wild roses in full bloom. Behind this low roll of shrubbery but generally there green flags rise the common junipers build old rocks for which the heath is famous.

A pair of Blackbirds singing in the pines, a tawny catbird, chestnut-sided Warbler and Maryland Yellowthroat in the thicket near the water. Some across the river seen the rich gullible, or pin, side of the Red-winged and further off rises the trickling melody of the Bobolink. Now I hear a Robin singing and soft a Thrush, a Hooded Plover gives a low, sad far-calling among the pines. And a Black billed Casarho in the extreme distance a Join Sparrow was cut through the fire, his notes were parts of frequent intervals.

Song of '45.

Not hearing.
1872

June 21

Concord... and the Green Frog ammonia with a twang, twang on his cone tight long strings.

The breeze is now edging fast, The sun brightness lower in the west and the meadows now folded with a tender light. The grass and tufts between the reddish stalks are strongly yellowish, a warm greenish yellow, the rest now nearly calm is nearly the color of the sky but winter & more banished.

Swifts come about one skimming close are the rice, now a Barn Swallow, a scar梯梯 him at the
town, joins them. Red eyes are winging in the
line of code calls on the eastern edge of the meadows.
There are innumerable flashing & glistening bands among
the seeds near me, probably made by flies & frogs;
and a woodchuck rambling about on the hillside in
reach of his buffalo returns the day verse loudly.

The air over this water is alive with dragon flies
of varied form & color. One of the commonest species
is wholly of a rich green color.

Dee firs appeared yesterday & to-day are now on.
whence I go whether by land or water.

A Crow fame shrilled passed by an entire Red-wing
who celestes the by coarse unnecessarily. The Red-wing
is fully as brave & airy in soaring through.

Crows, mallards away from his nest so is the
King bird.

3:45 P.M. The sun nearly all gone & just closing
of Bull Frogs under the stone hill & sounds their
singing of the birds. The latter, however, are not singing
as freely as the sun an hour ago.
1872
Mass.

Concord. 7.15 P.M. passing through the West. The
sun is just dropping out of sight, the brown horizon.
In the E. horizon rises a great cloud of outlines
resembling those of a mountain range and breaking
down abruptly in a circumference with surrounding tree,
the whole clouds being luminous as if the sun were shining
through it from beyond.

Robins, Hurdings, Song Sparrows, Blackbirds (2), Yellow
Warblers (2), an Oriole, Black-billed Cuckoo, Meadowlark,
Maryland Yellow-throat. Field Sparrows singing, a Black-bill
warbling very softly. (The long branch to me
much more more than in early spring), hawthorns
blossoming, Sandpipers just starting. Baltimore
and a Barn Swallows darting about among the
dragonflies drawn about and around me. Now a
lot of birds heard. The first I have heard, kings
in the woods, just faith a faith of the breast of the swallows.
Musk rats cut their little furrows across the
barnyard surface, the clogghed stable. I
peace two of them closely, forced them to join
up and they more of green heath, which they are
hearing to them vents. The feed proves to be
made of, mostly of the stalks of the bunch grass,
and the others of a short, easy grass that grows along
the banks.

Bell frogs tramp and from frogs tramp all around
me. Now I have the buntings among of the trees.
The Canary grass along the banks forms a gray-
green wall higher than a second branch in ferns.
At the morning shore I have two Savannah Surveys.
June 12

Concord. Blue with floating cloud masses, the scenery
chase calm and very lovely; the afternoon cooler only
to a rather thing. We walked.

Left the inn. Reached the Concord. Paddle to Beals Hill
when we opened my cabin and spent most of the day
taking a walk over my grounds in the afternoon.

After supper embarked in the canoe and paddled
and landed down river near by Concord bridge. The
evening was delightful with familiar cool, frequent
air wafting one thin shadow from the woods to the
water's edge. Along the boarder of the woods the
Towasers turned were singing in the last light as
in June, about one half to one half a thousand
hun dred years. Loons have heard a dawn a new
in all. There were also Oon birds surrounding about the
thickly singing, and I heard the Wood Thrush, Robin,
and Bluebirds, Yellow Warbler's and all singing by joyful
Mourning over my mountains and annoying after dark
on in wind and rain.

I sat at a from but as I looked I caught by
large fish and a small fish and all which I
returned to the water.

It was dark eight when we landed on our return
to the Mill, and the hounds had gone home to
my cabin. I listened for hounds or other unnatural
birds but heard nothing. Three hours later (at passing
11 P.M.) however, I happened to stop and found
before going to bed, I at once heard the hounds' chases
at one mysterious "TextUtils" (Possibly, "Jamieson"?)
listening from the marsh on the opposite side?
Concord, Tenn. Dec. 22
and stopping out on the backseat at my Conder
I could hear the peculiar 'vitch vitch vitch' whirlyinity
and then, after a slight pause, the summons, many
little glee rising from the waehle like a cheer.
At times the sound was drowned by the following
of the innumerableくるくる虫, and otter's scream
less muffled by the wind, then it would come
to my ears with floating disembodiedness. The bird
appeared to be nearly where the Breast Button
was lost once (the latter, by the way, has been
cut from a broad leaf) but is the same one that was already
deleted in my journal. I heard him last night) a
few times after I went to bed and he then
the lips of his song through the window.
visited the Fireball's nest at 12.15 P.M. and
again at 4 P.M. The female was sitting on both
occasions. The Vireo was also sitting at 4 P.M.
During the walk about my grounds with it.
I saw a Carolina Dove. I have not heard his
plaintess for several days now. Expected to hear
Whippoorwill this evening along the wooded slope
below Davis's hill but did not. So therefore no joy
at all.
Concord, Massachusetts,

June 23

Concord, early morning clear. Most of sky cloudy with showers.

Did not awake until 7 a.m. the sun though clouds were still singing well. Among others I heard, the thrashers (in full song up to 7 a.m.) were very active, then silence on the woods on the opposite side of the river. I now begin to think their song must have second value.

Visited the little man's nest at 7.45 a.m. and found it very active.

At 10.15 started for the Bullard's with Allen.

Brids singing well but no more thrashers heard.

After a shower in the early afternoon a Grass-land began singing in the fields in front of the house and kept it up for half an hour or more.

Bluebirds are still everywhere, family groups, Robin and Chipping Sparrows.

24-29 On the 24th I went to Cambridge and thence on the 25th to Milton. At the latter place I heard, on the 26th, in an extensive swamp north of Blue Hill, 400 or more Canada Geese. Began singing in the fields in front of the house, and kept it up for half an hour or more.

Canadian Geese at Milton

 Returned to Cambridge on the 28th. That evening a little before sunset I saw a pair of Hummingbirds in the garden feeding together at the blossoms. The male rose and died down on the female several times in succession when she had settled on one of the grapevines (in best season). Returned to Concord on the evening of the 29th.
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th></th>
<th></th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1. <em>Stipha scales</em> - June 1% 2% 3% 6% 7% 12% 13% 14% 15% 16% 17% 18% 19% 20% 21% 22% 23%</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2. <em>Marula migratorum</em> - June 1% 2% 3% 4% 5% 6% 7% 8% 9% 10% 11% 12% 13% 14% 15% 16% 17% 18% 19%</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3. <em>Iurus fuscatus</em> - June 1% 2% 3% 6% 7% 8% 12% 15% 16% 17% 18% 19% 20% 21% 22% 23%</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4. <em>Iurus mustelinus</em> - June 1%</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5. <em>Parus atricapillus</em> - June 1% 6% 17% 19% 23%</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6. <em>Tarsiphylax calcaratus</em> - June 1% 2% 3% 4% 5% 6% 7% 8% 12% 13% 14% 15% 16% 17% 18% 19% 20% 21% 22% 23%</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7. <em>Galoscapibus oecus</em> - June 1% 2% 3% 4% 5% 6% 7% 8% 12% 13% 15% 16% 17% 18% 19% 20% 21% 22% 23%</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8. <em>Setophaga ruticilla</em> - June 1% 2% 3% 4% 5% 6% 7% 8% 12% 13% 14% 15%</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9. <em>Sylvisavis canadensis</em> - June 1% 2% 20%</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10. <em>Sylvisavis grisea</em> - June 1% 2% 3% 4% 5% 6% 7% 8% 12% 13% 15% 16% 17% 18% 19% 20% 21% 22% 23%</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>11. <em>Sylvisavis aurascapillus</em> - June 1% 2% 3% 4% 5% 6% 7% 8% 14% 15% 16% 17% 18% 19% 20% 21% 22% 23%</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>12. <em>Dendroica virens</em> - June 1% 8% 17% 21% 22%</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>13. <em>Dendroica virens</em> - June 1% 2% 3% 6% 7% 12% 15% 17% 18% 19% 22%</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>14. <em>Dendroica fringilla</em> - June 1% 2% 3% 4% 5% 6% 7% 12%</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>15. <em>Dendroica cerula</em> - June 1% 2% 3% 5% 6% 7% 8% 12% 15% 16% 17% 18% 19% 20% 21% 22% 23%</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
1892. Mass
June Concord

16. Helminthophila reficiens. June 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12
17. Mesostella varians. June 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12
18. Vireo salicis. June 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12
19. Vireo flaminifrons. June 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12
20. Vireo jiloves. June 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12
21. Vireo olivaceus. June 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12
22. Anapalus cedrorum. June 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12
23. Cincinela frigaria. June 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12
24. Zschegnita ciliaris. June 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12
25. Chelidon erythropterus. June 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12
26. Petrochelidon humifrons. June 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12
27. Progne ardisia. June 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30
29. Pissania cyanea. June 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30
30. Habia hodosiana. June 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30
31. *Cephalospore asterophallus*. June 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31 32 33 34 35 36 37

32. *Melospora georgiana*. June 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31 32 33 34 35 36 37 38 39 40 41 42 43 44 45

33. *Melospora fasciata*. June 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31 32 33 34 35 36 37 38 39 40 41 42 43 44 45

34. *Spirulina pustula*. June 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31 32 33 34 35 36 37 38 39 40 41 42 43 44 45

35. *Spirulina sociolus*. June 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31 32 33 34 35 36 37 38 39 40 41 42 43 44 45

36. *Ammodramus paspamnus*. June 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31 32 33 34 35 36 37 38 39 40 41 42 43 44 45

37. *Ammodramus harrisian* - June 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31 32 33 34 35 36 37 38 39 40 41 42 43 44 45

38. *Ammodramus paspamnus*. June 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31 32 33 34 35 36 37 38 39 40 41 42 43 44 45

39. *Pogonias graminius*. June 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31 32 33 34 35 36 37 38 39 40 41 42 43 44 45

40. *Spinus tristis*. June 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31 32 33 34 35 36 37 38 39 40 41 42 43 44 45

41. *Carpospermum petasissum*. June 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31 32 33 34 35 36 37 38 39 40 41 42 43 44 45

42. *Griseoecus virens*. June 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31 32 33 34 35 36 37 38 39 40 41 42 43 44 45

43. *Actias gabula*. June 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31 32 33 34 35 36 37 38 39 40 41 42 43 44 45

44. *Sturnella magna*. June 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31 32 33 34 35 36 37 38 39 40 41 42 43 44 45

45. *Melothras alba*. June 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31 32 33 34 35 36 37 38 39 40 41 42 43 44 45

1872 Mann
June Concord

46.

47.

48.

49.

50.

51.

52.

53.

54.

55.

56.

57.

58.

59.
1872
Man

June Concord

46. Aglaia phœnica [Jun 1 6
1 2 1 3 1 4 1 5 1 6 1 3 1 2 1 0
1 5 1 0
1 7 1 8 1 9 1 0 2 1 2 2 2 2 3

47. Dolichopus ogreus [Jun 1 5
1 2 1 3 1 4 1 5 1 6 1 0 1 7 1 8 1 9 2 1 2 2 2 3 4

48. Coreus americana [Jun 1 6
1 2 1 3 1 4 1 5 1 6 1 0 1 7 1 8 1 9 2 1 2 2 2 3 4

49. Cyanea concolor [Jun 1 6
1 2 1 3 1 4 1 5 1 6 1 0 1 7 1 8 1 9 2 1 2 2 2 3 4

50. Enudius minimum [Jun 1 6
1 2 1 3 1 4 1 5 1 6 1 0 1 7 1 8 1 9 2 1 2 2 2 3 4

51. Coreus minor [Jun 1 6
1 2 1 3 1 4 1 5 1 6 1 0 1 7 1 8 1 9 2 1 2 2 2 3 4

52. Sayornis phœbe [Jun 1 6
1 2 1 3 1 4 1 5 1 6 1 0 1 7 1 8 1 9 2 1 2 2 2 3 4

53. Lygus hirsutus [Jun 1 6
1 2 1 3 1 4 1 5 1 6 1 0 1 7 1 8 1 9 2 1 2 2 2 3 4

54. Chamae nigri [Jun 1 6
1 2 1 3 1 4 1 5 1 6 1 0 1 7 1 8 1 9 2 1 2 2 2 3 4

55. Anthracionus marginus [Jun 1 6
1 2 1 3 1 4 1 5 1 6 1 0 1 7 1 8 1 9 2 1 2 2 2 3 4

56. Coleoptera arenatus [Jun 1 6
1 2 1 3 1 4 1 5 1 6 1 0 1 7 1 8 1 9 2 1 2 2 2 3 4

57. Dryobates rubescens [Jun 1 6
1 2 1 3 1 4 1 5 1 6 1 0 1 7 1 8 1 9 2 1 2 2 2 3 4

58. Cylus alcyon [Jun 1 6
1 2 1 3 1 4 1 5 1 6 1 0 1 7 1 8 1 9 2 1 2 2 2 3 4

59. Coreus americana [Jun 1 6
1 2 1 3 1 4 1 5 1 6 1 0 1 7 1 8 1 9 2 1 2 2 2 3 4

60. Coreus ornithogaster [Jun 1 6
1 2 1 3 1 4 1 5 1 6 1 0 1 7 1 8 1 9 2 1 2 2 2 3 4
61. Brites cineraria. June 1 3 4 6 8 15

62. Boreas umbellatus. June 19 12

63. Scandius virgineus. June 1 3 4 5 6 7 15 16

64. Leonidus macrorna. June 1 3 4 4 7 13 15 22

65. Podagra castoria. June 1 3 4 5 6

66. Botaurus semirana. June 1 3 4 5 6 7 8

67. Mycetoptera g. varians. June 1 3 4 8 13 17 22

68. Dryobates villosus. June 4 8

69. Ostrichus rufus. June 4 8

70. Alpif sponsa. June 3 3 13 16

71. Aegir viridens. June 4 6 7 19 23 23

72. Actitis maculata. June 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10

73. Actitis bimaculata. June 14 21 22 23

74. Rallio virginianus. June 8

75. Ordlittica inseta. June 13 15 16
1892 Mass.
June Concord

76 Frochilus estubris June 16.18

77 Moisanchus minutus June 18 19

78 Circus Hudsonius June 18

79 Chorilus gregalis July 18th

80 Abio acribatavus June 20th

81 Berolthomus polaris June 21

82 Porzana jamaicensis (?) Hudson June 22
1892 Mass.
July 1

Concord. Cloudy with rain during the entire evening. Right N. wind in P.M.

At 7 A.M. I looked at the Oriole nest in the elm in front of the house and saw at least one and I think two young birds sitting within its mouth. Two others were in the top of a neighbor's apple tree where the male parent visited them occasionally with food. I did not once see him go to the nest within yesterday or to-day, nor did the female parent visit the young in the apple tree, but arriving she went to the nest with food after it had become nearly dark then flew off again. She was gone over just 15 minutes yesterday evening. One of the young spent yesterday afternoon on a line two feet or more from the nest but as twilight deepened it clambered back into the nest.

Birds were singing rather fully about the house all the forenoon. Robins, a Chipping, Bag Sparrows, a Yellow-throated & Warbling Vireo, and a Cat Bird. I also heard a Flicker "heaven" one and a Oriole & Black-billed Cuckoo. A Bagmane Sparrow has taken the place of the Yellow-crowned Nightingale's field trip that set all house 3 years ago.

On June 23 a boy broke off a large rotten sparrow in the maple by our landing. It broke at the entrance hole of a Flicker's nest opposing a large thorntree which came late in the day force young about as big as Bluebirds but perfectly naked & still blind. I watched the nest for 10 minutes but no old birds came to it & I concluded that they had deserted it but to-day I found the young alive & feathered in fact nearly if not quite
Mass.

Concord. Their heads are still tipped with the white, feathery crest which enabled them toridge their way out of the egg. When does this fall off? Whether it shakes the plumage or makes a scratching sound, as if the formed bird's claws, on the back. The young birds' feet are once into a chorus of hungry cries which they keep up for a minute or more. On June 28th when the young were walked and blind and probably not more than three or four days old, this noise was low and husky; now it is so loud as to be distinctly audible 30 yds. away and reminds me forcibly of the clatter of a washing machine. They have been several long, cold and very heavy rain storms since the thaw was broken off. One was on the afternoon of the 23rd when I found the young woodpeckers with a thinning winter coat.

3 P.M. Sitting slowly down nine from Hunt's Pond. It was cloudy, with light rain. A soft S. by wind. Song sparrows, on the haul, Red-winged Blackbirds and a Beecr. fly past. Singing swiftly. (written in. I hear a Meadow Lark in the distance! The Audubons are very scarce) I much more silent than a week ago, but I hear two of each species. Yellow Thrushes are cunting into the bushes, warbling, brownish song. I hear them make an any way to Babb's Hill, a small macbi. The Bobolinks still being the full from songs and they sing swiftly, at least was in this soft rain. Now a Robin hops and two Cedar Birds fly one after the other. A Thrush laugh in the distance and one, very near me, in a sapling over the water, answers and then calls wick-up, wick-up, with great distinction. Young Red-winged Blackbirds flying from the seed and button bushes as I pass, their young. King Birds nearly ready to fly.
1892. Mass.

July 1

As I went west searching for food and I hear the calling of young Birds in lone of the pine woods.

Suddenly the last, pitch of Red Crossbills comes to my ear and looking up I see down of three birds flying high in a compact flock. It is more than a month since I have met any here.

I reach Dalton's Sick and hear young Crows Calling in Young Crows fable, flat towns among the pitch pines. There are also two Frinkers calling and some Chickadees since the rain.

As I am listening to them there is a sudden crash and heavy flustering within a few yards of me on the right and a Red Buckle bursts through the foliage of Wood Ducks.

The button bushes and come out almost in my face then theirs off down line just above the water its wings其中有 a Light, hoary asthyla. It must have started up two others just below Dalton's bank and wheeled back with them for the next instant I see them out above another flock flying up Holden's brook. They all look plain greyish brown as I get the Light on their heads but they may be drakes in human flames.

I see what are dozing off the bank then flies later, (as I come up the same in the evening twilight) flying down stream on the farms down rapids. They have haunted this stretch of water for several weeks.

Now a Beaver rat passing me running his way swiftly up stream.

Beaver Dam Rapid... A Maryland fellow without and a farm Sparrow singing near the stream; a Very a Red-eye, and an Am. Red on Holden's hill; Atalanta in the distance, the singing of very Sparrows has been incessant along the whole course of the lake.
1872 Mass.
July 1 (No. 4)

Concord. Ball's Hill. With the past three days there has increased been a marked increase in the number of swallows along number of the vim. I must have seen at least thirty on my way. Swallows down this afternoon and amid the broad expanse of water opposite the hill there are exactly as many even spreading in many lines low over the rain or window. The majority are Bank Swallows with a good many Barn Swallows, a few White Gulls, and a Martin or two. No young Swallows yet. 

Hawks, Vespers, Cat birds, Red-winged. Maryland Yellow-birds and Yellow Orioles are singing as in any of the hills.

Now a Carolina Don begins coming in the evening above. Coming in my cabin, crick, crick, hoo, hoo, hoo is always a marked Carolina Don often after the second note. The voice is peculiarly impressive and solemn and low and sweet thrilling my senses like the note of some rare Cathedral bell. I would go further to listen to the coming of one of them.

Sons than for any other sound which I know can be heard in New England.

4.30 P.M. I walk around behind the hill and visit Miss's nest.

The Vespers and Grosbeak's nests. The bird is sitting on the fence and where I planted one of the through the foliage uttering a note or two of the usual type. The only one a two notes as a trill. Can it be that the female sings thus or is this bird the male, I examine the eggs and find that they look very dark and all evidently near hatching.

On approaching the Grosbeak's nest I find a fluffy. Grosbeak's

whistle object just visible below its edge. With I nest am looking at it the female parent suddenly appears and discovering me sits up a frantic outcry, setting
Concord, at first the usual clack then changing this
to a loud, explosive cry next unlike the song of
an excited Robin and at times opening them cries
to rapidly & incessantly so as to run them together into
a sort of prolonged scream. I left the nest at once
but the iron mother bird pursued me a long distance
through the woods evidently calling down all manner
of近く directions on my immediate head.

In the avenue behind the hill where Merri, a Colubrid,
a Maryland Bluet, toasted and a Thrush were all singing
steadily. I also heard the wonderful whirring wing of
Mandtetta and the cooing of a Dove. A bloodifying
Chickadee came about me as I entered the forest floor
in Brown's Knoll.

The sun had set and the western sky was glorious
with rose and salmon tints. While at 9:30 am, I started
up nine and walked to and beyond the House on West
River, Ruffed Grouse and Catbirds were singing in Goldfinch's
woods, two Mocking Birds in the meadow grass. Every
now and then a Poke weed mounted above the trees
and gave the flight way. I heard two Beachers Bals
but no sound from the "Thicket Swallows" Sk poster
was mingling with those in a grove close to
the shining pathway of the rain.

As I approached the head of the rapids I was surprised Red wings
to hear a large number of Red wings singing in one flocking to
that producing the medley effect so often heard in early spring
opening. Presently I discovered that they were all in an open
a small path of tall (canary) grass & sweet flags just
above the island. This must be an incipient level!
Then came at least a dozen old peoples but I saw no
farmers was yours.
1892. Mass.

July 2.

Concord. Morning clear & still with fresh, bracing air.

Birds gathering in P. U.

After breakfast I rode in the farm wagon to see

Cyrus Clarke's walking back and taking a few

photographs by the way. Field Sparrows & Song Thrushes

singing. Also a Black-billed Cuckoo. Am bird hunting

going in the town.

At II A. M. I started for Ball's Hill. On opening my

boat house I was surprised to discover a great heap

of water-toothed vegetation largely Musk rats' nest with

plowed on the floor, just inside the door and built of young

in about the stern of one of my canoes to the height of a

boat house.

foot or more. Near the center of this heap was a deep,

circular hollow as smooth and systematic as the

cup of a Robin's nest and about as large as the

wrench of a car's west. This was very wetly lined

with fine green moss, perfectly fresh, meshing well, and

all of this same kind. A brown object, slipping out

of this hollow as I threw back the door and powered

in a tufted, shriveling atmosphere on the floor behind.

As soon as my eyes became accustomed to the

gloom I made out this animal to be a large Musk rat

and on examining the nest I found in the

bottom of the hollow his baby Musk rats, blind,

perfectly caked with absolutely sound daily, and

green, full, plump and bottle-like, and

thin of an uniform soft brown skin. They were about

as large as full grown Field Mice but perfectly

huddled lying cuddled together in a mass and

nothing unnecessarily likely to worry big quacks just

unawares. The rustling quietly disappeared, probably

through a hole in the floor. There must have been
Concord, at least a bushel of material heaped up to form this nest. I am sure that none of it was there yesterday afternoon at 3 o'clock when I took out the rest of the canvas but on my return yesterday evening it was too dark to see anything in the house. I am in doubt as to whether the young ones were born in the boat house last night or merely taken there by the mother from some hole in the bank flooded by the recent rise (only a few inches) of the river.

Visited this nest this evening at 7 o'clock. The mother Muskrat was, looking precisely like a great, brown, hairy bird. Soon after I opened the door the rose on her foot and I could see that the young were moving around them clinging to her teats when they finally started off and two of them fell from her belly through a crack in the floor into the water. The third dropped on the boards & I just hine back into the nest.

The same thing happened again on the 3rd at about 12.30 noon. When the mother Muskrat took off all her young but one, clinging to her teats. One dropped off, just outside the nest, another fell through a crack in the floor into the water, and one or two remained adhered to her when she started into the back part of the boat house near to my hespiration, another adult Muskrat, which I thought to be her mate was found crowing under a bush. Mr. Johnson crawled in past both Muskrats passing within three feet of them without disturbing them. Two young clinging to the mother teats I do not yet know whether she removed them that fell into the water. No one thus disturbed perished.
July 2. Concord. Sailed nearly the whole of the way to Ball's Hill being nothing of particular interest. Snow was seen over the country yesterday. I have seen Black-capped Chickens near the falls north.

At 4 P.M. visited the Red-ey'd War's nest and found Red-ey'd War two of the young hatched, the third egg very dark but not so far as I could make out. Numerous enough the present bird was not sitting and did not appear while I was at the nest.

The Grosbeak's nest was empty and deserted. I pulled it down and found a few bits of grapevine, bean nest down clinging to the lining. Probably the young have flown since yesterday but a tragedy is not.

I went over to the pond directly beneath it and found half of the nest. I one of the eggs showed that the bird nearly hatched it on the edge of the nest when the young hatched.

Walked across my land to the Dan's hill. On its Young Don.

South Hope among the heather young growths of

wool in the barley opening when the Partridge
dust in the autumn. I flushed a Carolina Dove
directly under foot. In fact, I nearly stepped on it.

It went out from under a bunch of grass. At first
I supposed it was an old bird with a nest on the
ground but on approaching it within a few yards,
as it but perched on a low branch of an oak
looking at me with calm curiosity, I saw distinctly
that it was a young bird barely able to fly well;
the slight edging of the feathers of the body's wings
gain the plumage a pretty drake-like appearance.
1892. Mass.
July 4. Concord. Clear and cool with high N.W. wind, a fine, sunny day such as we have oftenest in autumn.

Started for Ball’s Hill at 11 A.M. The opening my boat house family. I found the Musket on the east. The boys started off in search of young Muskets as I could see distinctly, only two young attached to the boats and leaving but one in the east. Hence I fear these young the young have been lost through the cracks in the floor. This is not certain, however, for when I returned from Ball’s Hill at 6 P.M. to day the three remaining young ones gone and the east door closed. The entire hiring and search of the house entire material having been removed. At first I supposed that the entire family had left the boat house, but I soon discovered a new nest in the back part just to one side of the door of the barn complex. In this nest the parent Rat had doubtless taken the young. In fact I could just make out the cause of her furry back among the nest. The missing young may also be with her.

When I returned to my boat house complex this morning I was surprised to find huddled together on the floor beneath its wire fence some Muskrats about half grown and well furred. They moved about uncertainly as the cause granted and began one them but none of them attempted to escape from the house and after the cause was out all quickly gathered down and allowed me to look at them as long as I chose. They were unmistakably young of this season and do not appear of the same parents as the letter about which I have just been writing. The letter have not changed in any way that I can detect since I first saw them excepting that they now show indications of a slight ridge on the dorsal line of the tail. I cannot think that I could have understood this at first.
July 4

Concord. Setting a fresh coat of paint quickly done. Toward Balls Hill. The high wind disturbed a few clouds, the chirping of birds, and I heard my few excepting sparrows, Red-wing, and Bobbins.

At 3 P.M. I walked to Davis's Hill. As I was passing under a bough, scraggy pitch pine which stands by the path, just beyond my book and at the southern edge of the hill, a Carolina Dove started from a branch directly on my head, and flutters, noiselessly and cleanly off through the trees. Bystanders first saw the nest which was of the usual upright construction and placed on a horizontal branch about 15 feet from the main trunk and 10 feet above the ground. I had to climb the tree to be near the which nest

This is a second laying by the parents of last young dove which I saw yesterday for the latter was in the same plumage of brown, in fact until 140 feet from this nest, and then has been but one pair of old doves on this part of my land. This season. A B comet a few times over my cabin to-day. Visiting the Red-eyed Vireo's nest I found it empty and deserted but in no way torn or disturbed. I supposed the jays discovered and plundered it, but have reason not to visit it yesterday. Its history in Brief is as follows:

June 17. Just finished and empty but bird nesting.

June 18. 9:15 A.M. One egg. Bird absent at first. Returned at 9:45 A.M. Nest was spoiled but did not go on.

June 20. 8:15 A.M. Three eggs, no bird on a near tree.

June 21. 8:30 A.M. No bird, 4 P.M. bird absent. July 1. Eggs very small.

July 2. 4 P.M. Few eggs hatch as best gathering I ever knew them.
Moos. Concord. As I was on my way homeward late this after-noon I heard Thongfishes rattling in several different places all along the rapids at Darrow's Bank. Presently I saw one, a young bird, evidently just from the nest, sitting on a branch directly above one cooking up a little flake of wood and exciting and lowering its slight crest precisely as the presence of the old bird. The other also was at very nearly indistinguishable from that of an adult Thongfish, but that it bounded a little车间 and was rather patient. This young Thongfish (there were at least two or three or seven or there were) was raised in a nest in a small bank on the N. W. slope of Darrow's Hill. As I ended down the lane this morning I heard them rattling in the pitch pine woods about a mile or two between the river and the land bank and also near the old Thongfish fly back from the river carrying a fish in her bill and disappearing among the trees beneath the rattling crows. Here I conclude that the young came to the river for the first time this afternoon. They are very clumsy and weak on the wing and unable to fly only a few rods at a time. They swam little far from me and I could only make them fly by threatening water at them with my paddle.

On my way back to and from Boston I heard in a sweeping curve of the river a short distance below a few Thongfish which, although at that regular intervals a curious sound resembling lightly (or perhaps very distinctly) a short, sharp hark, became. They proved to be Thongfishes, and then the parents came to feed one of them. I at once recognized the resemblance between her speaking tone and the notes of the young just described.

Grass Finches sang all the day through.
Concord, Mass.

July 5

Another fine cool day with light & wind, and
depth blue sky sprinkled with white cumulus clouds.

The young Orioles left the nest in the elm in front of the
Board of

Feb 27 of

Federal Street; on the 1st visit but at least one of the birds died
clinging to it as late as the 1st week of the 3rd. They were
all out yesterday but one remained in the tree last evening.

This morning two were calling in an elm on the opposite
side of the road, and both parents were busily engaged in
supplying them with food. The father went to the orchard,
but the mother, as long as I watched her, regularly flew
down into the tall, ripest, English grain in the Haynes' field
whence, after feeding on a week's bread for a moment, she hopped
down to the ground and was soon lost to view. As she came
flying back I was struck by the tone of answered anxiety to
interjection of her low call, "Where? Where?" the seemed to
"Where?" "Here we are!"

Her answer was falling inspiration. Both
parents would promptly answer them, as the alarmed
young would promptly answer them, and then, as the abated
man, would repeat and exclaim this to: "Here we are
Here we are. Man, man! Here we are, man! man!" It really required
almost an imagination to put these words to the calls
in question and now that they have occurred to me,
the calling of young Orioles will no longer be to my
ears, as it always has been, a disagreeable sound.

On May 16th I first saw the pair of Orioles in the
elem return, this would have been successfully reared. The
male was probably about the home before this last visit to
30 I failed to distinguish him from migratory birds. On the
17th, about noon, he came into the elm with his mate and
flying to the exact spot where the nest was formerly built,
along with part under 20 feet between the pendant branches
for a minute or more uttering a low, continuous call with

History of

Phoebe's nest.
1892
July 5

Concord - evidently begging the female to come and on what
a peculiarly favorable morning into her presence but she meanwhile
was finding plenty in another part of the town and turned
a day on to his hunting. Then if a few days later known,
I saw her wearing the first plumes in among the trips.

Drooks was not finished until May 30.

Several Rose-breasted Grosbeaks were in the cherry tree by
the house this afternoon and one an old bird, sang
a little in subdued tones. They were eating cherries.

The Flies in the east by the landing are fully
feathered and on the point of flying, I should say. I
examined them all carefully this afternoon and
could see little difference in their external 

enough to ascertain the situation of the sexes. By 

alone I found they all looked exactly like males for in 

all the black sensation was very pronounced. They even

in respect to the "stomach," which is more about equally 

black and conspicuous with them all, although a few days

ago it was completely past and indistinct with two birds

which I then took to be females. I should not was 

question to attempt any action of the sexes in this 

Brook by their present external characters. Up to certain 
a few days (it occurred on the 3rd) it was easy 

enough to catch all those young Claiming for food 

by snuffling or scratching the back or the outside of 

the storm but either they have learned to detest 

the confusion or they have become more shy &

about it the latter I think is the real explanation.) 

for both yesterday and today I tried in vain to 
disturb any sound from them. Since the day that 

was working on my cover under the then for

July 5, 1892 (No. 3)

Concord nearly two hours making scarcely any motion. Breeze of hours. During this time I did not hear a sound from young flickers. The young flickers came over when their parent came into the tree and facing me probably, called occasionally a number of times using the long cough, but giving it in soft low tones, so that the young responded with a subdued chatter. The parent bird did not go to the nest and soon flew off.

The young have not as yet climbed to the top of the cavity. They lie set or rather spread out on the bottom, tails in, breast against the walls, body forming a roof of feathers filling the space with a mass of interlaced black threads. The bright plumage, about which, presented an array of flowers, the feathery bills were tipped with white, as already described. Their glistening dark eyes are also conspicuous and they wink frequently. I watched them. I took out an eye, where it struggled violently and put up a hand, pointed. Howling. I could see an unattached egg among them. This nest now has a rank, four small but the plumage of the young is clean and perfectly free from vermin. Almost each young bird still has the very white mask on the top of the conspicuous upper mandible and also a white glandular expanse on each side of the same mandible at its base. This expanse is flattened and about as large as...
1872 Mass
July 3
10:17 P.M.

Evening walk up Estesbrook Road.

After tea this evening I took a walk up the Estesbrook road to Clark's and beyond through Brattle's lane to the swamp where the brook crosses the brook. The weather was cool with a puff of east wind every now and then. The horizon was glorious and unusually prolonged and varied with giant clouds piled up in the west changing constantly in color, form and arrangement. There was almost if not quite as much and as vigorous Bird song and bird singing as one would hear of an early June evening! At about Robin, Chat Birds, Song Sparrows, Black Obed, Cardinals, Great Tiphoo, Bluebirds—all there in full song and songling throughout. The clovered pastures rose the Tender, soothing charms of the Grass Finches. In Bostons lane I heard a Nashville Warbler in full song, the only instance which I remember of July singing in the front of Years by land. The Nashville being one of the first of our birds to become silent. A Thrush also very early near this lane for ten minutes or more and in the swamp I heard a Chaffinch-backed Thrush and a Brock Thrush besides a Whippoorwill (or) Thrush and Song of this Song of this Song of this.

The flight songs of many Oven birds.

Sunlight was declining into night when I turned back and entered the large pasture just beyond Clark's but the Great Finches (two or three) were still singing there. Approaching within 20 yds. I ran which I could do easily back sitting on a large boulder I lay down on the turf and listened to until it ceased. One must be very near this bird to get the best effect of its song. I know of no other sound in Nature which so relieves and soothes very one. It is like the touch of a soft hand and steals through all the sensors effecting
Concord - the nerves and bringing peace and rest.

After my bird had finished singing, it joined its mate on the ground within a few yards of me. While both
rambled about for several minutes among the
thin grass an hour and then raising their heads to
look at me. May Heaven keep them from the tellerious
black cat which I found in and drawn from, their
pasture home when I entered it this evening.

Just before the grass finishes expected singing a
Whippoorwill began in the woods beyond Dustin's. I
heard it at frequent intervals but the song was very
brief, from ten to fifteen "whippoorwill" early. It
became silent after dark.

It is worthy of remark that our birds sing most
early and generally at all hours of the day on very
days early in the season - at least up to the
middle of June - and later in cool weather.
The singing during the past two days and especially
this evening has been perhaps remarkable for this
season, but I know this same thing is the
marked effect of a change to cooler weather in the
early summer - in former years.
July 6

Concord. A fine day, clear, warm in the house, cool in the shade, wind light from 8 to 8 A.M.

Spent most of the day at my boat-house, watching Muskrats in the water. Some changes in the feelings of a canoe and, during the latter part of the afternoon, watching the Muskrats near the boat. The bird was shy and suspicious at first but became sufficiently accustomed to my presence to find her young in the thump, while I was inspecting in my canoe within ten feet of the bank of the thump and not one foot farther from the water. I should add, however, that I was partially blinded by my canoe tied under which I sat viewing, even then just enough to judge out. When I took down the blind and sat within open to the birds' view I could not find her young although she would leave the thump and then find them again. I should return my notice on the feeling of the young until I sit again to record for them are one or two points about which I am not yet quite clear.

There were four half grown Muskrats in my boat house to day & the crowding into the back part my fault. I distinctly saw the old female sitting on his young when I left her undisturbed. An hour or two later I heard one of her young calling softly and incessantly as if hungry.

Birds have been fairly about our house and at the river all day, I have heard all the common species which haunt the neighborhood except the Jay but the Bobolinks which seem to have stopped singing certain late young a day or two. They calling has only just begun anyway & Bobolinks nestle and feed warmer. I think the young Bobolinks have escaped probably safe.
July 6

Concord, Mass.

1892

After tea I started for a walk taking the

Eastbrook road. As I turned the corner just beyond Barns

I passed many under a Meadow bough while was sitting

in the topmost spray of a gray birch calling "pui, pui, pui,"

"pui - pui - pui" the last three notes ringing out like the

east of a trumpet. As each utterance of this cry the

bird was opened absolutely wide, the tips of the closed

wings twinkled narrowly and the tail opened wider showing

the white lateral feathers. The bird evidently had young

in the tall grass just one the walk.

Reaching the pasture just beyond Clarke's I turned in

through the broom and cut down on a large Boulder

to watch the forest which passed unusually fine and

fascinated.

On my arrival two birds and a Meadow bough were whistling

in the muscadet to the eastward and Grass Finches

calling in every direction far and near while a Song Sparrow,

Chippy and Robin were heard at intervals. Presently a

Phoebe descended from Delano's house took an extended song Flight Song of the

then after returning to the earth sang in the usual

 Sung_volume

for some time. The notes of this bird's song

in striped wings down with a sweet and a harsh quality.

Next a Yellow-winged Sparrow join the Whistling melody by

in the distance and then sang at regular intervals the

murdered tune - e - e. Then can be heard the Rocks whistling

apparently in this along the edge of the woods. Both

Sparrow and whistled about 20 minutes after leaving

while the light is fine and green before any of the

other birds become silent. I hear no Robins in

this pasture although they have been in song fully

and well through the day at the Barrens.
Concord, Massachusetts.

July 6

7.44. White-throated Sparrow. Peace, Song Sparrow, Robin and Gross Finches are only birds singing now.

7.47. Only the Gross Finches now, thin chanting song and impatience in the still, sweet morning air.

7.50. One Field Sparrow (not heard before). Gross Finches still singing.

7.53. Cat bird trills a few notes then stops. Some chirps.

7.55. One Gross Finch song.

7.56. Robin begins singing steadily.


7.58. A Robin in a birch behind me utters a loud outcry and twittering. I am a Song-cared Owl, a smallish bird, evidently a male, flying rather heavily, its legs hanging down, bearing something in its claws. It follows the line of trees along Nathan's lawn, flying just above them and I watch it for half a mile or more until it is lost to sight against a group of pines near Bose Meadows. The flight is straight and laborious, the wing-beats nearly incessant with only an occasional interval of flitting. The bird looks much like a Small-cared Owl but the flight is heavier and more direct.

8.00. Bay-wing (Gross Finch) sings once for the last time and is interrupted by a Black-throated, who starts off with 35 repetitions of his note and after a breath of half a minute repeats it 5 times.

The twilight is fast deepening into night.

Early in the evening I saw a Green Heron and fly out of sight towards the west.
1892. July 7

Concord. - Blue with floating cloud masses and light E. to S.

White brisk wind, much like a day as yesterday but cooler.

Spent the entire forenoon at the Beanville landing watching Musketaches on the banks of young Willows and the Muskrats. Threw in my bucket some of the latter in my boat house under my canoe and one fifth beneath the boat house in the water. I drew out the canoe without disturbing them and then crawled in. When I was within about four feet of them these scattered across the house and plunged down through a crack between the boards into the canoe. The fourth remained perfectly still and presently began to scratch his I scratched the head with his hind paws. I cautiously thrust out a long straw and he and assisted. He started and showed his teeth for a moment turning on the straw as if to bite it but soon gnawed down again when dropping the straw. I substituted my forefinger and, of course, worked to much better advantage at first giving the back of the head a thorough scratching, then taking the sides of the neck and finally flashing the back down to the tail. It was difficult to realize that I was actually handling a wild and perfectly free Muskrat for after the first slight show of resentment no further could have been gotten and more confiding. In a little while the eyes began to close and the animal gradually sank down on one side and was done apparently fast asleep.

Meanwhile the other three Musketaches had returned and were sitting in a group on the floor house facing a few feet away. So I turned my attention to them. They evidently regarded me with some distrust for whenever I advanced my hand towards them they would rotate to the nearest crack and prepare to take to the
Concord, Massachusetts.

July 7, 1892

Mrs.

