Clear, calm, dry mild the thermometer rising to 50°.
A heavy rain yesterday has taken off nearly all the snow,
then 1 little on us from left in the ground, the river breaks
many of the city

1 was in October. This

in the condition from

in during our

Wm. Brewster has checked the Bethel
and Umbagog notes in this volume for 1907.
I have copied them into Systematic Notes.
Walter Deane, November 13, 1907.

1907

Jan 1

C. G. to attend the

funeral of Horror Brown Foree. It was at 3 o’clock.
At 3.45 C. and I went back to the Lowell R. R.
station with keep an-hour to count for our return train.

We started down the track a short distance to a point
which commanded a good view of Miss Brook Riverside
and the scene lay open in view. As we were following
here, enjoying the soft, brown air and bright sunshine
a flock of about forty Geese appeared flying over us
southward. I felt then that some had passed these way before, for we had collected from an

Emerson without noticing any, but this flock was

followed by a procession of others the first coming

harry half an-hour later, apparently quite coming before

we took our train at 4.20 P. M. The Geese succeeded

one another at merry regular intervals each, as a rule,

coming in, flying in the south-east, and as its federate

were passing out of sight kept the valley of the Assabet

nearly in the direction of Amherst in which there were

a few straggling birds but not many until of the

bodies being compact and coming from the

flying a lively-looking coach. With the help of Mr. Thos.
Concord, Mass.

1907

Jan 1

Clear, calm, very mild. The thermometer reading 50°. A heavy rain yesterday has taken off nearly all the snow, there is little or no firm left on the ground. The river banks and some of the pond's are open and many of the city lawns are almost as green as they were in October. This after a rather cold month of December. The conditions have changed to nearly those which obtained during an unusually mild January of last year.

I went to Concord today with G. to attend the funeral of Florence Brown Forbes. It was at 3 o'clock, at 3:45 G. and I went back to the Concord R. R. station with keepsake h -n to wait for our return train. We strolled down the track a short distance to a point outside, commanded a good view of Miss Mabel Henderson and the brother, open view beyond. As we were flowing here, enjoying the soft, green air and bright sunshine and a floor of about forty cars appeared flying from us towards the northwest. I felt sure they were bound press than usual. For we had received from Mr. Emerson without notice any, but this flock was formed by a succession of others, the first coming nearly half an hour but apparently quite coming before we took our train at 4:20 P.M. The flock succeeded one another at very regular intervals each, as a rule, coming into view in the distance; just as it passed, some passing out of sight, left the body of the flock nearly in the direction of Amherst Hill. There were a few straggling birds after that large mass of the flock being complete & continuing from thirty to fifty a talking block each. With the help of a few...
1907

Concord, Mass.

Jany 1

[no 2]

Mrs. Bridges tells me that the pair of Sara Snowbird
are coming from Mr. Mason's barn in Medford.

Concord, Concord Building. The nest is on the rafters in the
barn floor. She has a flag on it. She has been seen with
Sara Snowbird and looks like a Sara Snowbird and
so I think they are the real one.

[Handwritten notes on the right side of the page]
1907

Concord, Mass.

I learned this day from Mrs. Bridge that two pairs of Puritan Masons must cast stones in the hope at Hurd's Corner, Concord, on Capt. Dalles' place. I think the lands. There was a single sale of them (or perhaps in Mr. Mason's ground on the opposite side of the road) in 1906 but no Masons meet in their locality in 1907.

A single Mason, named Mason Gold in the colony of Concord in 1906. On September 9th this year he requested them to come to an election:

"I met Samuel there on my way back from your attractive cabin, and he told me that at least

by pairs of Masons met in his boyhood they

could not be seen 18 miles away, and at least

those numbers. This is about what I should have

grown from his brother's remarks." (Of which

Mr. Howe had previously told me the story)

Further elected in this colony in 1906.

Under date of September 11th, 1906 Mr. Howe wrote

again as follows: "I have just stopped at Dalles' on my way home from town. He had at least two

pairs in the southern end. They came east in May

and raised their young horses. Mr. Mason's

pairs had won horses. Does this make your colony?

thoroughbred horses for their colony?"
Canada Nuthatches are common in the Glen Woods just at present, associating with Chickadees (of both sexes) and with Golden-crowned Kinglets. I seldom find more than two of the Nuthatches together; however, they were very noisy this forenoon (10. 11. 39). Twice I heard two performing what seemed to an anti-phonate duet, one bird entering the nuthatch nest, vibrating the other a back, kee-keek etc. given rapidly and melodically without cessation for minutes at a time, and sounding at a distance very like the booping of a Red Squirrel. These notes, however, are really softer and more buoyant continuous than the lingering ones of the Squirrel as I had ample opportunity for determining this morning by actual comparison. I watched one of the Nuthatches as it attained almost necessarily for several minutes in response to the booping of another connected not far off in almost another locality. The bird I saw was perched on the topmost branch of a tree bearing balsam when it sat rather erect turning its head from side to side, flicking its tail and flapping its wings, with great animation. The duet just described was anti-phonal on the part of one bird inunadually used a distinctly different set of notes from those given by the other. Both birds, however, were usually booping at the same time. They seemed very excited and eager. The Chickadees with them through an unusual excitement.
A midget flock that lingered long about a sunny opening in dense, well-grown woods (the "Blue Woods") of birch, alder, birch and white pine, contained four Hudsonian Chickadees, five Common Chickadees, two Golden-crowned Kinglets, a & Carolina Wren, and a & hairy Woodpecker. A sly cock called once for away and down Redshanks flew out at frequent intervals. I had a good opportunity to watch the Hudsonian Chickadees at close range in a clear leafy and stayed with them for half an hour at noon, making the following notes: for a time they kept high up in the tops of some tall birches walking among the cones apparently fluttering and eating the seeds. The Wren was with them here for about a minute but the Black-caps and Chickadees remained some down. The Hudsonian differed from the Black-caps as follows:—They were much less noisy (often posing quietly at a time in absolute silence); they seldom hung head downward; they hopped and flitted among the branches more actively and carelessly, spending less time in one place; their short tails were not in evidence; they fluttered their wings much more with a more nervous, tremulous motion very like that of Kinglets; the black patches on the breast were less conspicuous than those; they appeared shorter, "chubbier" and fluffier; the chestnut brown on the flanks was very evident. All together they seemed to me less attractive and interesting than the Black-caps. In their manner of flitting carelessly from twig to twig, as well as by the tremulous motion of their wings, they reminded me very forcibly of Kinglets. I heard the munching of a small beak, as the buds burst, and the abrupt tab-tap sound. They did not seem to be constantly watched by the Common Chickadees.
Bethel, Maine

1907

Jan 21 [No 3]

The loon call heard in the Glen Woods this morning called only once but then very near at hand. It began very like a "shouting" Thriller but its notes from the first were delivered less rapidly and more softly than those of the Thriller and they were decidedly louder. They became gradually less and less closely connected until towards the close of the outcry (which lasted more than double the length of time than the "shouting" of the Thriller ever consumes) they were separated by intervals of two or three seconds each. The entire series of calls may be rendered thus: - cue - cue - cue - cue - cue - cue - cue - cue - cue - cue - cue - cue - cue - cue - cue - cue - cue - cue - cue - cue - cue - cue - cue - cue - cue - cue - cue - cue - cue - cue - cue - cue - cue - cue - cue. This is the typical prolongued outcry of the Pilated Woodpecker with the notes all on the same key and, as I have noted, widely disconnected at the root. The bird utters much oftener a shorter series of similar notes, still more like those of the Thriller, but less numerous, given very quietly and hesitatingly and ending in a tremulous diminuendo. This shorter outcry is common to both sexes and is constantly used when two or more birds are warning the woods not far apart calling to one another as they move from place to place.
Bethel, Maine

Jan'y 22

As I was crossing a sunny opening in dense
evergreen woods this forenoon my attention was caught
by a dark spot on a snow bank, under an overhanging
drift. It looked at first glance like a large, hustling
black furry creature just above the surface of the snow.
As I gazed at it intently I made out by slow
degrees first the shadowy outlines of a pair of erect
ears and finally then of the entire head and body
of a large Varying Hare in full winter phase. It was
a picture drawn in white on a still winter background.
The creature's general coloring looked distinctly a bit
faintly yellowish against the absolutely pure white of
the fresh fallen snow. It's fur showed shadowy modeling
in places so as if it had roughly furred up. The only
colouring not white was yellowish, however, was that
of the ears which were grayish in places and if the
partially concealed feet which were long, brownish.

For several minutes the Hare or "Rabbit" remained in
a crouching position and absolutely motionless save for
the regular alternating "shivering" of its nose, as
length was approached. It showed to within three
yards when it first raised itself slightly by a
corollary movement of its long, sinuous legs and then
darted off at full speed, skimming the deep soft snow
without seeming to break into it on the heels, moving
with incredible ease and smoothness and without the
slightest audible sound. At times when it was still
in full, uninterrupted view I had difficulty in keeping
its course to perfectly match its coloring match
of the beams, but whenever it paused a few minutes
and a drooping mass of dark evergreen foliage
Ballard, Maine

January 22, 1907

flitting form would share for an instant with
stealthy distinction. It can nearly straight away
with best to sight following marks and, often glides
and avoiding the windfalls and tracks by which
they are bordered. Judging by their tracks in the
snow these hares are much given to keeping in
such marks and unostentatious trails during their
rusticized wandering but, they frequently change
from such paths when in search of food. They
do not often to often be found at first, or hunters, at least
in the woods; but by looking closely one can guage
food where they have nibbled off many small
Terminal branches and twigs. This, I am convinced
by long observation, is their habitual and
characteristic manner of feeding in winter.