Concord. Water. During this I sat still and watched them for nearly half an hour. They were instantly drowsy and somewhat annoyed by the glaring light (it was near noon of a burning day) which came in through the open doors for they blinked continuously and often closed their eyes or raised them at a breeze. Every now and then one would go to sleep with its body in the usual crouching posture or on its side, curled up like a cat, but his nostrils were sure to be soon interrupted if one of the others would creep up to him and nip the end of his tail playfully. The wasp would of course animate and retaliate by an equally good natured nip, or perhaps would rejoin his bete between both for hours when the two would roll one and one in great glee playing their own tale about their gambols. On occasion there was much chattering than than with his and resembled most than of young boys. A favorite occupation seemed to be lying at rest or imaginary play, often sitting sometimes without his own person but usually on that of one of his companions. Our two went to work most vigorously on a third which, sitting directly between them, seemed to enjoy their attentions exceedingly. At length all three went to sleep huddled close together on the floor, heads and bodies intertwined together, presenting the appearance of a great mound of fur. There was some escaping of suffocation at first but soon all were sound asleep. I moved a little and made a slight noise when all sprang up and scattered in great alarm, but after getting a good look at me became quickly reassured and performed for another dash to which we left them. Then four (a fin) Muskets went...
1892. 

July 7 (No. 3)

Concerning, all of about the same time and perhaps two-thirds grown, at that age they are evidently social, Mustards youthful, playful, confiding creatures, but I fear also somewhat timid and phlegmatic as compared with the young of most of our wild mammals. It is worthy of remark that they have made the usual floods where they are in the habit of sitting and that in no instance have I seen one remain for more than a few moments on the bare floor. The floods are composed of small quantities of aquatic plants, chiefly blades of grass, carelessly arranged in a circle. They are invariably kept boiling over. The question arises at once do they have the power of cushioning the shock of jumps to keep the occupant of the boat equally unstung and cool?

Yesterday when I crawled into the house I distinctly saw the large mother Mustard on her nest under the lower of my change and later I heard at least one of this young of his last little calling in faint tones. The day the nest was deserted and empty but one of the young, still weakish, blind, and apparently no larger than when I saw it first, lay dead on the floor outside the room. The mother was not in or under the house while I was there.

The half grown young make frequent excursions from the house at all hours of the day sometimes going to and from a hole in the neighboring bank, keeping under water the entire distance, at others throwing themselves boldly and branching across the wire. They have killed large numbers of mussels on the barrel which float the house.

Concerning the young Woodpeckers I will summarize as follows:
July 7

Concord. Late in May I noticed for the first time a fledglings hole—then apparently nearly completed—in a very rotten stump, coated externally with grey lichens and a species of woody fungi and forming one of those upright, dying, decaying stems, the remaining of their living, and still evidently sprouts from the base roots; the tree being an ancient white maple which stands on the edge of the lawn within a few yards of my boat house. The trunk of a tall pine rises through the sprouts it left above them.

When I first saw the fledgling's hole there were two other inhabited nests in this old stump, a Downy Woodpecker's near the top and a little brown dove, an old bower of occupied plum pines therein inhabited by a pair of Starlings. The fledgling's nest was still lower down about ten feet above the ground.

The Starlings first, and shortly afterwards the Downy Woodpecker, found and took away their young after which a pair of House Sparrows entered into possession of the hole which the Downy had just vacated. Secretly had the female Sparrow laid her eggs when a boy attempting to climb the stump met broke it off squarely at the hole's entrance, and by the two weeks or more previous to this I had daily watched one or others of the fledgling from the nest as I passed it on the way to my boat house but beyond the fact that their hearing was so keen that, treated as softly as though I could never quite reach the tree without alarming them and that during this period (when, as will presently appear, incubation must have constantly gone on) they were frequently at work picking at the inside of the
Concord, Massachusotts

1897

July 7

Concord. think I learned but little of this domestic
economy at the

The stump was bottom off on June 23rd at about noon. An hour or two later I climbed the tree and looked down into the Thillers nest which was now entirely open at the top, in the bottom lay four young of about the size of a plumed House Wren and perfectly naked. Their eyes were tightly closed and I judged them to be at that time not more than a week old. They were sitting and trembling perceptibly the air being cold and damp at the time. I watched the nest for nearly an hour but no old bird came to it and before I left the place a cold rain storm began and lasted through the following night. Then when I left Concord the next morning I supposed that the young Thillers had been deserted by their parents and would shortly die.

But after my return, on the morning of July 17, when I went to visit the nest, I found all five young proved to be alive and vigorous. In fact they had already doubled in size and were now well feathered on the head and body whereas the quills and tail feathers were still sparse. The eyes of course were now open, and all too often mandibles were broadly tipped with ivory. (a) This white mouth looked exactly like the hardened, Sarah-like process which enables young birds of many (b) species to chow their way out of the shell and which they often use on thin bills for several days after hatching. That it was not until I had taken several of these Thillers from the nest and passing my finger along their bills...
Concord, Massachusetts

July 7

Concord found its breast absolutely smooth that I became convinced myself that it was merely a color marking and not an external feature equally conspicuous and common to them. A colored line running from the eye over the back to the tip of the tail was a glorious color. On each side of the lower mandible at its base this process was of about the size of the half of a small pea and was whitish in color. All birds of this group had at this time conspicuous bluish or blueish mustache feathers in two rows with the other.

On the 25th when these young flycatchers were rooted and flapping they made a low hissing sound whenever I moved the thump or rattled the block on the outside. This excitement repeated itself at once elicited an outbreak of hungry cries to sound as to distance and at 30 yds. away from them and, in their combined or joined efforts on the car, strongly suggesting the clatter of a snowing machine. I afterwards made them direct comparison when a snowing machine was working near the tree and found the two sounds strikingly alike. This clause once fairly started would be kept up for a minute or more and would then die away gradually.

I spent the greater part of July 6th and 7th and most of the afternoon of the 9th watching this nest. During these three days I saw only the male parent and I am inclined to believe that the female must have been killed before any eggs began although even when the male was calling in the tree near the nest he was answered by another old bird, very apparently in the same ton but which I did not see.
Concord. The woodpecker was at first very much afraid of me and would not go to the nest where I was, even if it were the nest he gradually became accustomed to my presence and when I concealed myself partly by means of a small canoe which he would visit the nest when I was sitting in the canoe almost directly beneath it. Thus I watched the operation of feeding the young from a distance of not over 15 feet. It was performed as follows:

The parent bird returning after an absence of from eighteen or twenty to fifty minutes would first alight in the upper part of the maple among the foliage, if nothing was quiet below he would quickly descend and perch on the edge of the hole containing alighting then fly Off. Flitting against the trunk then down and returning up. If he saw or heard anything to arouse his suspicions he would approach slowly and with great caution taking short flights a screaming backward down. Occasionally pushing out on to it nest, uttering a few notes of the usual song, giving them slowly and somewhat dysconsonantly in a peculiarly short, monosyllabic tone. He also uttered a cry which I do not remember to have heard before, a low, mournful woe, or woe, a note of an agony seemingly for it was woebegone and instantly answered by a burst of clamor from the got. Occasionally this woe cry would be given several times in succession and then run into the longing call.

At the first rattle of their parents claws on the outside surface of the trunk the young would appear at
Gerd. ton TR 67 Hun brnnons eta" inch fetish Land ah.

Ly) Meelis onl Often nil aM Camry Orly be fr Slay - Th ety 9 A Aol Me fora temtd Ah on. — AL, wseurset JF Bin BA.ond

BUA Laeked OK co recen Blak Te On

2 Yfrprry G TL whaky Har Arb aegpnn At

Kaley 9 HS bcliay tra

1892. Mass.

July 7

(no.8)

Coupled, the top of these burrows and, for quick-lived months would be opened wide, and clamoring loudly for food. Standing on the edge of the hole, the parent would repeat one usually three or four times, and bending forward and down would draw its bill to its base into the gaping mouth which instantaneously closed tightly around it. When the head and bill of the parent were worked up and down with great rapidity, for from one to six or seven seconds (usually over a block course), the young remained motionlessly and apparently motionless losing its grasp although its head was jolted up and down most violently.

The first or entering downward thrust of the parent's bill looked like a vicious stab. The bird, apparently driving with all his forces as if with the design of piercing its offspring to the intestines. The subsequent up and down motion was incomparably rapid and regular and resembled the bill movement of a woodpecker "drumming." It also suggested the stroke of a piston.

It was always accompanied by a marked and equal sound, a corresponding twitching of the tail and hinder parts of the body and a slight movement of the wings.

As already stated, the content of bills lasted from one minute to a minute and a quarter. At its termination the parent would suddenly resume an erect position and look keenly around at the same time opening and closed his bill, running out his tongue and working the upper portion of the throat slightly. This action perplexed me at first. It looked as if the bird were tossing and afterwards...
July 7, Concord. Swallowing something which it had obtained from the mouth of the young. After watching it closely many times I finally came to the conclusion that it was for the purpose of regaining small particles of food which, failing to lodge in the throat of the young, were drawn out allowing to the parents back. On one occasion I distinctly saw the old bird while it was tucking itself up something from the tip of the bill and then bending forward pick it up from the tip of the tongue and swallow it. The object thus digested and recovered looked like a large black spot.

If interrupted during this process of pumping food down the throat of a swallow, as the young sometimes was by some obstacle in the wind, the bird would sometimes find the same youngsters times or even times in succession but this never happened when the first period of contact was of normal length.

After resting and tucking for a moment the parents would again bend forward and regard its offspring attentively for a brief span apparently hesitating when to take next. The obvious mode the operation just described would be exactly repeated. First young was usually fed at each visit but sometimes only three and once his own. When the swallow was less than four I think the bird took some alarm and starting off thought it was not worth while to return. In no instance was more than four young fed. Whether the first was tuckt first or not in the next visit I had no means of determining.
July 7, Concord. - The trem which the old bird preferred at the nest rarely exceeded half an minute. The leaving it he always flew straight off over the open fields to a distance of at least a quarter of a mile beyond which I lost sight of him behind down town. His return was with equal regularity made by way of an orchard (which extends down to the Canning from the adjoining fields) and as I had heard that I rarely saw him until he came into the town and sometimes not until he appeared at the opening of the next. His chick was always brought up to the moment of contact with the first young rattle and I could detect no enlargement of the throat or other evidence that his mouth contained food. In fact it was clean enough that swallowed all the food which he obtained during their trips and afterwards heaped it to the young by a process of regurgitation. What this food consisted of I can only conjecture for I did not succeed in finding any of it in the nest or attached to the bills of the young. I could not bring myself to kill one of the colts and sift the present in that way.

On the evening of the 6th I found the young in the first time changing to the center of their cell about midway between the bottom and top. Later in the day they showed their heads at the opening where the parent came to feed them and on the 7th they spent much of their time peering out on the rim with evident curiosity and wonder and two climbed quite outside at one time. Upon a boat approach or the air was any sudden noise
At six o'clock on the evening of the 7th I looked into the nest and counted all six of the young. They seemed to be fully grown and perfectly feathered. All were colored precisely alike as far as I could see and very one had the black mustache as at main, deeply colored and conspicuous as in the typical adult male of this species. The white crest on the end of the bill had been diminishing for several days before this and on this evening I noticed that in two a third of the birds it had almost wholly disappeared while in the others it was more confined to the extreme tip of the bill.

Four of the young had left the nest when I visited it at 11 A.M. July 10th. The fifth bird was still in the nest at 3 P.M. of the 10th but he had left it at 3 P.M. next day (11th) and was sitting on one of the upper branches of the tree, calling frequently. This cry was distinctly heard from the orchard behind and from at least two places across the road. Evidently the young were not accustomed to abandoned nests or otherwise injured them.

The nest was left in a turfed field at the bottom, being a disgusting mass of muddy excrement and wet with clinging mosses. I do not think that the Thicker ever removes the excrement of its young. These young, however, managed to keep very clean and all, as far as I could discover, were perfectly free from vermin.
July 6

3.13 P.M. A porcupine comes and feeds young. He lays down.

3.32 A.M. A porcupine comes and feeds young. He lays down.

3.55 A.M. A porcupine comes and feeds young. He lays down.

4.20 A.M. He rises and flies away.

4.40 A.M. He returns and feeds young once each.

5.04 A.M. He returns and feeds young once each.

5.21 A.M. He returns and feeds young once each.

6.00 A.M. He returns and feeds young once each.

July 7

12 A.M. A porcupine comes and feeds young.

7.55 A.M. He returns and feeds young.

10.25 A.M. He rises and flies away.

He first returns at about 11 A.M. I am sitting in my boat directly under the nest. He remains in there until 12:20, calling and flying about, about not coming to me.

Finally he flies away. I left also.

[Further record in this journal under date July 9th.]
1872, Mass.

July 7

Concord. After tea I walked to Charlestown and walked into the pasture just beyond. The evening similar to the last two but warmer, the breeze again fresh. I sat down on a rock for a few moments to listen to the birds. Song Sparrow, Grass Finches, Meadow Bunting, and Cat Bird singing sweetly, a Grasshopper chirping, a Field Sparrow now giving the exquisite, varied summer song. A Chicken mounts our Dutton's and sings in mingled but the song is almost chuckled. I hear the twitter of distant mourning doves in two directions.

Near Jem's Dutton's following the old lane down to the edge of the barn. A Finch and Chestnut-sided Wren in full song near the barn by the barnyard edge, a Blue Throat in distance. Now a Maryland Yellow Thrush and Brown Bird sing. Sooty Cat Bird after a pause with bow, muffled notes burst out in full and vigorous singing, a Finch giving the wailing summer song and a Maryland Yellow Thrush the slight song. The swifts dart past just over the tops of the trees. Now a Tawny Hinge just on the ground of one sheet. The trees are calling and Song Birds trilling in the barnyard. No Robins or Red-eyed Vireos here. The air of the barnyard is cool and damp. A Bat is darting to and fro along the barn and innumerable white moths fluttering about among the foliage of the trees and bushes.

Rust to the "new pasture" where I again had myself on a rock.

Near here, Robins and Cat Birds walking or calling but only one bird sing, a Field Sparrow at 7.50. There are Green Frogs croaking from a decaying hollow, Free Birds from the woods about 7.55. The Whipworm will start singing near Dutton's. A few fireflies flit across the pasture. I hear summer cricket.

As I am walking back along the road near the large white oak, I hear a low, plaintive cry (yip!) which seems to come now from in front now from behind me. After
July 7

Concord. Walking hurriedly but steadfastly back and forth, I at length see something white that looks very like a bird hopping along in the middle of the road at my feet. It seems to be a young Threskiornis spinus half grown and unable to fly. As I pick it up, it gives one loud and the frequent bird appears and flutters about in great distress calling tan, tan, tan and uttering a wailing temo a e... I do not hear the phrase which my birds with young at Beths will earn so often.

As I pass Clark's barn, Mappamutts are singing, one in the fields to the N, the other in an orchard, my guess is. The latter comes and immediately afterwards I hear a low quick repeated a number of times and assumed by another bird in the back part of the orchard. Is this a call of the Mappamut? I do not remember ever hearing it before.
1852
Mass.

July 8

Concord. Clear and warm, clouds gathering in the west late in
the afternoon. Light 3, 3.3, 3.8. Winds.

Spent the day in a near the house, walking most of the time.
After the shower, he asked for my usual evening walk. The eastern
sky was black with ominous-looking clouds and then was
no color in the heavens but the sky cleared by 8 and the
clouds were a little later and flooded the woods and fields
with soft light.

Opposite theBurritt's a Meadow Hawk appeared about
half young one of which I afterwards started from a
muddy swamp field which could fly well called tehóopa,
tehóopa-pi-i, tehóopa-pi, or tehóopa of green
occasionally chattering (t t t t t i i i). They called
were similar to those noted on the 6th but are more

carefully and silently carried on.

As I walked along the quiet county road down through
the horse past Dorre's house I heard Meadow Hawks,
Sparrow, Grass Finches, Yellow Wren, and Chirping in full
song, I also saw a young cow-bird but could not get a
good sight at the posters on.

Grass Finches, Sparrow, a Field Sparrow and a Robin
were singing in a near farms place. I did not know
then as usual but kept on past the big oak tree
The old wood path through the "common lot." A Robin
was singing thrilling away some before on the right and
a crowd there in the distance near Rhodes Pool. A Blue
Jay flitted me before me the lake was neatly
embowered in foliage and the light then was dim to
rather gloomy. In fact I felt a distinctly sense of being
when I emerged into the open pine woods on the back
side of the Rath farm. As I entered their farms
Concord, Mass.

July 8

1892

Concord, a wood thrush was singing in there and I sat down to listen. Presently he came into a tree nearly one mile and then a second bird began singing behind me while a few moments later a third started up on my right. I have not heard such a concert from those thrushes for years and, I think, never before in Mass. Now they made the woods ring and echo forth their solemn chords. The bell-like notes seemed and thrilled on the still air and showered down from the firm foliage like rain drops when the wind stirs the trees. It was most impressive and thrilled me so deeply as has the music of a cathedral choir. And then a bird would stop singing and utter a sharp challenging "wit-wit-wit-wit-wit-wit..." or give a low rolling call, very like that of an owl. But a black-billed catbird also sang in their prines and a chaff (laurel-bird) in the middle distance. Then I came out into Plato field, the light was fading fast and only a catbird and robin were singing. Their notes sounded regular, flat and companionable after the wood thrushes and after the blackbirds. I could hear the thrushes in the distance as I passed out of the field with Plato Cove field to right apparently in the trees.
July 9

To Bell's Hill at 10 a.m. Walking down on my return. Red wings, Grey Sparrow and Yellow Skuaers are singing fulary and I heard one Bobwhite in full song, an Field Sparrow, a Yellow-billed Canthus, a Cat bird and a Vary. A Boy called From an was singing near the road and two Short-bills in the tall Canary grass on the South side of the barne dawn refund. These Short-bills come near counters to the meadow. I stopped to listen to them (on my return) and noted their songs on the Short as follows: Chief, chief, ca chief, chee chee chee chee
or chief, chief, ca chee chee chee chee
or chief, chief, chie r e e (the pronunciation a
with much like the Sturnus Sparrow but less musical. A
Biller birds gave all these variations.

There was 20 swallows along the rear to day and I have heard more than for nearly two months. Probably they left when the supply of food eg eggs gave out.

Wild roses and other bloom thick here the flowers are
places. There were also bees and wasps very common but no sign of bloom as yet.

At Bell's Hill I examined the Robin's nest by my cabin door and found that it held young about half grown but without feathers.

In the swamp behind the hill a Thrasher, Redstart
and Grosbeak were singing vigorously and shortly. This is the only Thrasher that I have heard in full thrasher song for several days. Can it have a nest west? probably the cool, cloudy weather limited it to voice of its usual again. The Grosbeak certainly does not lack fars.
July 9 Concord. Visiting the Carolina Dove's nest in the pine

by the brook at Davie's hill. I found the bird on

and approached within a few yards of her but did

not frighten her off. She sat absolutely motionless with

tail closed and raised, head held high and neck

thrust out and stiffly. Her large dark eye was

fixed on me and did not once wink while I was

looking at her through my glass (two or three minutes).

Wilson's Thrushes were singing finely both in my

army and on Holden's hill.

Barn Swallows have appeared on the vine with their

young since I last went down thence. I counted no

less than seven broods to-day with 3, 3, 3, 3, 4, 4, and

5 young respectively. The young of each brood was placed

within a few feet or inches of each other usually on the

leady branch of a maple or willow low on the water but

sitting on a dead branch. The parent (both sexes) were

feeding them largely if not wholly with grasshoppers

that the parent bird approached the colt on with

its mouth wide and chittered loudly as she threw

up the wings. It usually deposited the grasshopper in

the mouth of its bill and hawked it at once. The parent

were seem to hesitate in its choice of the young

bird which it afterwards fed but flew directly to

one or other of the fluffy little group. Once I saw

an old swallow feed the same young bird four

times in succession although from other young ones

broke together and four feet off.

Next hollers was meant in about the usual

number and I saw a group circle among them.

A Fran heron startled from the braves at Northards.
Concord, Mass., July 7 — Young kingfishers, my love, and all with noticeably short tails and crests, were scattered all along the river. Of course I saw the same bids every time I went down from a few of the trees in all. The assert birds did not seem to be attending them at all. I was thinking about this and wondering when the young begin to catch fish when one of them flattened quickly out over the water and joining closely for a moment then8om in the usual manner the first before he reached the surface he turned upward again. Thus my question was at least partially answered.

Mush tortoises (the small snapping turtles) were out on the branches of trees and basking on the water in considerable numbers this day but I saw no Painted tortoises. In a sandly open field on my land, where tortoises came out enormously to lay in very I found today a large number 7 egg shells by the side of a hole in which a beetle had evidently dug. The clutch seems him some feet to distant the sunshine of the eggs from a few inches under ground.

Reached the Battleline at 3 P.M. and spent nearly three hours sitting in my canoe watching the ducks' nests. It was raining part of the time, this is my result.

3.4 P.M. No old bird. Young specimens looking out of hole and pecking at the trunk within.

4.10. 8 parent come into the nest and laughs. They at once show themselves and two of them cluck quite outside the neat and sit erect on the top of the stump talking fast as they usually like.
July 9 (No. 4) Concord—old bird. After a course or two of this the
fattened off, at the west and finds them young in
main light 7 or 8 I rest in my own place.
4.50 8 parent returns and climbs up the west does not

go to rest.
5.00 16 arrives at the nest stealthily to find the setting
of the young in very first covering of his feathers.
They young only are fed this time.
5.21 6 comes again stealthily 12 only two young
fed but a third was here the night before
I looked up. It is running and the young one all
out of sight within the hole during the feeding process.
6.00 P.M. 3 comes just as I am leaving and wings me
this way.

I may as well complete the history of this nest bird.
On July 10 I visited the nest at 11 A.M. and found
only one young bird within. I looked for the others
in all the neighboring trees but could not find any of
them. An old flycatcher was calling at intervals on the
other side of the wall. At 5 P.M. the single young
bird was still in the nest. He seemed to be fully
fledged and in full health and vigor.
I visited the nest at 3 P.M. on the 12th and
found it empty. It was exceedingly foul the
bottom being covered with a mass of dead
highly offensive excrement which was about with
small carrion worms.

I heard a stream of the 11th. young flycatchers, doubtless
The remaining two birds of this brood were calling on
both sides of the wall, one being in the leafy top
of the maple by the luminous oil lamp a tall peak.
July 10

Concord. Chilly and very warm with light W. wind.

Immediately after breakfast I walked out along the Botanist’s Road to beyond Mrs. Marsh’s. An early Bird singing in bushes along a wall in Mr. Derby’s farm and a Yellow-winged Sparrow in a field toward Mount Cam.

The Meadow Bunnies were still in the field just beyond the house of the Reeds, flying somehow about alighting on the tops of the bushes by the roadside. I noted the cries of the female thus: Chick-a-chick; geech-gee, and peee-see-food. The last being a fine musical trill like a nightingale. There is a ventriloquent trilling in the quality of voice to that of the Nightingale. The song I rendered thus: Peep-tree; Peep-tree; Peep-tree; Peep-tree.

A brood of Grosbeaks haunted our cherry tree now and are found in the fruit. Both parents are with them.

The old male occasionally give a snatch of a line of his spring song especially in the early morning. The call of the young is here. One of the parent’s old female, as I believe, although I did not determine this definitely, got into some trouble with a Robin. This morning and made a great outcry, beginning with a Robin-like Peter, Peter, Peter, and running this into a loud and rather shrill也成为 Peter, Peter, Peter.

This is the call which the mother and at times will give when the young are at her nest when the young were about to leave it. It is evidently given only under great excitement.

With other’s an grave sound in or near the door in front of the house a moving thing there by the tennis court morning and unwinding.

Robins, Chaffinches & Thrushes were their singing finely.
Concord, Mass.
July 10

Concord, has been Thistlethwaite through the entire season
thus far not even stopping where, some three weeks ago,
its young leaf the rest. Of late the male seems to spend
most of his time alone in the elms or apple trees about
the house while the female and young remain together through
the entire orchard and dingles beyond.

Here are young Orioles constantly about the house but
whether they belong to the group seen in an elm a year
ago cannot for certain determine. They do not often join
the here - we are cold now.

Spelman came up from Cambridge by the morning train
and at II A.M. I started up with him taking the
Roxbury boat and using the Red Sox only. We paddled
directly to Fairhaven landing at Beech Hill in hours
and after spending an hour there under the shade
of a pine starting back at 2. 15 P.M. The air was
very warm but there was a refreshing brash in most
places and we did not suffer at all.

Soon after entering, the "Boy" we heard a Hawk
screaming among the pines on Bee's Hill. The sound of
its voice at once recalled to my mind that of the
Red Tailed Hawk which frequented this hill in the
summers of 1886 and 1887 but I think the tone of
the cry was different. The present bird regularly
uttered three cries in succession, the first rather low
and subdued in tone the second and third rising
and shrill with an indescribably wild, free ring. They
were exceedingly like the beginning of the Black Hawk's
Scream but there was more than these. After
we landed the bird appeared and barked one or two
Concord, in circles for several minutes coming without gunshot at times. It was a Red-Tailed Hawk, a
male, I should say, and was in the "immature" plumage
having the chest and grayish crossed by numerous narrow
dark bars. It was undoubtedly an attack for it showed
great anxiety at our presence. I saw two other Red-Tails
this morning in the meadows beyond Mr. Bussells.

While we were at Lee's Cliff I also saw a Dove Cooper's
Hawk. He came out of the trees behind the Cliff and
soaring on out wings, shot off over the Bay and beyond
with almost the velocity of a bullet.

Small birds were not singing at all early to day but we
heard representations of more of the common thrushes. A
Cat Bird at Lee's cliff sang delightfully most of the time
that we were there coming into a low shrill melody
and was exceptionally good being almost whist
free from the usual gleaning, chuckling or chattering sounds
which were it to really and compoundly sound, full
liquid notes. Although it called the name again.

Of the song of the Brown Thrush it was equal if
ever superior to it in every other respect, I do not think
that I ever before heard but said singing which equaled
this.

Bobolinks are remarkably inconspicuous now. We
heard a few chirping and now and then one was
a few notes but we did not once hear the full song.

Scarecrow Sparrows were heard in two places.

In the evening at about 9 P.M. the common night
song having just been I heard a Sacred Owl
cooing in the old relic.
1872

July 11

Evening walk to Sunset Pasture.

Clear skies, partly cloudy, calm all day. Tarps 90° at noon. Evening mistsy & oppressin.

Spent the day about the house, writing. Visited the Fletcher's next door at 3 P.M., and found it empty. The young birds were calling on both sides of the road. One, the last to leave, was perched on a large limb near the top of the elm on the west. It probably climbed there.

After tea, walked to Blank's and spent nearly an hour fishing on the brook in Sunset Pasture. The eastern sky was cloudless and sparkling and after rain the brook sat.

Birds sang restlessly and intermittently this evening but I heard nearly all the species which frequent this locality: Robins, Tree Swallows, Song Sparrow and Chipping Sparrow, a Yellow-rumped Sparrow (Spotted flycatcher), a Grasshopper (in flight only) in a Maryland jay, a Black-capped Chickadee, Pine Siskin, an Indigo Bunting, King Birds (flights only), a Black-billed Cuckoo, and a Swallow. Blue Jays were becoming at intervals.

Robins were singing on my arrival but they soon ceased and I heard none after about an hour or two. The other birds had some silence until at least 15 minutes after sunset when the bob-white note began to echo for some time. The bob-white note

At 7:45 a Song Sparrow, Field Sparrow, Chipping, White-throated, and an Indigo Bunting came into the orchard near Clark's and sang for about 10 minutes.

At 7:50 a Bob-white came into the orchard near Clark's and sang for about a minute.

At 7:53 the first Whippoorwill sang.

The last Song Sparrow sang at 7:57, the last Field Sparrow at 7:59 while the White-throated Chickadee called the moment of death birds at 7:59.

The robins singing everywhere after dark. Heard the first cheerful grasshopper this evening.
1872

Mass.

July 12

Concord. Another clear, hot day. The rose to 75°. Better air.

In the early morning a flock of young cormorants with

their father spent nearly an hour in our pond. The old

bird sang brief intervals of his song. The young called hoarse

pee-pee and peet-pee. They did this for minutes at a

time nearly instantaneously among the foliage. I was hard to see.

A yellow-billed cuckoo also appeared followed by a brief

group which sat for some time on a stone wall (when the ground

fed it) calling co-co co-co, co-co-co. More commonless

than them were ant at a time, the town was like that of

the adult bird and perfectly diagnostic of the species.

This young bird cocked his little tail in the same fashion,

automatically as the old bird.

In the afternoon I sat under the elms for an hour or

more. The air was hot and even in the shade, and the sun

burned like fire. All around the horizon lay a band of-blunder

larks like balls. Birds were not apparently much affected

by this extreme heat. Song sparrows, wrens, grass finches,

and robins singing, swifts and swallows flying rather high,

among the forma bugs bare swallow keeping near one

another in a loose flock, the skimming of Bobolinks heard

at intervals overhead, and two of the three men flying

high. A Carolina wren which looked like a young bird and

outside, which is the first I have seen this year anywhere

in the Ball hill region and in Benner, flies closely

the cornfield in front of the house at about 5 P.M.

took a drive in the evening to Tiffany's meadows via the

road past Brook's and Pack by the "Field farm". Two hood

thrushes singing in the maple grove kept the Packard bot.

A little south of the field farm a large md, which I took to be

Bobo virginiensis, came flying past in the twilight over the meadows. B1
1892

Concord, Massachusetts,

July 13

Concord. Still hotter, thus found to have reached 102° in the village. Here it did not exceed 98°.

I spent the day in the house, waiting for unwisdom after the heat of sun set my cause. The coming was cloudy and very dusty, with some a breath of air. Thunder, lightning, and lightning flashed in the distant but not seeing come of it.

The wild rice along the river has headed out and red wings were feeding on it. The common I still found.

At the edge of the river I saw them in smaller numbers. They were evidently going to rest. After waiting them for several minutes I found the rest of my friend on the water standing a wade. A wade in the will dance and honed nearly as lead on a gun. Instantly a perfect cloud of blackbirds rose-like a puff of black smoke—and circled over me. They must have been fully 100 in the majority going returning the place that rest is their twin. I am not sure that I saw any old makes there but there were headed in the will go.

Soon thirty or more Brewer Swallows were flying over the water above the will dance and dashing in and out among the black willows. Some of the willows on the opposite side of the river. At first I supposed that they were going to rest in those willows but only two or three—and then suddenly young birds—alighted and before I left the rest they began to disappear.

Turning into the Assabet I paddled slowly past the boulders, where a men's canoe was lying, and in reaching the Assabet beyond the will dance took...
Concord, in the middle of the night and lighted a match, floated slowly back with the sluggish current. The air was singularly oppressive and there birds were singing. Two

bees tried to start a concert in the swamp, but soon

gave it up. A long grasshopper sang a few times and a

Robbin began hesitatingly and then stopped. I could hear

the road Tales in the hemlocks after all the others

had ceased and when it had become nearly dark

there were no black troops along this stretch of river but I

heard them below Big Rock. The black troops were numerous

and noisy cons굴tions.

Some few minutes, both in the early twilight and

after night closed in, I heard, at different points along

the Assabet, a sound as of something falling through

the brush and branches of the swamp oaks. This sound

was almost fainly later, and quit as loud as, that

do large unto falling and the final thumps when they

thud the ground was perfectly distinct. Of course

no such can be dropping now! There are many

squirrels in these trees. Do they crowd into them?

A whipperwolf was singing in the distance towards

the town I thought, as I passed the Bridge on

my way home.

Young Grebes talk come to the dam in front of

the house usually two or three with an old vessel

bird while they follow closely, Heaven him for food.

In call note of the young varies considerably. I noted

one variation to-day as two -
1892.

July 14

Concert. Still another intensely hot day with rain and
then a squall of refreshing N. E. breeze during the forenoon.
Aftemoon cloudy, still calm, the sky dotted with great
cumulus clouds and the beach the sweetest in town.

had this year. The murrering of distant thunders was
frequent during the entire day but no rain came until
9 p.m. when there was a light shower.

To Bald's Hill at 11 a.m. Now and then I sailed
for a few hundred yards but the haddock accompanied
most of the distance. Robins, Red-eyed Finches and Say
Sparrows were singing freely and I heard a Field Sparrow
on Bald's Hill and a Cat Bird at Darrow's landing.

Bobolinks have apparently adapted into rather a warm
for the autumn call note which is now constantly heard
in the air around and which to my ear is distinctly
pink, not chink as usually rendered. I saw one flock
of some 100 to 150 birds this morning, circling over a field
of oats and early in the afternoon upwards of 400
dropping on the heads of wild grass in Holden's meadow.

They were hatched old males (apparently in unchanged
breeding dress) among them but the majority appeared
to be females and young. They must have been
unusually successful in raising their broods this year.

for continuous bad weather Carl in June prevented
the farmers from cutting any grass to furnish 7 until
after July 4th.

Song Sparrows are trilling thd all hours of the
day and as freely and vigorously as at any time
earlier in the season.
1892
July 14
(No. 2)

Mess.

19th. On my way down river I saw several Spotted Sandpipers flapping on dead branches or willows a short distance from the water. This habit is not uncommon in the warm season but I think it is much more prevalent now than in spring and that most of these feeders are going by this year.

A Red-tailed Hawk, flying from tree to tree as I advanced in my canoe through each tree it took wing, a low chattering apparently a modification of the neighing note but only slightly resembling the latter.

During my last trip down river I noticed what I took to be a nest on a drift mud tween the orange and of a half-dead branch of a willow which extended out on the river. Seven feet above the surface of the water. This morning, on my return, I found the nest empty and the young gone. Yet what could have taken the egg? Certainly not a Squinch, probably not a Jay and then an osprey being along the river now. I am inclined to suspect that a Curlew was the thief (I afterwards found the egg on my canoe! In some mysterious way I must have broken it out of the nest.)

Both species of Curlews are now yearly abundant. I have only seen brief to say a black bill does not turn bluish into silvery at this season indicate.
1892

Mum

July 14

1892

Conceivethat the birds will hibernate as they really constitute a long sleep, but the fact that they canutter by both sexes, as well as in variable form, by the young? I think the Black-bill Song (or call) is better.

...in the season than the 'Fellows' Bill.'

Barn Swallows were numerous along the line today, but most of them were flying, and I think the young are now getting there own living for I saw only them or some single birds flushed, but that was the case in the morning next day, as evening, a little before sunset,

...fifty thirty was assembled in one ten, a black willow opposite the brook, saw someone there usual to be a

...in this ten years ago (1861-87) and I think that the birds which I saw them to migrate were preparing to go to west although I was unable to watch them long enough to tell if this was true.

...in about the same number as during the first month but no young birds have appeared yet and there is no indication of flocking on this part of the pond.

A flock of forty-four Barn Swallows passed over the Postich's house this evening some time after dinner. They were rather high in the air and were moving towards the S.W. So far as I could follow out there was not a single Swallow of any other species with them. I do not think that they were migrating. Probably it was merely a flight to the west by the way home I how do Barn Swallows roost? Investigate this!
July 14

Mass.

Concord. For more than a week Robins have been most finely heard here during the day time, especially in the afternoon and particularly east at all in the early morning and after sunset. I do not as yet see any indication of a roost in this neighborhood. There were no Robins flying into the brush crowns on the 1st of last coming and since warm passing over any of the places where I have been at least of late. In fact I am quite certain that the birds of this neighborhood are still roosting only in the trees near the woods. They come in great numbers every day to a cherry tree behind the house. Some of them take the cherries off in their bills, perhaps to distant woods until young others swallow them whole although they (the cherries) are of large size.

Red-eyed Vireo were strangely silent during June although I saw as many as usual but now I hear them singing everywhere.

Meadow Vireo now molts a fine show along the river banks and Spotted Towhee is out in a few places. The white water lilies are past their prime although still abundant.

I see the small Snapping turtle Turtles out in great numbers on the branches of trees & bushes during the last hour of the day but the Painted Tortoises do not come near the water until a little before sunset. The large Musk Tortoise more curls out to bask in the sun as far as I can hear. I see one or two daily in the water thrusting their heads out nearby thence swimming out.
Concord, July 14th, 1852.

Miss.

About noon to-day as I was approaching the
Ball's Hill commanding a circuitous route from the edge
of the lake some distance in advance of me and headed across
directly across the lake - less about 100 yards - when at
first I took it for a Musk Rat but the head looked
larger and was carried a little higher which as I approached
made it appear a large dark eye showing conspicuously.

The creature seems peculiar one for the first turn and turned
frightenedly it had nearly reached the middle of the
open water. I overhanded it quickly and found that it
was a Woodchuck apparently of the season's birth but
well grown. When I came up with it it turned on me,
and floating quietly on the surface awaited what it must
then have thought to be certain death with the calm fortitude
so characteristic of its race. The large, keen eyes met
mine unflinchingly. Its expression was at once honest
and fearless with nothing of the pallid desperation which
flung in the face of the cowardly Wolf or the son of the fallen
palea for mercy so unmitigated in the eye of the Swan
Rabbit when it is faced to face its pursuers. Brave,
self-reliant creature! I told no triumphed Chorus fields
nor ravaged bean patches to avenge and I would
not have harmed it for worlds. But it dealt with
me a little with my prattle bravely to try if I
could make it dive. It would not do this although
once I plunged it quite under water. It met
the prattle bravely with open mouth showing its teeth
threateningly and clashing them loudly but to my
dispair it did not once delve the wood or apparently
try to do this. When I drew off it slowly turned about
and stood there dropping evident分数 blinder, growled.
Fires.

J. Carbon

——

1892.

July 14

2461

fond... unthins than I had supposed any brood of

furs. In fact, with its fur thoroughly wet down

it presented quite as symmetrical a form as that of

a grey squirrel. After regarding it calmly for a few

moments longer it plummets into the bushes and

disappeared

Mr. Brittrick tells me that he has never seen before of

an instance of a woodchuck taking to water. Had

this one crossed the river without interruption, he would

have landed in a marsh covered with water to the

depth of several inches and two hundred yards or

more in width. What became of it?

The Robins nest soon my cabin door was empty but

the old birds soon returned and roosted near as I concluded

that the young of this nest were brood had been

safely reared. (I saw the young most day, Blackbird, flesh on

Wing)

The ground beneath the hill was fairly alive with

birds when I entered it at about 4:30. The high bush

blueberries which are beginning to ripen probably attracted

some faire. Sony sparrows, Stveys, a Montgomery Ills a.

in Torfna & Cat Bird were in full song, several Robins

and Thrushes silent, Presently a Canada Blackbird

began chirping and some sherved hirnself. Like the

individual bear list in June. This was an adult 1

in high plumage (was badly worn).

Beyond the brushage along the mounl clad steep

The woods I heard a Chickade, 3 Robins, 2 Sony Sparrows,

a Chip, a Red eye, a Cat Bird, a pair Blackbirds & Black

White Cranes all singing more or less faintly.
Concord—The chief object of my visit to paste this day was to see how the Carolina Doves nest was progressing.

When I reached it at about 4 P.M., the female was sitting, her head turned in a direction just opposite to that on my last visit and lowered so that the throat rested on the spoon of the nest, and the crown and back with the back. This made her very much less conspicuous than on the former occasion. The change of attitude was perhaps due to the presence of some Jags which were uttering various low chattering and piping sounds in the tree overhead and whose keen eyes the Dove may well have understood. I stopped directly under the nest, my head not more than four feet below it. In a moment the Dove did not so much as wink, then she suddenly started and fluttering warily and clumsily through the dense foliage, passing against dead twigs and pluming through branches of boughs, descended in a half circle to the ground, where, in the middle of a little opening within 15 feet of where I was standing, she rolled one and one and from around and around, beating her wings ceaseless, a Partridge in its death flurry and quaking as fiercely as a deer. At this time, attracted by the commotion, dashed through the undergrowth and alighted within my circle of the Dove regarded her with folded wonder and concern and a Fleek came into a thin, cloud and pursued curiously down through the leaves until near a bow or corner of inquiry or sympathy. After groveling thus for a minute or more, the Dove started off along the ground, apparently flitting and walking. I did not follow her and the did not return while I was near the nest. As a imitation of the behavior
July 14

Concerned of a badly-wounded or rather dying bird. I have seen few anything to equal the performance just described. It was not accompanied by any vocal sounds whatever. Perhaps the most interesting thing connected with it is the fact that the nest almost without all the food was made was in a tree and the eggs still unbroken! When I looked at them a few minutes later I noticed for the first time that one was fully a third larger than the other. The "nest" egg looked transparent and infact the larger egg was dark colored and evidently was hatching. After descending to the ground I drove away the Jays and left the place.

Another object of my trip to-day was to look for the nest of the Short-tailed Marsh Wren but the weather was too hot and the greater part of the last 24 hours within the two birds were singing next week had been cut. Both birds, however, were singing still in the meadows and I heard two others of whom formerly I had no previous knowledge ranging in the meadows opposite (to the east of) Red Island. The songs of the latter came faintly but quite distinctly to my ears as I was walking on the shores although the intermediate distance is fully 300 yards! The one, however, was absolutely still at the time.

The song flight of the King Bird surprises me. I am not much of a birder nor than I did in June. During the warm heat of this afternoon the birds were going up my little while at one point in their eccentric way
July 18

Although 90° was the highest reached by our thermometer to day, the weather was harder to bear than on any previous day of this remarkable "heat wave." The air was laden with moisture and heat was more oppressive. A breeze from the S. W. gave some relief in the afternoon.

I spent the day in the house but at 5 P.M. started for Ball's Hill sailing south by the way. A seeming sun now laying in Car's meadow. A gold finch in full song on the neighboring pasture. This is actually the only Gold finch that I have heard singing since early June. The bird is comparatively unseen in this region at this season. Song Sparrow singing freely now.

Meadow Sweet and death withers just coming into flower.

The broods of young Barn Swallows have not all hatched. Young up or joined other broods. I saw no less than four broods. One brood along the river this evening, the members of each sitting on a willow or maple branch over the water. Perhaps there are broods that have just come from the nest. I saw both parents feed the young off our brood.

Only one Short-tailed March Wren singing at the Brine, named Rapid. The song this evening was quite regularly "chip, chip," etc. The only variation being in the ending which sometimes had the 1-1-2-1-3-1-2 quality.

The smaller springing ducks out in numbers this afternoon.
July 15, Concord. Visiting the Caroline Don's nest at 6 P.M., I found the female sitting facing W. as on my first visit (July 4th, his head kinked. This confirms my conclusion that the branching or fluttering attitude which the present nest yesterday was due to the presence of Joy in the trees above her. There were no Jags near the nest this morning.

The Don started from the nest just as I stepped under it and fluttered downward through the branches under the did yesterday but on this occasion she did not repeat the sounder bird performance but on reaching the ground hurriedly alighted and stood erect and motionless looking at me. When I moved forward she took and flew out of sight among the trees. Can it be that fending yesterday that his sisters failed to return and lead me away from the nest? I judged it useless to repeat them to day, or is he getting to trust me since the finds that I do not molest either him or his eggs? I must investigate this further.

Climbing to the nest this morning I found in the place of the larger egg a young bird. The body was of a light yellowish or dull flesh color, the head darker. I could not be firmly certain with short hair like down but of this I could not make him for the light was poor at the time. It was 7/4 about the time I placed the egg (3:15 P.M.).

As the nest contained 4 eggs when I first found it July 4th, and as the nest was longer than sitting it appears that the female incubation is at least 14 days. I think it should be this time for the larger egg to hatch somewhat earlier.
July 15

I took tea in my cabin and twilights-loving. I opened the door of the cabin as I approached the shore where the sun was setting, and heard a number of Red-winged Blackbirds, singing together in the tall grass on the north bank of the river. The sound was regular and sweet, and as I approached the shore, I saw a flock of them in the field beyond. I heard them singing from this same place on the evening of the 9th, but on that occasion there were only a few of them and no sound of them in the field. On the 12th, when I stopped opposite the same spot and watched the water, I heard the sound of the Blackbirds singing in the field. I then saw a number of them in the field, but no sound of them in the water. The field was at least 500 yards from the cabin as the crow flies, and the sound of the Blackbirds was very distinct. I heard them singing in the field, and I thought they were courting in the reeds.

Only a few of the Blackbirds remained in the field, but the majority of them were in the water, and I heard them singing in the field. I then went back to the cabin and was surprised to hear the sound of the Blackbirds singing. I then heard the sound of the Blackbirds singing in the field, and I thought they were courting in the reeds.

Mosquitoes were very numerous and annoying this morning. A cloud of them fell upon me all the way to the Butteaux. All of the Blackbirds were singing in the field.
July 16

Concord. The heat weather has at length ended. There was
a light shower at daylight and immediately after it the
wind came from the W. W. and gradually increased to half
a gale which lasted all day cooling off the heated air slowly.
I started for Ball's Hill at 9 a.m. under perfect blue.
The high wind had driven the birds to shelter and I
saw but few and heard only sing Sparrows singing. As I
was passing Hawes landing a flock of about 100 Coots
emitted from the same ten, a tall clump, and
sounded upwards, balancing wind on the wind. They
were something in his clumps which looked like a herd
of brown ducks.

At the Hill a Coot's Hawk that had been
seen wind with great frequency for a Red-wing
perch and actually once took game giving him a
succession of victim flocks on the head and finally
forcing him to walk shelter in a ten.

I have seen Coots divers frequently of late (as well Coots Divers
as occasionally in May & June) at the ten of Ball's Hill
when they perhaps go to drink as they are usually
seen wind on the ten wind at the western edge of the farm
from this time yesterday I took to the farms where
we met several once. Yesterday three shoted all together
and alighted in the same ten. I think them was
a young bird.

As I came out of the woods near Braun's Landing this
aft. (at 5:30) a Pintail passed flying down
the channel of the river and finally dropping into the
water of Frederick week on the edge of the meadow opposite
my landing. I have not noticed this species before since it
stopped breeding very abruptly) in early June.
Concord, July 16

1892

Mass.

It is doubtful the rule that birds which sing regularly and freely now bear two broods in a season. Such are the Robin, Bluebird, Song Sparrow, Swamp Sparrow, Chippy, Field Sparrow, Grass Finch, Towhee, Pine Martin and Carolina Dove. All these certainly rear two broods. I am doubtful about the Cat bird and Vireo, both of which are with singing well. Obvious exceptions to this rule are the Yellow-throated and Snowy Vireo which certainly do not bear two, but which do sing late in the summer. A male of the latter species usually brings off its young successfully late in June and then loses them to the care of the wood thrush has time for breeding continuously since his arrival in early May, in the thrush about the house. I heard him best often at the time when he was assisting the female in the care of the young, just from the nest, but there has not been usually silent for a day this season and he is now singing as freely as he was in early June.

The Red-eyed Vireo breeds very irregularly and I have often found nests with black eggs in July, but this is probably due to the fact that its first nests are nearly certain to be plundered by Jays or Bluebirds. On the whole I do not think that this bird habitually bears two broods in a season in this State. Nevertheless it regularly sings later into the summer than does almost any other bird.
Mass

Concord, July 16, 1872. I visited the Dove's nest again. The Dove's nest female was one, facing W, her head raised decidedly above the rim of the back but not so high as on the 9th. I stood near the nest for several minutes (by my watch) during this time the Dove did not move once while I was present to look and then my eyes saw thirty-five times! At length I stretched my hand slowly up towards the nest and the bird started off. She ascended in a slow, leisurely manner, fluttering nearly through the foliage and descending in a half circle but where to go within about four feet of the ground she alighted abruptly on a branch. I am not sure whether she looked at me gently for a moment and then, taking wing again, disappeared among the trees. My theory that, having tried the wounded bird, performed and found it futile or unnecessary, the dove was soon abandoned, it gather increased probability.

I was mistaken in supposing the recent egg to be infertile for it has hatched. The young bird looks at least a third smaller than the one which hatched first. I was also mistaken in regard to the color of the Plumage of the young. The light was good to-day and I may well see (I cannot yet see them with the sun off the nest) I saw distinctly that in both young the plumage of the entire body and head is of a dark greenish brown. This being caused evidently, this shows conspicuously on the head which is nearly a quarter smaller than the body's average, this drab is mostly partly concealed by a darker down; coat of hair like down on a peach stones color. The younger bird has the down still wet and placed in the nest in places. The egg shells have been removed from the nest and I could not find them under it.
July 16 1892

Concord. I returned to the Brookside in town for tea and as soon as it was despatched I started out again for a walk up the East Brook Road. The evening was delightful, the air brilliantly clear and so cool that a heavy coat was not uncomfortable. Robins were singing very finely and vigorously there at any time within the past week but I heard from small birds them usual. The Grass Finches and Song Sparrows were among these remember which theme to have been partially retained by the change of weather.

Turning into Dalton's Cairn I followed it to the older swamp by the brook and then deviating to the right entered a long narrow meadow surrounded on every side by woods which presented a gracefully curved outline of solid foliage. The meadows had near its center a thicket of bushes and young maples but one week of its extent there was only the tall, wiry grass with here and there a patch of rice weuring its creamy white head high above the rest. A more reticent a beautiful spot than this it would be difficult to find in all Concord.

After dusk was falling when I returned its belts many birds were still singing than Wood Thrushes, a Mayland Thrush, a White-crowned Sparrow, a Fox Sparrow, a Catbird and a Swallow a Black-billed Cuckoo, the Catbird sang for them mount and one of the Wood Thrushes for fourteen minutes after the first. The last song of the Wood Thrush was heard at precisely 8.01 when it was nearly dark there were two Thrushes both in the woods on the ridge near West Meadow. The number of sparrow and their notes varied from them to twenty-four. They did not seem to move about as much as usual.

The constant rattle remained while they been regularly a rattle was more intense this evening.
1892. Mass

July 16

Concord. A Chipping Sparrow which has passed the
entire season in our orchard and which during May and
June sang in the common manner began from two weeks
ago splitting his song into three sections, thus

The result has pleased him so much that he now
divides it into three, from two to three sets of notes with
a slight but very marked interval between. I remember
a James at Mt. Wachusett which did the same thing

The Young Orioles that join the hen are now call
but less and less frequently as the season advances.
I watched an old female of this species eat cherries
yesterday. She stopped on them in a deliberate,
somewhat fastidious manner peeling the skin with
her sharp bill and then slowly tasting and swallowing
the juice and perhaps one of the pits also. In
no instance was the cherry removed from the tree.
This was in marked contrast to the behavior of
the greedy Robins about her, the Robins first plucking
the cherry and then following it which was
not without some difficulty.
1892

July 17

Came, with N. W. wind in A. M., changing to S. W. in P. M.

At 4 P. M. I started up river alone, in my boat, main

Anchors taken, my lunch and camping outfit. The wind

had just before became W. T. N. 90 to W. T. S. 60, that I had

no chance to land until I reached Ponds, only 3 miles.

A Red-shouldered Hawk was passing over the farm

and a thermal from beating hotter and hotter.

Both were huge snakes.

I heard few Birds until I passed Whitter's Bridge

between which and Pondsman I noticed, Red-eye, Red-eye,

Red-eye (2), Sunny Scream, Black-hand, Dunn Mantle,

a Bluebird, a Juniper, a Savannah Scream, a Hawk,

and a Red-shouldered Blackbird, all hanging singly.

Basket at base Cliff and draws my canoe out of

water and into the quiet swimming at the foot of

the cliff. Here I made the following log notes.

7.30 P. M. A Nine Banded and Solitary bees buzzing

in the woods on the edge, a Constant wind Blows

(only a few times) in the clover near me, Song and Swallow

Screamers along the edge of the meadows.

7.57 Cant Swallow Scream. A Catbird heavy with the

evening closers the Courts of dwelled bees.

8.00 First Whippoorwill.

8.05 No frogs as yet. I hear only crickets and an

occasional Whippoorwill now.

9.00 Bird and Green Frogs Begin and sing at intervals

as long as I can stand.

At 8.30 a large and magnificent motion that nearly

swayed me from S. S. to N. W., apparently very low down.

I could hear the splash of dozens of Alaskan fish as it

fished.
Concord - Foremost absolutely destroys this air clean and
sparkling, this cool wind causes the warm sun to a
steeply and bring in many clouds in the afternoon.
Robins were singing at daybreak. They are closely
followed by Summer Sparrows and mice by a Cat-Nest.
I arose just as this time was approaching one the hill
to the east. It was one of those brilliant mornings
which seem too perfect to be real, and indeed, when
I looked out one the bay, I rubbed my eyes to make
sure that I was awake. In place of the water was
what seemed to be a level plain of footless snow. It
was of course by being close to the water and certain
excursion on the line where this was meadows.
A little late above the a light air blizzard from then
farther the tiddlywink effect was heightened for this fog
began driving across the bay just as there the cloupy
fog moved. I have rarely seen anything more beautiful
just before leaving there was a grand chorus of birds
singing all around the wooded slopes. It seemed as
if there were singing at once and there seemed
to be no other bird voices at this time. That a
little later I heard Robins, Finches, a Cat-Nest,
a Pigeon, Common Thrush, and Black-throated Green
Warbler, a Black-Vented Swallow, a Chickadee, a
Solitary Vireo, Swallow, Song and Chaffin Sparrows,
I think Sparrows, Afi-fer the the James just seemed
so concerned the singing was quite equal to that
of early June but I sought the Comes if the
Down-Bird and Song and there was only one
Red-winged Song, I suppose the lost sounds
there was not really present on any occasion.
Concord. After a hurried breakfast I went on horse
back through the woods along the neighboring
hills. In the lane I saw a branch pine tree (the first
I have entered this summer) containing a tree that was
a buckeye. (Beause of) two red oaks, one basswood,
and one black. There were burr hickories and white
oak leaves. At one o'clock was bringing in, some
kinds I visited the hickory tree and found it still
alive although much injured by tawing.

When I returned to the landing the Catbird
was in full song. It is a rare performer, quite the
best I have ever heard; and nearly equal to a
Mockingbird.

At 8 A.M. I launched the canoe and alternately
paddled and leaping reached Painted Rocks in about
an hour with hundreds there batting in my canoe
at the foot of the cliff. A Mockingbird, hickory
by bunch forms. Red oaks thrown out. Red oaks
were climbing (in painting) in the meadow at least
forty to fifty. Only one I could see one I could sing.
The large hole in the S. 0. has been recently visited
and many times an eagle a dropping. I found
them to day 300 rounds of fifty cannon balls of fudge.

I soon looked for the round cannon balls but saw
only two plants. Going through an the north began a good
end of it.

At 1 P.M. set sail and started back making my
quick turn to Painted Rocks. Then Red-tailed Hawks
were soaring in company over the meadow above
the Bridge, a few right. One was a red-tailed hawk,
the other two brown above a evidently young.
Concord, Massachusetts, 
July 1818

Concord—One of them Red-tailed, a young bird. Some
with a prelude, why see—now we sing like
the sound of a kitten. I heard the same sound at
the fence at Miss Cress's but none as loud as
this. Now I think a modification of the call of the
adult when anyone asks about its name.

The flight of the Snowy Egret is so even, ti-
there and there the additional water being
out the beginning a prelude as it were. I heard the
ordinary song last night at about ten o'clock.

The white water lilies have not passed their prime. I
saw some a fine display them they reach this morning
around the shores of the bay and along the river above. 
Some of the indications of little ones were white with
them. The pickerel weed is also about out its best now.

The singing of some species of birds ends very abruptly. 
One day you hear the usual number, the next next
one and when several more drops have passed it
suddenly ceases. I gave that the bird has ceased singing
for the season. The Yellow Warbler is a good example of
this class. I heard them make on the 14th but not one
has been within my hearing since. I think that an
abrupt cessation of singing is perhaps the rule with
one Minstrel and that most of the Minstrels
and戸in days 'drop out' gradually (that is as individuals)

Hear my first Cicada to day. in old words. First Cicada
So heard suggesting sound.
1892
Mass.

July 26th
(No. 4)

Evening walk to Sunset Point

Concord. I reached home at 6 P.M., finishing all the way from Fairborn and satisfying no adventures worth mentioning on the way.

After tea I walked up the footpath leading to Clark's Point, where I sat down a cigar and watched the blue set and darkness fall, sitting on my favorite boulder near the middle of the field.

The evening was calm and peaceful but the color and sparkle of the evening were gone and in their place a dull apathy pervaded all nature. The influences which wore such a change are often subtle, but in this case they were apparently a bank of hazy clouds rising in the west and the presence of much moisture here in the atmosphere.

There were intervals, sometimes of a minute or more in length, when not a bird sang. Then I would hear, one after another, Robins, My Sparrows, Field Sparrows, Chippings, Grass Finches, Meadow Bunts, Iow, and occasionally a Blackbird. At 7:45, when the light was failing fast, a Sparrow sang a few times and just five minutes later the first Whipperwills began. Ten minutes after these Grass Finches and Field Sparrows were still singing, then of the former closed their usual concert at 7:53.

Then over us the foods to night and I heard some last evening at Fairborn. Have they ceased?

Soon after leaving the house this evening I saw a Goldfinch singing in my wing. It flew very slowly on a perfectly level plane the wings beating deep and regular. This bird looked nearly ready to nest.
Concord. Massachusetts,

1892
July 15
No. 5

Mass.

Concord. I saw on many brooks of young fly-bugs accompanied by their parents sitting on brooks along the meadows usually well out on the water. The young are more active and animated than most broods of this age, and already show much of the restless quarrelsome disposition so characteristic of their species. The parents are feeding them largely on dragon flies and I see them chasing these insects continually not always with success for the dragon fly is a good dodger and their bully sorts of ptarmigan small. A bird to day pursued a dragon fly upwards to a height of more than a hundred feet and after bungling at it twenty four or five times in quick succession gave up the chase in evident great disgust sailed back to its disappointed brood which were sitting in a fountain bush.
1892. Mass.

July 19

Concord... Morning sunny but very; afternoon cloudy, terminating in
rain which did not come, tho sky finally clearing before sunset.
Strong N.E. wind all day, threaten cold.

Spent most of day in the house reading but late in the
afternoon started for Ball's Hill having a glorious
back drop in my drugged caress. Reaching my cabin,
I left my things there and walked to Bencin's by way of
the rude path returning past Bencin's Hill and through
my dormp. At 6 P.M. I had tea in my cabin and
at 7.30 boarded for home, paddling most of the way.

The high wind had its usual effect on the birds and I
did not few and heard fewer still until near sunset
when the wind abated and many began singing.

I heard Robins, a Bluebird, and a Field Sparrow near

Concords; a Black Starled Green Backer in the pines about
the glacial hollow; and at 7 P.M. as I stood on the
stone in front of my cabin, Robins, a Vergy, an Ovenbird
(fright song), a Short-billed March Kinner, Maryland Ditter, a

Sparrow, a Rose-Breasted Grosbeak
(singing continuously and with great vigor & spirit) a

Quail and one Red-winged Blackbird. Most of them were on

the opposite (Bedford) side of the river.

Visited the Dow's nest at 5.30 P.M. Female on. Male started Dow's nest

the fluttered downward in a half circle or around but
alighted on a branch above the ground and did not erect
the wounded bird's performance. After sitting quietly for a
moment the cow and flew off through the tops. Young

of apparently equal born. About as large as Bluebirds, thin

shoulders and wings covered with opposite feathers, of
July 19

Concent. a bluish-brown color but no traces of any real features elsewhere. The back being still clothed with the yellowish down which was also evidently reflected in the bead and neck.eyes open to day, then going at perfect motion.

As I approached the creek, Dam Roseind a little after
bimst. I again heard the Red-winged bird in their
nest among the tall grass. It was a most perfect repro-
duction of the early spring concert and I repeatedly
felt the "Wind Fire" effect, described by Bosse. At least
draws made, all Old birds, one three engaged. As I
drew nearer I could hear a multitude of birds flitting
and talking to one another among the reeds. Others
were continually arming, usually in flocks of from three
to five, from an eighth, seem more than a dozen a
fifteen. They came from every direction and as a rule
flew at a great height (500 to 800 a "con. 1000")
until they were directly above the boat when, quitting
their wings, they shot down almost perpendicularly
and with great swiftness, each bird acting independently
of its companions during its descent and many
describing the most beautiful curves, while others simply
dropped as straight, surely, as so many falling stones.
Then was a preliminary circling to reconnoiter the
ground, then a yard or two above the grass the wings
were beaten forcibly to check the speed and the bird
disappeared into the grass.

After the flight had nearly ceased I struck the water
with my paddle and instantly, with a perfect sea
of wings, at least by hundreds, birds rose into the
air. Only a few returned the greater number building
July 19

Concord... up into flocks of from fifty to one hundred birds each and seeking other resting places. As on the 15th there were Barn and Bank Swallows flying about one then next but I saw none actually alight then.

The Barn Swallows feed their young on wing. The two birds meeting in the air and lunging straight forward until at eight feet from face to face until the bills finally come together one on the other. ehen the two bills met, the two bills engaged more fully 300 feet above the earth.

When do the Bank Swallows take their young? The large colony on Thaddeus's Neck is dwindling fast, yet the number of birds which frequent the tree seems also decreasing and I have not as yet seen a single young bird. Of course it is possible that no young have been reared in this bank. But most of the birds have certainly not been molested by man.

As I was passing down near this afternoon a Bank rose from the feniched edge on the margin of the broad meadows, as it flew off, a series of short brown strokes (œ œ œ œ œ œ œ ሁ ሁ œ œ œ) took place.

The feniched weed (Caltha palustris) is by far the most beautiful flowering plant along the borders of this river. Where almost everywhere it forms a broad border between the beds of lily pads and the meadow grass.
Concord. — They are the most interesting of the days a Weasel
experiences remains to be told. I was paddling during the
first the morning place or very house, keeping round at near
the middle of the river (here about two miles) when
a long, narrow belt of wind-tossed water was still
faintlyMeta by the light in the western sky
when a small shadow from that directly for across
my bows, then turned short about and started back
b Set to the south from. I whirled the canoe around
and followed but although I exerted myself to the
almost I did not at first seem to gain much
the mysterious little creature which I saw there,
rather than chieph through, the water at a rate
of speed which amazed me. Indeed I thought at
first it must be a crippled. But back there was
no flapping of wings and very little "mallet". The face
told on it at length and just as had almost
ACHED the town I got sufficiently near to dead it
a hurrist blow with the paddle when instantly to
my nostrils came the unmistakable sound of a Weasel. It proud to belong to our common feature
as I looked out to my certain satisfaction a moment
later when, after recovering partially from my blow,
it climbed out on a log float and found an air
burly arm's length. I leant a little to see if
it could be scaled to clim. which it would do
and then left it to make the best of its way to
land which it accomplished with much wary
flashing before I was out of hearing. Poor thing! I was
terry to have used it so roughly but there was no
other way of finding out what it was.
1892. Mass.
July 20 Concord. - A brilliantly clear day, rather cool, with

I did not go out to-day until after ten when
I started for a walk up the Sweetbriar road.

Keeping on foot Clark's I turned into Brellin lane
a followed it through to Bow Meadows. For the first
front of the way - ie in the open country - I heard

Robins, Grass Finches, our Sparrows, Meadow Bence
and crow but the singing here was much less
rigorous and general than it has been heretofore.

The singing beyond Brellin's was without a single
songster of any kind and at Bow Meadows I heard
only five birds a Hooded Parrot, Black-throated Green

Nestin, Oven Bird, Black-billed Cuckoo, and Red

Oven-bird Hawk.

In Clark's woods, which I did not reach until

7.15 when the light was getting dim under the
arches of the ground old trees, then Hooded Parrot,

an Oven Bird, a Black-throated Green,

(in full song), a Songster, a Black-billed Cuckoo and

a Hooded Parrot were heard. The Oven Bird gave the

flight song, The Black-throated being twice - in the
top 7 a tall white pine. All the others long

repeatedly and persistently.

The concert of Hooded Parrots was simply the

finest that I ever listened to. There were three

of them close about an at one time and they

did make the woods ring. With this opens as

with the Bracelet There is much individual variation

in quality of voice and variety and ease of expression.

and as it happened, all three of the birds in Clark's

Birds singing at evening.
Concord, Massachusetts,
July 20

Concord woods this morning were particularly good. I found
performers while our was prominently filled. On the
other hand, a broad log in the hundreds in the
opposite (eastern) side of the adjoining meadow and
a voice so effectually "stilled" that I was actually
unaware of his presence until I came nearly under the
tree in which he was sitting. Indeed, the odd melody
of low, uneven notes, interlaced with skells and chucks, and
their, feathery whistles, was in most of which was entirely
musical or pleasing, was utterly inaudible at a distance
of fifty yards. It was not half an hour, in the
meantime the poor bird was quite evidently exerting
himself to the utmost as if claiming to outdo his
rivals in the woods across the town. Not
his
concerns of the canary's fashion, or like certain
human singers equally devoid of musical ability did
he deliberate him into the belief that he was really
producing melodious sounds? It occurred to me that
possibly he might be deaf and like deaf mutes,
and sure opines incapable of appreciating
correcting the painful discords of his voice.
Certainly the case was one of the rarest extenuations
of its kind that has come under my notice.

Black's words evidently from about the center of
distribution of a colony of Wood Thrushes larger than
I have hitherto found in any part of Middlesex
County. I heard in all to eight or less than ten
singers and there are to my certain knowledge many
as many more to the east of them. I could not read
indeed I have little doubt that from one I fainly
could be heard in this region for a bough coming by a
Mass.
Concord. Rapid walker who was familiar with the
ground.

After leaving Clark’s Woods I struck directly across
country to the North Road in which, gradually
on the crest of a knoll with a splendid view behind
me and a track of about fifty acres of rough,
rocky land cleared two or three years ago and
now growing up to firs of cherry cannon with
oak and walnut grains upright or to foot in longest
stretching away towards the sunset.

The air was cool and there was no wind. I could
hear wood thrushes in every direction and now
and then a Tanaga or Cat bird. All these sounds
were hanging at 7:45 when the first Whippoorwill
continued. Begin and one of the wood thrushes began
just twelve minutes later closing the concert of song
birds at 7:57.

As I walked slowly homeward after dark I
frequently heard their scratching a prancing in
the dry leaves and occasionally a fluttering
as of a bird’s wings in the foliage of the oaks which
overshade the road. The cotton sound proved to be
made by large moths probably 7 small moths
although all that I saw looked nearly white. One
alighted on the under side of a leaf almost
within reach of my head and opened and that
its homeward slowly. It, as well as all the
others, seemed to be of a light creamy color which
appeared at times to have a luminous quality
although this was probably an illusion.
1872

July 20

Concord. Occasionally a Bat darted just within a few feet or two inches of my head and was almost constantly lost to sight in the gloom. Fireflies in small numbers flashed their tiny lights along the edges of local caves or in and out among the foliage of the trees. The only sounds were ever those of the Min. Night hawks among the boughs, the fine shrill cawing of Owls, the subtle chirping of common corncrakes and more than the notes of a distant Myopepernis. Some great Frogs were trilling in Phaethon Pool but the calling sound of the New Frogs is over. I have not heard one for a week or more.

My experience with the Myopepernisses is very much nearer their Myopepernisses in some very good things about them. As I stood on the knoll in the Estabrook road two came close about me uttering an emphatic call which within a distance of 20 or 30 yds. sounded like piping. This was apparently a call made by both sexes for these birds were almost certainly a pair. They made many short three punctured frequent as I could tell by their calls apparently taking short flights from place to place among the boughs but were ever throwing themselves against the light in the eastern sky. The male was very few minutes, often every two ears. As a rule he attracted the next a grunt from one to five times in quick succession just before the song began but this was not invariably the case. I heard the well-known chuckling call where the check was at times 0.60 yards. It resembles very much the chuck of a
Concord, Massachusetts,
July 20, 1892

The whipperwill (Sturnella magna) and its mate at least have the
song not once given, until the song was well under way,
usually beginning with the 5th utterance of the whipperwill
and invariably coming in exactly at the end of the
first syllable (thus: whip[whirp][whirp]) and not as
has been noted by writers between the calls. It did
not seem to interrupt in the least the continuity
of the whole utterance (whipperwill) but rather
appeared to be given simultaneously with the end
of the first syllable and the beginning of the second.
Indeed it was difficult to believe that the check
and whipperwill were both uttered by the same
bird, the effect being decidedly that you had singing
and another near it chipping a few of accompan-
iment. There can be no doubt, however, that one
individual does produce the two sounds. Often the
chipping began it always accompanied each utterance
to the end of that period of singing.

It would be difficult to improve on the popular
and long-established rendering of the song of
a whipperwill. Whether the sound comes from after a
fence within a few rods, the bird says "whipperwill"
with almost perfect distinctness emphasizing the
first and last syllables strongly. You can hardly
hear clearly, if not quite, a mile away when the
air is still and damp, as is usually the case in
the summer evening. When there is no wind, the bird
sings but little if at all after the twilight hours,
and if then it has wholly fled in the west. As twilight darkens
the whipperwills come out of the woods and fly in
orchards and on tree wings over houses, often with
waves on their wings.
July 21, Concord, Mass.

Concord. Cloudless and rather warm with light, variable winds and intervals of blustering calms.

Started for Ball's Hill at 7 a.m. intending to spend the day writing in my cabin but on reaching Benson's Landing I learned that a brush which I had been one time laying the Blue Hills came from a wood fire that some careless campers had started on Davis's Hill. Accordingly I kept on the latter place which proved indeed to be all in a blaze. Benson and Peter with their men soon joined me and after a hard fight of our own house in got the flames under control. I had no idea that a fire could run so at this season. For a fire once in all one bound one but the dammy woods from the temporary discontinuance of them pleasant woods was thrilling most of the times being too easy to sustain any bad injury.

Thinking it wise to watch the place lest the fire should start up again I spent the remainder of the day of returning to the Blue Hills in turn for turn.

Along the river to day I saw a Pheasant, two King fishers, and two Green herons (one of the last a young bird) and heard singing Red-eyed Vireos, a Yellow-throated Vireo, several Swallow-tails, three Loggerhead Shrikes, two Red-eyes, an Indigo Bunting (seen Hunt's Pond, a new bird) then shot killed two Red-winged Blackbirds and a Wood Pigeon. Besides many Jays and several Mountain Shadows and two Black-billed Greencocks. I also heard a Virginia Rail within the prairie several times—late date for this cry.
Concord.—I had supposed that one Cong. Mend.

Frogs were crowded out of the water nearly for
 studied by my opinion but on more

watered the pond. I found one that would have

ponded and was about on

a raft made of old covered cloths

floating in the river just above Nute's Pond. I

glided silently towards it hoping to get near

to take a photograph but a little dashing

of much Frogs while they were in the area, the big companion

forcefully followed byEPers with a sound rush

which reminded me of that of a hurry Altairian

The Carolina Dorn was on her nest when I visited

it at 3 P.M. to-day, although the young ones were

so large (fully two half grown) that the parent bird

had great difficulty in keeping them under shelter

in standing rather than sitting on the west

Sty (the young) came to-day freshened up the bank as well as

songs the only visible down being on the head. On some

occasions they sat crowded in the nest facing in opposite
directions and keeping perfectly silent. The parent acted

as usual telling a short curving downward flight from the

nest, alighting on a bush, then rising and disappearing.

I sat down under a pine about 20 yds. from the nest &

waited half an hour. At the end of the first 10 minutes

the parent returned but seeing me flew away without

alighting & I did not again come back. While I was watching

the nest a Sharp Chickadee perched on a limb.
Evening walk to Bow Meadow

Concord, Mass., July 21

Johnston took a seat with him and attempted to catch some of the large butterflies which frequent the wasps along the road but failed although the sun was hot. I think that they are mostly the Polyphemus moth.
July 22, Concord. Cloudless and very warm with strong E. N., wind.

George Cresson came to-day and with him I drove to Ball's Hill at 9.30 A.M. There were many little things to be attended to at any cabin when I spent the entire day.

Long Sparrows and Swamp Sparrows are singing truly but I heard almost nothing else, but an occasional Robin and a few Red-eyed Vireos. In the afternoon a Virginia Rail called ki-ki at frequent intervals in the search across the meadow.

The flying notes of the Grackles are now a frequent sound in the oak woods. But these insects do not seem to be as numerous about Concord as they are in Cambridge.
Concord, Mass.

July 23

I spent the entire morning in the house writing. The weather was very sunny, and I noticed a cloud less sky. The hemlock trees were formed in view of the river and I also heard songs of sparrows in the shrubs and occasionally a woodpecker. I spent this time writing with the hope that my work might be done in a few minutes. Then a line of white clouds burst out into a long series of strokes.

1892

Mass.

1892

Concord. 

Still hotter, with a cloudless sky and a breeze of wind from the sun. I spent the entire morning in the house writing. The weather was very sunny, and I noticed a cloud less sky. The hemlock trees were formed in view of the river and I also heard songs of sparrows in the shrubs and occasionally a woodpecker. I spent this time writing with the hope that my work might be done in a few minutes. Then a line of white clouds burst out into a long series of strokes.

I have not heard the last in full round in the sky.

Spelman came from Cambridge at 3 P.M., and brought packing the camels on the back of a horse. The heat was almost oppressive and the sun on the cold water made my head turn. He had few knots except songs of sparrows and a short wind. No one was there. Near Newt's Pond I saw a young yellow-billed heron sitting in a bush over the water.

After landing at Bells' Hole to find me with fresh water we kept on just down the river. The stream was still flowing to Cambridge and beyond. The river is broad, straight, deep, and my canoe 10 weeks for four a few miles below Bells' Hole. We rode a line above Joy Island, it narrowed again and is very beautiful with high Shores nearly covered with food old trees.

A little before sunset we landed on the right bank about half a mile below Joy Island and taking the canoe out of water to the upper edge of the narrow strip of meadow prepared our beds and sat down to eat supper. The country behind us was fine and largely under
July 23 (No. 1)

Concord. Cultivation but there was an afternoon pines
wood a hundred yards above and scattered growing
along the water's edge. On the opposite side of the
farm, directly facing us a long narrow ridge curved with a
dense young growth of oaks, maples and beeches rose
steeply from the water's edge to a height of probably
150 feet. From this ridge now came faintly the
songs of a Wood Thrush, two Varied Thrushes, two
Sawbirds and several Red-eyed Vireos. Only Song Sparrows
a Swallow Sparrow and a Robin sang near us. No
could just have a Wood Peewee in the ruins edge ruin
this was at 7:35.

At 7:37 two Whip-poor-wills began singing on the
ridge and kept it up at intervals until
darkness fell after which we didn't hear a note
from either until next day light next morning.

At 7 P.M. we heard the full song of a Grasshopper
many times repeated. The bird seemed to be
flying about at a considerable height and the
sound of its calling finally died away in the
distance to the S. Is this bird breeding on migration?
A Spotted Sandpiper came flying about us at
the same time it also went off over the fields to
the S. or S. E.

A Polyphemus moth started to flutter and after fluttering
slowly about one fare for a minute or two finally
plunged directly into the flames & fell fluttering into
the grass.
No Owls or other night birds after dark.
Concord. The hot wave continues to brood over the land but there was a front J.W. Green to-day and in the afternoon a dense, high-floating haze which to some extent extinguished the finest glow of the Sun.

At daybreak the bleached clouds were dripping and when we arose a little after sunrise, the Mount Harrisons and our hearth with smooth red-eyed vireos were at their stations on the ridge opposite our camp. In the groves or thickets along the river were birds at this time:

Song Thrush, Spotted Torro, Yellow Thrush and the
Rattlesnake, a Black-billed Cuckoo, King Birds and
Chipping Sparrow and a Song Sparrow were the only things we heard in their usual bosses.

At 9 a.m. when the sun was very hot and the贵州
not as yet fairly blinded a Bladdee-birds North (Hermits)
appeared in a Bush of brushwood and in front of our camp and visited some open trees briefly in the manner of its common rounds, displaying the length of its white throat and the dark green thorax and chestnutbacked head body as it leaned towards a tree.

At 9:30 we struck camp and headed down river past the old Stone flute to within two miles of the dam at R. Belleria. Soon also below this place I heard the more familiar Hermit Thrushes, singing in mixed pine and oak woods on the north bank.

The return to Concord was accomplished through with the double bladed paddle against the strong head wind. We landed on a pretty wooded Knoll a mile below Cochitite Bridge, at Davis's Hill on land where I spent the fine week was spending past.
1892. Mass.

July 25.

Concord. The hottest day thus far in a phenomenally hot summer. At noon, with the sun wholly obscured by clouds, the thermometer hung on the north side of my house, showed at 102°F! The sun shone dimly through dense black clouds all day.

At noon I walked over the farm to note the effect of this extreme heat on the birds. To my surprise they were apparently not in the least depressed by it. Indeed I heard more singing them for a much part of the corresponding hours. A Robin, two Chipping Sparrows, a Song Sparrow, a Grass Finch, a Rocking Rick, and a small worm dropping Thistledown and Yellow Warblers (at least two birds) were fairly fuller than for many days while a summer breeze. Mockings and Bean Sparrows were flying about in the boughs.

After two I started for the Estabrook woods. As I walked slowly along past Thoreau's through the hollow beyond and up the slope to Clarke's I heard two Song Sparrows, a Robin, a Grass Finch, a Yellow-winged Sparrow and a Wren, just big birds in a distance, surely a mile. Beyond Dutton's the woods along the Estabrook road were absolutely silent save for an occasional chaff or twitter in the dense foliage even at hand and I did not hear another bird sing until I reached Clarke's woods, when, on my arrival at 7:20, two Wood Thrushes were singing their flutes in low tones. A Wood Pecker was whittling in the hemlock's under which I sat and myself.

A few minutes later a Black-capped Chickadee came...

July 25 (No. 1)

Concord. Several times.

I had begun to fear that the Mock Thrushes were going to disappoint our expectation (at 7.30) they two, which, up to this time, had been apparently singing together, burst suddenly into full song. In a moment others took up the strain until from ten to twenty were singing at once. My companions, impressed by this outburst, insisted that there must be at least a dozen, a delusion which the circumstances for three miles, as is their habit at such times, kept fluttering without from place to place so that in the course of a minute or two their voices did actually come from at least a dozen different spots. The effect was impressive beyond my powers of description. I have heard nothing to equal it before even in those woods for not only were the birds singing 

Farther on, I heard a 

The Mock Thrushes singing at 7.35. I heard it only a few times after this.

As I was walking home after darkness had fairly set in a Mockingbird passed me singing. This is the first Mockingbird I have heard at night with the possible exception of the Grosbeak at North Bellingham on the evening of the 23rd.
July 26. Concord. A doublet of yesterday, quite as hot but with more breeze.

To Ball's Hill at 10 a.m. During most of the way, just above the swimming place, I found three broods of young Martins (5, 4, and 2 birds respectively) which were sitting on dead branches of tall elms and maples one the other. This habit in the young Martins I invariably observed a high fence distanced them from the young of other birds. The parents were flying about & taking food to the young. Once I saw a young bird fall on my way. The parent met me and using with it after the manner of the Swallow. The young were very noisy uttering especially when on wing, a loud, twitter sound.

Between the two landings I heard on my way down rivers, only five others of birds (a Sanger) one Robin, two Sparrow, one Jay, Sparrow, one Tall Sparrow, and seven Short-billed Marsh Wrens, but on my return up river late in the afternoon I added to this list the Yellow Warbler (three individuals), Red-winged Blackbird (three), Meadowlark (one), Red-eyed Vireo, and Indigo Bird.

At Davis's Hill, where I spent several hours fighting the flies which had again returned, I was observing several, a Catbird, Ann Thrasher, Black-throated Green Thrush, Swainson's Thrush, and Annul Sage Sparrow were singing early in the afternoon, when the temperature was probably at its high point or it reached during the day. The Catbird was not in good voice but all the others sang finely. I heard a second Blue Jay on Ball's Hill.
1872

July 26

Concord. The young Carolina dove had grown immensely since my last visit. The larger of the two (there was a marked difference in size) was indeed nearly fully grown and feathered, with a tail at least two inches in length. The other bird still had the head bare of feathers and tufted with yellowish down. They were sitting side by side to day both facing the lawn away. The mother for the first time was not at the nest (she could not very well have nested so large young) but I started both her and the male parents from adjacent trees near at hand.

Consulting myself as well as I could under a spreading pine I watched the nest for an hour hoping to see the young fed but the mother bird appeared only once and then apparently discovered me for after sitting for a moment on a branch from the floor away and did not again return.

The young were not perfectly motiveless. During the whole time that I was watching them to day mother moved in the grass as far as I could.

Robins were singing rather freely at present this morning and I heard an House Finch and turned spraying yarrows. Green Frogs made much of the mortar and barrels along the river now but the Bull Frog has not wholly ceased following and last evening I heard the hummer. December 7 a song, the first for a week or more. The

Dear Friends are now visibly delight.
Concord. Another cloudless day of intense heat but with
a dry and none less oppressive atmosphere. Threw N. to
N. W., varying greatly in force, at times dying quite away.

I spent the entire morning in the house writing
but at 1 P. M. hearing that the fire at Davis's hotel had
broke out again badly and that the fire department
of Concord had, at this distance, been sent down
so as to support it I took one of my cameras and
started down rain, the reaching the hill I found that
the fire had, since yesterday, spread over practically the
whole unburned portion. The flames had been imagined
extinguished by throwing sand on the leaves and the two
men left as watchmen had no difficulty in suppressing
them when, as happened every little while, they burned
up again but smoke was rising from a hundred
different places where the fire was undermining beneath.
The fire was edging its way slowly but relentlessly deep
into the ground and doubtless undermining and
destroying the roots of most of the fine old trees
for which these woods are, or perhaps should be
day by day. I dug down about around of
the largest trees and found not only the surface
root of needles & leaf would but even the sandy loam
beneath, a glowing mass of fire while the roots as
large as my leg were reduced outwardly at least,
to charcoal. In many places this subterranean fire
had excavated pits several feet in diameter and
from one to four feet in depth while in others
what looked like solid ground was compactly
undermined for yards giving way beneath the foot
July 27, 1892
Concord, Mass.

The highest pressure of the foot. A foot full of water poured into such a cavity had little effect other than making the furnace gutter into an angry for a moment and kind up a cloud of steam instead of smoke.

There was but one alluring feature connected with this delightful fire and that was the breeze which had a rich, solemn, almost fruity aroma more pleasing to the nostrils than the common incense.