On January 21st I again visited the place where
the hare was located on the 22nd. On this second
occasion I found it within a few yards, if one it was
seen on the first but so concealed by the top of a bush
than had been bent down by the stream that I did
not discover it until it started to run. I have had
similar experiences in former years and I believe that as
a rule (but certainly not invariably) these hares are
in the habit of spending the day in the same places.

It is my belief that I think, for them to do this in
often ground and they are especially given to concealing
themselves under fallen tree tops and in clump bushes.)
1907
January 28

Bethel, Maine.

The winter snow storms in this region are seldom accompanied by much wind. In the woods the snow flake, white, clear and crisp, still and dry, fall nearly straight, lodging in thick masses or lines of delicate, perfect branches on the branches and twigs of the trees. The heavier storms are usually followed closely by violent north-west winds which soon whip the trees and send the snow whirling and eddying in mass-like waves to nose and often distant resting places. In deciduous woods and among conifers with crowded, top, and scant under foliage most of the snow sifts down to the ground and is evenly distributed there remaining cold into the spring. There is done in exposed wind-swept fields and pastures. But under dense, vigorous, low-branched firs and balsams which grow in thinned places in the woods either apart from other trees or surrounded by them which poster no foliage in country the snows seldom accumulate to any considerable depth, even after the heaviest storms. Beneath such trees one may occasionally find small patches of bare ground in undergrowth and in early spring the entire winter space bends the creeping low branches. Beneath the dying leaves branches is often quite free from snow where but little of any of the surface of the earth is. The snow country has been as yet unclouded. When I was in Bethel in March, 1904, the first song of young or returning from the South appeared in the depths the woods reverberate back on their above echoes. Here men, known this to happen in Massachusetts when only leaving the snow immediately his deeper curtain later than before clung unceremoniously on often sheltered edges.
Jan'y 30
1907.

Bethel, Maine

Two of the ladies at Dr. Goehring's reported seeing a
grizzly foxtail scattered about on the ground in the
Glen Woods, yesterday. The Doctor and I went there to
investigate the matter this morning. We found the story
of a woodcock being shot, and clay, with much
interesting detail, in the deep, dry snow. Under a large
white pine with dead lower branches were seven pinions,
two secondary, and a few body feathers of a Ruffled Grouse,
scattered over a space of four or five square yards. One
of these feathers had been pulled out. Among them was a
single bluish wing covert of an adult Goshawk, and then
frozen lumps of heart, liver, and brain on the outside with cylindrical coats of dark
black matter. These suggest thorough extirpation, of course,
that a Goshawk had fed on something in this pine
and that it had at least partially pushed a Partridge
while there. The comparatively small number of feathers of
the Partridge and the total absence of any fragments
of flesh or of blood suggests that the Hawk
may have taken its victim to some other place before
catching it.

Beginning some sixty yards from the pine and
ending within thirty feet of it, after winding through a
dense thicket of young balsams, was a curious and most
interesting trail. That it had been made by the Hawk
and Partridge in combination was evident, but exactly
how this had been accomplished was not so clear.
Apparently the Hawk after flushing down the Partridge
had ultimately ridden it through, and carried it just
above the surface of the snow. Then it had
ridden it there was a deep furrow with evenly-spaced
1907.
Jan'y 30
(No. 2)

Partridge tracks at the bottom showing that the Partridge had been able to make fragment if not continuous use of its own feet, that its progress had been more or less assisted by the Hawk was indicated by the occasional imprints of the latter's big broad wings on both sides of the furrows. In several places these showed with remarkable distinctness the outlines of the broad-spread primary quills. The snip and shape of the wing prints indicated a large Goshawk, no doubt a female. Every few yards the trail ended to begin again a little further on. It was not entirely lost over the intervening spaces for even here the snow showed marks of the Hawk's wings and occasionally of its tail feathers, also. Curiously enough, there were no feathers, nor blood spots nor any obvious signs of struggle anywhere along this interrupted trail. Indeed had it not been for the unusual depth of the furrows and for the unmistakable marks of the Hawk's wings I should have concluded that the Partridge had alternately walked through and fluttered over the snow to the point where the trail ended and that it had then been buried and carried off into the furrow by the Hawk. In this connection I may note that Henry Barlowe told me that a Goshawk which he shot on Cornwell Hill November 7, which is now in my collection does not very consistently with one of his roosters which it had formed upon in the race near his house. After reaching this nest about a quarter minutes and pecking a quantity of feathers from it back of it left it, lying prostrate on the ground. The rooster was slightly injured that it quickly recovered its full strength to begin.
Although I have never seen Lake Umbagog in winter or early spring, I am not without some knowledge of the conditions which exist there at these seasons. This is derived partly from what upon people have told me but still more largely from personal observations made at Bethel where I stayed at the house of my friend Dr. J. J. Schuyler from December 3, 1900 to March 9, 1901; from February 12 to March 26, 1904; and from January 18 to February 1, 1907. During these visits I kept a daily record of the weather, of the maximum and minimum readings of the thermometer, and of everything interesting that I noted in the woods and fields when I spent much of my time rambling about on snow shoes. In the village I frequently
met and talked with farmers, teachers and others
who had just driven down from Upson. They usually
reported that the season was deeper and the cold blunter.

New Thames at Bethesda for the two localities have officially
different winter climates. But the difference is one of
degree rather than of kind and without doubt the
general conditions and aspect of the country about the
lake from December to March are essentially the
same as those about Ellis.

It must be confessed that I began my first canoe
at the latter place with some misgivings for I doubted
the cold and such storms as were within easy reach
of the village did not seem likely to offer many
attractions other than drudgery in snow. But as so
often happens in such cases my apprehensions proved quite
groundless. Indeed I soon found that out-of-door life
at Bethel in midwinter is full of interest and
pleasure and seldom attended by any hardship really
worth mentioning. Although the thermometer frequently
registered ten or fifteen and occasionally twenty-five or even
thirty degrees below zero (Fahrenheit) the air is so pure
and dry and so utterly free from chill that it
does not often seem cold, at least when the
sun is shining brightly and there is little or no wind.
In January and February there are many brilliantly
clear and comparatively calm days when, with
the temperature not much if at all below zero,
one may ramble in perfect comfort through the woods
and fields wearing no overcoat and perhaps no gloves
although the crops must be kept covered else they
will from quickly. The most perfect days of the
"weather break" types are frequently followed by
snow storms. These are usually windless or nearly so and very pleasant to be out in for they add a new interest to the scenery of the open country and invest the coniferous woods with a beauty and a mystery rarely if ever equaled under any other conditions. But after the snow has ceased falling and when the clouds are breaking away the north-west wind is likely to rise and to increase in strength until it blows a living gale. This may last for two or three successive days and nights. During its continuance one must wear heavy clothing and walk briskly to keep even moderately warm when tramping across roads and fields: in the depths of the forest, especially when firs, pines and balsams abound, the wind is comparatively little felt near the ground but it fiercely rages through the tops tossing them to and
free and filling the air with a confusing medial of roaring, whistling, crackling and snapping sounds. One sees few birds in such weather except in very sheltered places.

The discomfort caused by these nor’easters is undeniable but compensated for in large measure by the interest one is likely to take in watching the transformations which they effect in the winter landscape. For whereas the wind has few sweep it deals promptly and summarily with the fine, dry, newly fallen snow. This is shifted from the trees and branches so quickly that bits of forest which only a few moments before were completely shrouded in white and seem distinguishable at a distance from bordering fields become very noticeable. The shrub-shaded
spruces and balsams now stand out everywhere in bold relief and the fine-topped white pines look almost black against the snow or sky while the myriad intertwining twigs and branches of the deciduous trees combine to form a distinct if but lightly-streaked treecover delicately tinted with smoke gray and greyish brown. As the gust increases in volume and frequency they literally tear the snow from the surfaces of the fields and pastures until the air is filled with it, perhaps to a height of hundreds of feet for some of it comes from elevated ridges or even mountain tops and is caught for miles before settling to earth again. Thus, they are breaths, breathing with rose and balsam when the sun's rays strike through them, and constantly bending overhead casting light, fleeting shadows on the ground at our feet.
The low-lying snow piles up in mounds and
ridges wherever it meets with obstacles such
as fences, stone walls, or banks. Some of the drifts
are many feet in depth and almost as hard
and dense-grained looking as fine marble. The
wind would ceaselessly attack them while it lasts,
modeling and sculpturing them into uniquely
beautiful forms and curves. They may retain
this beauty for a week or more but ordinarily
it is obscured by another snow fall or ruined by
a thaw, in the course of a few days.
March 11

 Brilliantly clear with light W. wind. Despite the bright, sunny weather, the thermometer did not rise very much above freezing. The nights continue cold and the one lengthening day affords almost the only sign of spring in our city. Her snow is here at hand.

An unmistakable sound of early spring was heard early this forenoon, however, by Walter Dean. This was the "chirping" of a Robin. The birds all used to make the quick disturbance and then disappear silent. It was in the large tree on the Smith place, Maple Street.

The ground in our gardens and barns is still covered with snow to the depth of nearly a foot and the streets are thickly creased in ice. I have heard of no crows, sparrows, or other early spring flowers yet.

Mr. James reports seeing a Robin on Feb. 24 and a Bluebird on February 25, at Concord.

On the morning of March 10 Walter Dean found 13 Black Ducks and 3 Goosanders in First Pond. They were swimming in a rather large sheet of open water about the fountain, the remainder of the pond being covered with thick ice. Two of the Goosanders can admit water in full night.
March 12

Up to March 12 there had been no indication in the region of a very cold and frozen season and the only obvious sign of the approaching winter was that afforded by the long lingering hours of daylight and the steadily increasing warmth of the sun's rays. The weather continued excellent, the sidewalks were still covered in ice and the city canons and gardens were buried winter a few inches of dry snow. On the 12th the weather moderated and the temperature has been above freezing (except at night) most of the time since which on the 17th it rose to 56°. Under the combined influence of mild temperature, bright sun and a warm rain which began on the 13th and continued through the 14th, the snow and ice has disappeared rapidly yet unknown at any time following the blizzard. By the evening of the 17th most of the ground was bare and by that of the 18th there were only little hunks or ice to be seen while the canons were distinctly green, the sidewalks perfectly dry and the ice completely gone.

At a meeting Club meeting held on the evening of the 18th a sudden sudden storm occurred who came from the Camden in the west of the meeting that there had been no mention change in the local weather up to the 17th. On this day there was a considerable flight of early spring birds, and in the next a notable "rush" of them. During these, two days, Robins, Robins birds, Siny Sparrows, and Red-winged shared in large numbers, and on the second day a few tiny Sparrows, Crossed Balsam, and Rusty Blackbirds, Sand- toned Phoebus, were heard. All these birds were observed near Cambridge. Only one of them appeared on our preserve - a Robin which I don't know counting on our catalogue this point as it was getting dark on this evening of the 18th.
April 2

After six succession days (March 25-30) of clear and, for the season, warm weather the seventh day (31st) was cloudy and cool but not freezing. The eighth day (April 1st) was colder still with a north-eastern storm which had covered the ground (although most of the snow melted as it fell) to the depth of two or three inches by night.

Early this morning the sun rose close to the sun on a wintry landscape for the thermometer stood at 28° and the earth was everywhere replete in glistening white. When I walked the Museum I found assembled in our garden such a host of migrating Sparrows as I have not seen there for more than twenty-five years. It was impossible to count them accurately but the results of many attempted counts convinced Mr. Deane and me that there were not less than 4000 Sparrows, 800 Juncos, and 3 Song Sparrows. They remained in the garden all that day and on the next day their numbers were not greatly diminished. Where came they? Not from the south, I think for the night of the 31st was not one to tempt birds of any kind to come northward. At first I suspected they might have been driven into town from the open country but I learned later that on this same day there were their more numerous at Balls Hill, Concord, and that upwards of 100 were seen (by Will. Stone) in a cow pasture at the rear of the old Providence R.R. station in Boston. (Stone says that until it was used as a cow pasture it was an open field near the houses).
1907
April 2 (No. 2)

These facts make it evident that the flight was not local but more or less general. Probably it invaded and settled down in the greater part of eastern Massachusetts. I believe that it came not from the south but from the north and that it was composed of birds that had passed our latitude during the fine weather of late March. In other words, the birds were forced by a sudden change from clear and mild to wintry and colder weather to return their flight. In some respects the movement appears to have been similar to the one which Mr. Wayman observed at Charleston, South Carolina, several years ago, and reported in the April issue. These birds, however, migrated southward in February and by day. All the Sparrows found in our garden on the morning of April 2 must have arrived there during the preceding night for there was not one about the place on the 1st. By this I am assured by Mrs. Dean, I was at Concord on the 1st, when I found only a few 'in Spiders and James, in the region about North Hill—neither were in Spiders, their own usual habitat to be known almost any day at this time of year.
Concord, Mass.

April 3

Brillianly clear with light N. to N. winds. Early morning cold. The ground frozen hard. The flooded meadows glistened in the sun with ice as thick as window glass. Afternoon warm.

On reaching Concord this morning I found the winter snows in all your farm in sheltered places in the woods, the winter frost well out of the ground. The roads cleared and dry; the grass in fertile upland fields bright green. The farmers were plowing and harrowing. I heard woodpecker and songbird songs through the day and remembered of Pleased's Hyades at evening. Butterflies of at least three species were out in considerable numbers. The river is very low for the season and only thin border of ice on it. The beaver house was here and the iron fence at North Hill this spring. No flowers were blooming as yet at the Colbin brook. I saw a few lilies, violets and phloxes at the farm. The elder bushes were thick; their golden flowers and the elder blossoms are nearly in full bloom.

The region of the river from North Hill to the farm was snow clear with bridges to-day. I have found some them were snowless on this season. I heard a flock of fully 125 junes in Dunsen's apple trees and nearly as many were on the farm while there were about a dozen at North Hill. and smaller section further explained. There were about 18 Sow Squaw at the farm some of them singing at fingered intimacy, 3 at the farm and 6 in Norrid field. Robins 7 old swags were very numerous I heard a Virginia Sparrow 7 a Ford Sparrow singing and a Rose Caged (at the farm), just before dinner time.
April 3 (2s2)

1907

Concord, Mass.

male bluebirds were perching the hill and with their tender croaking as I crossed the field to our berry patches.

At the same time as the bluebirds were singing I saw a flock of blackbirds flying over Bobs hill. Red-winged sparrows greeted our ears with their melodious songs coming from their yards on the lawns of the city. Wrens, wrens, and winter wrens. I heard only a few robins along the path in the orchard laden with snow. Some sparrows were common and generally distributed, I heard these fine sparrows singing delightfully more than half the time this morning. Altogether it was a grand bird day and I had a feel of the tender hand reposing upon my hand upon this early spring.

In a mixed growth of oaks, maples, firs, and hemlocks I heard two pairs of chickadees under constant observation for about half an hour this morning. They remained on the ground the whole of the time not once taking to the trees even when I approached them so closely that they were forced to flit an arm's length from me. After not disturbed in this way they moved about rather slowly, our limited ears, by a succession of boming bops. They seemed to be especially interested in the fallen, rotten, barked oak and maple leaves; seizing them in their bills, they shook them and dropped them about sometimes tearing them into smaller fragments. I saw a bird extract from a leaf and eat a small, elliptical, Jasper-brown object that looked like a chapter of brown bread. The sparrow birds kept close together as did the flocks at times whole at others they launched for opener. I do not remember to have seen before seen chickadees fly so long and persistently on the ground.
The immense number of Junes here to-day gave me an exceptional opportunity to study and compare the songs of many different individuals. I must have heard more than a hundred different birds. Many (the majority I think) sang more or less like their brothers in which, indeed, I must take several of them for an instant and our bird until

I got very near and heard him several times. Others reminded me most of Chaffinches but then, without exception, put more of life and melody into their notes than the Chaffy ever dare into his song, better song. Others again I have been but three or four in their class) sang very like Nightingales. The song of one bird was so clearly like that of the Swamp Sparrow that I was completely deceived until I actually saw the bird in the act of producing it.

Therefor I have been referring exclusively to the song of the bird while the Junes were on their breeding grounds. The melody singing, however, I believe, to early Spring, was more frequently heard to-day. I noted the following rendering of it after listening carefully to a bird for some time. It is the normal Song, more or less. Quick-quick-quick-e-e-e-e Quick c-c-c-c (the normal call note) Quick-quick-quick-quick-e-e-e-e Quick c-c-c-c etc. This was repeated many times at short intervals, always in full, loud, blended tone.

Some of the notes were very musical and the general effect of the performance was very pleasing. I wonder if it can represent the first (or early) attempt at singing on the part of young birds. I can hardly see the bird do more singing (it is too much for that). Rather I should call it a musical recital.
For Sparrows and Juncos fed all day, long on the hemp and millet seeds that we had thrown out for them in front of the cabin. Their numbers varied from time to time as they kept coming and going. Our highest count gave 15 for Sparrows and 10 Juncos. I have no doubt that there as many visited the seeds and in the course of the day. It was a pretty sight, that of so many birds habitually perched in feeding gently almost directly under our windows. The big, dusty-surfaced Toy Sparrows were the more impression of the two species, the slate-blue Juncos the prettier and daintier. Despite the abundance of visible seeds the Toy Sparrows were continuously feeding, after their usual fashion that is by jumping alternately forward and backward among the dry leaves. This motion was so rapid and efficient that the leaves were often blown up into the air to a height of eight or eight inches. The Juncos stalked in much the same way but much less often and also less vigorously than the Toy Sparrows. They hopped about more rapidly and more evenly, however, as well as more eagerly and gracefully, carrying their heads low and their bodies flattened to the ground. When the seed had been scattered profusely both species would remain in one spot for minutes at a time, then would walk a little way, then alight another spot in their turn. The Toy Sparrows would stand still and motionless for a moment after eating, flitting. The Juncos, under similar conditions, kept equally invisible and in some expectancy, next to.
1907
April 3 (Mo 3)

In previous years I have often known the Spanners, having found them in the open fields and
used Politics to seek their resting places for the night
among dense firs before sunset. But this evening
a number of them lingered well into the twilight about
the back yard in front of the cabin. All the fowls around
deserted it half an hour or more before this, according
to Gilbert who was on the tier. At 5:45 P.M. the
cabin.