It seemed the odour of a century's growth, that fragrance of the hundred summers that have passed since these giant trees were young, gathered season after season from the South wind, from the breath of the solemn oaks and elms that grow in the meandering swamp, from the white water lilics that float on the river, or from the thousand varied wild flowers that deck the neighboring adjacent fields and woods and stand carefully arrayed by inconstant nature in the deep moist of fall, to be hastened at length released by the ruthless agency of fire and disseminated to the four quarters of the earth. I could detect this smell this smell distinctly at the Beulahs after my return in the evening although the wind was apparently unfavorable to its progress in that direction. It must have been wafted westward by some upper current of air and then been dispersed again.

The absence of rain for so many weeks is fast bringing on a bone drought. The sweltering sun and heat are exciting and the grass burning brown.
July 27 (no. 3)

Concord. The singing season is wearisome; fact. The falling off being appreciable from day to day, and my

work hard from wond to wond. Along the river this

afternoon I heard only Robins, baw and Sweet

Chaffinch. Yellow Warblers, one Gris Finches, two Mynas, barn

thrush Red wings, two Shet Burns, Mars, and a

Rook. The last was singing only listlessly and at

intervals, in the trees in front of my Cabin. I believe

that it is the same bird which I had heard in

the early spring and which, failing to return a mate,

finally left me.

The woods behind Bul's still are nearly silent to-day

can for the songs of a Robin and Sun Babbler.

I saw Robins in small flocks in my blueberry

and among the maples at the foot of Hold's Hill. At

the Common place they seemed to be collecting a nest (as

before I went).

As I came up, here the air was filled with

Red wings and Beaum Martinos flying about in every

direction as if assembling from distant points to

join the flight. The Beaum Martinos' nest at Beaum Dam

Rafish has been broken up by the cutting of the

grass.

Numbers of Sun Babbler again spent the day

in the tall trees near the beehive place. The birds

seen this week yesterday are united into one flock today.

I counted ten in one time all up. The flock took

wing at one of the 5, as I was passing on my way home.
July 25 Concord. Still another intensely hot day, the sun shining clearly through haze, the air oppressively still and humid.

Immediately after breakfast I started for a short walk. Robins, Red eyes, Chaffinches, Yellow Warblers and a Mocking bird singing rather lustily. As I was passing the Burriell's the calls of Martins attracted my attention, and looking to the eastward I saw a flock of about a dozen of these birds flying in circles at a height of several hundred feet over the meadow on the Merrimac's bank. They seemed to be excited about something and the cause was soon explained when a small Hawk which looked exactly like a Pigeon resembled suddenly appeared directly among them, coming from I know not where. For a moment or two it sailed about with them as if it meant them no harm but only wished to join the flock. None of them attempted to be afraid, so far as I could see, to avoid it but all continued their slow, easy, curling flight. Perhaps they were too frightened or bewildered to attempt to escape or more probably the majority were young birds unwise of the fearful risk they were running as they brushed past the strange bird in their midst. The latter, secure of his prey, doubtless found a certain savage pleasure in prolonging the moment of his triumph as a Cat plays with its mouse or bird before ending its sufferings, but at length there was a sudden dash, the flock were scattered in every direction and a single Martin closely pursued by the Hawk disappeared behind a cluster of trees. The next instant I heard
July 25

The sounds of the forest, at first loud, then fainter, and finally, after a moment of silent longing, coming again in silence, despairing tones as the
emptied care worn by lost brethren in the
ages of the sharp and relentless nature.
As on former times occasion when I have seen
a hawk catch a smaller bird and hastened to its
expiration after I was born to the wild and fierce
exertion to an instant despairing in the face of an
enemy, like myself, has killed thousands of birds without
suffering more than an occasional slight gush
that there is something hard in moving and pressing
in the voice of a bird, like in the clutches of a
hawk, a quality of mingled pain and application
which the grasp of the human hand seldom
seems to

The identity of the hawk just mentioned
across me. I have seen them Colombo him as this season
while Opossums would nearly attack to large a
bird as a Madison. As I was without my glasses
at that time the chase, and captor occurred at a
distance of fully six hundred yards and I had
no glass with me I could only judging by form,
and form and flight.

The Grass Finches have nearly ceased singing but
the sparrows and chaffinches keep on with unabated
vigor.
July 29 Concord. Morning cloudy with clear sky. no wind.  
A fine display of lightning in the evening and rain,  
the first for weeks, from Horace to 6.

8.4. Forked came to the me this morning and  
I took him down: home for the day, landing him  
the open cause while I used the "Stoller Maker".  
It was oppressively hot during the entire forenoon  
and birds were very quiet. Indeed I heard only three  
spins on our way to Ball's Hill: three were Robins,  
Song Sparrows and a Field Sparrow. On our  
return (at 5-6 P.M) a few Yellow Warblers, then  
Red-winged and a Meadow Bock were added to the  
bird.

The Martins were again assembled in the box.  
5-6 on the Barnum place. They were  
all together and I counted twenty most of which  
looked like young. It is strange what keeps them  
in this place. I was only there once down the house.

The Dove's nest was craftly at 2 P.M. to-day. They  
commonly a few few strange feathers in the nest but  
the interstices between the blotties were filled, the bottom  
of the nest hard, and the ground beneath one  
a cover of fine a bit omeon yards thickly sprinkled  
with dried dung on the floor of half a foot which closely  
assumed them of the Domestic Pigeon. I found one  
of the egg shells or at least the shells of a Dove's  
egg under me and about 5 a yards from the nest.
1878.  
July 29 (no. 2)  

Coonek.  I concluded at first that the young had been taken by the parent bird when the young hatched.  

My last visit to the nest was at about 5 o'clock on the afternoon of July 27th.  The young were then sitting crowded in three usual nest holes fastened on the platform of thick, which they almost completely covered for one bird was fully grown and feathered and the other nearly so; the difference in size between the two being much less than it was a week ago.  As there were no signs to day of anything wrong having occurred at or near the nest, I infer that these young left it in favor of some mountain yesterday, or this morning.  I did not see either of the parent birds on the 27th and to day I could find only one down on my usual promenade, an old nest which I saw flying into the woods on Sunday which were probably the young ones in hiding.  

I found this nest July 4th when it contained the complement of two eggs.  One (at a distance of 15 feet) looked slightly incubated, one was nearly a third larger than the other.  The larger egg hatched on the 16th, the smaller on the following day.  It follows that the period of incubation with this species is at least 11 days and that the young remain in the nest only 13 or 14 days.

The Mousk rats have been absent from my boat house most of the time during the past week perhaps because of the heat.  This morning, however, I found one of them crouching under a cause and in the 7's presence struck its back & played with its head tail.
July 30, 1872
Concord, Massachusetts.

The Herschel Vires still hang in an eternal, barely visible and vigorously in the early evening, at intervals during the entire day. This afternoon I saw his mate in the same time and with her one of the young in nearly perfect autumnal plumage, very yellow beneath to along the sides, yet still covering the same distinctive plumage which the young just from the nest wait. I had led me to follow up and examine the bird with my glass for I at first supposed that a second bird had just appeared. I am not firmly convinced that this pair how has no second parent. The female parent looked very faded and ragged.

It seemed that at the time of dusk, the male would rise early morning with great regularity at about 9 a.m. and Herschel wait for the moment the male to drop from the tree what what called tree.

Robins, Song Sparrows, Chippins, Red eyed and Martin Vireos are the only birds which 9 a.m. at morning and evening and Yellow Warblers more or less at all hours but the last named species sing in low, clearer tones. The Black billed Cuckoos are noisy at times but I hear them less and less often each day. The Yellow billed Cuckoos are either wholly silent or defendant. I heard a Black billed Cuckoo (Coo, Coo) today for the first time in weeks.
1892. Mass.

July 30 Concord. — At 7 P. M. I started with Mr. & Mrs. Jan Hubbard for Clark's woods. The evening was delightful; clear, still, and cool enough to walk with ease along. It is fast becoming an easy matter to note the birds' songs. Between our house and the beginning of the wooded woods beyond Hubbard's, a distance of fully a mile, there was just one, a Robin, a Song Sparrow, a Grass Finch, a Black-billed Cuckoo, and two Thrush. The Grass Finch was only once.

Beyond Hubbard's we walked for half a mile more, most of the way through darker woods, without hearing so much as a chirp. Actually, there was not a single bird singing in this whole belt of woodland. But after we had turned onto the wood path to the left and followed it a few hundred yards we heard a Thrush in full song in an opening, and a Tomtits singing at frequent intervals in the top of an oak.

As we neared the crest of the ridge some of the higher trees of the wood turned brown and the thrushes proved to be only one of those birds singing in the valley below, when we reached it at 7.30 and sat down under the hemlocks on the edge of the boughs. But two others joined in and at 7.30 a fourth was singing, but one was after all and some of them sang steadily a while much before.

The Whip-poor-wills began at 7.28, two of them, both coming very near us and fluttering from place to place among the trees. They apparently sang
Concord, Massachusetts,
July 30 (No. 2)


Concord, usually if not invariably from elevated positions
on the branches of the oaks that on dark nights can yet
be much as a glimpse of another bird.

The chittering was distinctly audible at 40 or 50 yards.
Mr. Hubbard thought it first that it came in among
the "whippoorwills", but he finally agreed with me. They
usually
it was uttered uniquantly with the first syllable.
Thus were occasional epiphanies to this listener, for
sometimes it was unmistakably given just before
the first syllable and once on both thought it was
repeated twiced at the end of the last "whippoorwill".
Mr. H. thought it sounded as if the bird tapped
his bill against a log!

At one house as on was sitting very close to
no having suspicion for several minutes, some around,
probably a Fox, approached through the forest,
making a good deal of scratching and cracking of
dry leaves but then sounds soon ceased.

As one was crossing back over the wooded ridge
a Screech Owl began working within fifty yards or
less on one left. It was probably perched on one
of the dead trees along the edge of the wiggling
Shrew Pond. The locality is a mile or more from any farm.

Autumnal in the Crickets were singing in several
places along the Eastbrook road after darkness set in
and there was loud and general zing and chirping
of the various nocturnal friends and Ground Crickets.
This is evidently the exact period of change from...
July 30

Concord, Mass.

July 30 (No. 3)

Concord. The period of general bird singings in April of this month. Of course there have been Cardinals for two months, 0 more and a few grasshoppers for nearly a month; but they have not made themselves really conspicuous, as they (or neither instrumentally), before this evening. I had not heard the two cardinals turning their instruments for nearly a week past.

The Chipping Sparrow with the split song continues to sing the day through in the apple tree by the ruin. It sits especially on the lower branch facing the south way and seems to be virtually indifferent to conditions of heat or cold.

This evening I saw a pair of Chipping in exciting excitement on the ground in the middle of the walk. This would indicate very late nesting.

July 31

Sunday. Still cool with east wind and a heavy rain storm from 10 a.m. to 6 p.m.

Spent most of the day in the house but at 3 p.m. started up river with Forbes in the canoe. He had intended to camp for the night at Hallowell, but the weather changed our plans and we merely paddled up the Assabet for a mile 0 30 and then backed and up the end of the Massachusetts Bridge when it left me and walked to the station to take the train.

It was raining very hard during all the time on the way out; in low few birds: ten Songbirds, Sandpipers, a Pheasant, and about 100 Swallows, with a few Red-wings, Bobolinks, & a flock of Mallards.

1872.
1. *Sicinia sicilia*. July 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13

2. *Mereia minima*. July 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10

3. *Lusus fuscusus*. July 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13

4. *Cardos atricapillus*. July 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13

5. *Harbochagamus usus*. July 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13

6. *Salusophila caroliniana*. July 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10

7. *Seltaphaga reticella*. July 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10

8. *Geothlypis triana*. July 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13

9. *Selenus umbraculella*. July 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10

10. *Dendroica vigina*. July 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13

11. *Dendroica virens*. July 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13

12. *Dendroica phœnix*. July 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13

13. *Dendroica aestiva*. July 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13

14. *Mandella triana*. July 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13

15. *Vireo flavifrons*. July 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Date</th>
<th>Mass.</th>
<th>Page Dimensions</th>
<th>Text Content</th>
</tr>
</thead>
</table>
46. Sayornis phoebe July 2 3 5 7 - 13 15 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31

47. Lyrurus typhanus July 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31

48. Chionarces palaeicrista July 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31

49. Coletochus annulatus July 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31

50. Hypobates sericeus July 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31

51. Coccyzus americanus July 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31

52. Coccyzus cryptolophus July 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31

53. Passer domesticus July 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22

54. Colius virginiensis July 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31

55. Zonidura canadensis July 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29

56. Rallus acreatus virginiensis July 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31

57. Audus ovinus July 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30

58. Actea maculata July 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30

59. Citellus subcruceus July 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30

60. Sogia mira July 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31
1892

July


63. Sitta carolinensis. July 4th, 5th, 6th, 7th, 8th, 9th, 10th, 13th, 14th, 21st, 22nd, 25°, 26°, 27°, 28°, 29°, 30°.

64. Anthracosoma. July 5th, 6th, 7th, 8th, 9th, 10th, 11th, 12th, 13th, 14th, 15th, 16th, 17th, 18th, 19th, 20th, 21st, 22nd, 23rd, 24th, 25th, 26th, 27th, 28th, 29th, 30th.

65. Turdus muscicola. July 5th, 6th, 7th, 8th, 9th, 10th, 11th, 12th, 13th, 14th, 15th, 16th, 17th, 18th, 19th, 20th, 21st, 22nd, 23rd, 24th, 25th, 26th, 27th, 28th, 29th, 30th.

66. Helmitherpe. July 5th, 6th, 7th, 8th, 9th, 10th, 11th, 12th, 13th, 14th, 15th, 16th, 17th, 18th, 19th, 20th, 21st, 22nd, 23rd, 24th, 25th, 26th, 27th, 28th, 29th, 30th.

67. Conocophanes passerinus. July 6th, 7th, 8th, 9th, 10th, 11th, 12th, 13th, 14th, 15th, 16th, 17th, 18th, 19th, 20th, 21st, 22nd, 23rd, 24th, 25th, 26th, 27th, 28th, 29th, 30th.

68. Aesio. July 6th, 7th, 8th, 9th, 10th, 11th, 12th, 13th, 14th, 15th, 16th, 17th, 18th, 19th, 20th, 21st, 22nd, 23rd, 24th, 25th, 26th, 27th, 28th, 29th, 30th.

69. Conuropsis. July 9th, 10th, 11th, 12th, 13th, 14th, 15th, 16th, 17th, 18th, 19th, 20th, 21st, 22nd, 23rd, 24th, 25th, 26th, 27th, 28th, 29th, 30th.

70. Buteo. July 10th, 11th, 12th, 13th, 14th, 15th, 16th, 17th, 18th, 19th, 20th, 21st, 22nd, 23rd, 24th, 25th, 26th, 27th, 28th, 29th, 30th.

71. Accipiter. July 10th, 11th, 12th, 13th, 14th, 15th, 16th, 17th, 18th, 19th, 20th, 21st, 22nd, 23rd, 24th, 25th, 26th, 27th, 28th, 29th, 30th.

72. Bubo. July 12th, 13th, 14th, 15th, 16th, 17th, 18th, 19th, 20th, 21st, 22nd, 23rd, 24th, 25th, 26th, 27th, 28th, 29th, 30th.

73. Bubo. July 12th, 13th, 14th, 15th, 16th, 17th, 18th, 19th, 20th, 21st, 22nd, 23rd, 24th, 25th, 26th, 27th, 28th, 29th, 30th.

74. Circus hudsonius. July 12th, 13th, 14th, 15th, 16th, 17th, 18th, 19th, 20th, 21st, 22nd, 23rd, 24th, 25th, 26th, 27th, 28th, 29th, 30th.

75. Gyrfalcon canadensis. July 14th, 15th, 16th, 17th, 18th, 19th, 20th, 21st, 22nd, 23rd, 24th, 25th, 26th, 27th, 28th, 29th, 30th.
1892
July

76. Botaurus minor. July 16th, 17th, 31st

77. Lendrica. Black. Bear. July 20th (Black mark)

78. Lendres pallasi. July 23rd, 24th

79. Trochilus emboites. July 28th, 29th, 31st

80. Magescopio ario. July 30th

82. Passer domesticus. Seen or heard about one every week.
Concord, Massachusetts,

Afternoon down river.

Aug. 1

Concord... Cloudy and damp with Thunp N. B. wind but no rain a "harvest" the first we have had this season.

At 3 P.M. I started down river in the Old House canoe intending to fish for bass to which many fair ones have been caught at Lake. The wind did not favor our party, however, until I reached the long broad stretch of water below Dan's Hill and then it turned too strong for my pump. I bent down against it nearly to calves bridge and then turning back put out a "spoon" and tackled the way to Bald's Hill. Only two fish struck both hooked and both so small that I released them.

On reaching my place landed and ate our dinner then, starting on again up river as twilight was falling and sailing most of the way home before a very light breeze.

Robins and Long Breezes were the only birds we could hear. Birds of the river but I heard occasionally a Swain Grosbeak, Field Grosbeak, Red winged Blackbird, and even a wild Catbird.

The Very and the Meas were almost bare to become absolutely bald and the Cat bird nearly so.

A Carolina Dove was coming in the pines on Dan's hill at 8:30 P.M. I have not heard one before for more than two weeks (July 17). This bird was in really good voice and seemed at least regular in tone as I was within hearing.

As I was passing through the Holt a woodcock called about me and flitted on the bank twittering loudly all the time it was flying.

After night closed in I heard Muskrat on all sides calling among the different banks and making grumbling sounds as they worked at the thicks of the water. Grasshopper's Cricket chirping filled the air, boys comprehending this.
Afternoon in Estabrook woods.

1892.  Aug. 2.  Concord.  Nothing like that of yesterday but the wind less strong, at times nearly wanting.

Starting at 3 P.M. I walked up the Estabrook road to Button's place, then took the old lane to Mary's place and turning around this to the left followed the path to Botanica's Pond as far as the big spruce swamp which I entered at its upper end. The foliage was so dense that the spruces were not visible until I was almost among them. There was much dead wood in this swamp and the ground in most places was covered with a deep carpet of sphagnum. I found a mountain bluebird with its crimson him by nest fully developed in my attention hitherto.

A pair of Canadian blackbirds, the male very ragged looking, entirely wanting, were flying chirping gaily in a thicket on the edge of the swamp, and a Yellow-billed Cuckoo was flapping about in a very noisy and extroverted manner in the foliage of a young maple.

I saw no other birds here and did not hear a song of any kind.

Returning to the Botanica's Pond path I kept to it for a little further and then took a wood road which entered it on the right and which I had seen yesterday. It led around the back of a steeply-crested ridge with a heavily timbered (spruce) swamp on the left and fairly came out into uprooted lands when the old line into me. Crossing this I took the Estabrook road and followed it as far as the swamp where I turned back and worked home.

During this trip (of at least five miles) I heard many only a Robin, Black-throated Green Warbler (listless, feeble, somewhat wailing song), Three-bridged Vireo, Four-Tempered (steadily and vigorously), a Chippy, a Grass Finch (only once), two Song Sparrows, a Meadowlark, two Black-billed Cardinals and a Wood Pewee (the short piece note).
Concord, Massachusetts.

1872.

Mass.

Concord... The season of life blueberries is now at its height. I was at first curious what mammals eat them. In the Botman's Pond wood on the top of a rock I found excrement which I supposed to be that of a fox until I saw that it was entirely made up of the skins and stems of life blueberries with two or three green, white berries mixed in. It may have come from a Woodchuck, but after examining it carefully I was still of the opinion that it was fox excrement.

The pine which ran so freely last November through the woods between Ash Swamp and Botman's Pond did little damage to anything besides the birch and blueberry bushes, the ground pine, and the smallest cedar and pine saplings. The birches, oaks, maples, and corn pines of about ten or fifteen feet in height looked to-day perfectly vigorous. This surprises me in view of the bad effects of the fire at Bell's Hill; evidently the heat does most injury when the trees is running up.

The only birds which now sing freely at all hours are Song Sparrows, Chippens, and Sparrows. I am inspired to find that the Grey Finch becomes silent before the Grey Sparrow but does so in the case at least this year. I still hear Redstarts, Hotspurs, Yellow-throated, and Red-eyed Vireos, Black-capped Chickadee, Meadow Warblers, Field Sparrows, and Red-winged Blackbirds daily, but with all of them silence is the rule and song the exception.

The woods to-day impressed me chiefly with a sense of gloom and loneliness due partly, no doubt, to the morning weather but chiefly to the general absence of bird sounds and to the density of the foliage. I felt constantly an almost irresistible desire to escape from their oppressive hush.
Concord, Massachusetts.

Aug. 2


Concord. The season of life blueberries is now at its height; and wonder what mammals eat them. In the Botanizer's Pond wood, on the top of a rock I found excrement which I supposed to be that of a Fox; until I saw that it was entirely made up of the skins and stems of life blueberries with four or five green, whole berries mixed in. It may have come from a Woodchuck, but after examining it carefully I was still of the opinion that it was Fox excrement.

The fire which ran so fiercely last November through the woods between Ash Swamp and Botanizer's Pond did little damage to anything besides the birch and blueberry bushes, the ground pine, and the kalmia cedar's pine saplings. The birch, oak, maple, and corn priors of above ten or fifteen feet in height looked for the perfectly vioceous. This surprises me in view of the bad effects of the fire at Burn's Hill. Evidently the heat does most injury when the trees is running up.

The only birds which now sing loudly at all hours are Song Sparrows, Chipping's, and Thrushes. I am surprised to find that the Grass Finch becomes silent before the Song Sparrows but such is the case at least this year. I still hear Flickers, Hermit, Yellow-throated, and Red-eyed Vireos, Black-capped Chickadees, wrens, thrushes, Field Sparrows, and Red-winged Blackbirds daily; but with all of them silence is the rule and song the exception.

The woods to day impressed me chiefly with a sense of gloom and vacancy, the dress, in the hunting weather but chiefly to the general absence of bird sounds and to the density of the foliage. I felt constantly an almost insatiable desire to escape from their oppressive shade.
Concord, Massachusetts.

Aug. 3.

To Fairhaven at 4 O. M., returning in the twilight. At Comanche I landed for a few minutes at 6, but not a single bird of any species was singing. Along the river in the warm sun, sparrow and yellow warbler, the latter giving the latter, midsummer warbler, only so did a hawk. Several which I heard on Montclair Point. At 6, 7 a.m. a few times at sunset and soon and then the evening hence of a few wing came from the woods of the bottom brush thickets but alternated the singing was lighter than or any previous evening before I have spent the time this season. From the bridge which began at 7:35 to the hill west of Heath's bridge I counted, only a few notes and then relaxed into silence.

I cannot omit mention of an interesting and persistent 

August war, a Hutton's Sparrow which was uttering his simple trill or trill with great energy in the woods below 

years just below the bridge as I passed on my way home. 

A few on a very apparent is when we are near the bird it carries to a surprising distance, A night with the wind favoring I got it distinctly fully 400 yards away.

The first like still which I have never identified but 

which I have supposed might be made by the Mole Cricket 

come this evening from eastern places along the river, usually. 

I thought, from beds of Potamogeton growing in shallow water.

A June closed first I have heard for burred wren 

was calling loudly after dusk in some tree near.
Concord, Massachusetts,

May 7, 1852.

Mrs. —

I am at times and The Bullfrog is also often heard but the reign of the Dry Season has passed with both.

What does the "song flight" of the Woodhose mean? — Song flight it increases one more and more as I watch and think of the Kingfisher of it. It can hardly be a manifestation of love or masculine spirit, as are the song flights of most birds, for I witness its many flights more than I did in May and June. All this afternoon, at short intervals, bodily many of which were accompanied by full grown young, were mounting into the air over the woods and meadows and plunging about in the usual erratic manner. It occurs at this season at all hours of the day and night as frequently in the early afternoon as at sunset.

I had a delightful spin this evening from the head of Wachusett to Sheep Hill Hill with the gorgeous sunset before me the whole way. The scene was so splendid that I actually cooked some eggs with my alcohol lamp, placed under the shade of the canoe. Sliding my canoe the while by an occasional touch on the oar, the scene went on and afterwords eating my dinner while gliding slowly down the placid river between the rows of tendering cotton bushes still draped in creamy white masses of fragrant blossoms.
Concord, Massachusetts.

Aug. 4 Mass.

Aug. 4 Concord. A typical midsummer day, clear, sunny, too hot for comfort away from the influence of the strong S.W. wind.

Our men George came from Cambridge this morning and we went to Beth Hill for the day driving down and back. The rest of the time cleaning out my woodland both which had become choked in places by the excessive growth of shrubs and ferns. I heard almost no birds singing, a Chippy at Bush's and a Short-tailed Wood from across the river being the only two I remember.

In the field I had an interesting experience. Early in the field and afternoon a buzz about three quarters of an inch long slender spider of build even for its kind, a color grayish brown with

steel blue reflections on the wings, two yellow bands encircling

the abdomen and some orange yellowish about the head, appeared on the outside of the wire door of a cabin moving backwards and downwards and dragging after it a spider apparently dead but doubtless only numbed by its sting and fully alive as being in itself. On reaching the

ground it at once started across my little lawn still moving backwards, sometimes among the stems of the grass, often climbing over their tops. Its progress was wonderfully rapid considering the burden it bore and every movement was characterized by impatience at the obstacles in its path and a burning desire to get ahead still faster. When within

a couple of feet of the lower edge of the grass it dropped the spider and flew to the bushy fence below when it entered a bush some larger than a small bush. Presently it emerged and began digging the leaf mat layering

only the second pair of legs, and tossing the load backwards
Aug. 4

Concord, between its hind legs precisely like a dog

dragging at a woodchuck's hole.

Next it returned to the spider running perfectly straight
to the spot through the grass and then assuming the
dragging until it had again reached the hole down which
it backed padding the spider in after it, not without
difficulty. Reappearing at the entrance it came out, looked
about for a moment and then began shoveling sand into
the hole from a pile which had evidently been made
during the process of excavation and throwing it backhands
with the fore legs as just described.

When the hole was filled to within about a quarter an
inch of the bottom before it scattered the remaining
sand in every direction until not a trace of the original
hole remained. It then returned to the hole and standing
directly over it began biting the earth with its jaws
and shoveling the earth thus loosened down into the hole.
After spending a few seconds in this way it would about
its abdomen up and down and both ways with great rapidity
and with so much force that the whole body shook violently.
At first I thought it was depositing eggs but after watching
it for some time I concluded that it used its abdomen
as a beater to tamp the earth firmly in place. It
continued this remarkable performance for fully fifteen
minutes the periods of biting and tamping alternating
with perfect regularity. When it finally ceased from
its labors and piled among the last bit was filled perfectly
level with the surrounding surface so that
could be in any way distinguished

1892
Aug. 11 Concord. Returning to the Bachelors this evening I found that during my absence the birds had mostly settled down in singing. Instead of only Phoebes I heard in full song many Song and Chipping Sparrows, Robins, Grasshoppers, and Merle Sants. The hens almost wholly a quite silent in the evening.

But now Blackbirds and Bobolinks in large numbers are now nesting in Mr. Kings field opposite the barn where they seem to find some attraction among the cheap 5 grain oysters his oysters in. The hay was harvested.
Aug. 13

Concord, Mass.

Morning cloudy; afternoon sunny with beautiful cloud effects; sunrise every fine.

I spent the morning in the house writing, sung and Chappel Church singing faintly from Marshing farm. Generally as in June but for only the space of an hour or more in the early morning. A Yellow Warbler sang and Robin briefly in the forest. These were all; the Grass Finch, Meadow Bunting and Siskin seem to have ceased wholly. Yellow Warblers still gave the reposing, midsummer song at all hours but I think that most of them have already migrated.

Up late at 4 P.M. in my "Stella Maris" cause paddling all the way to Fairhaven. A Yellow Warbler and Song Sparrow at one landing and four Brown Ducks at different places between the Rock and the Cliff were literally all the birds I heard singing. Between the Peach-Bug R.R. and Heath's bridge not a single bird sang if any bird came to my ear although the afternoon was clear, still and cool. Of course there were birds notes - the twittering of Swallows, the flight of Bluebirds, the throaty chatter of Red-winged Blackbirds among the wild rice and the metallic song of Ring Birds perched on the button bushes but as one of these species was at all numerous or conspicuous and at times, for spaces of many minutes, I would listen in vain for any bird sound. The still, clear air, the long shadows of oaks, maples on the meadows where the hay has been cut and the grass is again growing up smooth and bright green as on a lawn, the zip of grasshoppers and the chirp chirping of crickets all reminded me of a September afternoon. I saw one maple already turned to gold & crimson. A March thir to restore the Federal meadow.

On reaching Fair Haven I sat my mules and sent them across the bay, eating my breakfast on the wharf. The sun was setting and the air breathlessly still when, as happened every few minutes, the youth of the town flocked. For fifteen minutes or more I did not hear a bird of any kind save brown jays going Cooper's Hand, straining in the breeze at the base of Bear Cliff. Birds singing at length, however, a black-headed drake was the only bird saved for long time in quick succession; such a thing had exceptional Elijah and went through the long flight performance; then almost simultaneously a Maryland yellow-throat, a Song Sparrow and a Swamp Sparrow sang, the first and last all in the distance, just on the opposite side of the river, towards the cliffs. A little later I heard another Maryland and Swamp Sparrow and drew a sound thing had ever. This was literally the sum total of the evening singing until half an hour later when I heard a Whippoorwill on the hills W. of the bridge. Whippoorwill and then afloat into descent gain firm fair, and shortly afterwards two, repetitions of its key notes.

Most of the swallows must have left the Concord river valley for the roosting flight this evening was very slight. Not above twenty-five birds passing over Fair Haven. They were nearly all Barn Swallows but I identified two Barn Swallows and one Martin among them.

As I was leaving Martha's Point shortly after sunset there were hundreds of trackless flocks high and close together and noting the antennae well with came in from the S. wind pitched down into some cold words.

The migrations are now fairly under way. After dark I heard the hissing notes of Martins every few minutes and once or twice the calls of Robins. Thieves. The Frogs are not slopping into silence; indeed the Green Frogs are the only species heard. Thieves regular now. There was no call Frogs to-night. At 9 10 P. M. or so I was writing up my course a female Dead Organ working very loud. Thieves
1872. Aug. 14

Concord. - A beautiful clear, rather cool day with light wind.

Afternoon at Bantam Hill.

Great this forenoon in the house. The chirp with the chaff-cutter song, one Marking Wren, and seventeen Song Sparrows kept up a pleasant chorus throughout the day, and once I heard the long laugh of a Blackbird near the house. The Robin sang for perhaps a quarter of a minute in the crotch of a tree.

On my way to Bantam Hill, however, in the early afternoon I actually did not hear a single bird singing except a Thrush and two Short-tailed Marsh Wrens and later still, while walking from Daniel Hill nearly to Carlisle Bridge and back, the only song which the gentle evening breeze brought to my ears from the woods and meadows along this stretch of river was that of a single Brown Creeper in Donner's pine woods. I cannot understand why all the Song Sparrows inhabiting the near meadows have become silent whilst those about our house still sing loudly.

While walking a little below Daniel Hill I was positively electrified. A Wilson's Snipe by having suddenly, the scrape of a Wilson's Snipe there repeated. For the instant I saw the bird flying across the river about fifteen feet above the water. It alighted on the west bank and away, till next morning, I could see nothing moving on the meadow to the eastward unless a creature but possibly it had been frightened by my boots or it may have been merely changing its feeding grounds. The time was about half an hour before hunting. If this bird was a migrant it furnishes the earliest date of autumn arrival which has been obtained.

On my way up river in the twilight I saw Robins going to their last resort in the swampy Bird's-maple woods at the foot of their old haunts. As surely as I could judge less than fifty had assembled.
Concord, Massachusetts.

1892.

1892.

Concord. They were coming in singly, chiefly from the W. and
the North, and at one time I counted ten of them. There was
a great deal of “talking” but no singing either here or elsewhere this
morning.

As I was paddling up the stream I noticed a Virginia Rail begin to
make a great outcry in the narrow belt of new growth, and I could not see what the
cause was until I rowed a little distance, and in both their agitated
tones that I had just supposed that the bird had been disturbed
by a Mouse or a Mink. On paddling to the spot, however, I quickly
became convinced that it was not the case but that the bird
was merely alarmed for the safety of its young in the continued
hurricane with unceasing voice and moved continually from place
to place. I failed to see either its nest or &c. but I knew what
was heard. At this close range I got within
about ten or fifteen feet of the bird.) The Virginia Rail has a peculiar melodious
or whooping call that might be that of its certain note of the
Territorial Rail under similar conditions.

Before the light had faded from the eastern sky I began to
hear the hoarse notes of the Blackbirds passing overhead on migration.

At a little before eleven a Sour Court in the orchard made an
unusual and pleasant call. At about midnight for
several minutes.

About 20 House Swallows, 6 White Swallows, 4 Brown and 2
two-white-throated Swallows, close to the barn and drinking at pasture.
Concord, Massachusetts.

Aug. 15th.

Mass.

Concord, clear and rather cool with brisk N.W. wind.

Early in the morning I heard busy Sparrows chipping vigorously, but at wide intervals. After 9 a.m. there was literally no sound from them or other birds during the entire forenoon, nothing in fact from the living multitude of innumerable grasshoppers and the chirping Thrushes. As there was nothing in the air to account for this unusual silence it is evident that yesterday was literally the end of the busy season of the birds about our home for this is the first forenoon when the hatching and the chirping and busy Sparrows have not only at these intervals during the greater part of the forenoon.

Judging by the experience of this season I conclude that since the midsummer heat falls first on the woodlands and thence on the fields and lanes, next on the gardens and orchards, and last on the alpine meadows when the first killing frost 

Perhaps the Goldfinch should be similarly credited to the fields and orchards but he is not common here and consequently enough of the few individuals that I have seen of late have been kept at all

The nurse has been wholly absent for a week or more past.

I am surprised at this for I had an impression that this "butchester" was usually heard through this entire month.

To Balls Hill with C. at 2.30 P. M. Did not hear a single bird chirping, neither along the river or in my woods while in transit from end to end. Saw a White-throated Sparrow jump under the maples at Bobbin's Bend, and a Carolina Hen flying over Balls Hill. At Lone Rock (about 40) Bobwhites came in on the Great Meadows at leisure, noisy talking suggesting the lack
Concord. Cloudless and rather warm with light S.W. wind.

Started off here with C. at 10 a.m. coming very slowly and reaching Fairhaven about noon. All the available camping grounds were occupied by tents and at Fairhaven there was also a party of excursionists who had left their canoes in the middle of the opening and their horses tied beneath the old pine at the top of the cliff; so we turned back and landed at Mountauk Point where some boys were camping. We then played until nearly sunset.

It was a hot, calm, summer day, the air very clear and warm. The sunset was without clouds or rich coloring but very beautiful and soothing, the sun perfectly placed for when a flock jumped or a swallow dipped down to drink. No birds were heard piping for two days before and then last slowly and at wide intervals after dusk there were two or three ex. crickets and occasionally the song of a Snowy Owl but no Bull Frogs.

Many birds are quite as numerous as one along the river and this coming just after sunset I saw two go through the dry flight performance.

Thus an few swallows left. The evening flight over Fairhaven was done noticeably not above twenty birds (all Barn Swallows) coming. Each summer they single Martin fly up on the town.

Swifts have diminished in numbers during the past week but they are still numerous. Seen flying at evening at a height of fully 1000 ft. at Fairhaven was perhaps migrating although their course was about 8.
Concord, Aug. 17, 1892.

After returning home, we disturbed a flock of about thirty Red-winged Blackbirds evidently preparing to roost in a dense thicket of bushes on the east bank of the river. Among them were at least five old males, apparently exchanged breeding plumage. As they settled on the bushes after a short flight they showed their scarlet epaulettes so conspicuously, as if it were the breeding season. Several smaller flocks arrived from downtown and joined the others after a brief pause.

Meadow Bunting, also, were assembling to roost in the meadow. I saw one flock of ten or more Buntins off from the meadow to form a tight circle in quick succession all coming from the north and all alighting in the same place, an often dry spot when the grass has been cut and the summer is now for a few weeks higher.

Robins, too, were coming in from various directions and settling down into the right woods or the eastern bank of the meadow. Their most handsome habit of taking possession of their nest from which I saw one if it this evening.

The Bawdy Boys now spread the entire day in crowds or clusters, in the woods among the little ponds, where they engage in a little of the drum and chatter about the water which have some of these boys contain hundreds of in individual each.

For four or five nights past a Snowy Owl has come about an hour, at 9 till 11 P.M. and settles into its work in the field. It usually stays within hearing for the first fifteen minutes, more much longer.
Aug. 20

Concord. Cook with lowering sky and fish N. E. wind, a "sea-breeze" in fact.

To Ball's Hill at 10.15 A.M. with Mr. and Mrs. H. and Miss Hubbard joining us early in the afternoon. I read my Bible, aimed at it, and in fact some under the branches of the trees.

Before starting this morning I heard a few sparrows and a Robin singing near the house, but only at wide intervals. The only bird singing along the same was a Black-billed Marsh Wren opposite Ball's Hill.

The birds have diminished greatly in numbers during the past few days. I saw no Swallows at all today, and look this way in these latitudes.

There were two Black-billed Curlews in the meadow on the edge of the field in front of my cabin. They kept close together and uttered the chuckle "12000" at frequent intervals.

A Great Blue Heron, apparently a young bird, landed from the marsh opposite Ball's Hill as we approached it, and we saw the same bird on an oven with him at morning.

He also saw two flocks of Geese, one of five, the other of four birds, both flocks flying just Ball's Hill. I took them for a observation but did not reach quite them. A flock of fully 100 Red-shanks standing near them.

B. W. Hotel.
Concord, Mass., Aug. 21

A sunny day, golden waves, with W. to N. wind driving masses of luminous clouds across the sky.

To Bow Meadow at 10 a.m. via Derby's and Dunton's Cress, returning down the Concord road about noon.

The only birds heard singing were a Song Yellow, a Redeye, a Black and White Cuckoo, and a Sedge. The first was near the house; the second and third were in Derby's woods and both sang nearly as steadily and well as in June. The Sedge also gave the expressive spring song not the better one which I have most of the time now.

Birds appear to sing scarce even for this the season of greatest quiet and retirement. Besides the species just named I saw or heard: Field Sparrow (2), Juncos (3), Robins (8), Cedar Buds (2), Thrush (1), Chows (2), Juncos (2), Swifts (3 at flying very high), Red-Tailed Hawk (1), Vireo (1), Catbird (2), Kingbirds (2), Wrenn, and Mot跻ellus (1), Golden-winged Warbler (1), Cetaceus (1), Yellow-rumped Flycatcher (11) and Black-throated Green Warbler (2). The 40 in all 22 species.

The first species last named with a Robin, a Cuckoo and a Redeye, were all together in mixed flocks 9 cards near Clarke's by woods. After the snow of all such gatherings of mixed flocks they move rather steadily and rapidly from tree to tree so that I had to walk at a fair pace to keep up with them. The Thrush occasionally gave the midsummer song and even a Black thrushed. Crows worked frequently in low fowls a thrum which had little of the jocund quality of the Cuckoo song and which was indeed scarce recognizable. I think the larger was wrong.

The Golden-wing was a male with full black throat and upper golden wing fully perfected autumnal plumage. He uttered a low warble.
Concord. Massachusetts.

Aug. 21.

Urged, rasping chirp, and whine that I can hardly hear, and hurried to avoid the flies, working clamberly at the extremity of each branch where he hung back downward like a Christmas. I saw him flash and eat around good-sized hardish caterpillars one by which he extracted from a rolled of leaf wrapped about it with caterpillar silk.

The Red-Tailed Hawks was flying over this branch & 9 Clark's woods uttering a growling or shrill piping scream prolonged and husky as if the birds throat was dry (cac-ca-ca-ca-ca). This is one of the most characteristic cries of their species.

In Barton's lane a large Grey Squirrel, zigzag through, near Gray joined the entire upper parts with many fibres, clump head down, to against the stump of an oak for a minute or two and then taking to the main trunk along its edge my length until he reached the woods.

Boys Meadow. I spent an hour or more sitting on a large cam with rock ferns blowing out on this shady appears. Little flowering. It is ruggedly wild and northern looking, reminding me of all seasons of some of the woods in Maine or New Hampshire although there is nothing really northern in its flora. The resemblance is probably due to the idea of a New England ever dull rainy in fact and to the brackish, quieted character and the clarity, which add up more water than is good for them although the brook is seldom flowed. There are a few clusters of winter green high hummocks blanked about and in places colon grass...
Concord, Mass.

August 21, 1892

My dear Mr. Emerson,

Concord, meeting its white, flower-like heads which seemed to attract the yellow butterflies. The entire shadiness is enlivened by a host of young but tall and vigorous white pines, gray birches, maples, elms, oaks, and birches, with an undergrowth of high blueberries and clover. The latter covered with creamy-white blossoms which blended with their strongly perfumed heads. The air was thick with their fragrant sweetness.

As I bent looking out through the window I heard a low voice:

"The breeze and a bird whistling at short regular intervals in the distance towards the W. Men at hand a Jay chattering, a brother called, a little bird hissed. Constantly high against the blue, blue white clouds a few swifts circled, twittering.