I came upon what appeared to be the entire flock
on Pine Ridge when they had evidently settled
themselves for the night although the sun was
still well above the horizon. They were scattered
about one can care or more in dense, bushy
positions for the rest. As I started about
among them then I started bird after bird to the
number of a dozen or more. Each would flutter
noisily and, after the touch call over or twice just
as it left its nest to settle a near one at a
short distance. Until thus disturbed not one of them
uttered a sound or gave me any other indication of
its presence. Most of them flew from flocks near the
ends of the pine branches from six to ten feet above
the ground.

Still calm in the afternoon (certainly not
later than five o'clock although I did not wait the time)
I saw a perfect stream of fowls coming into some
forested white firs on the Berry portion of the farm
at least 100 birds flapped near in the corner of a
few minutes, coming from the open fields in Mr.
Hendy's farm and disappearing among the dense
foliage of the firs. I felt very much that they, too,
were seeking their roosts.
Concord, Mass.

April 3
(No. 6)

1907.

A Golden crested Knight was singing this fromm in the woods behind Ralph Waldo. I wrote down on the spot the following rendering of its song: Tree-tree-tree-trill-it-it-it-it-it. The three notes were thin, weak and high-pitched and very similar to the ordinary call notes of the species but unlike the Z sound them and Cotton. The trill it it notes were pitched much lower than the trees and very rather liquid and musical, and expressed in quality. All the notes composing this song were delivered hurriedly and in rather full tone.

Soon after this I saw the bird and its mate (or at least a female of the downy species) among some alder, near the ground. That charming dainty and elfish-like little creature! One can never cease from admiring them and wondering at their grace and animation of movement. Especially when they come out to play, they can seem joined on floating wings, like humming birds, inspecting the terminal leaves or buds of some slender spring.
Concord, Mass.

April 4

1907

Heavy white frost at daybreak. Forenoon cloudless, dead calm and very clear. Clouds gathered in the afternoon when there was a brisk, cool S.E. wind.

Sparrows to the numbers of a dream or more had gathered at the bed, but in front of the cabin by sunrise but the first junco did not appear until about half an hour later. Both species were singing almost continuously up to 10 a.m., not only in the woods on Bobbi Hill but elsewhere, wherever I went. They appeared to be scattered haphazardly over the entire farm country on the west, north, and east sides of the barn where I breakfast it not long after breakfast. Such a delightful concert as they gave me then I have seldom listened to in recent years. From far and near, an ever changing, thick, sonorous, filling my ears incessantly. They were also the songs of many Song Sparrows and Red-winged and one or two. The sparrows besides the distant "shewing" of a Thrush and one or two from the tall oaks on the edge of the woods, theQuickmiz, insinuate a song of a Cowbird, Don.

Immediately after breakfast and before leaving the barn I heard, three separate, the Cuckoo-air, "out of a field-bird's trill and twin its whinny call." Those sounds come from the midst of the trees just below Bobbi Hill where the bed must have been covered among the flooded meadows of Button Buncher for the glossy surface of the open water would
1907

April 4

Concord, Mass.

have at one betrayed its presence had it been
howling there. I noted the cackles call thus:

Cuck -- Cuck -- Cuck -- Cuck, Cow, Cow, Cow. The Cuck notes
were extraordinarily Cuck-like but the Cow was more
hoarse and resonant, as well as much louder, than
any note that either of our flocks of Geese or
Swans. The Whooping might be rendered hê-hê-hê-hê-
hê-hê, all their notes being on the same key and
delivered very rapidly and evenly, in vibrant, sombered
nasal tones. This is by no means the first time
that I have been or heard fluid-filled Gruber near
Nassau Hall in the month of April. Some of the
fluttering thrushes on the meadows would furnish ideal
breeding places were the water to remain at its
present level but these birds seem to know that it
is due to be drawn off before June for they have
largo for more than a few days in between at
this season.
Concord, Mass.

1907. April 5

Forenoon cloudy and showery with strong, cool S. W. wind. Afternoon sunny with moderate N. W. wind. Evening cloudy and much cooler with brisk N. W. wind.

Our side of the river was nearly barren of bird life to-day no doubt because it was exposed to the searching and rather chilly southerly winds, I saw only one Tory Sharron and but two or three Juncos at the secluded bed. A Pine Warbler (the first I have noted this year) was in full song on the crest of Bally Hill about noon. Our Phoebes (the paired birds were together for the first time) were very active and noisy flitting about the house shaded, entering it once or twice and frequently alighting on its projecting lattices. There seemed to be a number of Tory Sparrows and Juncos on the sheltered shores of the meadows near the stone boat house between these two come this morning to my ears at intervals through the forest. A_btnning dom was coming them for half-an-hour or more in the early afternoon.

I had begun to fear that I should lose my eagle water front here this spring but not long after breakfast this morning a beautiful adult Herring Gull glided majestically past the cabin on the wing, An hour or so later Gilbert called me out from my writing to show me a pair of Goosanders. He saw them rise from the river close in to the cause for but they were opposite our upper landing flying swiftly off on the flooded meadows towards the S. W. where I first caught sight of them. The drake, a superb dark bird with bottle green head, led the way.
1907.
April 5

Concord, Mass.

...clearly followed by the much smaller plain
grizzled bird which I felt sure was a female,
no doubt his mate.

On my way to the farm in the afternoon
I saw about 50 juncos feeding on the turf in
Bartlett's pasture. One would not think thus
could, on any other than it is kept so closely
eaten all summer and autumn by the cows yet
two juncos were eating something.

When I reached the Bartlett place (about 5.15) a sprung
...two flocks of robins containing respectively 25 and robins...
13 birds were flying into the Bartlett farm from
the southwest. A little later I saw another flock
arrive from the direction of Rich Field and
pitch down into the room. I have known robins
...to congregate there before to roost.

As I was returning through Rich Field about 6 o'clock a large black Partridge flies from
a stump covered with button collins. I
instantly stepped about and examining the top
of the tree clearly discovered another Partridge
...sitting very erect and absolutely motionless on
a slender twig. This bird, a hen, had flown
off in a direction opposite that taken by the
male when I went though the motion of
pointing a gun at her. I suppose she must
have been the mate of the other bird & I
had no doubt that both were engaged in
...building before I disturbed them.
April 7

The weather has been extremely cold for the season the past two days, the thermometer falling to 24° F., even at morning. As a natural result, few, if any, birds have arrived from the South and most of not all of the Northern-Finches which appeared on the 2nd coming, as I believe, from the North (by an intensive and unusual retarding movement) are still with us.

The Sparrows were singing gaily, close to the cabin, at sunrise this morning and just before sunset I counted 22 of them feeding in the dead bed under the window. They had eaten all the hemp seeds and were devoting themselves to the sunflower seeds which they ground into fragments in their bills before swallowing them. About half past six the last birds cleared the bed and flew off westward. Following them I came on about hundred to be the entire flock going (or rather gone) to roost among the chesnut-y pines in Pine Pond. They had all settled on these trees, I think, when I reached this plantation but they were calling incessantly to one another, making such a loud and seemingly excited clamor that I thought at first that they had discovered an Owl or a Cat among or under the trees. I could find nothing there, however, but a Partridge which could hardly have alarmed them. There was no singing and no listening the only note used by any of them being the "chuck" one. This is closely similar to the "coo"
1907
April 7
(No. 2)

of the James but harder and not woodsman
in tone. As I found my way among the
thickly growing trees I disturbed half a dozen
or more of the birds. Each, as it left its
perch to fly to another tree, made a loud
and rather fantastic fluttering sound with its
wings. Most of these birds started from near the
end of the lower branches (where the foliage is
densest, as a rule) about eight or ten feet above
the ground.

Shortly after leaving the For Spaulding I
reached the south end of Pine Ridge. Here I
started a clatter in near James which had
gone to roost in the hemlocks that I planted
two or twenty years ago. Some of these birds
flew out almost in my face from perches
every two or three feet above the ground. But
the For Spaulding they fluttered mildly and
called to me. They, as they took wing but they
did not seem to be severely alarmed and
often not being very far off. They invariably
remained silent unless again approached. At
they fluttered across the openings among the trees
in the gathering twilight the white dappled feathers
of their wings spread like shown most
conspicuously, and sometimes I could nothing
else.

A number of Robins had gone to roost among
the trees on that rise.
Concord, Mass.

1907
April 7 (No. 3)

Among some crowded young white pines on the western slopes of Pine Ridge I found a covey Partridge. This bird had evidently been killed only a short time before by either a Hawk or an Owl. It had apparently been struck down in a little opening next a stony wall where the ground was stony, with the flat-topped features of its wing and back. Presently a thin line of feathers reached the corner (nearly straight) on which it had been dragged or carried for a distance of about two rods into the heart of the dense cluster of pines. Here it must have very cleanly perished with the waste of the dense cluster. Here its heart must have very cleanly perished. Among them were the koffe (which seem chocolate colored) but, strange to say, I could find no primaries, no secondaries, nor tail feathers, nor any fragments of flesh or bones or kind or fact. That the dead had been committed by either a Hawk or an Owl was clearly indicated (1) by the fact that all the feathers had been pulled out, not better off and (2) by the there or there being piles of white, chalky excrement on the pine needles. The presence of these "chelplings," close together, near a convenient space afforded by a fallen branch, and surrounded by feathers was equally good evidence to my mind than the bird of prey — whatever he may have been, made a hearty meal before leaving the spot. When he finally flew away he may have taken with him what remained of this Partridge or it may have been eaten after his departure by some prowling Fox or Skunk.
April 8

Sunning hard all day - big flake, most of them melting as they strike but the ground white by noon and covered to a depth of nearly two inches by nightfall. Wind E. S., very strong at times.

Only 7 or 8 Fox Sparrows came about the cabin to-day. They sang freely in the early morning and late afternoon. I started several of them from their nests in the Pine Tree plantation as early as 5 P. M. and saw others flying to the plains behind Balls Hill at 6 P. M., but when some fifteen minutes later, I got back to the cabin there were still two or three feeding there.

I had a chance this evening to distinctly compare the chattering notes of the Fox Sparrow with that of the Junco when a bird of each species perched on either side of me, in plain view and less than twenty yards away, uttered it fifteen or twenty times. They did not chuck together but alternately, as if answering one another. Until I saw them distinctly and made sure that each was uttering the sounds that seemed to come from it, I supposed that they belonged to the same species for their calls were to my ears identified in form and tone. Once or twice, I thought that the Fox Sparrow had the stronger tone, but of this, even, I was not quite certain. After closely studying the call which both gave, I decided that it could be best rendered by the word "twee."

The fact that this particular bird could be very nearly (if not exactly) alike does not necessarily invalidate the correctness of the observations that I made on the evening of the 7th. It is true that I did not then have both species at once but
Concord, Mass.

April 8

but it was not more than ten minutes after I had left the fox sparrows next before I was in that of the junes. Moreover I have noticed in former years that the chuckling of the June-3 is, as a rule, decidedly softer and less warbling than that of the Fox Sparrows. I do not now think however, that the difference is sufficient to be expressed by mere verbal rendering unaccompanied by description and justification. Furthermore I now realize (perhaps for the first time) that no one should venture to positively identify an unseen bird of either species by the chuckling call alone.

Will Northcott called at the cabin yesterday afternoon to tell me that he had just seen in Holden's woods a pair of Red-shouldered Hawks which he thought were nesting in town and which he suspected were preparing to nest Holden there. I had noticed before this a large nest made chiefly of sticks and placed in the fork of a tall chestnut tree above at the base of the pine a little to the westward of the big white pine in which a pair of Red-shouldered Hawks nested a brood of young eight or nine years ago. On approaching this nest about 5 P.M. this day I saw one of the Hawks come out and fly off through the trees.

As I was crossing our own house that this evening just before dark (at 6.15 P.M.) I disturbed the pair of Phoebes which always bred there but which this year had not yet begun their nest. Both of these flew out from somewhere well back in the thick, without doubt they had gone to inspect them.
1907.
April 8
(No. 3)

Concord, Mass.

I see Red-wings nearly every evening now, in considerable numbers, flying over or close past Sally Hill towards the western end. At night at least 200 birds passed within my sight in flocks ranging in numbers from ten or a dozen to fifty birds each. One flock alighted in the bolls at Putnam's Landing when they remained for some time bustling out, every half minute or so, into a full chorus of song although it was quite dark. I heard this on the tenth. On this occasion the lower notes of some of the birds reminded me very much of the distant honking of woodcocks. I wonder when all these Red-wings go each evening! They must have some place of rendezvous down there. I followed them as far as Davis Hill last night and some of them keep on and off light in the direction of Canton's Bridge. I have no recollection of ever seeing a flock resting there. I Red-wings huddle.

At least 75 and I think 100 Robins flew into the woods on Pine Ridge as it was getting dusk this evening. All that I saw came from the southward, no doubt from the forming country on the Sudbury side of the river. Most of them came in flocks (the largest that I noticed containing 26 birds). They scattered about over an area of five or six acres when they reached the ridge.
Concord, Mass.

April 9

The north-easter which began yesterday morning became
increased in violence through last night and to-day,
and it rained hard all this forenoon and snowed all
the afternoon. Now, at nightfall, the snow lies six
inches deep, in some places and loads the branches of the trees almost to breaking in the
woods. I had not thought to see a painting a
landscape again this spring as met my eye
whenever I went late this afternoon. The beauty
of the snow boundless forms, hedges, and trees
exceeded anything that I have ever seen before,
ever at Boothill. This, however, was only in
shallow places; elsewhere the raging north-east
wind tore the snow from even the trees
before it could collect there in any quantity.
The birches along the river banks were bent
over the water in arches of surpassing form
and the delicate branches of their now-bare
twigs was truly exquisite. The river appeared
to be open only over its channel for on the
foresaid riverbank the current was very strong
and carried with a dingy white streak which looked
very clear from far. In the more thinned
winds to winds of the breeze lodged on the
trees and on the branches of the trees that
the ground was nothing but thinly covered and
under the trees and hedges it was nearly
a quiet one. This gave the birds a chance
to get at the cake without much trouble for
whomever it offered for breakfast, fences & trees
were avoiding themselves of it.
1907
April 9

[Handwritten text]

Concord, Mass.

It was not necessary to go far afield to-day to see and hear very many spring birds. Despite the
storm—or rather because of it—they came about the
cabin in numbers which I have never known
equalled here before at this season. The high, rounded
ridge of Baxi Hill formed an almost perfect wind
breake and we kept two small areas within a few
yards of our window clean of snow and supplied
with quantities of hemp stalk, sunflower stalk and
bread and cracker crumbs. The news must have
soon spread far and wide in Sparrow language
that there was easy shelter and abundant food
and that the lee of Baxi Hill was a favorite
area. Sparrows and Juncos in ever increasing numbers
until by noon the place literally swarmed with
them. With them came a few Fly Sporrows
a dozen or more Robins, a Thrush, Thrush and
an extensive flock—looking more Blublub. We
could do nothing of course, to entertain the
three species just named but all the feed eating
birds were given such a feast as they probably
do not often enjoy even in the best of times.
I am bound to say that they made the most
of it and that they seemed glad to show
such appreciation of our hospitality as lay in
their power. Thus they ate steadily and
uninteruptedly from morning to night, they sang
equally, equally with cessation from sunrise
to evening twilight and as the day wore on
they gained more and more confidence in
us until they finally became almost as confiding.
April 9

Concord, Mass.

1867

as yet Canaries or domestic Pigeons. I make all Fox Sparrows
then statements advisedly for all are literally true.
At no time during the earlier day (save occasionally they drift
for grief inevitably, when loosing the drink though disturbed and alley
them) were there less than a dozen or more birds.
Every with the birds were less than two or more
in full song. As to this Torrents the Fox Sparrows their unusual
seemed to finally lose all fear of us, then I went tomorrow.
not to replenish the food swiftly they would come
about an almost unfazed and as I stand at
the windows on a lightly on the hill and
Canary regarded me with its bright beady eyes from
a distance of less than two feet. Another hopped up
on the hill or the open door and flapped into the
cabin cautiously. A third, not then feeds from
me, to whom I threw a piece of a hard apple
off the roof it almost before it had ceased rolling
down the bank and at over heard and began
closing it almost as embarasingly as a dog
will take food from his master. The James
and Robert were scarcely less flabber.

Just before noon the general sense of security
which evidently prevailed among all these birds was
suddenly and wildly dispelled. I had gone to
the second thing for something and was in my way
back when a young Cooper Hawk coming from
I knew not where dropped into the very middle
of a group of Fox Sparrows feeding in the path
in front of the cabin. I saw him cluck at one
of them with widely opened talons (of his right
foot) but the Sparrows dodged him and escaped.
April 9
(No. 4)

He then alighted on a post by the landing but seeing me remained there only a few seconds before gliding off, gratefully, through the clear sky from fields and over the woods. Although most of the sparrows & juncos had taken flight with loud cries and sought refuge in the trees, a moment after the hawk alights on their companion, a number of them remained feeling only a short distance off evidently hoping for still a chance to take the glean. They had not come on the trees in the wake of twin. The hawk would probably have had a chance for another flight with good hope of success. Even the birds which had flown up into the trees did not seem greatly frightened although they did not venture to return to the ground for several minutes after the hawk had gone.

The fox sparrows were so constantly in motion, flying from place to place, that it was not possible to count them accurately, but the following counts are certainly close approximations to the actual number.
Sends 8.35-9.00 - 18 birds counted from cabin windows.
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The figures just given probably do not represent for Spumari anything like the total number of 7'0' Spumari seen at the cabin during the day; for the birds were continually arriving and departing, or in other words, changing places. This fact will account in part for their feeding continuously through the entire day. I should not be surprised to learn (were it possible to get at the exact facts) that the total number that were entertained was nearer than hundred than one hundred. Of course they ate a lot of food—fully two pounds of seed and a pint or more of animal and bird crumbs.

As I have said, there 7'0' Spumari sang as well as fed all day long with never an interval of silence, much exceeding a minute. Yet I did not often hear more than two and never more than three at any one time. It is difficult to account for this fact, especially when the wide fluctuations in the number of birds within hearing can be in mind. The songs of different individuals varied in form, in tune and in quality or merit. The best singers were those which used the notes most characteristic of their species. These birds were by far the most numerous. Among the different singers I heard one which might easily have been mistaken for a Grass Finch, another who sang very much like a Peeper Finch, and a third whose final notes were almost exactly like those of the Fox Sparrow. Many birds sang on the ground, singing or merely perching for a moment between two sites or two or three seeds in the snow.
1907
April 9
(No. 6)

Concord, Mass.

Although I realize fully the utter inadequacy of any combinations of human words to express such sounds as those that go to make up bird songs like the Fox Sparrow's, I am tempted to enter from the following renderings that I noted to-day.