Once I heard the sound of a melodious machinery.

The sky, luminous autumn color of Pickering's Elephants came out. Pickering's Elephants frequent intervals from the surrounding woods. I heard the machinery call yesterday for the first time this month.

The flying insects of the Cicada were almost incessant

In September, almost as on a chilly, often snow-swept

Creek. The grasshoppers, crickets, and other insects supplied a steady volume of low singing and chirping which formed as an undercurrent of background for the other sounds

and which reminded me of the bickering of many wood

burning. Once a low voice chattering in low, doubtful Peabody

tones. They filled this same service from them to them of

the Concord ashes. I have noticed this call among

many of the ashes of the group ashes, especially when

the leaves began, and turning yellow I have been turned and fallen.
Concord, Massachusetts.

Aug. 23, 1862

By boat with C. across to a little above Hands' first pond, and taking one of the boats as on floated wood

Cross appeared to be very heavy. The Hands' pond, across, a Hands' pond, a Cat's back, and then night hawks besides a Man or two being sold that I saw a hand. There was literally no hanging out present. Some there was a black,Eden Catbird inside the hands of notes (one, one, one, one, one, one, one, one) which burns to force it six lanes of a bow and while I have not heard before for more than two weeks. The Hands' pond was called (sketch) mainly. The Hands, try a sight in. A curiously unusual cow, apparently from a distance and highly unusual about and pitched onto the back, coming exactly at the point where there was a well-defined but small resort in 1866-67. There can be no doubt that there which came this evening passed the night in their trees for I saw them more than until it was nearly done to heard them flutter and settle themselves on their perch. Surely this is the handsomest thing I ever heard! There were no Grovelers with them as was the case in 1867, and I am beginning to wonder what has become of the Concord Grovelers for not one have I seen this month! Can they have left the townships altogether?

The night hawks were apparently migrating in company night hawks for whom they first appeared all three were high in and heading 8. But one turned back and continued over the main for many minutes, descending lower & lower until it came below the level of the trees tops, & beating up & down them.
Concord, Massachusetts.

Walter: Dear with hot sun and cool W. wind; a September-like day.

At 7:30 a.m. I joined my father on a interesting exercise. We found a flock of birds in the trees in front of our house. They stayed in the trees over our lawn and with the aid of my glasses I identified them positively and made out the following list:

- Maritza varia, 4 (in autumn dress), Copper-throated american 2 (apparently ad & 3 in full autumn plumage), Helminthastes rufmlane 1, (apparently ad & 3 in full autumn plumage)
- Helminthastes rufmlane 1 (apparently ad & 3 in full autumn plumage), Bredlithastes boucardi 2 (in perfect autumn plumage with blue eye, black & white under parts, the yellow wing bands and whitish ring about the eye very conspicuous), Black gobers 4 (three young with very yellow sides, the fourth had an old & not though the worst but looking very poor & trim in less time)
- Sitta continens (3 very ragged & poor plumage), Sitta continens (ad & 3, both in nearly a quite perfect fall plumage), Indolousa varises (ad & apparently young), Passer dominium 5 & 6, Spiza torquata 4, in all ten species and about twenty by individuals.

The four species last named are probably migrants which came from the N. last night and joined the others all of which have been in the habit of returning to their trees daily for the last week or more.

The male Cassie keep frequent times in bush, jumping times. This is the first time that I have heard the fall song for several weeks, although a bird (very faintly heard) in the brush hopped on the crust of last evening gave me & & of it both ways.

This autumn, or rather late summer, fly of the Cassie is more prolonged and richer than the ordinary spring flying and its effect is heightened by the general silence at this season. It begins with the normal flute-like tones, is continued by a succession of rich notes and ends, usually, in a low chatter...
Concord, Massachusetts.

Aug. 22, Concord. 11 a.m. I started for Bowd's farm with C.

He had just reached the foot of the slope between the

Butterfields' house and the river when there was a sudden thrill

entry of cold waves in the big windows by my foot-horse

and the next instant a Robin appeared closely pursued

Sharp-throated Hawk. The Robin, a young bird stiff in the

unfledged plumage but with fully developed wings and tail,

flew very slowly and when within ten or twelve feet of us

(for the scene but dimly透受 us) its wings seemed to feel

it altogether and it flattened fully down to the ground

attending a thrill, squeaking cry and instantly firmly촌

with turn. The Hawk, a large finch, and also a young bird

as I could be quite dimly, sculled on but wings with tail

well spread and although it did not seem to run or

was uprightly it made at least ten feet to the Robin's one

and was within a yard of its motion when the latter sprang

this earth. Undetected by my shorts a thin image within which

I glanced at it; it perched on its prey without a moments

hesitation. I could not see exactly what ensued for both

birds were hidden somewhat by the grass but there was

the sudden agonized screaming on the part of the

poor victim and when I reached the spot the Hawk

rose literally at my feet with the Robin clutched

firmly in both feet and started off flapping heavily.

He went only a few yards before coming to the ground

again, once more among the grass. I followed and

flushed him directly underfoot a second time and
he left the Robin behind. On picking it up I

found a few feathers gone from the wings and blood

flowing from the base of the neck not the breast. The

wound seemed trifling but the bird died in my hand within
Concord, Massachusett.

Aug. 3

Concord. - The view of a few minutes although it seemed little hint at first and pressed my hand bravely. The Hawks flew straight away across the river and out of sight on Hapgood's Hill.

During the row to Battle's Hill I saw a Kingfisher - the first for some time - a Black-billed Cuckoo, and thirty or forty Red-winged, the last feeding on wildrice on the island just below the tent. No birds in singing anything either along the river or in my woods.

I saw a Carolina Dove crossing Emerson's field late in the afternoon.

Just before sunset Boblarks were coming into the Great Meadow Boblarks in my large run bins, I counted fifty individuals in one flock and then did not see all. There were many smaller flocks and the finest, sunny was a constant sound Boblarks, for fifteen minutes or more. It is evident that these birds held their nests much earlier than do most birds. The flight had practically ceased this evening before the sun disappeared.

There were a few Swallows (all apparently Barn Swallows) skimming flying over the meadows at sunset and as we were on our way to dinner in the twilight I saw three straight Hawks (or possibly the same hawk three different times) skimming close over the surface of the water.
Aug. 24 Concord. When and at this latter in the forenoon, I crossed the river and in afternoon.

Driving with C. G. to H. A. about the village and though the Virginia road, saw few birds except one Sparrow and heard nothing nip. The few cherries on a cherry tree and Cedar Berries & Robins are already eating them. More on large than I have seen flocking: they, also, are very fond of these cherries.

In Bath's Hill above at 3 P. M. paddling next of the way, near the foot of Bannister Rapid a large Mink crossed the river 100 yards or more in advance of me. I recognized him at once by the large, bushy tail held well out of water and perfectly motambe. A Mink cat will occasionally carry his tail in much the same way but he is never to move it very suddenly or to and usually waves or vibrates it unnecessarily.

Another point of difference was the greater space between the head and tail (the back was entirely submerged). At a distance the tail looked like the head of a second and larger animal following the first closely. This Mink swam much more slowly than the one I saw in the Nannodes last last May and was faster than a Muskrat. He went ashore very slowly entering a Bed of peachreeds without making any splashing or agitating the leaves of the plants as a Muskrat would have done. I did not try to emulate him but on the contrary stopped paddling as soon as I first sighted him and watched him through my glasses. He did not appear to notice me at all.
Aug. 24 Concord. Red wings and Bobwhites were scattered in small flocks along the margin of the river, whereas there was any considerable belt of wild rice, the grains of which they have now nearly harvested.

But in the afternoon a flock of 15 Charming Swifts appeared on the river just above Ball's Hill. They came from the northward and at first were high in the air but presently descended and Charming Doves on the meadows and were getting their evening meal. I think they were migrants but there was a few local birds that roosting about the village.

On my way up I saw a flock of 15 Charming Doves flying in a close bunch like Phœbus over the Great Meadows flocking in the direction of Ball's Hill. This is the first real flock I have noticed this season.

I also saw a Marsh Hawk, an adult male, flying an hour after a few that I have noticed this season.

Indigo Bunting are more frequent in the corn fields as is true here at this season & through September. I found two in a corn field on the 15th and there were in a corn field near thistle's landing to day. The note of the young Indigo is short of the adult and is so very like the whist of long-tailed meadowlark that I find it difficult to distinguish between the two species unless the bird is very near me when they have a day was an old male still in the corn field.
Aug. 16 Concord. A north-eastly storm with heavy rain and driving hail.

At Befly Hill at 3:30 P.M. in the "Stella Maris" canoe. The paddle-dam was laborious and disagreeable for the wind was dead ahead & very strong and the rain drove against my face and half blinded me but I skidded all the way back.

Six White-Bellied Swallows two Barn Swallows and harp-divot drifts on the river bank over the water and stop at the brush brack below the tent and a still larger flock containing two Barn Swallows, five White Bellies, four Barn Swallows and a number of drifts, were collected about the Barn Dam rapid where they beat back 4 forth on a comparatively small area of water a month. I was interested and somewhat surprised to observe on passing this place on my return two hours later, that the composition of this flock had changed materially. The Barn Swallow was missing but there were now four Great Martins, five Barn Swallows, at least fifteen White Bellies, one Purple Martin and but two Swallows. The upper flock remained the same.

Near the tent I saw a young & graceful Phaeton (Chonid). It perched on the branch of a tree and with its wings spread to the wind it fluttered off lightly & charmingly like a very young bird. As I left the hill I found a nest built chiefly of dry thorn containing two eggs evidently for chickens in the neighborhood.
Concord. A cool gray day. The sky obscured, most of the time, by clouds; the air remarkably clear; the light on the woods and meadows beautifully bright, yet strong defining distant objects with unusual clearness. No wind.

Dean came with C. in C. U. landing, at Walt's Hill, for an hour or more and paddling closely homeward in the late afternoon.

Birds have become whollyบทบาท, and begun to be getting. Birds absent before every day. Macaws yesterday, at least 7 or 8 times.

These winds have departed and there has been as yet no marked coming from the north, at least of such species as tory with us. I have monkeys going out; birds come near; grasshoppers for an hour, and fleas have been well-wish

described.

A few black and white sides of Swallows with short tippets, individuals lingering about, seven or eight, ten or a dozen, and others seen, fishing the last of the cold rain on the island below the tent, Passions hanging on dead branches over the water, a Carolina Dove which alighted in the field, until put away, a flock of fully 100 Bobolinks, drifting back and forth on Bobolinks, the Grass Meadow, like a cloud of smoke, driven by the wind, ragged, silent, some Sparrows in the bottom bushes, a flock of finches chimney in a white enough, and from young purple Martins flying about at evening over the winds, meadows soon the Turi—them with their wild birds, and

Join Chickadees, the Carolina wren, Masters, and a Brown waggoner on the bricks in front of our cabin made up the scene that day.
Aug. 29. Concord. Most of the day cloudy but the sunset clear and the evening sky brilliant with stars.

Circumstances kept me out from all day but I was out of doors in it 10 in Temp and saw a few birds near the house and others during the day which I took with C., between 5 & 7 P.M.

At a Water Turkey in one from hedge near the house Water Turkey chasing singly, when disturbed by a shape, or, this water vane hedge is perfectly dry, beneath but very near it is a furious large cow field when silenced very near.

At one time a black flies over the house low down keeping one away the others becoming rapidly fainter as the distance increased, but apparently not losing unity after the bird had got quite beyond hearing, this door was at one hill, tender, lonesome, I am astonished that this late summer singing of the Baltimore is in any way inferior to his best efforts in May & June. The song is much more prolonged, there was nothing particular about the flight when the bird was singing.

As we were approaching the house this evening from Woodcock turn after sunset (at 7 P.M. it was) a Woodcock shot bust within twenty feet flying directly towards the hill, very swiftly. It probably came from Mr. Keppel's cow field & was doubtless retreating to spend the night feeding in Mill Brook meadows.

Scattered Chirping Smartly about wherever it was were a misty flying high but in no particular direction.
Concord, Massachusetts.

1872 Mass.

Longs. Cloudy, with threatening sky and light S E wind,
not a drop of rain.

To Ball's Hill, at 11 a. m., with C., in the little Robins
cause, the first time that it has ever carried two.
Could dinner in my cabin, where we spent two hours or
more, testing a walk to the glaciated hollow in the last
afternoon. The woods were silent and rather sunny.

About 11 a. m. we started for home. The wind had now shifted glower
to S S E, and the sky as a touch above the 10. horizon changing
the entire scene out just before 12.

Visited the Bar's nest at 11 3/4. Perch housing & looking
at her through my glass, for a minute or more standing in
plain light on the opposite side of the hollow about 35 yrs off.

After perhaps three minutes, the flew while we were both perfectly
still, although we had been talking a little. She went directly off
through the trees without preaching or fluttering her flight being
strong & decided, the wings fluttering as on ordinary occasions.

Both eggs had hatched since my last visit. The young were apparently
not one day old and both were of the same size. Thus
eggs were tightly closed, thin Bodin's heads turned with yellow canal,
Ears down.

S. Black Ducks flying high over David's Hill, a Red Tailed Black Duck
and Red Shouldered Hawk which killed from this on the
main bank, a hummingbird which crossed the brook near
my tent house, a few Ruffed Ducks, & Red-winged Blackbird
on the wild river, several White Bellied and Fan Worm
Swallows with two or a dozen briskly flying over the treetops, Swifts
then Flug Birds (hawkins) in our fellow watch over the rooms.

Interesting Birds observed along the river.
Aug. 31

Concord, Cloudy with showy 8. W. wind which brought rain

just before evening.

To Harris Hill with C. at 2.30 P.M. returning in
train for tea.

The most interesting bids been along the line were:
A Bluebird (The only one this month) which soon from the
choice of the water near the head of Bear s Dam
inland, a Red-Tailed Hawk soaring over the meadows, an
Bank Swallow and several Barn Swallows, an 8-rayed,
Red Breasted Grosbeak (a young bird in autumn plumage) in
a thicket of willows in company with sparrows, a Widow
Bunting, and a pair of Canadian Geese flying high over Walden
Hill

Red-winged Blackbirds and Robins have diminished
in numbers the last for the past week and an opportunity
about the daisies much. I saw this afternoon less than
a dozen of each species. They have nearly finished the
wild rice almost of the stalks of from being now
stripped of the grain.

Swifts were seen moving along the line to day and one
Swift

stopped about briefly

Horn Swallows been seen a few

Some must have been a good flight of Bristle-thruers only missing
last night for I heard a few there less than four
along the line this afternoon & this within forty
asborn a few for them.

Concord, Massachusetts.
1892
Mass.
August
 Concord


<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>No.</th>
<th>Species</th>
<th>Month</th>
<th>Dates</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>16</td>
<td>Saccharomyces cerevisiae</td>
<td>Aug. 1st</td>
<td>3 - 14, 24 - 26, 28 - 30</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>17</td>
<td>Helicoverpa zea</td>
<td>Aug. 1st</td>
<td>3 - 14, 19 - 20, 24 - 26, 28 - 30</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>18</td>
<td>Petrorhynchus caniceps</td>
<td>Aug. 1st</td>
<td>2 - 13, 26 - 30</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>20</td>
<td>Psamochlaena sp.</td>
<td>Aug. 2nd</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>21</td>
<td>Passerina cyanura</td>
<td>Aug. 4th</td>
<td>5 - 10, 26 - 31</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>22</td>
<td>Cephalorhynchus</td>
<td>Aug. 1st</td>
<td>3 - 13, 21</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>23</td>
<td>Metopoma prosapia</td>
<td>Aug. 1st</td>
<td>3 - 13, 14 - 15, 17 - 23, 24 - 31</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>24</td>
<td>Metopoma fasciata</td>
<td>Aug. 1st</td>
<td>3 - 14, 17 - 20, 24 - 26, 28 - 30, 31</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>26</td>
<td>Hesperilla fasciata</td>
<td>Aug. 1st</td>
<td>3 - 15, 21 - 26</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>27</td>
<td>Coenoptes graminis</td>
<td>Aug. 1st</td>
<td>1 - 2, 3 - 4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>28</td>
<td>Hesperilla tristis</td>
<td>Aug. 1st</td>
<td>1 - 5, 13 - 14, 15 - 17, 22 - 23, 24 - 28</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>29</td>
<td>Carpospilus surinamensis</td>
<td>Aug. 1st</td>
<td>2 - 3, 23</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>30</td>
<td>Sperrostes aureaspinosus</td>
<td>Aug. 26th</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
1892. Mass. August

31. Aëtes galbula Aug. 12, 13
32. Strigilla magna Aug. 16, 20, 21, 23, 24
33. Agelæus philomelus Aug. 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 19, 21, 23, 24
34. Doliacupis ornatus Aug. 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25
35. Gannet auriculatus Aug. 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25
36. Gannet cristatus Aug. 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25
37. Empidonax minimus Aug. 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22
38. Contopus grissus Aug. 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22
39. Sagittarius phœbi Aug. 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22
40. Osbornus tyrannus Aug. 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22
41. Echidna helichrysa Aug. 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23
42. Colaptes auratus Aug. 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23
43. Dryobates xanthothermus Aug. 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22
44. Coccyx erythropthalmus Aug. 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22
45. Coccyx americanus Aug. 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22
1872

46. Cistothorus stellaris. Aug. 12. 4\(^\circ\) 14\(^\circ\) 20\(^\circ\)

47. Limnodura macrona. Aug. 16. 4\(^\circ\) 13\(^\circ\) 14\(^\circ\) 15\(^\circ\) 20\(^\circ\) 22\(^\circ\) 24\(^\circ\) 26\(^\circ\) (Note: 26\(^\circ\) 27\(^\circ\))

48. Actitis macularia. Aug. 1\(^\circ\) 3\(^\circ\) 13\(^\circ\)

49. Stix balearicus. Aug. 1\(^\circ\) 2\(^\circ\) 3\(^\circ\) 20\(^\circ\) 21\(^\circ\) 22\(^\circ\) 23\(^\circ\) 25\(^\circ\) 29\(^\circ\) 30\(^\circ\)

50. Antrostomus vociferus. Aug. 3\(^\circ\) 13\(^\circ\)

51. Scolopax canadensis. Aug. 2\(^\circ\) 14\(^\circ\)

52. Chimaphila maculata. Aug. 3\(^\circ\)

Philoktes Minu. Aug. 1\(^\circ\) (sun setting). 7 (sun rising). 29 miles in 24 hours.

63. Ardea viridans. Aug. 1\(^\circ\) 2\(^\circ\) 24\(^\circ\)

64. Cicus hudsonius. Aug. 1\(^\circ\) 13\(^\circ\) 24\(^\circ\)

65. Plegadis acia. Aug. 10\(^\circ\) 11\(^\circ\) (sun rising). 12\(^\circ\) (sun rising). 14\(^\circ\) 14\(^\circ\) 15\(^\circ\) 16\(^\circ\) 16\(^\circ\) 24\(^\circ\) 29\(^\circ\) 30\(^\circ\)

67. Haliaeetus viridiviridis. Aug. 13\(^\circ\) 15\(^\circ\) 21\(^\circ\) 22\(^\circ\) 23\(^\circ\) 24\(^\circ\) 25\(^\circ\) 26\(^\circ\) 27\(^\circ\) 28\(^\circ\) 29\(^\circ\) 30\(^\circ\)

68. Accipiter cooperi. Aug. 13\(^\circ\) 14\(^\circ\) 15\(^\circ\) 16\(^\circ\) 17\(^\circ\) 18\(^\circ\) 19\(^\circ\) 20\(^\circ\) 21\(^\circ\) 22\(^\circ\) 23\(^\circ\)

69. Gallinago dominica. Aug. 14\(^\circ\) 15\(^\circ\) 16\(^\circ\) 17\(^\circ\) 18\(^\circ\) 19\(^\circ\) 20\(^\circ\) 21\(^\circ\) 22\(^\circ\) 23\(^\circ\) 24\(^\circ\) 25\(^\circ\) 26\(^\circ\) 27\(^\circ\) 28\(^\circ\) 29\(^\circ\) 30\(^\circ\)

70. Galinago stellata. Aug. 14\(^\circ\)
1892. Mass.
August. Concord

61. *Baccharis pilularis,* Aug. 14th. 24th


63. *Seiurus ammobates,* Aug. 15th. 22nd. 30th.

64. *Bosca umbellata,* Aug. 14th

65. *Cicuta natans,* Aug. 20th

66. *Euphorbia peplus,* Aug. 30th

67. *Buten brookhi,* Aug. 15th. 21st. 30th. 31st

68. *Helminthophila flavicollis,* Aug. 21st

69. *Euphorbia peplus,* Aug. 30th

70. *Helminthophila flavicollis,* Aug. 22nd

71. *Phoropus parvulus,* Aug. 14th 22nd

72. *Phoropus parvulus,* Aug. 22nd

73. *Cerapiocystis americana,* Aug. 22nd 26th

74. *Cerapiocystis parvula,* Aug. 22nd

75. *Cerapiocystis parvula,* Aug. 22nd.
1892. Mass.
August Concord

76 Arachila Colubris. Aug. 30th, 81.
77 insecte lineatus. Aug. 30th.
78 Notaus Minor. Aug. 31st.
79 Varus domesticus.
Concord, Massachusetts.


Sept. 1. Concord. A clear day, with beautiful cloud effects. Wind N.W. Strong at times.

To Northville with C. at 11 A.M. Courting at and returning to Holden's Hill on our way down river.

As we were walking to the torture house, I heard a loud, loud whistling and started from an old and dense fern out on the meadow, I did not see it at first but C. who did thought that it was an Owl. The question was quickly settled in the affirmative by the swift rise of the next moment before running perpendicularly and collecting from for a time to attain their bated manner. Judging by the sound (for we could hear nothing through the fern fronds) the chance book first up over the great meadows and then landed back. Finally it became evident that the Owl had alighted in one of the trees at the southern end of the hill. I advanced slowly and with great caution and presently saw at least thirty owls in the top of a tall chestnut. Some were sitting quietly on the branches, others hopped or flitted secretly from branch to branch, while still others circled just above the top of the tree occasionally darting madly down through the fronds. This circling was at times almost disquieting while at other times would loll into a sort of great perfect silence. The aiming was usually marked abruptly (probably at some moment in the face of the Owl), lasted half a minute or more and then generally resumed. At its height it formed a perfect cone of angry sounds and a sort of the usual low growl, accompanied now and then by the human barking of many large dogs or a low thrumming from.
1896. Mass. At a distance it was deliciously like the sound of escaping steam Concord. Although I followed the trees carefully with my glass I did not see the Earl until at length he flared among the hollow foliage in the gray light. Instinctively the horses followed—now one 900 feet silently for a second or two, then eagerly thrust forward for the crisis of rage and abuse. Doubts any explanation known to the Brents probably was hurled after the big birds as he first continuously flapped off through the trees. He did not go for this him—only to the crest of the ridge in front. When I left him and his wild companions I saw ______ 20.

Walking the Davis crest on Benjamin's hill at 8 P.M. Davis's nest I found the wren's bird sitting. She flies quietly off when I was thirty yards or more from the tree. The young birds have doubled in size since I saw them last but their eyes are not yet open and their general appearance has in no way changed. Like those young in the nest by the brisk north, Davis's hill they bit perfectly sustinable.

I saw two March Hens, one on the meadows, one on old male as white as I shall apparently, the other a gray, brown female.

At least fifteen Swifts were странов about over the meadows a little before sunset but the Swifts were silent. Many small birds flew, although also flying kept near together and seldom left any germs.
Concord, Massachusetts.

Sept. 3

Concord. Cloudless with light to wind, morning & evening cool. The middle of the day warm. Air exceptionally dry, clear.

To Battle Hill by boat at 8.30 A.M. a boy who is painting the Pavilion accompanying me. Found Pat at the hill and spent most of the day working with him on the foot part of my land laying out some new paths and repairing & improving old ones. Returned to the Pavilion in time for tea at six o'clock.

The signs of autumn were not few nor far to look to. Trees turning a russet brown, with golden red & orange in the你能, the leaves falling in the pastures and woods, the calling of birds, the scurrying of mice, the rustling of leaves, the sound of nearby streams running, and the distant sound of the river. All these and many other signs were present to the eye.

Beets are increasing again. They are now almost wholly Beets in the fields, blueberries, Chaffin, Grasses, etc. in the pastures and woods, etc. Bed-rolls on the meadows, a mixed flock in a pasture, etc. The morning contained this morning, Jno. Barber, Chaffin, Chaffin & Chaffin, or yellow martins, and their young birds in flight ant the morning.

Bobolinks are diminishing in numbers but a few Bobolinks still linger about the wild rice. 20000 and high in air, no current diminishing.
The Don was sitting on his nest in the bed cedar as I passed the door early in the forenoon but I did not disturb him.

Swifts were abundant about our little meadows as evening approached and they were flying low over the grass. I saw about as many as on the 1st. They acted like local birds.

Only a few Brown Swallows to-day and no other fly. The Swallows have not been as conspicuous along the river this summer as they were in 1886-7. They have been more restless and have left us very gradually a few at a time.

Two parties of Robinsons with their dogs were chasing Brown Swallows in the meadows in the afternoon and I heard them fire on the meadows a dozen or more times. On my way up river at evening I passed near one of their parties and on questioning them was informed that they had started from Robinson's Bridge and had shot one of those birds a March night.

The recent cold spell (the thermometer fell to 45° on the night of the 22nd) has chilled the water and brought in the ducks to look for food. I saw numbers of them Parabled Tortugas & a few Brants in this forenoon.
Concord. Blair and warmer with light S. E. wind. A perfect sunset, the finest perhaps that we have had this year.

Just after breakfast I worked with Mr. Hubbard to Derby Lane, and through Derby's farm, where we heard a Pheasant pass just the first note and then the long laugh of a Hunting race. There were also Jays screaming, a Crow crying, and a Red Shouldered Hawk uttering the prolonged series of wheeze notes with all the signs of early Springtime. Soaring the whole way above the tops of the trees, occasionally itching downward to them morning again.

In the clumps in front of the Birches, are the small Capering Sparrows, Brown Thrashers, a Redstart, a Wood Pewee, a Yellow Throat, Vireo, and a Warbling Vireo. The last being repeatedly in low, whistling tones; the Yellow Throat practically continuously for more than an hour and a half as loudly and clearly as in the breeding season. Some of the smaller birds fly up to a height then over the road in front of the Soldiers' home to wayfarers, they were followed by a Corncrake, one which flushed quietly on a small branch for several minutes allowing me to make nearly beneath it but flying off when a wagon approached. It was a young bird in the Yosemite Station.

We dined in the C. in P.M. seeing nothing of much interest except a Kingfisher.

In the dusk of the evening a Night-Hawk offered Night Hawk in Mr. Riggs field skimming back & forth close over the field.
Concord, Massachusetts.

Sept. 5

Day on the farm with Mr. Buttrick

Mass.

Concord... a rare day for corn this year, of months, the sun deliciously warm, the air refreshing cold, the air as transparent as possible.

Down on the farm with Mr. Buttrick at 9 A.M., taking the old family boat and a spare boat. Found what Mr. Buttrick wished; but the woods permitted. A small clearing which he expects will be about 500 by 300. This was our new vacation.

Be landed first at my cabin for some water and then continued on to Davis's Hill where on hunting, and examined the tuss which soon to injured by the fire. B. agrees with me that most of the finest foxes are married. He found two gunners watching for grey squirrels on this hill. They had killed one and in their boat we saw a little which they had blame on their way up. There are our most beautiful and interesting wild creatures destroyed for the entertainment of the moment of two thoughtless sportsmen.

After lunch I heard voices on Parson's knoll and on investigating found eight or ten of my Concord neighbors preparing to lunch under a pine with their hens that run by and a bear with it. Better MDing about. Fort thirty yards away 3 in plain sight of this merry and merry party, the Carolina Dome was sitting quietly on his nest in the cedars.

Buttrick & I went across up the hill a little, away & crossed the meadows to the Broadwood, where we called at Davis's house & had a table with the owner of the hill, Mr. Buttrick.
Sarat. to Concord early in the afternoon, crossing my chaise against the wind & stream.

Yesterday I heard that trunks at payment intakes, lobsterman present, 12 trunks in air and, as I thought, moving in agony. So heavy a weather bound was one on the jetty bank.

The swifts also seem to have suddenly departed. At swifts, least cost evening a dawn or more more existing over the town grounds, but I saw only one today.

The town heavens still linger in sound amber light. town heavens I have been in other years of the January this.

A Black's tobacco canoe long since this even in town Monticello

Circling a field in Bedford on startled a large

block of Chaffinch Sparrows & Robins, fully twenty of

the former perhaps half as many of the latter.

They fluttered also ahead of as abiding, on the foot

of, to & a fence & chasing an ant-hill after their

usual manner at this season.

Just below Plants' bridge many birds were perched on a

in the tops of tall maples when they started out after flies. Some eating

in arrow, perhaps Robins, Chaffinches many Chaffinches were then engaged. Flying insects
Concord, Massachusetts.

Sept. 6

Concord - Color and cost with tiny N.E. wind falling to
dread calm at sunset.

At 10.30 A.M. I started for Mosse Hill with E. R. S.
they in my rowing boat, I in the little Mari's canoe.
Sailing largely by the wind as doubt on how almost
no birds on the way down river. The Bobwhites and
Swallows have flown out of sight or become my manner
as some were started from the water near which is
now wholly denuded of its grain.

After dinner in my cabin and preparing for the
night I started with E. R. S. for a walk over my grounds.
Small birds appeared to be merry scenes and I recall.
seeing only a Wood Pecker and a few song sparrows
and hearing the piping of them on four feeders on
the tops of the trees.

The Don was on his nest in the alder at 5 P.M. Don's exit
and permitted us to walk first along the coast path
without flying.

Sometiine after sunset, in fact it was just getting dark - Sage if
I heard the birding as Bron Swallows vendor looking of.
Some Swallows saw about 20 of them birds descending nearly vertically, on
with great swiftness, from a considerable height, to the
broad reach of my opposite my cabin. From some
thirty feet above the water they checked their speed
and glided off down river towards the willows at the
bend below where I think they must have a nest.

They flew in nearly as compact a group as its Abu Dhabi
or Blackbirds.
1892 Mass.

Sept. 7 Concord—Cloudless with light W wind. Early morning cool
(there was almost a frost during the night) with heavy dew;
midday warm. The sun's rays bending like fan. Full moon tomorrow.

I spent last night in my Cave on the thorn over
the Common. For an hour or more after going to bed (at 10 P.M.)
I lay-amused listening for the night sounds, but I heard
only the rustling of Men in the leaves, the interminable
squeaking of wood-bugs in the wood, plus near me, with
the creaking motion of the ten crickets in the leaves
on rod, and every five minutes the chirping notes of
migrating Thrushes. The last did not cease to be heard, in
greater numbers then have been this year. Being more of
the clear nights during the past two weeks, but very
possibly there were many flying at to great a height
that their full notes did not reach my ears. For as
I shall presently relate, the country was flooded with
migrants the next morning.

After listening blankly through the night I awoke
just as day was breaking. There was no fog here a
very little lying close to the horizon of the eastern.
The east was all aglow with very light, white, on the
sunrise low down in the west still tint its first rays
through openings in the foliage and flooded the
sleeping meadows.

The first sound that I heard was the whisper of Birds' songs.
Then suddenly, from directly overhead, with thrilling clamesse,
came the weird humming of a Snipe, and after an
interval of a few seconds, during which I had an
opportunity to consider vaguely that I was really alone,
Concord... the birds drummed again very near me and their flaps about low down on the window rattling its frame by a concussion of wings. The "drumming" was precisely like that produced by the bird in spring. I have never heard it in autumn before and knew of only one instance communicated to me by Poarton who heard a single drum in the early evening last September on back drawing where it has been noted by others.

As daylight strengthened Memphian vision and I heard them almost instantly within the house in last afternoons. All and all seemed to be enunciating some word with considerable distinctness.

In the silence I fell asleep and it was well when I again awoke and stepped from my cramped quarters out into the air and sunshine. It was a truly thrilling morning, such the best shade of cloud-mass in the tender blue, cool, cloud, the air as clear as possible, the sunshine bright and warm every leaf and blade of grass lustful with big dew drops.

A Canada Warbler, the first that I have noted this season, was glancing its brightness among the trees with its short, firm on the tree side above me and any morn and thus uttering its prolonged musical whining as I pressed discontent at the quantity or quality of its food.

For these weeks in more or less brisk winds have been very Fall migratory

1892, Sept. 7
Concord... the birds drummed again very near me and their flaps about low down on the window rattling its frame by a concussion of wings. The "drumming" was precisely like that produced by the bird in spring. I have never heard it in autumn before and knew of only one instance communicated to me by Poarton who heard a single drum in the early evening last September on back drawing where it has been noted by others.

As daylight strengthened Memphian vision and I heard them almost instantly within the house in last afternoons. All and all seemed to be enunciating some word with considerable distinctness.

In the silence I fell asleep and it was well when I again awoke and stepped from my cramped quarters out into the air and sunshine. It was a truly thrilling morning, such the best shade of cloud-mass in the tender blue, cool, cloud, the air as clear as possible, the sunshine bright and warm every leaf and blade of grass lustful with big dew drops.

A Canada Warbler, the first that I have noted this season, was glancing its brightness among the trees with its short, firm on the tree side above me and any morn and thus uttering its prolonged musical whining as I pressed discontent at the quantity or quality of its food.

For these weeks in more or less brisk winds have been very Fall migratory
Concord, Mass.

but almost completely round. Of such summer residents as migrate before this date while few birds from further north have appeared in their places although some been many good flight counters during favorable nights. In other words the migrations thus far have been hardly on summer residents without changing anything of much consequence to compensate for their loss.

It is difficult to account for this in view of the fact that during many nights hosts of starlings etc. have been passing over us but perhaps some of less of them came from sufficiently distant points to lay in this latitude for the exceptionally fine weather may have tempted them to park or stop and by so far stops them areled. Be this as it may the facts on is was stated.

But this morning witnessed a great change for the country was largely flooded with small birds and it was evident that a very heavy flight had arrived during the night. Everything that I went the bluebirds, swallows, crows and run woods were alive with thrashings, sparrows etc. flitting about singly, in small flocks, and in mixed flocks of considerable size. I am a comparative limited in this observation thanks to the kindness which I have not hitherto been at all this winter and most of the species which have been to me my list were greatly augmented in respect to the number of individuals.

At first up to 10 a.m. perhaps many of these little throngers through their vast numbers flying continually from flock to flock 7 sometimes rising high in one big flock others coming as if hatched to remain 8 seven flying.

Concord. By broad daylight but such忍受some Friends
descended again often more or less with merriment
and filled the broad open for the words or threats by
now they seem as great and responded to their own wish,
as if they had found the human love.

The most interesting birds which I saw were:

Audubon 1. All in plumage 9&7 all I think young

Chickadee - Red-headed

Black-headed - Green-backed

Droop - " "

Candor - " "

Cheeked - 5

White-throated - Green-backed

Zosterops - Yellow-throated

Open Bird. A bolding individual in white plumage.

Brant - Flycatcher

Then I was perfectly about. I got within sight of

this bird I saw it distinctly in a good light.

People's Meadow. A sitting young bird flying about our

party in the meadow calling at 7 a.m.
Red and blue... A single bird in a pair on the look.

Sitting, steadfast... One flying high, calling.

Throat thrummed,龙头... It grows bird soaring in circles at

a height of several hundred feet, perhaps ninety

for its general course was northward.

At short intervals during the summer I heard Red-

Shouldered Hawks screaming. Usually there was only one bird

but if so it moved frequently from place to place. The

cries were quite as wild, varying and voluble as in King.

the Blue Jay's imitation is certainly good but it bears danger

awe. It reproduces the form more and lacks the essential

quality of tone. This difference serves if the bird is near or

distant. I have often to remember that the Jay seems either more

taller than a few notes (usually but two) in succession whereas

this Hawk command repeats the cry from day to day indefinitely

several times. It is distinctly the wildest sound to be

heard in our Massachusetts woods. I am familiar to know

just what it means. One might imagine this bird to

be center, his field Jay one the capture of some victim.

but he is impossibly alert when hunting or feeding and

scream screams is always on wing usually soaring in circles

but sometimes diving in and out among the trees. Perhaps

this screaming is surely a manifestation of high animal

spirits although in the Spring teen it evidently has a

close connection with low nesting

It is easy to distinguish this species from the Red-tailed

hawk by flight alone its flight being quicker and more decided

and its wing beats much more rapid than those of the Bay-hawk.
An adult male Marsh Hawk passed my way this afternoon on its way across the main in front of my cabin and I distinctly saw its legs and feet extended, Ballard out with its wings spread against the under side of the tail. I had supposed that all Hawks carried their legs doubled at the tendon joint and the feet buried in the feathers of the belly or the upper breast. This bird was slapping on the open water or set wings and in the usual way, effortlessly manner.

A few minutes after the sun had set this evening while I was standing at my landmark watching the gorgeous extent of the clouds in the west a Night Hawk suddenly appeared nearly overhead coming from behind me. Having gauged I perçued no less than thirteen others all flying in the same general direction (towards the N). The glade for such a evidently was spread over the whole width (150 yards) of the main and the different birds kept at approximately one distance from one another and flew with a steadiness and direction very unusual to these erratic creatures although the temptation to turn and to keep from tumbling warm from was not always resisted and once or changed another bird and forth pressure of financial disaster's turning like flattered unions. The birds uttered several times a sort, geography, peak. Evidently the Night Hawks were migrating following the course of the main. I watched until dark but they did not come back as flying birds unless truly have done. They were followed after a brief interval by a smaller flock of four individuals.

The appearance of the larger body strongly suggested a cavalry charge despite their slow retardation. There was something very impressive in their orderly and deliberate sweep
Concord, Massachusetts.

Sept 7

1872

Dear Sir,

Concord — across the glen, I lay, and listen to the noise of the brook, and the rustling of the leaves — the deep, continuous sound of the north wind, and the dull, heavy sound of the waves. Just as the moon was rising, a Snowy Owl began calling on the farther side of the river opposite my cabin. As early as I could judge the bird was familiar in the woods, probably purchased on some estate left by fishermen or log-millers.

Directly night had fairly fallen, the air became filled with small migrating birds, whose calling and chirping calls to one another were practically incessant. At first I heard only the notes of Nightingale, perhaps a Skylark, but after the clock the cries of Thrushes and Swallows began to frequent them as an additional 7 There seemed to be no time when I went to bed that there were not birds singing. These facts taken in connection with my experience will very probably prove that the bird war which descends on this region this morning is caused by some large flock of birds, so the light had faded from the west and that it was not followed by any considerable movement, it was certainly an unusually well-defined and distinct "rush" for its passage to sights occupied at least two hours, probably three hours, yet it had wholly ceased long before dawn. The night was still, clear, and comparatively my room was, as I now, but slowly towards dawn.

Concord. Brother much better than of yesterday, still, clear and

warm. Snow rain by at breakfast.

I arose at daybreak to hear Crows calling incessantly
across the line, Cocker Crows, mostly on the Redfoot farms,
and a young Turkey vulture disinterestedly near my camp.

When I awoke at 7 A.M., I was immediately aware that
the great bird war of yesterday had passed on and

nothing replaced it among my long-time summer
residents for the woods. Thrushes were nearly as silent
and drained as in mid winter. I walked all over my

grounds and saw literally only one Catbird, a Jay or two
and aINGLE Thrush. (Daurius, I believe).

At 9 A.M. we started for the Bethel's, C. E. going on in

advance. I paralleled closely after them, stopping occasionally
to listen for birds. Jays were hearing in the woods and

Red-shouldered Hawks (at least two different individuals)

somehow in the distance but small birds were almost

entirely wanting. I saw one Kingfisher.

On reaching the Bethel's, I found a large flock of

Chipping Sparrows and Bluebirds accompanied by a White-throated

Sparrow in the brush in front of the house. There was

also a Thrush-like bird singing in loose, whispering tones.

Not long after breakfast and while it was still almost

dark daylight a black Owl began crying in the tree

near the monument.
Concord, Massachusetts.

Sept. 9

1872 Mass.

Concord. - A brilliantly clear day with light eastly wind. The 40° at sunrise, the middle of day warm.

In the early morning I heard a Tweety and a Yellow-throated Vireo singing in the elms in front of the house and on going out after breakfast, found them still there and with them a Buff-throated and a number of Bluebirds and Chipping Sparrows. This flock visits these elms nearly every morning. It makes up or is replenished from day to day but there are always the Groove Grouse and Bluebirds and two species of Vireos. They form the nucleus of the flock to which are attached whatever migrants there is to be breeding in the vicinity.

At 9 a.m. I started for Bell's Hill in my small open canoe, paddling slowly and stopping a good many times to watch or listen for birds.

For the past week I have noticed English Sparrows House Gulls in considerable numbers flying to and from a field to which I have been going every morning. This morning I saw the same action and watched them with my glasses.

Each bird, as I have discerned, had selected an ear and pecking on its upright top was hard at work tearing off the husk or eating the grain. The former operation was evidently done more difficult. The Easter little birds would turn the husk in its bill and try to swallow with all his might bending forward to down the while and often having to rest. In no
Concord, Massachusetts.