Peer, peer, see lee-see-see-lee-pid

Sweet, see, see-see-see-see-see-see-see-see-

Many birds put the strongest emphasis used in the entire song on its terminal note.

Of notes other than those which pertain to the formal song or its variations I heard the following:

"Jack--only once all day. This is evidently a cry which denotes alarm or excitement.

Lee--used only a few times. This is used chiefly by flocks of birds calling to one another.

The above was not heard to-day.

When members of birds were feeding together one or more of them was almost constantly uttering a series of chattering, clicking and trilling sounds so faint as to be audible only a yard or two away. They resembled one of the sounds made by the Red Squirrel when heard at a distance.

Another sound produced by the Fox Sparrow when feeding but less often heard than the chattering was a low, vibrating chirrup, rather harsh in quality.
The Fort Sparrows at the seed beds were "scrapping" almost incessantly especially when collected than in large numbers. Their encounters, although often spirited, were invariably brief and seldom of more than radiation. Apparently they preferred only momentarily and for the most part trivial fits of jilting or ill-treatment. At first I thought that they were caused by a selfish determination to monopolize these when food was particularly abundant but I have found that even the most quarrelsome birds attacked only certain individuals of their own kind and that it was very unusual (I saw it happen but twice during this day) for any of them to attack the much smaller and fluttering James which was always feeding with them and which, had they chosen, they could easily have excluded from the feast. My final conclusion was that most of these combats were due either to unequal jilting or to a mixture of playfulness and bravery. In other words they were simply bullying one another and "showing off" perhaps for the benefit of their mates. I noted some evidence, however, which indicated that certain birds were unpopular with their fellows if not very generally disliked by them. Such individuals, at least, were obviously and definitely ill treated by more than one of their companions and one unfortunate was invariably set upon by them or frightened whenever it attempted to approach the seed bed.

Most of the fights that I watched were swift and dually. However, quickly ended and not again renewed so far as I could discern. Indeed it was very common for two birds to be feeding quietly side by side.
Side immediately after they had settled their little dispute. They fought in their slightly different songs; (1) by making a quick level dash at one another either on foot or on wing and only just above the surface of the ground; (2) by standing motionless for an instant, back to back, and then springing up into the air to eight inches apparently striking with bill and feet (but not at all forcibly), like game cocks, just as they came together; (3) by flitting straight upward to a height of six or six and one-half feet, facing one another all the while, their bills almost touching, but not so far as I could see either thrusting or striking with bill or feet. Whenever, at the close of any one of these encounters, one of the birds turned tail and fled, he was more pursuing more than a yard or two, and often, as I have just said, he would cut over again and finding within a few inches of his late antagonist.

For Sparrows often fan out their handsome tails for an instant when engaged in fighting but at most other times the tail is kept lightly closed. It is sometimes depressed so that the tip just touches or trails on the ground but as a rule it is carried at an angle a little above the line of the back and occasionally much higher than this with the tips of the wings well below its base. The position at which it is held is frequently changed and it is often flitted pretty up and down a ridgeway or the bird hops about over the ground. On the whole, however, the Toy Sparrow gesticulates with its tail rather less than do most other birds.
1907.
April 9

Concord, Mass.

It is probable that Fox Sparrows do not always
for concealed seeds but also for animal food, as the
following observation will show. As I was watching a
bird digging a little pit into the soft, sandy soil
in front of the cabin this afternoon, I saw it pause
for an instant and, after sending its neck forward and
down, pull out from the excavation a red earth-worm
about three inches in length. This it held in its
bill for an instant as if not quite knowing what to
do with it. It then dropped the worm which was
immediately picked up by another Fox Sparrow who
made short work of the wiggling creature, first
separating it into three pieces, by biting and shaking
it with its bill, and then eating these fragments
without hesitation and indeed with very evident
relish.

During my walk late this afternoon I was walking
through some nearly six inches deep and foraging
the blinding clouds of it which the famous north east
blast was driving over the east slope of Pine Ridge
when, in a little opening surrounded by hemlock
trees, I came upon two Yellow Red-Footed Warblers
the first I have seen this spring. They seemed
to be almost completely exhausted by chill and
hunger falling about with dropping wings among
some small cadens but their tails were wagged as
easily as if the birds had been in the best of
spirits or vigour.
1907
April 10

The morning dawned cloudy but bright. The clouds were thin and there was a light, steady wind. During the forenoon the sun shone clearly at times and we saw patches of blue sky, but it began to rain just after dinner changing to snow later in the afternoon when the wind came from the north. Then I went to the farm at 3 P.M. I found the ground quite smooth mostly everywhere with the grass grown to be deep, soft, under dense junco. Many of the trees were heavily loaded with snow this morning and some of them had broken under its weight. The tall branches in front of the cabin had been bent until their tops rested on the ground or snow. All the trees had free thermals from the sun by noon but many of them didn’t get up over frozen and some of them are still much covered.

Wintery conditions all day. This injured by snow

The insect-eating birds are having a trying time. I fear. I saw no Phoebes nor Swallows today. A few Bluebirds noted a yellow Robin Walter near the cabin. Most of the Sparrows are all right of course but most of them that were here yesterday had disappeared this morning. Why can they have gone? Hot weather surely in the face of such a wintery storm as was through most of last night. It is quite possible and I think probable that they deserted it southward perhaps as far as Connecticut. In that case they almost certainly accomplished a second stage in a southerly spring migration for I am satisfied that most of them reached Concord, Mass.
April 10

1907

(No. 2)

as here by a return flight from the north. I wonder if the Snowflakes and Phoebe have undertaken a similar retrograde movement. Red-wings and Robins apparently have decided not to be frightened by a bit of snow, for I saw them to-day in practically undiminished numbers.

There were 24 Toy Sparrows at the cabin at 8:45. Toy Sparrows

and 8 o'clock through the day. They came freely at all hours but not continuously as was the case yesterday. At this hour I saw only six or eight of them and some between here and them.

Only a few deciduous Juncos appear to be left in this region. I noted seven a dozen in all to-day.

Gilbert saw a Blue jay flying near the cabin in the afternoon and a Great Blue them this morning.

There are surprisingly few Toy Sparrows as a

near Ralls this thrift this spring but I found five in

sit at the form this afternoon, sitting close about

the barn when hay stacks had been flung.
April 11

Today cloudy, afternoon clear and warm. Slight
N. W. wind all day.

The snow melted rapidly after the sun came out
but at evening it still covered most of the country
except on southern exposures when the sun gained
hold upon it in many places. In the woods the trees
was everywhere fully three inches deep at sunset when
an icy crust was beginning to form.

Yesterday, as I noted in this journal, most of the
birds had apparently disappeared, as I thought migratory
southward. To-day they came back again as numerous
as during the early part of the frost period. Indeed
the country was literally flooded with them. They
were scolding about everywhere throughout the woods
as well as fields. This statement applies chiefly to
Robins, Fox Sparrows and Juncos which I met with
in country numbers during my afternoon walk
to Davis this morning. The next scene to a bird's delight
was the flat woods behind Nalls' field, just before
sunset, both places reminded me of a great concil
Robins, Fox Sparrows and Juncos were going to roost
in almost every tree and one the entire host,
singing and calling to one another as they sat on
their perches or flitted from place to place. Hard
before noon I found them in anything like such
numbers in these woods.

Phoebes reappeared this afternoon in their usual
numbers in the brow of Nalls' hill. As I
looked

 Verbals
April 11

probably one of the most shutdown places in Concord during the ice storm and it is at all times a favorite spot of Phœbe's but there were certainly more of these birds than yesterday nor could I find any of them downtown. They kept close about the nine to-day and frequently appeared just above the water, diving down to it and probably feeding on floating insects. I saw one pair at the farm shed.

At least 50 Amos assembled on Pine Ridge this forenoon when they seemed to be mobbing something, for they were making a tremendous outcry and diving down among the firs. Two Red-throated Hawks were soaring in the very midst of the excited Amos and screaming wildly. It is possible that the Amos were protesting against the presence of the Hawks but more likely, I think, that both birds were mobbing something else, perhaps a fox.

I found a Woodcock this afternoon in a place where I have seen them before; viz. in Reuse's Pine near the wood road that leads to the brook but on high, dry land, among very dense thickets. I flushed him twice, but didn't see him either time for he rose fully thirty yards away, to judge by the sound of his wings, and the pinions fanning extended very wide. His wings were closed, and shortly, to the foot that the ground in their course was nearly perpendicular covered with snow. Under such conditions Woodcocks will seldom permit a man approach.
Concord, Mass.

April 11, 1907

Early this afternoon I heard, with perfect distinctness, Hawking the shrill, thrilling outcry of a Hawking Gull. Starting up I saw the bird soaring in circles over Bald Hill but at such an immense height that he looked closer than a Snipe. From this great elevation he must have been flying not only the greater part of the Concord River valley but the small town and its borders devoid of our surface towards the sea.

A more unusual visitor, which appeared in much the same manner as the Gull and shortly afterward, was a male Sparrow Hawk. As he circled on molecular wings almost directly over the cabin and perhaps two hundred feet above the crest of the hill I could see his bright reddish taw distinctly every time he turned in upper surface towards the sun.

There were few Sparrows about the cabin all day. The greatest number I saw them at any one time was thirteen, they being busy and well but not continuously. I recognized our bird by his prominent reddish tone which I have heard him constantly for three or four days. It is a remarkably clear, plain song but so imperfectly told that I should be glad when he has gone on a sunny, which will be too soon. I cannot help thinking that he must spend his summers in some exceptionally dreary and lonely place.
1907

There were only a few birds about the cabin this morning but the open country on the other side of the river was alive with them. When I passed through it on my way to the West Bedford station and I saw them in undiminished numbers and literally everywhere, from the car windows on the way to Lexington and, indeed, nearly to Arlington. Robins, Toy Sparrows and Juncos made up the bulk of the birds seen. The Sparrows and Juncos were quite as numerous in the middle of the week, perched on the ground or in the branches. As I was waiting for the train at the station those songs came incessantly to my ears from far and near on every hand.

Miss Mary Hardwood tells me that the same large numbers of Toy Sparrows and Juncos at Beavercreek in Worthington County, Ohio, during the same time on the 9th. Mary Hardy wrote me that at Beavercreek, Ohio, it began to snow on Tuesday, Feb. 9th, and continued about 4 miles. It remained all night and the next day, there was about 12 inches of snow there. It has snowed about all the time there. This letter is dated on the 11th. Snowing as it has fallen. The birds, largely Juncos with Song and the Sparrows and a few Toy Sparrows, have come into our clover yards in great numbers. We began to feed them two days ago and have put out several sacks of cracked corn, oats, also bran & flax seed. I have had from 25 to 50 around all the time and Farm wi has about
as many as her hens. They are very prosperous
during off the English sparrows and then fighting each
other. One day sparrows dropped dead from a
sycamore bush and another is dying. I cannot
tell the cause. A storm is plenty of food."

It is evident from the testimony just cited that
the extraordinary abundance of birds belonging to the
Sharman family has not been merely local during the
past week. But, on the contrary, has been probably
very general over New England. It will be noticed,
however, that Spy Sharman and Jim Sharman, which
were not known to considerable an army thin Spire
within Mrs. Hardy's found in the greatest abundance at
Bolton and that he has only a few 7 by Sharman
whereas they were found abundantly by Mr.
Matthews at Crackers and by Mr. on Crackers, on
the same date wherein Mrs. Hardy's observations were
made.
April 14   Clear and cool with light W. wind.

Two Puii Dinmuh have been haunting our garden for the past week or more. I found them in the deciduous trees in the "jungle" this morning. One of them sang almost continuously for fifteen or twenty minutes; sometimes short, sometimes in fairly long tones. Its song was an odd melody of harsh, thudding notes, many of them harsh and only one really musical, the exception being the Conway-like poor, used in common by the present species, by the Goldfinch and by the Redpoll. This call was frequently interspersed among the other notes as was the preceding, buzzy, 

breery sree e e e e e e e e sree e e e e e e.

On hours more or less at all seasons but chiefly in spring and summer and which I take to be one of the forms of song rather than a true call.

The thud, yet somewhat similar, was also given among the shrub notes and interspersed with them.

The medley singing, heard on this occasion, is often indulged in by the Puii Dinmuh at this season.

It is similar in form and general character to that practised by the Goldfinch in early spring but, unless that of the Robin, it is, as I have just said above, wholly lacking in sweetness and musical merit.
April 29

1907.

Forenoon cloudy and showery. Afternoon clear
and warm with light S. wind.

When I reached Ball Hill at 9.45 this morning
(from Cambridge) the oak woods on its southern slope
were alive with Yellow-rumped and Yellow-bellied Towhees.
I found many others later in the day in Pine Park
and on Pine Ridge, being in all at least fifty birds
of each species. However I met with them they were
swung together in about equal numbers keeping, as a
rule, to the trees in better dense growth and often
among pine thickets. I noted a few of the Yellow-
bellied Towhees on or near the ground in open places,
both there and early in the forenoon. They
fed chiefly by flying out a upward from the
branches and catching their insects high in wind
air. It was easy to distinguish the Yellow-bellied
Towhees, even at a distance by the slender hanging
of their tails. Their song varied greatly with different
individuals but all the forms I heard were dry
and unmusical. Some of them reminded me of
the song of Mr. Black cap. I should character
the usual form of song as a light chatter. Sometimes
it was abrupt and explosive in character; sometimes
lively and bustling or trembling. The birds song
in the intervals between their flitting from branch
to branch making no fuss about it although this
behavior I think prohibited if examined as they soon entered
the thin forest cover.
April 30, 1907

Clear and very warm with strong S.W. wind.

Arrivals. Black-crowned Green Woodpecker, 1 (from 
Nelson).

Arrivals in Pursuit of Pines; Barn Owl, 2 heard singing by 
Selbert in the woods on the Farm; Solitary Vireo, 
one heard singing by me on North Road, then 
seen together in Pursuit's Pines by Nelson.

Most of the birds here yesterday must have passed 
on southward last night for there were very few to-day 
in the North Field. However, Mr. Nelson of Mrs. Con.
Zeitler reported hearing a good kind of sound of Yellow-
headed and Yellow - faced Woodpeckers in Pursuit's Pines;
however,

As I was walking behind North Hill this 
evening two Owls came from the Pines on its crest, 
One mounting above the other to a height of about 
seventy feet, swept down at it, with head down 
and wings extended, a head, warbling coo - coo - coo - coo.
coo - coo - coo until the sound of a window or 
shutter sounded loudly, just as the other bird reached 
the lower end, the latter dodged and twisted, slowly
paralyzed by the other. This was repeated several times 
with always the window shutter notes given during 
the fluttering with fast and after that the most
strong, 
daring pursuit accompanied by many most graceful 
evolutions. Finally the pair (for I judged them to be 
a male & female) came joined by a third bird when 
and one seems to have very off one the wings 
together without further demonstration or calling.
1907

May 1

F. Ground cloudy, afternoon faithfully came. A cool
wind at night. H. W. and snow all day.

About 7 A.M. as I was travelling in front of
the cabin I heard the flight call of an Upland
Plains reported six times. Each utterance consisted of
some of the usual rapidly connected notes (then
an often lone accent). The bird was apparently flying
high towards the East.

About 10 A.M. I heard the familiar rolling
call that three Greater Yellowlegs gives just before
alofting. Early in the afternoon I heard it again
and this time saw the birds 18 in number, flying
in a compact flock (as closely huddled as Peeps)
low over the waters, up stream, toward Boise Hill.

Two Kingfishers followed the cabin worry times
during the day, one sometimes in close pursuit
of the other. I looked them to be a pair but this
was only forenoon for I could not see their movements.
One of them from the banks, cae, cae, cae, Caesar,
which is very similar to the call of the American
bird, was flying over the woods at the time.

A Pomeroy was harrying Edward Bros's trio.

Early this morning we on the plains, west of Falcon
inhabitants. I thought from the birds, "Pomory"
During this period the weather has been steadily cold and at times unsustainably cold. On the morning of the 6th the ground was still with frost and shallow pools of water were frozen over with thin ice. There was a heavy drizzle rain in the forenoon of the 6th, 7th and 8th were brilliantly clear days but on the latter three days the sun shone weakly above a very grey sky. These conditions have been most unfavorable for bird migration as the following are a list of "arrivals" with few;

1. White-throated Sparrow, one bringing near the farm house early in the morning.
2. No arrivals noted.
3. Cat birds, one heard moving in the forest thin bush as evening approached, one heard singing in Bird Field in P. M.
4. Brown Thrasher, one in full song near the farm house at sunset.
5. Nashville Warbler, one bringing near the house in the early morning, another seen the flight song over over near Bird Field.
6. Song sparrow, one near a brook, one in Bird Field, another in the Berry Bush.

This above is an extraordinarily meager summary for the first week of May. Of course many of the birds that usually arrive at this time have been back. They will soon return come with a much more distinctively warmer weather.
May 8 1907
Early morning cloudy & showery. Remainder of day sunny and warm with light S. W. wind.

Although the weather conditions were much more favorable for bird migration than they have been for a week past, I did not hear a single alarm to-day. There is still some surprising them coming to be a descent of all kinds of birds, even of those that have been here for weeks, and most interesting of all birds for me, those with which I did the song as all here in the early morning. Even the Song Sparrow and Field Sparrows are almost silent. A Thrush was singing in the late afternoon and two Robins give me a fine concert at evening. Robins, by the way, are almost as scarce here now as they were in Cambridge when I left them last week. Partridges are even scarcer compassing. I doubt if there are more than five or from on the whole place.
The singing Thrush on the old corn in the Blackbird Run is deserted this year for the first time since I have known it.

As twilight was getting the way I heard a Woodcock peeping in the direction of the Berry Pasture. Going there at once I found he was beyond my boundary and in the House Pasture. He sang a dozen times or more and shouted in terror while I was there. I watched him through the whole of our fight and was to another.

On both occasions as he was making the sound of short, drawn-out phrases at the height of his song I saw him tilt first on one side then on the other, with first one wing up, then the other presenting straight upward while its fellows planted directly downward. In other
May 8
(1912)

Words he turned first one side up and then the other. This I think happened every time he stopped. But I could not make sense that that was the case. What I did see beyond their possibility I understood was that he tilted their toes on their turns during each of the two flights when I heard him in lines. If I can not greatly mistake me saw how one noticed the tilting before on our last reported day of the first time. I certainly seen it to sight for the first time. It was very marked and interesting. I think the bird happened to be at just this slight angle with my line of vision. During his first flight he made certain short and regular swoops; during the second his movements were sufficiently clear that my eyes were taught to follow him. His song was hardly up to this standard for his voices lacked strength. Differences although it was as much as usual.
1907 May 18

Forenoon cloudy; afternoon clear. Warm with light S.
wind.