Sept. 7 (1852)

B. Concord — instance did I see more than one bird on
The barn corn. Handing finally and watching through a
portion of the field I found that fully one half of the
ears had been attacked by the sparrows. As a rule the
husk had been stripped off for a distance of two inches
from the summit (small) end of the cob and from six
to a dozen (many more) kernels taken. This is apparently
as far as the bird can go without excessive effort
for the resistance increases as the husk is forced
downward. Mr. Nutting tells me that the sparrows have
treated his corn in this manner regularly for at
least eight years. He thinks the loss is about one
bushel per acre but the grains taken on the
harvest. The sparrows, he says, do not work on the
corn often as it has injured or passed wholly from the
milky stage.

As I was passing through the pretty woods just above Bridgeward
Huntsford I saw on the edge of the pond itself, at a distance of one hundred yards or more below me, at 10 a.m.
a Blackbird standing on a mass of floating vegetation
well out from the shelter of the reeds and in the
full glare of the bright morning sun. His position
was exactly that of a fishing Bright Herring the
meadow being similarly stretched out and lowered
so that the bird was only an inch or two above
the water. The bird quickly still
for a moment then, discovering me, stretched up his
neck for an instant and after taking a good look
immediately took to its heels hurriedly off into the woods.
I concealed myself and waited for his return but he would not
1872. Mess.
Sept. 9
Boscot... show himself again. This happened about
10 a.m. and confirms my previous impression that
the bird is a resident in all its habits.

A little below Hunts Pond I cut a loud call from a Wood Duck
the bushes on the right bank. I was following stealthily
and keeping close in so that the bird did not discover
me until it was too late to turn the course within a few
yards when it rose with a heavy flutter and came out
just an instant or fifteen feet. It was, as I could
clearly see, a drake in mixed plumage probably an
old bird retiring from the summer plumage to the
fall autumn dress.

Curiously enough the Wood Duck disappeared in the
Red-shouldered
Hawk. While in Red-shouldered Hawk, came swiftly
down on a steep incline and hovered on something,
a tree, I thought, on the roof course about one hundred
yards from us. Whether the prairie was it from the
hawk made too fast for he fluttered clumsily about in
the grass beating his great wings with such energy that
I suspected he might have got caught in a trap but
suddenly he disintegrated himself from the grass and
as if of his mind flew directly towards me passing
within less than ten yards of my course and then alighting
for a moment in a crape, diagonal from the
thirty yards off. He was a young bird in good autumn
plumage. Either he had swallowed the frog in which he
stepped before he came past me or it crossed him
for he bore no reward in his talons.
Concord, Massachusetts.

Sept. 9

I spent the day at Bould Hill—most of it in picking wild grapes with Pat, assistance along the barn
path and the edge of Holden's meadow. At our cabin I saw a Magpie, a Black-billed Cuckoo. The last was silent and very tame.

More than once for Christmas.

My woods cleared were practically deserted of birds and it is evident that there was no migration of any consequence last winter.

I watched the Mer's nest in the cedar for near three hours (3-4 P.M.) lying counted among some pines about forty yards off, but neither of the old birds came near it. A Red-throated Thrush (a young male) was at the nest on the rim this morning) seemed bent
it within fifteen yards, flying only a yard or two above the ground and following the opening, came within ten feet of my ambush. He appeared to be hunting but
must have overlooked the Dove's nest. A Marsh Hawk
also hung directly over the tree without apparently
discovering the nest. It will be remembered I saw a

Sharp-shinned Hawk brush past the other Dove's nest on

Davis's Hill in July.

The young Doves today came out of about the size of Robins and fully feathered except on the backs which were still covered with the yellowish down. I found the
shells of one of the eggs on the ground about 60 yds.

from the nest. The excrement of the young is not found by the parent but is voided directly into the nest. The nest
of Davis's hill was matted with excrement after the young left.
Concord, Mass.,

Sept. 9.

[No. 6]

1842.

I left our cabin and started up wins a little before sunset. I had not gone far when I heard a Kittlack Singing and looking off saw the field Kittlack bird, a solitary individual, flying in air flying over the meadows.

While passing through Beacon Grove I spotted a Coot (Fulica) from the wild rice on my right. It flew about 50 yards and alighted in the water on the border of a belt of Reeds. I watched it and watched it till it without entering swimming in the usual manner with bobbing head. I watched it through my glasses at a distance of less than thirty yards and saw that it was a young bird with white head and dingy white bill. The second time it rose it flew up into the bog of the indurds again swimming along just outside the edge of a belt of wild rice. After I had watched it for a few minutes it became uneasy and flew a third time circling around me back into the rice where it dropped behind a bush of wild rice. I followed to the front of the rice but did not get another sight at it so concluded that it knew at length the location of rice.

In the meadow at the head of this bog was a large cluster of Coot bushes. While I stood beside a cluster of Coot bushes, a bit of a distance, I heard a cluster of Coots hanging in the air from a considerable height and alighted in the Coot bushes as I was passing. I heard Coots circling further on.
Concord, Massachusetts.

1892
Nov. 21.

Sept. 7, Concord. As I was approaching the D Street when [Addendums]

I saw the Hooded Merganser swimming skimming over to the bushes and paddling quietly in the harbor of Harvard. The sun had again I heard suddenly a chicken flapping of wings directly overhead and looking up saw a Great Blue Heron, a graceful bird materialized, flying from a clump tree to the top of which was still poking. I afterwards disturbed the heron and again disturb

up the rice where it had also chosen the top of a baby uptake for its perch. It was it went up it presented most picturesque appearance through a silhouette against the growing evening sky.

I have seen Carolina Jays frequently 

in a field west the time at Howard Pond when the grass has been cut off. One came together to this field as I was passing it this evening and alighted on the ground by flying on around it in circles.

There flies of Cow Butterflies passed me after 

must all flying towards the great woods when they must have a rest. Their wings made a curious sound much like that of a humming fly. All the number 0 of one flock position in manner looked like moths. There were 13 birds in one flock in the open

At first, being a flock of 12 Barn Swallows came 

flying rotten high above the town. The Chimney Swifts are Red-winged teady, saw them hunt into this evening
Concord, Massachusetts.

Sept. 11

Concord. - Brought fine day since I left the town of four that has prevented it but cools within the week.

So Bulls Hill at 1 P.M. paddling down and fishing most of the way back, reaching the house a little after sunset. On the way down I saw nothing of much interest except a Hummingbird, which flies across the main and kept straight on, and then the Great White Egrette rose up to inspect that it was migrating, and a fourth Bobolink singing on the bank near the town.

I landed at my cabin and walked to Burns's house. Two Swifts were flying about in a descending manner over Burns Hill evidently fishing, and as I was lying on Burns's head watching the trees near an Osprey appeared directly over me but at such a height of several hundred feet when it dived majestically in circles for several minutes sometimes spreading its tail like a fan, and coming at I looked for this from Burns now.

The young Swans were both sitting quietly on the nest while the young were almost completely. Their heads together on the nest about half of the nest and spread the feathers only a little, down the same way on the berries. Their tails were about 10 inches in length and these wings around the feathers. No signs of the old birds although I watched for them from time to time.

Tom Alden Birds Catching fish on the main at sunset

A few water lilies are this blooming in the main.

The sun mellow has just shed its last blossoms.
Concord. Another fine, clear September day, evidently
the last of this kind, however, for at sunset a bank
of thunderclouds rose in the W and there was an
immediate old feeling of rain in the air.

At Ball's Hill by chance at 2 P.M., finding most of
the way down. An Osprey and a Kingfisher almost
the only birds seen save a Turkey & a few song Bunns.

The Osprey was fishing over the broad back opposite Ball's Hill. Rising in one spot at a height of 20 to 30 a Terrier
fluffed its body raised, its wings flapping recovered quiedy but very slowly the fisheries directed forward instead of downward and with the feet's
legs hanging down, the big bill scanned the water
closely. He swopped five times and plunged three
times before he got anything. The last plunge was much
beyond from before & I did not see the plunge if
plunge there was but when the bird appeared it
flung hurriedly past me within 100 yards. He held in
one foot (the other foot being drawn up) & hidden by
the plunge) an object shining object which I
am very sure was a Painted Turtle! If a fish
I could have been another else than a Painted Post
for the color was black and shining. The bird
flung to a turn on the hill & adjusted but took
away again before I could get near.

The woods on my grounds were silent and
apparently totally devoid of small birds. I did
not see one so much as a Chickadee there. Then an
Concord, Massachusetts.

Sept. 13, 1892.

Concord, the Black-shouldered Pigeon? It is high time
that they were hewn in for, yet there has been no
mark of flight by them as yet.

Visiting the Dove's nest in the cedar at 4:15 P.M. The young
I found the two young still in a nest on it. Doves fly
for the nest has long since been hatched into a
from the sheaves platform of twigs. Both birds were standing
erect on their legs (hence I think they have always reached Brissius Knud
or Squatter on their legs) with heads and necks
extended up. Their erect attitude, and alert, very
expression, together with the fact that, as I approached,
I could see that all the down had disappeared from
their heads, I thought their plumage appeared to be perfect,
prepared me in a measure for what followed, although
it was still a surprise. When I was within two
or three yards of the two and bird started and gathering
headway by a few vigorous flutters of the wings, which
produced a clapping noise similar to that made
by domestic pigeons, it darted off with all the
apparatus even 3 Swifts & an old bird and was
soon lost to sight behind a tree around which it
curved sharply. The other young bird immediately
followed taking exactly the same course. Beyond
the corner behind which I lost them, there was open ground
for thirty or forty yards and on the further side
of this pasture in woods in which they doubtless
found concealment. the total distance flown was
fully 100 yds. Both birds were still rising when I
saw them last. There was not the least hesitation
of flutter in their flight. When it is considered
Concord, Massachusetts.
1872.
Mass.

Sept. 13
(Mo 3)

Concord. That this nest has been the first time that they had ever used their wings (I have never known any young bird return to its nest often its family leaving it) and that their parents (I did not have either of the old birds) were not present to guide and encourage them, it is indeed remarkable that they should have launched into the air with such entire confidence and after starting should have flown so swiftly and so far. What I expected was to see them flutter chimney for a few yards and then come to the ground or strike into the branches of the nearest tree. The sharp, decided turn around the forest was especially impressive. Their wings had moved more by the whistling sound made by old birds; that after the preliminary flapping them was only a fluttering like that of a young sparrow.

The nest was very fast indeed; in fact, in the sudden take off the little form was a fluttering mass of experiment.

It was extraordinary that I found this nest resume of August 26 when there were two eggs which hatched date relating dark, and much evidence for how the nest was approached in mid-summer, to so intimate. They were still undisturbed on the nest were replaced by two young birds on my next visit, Aug. 30. The female (I did not see the male for this nest) forced the young's attention to the nest, as I did not see the mother bird after this date, although I watched the nest twice for more than an hour.

Concord, clear and cool with high N. W. wind and drifting clouds.

Said the forenoon in the house writing, it being very nice, yellow was in full to me in the twine for about an hour (10-11) and at frequent intervals a few birds chimed in the field orchard. This is only the second time I have heard the few birds since the full-length cease of its regual singing in early summer.

To Balls Hill at 2 o’clock boiling down. A mixed flock of robins, bluebirds, bluejays, sparrows about their usual cherry trees over hand’s landing, two scarlet swallows flying over the meadows a little below hand’s landing, Carolina Gull over hand’s,”

(your) in hand’s hand flying among the cly fluids with neck erect watching me so I嘉德 foot but not chasing. Carolina Gull flying across the wire, some about all the birds that I saw on the way down.

At Pond Hand when I found Richardson fishing a buluwn was from the edge of the water as we went talking. Richardson went on my ground with me and then at hand up on were together keeping the carrae beds by hand. This was at about hand’s, a slight breeze, our us flying very high towards the i. disappearing over Ball’s Hill. It was apparently a tailing bird and seemed to be migratory. We also saw a Right Hand flying low over the meadows towards the w. the regular course of this Gull was in the migratory.

The field swall is first turning brown withing although there has been no frost.

Wonder how time flies and in need is to time themselfs.
Sept. 30 Concord. A perfect September day, cloudless, calm, with transparent air and warm sun.

Started alone for a walk at 3 Bell. Berry's lane very beautiful. The trees already turned and many of the pines golden or russet. Robins hopping in the path, Song become

I hear coming, birds dropping constant bars. Heard broad

Blackbird chirping off, often down through the goal. A light

over, a matriarch. I also heard, what I thought was the
creak of a carriage and labor, on my return, I saw the Bird
dancing the tempest's path before.

As I was, almost through some bushes something flattened

over them and presently I discovered the bird, a

young Blackbird. Could barely able to fly, but in the grayness

flew about with what was tightening a gymnastic effort on

the back of wings.

Near Dutton's then Flinders flitted from tree to tree flapping

and following one another.

Now Meadow was deceptively beautiful in the last afternoon

light. As I sat on the low ledge sound with look

flans & looked out over the landscape birds I heard only the

chirping & occasional call of a Jay. Presently a

fumes, the first I bear knew, flies up into a bush & tapped

lightly. Next a Chipmunk breathed down the slope making a

great fluttering & on reaching the edge of the bay stopped
to drink from a cool stream with floating dog toms. I

then a bird fly began to croak from on high & after it had finished another took up the cry & then their

motion. I closed my eyes & easily imagined the time to be

April instead of September. I do not remember to have

heard the Hypolita in autumn before. It frequently calling a
Dept. 20

Nov. 21

In Clark's woods I saw a Gray Squirrel and several Jays. The former was very tame and looked at me curiously twitching his bushy tail constantly, very like a Red Squirrel.

Then, the Edible Boost I tasted those Fruits and an Ohio-Redwood Fritter besides Wood Jays & a Thrush.

All these men in less than half a year grown.

Japs were numerous & playing everywhere today. I am satisfied that many have already arrived from

Don't let any of the animals get away.

The Squirrels have already begun eating chestnuts. In Clark's woods I found one under a rock a great quantity of chestnuts composed of the chestnut cases chaffed up into small fragments with which were mingled pieces of the unripe, young chestnuts, about their.

Autumn is coming on again. The color of the fire in many of the Sumacs and a few maples was same shedding their leaves. The chestnuts began turning brown a week or more ago, now they look as if fire had scorched their foliage.
Concord, Massachusetts.

Sept. 21

Dear Sir,

Sept. 21

Concord. A duplicate of yesterday but with more wind, a steady west breeze from the W.

George bought my present Don from Boston (he said) this morning and at 11 o'clock, I started down with C. in my American boat taking the dog & my gun also.

He landed at the Hotel after eating lunch & left C. to sit in the shade while I tried the meadows. In more than an hour I traveled through the meadows without striking anything save a short brush in March there is a few Sowbane Grasses. But did I find any sign of some mosquitoes the wind, no, for I could not see them last night was very cool (34 deg. at twilkom). But after I had returned to C. The dog found a Snipe in a strip of meadows within 100 yards I where I stood. He hid aginst again after striking high a few times, I went to the edge and flushed them again all at once. They gave me a perfectly fair droop that but I missed with both barrels. All these birds flies so far that I did not make any of them down.

Marth Warner was very humorous. He says at least four, Marth Warner turn about wanted a turn among birds. Their flight was very like a Grad's so they bent about close to the grass. One kept pitting & then dropping, it was catching small flies. It usually graduated the first flights & then hopped directly after the fly using its wings much as a woman bird will do, I saw it catch & eat several flies. It often commence the fly turned yards holding it in one foot as it flies. The feet are always curved stretched out behind.
Concord, Massachusetts.

1892. Nov.

Sept. 21. Concord. Under the tail until the bird checked its flight and joined two others which were dashing in readiness for immediate exit. Then the bird ads anything it dropped rather than the first flying lightly & rapidly slowly; then on the ground at flood with care I often found and flumed its wings very like a big butterfly.

At sunset joined ours one first at a height of six or eight feet & turned towards its wings quickly. This was also my Call Lake.

At about 2 P.M. we saw a Kingfisher cross the meadow flying at a height of 5000 feet, & out over the hills to the north. I am confident that it was flying in migration. A bird on its way to some inland pond could not have risen so high.

Saw two Hurdy Gurdy birds in the olden spot in my Boat House & a mixed flock of Bluebirds, Sparrows etc. near the swimming Bali.

In this mixed flock was a Blue Bird which kept a mewer of trills, in the top of an elm. I have heard about was probably the same bird in the same place heard trills during the past week & a Blue Bird a little more than a week ago kept for found the morning sun on the cliff in front of our house. All three cases are far away from any springs.

Coneord, Massachusetts.
1872.  Sept. 22.

**Early part of day clear; afternoon cloudy & still.**

Spent the forenoon in the house writing. A midsummer day. Many times in the shade in front of my windows. Also heard a Canada Thrush in their trees.

At 4 P.M. started up here with C. He turned into the Assabet and found a great many birds there; 40 Robins (I counted them) in one flock flying over the trees, some of them alighting for a moment, a Bluebird, singing in the old huckleberry, a Robin and a Kingfisher perched on dead branches over the water, and Black Goldfinches everywhere [the last Black Goldfinches were abundant today for the first time]. There were also 25 Swallows.

I hoped to see Crows of course and I saw one. Then thought something was wrong on the water edge, towards the mouth of the river. A Catbird flew across the stream.

On our return the horses came and we heard two Song Sparrows in full song. One, sitting in the top of a Boston bush, started at short, regular intervals, precisely as in Spring. I heard it after a long time singing near the house this morning. All three were birds I have heard singing before. One time in May, the young have been singing in their broken, whistling tones, most of this month.

As we were crossing the Mill Brook meadow a Light-bank mounted straight up to a height of about 30 ft., probably after some flying about, then dropped vertically nearly to the ground and was lost to sight behind the tall grasses which fringe the river bank.
1872.

Sept. 23

 Concord. A cloudy morning, rain within four minutes, and a glimmer of
rain in the air, but most of the clouds dispersed. The sun came
out clear, but before noon

Tore a long, train with C., in the forest, starting at 8.30 and
getting back at noon. We went through the Bulbush road near
the falls near the river and lake. By way of Breakneck.
The foliage was very brilliant in the swamps, where red maples
abounded, and the pinches of woods were conspicuous along the edges
of the swamps. In the upland woods some of the birches had turned
to gold, and there were patches of color everywhere, but the leaves
are little changed as yet. Some of the finest effects were in the landlocks
where the streams burned and Blackberry vines mingled their deep
wine red with the gold of the golden rods and the purple of
the violets.

Small birds were very numerous; Robins, Bluebirds and Thrushes
in the orchards and pastures, Chipping Sparrows hiding in clover
from rocky fields and adapting all over the town to roost. By the
forest road, jays screeching in the wood, and stop, forest
northerns (most of them D. estreis probably) flitting in the
fieligh or the road. A bird, having to our roost, I saw
a single junco with Chipping Sparrows in an orchard and an
Oven Bird and Water Thrushes in dry rock woods on the east of Water Tower
a ridge, the Water Thrush looked so uncommon as he flies from in dry oak wood
the ground to a stone wall that I got out and followed him. Before
I could identify him to my satisfaction, did a Canada Whistler.

The most interesting bird, if all was a Broad-winged Hawk, a Buttorffy
young of in first autumn plumage, that was sitting very erect above to review
the tinkle of a small oak within 10 ft. of the road. I stopped the haw
and quietly opposite the tree's in look at him 15 minutes, before it flew...

Down river in the "Little Moscow" canoe at 8:30 a.m. There was a fine sailing breeze and both boats had a lee. I made rapid progress. A little below North Pond a Wood Duck, a drake in full plumage, started from beneath some encircling bushes on the right bank and attempted to cross my boat, at about 9 o'clock. Distance, but I had the oarsmen ready to my own and a charge of no 4 shot that baffled the beautiful bird even before he had gone fifty feet. This bird was quite yellow, an unusual color.

Sailing at the Holt I kept a portion of the meadows flooded two inches in the same place where I saw the tern on the 21st and again missing a perfectly fair double shot. I began to feel that I had lost my old skill.

It looks like rain. I saw 11 flying about together at first, as soon as I landed and the shots at the Heja started twenty or thirty others. There was no flight into the meadows at evening, however, as used to be the case in 1885-87.

As I was passing, I spied a tall bird of unctuous substance and flushed it. It started a few rods ahead and flew to some bushes when it alighted. I followed and flushed it twice more getting a positive identification each time although, my curiosity, the bird did not emit a sound while flying. I do not remember ever having this species so late before.

A drake, also a little late, flies in among the others. A man and a boy kill him and flies out of sight in the direction of Concord. I don't think there was a boat or man in sight.
Concord, Massachusetts.

1872.

[Page 34] Concord. While I first entered the meadows a great Black Hawk, Marsh Hawk, suddenly appeared and began swooping down at it. It alighted apparently in play although its flight was very threatening. Marsh Hawk, it made at least a dozen loops, rising to a height of about 40 ft. and falling with the speed of an arrow. It then just bowing the Marsh Hawk's back, the trip upward again. Nothing could be more graceful and spirited than that little falcon's flight. It attained several times a short gliding cry which I have never heard before. The Marsh Hawk did not turn to be in the least amazed by these attacks but kept a steady flight by his head and neck and once changing its slow gliding and skipping as one taking the trouble to judge the Prince Hawk's own.

As I was approaching my landing at Beths Hill I suddenly heard Howard discovered a young Red, Shoulder Hawk sitting erect and stiff. Hawk on my one winged hawk. It was within that but the hawk was not in my way and when I tried to see it on the hind legs, I turned the feet... the path below the trees. I followed its fight until it came to one spot where I thought it had been sitting in the roof of the cabin earlier in the morning.
Concord, Massachusetts.

Sept. 24 Concord. Along the nine paths within the 1/2 mile of a few acres near my cabin I saw a Junco (brown), 2 Cat birds, 2 Thrashers, a Robin, a Swamp Sparrow, a Solitary Vireo, a Brown Creeper, 6 Black jacks, 5 Chickadees, and a Thrasher. I shot this Junco, but it lived. I was casting my line, the Thrasher came & looked in at the door as if for shelter. It was the first and last I saw in the daily bird-spring. One of the Cat birds also approached the house and kept a few notes in a whisper.

After dinner I made the usual rounds of my place starting a few in which one of was small & not visible from the general under a pine on Brown’s Knoll. I also found another mixed mixed flock consisting of 5 Chickadees, 4 Pine Warblers, and 2 Vireos in pitch-fork. Jays were numerous, noisy everywhere and there were many Crosses flying N. in the pitch-fork but not I think, migrating.

On returning to the cabin I discovered two Carolina Jays, Carolina Jays sitting on the opposite side of the line close in to the lady birds. They did not seem to be in one, even when I walked along my place in pitch fork. One looked nearly twice as large as the other, both were young birds. They kept close together & floated frequently likejinks.

At 4 P.M. I paddled up river to the Holt where I again landed & beat the meadows in the hope that the flock might have returned but I started only a few Blackjacks.

Blackbirds kept in a large flock coming over the meadows. I succeeded to reconnoiter them went off to the S. I also saw a thrifty Blackbird descend from a great height & pitch into some cotton woods & two flocks of Conrads, about 50 birds, Consipering in each, come to their most preferred hills till our flock
Concord, Massachusetts,

Sept 24 (200)

Concord. Came from down river, the other from the
direction of Concord, and they reached the boat at nearly flying to land.

I didn't see it until they dove into the bushes, although both flapped their wings about half
in air for moment, a repeated course each other closely. By
I have noticed repeatedly this year, fly in
much closer order than one other Blackbird. This first,
tightly bunched in the distance. Other duskly balls.

On my way up here after dinner I saw a Night Hawk Night Hawk
flying rather high I flapped a few of Carolina Doves Carolina Doves
from the river bank directly under the I am where
I think they had alighted to descend or thing looked
from the water edge.

A Shrike was behaving strangely. Slinking on the bank strange behavior
of a Shrike, one the time it repeatedly flew down to
the water which it then in quickness to make a
land splash, like that of a bass that has dived into
the air to follow on the side. I followed continuously
to the shore and saw the bird strike the fish, fly
Tahoe, in quickness. I could see no insects
or the hawks, I think the bird must have been
Butting. Its downward flight was at a Shrike angle
it struck the water harder than its the car
with the Kingfisher when making its somewhat
darker plunges. I had half a mind to shoot the bird
to make sure that it was not catching small fishes but this
seemed so improbable that I spared its life.

Picked a white water lily, to-day the only one I saw & perhaps the last East Pond lily.
Concord, Massachusetts.

Sept. 25

Morning cloudy. The sky clearing by noon. The sun coming out any but. There was no wind any time during the day. I heard voices talking at a distance.

I spent the forenoon in the Concord woods with Mr. Thoreau. We started in front, a walk, a walk. The wood paths through the "Common But" to "Headset Point" where the "felled" the trees, kept on pavement in an area of lawn between, and returned by the "Footpath" road and "Dunby Lane."

"I was a great day for those joys. I am not sure that I ever saw more within the same time. I believe they were better about everywhere in the fields, brought in as if by a wind. The wind is withering what I recorded, a short time before, in the paragraph of the boy's imitation of the brooding of the red-throated birds. It is usually shorter than the Sturges' valley, but it is not a thing to-day or yesterday. A joy very near me desired me for myself. Once the evening, repeated in these as in the sturges, came from the tops of a vast oak where could fly or sit flatly above. Although I saw than I was not really satisfied that there was not another there. While I went to this time I saw the boys out. They were imitating the trees. It seems very generally to-day but I heard one come from the woods also.

Well it in songs I saw some black folks this winter and a few black folks this winter and a few black folks this winter and a few black folks this winter and a few black folks this winter and a few black folks this winter and a few black folks this winter and a few black folks this winter and a few black folks this winter and a few black folks this winter and a few black folks this winter and a few black folks this winter and a few black folks this winter and a few black folks this winter and a few black folks this winter and a few black folks this winter and a few black folks this winter and a few black folks this winter and a few black folks this winter and a few black folks this winter and a few black folks this winter and a few black folks this winter and a few black folks this winter and a few black folks this winter and a few black folks this winter and a few black folks this winter and a few black folks this winter and a few black folks this winter and a few black folks this winter and a few black folks this winter and a few black folks this winter and a few black folks this winter and a few black folks this winter and a few black folks this winter and a few black folks this winter and a few black folks this winter and a few black folks this winter and a few black folks this winter and a few black folks this winter and a few black folks this winter and a few black folks this winter and a few black folks this winter and a few black folks this winter and a few black folks this winter and a few black folks this winter and a few black folks this winter and a few black folks this winter and a few black folks this winter and a few black folks this winter and a few black folks this winter and a few black folks this winter and a few black follo
Concord, Massachusetts.

Sept. 25, 1842.

With some Blackbirds & Chickadees in our wood, a Red-Bellied Woodpecker coming about on a hitch fence. It is the strange I have seen them for.

Detected all my records this year of White-Breasted Nuthatches, Metaphobes etc. be driven here in the due course of nature, but in the true about the woods but this morning I found a solitary bird in the heart of the stately woods.

Though cars running to day so quickly and apparently in spring, the birds were less than four different kinds and started a flight on partridges, the woodpecker report them very scarce thus far.

It is a great squirrel year. The woods to day were teeming, alive with Chipmunks and we saw a herd of at least a dozen Red Squirrels but not with only one say excited. The last habits is said to he also exceptionally amusing this year another (the squirrel) came to our house one evening (on another) is not a local phenomenon for the newspapers report them in great numbers from various parts of New England, the Middle States & the Ohio Valley. In this season it seems to abound for the exceptionally arboreal cage of the small lives to all kinds. The Red Squirrels, as I recall the other day, are already entering the churches. In many streets to day we found the ground under their trees littered with scattered barks attached to short pieces of legs which beneath the trees we found. There were fully two branches of these barks under one tree. How the Squirrels carrying them in their mouths I found great heaps of "chippings" so to speak...
Concord.  A thundered above last night and a heavy shower without thunder at 7.30 a.m. after which the wind came from the N.W., increased gradually to nearly a full gale and discharged wholly the humid, heavily, atmosphere which has prevailed for the past few days. It was the first real autumn wind of the season and it seemed to reach in its strength, wresting with the big, solitary trees as if determined to tear them out by the roots, lashing the river, and the distant meadow grass as well, into waves, tearing open the foliage of the more pliant trees, and gathering them into a maddened, stormy driving sea. The fields and meadows. The line of pond's halls hill was found for hours with white capped waves at least two feet high.

Down wind at 7.30 a.m., in my "Stella Maris," slop hung in nearly, and on shore beneath "Toby's" bridge to escape the known then succeeding wind bolt to the west. where I landed, and beat the meadows. No signs of any sign of them, no black, no sparrows and most regular calls of owl on marsh hawks. Nothing in fact, for Crows and here brittle, flying at an unwonted height (50 ft. or more) across the meadow. About 5 miles Crow moving, and only, doubtless a duck, or the disembark these at Holden's Hill, one East.

As I turned into the broad reach opposite Ball's Hill a Charlie, Dick, Charlie, Dick, started from among the cotton bushes and twittered over the water, their voices being swiftly, directly towards me. Slopping, finally a few yards off, after going at an even sail with upwind, make it does not disappear.

I went to the bay, expecting to see the town with soup, but also look a turn through my woods and climb the hills, and soon south and starting a George. It was on my way up wind at Artículo of small hawks of Cow Bird. To Rights, North High hawks.
Concord, Massachusetts.


In Balls Hill with E. to N. at 10.30 A. M. taking notes etc. in preparation for hunting this evening. I went in the Concord, Massachusetts

On Balls Hill I found about half a dozen through pigeon

the noblest and a flock of about 40 geese flying southward apparently

nipping being all that I remember.

He in some cutting desire in my ear the rest many

out across the town & I had a pair of scissors, and

in matches with a few large books, an idea

The moon. Dullly one of the sides opened &

in with a bit of mist & a few small geese, the rest of

parts after it. It was wind. The moon shining on

his face in his eyes burned, the sound of

it was hard on the ground & still the quiet

in a few moments & out on the road. Another

The moon shining

two white water lily blossoms on the river.
Concord, Massachusetts,

Sept. 28, 1892,


Getting a good view by noon & drying many clothes at dinner.

I slept soundly through the night and awoke at daybreak to have a sight cleared by cows moving across the field, and a little later at 9 o'clock, a bright sun shining through trees, near the cabin and about the house followed a few times on the hill. Both were continually old here.

Other than the sound also being made, I heard almost nothing.

After breakfast we all walked to Halden's Hill, where we spent nearly two hours sitting in the shade of the trees, looking off in the meadows. Here is the view on a broad knoll and saw a great many black-jacks &

two Fine Braids, red & white.

After dinner as I was strolling along the path to the

E. of my cabin I discovered a bay of 14 birds from the hill.

I could distinctly make out my large red oak. More offhand

then I yesterday gone & thus brighten, the other pair even more

large than those, and interspersed with the flowering fairy

birds. They were dropped to the ground among

these bushes. The bottom birds then calling within five minutes.

The very young ones made a thin, soft piping which I do

not remember hearing again.

On our way home at dinner we saw a flock of birds,

Local birds, one See Ky. flying high towards the NW. & a Special Hawk, another Hawk crossing the meadows. The daily bath in Mr. Woods, completed, before breakfast.

May once in a while cause adding I often finish in the morning.
Cloudless, cool in the early morning. The stars shone bright and clear. I arose early and went for a walk. Will the mist be dispelled? Will the birds still sing? The sun shining through the trees, I listened to the birds.

I walked along the path, observing the trees and the birds. The mist was beginning to lift, and the birds were chirping. I stopped to listen.

The path led me to a clearing, where I saw a group of birds. They were singing and chirping. I sat down and listened.

The mist was almost gone, and the birds were still singing. I felt a sense of peace and tranquility.

As I walked back, I noticed the beauty of the morning. The mist had almost disappeared, and the birds were still singing. It was a peaceful and serene morning.
Concord, Massachusetts,

Mrs. Cyrus Choate, came to my room at 9 o'clock, and we walked over the lawn. The birds would come to cluck at the edge of the pasture. The trees were in the sun. I thought that the scene was very agreeable. The sun was a warm, bright green, and everything looked so fresh and new. It was a lovely evening, and I enjoyed it very much. The woodpecker was still going on.


| No. | Species          | Sept. 1<sup>st</sup> | 2<sup>nd</sup> | 3<sup>rd</sup> | 4<sup>th</sup> | 5<sup>th</sup> | 6<sup>th</sup> | 7<sup>th</sup> | 8<sup>th</sup> | 9<sup>th</sup> | 10<sup>th</sup> | 11<sup>th</sup> | 12<sup>th</sup> | 13<sup>th</sup> | 14<sup>th</sup> | 15<sup>th</sup> | 16<sup>th</sup> | 17<sup>th</sup> | 18<sup>th</sup> | 19<sup>th</sup> | 20<sup>th</sup> | 21<sup>st</sup> | 22<sup>nd</sup> | 23<sup>rd</sup> | 24<sup>th</sup> | 25<sup>th</sup> | 26<sup>th</sup> | 27<sup>th</sup> | 28<sup>th</sup> | 29<sup>th</sup> | 30<sup>th</sup> | 31<sup>st</sup> |
|-----|-----------------|----------------------|-------------|-------------|-------------|-------------|-------------|-------------|-------------|-------------|-------------|-------------|-------------|-------------|-------------|-------------|-------------|-------------|-------------|-------------|-------------|-------------|-------------|-------------|-------------|-------------|-------------|-------------|-------------|-------------|
| 1   | *S. variegata*  | 1<sup>st</sup>       | 2<sup>nd</sup> | 3<sup>rd</sup> | 4<sup>th</sup> | 5<sup>th</sup> | 6<sup>th</sup> | 7<sup>th</sup> | 8<sup>th</sup> | 9<sup>th</sup> | 10<sup>th</sup> | 11<sup>th</sup> | 12<sup>th</sup> | 13<sup>th</sup> | 14<sup>th</sup> | 15<sup>th</sup> | 16<sup>th</sup> | 17<sup>th</sup> | 18<sup>th</sup> | 19<sup>th</sup> | 20<sup>th</sup> | 21<sup>st</sup> | 22<sup>nd</sup> | 23<sup>rd</sup> | 24<sup>th</sup> | 25<sup>th</sup> | 26<sup>th</sup> | 27<sup>th</sup> | 28<sup>th</sup> | 29<sup>th</sup> | 30<sup>th</sup> | 31<sup>st</sup> |
1892.

Mass.

Sept.

Borealis.


32. *Selena carolinensis*. Sept. 3*.


34. *Galbus delicata*. Sept. 7*.


36. *Buteo lineatus*. Sept. 3*.


38. *Buteo virginianus*. Sept. 1*.


40. *Chordeiles phalnius*. Sept. 4*.

41. *Mniotiltta varia*. Sept. 5*.

42. *Dendrocica circinata*. Sept. 7*.

43. *Dendrocica frascati*. Sept. 7*.

44. *Dendrocica viridis*. Sept. 7*.

45. *Dendrocica frascati*. Sept. 7*.

46. *Dendrocica frascati*. Sept. 7*.

47. *Dendrocica frascati*. Sept. 7*.

56. Petten Camadensis. Sept. 7 (from Mr. Edson). 22 tent. 1.25. 24.5
57. Scirpus annoculatus. Sept. 7. 28
58. Triglochin palustris. Sept. 7. 6
60. Fulica americana. Sept. 7.
63. Rassirina jamesi. Sept. 7.
64. Proserpina hubis. Sept. 7.
67. Lomotrichia albertisii. Sept. 7.
68. Aceretes fuscescens. Sept. 7.
70. Anthus edwardi. Sept. 9.
1892.

61. Arden heredus... Sept. 9

62. Melothrus atta... Sept. 9

63. Megaceryx nigri... Sept. 7

64. Pastor domesticus... Sept. 9

65. Scoliothus australis... Sept. 11

66. Pandion carolinensis... Sept. 11

67. Helicoverpa cadecps... Sept. 16

68. Bertilia americana... Sept. 20

69. Junea hyemalis... Sept. 20

70. Pupilla Cynthia... Sept. 20

71. Scleothys ferrugineus... Sept. 21

72. Ammocrypta... Sept. 16

73. Bistethus... Sept. 21

74. Pyrota... Sept. 20

75. Dendroncus... Sept. 21
1892.


17. Passer gramineus. Sept. 23. Migrating up to their winter home.


19. Vireo solitarius. Sept. 24. 2


21. Serinus umbella. Sept. 17, 18, 19. 4

22. Columba livia. Sept. 16, 17, 19. 2

23. Carpodacus finschii. Sept. 25. 6

Oct. 1

Concord. Clear until high N. wind, the forenoon rather warm & pleasant, the afternoon cold & rather chilly.

To Ball's Hill with C. and E. P. S. at 10 a. m.

I went in my "Stella Maris" canoe and landed most of the way. On reaching my cabin I landed and dined. At 4 P.M. we met forth again on the Pawtucket River, which I rowed against a strong head wind to Concord Bridge, where we turned about and hailed back using an old umbrella for this purpose and turning it inside out. It was nearly dark when we reached the cabin and landed again for tea.

At 8 P.M. we started for home. The wind had died almost completely away and a half moon floated the river and meadows with soft light. The air was fresh & frosty, yet I heard the call of the cicadas chirping faintly. Occasionally a bubble floated in the clear air. You must look across the river to see them. Once I heard the call of a migrating thrush probably an Alpine bick.
Oct. 2 Concord. Another day of exhilarating clear sunny, cloudless sky and violent gusty N. to N.W. winds.

In the forenoon I paddled my "Stella Maris" down to Ball's Hill where I spent about half an hour giving directions to Port and then returned in time for dinner. I saw only few birds along the river in fact nothing but a Goldfinch and two small flocks of Kittitits but there were many Song Sparrows I think the noise in the brush along the river in front of my cabin and several Robins chicks along the rocks in the north shelter of Ball's Hill.

In the afternoon came up C. to Emerson's Law across by way of the Concord road to Lean bridge and around through Emerson's first Sandy Pond and home. A few Jungs, a Green Finch, and a flock of about 40 Chestnut a small flock of Rusty Sparrows were the only birds noted.

At Ball's Hill yesterday I saw under a tree had built a Partridge nest in it. Today I examined the nest carefully. There were a pair of incubating in the thronch, an egg; and the, and an egg with parasitic attached chicken. In case a great heap of feathers. All these lay in a heap on the hill of a tree wall. Near above the nest on the top of the wall was a pair of Partridge evening. This I think was when the birds had been in the habit of drumming for its tail feathers and large tuft.
1846. Nov.

Oct. 5 Concord—indicated closely that it was mid
(A.m.)

more. There were no feathers or other remains
anywhere outside of a circle two feet or less in
diameter to this configuration in that the bird
had been caught & killed on the spot when its
feathers lay. How could the toy have survived
so many a creature? I could think of only two
possible ways, one that he kept up behind the
wall and down one or more upon the bird—perhaps
while it was asleep; the other (as I consider
the more probable hypothesis) that he lay concealed
on the top of the wall watching for something to
come along that the Perch遐 went as seaward
within reach. Perhaps waiting for its drumming
sound. The presence of meaning in which the
toy may have been aware before he took
up his position there. There was no indication
about the toy but the ground was covered
with a deep coat of old leaves.

In my record of yesterday I neglected to
note that while walking along my farm path
at Ball’s Hill in the evening last week I
heard a profound cry “sitting” on the edge
of the woods. A large “hawk” or the
sounds across the same.
Concord, Mass., Oct. 4

Cloudy most of the day. The trees putting out for new leaves and the sky changing at sundown. A light cloud on P.M. No wind, warm, brilliant atmosphere. The autumn color of the red maples at its height remarkably.

John brought my horse at 9 a.m. and went to Bedford and back on my of Concord bridge to Buxton Hill which I rooked at 11 o'clock. John took the boat down and we came back in it fishing at sundown and at 9 p.m. the boat as it was getting dark.

During our drive we saw a great many small birds chiefly in flocks, rising from some fields at the bottle of my carriage or fishing on ahead of us. Some birds had no wings, some had.

The majority were sparrows, J. Hawk, Spinax, with a sprinkling of other sparrows, Robins, Thrushes, Bluebirds and a good many Yellow-rumped Thrushes.

No large flocks of Geese seemed to be about. One small flock of geese, 5 single birds were here in the usual numbers. March Hawks were exceptionally numerous. Unless the fowls abroad themselves more than usual, we saw at least 50 or 60, of which two were old males. One of the flock was asking in a singular manner, flying in broad circles from a wooded hill (Pine or Birch) at an altitude above the trees top of perhaps fifty feet; he would his wings in a long fluttering way each easter stroke carrying the tips thought up to about their almost to what bones taste.
Oct. 4 Concord. The dormorl phackers being correspondingly pronounced, the wing beats were curiously unlike and also suggest the fluttering of a hand caught in a web. They did not seem the bird incredulity but on the contrary his arms were as bent and gliding as if he were sliding on pet wings. At first I suspected that he was wounded perhaps twice through the hand and "frowning." But a moment of 注意 convinced me that this was not the case. After reaching one of the same height for at least two minutes he started off in a dormorl slant towards the woods. I have never been a broad wings before as any reason. The fluttering was practically under control during the certain period of catching. I notice near regular but of hanging diameters. The bird did not run much, if at all excepting at first when he was closing the tops of the trees.

Just as we were about leaving my cabin but came running to tell me that a "duck" had alighted in the room off my landing. It came to mind, from close range. The leaves out through the bushes I saw that it was a "black (fowl) at first it kept well out from them I cruised about with head and neck erect but after a little it swam into the edge of the bush I send after it by pocks. After we had mended some cotton under a within the woods if this bird when it flew about 150 yards yesterday. 1892
Concord, Massachusetts.

Oct. 4

Concord. This has been a great Sparrow day. The

birds about the base of Battle Hill are almost

entirely Sparrows, Song Sparrows, Field Sparrows. An-

other very early at morning I heard a Swamp

Sparrow sing once in the marsh, loudly and freely. I

also heard no less than six Song Sparrows singing

all one old birds and two new singing in short

regular intervals, with nearly as much spirit and

strength as in spring. Twilight with fog occupied the

afternoon, a setting breeze was singing in less working times

in my paws. I took it for a young bird.

When not from our house boarded a Meadowlark for Meadowlark

nearly a month ago. This morning when a

lark, often hearing, our attention his plaintive

"ah-see-me" far a bit trains in quick succession

man one hour, the sound coming to my ears

through the open windows as I lay in bed.

Among some house going Sprants at the base of

Battie Hill I found a bird which at first I

took for a Connecticut Warbler but on following it

"chirping" a little I brought it out into plain

light and identified it to my perfect satisfaction

as a Morning Warbler, a young bird in unoin

plumeage. It was nervous and timid but it naturally

turning. This I kept it in light by "chirping" for

several minutes.

Many Black folks in my woods to day. Yellow rumps

about equally numerous. Heard or Golden-canes.
Oct. 6 Concord. Clear with wind, clouds, cold, gusty new wind.

I rode home by boat with C. Boarding at 10 a.m. and getting home about 5 o'clock. I had a raw hand and as far as it was humanly possible I clung to the boom of the boat. I landed at Conantville, lunched at the foot of Bee's Hill under a palm tree where the sun lay warm on the crest of the hill clothed with many fallen leaves and boughs of the chestnut tree reached us. A few caddis were chirping feebly about us and a small yellow butterfly was driven by the wind across the bay. After lunch in wandered through the woods & across the fields to Mr. Wight's house where after offering permission to a boy we climbed the small steep hill next the pond and spent much an hour in the front of a "lawn" which has been built in the summer. The view from here is very fine indeed. We then rambled slowly back to Conantville through the woods most of the way picking two Partridges and three Woodcocks, the latter in a vineyard.

The return voyage was very pleasant despite the wind which although had blown in the morning was then strong & penetrating. The autumn leaves were very brilliant whereas those were red and maple in fact I have never seen them thus maroon intensely colored them. They are worn. Along the
1878, Mass.
Oct. 6
(No. 3)

Concord. Meadow's edge of the Concord woods. They formed a belt of golden beech, crimson, and gold most effectively brought out and intensified by contrast with the perfect green of the dark pine which come the highest behind them. Most of the bright coloring on Matthew's Point was supplied by the birch trees which have now generally put on their old gold tone.

This was a Hawk day. I saw many sharp-shinned, two Cooper's, three Marsh Hawks, an Osprey Hawk, the Red-shouldered, and one Red-tailed Hawk. With the exception of one of the Red-shouldered which had proved old a true all three species were flying not in any one direction but circling, soaring in circles, or beating up against the strong wind by short vertical dashes, some rising to meet the blasts. Again sufficient elevation to thrown off for half a mile or more on a gentle scimitar towards the earth. Of course it was a migratory flight. A Hawk wave which had rolled down to us from the north last as already stated, the birds were not apparently proceeding their southward journey, which seen by eye, nor were there any indications that they were looking for food.

They seemed rather to be soaring aimlessly over the country. Soaring with the high wind. The sharp thin sound a great deal more than is usual with them. One hawk of this species was an old hawk in very high fashions. As he
CONEORD, MASSACHUSETTS

Oct. 6 Concord. Before dawn over the waters of Concord, while I was standing on the cliff by the brook, the sky looked as blue almost as that of an old smile. Mark, Mark, Mark, by the way, beating a brook meadow near the river. He looked nearly as white as a bull and, as on former occasions this autumn, reminded me forcibly of a bull by his flight.

I thought an Irene Baldwin's apples which Crows had been attacked by Crows, he said. Each apple, breaking had a hole an inch or more in diameter, breaking apples in the side to the core. In many cases this hole extended through to the inside. The core with its seeds seemed to have been removed in every instance. He thought that more than half the apples are on one tree had been thus treated. He has seen a large number of Crows in the trees for several days lately. He has some known my house by Crows attacking apples before. There are still geese or at least less and unseen.

I saw one flock of 29 Crows this morning flying S. W. low down, probably migrating. The number of scattered birds was about as usual.

Either the bulk of the Black Jags have passed on they have become silent and returning now. I see on town about as many now as I should in the breeding season.

A single Black Drake in Concord,医务人员 saw. The B. Drake was the only water bird noticed today.
Oct 6 Concord. As we came down the train at evening I saw a small flock of Rusty Blackbirds flying over Thoreau hill, among little patches of birch trees. The banks of the meadow were being ploughed, and a few Robins, with brown downy plumage, appeared upon the surface of the earth. The meadow birds, as well as the rossing and following after them, sent two or three shots, which resulted in nothing. I did not see. In the course of those birds near the Fitchburg R.R. bridge this morning.

A few Savannah Sparrows still linger in the meadow along the rail and I saw many Grass Finches in a field. There are a few Field Sparrows along many of the brushy ways, walls and chippings and ditches in the wood fields and orchards. Some Song Sparrows are singing doubtfully near by. Rose this evening.

Farnon tells me that the Arlington region was flooded with migrants on the morning of the 2nd inst. He noted 48 species among these. Three White crowned Sparrows, one American Fintail (Chick), and eight Yellow Headed Blackbirds. These were the most prominent. There was no marked influx of Birds in Concord on that day. Apparently most of the greatest bird waves follow a line near the coast.
Oct. 7

Concord. A sunny day but very hazy; wind with strong S. to S. W. mind.

Up, ruin in "Stella Maria" cause, starting about 10 a.m. and getting back at 5 P.M. Sailed about half the way up (from Chambers to Fairhaven) and practically the entire distance below. Bunched on Martha's Point at noon.

After this I spent upwards of two hours exploring the country back of Lee's Cliff. It proved to be largely open pastures with occasional small patches of pitch pine woods and many fine old hickory trees. In particular behind the cliff a fine woods was cut off some time or three years ago on the land.

It is growing up to spruce or rotten hickory trees among which are many hickories. Some of the old pines were left standing, the pine trees, apparently, selected to left to become "timber" pines. This "wood lot" covers about twenty acres. There are a good many barberry brush all over the hill, and witch hazel (in bloom to day) in places. Two fine large clumps of bayberry (Myrica) in the pastures near Martha's farm. I did not see a chestnut tree anywhere on the hill.

Returning to the ruin I set back again and ran across Fairhaven which was quite rough the cause damness. Our the traverse landed at Staples camp and climbed the...
Concord ridge just east of it. This ridge is much higher than it looks from the road and the view to the S is very attractive. There are tall pines growing along the shore as at Old North.

As I was passing Martha's Point on my way homeward I saw what at first I took for a Musk Rat swimming the river. I got so excited that as I drew near I perceived it was a Mink. It moved very fast and showed only the head & tail both a space of water covering the body between. The tail was held a little above the water the head curving downward. It was not wound about as is the muskrat but more straight and perfectly still. It looked no longer than a muskrat's tail probably because the body was wet. When I came within about 10 feet the Mink came, humping up his neck, partially in the manner of a muskrat. It came up to the left of button brush on the south bank & soon after entered there.

Heard a high Note Cricket chirping loud & steadily near Nashawannuck Bridge. The chirp resembles in form that of the Pennsylvania but is much stronger and note have a roughness of tone which suggest the voice of a Frog.

Some birds were rather numerous today.
Oct. 7. Along the river I saw a large flock of whippoorwill sparrows, a flock of about 25 or so. I saw birds, bathing on a sand beach under a stormy sky. A bridge, filled with flying over the meadows near Dragon Creek, three kingfishers between Dragon Creek and the Hickory R. R. Bridge, and several brown frogs on the small woods on the side of a hill I found three mixed flocks composed chiefly of yellow warblers and Chipping sparrows with a single Red-bellied Woodpecker on each and a Griswold in one flock. Then even Brownies in several places among tall trees.

Although the weather conditions were different from those of yesterday, there was the same type of wind this afternoon—gusty and violent— and with it on station against it—for all were flying towards the S.W. Cannon again. Many Hawkes I did not see one in the foco, but after 11:30 I noted for Sharp-shinned, two Red-shouldered, one Red-tailed, an Osprey, and a female Marsh Hawk. One of the Sharp-shinned alighted in a dead tree for a moment but all the others were flying, gliding about above the trees of the hills when the wind had full sweep. It would seem that they prefer to roost during the permanence of strong winds, whereas when there are against them, the Sharp-shinned again to day spent much of their time in soaring.

The Phoebe says its tail most often just after alighting. It is first drawn down, as if by a string, then goes boldly to its normal position.
Concord, Massachusetts.

Oct 5

Concord. Early morning cloudy but the sun out by 11 A.M. and the remainder of the day bright and very warm with moderate S.W. winds.

To Balls Hill at 11 A.M. in my "Stella EOS" sailing gradually the entire way. The day was Indian summer. Blue and yellow butterflies and dragon flies were out in considerable numbers. The flowers about hardwood blossoms in the fields, the blossom on the vine. All the picked vine has been killed by the late frosts giving the margin of the vine a blighted, dead, aspect. Many of the bottom branches have already shed their leaves. Some of these the bottom to have been frozen by the trees presenting a conspicuously wrinkled or dried up appearance, and exhibiting strongly the odor peculiar to bottom leaves.

The Sound Boats were out in large numbers. I have not been a fishing boat, either large or small, for several days. I think not for two weeks.

A fine road entering the usual crooked channel near Hunt's Landing, no I think, frost. The year is three or four times colder than former winters have been. I have not heard the sound from them or from times since the ice floes ceased during sudden in midsummer. They do not appear to call much often in winter as the deer and clover in the woods. I hear the Pickering's height any fine warm day till sometimes in the meadows.
Oct. 2 [Concord].—Holden’s meadow, was alone with Crows walking about fishing. I counted fifty. They commenced one of the roots in England. Every little while a few would rise and start off toward and far away loudly as if calling to the others to follow but all such attempts failed to start the main host to which these adventures pricked errantly returned. One of them however succeeded at length in raising great excitement by discovering one root (doubtless the same used which I have seen this before this autumn) and Holden’s words and shouting the news in Crow language to the fishing birds; “Oh owl! oh owl! Oh! wake up you sleepy, murderous, yellow-eyed villains. You must have thrown! come on, friends, and help me drive the thief from this strengthed! Let us unloosen his cat eyes and rumble and fire him to death!” All this and much more to the same purpose, if I understand the Crow rightly, and the did not call in vain for in a twinkling the Crows heard the hoarse call from the report and came trudging to the woods where they clustered all over the tops of the trees and shouted round about me as long as I was within hearing.

There was a Great Blue Heron on the bank this morning, a noble bird, but in the young plumage. I startled him first from half the Island and then him before me to the hole where he doubted back once he alighted near the tops of the trees, where
Oct 8
(No 3) Mass.

Concord, the ground was hard & smooth and the grass short. Over this he moved with slow steady steps towards the water’s edge, occasionally stopping and stretching up his long neck to look at me. He reminded me of a Sand-hill Crane while he resembled not only in motion but in his nearly uniform bluish grey coloring between the blue of the water & sky as his own days. Sport bird! I hope that a shot which I heard at this bend did not an hour later did not end his career but I saw nothing of him when I paddled home and at evening. There is a skull of one of these birds under the pines on Davis Hill; shot there by some campers, I suppose, and left to rot where it fell! It is indeed sad to think that these few lovely birds which still exist this time are so mercilessly hunted. I wonder how thin this firm creature, for instance, one evening adding life’s interest to the meadows by its fascinating form and imperious flight, thus erect a heap of carcass, its disheveled feathers under the pines when it met its fate!

I hear the shrike note of the Chickadee frequently these Indian summer days but the bird does not utter it steadily & persistently as in spring. I am inclined to consider it a true song note, so far as I know it is never given by the female even by young birds.
Oct. 6, 1892

Concord. The Myrtle Warblers are among the commonest and universally distributed of the summer birds at this date. They frequent open, grassy places much more than in spring and I saw them along roadsides perching on the fences. I saw flocks, in threes and fours, about "stock" of corn or other grain, and very frequently near houses, barns, other buildings. They associate largely with Bluebirds and the different kinds of Sparrows in such places. Their plumage, generally brownish olive and conspicuous fleshy legs, give them a curious resemblance to young Chipping Sparrows but the yellow muzzle is shown conspicuously when the bird takes to fly.

For the first three or four mornings a dawn or more of these Warblers accompanied by Bluebirds and Chippers have come about our house a little after sunrise to hope along the snowbed and, march in rows along the hedgerows and flutter up under the eaves or against the blinds and windows frames. This is a common habit in autumn but I have never observed it in spring. The birds seem to be getting insects which are perhaps found in these places only at this season although this explanation is not wholly satisfactory. It is interesting to me. "Myrtle Warblers" behaving thus. This morning about half a dozen crows and a song sparrow came to my window and fluttered against the glass within a foot of my face while I was dressing. This same thing was observed by other members of our family.
1892 Mass.

Oct. 7 Concord. As I was approaching the "Mount Mar-\n
(Sham)" on my way home I saw a Blackbird standing\n
by deep in water quite outside the bank of\n
the edge near the mouth of the Mill Brook. It\n
was in beautiful plumage. The head had\n
a rich golden brown which made it a most\n
conspicuous object against the pale background\n
of flecked with rain and grass. It stood\n
perfectly still under an easy attitude, then\n
sank slowly out, the bill pointing a little\n
upward until I was within about 30 yards\n
when it suddenly turned and settled back\n
into the edge moving in a crouching attitude\n
very like a Kite almost as quietly.

After sitting up on the bank I went back\n
along the stone but the bird had not come\n
out of its retreat. Perhaps it was too late\n
for it to resume fishing for the time was\n
twilight. When I first saw this bird, it was\n
concealed only by watching for peculiar as a wye in\n
a bend in the river, some four hundred yards below Heath's Bridge and from\n
across the river to the woods on the S. bank.

They came from the very edge of the water\n
where the ground was much soggy. A spray formed by low, wet marsh, blended with\n
the moisture overhead. Grass is unusual to the

bend in such a place.
Oct. 9

Concord, Mass.,

In the forenoon took a walk alone to the
Damsdale via the Merrimac vineyard and back.

The coloring was incredibly rich
and beautiful in the current state of the Damsdale.

Many of the small white vines bore in a nearly
uniform deep snow-like color. Some of the vines had
not lost all their leaves but the majority were
in this prime. It was a sea of color of
snow-like color — this wooded valley to-day.

A flock of Robins in the Merrimac vineyard, when
the grapes have not been picked and fired and injured
to the frost cover the leaves thin with
bleak bluish tints), two Phoebes (from
the brush on the edge of this vineyard) several
Sparrows, Sparrows in a field of works, a Thrush
through the pine, I have seen) and two White-throated
Sparrows in birches, two Phoebes and about
the usual number of Jays and Crows. Heard Band
whistling in Patti's nursery.

Driving with C in P.M. to White Pond via
meadow bridge and back by Marshall Miles's. A
Winter Hase in a brush grown stones wall, stone
Meadow Bank, flying very high over the town,
and an adult White-throated Sparrow feeding in
the road near the most interesting birds seen. The
Sparrows flew up on a fence giving me a good view.
Oct. 10 Concord. A rare day even for October; cloudless, the air perfectly free from breath, a gentle breeze. This 490 at 

noon, the middle of the day pleasantly warm.

10 o'clock. To Bow Meadow with C. Driving up and leaving the horse behind. Spent an hour at the meadow, tying in the sun, then started to walk home. In Charles woods, saw a Gray Squirrel with its tail, a rabbit, only a 

stub less than an inch long's tail. He jumped and twitched in the usual manner. The presented a 

ridiculous appearance. But did not seem to be seriously 

accommodated by his loss. He saw him climb a tall 

tree, run out on a long branch and jump across to 

another without mishap.

At the place where the wood path joins the stone 

road we started a Yellow Red-footed Woodle from the 

ground among scatting rock stones. It was a typical 

halting, as I could see plainly enough without 

my glasses young bird evidently. It was way 

flitting about among the low sprouts within a few 

yards of me occasion. By starting one after a signat 

insect and then back into the branches. I could find 

no other bird was done one James. The halting 

was perfectly silent.

Juices were summons to-day. They seemed to be worn 

in the woods than in fields and I think I heard 

flocks among down cooks within they were feeding 

on the ground, all the flock was brought from them 

to four to 10 on two birds each.
Concord, Mass.

Oct. 10 Concord... In the afternoon I drove with C. to Sommerville

Two miles by way of the old Melvilles road. This beyond Concord branches runs through bright woods for nearly two miles and is in effect a semi-circular path such as the woods are chiefly walks if about 30 years growth... are not especially interesting. There is a small creek through the growth probably of young leaves ran to nearly feet in height growing rather steadily.

Almost Omata should bend in this region. I must look here up. except trees

In these woods in head several gullies (Vaterf) two Gullies, and a ruined wall, besides a great many Jumps. A fine gray spaniel galloped along the path for 100 yards or more a little ahead of us.

The coloring of the oaks. This is something remarkable. They actually show the leaves in depth.

I richness of tints, the white oaks are quite as broad as the other oaks but only young trees of the former show this brilliant coloring. All the trees and shrubs are exceptionally fine. This year. The last summer has probably refined the foliage very perfectly. We did not see much coloring in Massachusetts last

than one in ten or a few years. It is about: at its height now. Speaking generally the tints of the maple leaves have passed. Many of the trees are already bare.

This is a heavy crop of chestnuts which are beginning to fall and against all their spores are abundant. The Chestnut & Red Squirrels

The most 20, of course. I am a lover their.
Oct 10 Concord... At an hour returning from an excursion that afternoon, I saw a White-crowned Sparrow in a large roosted flock on the carriage near the Bridge... Getting out of the buggy and approaching the tree, I watched this bird for a minute or more when another appeared and together they flashed lightly out along the branch. Keeping within two or three inches of one another most of the time. They fluttered frequently at the base which seemed to guide them down kind of west food, probably aphid. On the treetop, a low chirping different from anything I have ever heard from a sparrow and remarkably like the chirping of the white sparrow. After awhile they cuddled close together (their bodies actually touching) on a dead twig and chuffing their plumage, until they looked like a plume of black feathers upon the tree to taking a nap—when I left them. One was fully adult, the other a young bird. They were no other birds near them. They were my own and hardly seemed to notice me when I stood within a few yards of the tree one more thing perceptibly disturbed by the carriage which passed my first remembrance.

Early this morning a Solitary Vireo, apparently an old bird, sang for a minute or two in the clear in front of our house. I do not often find this bird outside the woods even in migration.

There was evidently a flight of White-crowned Sparrows to-day. I saw from different bands than in yesterday.
Oct. 12, Concord. Clear but with signs of a gathering storm at
Concord, Wednesday the current was the barrier from 10 a.m. to 6 p.m.,
all day.

A flock of Bluebirds & Magpie Robins about the
house in the early morning and Song, White-breasted,
and Chipping Sparrows in the garden but now of them
so numerous as for the past two or three days. Evidence
of recent heavy bird rain passed as last night.

Some rain of Great, at 10 a.m. Senator born,
Sparrow Finches in the white window at one breaking in
of them without motionlessly but discernibly telling
the rain below Flints Bridge, a Beech, a Phoebe, a
Thrush, a Robin Sparrow, a few Magpie Robins
and a good many Song Sparrows. A few Painted 
Tricks flitting, not alone for a stop in all.

Brantley C. at Falls Hill" I crossed the river, and bare
the Great Meadow, starting nothing but a high Flutter
in two Savannah Sparrows. I heard Thrushs flying but saw
worn on their meadows which they have to avoid this year.
I find a long shot at the butcher when he toread and
fell fully 20 years off. I felt then that he was dead but
after I had looked for him a long time he got up
directly under my feet & I had to shoot again to
secure him.

After shooting a couple dozen at the cabin I went
over Falls Hill, saw only a Robin & three Blue Jays.
The weed-grown slope where the pine tree has been burning
with Swamp, Song & White-throated Sparrows for two weeks
or more but I could not think a single bird there today.
Oct. 12 Concord. At 3:30 P.M. I rode C. to Danvers' Hill with him.

We spent an hour or more examining the roots of the trees. When they were badly broken, the carpenter's tools had worked in considerable quantities forming bunches, larger than peas. The boughs were burned, apparently detached from the trees, and bore the imprint, evidently a Newfoundland dog, without the opposite side of the trunk. A small water-fowl, diving on the broad atlantic beyond the hill, looked like a bird of the swift. A sportsman (John I think) was beating the meadows opposite, and found two or three shot to them. The dog started several Meadow Larks, which I was watching, even though my glass. (I afterwards heard that he shot seven Swifts.)

On our way up the hill, at sunset, we saw a trash, knotsfied of Beatrice, beating the Great Meadows and shot two great blue herons, both young, from Hunts Pond.

The autumn coloring was at its height on the 8th, and 10th. The day the colors looked faded, or washed out, and many of the maples were bare when the wind was crooked, thickly with moving leaves which made a loud rustling as our boat moved through them. The white maples have turned a bright, greenish yellow, & their leaves have turned mustard 2 days.

This was a "g semana" day. The Bollown Spiders were scraping across the landscape, in large numbers. The meadows were coated with thin, yellow, dust. The spiders annoys us immensely by crawling over us.

Hill an uncommon flock of Geese rose from Widens's meadows and circled about for about an hour, returning to the woods and meadows and dispersing into smaller flocks. I counted them roughly, (in rather hard to) and made out their number to be upwards of 300 birds, an unusually large flock. The movement just mentioned was doubtless a "flock flight" for about an hour later the whole body amounted to a height of at least a thousand feet and went off due south.

The order of flight was not loose and sprawling as is usually the case during migration but in a compact flock each individual had so much horizontal space than was required for the free use of his wings.

There was a good deal of coming-in, in fact it was incessant, but the combined clutter was less than one would expect from so many birds. It came to my ears with perfect distinctness when the flock had found beyond my vision although no obstructions intervened and the air was free from haze. Then the birds were rising I could hear the churr and churr and churr and churr and churr and churr calls frequently (this tendency was noted in the Geese). I do not remember to have seen Geese migrate in this way before. They usually fly in wind, low down, in loose, scattered flocks. The wing of this flock was also more rank.

From fully 100 yards (almost the time) flying a

The winter seas to day, with winds up to N. [illegible]

curved 4 legs dangling a letter upon their back. [illegible]

and alighted in tall ends on the bank.
Oct. 14 Concord. Colaptes does not always fly in undulating flight of
with intermittent wing beats. One to-day crossing Colaptes
the Great Meadows flapped continuously and steadily
and moved on a perfectly level plane. Usually
it came nearly one can mistake it for a
Robin. One "galloping" through the air, a few days
ago, regularly flapped its wings but once at the
beginning of each bound, then closed them tightly
while its body described the usual curve.
Perhaps the single wing beat between the curves
is the rule. I cannot investigate this.

I went to Cambridge this morning on the S. to train. While coming on the Common, hoping to see the Blue Concord Sparrows which were there yesterday. In the way, where I left them yesterday I found one of them, the adult bird. The young bird may have been there also for I had too little time to search the bush of willows carefully.

My garden at Cambridge was alive with birds, and I have not seen so many there for years. There were twenty five or thirty White-throated Sparrows feeding on elder berries, several Juncos, with them, half a dozen Goldfinches,-center hawfow Birds, Robins, House Sparrows, two Ruby-crowned Kinglets, a few Chipping Sparrows and a White-throated Sparrow, etc.

In an hour or two, Speros Stane—in all eight species—probably forty individuals, it seemed like the good old days before the House Sparrow was introduced, but was probably due to a dry brook near.

A large Shadow was found dead in one of my flower beds this morning. About six weeks ago, my garden was a thriving scene, a sight for any gardener to see. Now, I have killed it in the neighborhood and got rid of it by dropping it into one of my gardens.
Oct. 14

Concord. A perfect Indian summer day, deliciously warm, although there was a strong N. wind. Various kinds of Dragon flies were out in considerable numbers along the river, and Butterflies were nearly as common as in warm weather while I heard our Bashful Cricket chirping loudly and throngly at sundown. Painted Turtles swimming in pairs together and many small Frogs apparently young Redhead or Spotted Frogs. At evening heard an old Spotted Frog "croaking" just as in spring but not so loudly.

Aftenoon by boat with C. starting at 10 a.m. and reaching Fairhawn at noon, making most of the way beyond Bluehill Hill under an umbrella and a hurry. A few scattered Crows, a 7 Sandwich Horsek, a Jay on two, and Song Sparrow were the only birds seen or heard.

Landed at Staples Camp and lunched there. While thus engaged, we saw a Loon rise, apparently from the water near the inlet, to the sky, and after circling several times to attain a higher elevation, go out over the woods to the north in the direction of Golden Pond estern however, we could not find it later. Perhaps it went to Sandy Pond, instead. It was a rather large bird with plumage from white through a very neat. When first observed it was not more than 20 ft. above the water.

Yellow jacket Hornets came in numbers to a bubble of current jelly which we opened and into which they crowded fearlessly. They were tense & quiet, as possible alighting repeatedly on my face & hands.
Concord, Mass. June 14th.

Oct. 14

Concord. At 2 P.M. we started through the woods for Walden. It was a week to be long remembered. I think I have seen before seen oak woods so richly colored as those painted woods - wine red the dominant tint. The scarlet oaks were decked with this color and the undershrubbery of blueberry bushes seemed to reflect it as the scarlet of the maples along the lane was reflected by the water a week a year ago. Of course there blueberry bushes, redly of the same color as the oaks. In places they formed a rich unbroken carpet which covered the ground as far as the eye could reach under the trees. The old gold of young birch and the honey yellow of dogwoods (grandiflora) glared in numerous places among the oaks like hoatzis.

Birds were scarce. Two small flocks of Robins, one, among trees in the pine woods, with a following of Juncos; Yellow-rumps and Chickadees, a few Juncos and a flock of about a dozen Owls sitting in the tops of some chestnuts and oaks seen above all that we saw. Where are the thrushes? There are this year? I have seen only one thrush back and no Thrush this afternoon.

Walden was very beautiful indeed. The water dark blue ruffled with wind, the woods about its shores most rich in autumn tints.

I picked up a young New England birch taller than a Retaining's Mylar to day. I shall never forget the sound of the birch that I first met it heard only once Retaining's Mylar to day.

Reached home as twilights was falling.
Oct. 15

Concord. Weather much like that of yesterday but with more haze and less wind. Only a gentle breeze to-night.

In the forenoon drove to Goose Pond which I had not been before for twenty-three years! Its beauty impressed me deeply to-day. It is unlike anything else in this region but resembles some of the beautiful ponds in Plymouth County & elsewhere on Cape Cod. The water measured more than a foot deep, was clear and tinged only faintly green from aquatic plants near the shore. Grass on edge of any kind about the shores while some was muddy & broken. A clean pond despite the muddy bottom, looking as if it might have been only recently dry and filled with water. It lies in the bottom of a deep hollow surrounded on all sides by means ridges. It is easily cut in two by an interesting ridge which has a gape in the middle.

Calgh (a farmer on the Sandy Pond road) tells me that Goose Pond contains no fish of any kind. He introduced pond lilies years ago but the pond dried up completely in the summer & they all died. Of course, Doodle will visit this pond. One of the Concord farmers found a flock of Black Ducks there last month & killed them. I saw no feathers or other signs of water fowl but the mud was literally covered with the tracks of Foxes & Raccoons in about equal numbers.

I also drove to Sandy Pond. A raft of rocks exposed by the low water was covered with Crows which kept moving and cawing about before alighting again.
Concord, Massachusetts.

Oct. 15

I saw, as I was returning about noon, a White-crowned Sparrow sitting on the limb branch of an apple tree. It presently flew across the road to a Birch pile where it joined two others of the same species. All the birds were young. They were very tame. I had a chance to distinctly compare their joint chirps with the chirp of Rosy-finches, and failed to detect the slightest difference. Sometimes is a tanner more philosophical than an albicollis.

So Bulls Hill in Full bunting and going over west of my path made returning at浏览器. To leave bunting on the meadows; two small flocks of Starlings flying to west; two flocks of Rusty Grosbeaks, one containing forty birds or more; flying across the meadows; a Brown passing overhead at a height of half a mile or more; shining like a death; a good many Sparrows along the rail border, chirping short White-throated Sparrow with a few Rosyfinch Sparrows in the bushes were my only fare from field sparrows.

On the way down here I startled two Wood Ducks from the Holt. They flew across 20 yds. and dropped in again directly opposite Bulls Hill where I came upon them under an overhanging maple. As they came out from the bank to get a good look at me I put my glass on them. I knew that both were drakes in full plumage — beautiful creatures. I saw them a third time as I came up near at evening.
Oct 16 Concord. Cloudy with heavy rain in the morning.

Supper came from Cambridge at 10.30 A.M., and we set forth for the Darmstadt to try for agglutinin material. The rain which was pouring down on started soon ceased, and on had good success in an enthralling & pleasant time. A home point, several dreams, a jocund & then Dytiscus rose among the leaves which our ship net brought up from the branches of the brush & old clay pits.

Heard a meadow lark whistling merrily as in spring, and in Dingley lawn saw a Cambridge man with amusing sundials across a wide opening among some birches.

In the afternoon we fished the river, calling another home point & fetching several hard Dobson, two Dytiscus and five young Dytiscus.1 The circumference of a silver quarter of a dollar.
Oct. 17 Concord. Cloudy with heavy rain in the early morning. Wind strong from N. E.

Melvin, with whom I had arranged to spend this week fishing about Concord, came down from Carlsb. early this morning and together we went down one of the Brattle's boats for the day. The weather was gloomy and chilly but the rain ceased before we started and we had a very pleasant time.

On the way down we saw three Wood Ducks, at least two of which were ducks in full plumage, they were swimming in the middle of the river, just above Hun's Pond and flew when we came about 200 yards off the shore later I started them again opposite Aslens Hill.

Docking at the boat we beat the great meadow looking up them Seperes. Melvin had looked Else where and at them 44 lined one. Below Bolt's Hill on the fourth bird but missed it.

I took the boat down to the large meadow opposite Davis' Hill where N. joined me, the ground although wet enough was too hard and not a Decp could we find. I flushed two Meadow Busters I shot on.

Returning to my cabin we hunted there and then we walked over my land after which we crossed the river & beat the woods opposite fishing up two Partridges at one of which I found a fatter shot.

The light was failing when we returned to the river. As we were getting the boat off an adult 6 Marsh Hawk appeared over the meadow.
Oct. 17 Concord. looking very white as if illumined from behind the clouds. A sunbeam, possibly started by the recent rain and snow, was spreading through the trees, in a broad band, towards a height of about a hundred feet, finally fixing itself on the meadow with cloud wings like a falling atom.

A little flock of Cow Brides certainly not more than half a dozen - scattered about, making the familiar hunting ground which I have before noted, and alighting on the butter cask, when they had rested on the branches. The red, wings shaded on the meadows, a month ago fully dos Cow Brides reported to this spot every night coming to it usually in two flocks, one from west, the other from down winds. Their numbers have diminished very gradually until apparently only one or two are left.

As we entered the Holt I discovered a large bird, the Eastern Owl, perched in the tall white ash (now leafless) on the tree. The eastern bank on a short horizontal branch over the top of the tree. In form & attitude, it looked much like a Red-Tailed Hawk, sitting erect with its attention fixed on the meadow beneath, but I noticed at once that its tail was shorter than that of a Buzzard and as we got near I saw through my glass its erect ear tufts for it was a Great Horned Owl. I stepped the boat within thirty of the front of the tree and we looked at the point and for nearly
Concord, Oct 17th 1832

Concord. A moment taking turns with the gloaming and talking in ordinary tones. I also enuced
a good deal of warm with the Odds. There was
literally nothing between us and the Owl while
inundate, must have watched us from the time
we entered the Holt. He must also have heard
my sound we made for the air was buoyant
and there was a wind vibration. At length I
noticed the dark of the room strongly with an
owl and the bird spreading an unfeeling
breath of wing glided off swiftly into the
gloom feeling no stirrings after a few slow
yet powerful wing strokes at starting. He
went in the direction of Holden's Hill &
was doubtless the same bird which the Crows
had visited there several times this autumn.
I cannot understand why the Great Hound Owl
should be so much taken at sight them in
the day time. This Holden's Hill Bird was so shy
as a Briton when I first saw him in his
Christian woods near noon of a bright day although
a hand of Crows were buzzing him at the hour.
It was nearly dark this evening when we found
him in the old white ash in the meadows.

fully 150 Crows were assembled about the trees
on Ball's Hill this afternoon but I did not
see they flock on the way till and although
they were all gone a short time afterwards.
1892 Mass

Oct 18

Concord. Cloudy with occasional glimmers of sunshine.

Spent the day with Melvin shooting over our southern grounds, beginning with the briars near Balmain's pond and then walking from Farson's hill to the Panther Lot.

Started near Woodcock, one on Farson's hill, two in Melvin's meadow, four near Woodcock below, one in another briar to the south of the 'hole', and one south of Melvin's meadow, all were in briars or midst brush & alders or branches. 1 pm on high ground. About half were females. Most of the Woodcock were today caught.

The briars in the old-fashioned way & few plus our 180 yards the first rise. Second run on ground when we found nothing on the 180. All whistled sharply & flew strongly, and few if any ran before the dogs.

In nearly every instance the Woodcock sports their droppings were found in abundance when caught back had land.

Cartridges are evidently numerous this autumn. Melvin. Heffel Farm.

D. Robbins started 26 on the 180 and 20 or 20 today saw at least 12 different Birds. In one place in an old lane four rose together and a fifteenth was flushed out 100 yards from us. In another place we started three together. Most of them were my wild rising nearly as quite out of shot and flying long distances. He found nearly all in Woodcock corn.

We both that my body was firing thirteen times for 2 Woodcock I shoot twice for 1 Woodcock. My day Don gain out completely only in the afternoon.
Oct. 19

Concord—Cloudy with light breezes in E. W. after which the sky closed. These breezes have been strongest this morning, with steady, damp S. W. wind.

Off at 8 a.m. driving to the “Parker Lot” where I met Melvin. The field was very level, and Parker’s lane was the only road, being nothing but a Connecticut brook. I crossed, then crossed the road to a plenty flat ground with alders and birches less than my feet high, the Melvin’s dog found. I hunted two Woodcock one of which I killed. On the Woodcock hole, in excess beyond our stocks from Parker’s, I killed one which, I drawn out first, was an open moorland and another fell to one horn that’s fixed in an unusually white open field, just about at the other end. Melvin’s & Melley’s horses found several, but in some places near the Parker lot we found a Woodcock which I killed.

After lunch, in down to the English graveyard, he beat that ground carefully watching from Parker’s, one of which I bought, but no Woodcock.

In finished the day at the haunted house, when I finished two Woodcock killing one & missing the other.

Two covers when we left Woodside yesterday held no birds to day and two in which there were some yesterday proved contained one a turn this morning. This shows that there was a flight both from’s into these Cones last night despite the high temperature (48° minimum for Melvin). Melvin’s dog worked beautifully & made many points.

Poor old “Doc” seems to have lost his eye and the dog did not fairly hunt a single bird.
1892. Concord.

Miss.

Oct. 19 Concord, Mr. bow in all bit Woodcock and Paentics.

I killed Three Woodcock (in four shots) and Melton

Two Partridge, a Third Partridge falling to both my

guns. I wound several good shots at Partridges.

There must have been a heavy flight of small birds

last night for in bow blood my large flock of

Shovers, chiefly Joneses & Chaffins, and a good many

Yellow-wings.

A Region Harble Passer seen us flying over bow

onl words just above the tops of the trees in a

pointlessly direction.

The Connecticut Harble rose from the ground at

the foot of a cluster of young branches and flew into

a dense young pine thicks, it forced out at on

in the usual wondering way chaffing its breast.

Shightly whatever I wound be as to think itself

suddenly concealed. It was expressively fast and

flies braently with whirring wings. It be a young

bird. Several Yellow-wings were seen at touch.

The locality is a flat land clustered Sandy field

growth to young white Spanish farms and

beaches.

The flight of Juys seems to have pressed. I see no

wone then the common winter gould drives

Squints contain enormous. The less thin Juys

to dry.

Not feeling well to-day I did not go shooting.

Melvin, however, beat nearly all our southern ground in company with a Mr. Adams, the owner of the dog he (Melvin) has used last year & this. They actually did not shot a single woodcock and saw only five Partridges; the shoot, however, where they went had killed one woodcock only. Evidently there was no flight into the corn last night.

This afternoon while fishing for arganum material in the river I saw a Regian Hawk. It was coming over the hill by the house; it passed a bird in within 150 yards of me flying very lightly with a clear top, vigorous, regular, regular wing beats. As it approached the bird's height it changed its course slightly & getting its wings glided with the speed of an arrow directly towards the top of a large elm in which several small birds, apparently yellow caught fluttering, were fluttering about. As it was passing close one the top of the tree it stopped abruptly and dropped a foot or two at the same time lowering its feet and fluttering as one of the little birds which dodged it escaped. The hawk then instantly resumed its flight & crossing the river alighted in a Cupressus elm. As nearly as I could make out it saw the small birds when it changed its course and tried to pick one of them off an upper tree. This I think, an unusual proceeding for this Falcon.
Oct. 31, Concord. Early morning cloudy, warm, damp until a light shower at 7:30. Soon after this blue sky began to appear and a warm W. W. wind against the road all day. The evening was clear & not cold.

Shooting all day with Melvin & Arthur Robbins. He beat two crows near the graveyard & hunted them, and killed a good deal of ground & cove of Cornish, which I have never hunted before. Started at Woodcock, hunting Partridges, and at a box of about nine inches the last in the graveyard some very nice boxes or found the box last autumn. The bag was as follows:

Melvin 3 Woodcocks; Robbins 3 Woodcocks 1/2; Woodcock 1/4; Woodcock 1/4, 1/4. Total 3 Woodcocks, 4 Woodcocks.

He all that badly but I the worst of the three. The dogs behaved well and done exactly as well as in his holding days hunting two Woodcocks and several Partridges. He held his point on a Woodcock for ten minutes a reason while I was hunting for him & shooting it. I finally found him standing the bird among some oak, on a knoll. I fired three times at this bird; finally wounded it badly but it got away. The Partridges were all very wild & we had no firm clammers at them. I have seen men across the road as I was driving & another flown from an apple tree, when it was doubtless budding, about twenty.

The country was abloom with flowers & the bears came pugnaciously in early spring, the oak leaves were falling in quantities to day & the high wind drove them across the openings like birds.
Dec. 21 Concord. Near the Carlisle graveyard, in a confused growth, I heard the unmistakable
chick, chick, chick, of Parus hudsonicus repeated fifteen
or twenty times very near me, but all my efforts to
gain a sight of the bird failed. It was with a
small flock of Parus atricapillus which came close
about one column. I searched and searched, but the
Hudsonian kept a little aloof and concealed among the
foliage. When I started after him he became silent. With more
than I could of course have found him but my
companions were waiting for me.

Date in this day— a little before sunset— I started
a bird which I could not identify. It was in what
pine woods near the edge of a woods, and flew
from the upper branches of a pine into the next
then to the next as I advanced beneath it. It was
of about the size of a domestic pigeon and had
sharply pointed wings like a Hawk (Falco). I could
not make out its color. Its wings, when it started,
made a rather loud flapping sound like a Pigeon but
its flight was curious. It seemed like, somewhat like that
of a boy and bird. Here it alighted it remained
plump and down through the pine branches for a foot
or two before it swung readily. What it could have
been I cannot imagine. It reminded me of an Stalk
Pigeon but its flight was too slow and uncertain for that
bird. I finally that it I missed it when it flew
out of sight through the woods.

Shooting with Melwin & Robbins meeting them near the Parker Dock at 8.30 A.M. They had beaten the Parker Dock & kettled a woodcock then before I arrived. Finding nothing in the loodock hole or crossed the hill to Day brook where I started & shot a woodcock.

South of the road in the brook the dogs smote the track of I thought "Dandy" at length found them. Before Melwin could get near however, they rose. He followed me through the woods & flashed off right. Although these wood guns they are as slay as Partridges and rose invariably before the dogs could get near them. Melwin shot one of them. The three went back & found ten or a dozen full grown turkeys lying within a few yards of where the Amos Bricks were first startled.

I shot one of these large birds & Robbins another.

The Cotton also kettled a woodcock.

After eating lunch by the road side on a down north of beyond Carlisle's not a large sport of turkeys which I have never visited before. I shot a large woodcock here. & learned my curvature standing erect on the tip of a money mound in one opening where it was so conspicuous an object that it caught my eye the moment I looked that way. It did not augur well when my dog ran past within a few yards that when I approached within ten yards but stood there motionless head about drooping its feathers as a turkey ought have done. Its length it gave a series of drooping motions & flows in the

Concord, Massachusetts.
Oct 22
Concord, usual summer but rather cloudy, whispering.

I have one from a Damon
behind in this very day. It seemed to have us
from whatever of autumns on the day. The locality
was the crest of a hill with bushes & oldders &
butter crows vogue opening or undrakes. This mound
in which the bird flock was cast two feet from

A thousand of olders

In finished the day by riding a very pretty piece
of brick cerv nue the flannel house. He found a
woodcock soon after he left the road but he past
off unscathed although four bands were fired at him.

Saw them for grilled to a Hill as I was coming
out in the morning. James was mentioned everywhere
along the roads in flocks of thirty or forty with
a few chairing, bold, Sing & then thousand of sprues
continuously.

At 8.50 a.m. flying S.W. in a long, struggling
flock and just about the true the 1. 1 counted 210
and mind a great wrong that passed behind some
of the trees.

The hill south of Maybrook is wooded largely
of not eastly with beach reach upright grov
trees, apparently deadlings of 70 to 90 ft tall and
grazing very thickly in pines. The longest tree I
saw was about a foot in diameter/ 8 foot six
high.
Oct. 23

Concord. A sunny day but thin gray clouds cover the sky and a violent, rushing cold wind blowing until after noon when it died wholly.

Spend the day at North Chelmsford. I received a donation from Mr. Melville, Mr. Robbins, and his son.

I loaned down in my canoe Mr. Herbert Holden keeping company to him in his canoe. We told him that George Holden gave him eight cartridges one day last week. This two companions bagged enough black birds to make the total for the three just nineteen birds. The longest bag of snakes known to him is eight, killed by Jones. He also tells me that a few weeks ago he started a flock of fully 25 Carolina doves from a sandy field in Lincoln.

Went to North Chelmsford. It was at about 900 yards from down river. Used a long bow with a keenly ground arrow. It was of about the size of a wood duck but the neck was much longer. The bill very long and broad, the color brown like a foun. When it flew it closed the surface with a single vigorous flapping, like a teal. I could not identify it but think that it was a teal with the terns.

Saw two flocks of fowls, white and black, on the meadows. One contained fully 20 birds. Started a perfect cloud of fowls from Pemisulca.
Dec. 24
Concord.

Dear,

Close and frosty yet with no frost last night. Wind N.W. blowing hard all day.

There must have been a heavy flight of Woodcocks last night for although I started alone and made a short day, starting at 9 a.m. and getting home by 4 p.m., I found two birds, killing seven of them. They were distributed as follows: one in the Positive Lot, thirteen on the hill south of Walley's farm (one away down young estate behind here), one on the flat south behind Thiele's, two in the "Woodcock Hole," and then on Thoreau's Hill.

Melvin's Lane and the beach were Botanical Pond famous, blanks, then near all the towns I visited.

More than half the birds were Long Islanders showing that the bulk of the flight has not yet passed. They acted cotton lazy as a rule and flew in the old-fashioned way, a few bothered the day by running. I shot badly at first but killed the best four birds in their lots.

Curiously enough I saw only one Partridge. There was a perfect open pasture & harvested field on which he ran 30 yards but I missed him. He was much too quick. Whatever I took him at first for a Cooper's Hank.

Saw Mr. Lincoln flying over a ploughed field, a very white old man. March Hawk, Robin fifty or so, Sandwinds, several fly Sparrows along the windside, a great many Robins in small flocks in feeders and few junco-thrushes as well as many ground jumbers. Juncos in fair numbers. Thrush thrushes arrived in force at last. I started them everywhere & must have run thirty or forty in all.
Oct. 25 Concord. Bliss the air clear, I first in the early morning. At evening, the middle of the day warm with south wind. Notice from last night. A neighbor calls it the coldest night thus far but gives no proofs. It was certainly the coldest for the past week or more.

This fact, coupled with the sudden appearance this evening of multitudes of Tree Sparrows and a great number in the interior of James's yard, led me to anticipate a heavy flight of Woodcocks but I found only four, one in Woodcock Hole, one Parr's Chicken, one among buckthorn bushes on the edge of an orchard above Parr's chickens, and one near the country in the Colitch graveyard core.

I hunted one all the ground covered yesterday except that near Basket's Pond, and killed 2 Woodcocks and 1 Pier.

The latter I found quite by accident in a sunny opening on Parr's hill, the rose literally under my feet. I got one at the first run and another one a quarter in the woods into which they flew. They acted badly I like both of the other two which I have seen this season rare. A great deal and rose wide often 40 yds or more ahead of the dog. This leads me to suspect that all these Woodcocks were the progeny of some of the Southern Birds which have been introduced in such numbers within the past ten years.

I started four Partridges I had them good shots, one at a brush on the ground, but missed them all.

I saw an orchard at the base of Parr's hill with Robins and Rusty Grackles near right on the ground which the first I have seen this season. I shot a fine one.

I saw a Woodcock on the ground to day from yesterday both squawking ahead of my dogs' point.

I manage to get a good all day hunting the woodcocks.
OES? Ctivete. _ Vwavt Le Tr day JF hind Brom OA mn is REP Oe

Oct 25

Concord. Previous to to day I had been out one Fea

Heron Herma

Spurred (on the 22nd). This evening the country was

Heron Herma

clean with them. There must have been nearly fifty

Heron Herma

in one flock which were from a pasture of white

Heron Herma

THE inside as I drew near, and smaller flocks were

Heron Herma

continually before. Many of these contained Geese also

Heron Herma

and in nearly every flock were pressed Fry Shares.

Heron Herma

One of the last named, a young bird, I think, sang

Heron Herma

a snatch of its beautiful song.

The heavy flights of Shares left yesterday

Heron Herma

passed over during the night but there was still

Heron Herma

plenty of birds left. I saw them some of them in houses

Heron Herma

and flying in barnyards in the frosty. Both

Heron Herma

yesterday & to day they were very equally distributed,

Heron Herma

usually one or two birds in each corn and never

Heron Herma

more than three together in one place.

Coleptes

A few Thrushes still linger but they are silent

Heron Herma

and shy. I start them in the pastures & in

Heron Herma

close farms.

Blue Jays

The migratory fays have all passed long ago and

Heron Herma

then that are here now are evidently our winter

Heron Herma

residents. They are silent and retiring, the migration

Heron Herma

evidently takes place in September & early October.

Blue Jays

Rustic or grasshopper in meadows.

Rustic Whimbrels

I see Rusty Grouse daily still in explored orchards

Rustic Whimbrels

& pastures & in clover runs. Their corn feeding is over.
Concord, Massachusetts.
Oct. 37 Concord. Clear with moderate W. wind. A hard frost last night; middle of day warm for the season.

Off in my buggy at 8:30 a.m. taking a boy on some to look after the horses. Entered the Parker's field from the south side. On the edge of the woods not far in from the road I flushed two Partridges (within a few yards of the spot where I found them on the 26th) and shot one of them—a difficult shot through branches. The next bird was a large Broodcock which I found among young pines on the hill north of Wintle's Farm which I killed at the first shot. Next I flushed a large cock Partridge which went off unseen at once. The Parker boys, while searching for it, I stumbled on a boy of about ten. He said among tall rushes, Don't point them, don't shoot them, I killed one as they tore the trees down and found the Partridge which I missed. But following it into the wild brush I killed it at the third shot. Then we found the birds again they had been together. I fired an unsuccessful shot at one. Afterwards Don pointed a single bird & I killed it.

After lunch I killed another Woodcock in the "Woodcock Hole," Beat Hubbard's feet flat, Farrall hill, and all the others were dry brush with nothing but a single Partridge.

Poor weather beautifully to day & I shot my first fowling only nine times for my big birds—2 Partridges, 2 Dinets, & 2 Woodcocks. I got home before noon.

I saw a good many Robins, fin Bluebirds & 3 Phoebes.
Oct. 24 Concord. A clear, still, warm, Indian-summer like day after a cold, frosty night.

Said late (10.15) this morning and not only the Pardie but, Woodby's Kinn, and Woodcock Hole covers. Started only one Partridge and a bag of Quail. The latter on the hillside south of Woodby's farm where Don found & pointed them among huckleberry bushes quite in the open. I was confident when I got to the first that it contained not more than if or seven birds but I killed eight before I left the place and at least thirty escaped. As the birds were of two sorts, one fully, the score were half grown. it is possible that there were two separate birds, although I think not. They behaved strangely, making short flights, alighting very near together, running & whistling soon after alighting, and avoiding the tall, dense or thick wood which surrounded this pasture: invariably dropping into patches of briers or huckleberry bushes on open ground. I killed my eight birds in two shots, making two double. The worked beautifully.

Then we evidently heard no flight of Woodcock last night despite the thick frost.

I finished hunting at 3 PM & then drove to Green Pond where I spent an hour or more swimming about in the woods, playing the racket, & hearing the noisy Woodpeckers calling shouncing. Small birds were scarce to-day. I saw one large flock of Robins & about ten Fox Sparrows but the James & the Sparrows were entirely wanting.
Concord, Massachusetts.


Off at 9 A.M. with Mr. Britthick driving to
the Walden woods when we visited a beehive
in the bij fumis near the five pine grounds, Pine Hill,
Great Pond, and Fair Island.

Measuring several of the bij fumis, the largest having
a height of 9 ft. and a foot or more above the ground.
On the top of Pine Hill found a bee tree which
was cut. Some bees have lately returned. It was an old white
pine with a hollow twenty feet or more above the
ground. Numerous of comb lay scattered about on
the ground and a number of yellow jacket hives
were clustered near it. There were also some dead
honey bees sticking to the comb and a few live ones
were going in and out the hole in the piano.

At the foot of the hill, we stopped to look at
a pine, tall fumis, and were standing nearly under
it talking when a great horned owl flew
from one of its lower branches (a down branch)
and flapped swiftly & silently off through the
trees. I have rarely got so near one of these Owls
in the daytime. No falcons or other birds molest them.

The woods on Britthick Hill near Fair Island are
the finest by far that I have ever been in this
county. Evidently this land has never been cleared.
& these woods doubtless show what the original
forest of this region was like. There are any
many tall oaks among the fumis, a few hemlocks
from large, coarse branches (one 42 inches in girth),
a few yellow birches & at least one black
Oct. 30
Concord. - An abundance of birds - I cannot find any
evidence of any kind. There are many dead
trees both standing & fallen. Some of the
trees are so large as the largest at Holden or in
Griswold's hill but they are evidently quite as old
& their number is much greater. These woods
come probably fifteen acres. I noticed two old
meeting houses of the H. Woodfrothers, both
in Concord.

During one walk I saw two or three Fox Sparrows,
three Humming Sparrows, a few Juncos, Annos &
Jokps, two Brown Campers & Swan Porteridge.

After dinner I camended my sister Mary's room
and took a walk up to Bush's Hill. When I
reached and afterwards walked to Holden's Hill
by way of Blackwood's knoll which I explored
cautiously finding many spruce trees on its
mountain slope. Started two owls in Holden's woods
when I think they had gone to hunt for it
was dinner at the time. One & that was

terribly; the other was a Red Tail. It flew
from a tall pine & made as much fuss as
if it had a nest then uttering the Jay-like
scream many times & circling about taking
short flights. The other birds looked like a
Red Tail but I did not identify it fully
as flew out over the ruin & was seen at my
mind by two men in a canoe.

Saw twelve loons on my way home.
Oct. 31 Concord. Clear with warm but very damp & chilly S. E. wind.

Shooting all day starting at 9 A. M. Round the Pond, Kidley's Run, Thad's Flat & Woodcock Hole grounds in the forest, being absolutely nothing except one Woodcock which I found in the "Woodcock Hole" to which I killed at the first shot.

After lunch drove to Rose Hill (in Coolea) and hunted a large extent of country for Partridges. Started only two & missed a difficult shot at one of them. Returning by road a mile or more I finished the afternoon by beating a large crowd of hounds on a hill. This was where I saw the Woodcock on the ground on the 22nd. I found nothing to-day until I was on my way back to the buggy when Don ran down into a gully filled with alders with a spring near its head. I whistled & called but he would not come. On going to the edge I saw him point up, working around to the other side I moved cautiously over & when a Partridge followed quickly by three others, sprang from some bushes growing along a wall, I shot my first bird at a red-tailed bird going straight away, then a second at a grey bird gasping to the right & brought both down. The first double that I have ever succeeded in making at Partridges. Both birds were hens. One was dead when I got to them although they must have a tremendous flapping & thrashing when they first fall. I was wholly satisfied & did not follow the two hens.
Oct. 31, Concord. As I was about to start this morning I heard a bird singing much like a Thrush but more disconnectedly and after looking in every direction finally discovered the author of the song, a Thrush, sitting on the topmost spray of one of the elms in front of our house. He remained there, singing at intervals, for ten minutes or more. There was a Brown Ginger in the tree & Sparrows in the wood below but he paid no attention to them. He looked very white. Another Thrush, a brown bird, which I saw later in the day near the Parting Foot was apparently catching grasshoppers, flying down to the ground in a pasture & back to the tops of scattered trees, once returning to the barn tree but continuing on in the same general direction (N. W.) at each flight. Although I walked my fastest I could not get within shot of him.

I flushed a Great Blue Heron from a small brook meadow near Rose Hill.

There were few small birds along the road sides to day except Juncos & Robins. I saw one flock of about ten Fox Sparrows.

Cartridges appear to be uncommon two weeks ago but they are almost as scarce now as they were last season. I flushed only two to day & saw a bower in the woods. It strikes me that they do not venture out into the older trees & flock comes near as much as they did in the old times.
1592.
October

1. *Scalia harrisii*. Oct. 10° 4 10 6 8 10 5 14 15 8 10 19 20 21 25
   27° 25°

2. *Melita migratoria*. Oct. 10° 14 10° 6 7 8 10 12° 14 16 18°
   17° 18° 21° 22° 23° 24° 25° 26° 27° 28° 30° 31°


5. *Piceus antarctica*. Oct. 4° 6° 10° 15° 17° 21° 24° 27° 29°


8. *Cissus americana*. Oct. 4° 7° 10° 14° 30°

9. *Cataphorus cardenarius*. Oct. 1°

10. *Cissus cardinalis*. Oct. 10° 12° 14° 16° 18° 20° 22° 24° 26°

11. *Cissus heracleum*. Oct. 10° 12° 14° 16° 18° 20° 22° 24° 26°

12. *Cissus heracleum*. Oct. 1°


<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>No.</th>
<th>Species</th>
<th>Date</th>
<th>Temperatures</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>16</td>
<td>Melophagus passerinus</td>
<td>Oct. 1</td>
<td>14(^\circ) C to 17(^\circ) C</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>17</td>
<td>M. gregarius</td>
<td>Oct. 1</td>
<td>12(^\circ) C to 15(^\circ) C</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>18</td>
<td>Cephalotes australis</td>
<td>Oct. 2</td>
<td>7(^\circ) C</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>19</td>
<td>Junco hyemalis</td>
<td>Oct. 1</td>
<td>18(^\circ) C to 20(^\circ) C</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>20</td>
<td>Spizella monticola</td>
<td>Oct. 2</td>
<td>30(^\circ) C to 31(^\circ) C</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>21</td>
<td>Spizella pusilla</td>
<td>Oct. 4</td>
<td>17(^\circ) C to 18(^\circ) C</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>22</td>
<td>Entomidium albicollis</td>
<td>Oct. 1</td>
<td>19(^\circ) C to 21(^\circ) C</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>23</td>
<td>Crissalis lucilius</td>
<td>Oct. 2</td>
<td>27(^\circ) C to 31(^\circ) C</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>24</td>
<td>Carpodacus nitidus</td>
<td>Oct. 1</td>
<td>10(^\circ) C to 12(^\circ) C</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>25</td>
<td>Salpinctes obsoletus</td>
<td>Oct. 2</td>
<td>16(^\circ) C to 18(^\circ) C</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>26</td>
<td>Epoptes caudatus</td>
<td>Oct. 1</td>
<td>7(^\circ) C to 10(^\circ) C</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>27</td>
<td>Cyornis ruficapillus</td>
<td>Oct. 1</td>
<td>25(^\circ) C</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>28</td>
<td>Syrphus ribes</td>
<td>Oct. 1</td>
<td>21(^\circ) C to 23(^\circ) C</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>29</td>
<td>Scaphites fuliginosus</td>
<td>Oct. 1</td>
<td>12(^\circ) C to 15(^\circ) C</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>


40. Fulica americana. Oct. 1


43. Armis. 6. 3. 4. 12.


<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>No.</th>
<th>Plant Name</th>
<th>Date</th>
<th>Recorded Size</th>
<th>Notes</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>46</td>
<td>Tates columbaeis</td>
<td>Oct. 6</td>
<td>19     20</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>47</td>
<td>Brito foresi</td>
<td>Oct. 6</td>
<td>12     23</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>48</td>
<td>Pardion contablinis</td>
<td>Oct. 7</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>49</td>
<td>Bolinus virginianus</td>
<td>Oct. 7</td>
<td>21     22</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>50</td>
<td>Saurinius arbores</td>
<td>Oct. 7</td>
<td>6       12</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>51</td>
<td>Motthrus torre</td>
<td>Oct. 7</td>
<td>15</td>
<td>(found in a tree trunk)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>52</td>
<td>Postanus minor</td>
<td>Oct. 7</td>
<td>12</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>53</td>
<td>Adelis cedromum</td>
<td>Oct. 8</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>54</td>
<td>Abnodromos locaemus</td>
<td>Oct. 6</td>
<td>7       8       12     14     18     22     24</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>55</td>
<td>Crorodromi lycemis</td>
<td>Oct. 9</td>
<td>10       17</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>56</td>
<td>Comrichia emerchias</td>
<td>Oct. 7</td>
<td>16       16</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>57</td>
<td>Sindenca palmarum (varie)</td>
<td>Oct. 10</td>
<td></td>
<td>(found near a lake)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>58</td>
<td>Urinasto tertuum</td>
<td>Oct. 14</td>
<td></td>
<td>(found near a river)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>59</td>
<td>Liba defensor</td>
<td>Oct. 15</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>60</td>
<td>Budo virginius</td>
<td>Oct. 17</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
1892.

October


68. *Anos*? Oct. 23°.


72. *Passer domesticus*. Seen only a few times.
Nov. 1 Concord. A gray day with high fog through which the sun shone brightly at times. Home with light E. wind.

By 8 am. I was taking breakfast and the game but with no intention of hunting, my chief object being to look over Bow Meadow and Clarke’s old woods with their owners who accompanied me. We finished this business early in the forenoon, however, and to pass the time remaining before dinner, for which I was to return to the house, I rambled first through the Boulder Field and then into Ash Swamp where I came upon the track of a bearing bird and finally waited to fire. I pointed the gun under a wild apple tree on the edge of some tall alders. Looking in ahead of him, I saw four or five birds sitting in a button sitting on the ground with their heads raised. The next instant they rose and I killed a young cock with my first barrel, missing with the second. I did not follow the bird which contained only seven or eight birds.

Returning over nearly the same ground without seeing anything more I turned into the Shelburne Road and had nearly reached the buggy when a Patridge rose from the side of the road and mounted straight up toward to a height of about thirty feet turning to the left half around during this ascent and after passing above a small farm descending slowly on the other side. When I reached the first farm whence it flew another sprang within a yard of me going straight away. I fired through the three but brought down the third, which
1882, Mass.

Nov. 1 Concord. I then went to where the first bird dropped and flushed it from under a young pine, killing it by a very quick & difficult shot as it flashed through a small opening between the trees.

Following up the second bird, the dog started it among alders some distance ahead of us. It came directly towards me flapping slowly & weakly and I killed it easily enough.

These two Partridges were both males one a grey old drummy with big rafts, the other a young bird my dark & richly colored and, as it seemed to me without comparision with other Partridge, a finely figured toga.

In the afternoon I drove to Cambridge and went in to Cove Pond walking entirely around it as well as through some of the adjoining woods being nothing but a very thin Partridge, a Jay or two and a little flock of Chickadees accompanied by a Brown Creeper. The pond was enveloped in a thin blue-gray mist which made the 

I saw two Cedar Birds this morning on the edge of Ash Swamp sitting close together in a burned Bitternwood. There was amongst Barberry twigs loaded with fruit in the Burns.
Nov. 3

Concord. - Most of the day cloudy, the forenoon very dark with heavy rain. The Sky cleared a little before sunset and the evening was glorious with a N.W. wind and full moon.

Started for Ball's Hill at 10 a.m. Stopped at William Holden's and we went together to his hill by the river which looked very gloomy the trees dripping and threaded in mist through which the hill, from a distance of a few hundred yards, looked like a mountain.

We spent most of the forenoon in crossing boundary lines to the tract of woods which after endless talk, I finally bought. It is said to contain about twelve acres.

I dined in my cabin, it was so dark that I actually had to light my lamp at noon and for two hours the rain poured in torrents.

Late in the afternoon I walked through my swamp to the oak woods north of Beausoleil's house, and thence to Holden's where I had left my horse.

In the swamp I started two Partridges one of which made while flying a noise precisely like that of a thick drawn rapidly across a flattened fence or palisade and to loud that I heard it distinctly when the bird was 200 yards off. I think they must have been some hens (Partridges) missing from the reeds.

Saw a Nuthatch (Sitta carolinensis) and three Jays in the oak woods and two flocks of Blackbirds flying over the meadows.
Nov. 5

Concord. The first snowstorm, to begin at daybreak, ceased from 9 to 10 a.m., and beginning again at the latter hour around my head and steadily until about 8 P.M., after which the sky cleared and the sun came out. Probably four inches fell in all for at least ten inches remained on the ground at sunset. The wind was strong from the W. W. all day.

To Ball's Hill at 7.30 A.M., walking forward to Holden's and reaching the house back to town. I spent some times in Holden's woods following the boundary lines when the storm returning hastened me on to my cabin where I cooked and ate dinner. I kept looking out watching the line of the hope of seeing Geese or at least Ducks but none appeared. In fact I saw nothing except a few sparrows and chickadees I heard only a Jay and some crows.

When the sun came out the woods were very beautiful, for the leaves now changed to every ting I left and was plastered against the trunks where the wind had had full play giving distant trees of all kinds the appearance of branches.

The country had a very wintery aspect at sunset and rice she was from the ears of the house.
Nov. 9 Concord. - Cloudless and nearly perfectly calm all day.
The 26° at sunrise. A beautiful day.

Starting at 10.30 a.m. I walked to Bow Meadows
by way of Dunton Lane and back by the huckleberry
and the Dabcomb Road.

The snow lay two inches deep in the woods all
the afternoon and most of the fields and pastures was
white until late in the day yet I heard a
Partridge, Partridge drumming, and Cuckoo calling and saw
drumming a Butterfly (Vanessa antithesis) flying about among
Butterflies young plants when it finally alighted on a
patch of Flags then it spread its wings
out flat on the snow as if to cool them remaining
there as long as I was in sight of the place. It
must have chosen this cold resting place for
there was plenty of bare ground not a yard
away.

Small birds were not uncommon. Four Fox Sparrows
with a White throat, than Fox Sparrows with two stripes,
two small flocks (four or five birds) of Chickadees, one
flock accompanied by a phishing Song Wren, two
Hermits Thrushes, two Brown Cuckoos and
a few Brown & Jays were all I saw.

One of the Jays summoned a Red Tailed Hawk so
perfectly as to deceive me completely until I
approached. The tree I saw the bird.

On the northern border of the Damstead I started
a bevy of fifteen Jack from a patch of woods
over a brush-grown wall. Their tracks bordered
snow in every direction, Fox tracks commun in the
meadow & wood path.
Nov. 7 Concord - Gloomy and warmer with rain in the evening, the wind S.W.

Mr. Cunningham, whose house has lately been built on Giles farm on the Virginia road called to see me this morning in the hope that I might be tempted to buy a wood lot which forms a part of his new possession. I drove down with him to see it and Mr. Burchard accompanying us. It proved a very fine piece of woods of upwinds of 100 years growth. In these woods are peculiar to the particular soil and situation. Major Abbot's timber was a white pine which generated 10 ft. 4 inches and two pitch pines each exactly 8 ft. in girth. There were also a dozen or more oaks, the largest measuring 4 ft. 8 inches and a yellow bark of about 10 ft. 4 inches. Besides a good many hemlocks the trees were chiefly B. alba. There were a few elms only a few pines. All the trees in these woods are unusually vigorous. They cannot represent the original growth for an army of them sprouts. Probably the land was once clear and cultivated & then turned to woods.

From here I drove to Calights and spent the afternoon ranging about in the woods near Goose Pond. Heard a few Jays & saw a Goo Hawk which passed near me gliding through the tree tops with amazing swiftness or at most Great numbers of juncos & fin Sparrows with a few Fox Sparrows in woods & thickets near wood patches. One flock of sparrows flew along the Virginia road, probably a white bird.
1892. June.

Nov. 9. Converse. Clouds gathering. Threatening a storm (which came not). A child, glowing day with little wind. To Davis Hill in afternoon with Mr. Minnemke gazing on the ground carefully to estimate the new value of this wood etc. Started two Carolina Doves, a pair I thought, from a weedy-green field west of Benjamin. In the afternoon down to Bedford and bought the Davis Hill land of George Davis.

W 10. Heavy rain all the forenoon. Both in the afternoon walked through Derby Lane & to Abbotson's Post with R. C. French. Saw a turkey hen on an old wall & a blue jay flying.


W 12. Clear in early morning, 5 7 clear weather. Spent the forenoon at Holden's Hill with Mr. Holden. Heard a number of Leave alarm on Bolt's Hill but didn't note the them.

In the afternoon joined Country Club with a trip, not for aquatic Sparrow getting a young sparrow, burnt etc. Some small large birds went away, some turned back to day.
(Copy of letter inserted in manuscript)

1235 Third Avenue
New York
215-260-261

Dear Mr. Biddle,

Sincere thanks for your kind notice. I am pleased to
find that you are planning to come to our office.
I believe that you will find our firm very
attractive.

Yours sincerely,

[Signature]

The present card was sent by me to
The President, March 27, 1931.
Nov. 13 Concord. Clear with light W. N. W. to N. S. wind. The middle of the day warm and very pleasant for the season.

Off with Mr. Putnam for the orchard farm, passing to Ernest Mason's, thence through a corn to the old Carriage road, where we discovered the boy's horse. After searching for nearly an hour we found what is Mountain Sand to be the largestMountain Sand. Barred Rock exists in Concord. It grows among basins on dry ground near a stream. It is spread thinly over a quarter of an acre or more. The largest bush was about 6 ft. in height and although evidently old are still very vigorous.

In an open pasture to the N. W. of them the Grand Trunk Oak, the finest White Oak that I have yet seen in this county. It is very tall with a full, symmetrical top, but without the usual wide spread of lateral branches. The girth of the foot above the ground is 16 ft., two feet before 12 ft. Another White Oak which grows among pines on the S. side of the road near Concord measured 13 ft. in girth three feet above the ground, but the height is less than that of the other tree. The top is much reddish, signs of decay.

He returned by way of the old road and saw the top of Pinkham's Notch when we started from Putnam. The only rain we saw during the day. A flock of Starling, Shrike, and Robins, two flocks of Blue Jays, and a few Greenfinches were also seen. Early this morning a large flock of the Sparrows visited the corn patch near the house about 12 M. I heard the Sparrows one of them in full song near the same place in full song.
Nov. 14 Concord. An Indian summer day, very hot.

I spent the forenoon in the woods near Suncook, C., accompanying a neighbor.

As we were crossing down we saw a flock of ten or so of meadow larks in the fields just south of the farm. They alighted in the sedge grass about a mile south of the road and walked around like brown ducks, quaking and occasionally taking short, quick runs. The grass was too short to afford them any cover, but I noticed that, without a single exception, they turned their backs towards us whenever they took each just as theabove back does, according to Chappell. Indeed I did not once see the

yellow of the meadow lark although I watched them for several minutes during which time scores of them were watching us. After a little I jumped over the fence and advanced towards them where they flew, then or five at a time,

I removed to the next field. One bird chased another in play, the two whirling high up and doubling & twisting, finally pitching down to the meadow again. Another evidently an old male, alighted in the top, I am afraid in the apple trees, and being Condition for at least five minutes, precisely as in spring, the tender, plantain
tendril, coming at the usual short intervals and spreading far and wide over the hills. But still green fields, I do not remember ever hearing a bush whistle thus in autumn.
Nov. 14 Concord. The Meadow Bakes were accompanied by Red-winged Blackbirds, a male & a female, the male in his rusty autumn plumage but with conspicuous, although rather pale, yellowish, epaulets. These Blackbirds fed on the green turf with the Bakes, but they were very shy & restless frequently rising and flying off to the nearest tree tops, then returning again. They kept with the Bakes when the latter moved to the next field.

As we passed these fields on our way back at Marsh Hawk we soon a flock of fully fifty Turnstones rose from a Region, one of them and began circling low over the field, suddenly a female Marsh Hawk appeared directly in front of them, and actually passed directly through the middle of the flock whistling along in the usual easy, listless way on its wings not making the least attempt to molest the Region nor causing them any perceptible alarm. After it had crossed the road the Region again rushed directly in its path and again it glided through them dense ranks and for an instant was lost to sight amid the dense crowd.

I was somewhat surprised to meet a large flock of Quails & Juncoes in the very heart of the woods near Great Pond, half a mile or more from any field. They fluttered restlessy, a Junco quickly from one to the other skirting on the ground.
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>No.</th>
<th>Species</th>
<th>Nov.</th>
<th>1°</th>
<th>2°</th>
<th>3°</th>
<th>4°</th>
<th>5°</th>
<th>6°</th>
<th>7°</th>
<th>8°</th>
<th>9°</th>
<th>10°</th>
<th>11°</th>
<th>12°</th>
<th>13°</th>
<th>14°</th>
<th>15°</th>
<th>16°</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1.</td>
<td><em>Myrica migratoria</em></td>
<td>1°</td>
<td>3°</td>
<td>7°</td>
<td>9°</td>
<td>10°</td>
<td>8°</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2.</td>
<td><em>Saxifraga alpina</em></td>
<td>1°</td>
<td>6°</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3.</td>
<td><em>Cerithia uncinata</em></td>
<td>1°</td>
<td>8°</td>
<td>7°</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4.</td>
<td><em>Alchemilla borealis</em></td>
<td>1°</td>
<td>3°</td>
<td>4°</td>
<td>7°</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5.</td>
<td><em>Parnassia triphylla</em></td>
<td>1°</td>
<td>3°</td>
<td>6°</td>
<td>7°</td>
<td>9°</td>
<td>13°</td>
<td>14°</td>
<td>16°</td>
<td>17°</td>
<td>20°</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6.</td>
<td><em>Hedera helix</em></td>
<td>1°</td>
<td>8°</td>
<td>13°</td>
<td>18°</td>
<td>19°</td>
<td>21°</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7.</td>
<td><em>Lonicera coronata</em></td>
<td>1°</td>
<td>6°</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8.</td>
<td><em>Taxus aspera</em></td>
<td>1°</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9.</td>
<td><em>Junco hyemalis</em></td>
<td>1°</td>
<td>3°</td>
<td>6°</td>
<td>7°</td>
<td>9°</td>
<td>10°</td>
<td>11°</td>
<td>12°</td>
<td>13°</td>
<td>14°</td>
<td>18°</td>
<td>22°</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10.</td>
<td><em>Spigella monticola</em></td>
<td>1°</td>
<td>3°</td>
<td>5°</td>
<td>6°</td>
<td>7°</td>
<td>9°</td>
<td>10°</td>
<td>11°</td>
<td>12°</td>
<td>13°</td>
<td>14°</td>
<td>16°</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>11.</td>
<td><em>Coronilla anagela</em></td>
<td>1°</td>
<td>3°</td>
<td>5°</td>
<td>6°</td>
<td>7°</td>
<td>9°</td>
<td>11°</td>
<td>12°</td>
<td>13°</td>
<td>14°</td>
<td>17°</td>
<td>18°</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>12.</td>
<td><em>Cyanus cristata</em></td>
<td>1°</td>
<td>3°</td>
<td>6°</td>
<td>7°</td>
<td>9°</td>
<td>11°</td>
<td>12°</td>
<td>13°</td>
<td>14°</td>
<td>17°</td>
<td>19°</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>13.</td>
<td><em>Borago umbellata</em></td>
<td>1°</td>
<td>3°</td>
<td>6°</td>
<td>7°</td>
<td>9°</td>
<td>11°</td>
<td>13°</td>
<td>14°</td>
<td>16°</td>
<td>18°</td>
<td>19°</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>14.</td>
<td><em>Colomnus virginianus</em></td>
<td>1°</td>
<td>6°</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>15.</td>
<td><em>Amphelis vvedraria</em></td>
<td>1°</td>
<td>6°</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
1892.

Nov.

16 Passerella iliaca. Nov. 12. 3° 68.7°. 9.7-10.5-11.5-12.5

17 Anthus similis. Nov. 3°


19 Physta subsolens. Nov. 6°-11°-12°-13°

20 Zonotrichia albicollis. Nov. 6°-14°

21 Stelarix varius. Nov. 3°-9°-13°-15°-17°

22 Coleptus amatus. Nov. 7°-12°-13°-16°-17°-20°

23 Astur atricapillus. Nov. 7°

24 Zenaica macroura. Nov. (certain) (Hawkins) (Nov. 9°)

25 Holarcticus nigrae. Nov. 10°

26 Andra hirsutus. Nov. 11°-21°-31°-41°-51°-61°-71°-81°-91°-101°

27 Sturnella magna. Nov. 19° due to apparent long several minutes before 11 o'clock

28 Aphelinius flavescens. Nov. 14° (in company with Sturnella)

29 Circus hudsonius. Nov. 11°-14°-18°

30 Butto borealis. Nov. 17°-19°-20°-21°
1892

Nov.


Passer domesticus. A flock about the house each day.

Hyla pachyceps - Nov. 16th, 17th, 18th.

Perdix torquata. Nov. 18th morning.
### Game Birds killed at or near Concord, Mass.

#### October
- 17, 18, 19, 21, 22, 24, 25, 27, 28, 31, 1

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th></th>
<th>Total</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Woodcock</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Shot by W.B.</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot; J.C. M.</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot; A. Robbins</td>
<td>1/2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wilson's Snipe</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Shot by W.B.</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot; J.C. M.</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ruffed Grouse</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Shot by W.B.</td>
<td>1/2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot; J.C. M.</td>
<td>2/3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wood Duck</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Shot by W.B.</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Canada Goose</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Shot by W.B.</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wilson's Snipe</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Shot by W.B.</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**Total:** 43 + 14

I shot in company with J.C. Melvin Oct 27-19; with Melvin & Robbins 22 + 22; alone 24 2/5 to Nov 1.
Dec. 15 Concord. Cloudy and warm but chilly with almost no wind.

To Concord by 8:03 train. Drove to the Buttrick's from the station and at the "Station House" Cozy, blacked down, rain at 10:30. Banded at Dabney's Hill and walked to Holdren's then returned paddled to Bals's Hill when I opened my cabin at about noon and spent an hour or two cooking & eating dinner after which Holdren arrived and together we came to his wooded hilltop where we stationed the bounds of my present farm. I then crossed the fields to Brown's house and from there returned to my cabin through the same woods and brush. At 4 P.M. I picked up my son and after taking tea at the Buttrick's took the 6 P.M. train for Cambridge.

Although the sky was gray and overcast and the woods & fields sloppy under swelling known the rain, calm all day, and the meadows quaked, trilled in a delicate summer-gray harp, an eerie atmosphere I thought after the breath of any city born, birds appeared unusually numerous for the season probably because the mild weather tempted them out of the woods to the thickly isolated trees along the river, or partly perhaps, because the still songs are brought the sounds of their voices from exceptionally great distance. I heard a bowed a Rick, blackbird hawk (a fine adult perched in a tree near the river) join a rip bram sparrow, a flock of finch flies
1892. Dec. 15

Covered them small flocks of Chickadees, a single
Cross (Putting in an oak on the meadows)
and Pine Grosbeaks in three different places.
Of the last named, Figures I could make no
estimate as to numbers, for fifteen or ten
than times I everly heard them piping
in the distance. At the third occasion I
came upon two, apparently a pair, feeding on
the buds of an ash whither amblygo the canoe
at the "Holt." The male was an adult in
unusually high plumage, one of the finest
specimens I have ever seen. I spent some
time watching him reach forward a long
for one of the wings ash buds and then
turn it deliberately in his claw, held to clear
off the wings which floated slowly down to
the glossy water beneath. He paid little attention
to me although I sat directly beneath him
within fifteen feet holding on to a branch
to keep the canoe from drifting away with
the current. The piping whistle of these
Grosbeaks bears down lamellum in turn to
the canoe of a Blue Jay. Once I mistake
the distant call of this latter for the
call of a Grosbeak.

I did not see the bear a bright bird or
any kind in my way up there. A few
Moose were seen once in the darkness.
Saw tracks half-obiterated, crossed a patch
of snow in Benson's field, I should say they
had been made within a week. Only an instant.
Dec. 30 Concord.—Cloudless with brilliantly clear air and sparkling sunshine, the early morning cold but the middle of the day very pleasant.

Took the 10.16 A.M. train for West Bedford, George Carrell accompanying me. The Concord proved perfectly safe to cross (the ice opposite Ball's Mill was everywhere five or six inches in thickness) and a walk of less than ten minutes brought us to my cabin where we found everything safe and as I left it. There were a few skaters on the river and a party of three men from Arlington had lines set but their recompense was small—only two pickerel and the same number of perch for a day's fishing.

After dinner I walked to Benson's and through my woods in various directions. Saw two Chickadees, a Brown Creeper, several Crows, two or three Jays and a Partridge. The last a fine cock bird, rose from a briery thicket on the eastern edge of my swamp and mounted straight upward before he could clear the brush and start on his usual level flight, giving me a fine view and an easy shot had I been armed and seeking his life.

We had a glorious fire in the cabin all day and left it with some reluctance in time to take the 6.04 P.M. train for home. I saw a few Rabbit tracks in the snow behind the hill and perhaps a fox track also.
Concord.—Clear still and mild but scarce warm enough at noon to soften the surface of the snow on the flinty ground.

With George Carroll took the 10:16 A.M. train to West Bedford and crossed the river on the ice to my cabin where I cooked and ate dinner. Two Chickadees and a Blue Jay came about the house and I heard the Pine Grosbeaks piping in the distance and saw three Crows fly over. The river was alive with men and boys skating during the forenoon.

After dinner I put up some "no shooting" signs along the borders of the meadow to the westward and others in the old woods on the Davis land near Bensen's. In these woods I saw a large Grey Squirrel and a Blue Jay.

As we were returning past Bensen's house my attention was attracted by a large, ragged-looking grayish object in the top of an isolated elm which stands in the meadow on the edge of the Davis swamp—about 60 yards from the road. At first glance I took it for a paper Wasp's nest but before I could extract my field glasses from my pocket and bring them to bear it moved slightly and I saw that it was a Barred Owl. Its head was bent forward and its gaze fixed on the ground beneath. Evidently it was on the watch for mice although the sun was more than an hour high (it was about 3 P.M.) and the light reflected from the snow (which covered most of the meadow) bright if not actually dazzling to human eyes. Peter, who came from the house to speak with us, told me that the Owl had been flying about over the meadow,
Dec. 29, Concord.—alighting on humps of frozen earth, and had settled in the elm only a few minutes before we emerged from the woods. I now climbed over the wall and advanced slowly down the slope toward the elm. At first the Owl did not seem to notice me but when I came to some snow and my foot-steps produced a slight crunching sound the bird instantly turned its head towards me and half opened its wings. I stopped and we stared at each other for a minute or more, the Owl without blinking, his eyes appearing perfectly round and black, his beak of a bright greenish yellow, his plumage everywhere of a faded or grayish brown with profuse and very conspicuous whitish bars and spots. When he turned to face me a twig penetrated the plumage of his back and springing upward raised a bunch of the scapulars considerably above the surrounding feathers giving him a ludicrously ragged appearance. Indeed there was nothing firm nor graceful in either his pose or outline. The facial disc, as with most Owls, was very conspicuous.

After a little I tried to creep nearer but at the very first step the bird spread his broad wings and flapping them quickly and continuously ten or a dozen times just after leaving his perch gained sufficient impetus to glide a hundred yards or more further before alighting again. His course, during this flight, was at first directly towards the woods but on entering them he turned to the right and, scaling only a few feet above the ground, passed through a belt of densely growing maples and
Dec. 29, Concord.— coming out into an opening beyond pitched sharply up— Barred (No. 3) ward and alighted on an isolated tree. We traced him easily Owl. enough during the entire flight for we stood well above him and the ground in the swamp was covered with snow over which he glided slowly like a great shadow. I have never before seen a Barred Owl abroad and hunting at midday in this latitude although such an experience is not uncommon in the South. This bird was quite as alert as a Hawk. He flew from the elm when I was fully 50 yards away. I did not follow him into the swamp. I afterwards learned that Mr. Bensen saw this Owl in the same place nearly every day up to Feb. 1—'93.

We recrossed the river a little before sunset and took the 4.16 P.M. train for home.