Arrivals: Black & Yellow Warbler, 1 Bx.; Roseate Renee;

Yellow-throated Vireo, on rear farm hom.

I have been waiting for nature since the season
for the past three or four days. One began this
morning; this morning just after the first Robin
and before any other bird. I had no idea they even
had earlyaries.

Just after the sun began to whiten this morning
I heard the song of the White-breasted Scrublin, for
the first time in many years. It was continued
and short intervals for several minutes, ending before
in was broad daylight. I noted it on this form
thus:—Sit, close, sit, close, sit, close, close; sit; then,
close, close, etc. It is a mournful & mournful
song but very interesting combinations.

Birds of most kinds continue to come. Of the
species there ordinary arrive between May 1 and
12 by no means all have yet come and of these
noted only a very few have appeared prominently.
The only birds wanted for the few days that
we have been here or on this trip. Before it after
then date only doubtless have come from day
to day.
1907.

April 8 to June 30

Concord, Mass.

A pair of Red-throated Dippers bred this year in the woods at the base of Holden's Hill. Their nest was finished when I first noticed it on April 7. It was found

in the fork of a large poplar tree where the leaves formed a roof above the ground. On April 29, I found it

as I approached. On April 29, and whenever I walked on the

path, I found one or several of the parents on the tree.

I saw the two parents perching on one side of the nest and the

nest would sound as I came on the path and the

parents would call. Sometimes I

could walk silently and not hear the

nest. On May 25,

the female, after leaving the nest, turned and spoke and several

times on the way coming within twenty yards of

my horse among the trees. This was repeated also

in June when on one occasion she became so daring as

to brave down at the farthest end passing over his

face that he felt the wind of her wings. On June

9 I saw three young apparently nearly full grown climbing

out of the nest. They showed a few feathers of plumage but

were chiefly covered with down. The leaves had been nearly

all shed by this time so when the birds had their camps

well grown and their tails from on foot等工作 in August.

As I watched them custom from a distance they moved

about a little, instantly, and occasionally spread and

kept their wings. When they were off they ascended in

the nest still Denver their heads, however. They came in

the nest on June 30 but gone the next day. After
This I have done nearly every year I visited Newfoundland.

Hence, they frequent in the cutting woods near the coast and become familiar with woodcock and so soon as they become aware of my presence they invariably become silent. This is one of the laws to my care of them.

Of their parents I have heard much regarding what the

Newfoundland limits to them. After leaving them young, they are quite as shy as old birds. And when

I drink this near the river in the month of July.

At this time all the young birds are near the nest but not full fledged. The nest is always near the water and one of the young. The 3 parents of this brood is

in constant flight and the water a good 9 years.

One parent is very feebly about the

These years a few of them have been heard

This young was a nest hidden and one 25 miles

The ground near the old brook on the coast of a

bridge in the apartments would not take hold of its

and about 15 or 20 yards from this lie the bones of

about 12 or 15 years ago a pair nested in the

From the floor within 20 yards of the

whenever the wind was

know that these

are the only ones

home or that I ever

found a nest

in a place in the west end of St. John's. Strange to

I have never known a hint of these

12 or 15

years in the same woods on my

false where they have ever been disturbed.

On the ground under the nest I found this for the last 3 years

some spruce but I found it always a perfect without

finding a single feather or any sign of the birds.
The Bats began to return to one word that caught us the first cloudy in May. They appeared then in the other word were on us on this on this on this

They guess that day changing to this single otter in the back of the yard in a closely imprinted bunch of bushes. Recently Emma got home got make out work much of the Stein. His vision of neast or to individual innocent不但对Bats in the forest. We stringed him some more work of the back one day coming up to outside their first I am Calvin Bats a founding originally but once upon them changed. Then this weather is warm they continue flying bats and on their chumbers on one beach about twenty and occasionally when there is Porno juice here this days they can discourses alluring with the first chance to other nature. At evening they come this third fly day at their interests just as it is getting dark. Rising above this time. They come about for a minute or two and then fly off in every direction singly.

I have always supposed that any rogers and the mystery of how in June Gilbert had no idea if them changing to their lazy of the house about 9 P.M. and the moon coming out 10 P.M. their war day of things those. On this second occasion Gilbert had examined the hard and made them three more warm ones above an hour after he found this thing so they were warm gone and to come back again. Bats right was clean and these came we turned
Concord, Mass.

1907.

In May of this year Charles Peirce telegraphed me that several Phasants were frequenting his premises and which he's close to his house on the side of Sleepy Hollow Cemetery not far from Concord's Round. He had seen or heard them before in this neighborhood through most of the Spring, and he thought their reap or least for a right of Arms.

About early in June, Mr. Forbes came to my cabin to hunt the turkeys he found Phasants coming on the offside back of his woods; in the direction of the woods. Some of them were killed almost daily, by him or by me; sometimes directly opposite the cabin in Mr. Grady's fields. They sometimes come down to the edge of the wood and on July 14th this year. Forbes saw one rise from the log you on the edge of our back woods. He is very near three or two occasions in June he heard the howl of a Phasant from one farm house in the direction of the Pitcher's farm. It was therefore as if the birds had been established and gotten common in Concord at last. Really, however, all the previous year they have been next visible in this part of Concord only singly and at wild intervals. My records are as follows:—April, 1901: one near almost daily down the last week of this month. May 2nd or by him in the field in front of our farm house. March 17, 1902; one seen by him in the field in front of our Pitcher House. It was in the field of this year in Adams (after Mr. Clifford). January, 1903: one heard on the Pownal woods early in the month. This bird reared this large family and was seen from his farm to Pumpkins. Feb. 4, 1906. One seen in the Pitcher farm by Mr. Pembroke.
Concord, Mass.

On March 16th Raymond Swallows saw Ten Jim Swallows perched on the ridge of a money house near Balls Hill. Then a few were flying about over the tree branches. When I came to the cabin on April 1 and I saw them daily come up to the 9ths when they were all again 8" for a few days by a heavy snowfall. Early in May two pairs took possession I had known on my farm and then even their nests were established on the Roofen place. They are Sooty with black eyes, very small or quite formed by the 19ths when I saw two or the breed respectively. Shortly after they were down to the two swallows, for several days by a spell of cold, strong weather. This I fear caused them less every time for only two pairs returned to the valley. One or two disappeared a little later. The others have heard a brood of young — on the Roofen place.

On the morning of May 18, just as day was breaking, Jim Swallows thrush had been something in the woods, the song of a Ten Jim Swallows repeated at short intervals for several minutes, but ceasing before it was broad daylight. I noticed it thus:— bit, clear, bit, clear, bit clear, bit, clear, clear, clear. It is a monotonous unmusical song but very interesting because of its frequency. The notes are even spaced I deliberately distinctly enumerated.

Later in the evening I heard this song several times at daybreak and even in the evening twilight.

On July 3 and again on the 18th I saw a Ten Jim Swallows flying about near my home accompanied by their young which the fed on wing the old and young birds coming together and mountain bluebirds formed their flight to flight for the moment during which the

White-Chested Swallows.
1907
May-Jun
(3)

mosses or ferns were transferred - a pretty sight indeed.

At the time I supposed this must be the broad reach in the bend on the Rhine from by on July 11 or 12 in crossing the spacious Thun a pair of wild geese swooped rapidly on some fair terrace, "homing," when accompanied me. This action was profound kindness as I remember it when I was a boy and when I was a dreamy pair of ten brothers used to walk on our farm in Cambridge. When this young town and grown bird still in the nest (hence, I think, before they were hatched) the parent birds would always

assail a dog or a cat and even, occasionally, a man or boy, who offered in open ground near this nest.

First one and then the other of the young pair would

draw down on the wing on a bliss within flashing within

a foot or two of the tender head and battering their

bills rapidly jarring a shrill and rattling warning call,

sound indistinguishable at a greater distance than a foot close. This was given just as they breathed close over the

head of the mean or beast. After passing him the bird

would turn sharply upward, mount into the air to

a height or twenty to thirty feet, which in circles

circ or twice and then loop again - I remember

til to take another thirty minutes to seat, without

flinching, the shore, and the head of the angry bird

as it came straight for one to settle on brows

by referring back to the last moment the Swallows

would be here to change the line of its flight

sufficiently to pass just by a matter one ended.

Written a note that birds at the Redbank farm,

still had young, though I do not know. They did not

visit any of the boys which I was then.
1907.

June 26

A pair of Broad-winged Hawks are haunting the woods at the rear of the French's place. I think they have a nest there in one of the big chestnuts or maples but I cannot find it. I see them several times daily entering or leaving the woods or soaring together in circles high over the open fields uttering the harsh Killdeer-like cry, kā-deē-e-e-e. I do not remember hearing anything else from a Hawk-wing before to-day when, about noon, as D.C. French and I were in the woods behind the studio one of the birds just mentioned (the male, I thought) soared over us through an open gap, gliding straight on, on out wings, uttering twice a series of about five creaking calls given in quick succession and distinctly unlike the Killdeer note. I recorded them thus: Tswee-e-e,

tswee-e, tswee-e, tswee-e, tswee-e, tswee-e. Not only were they accented on the first instead of the second syllable but the quality of the voice was different from that usually so characteristic of the Broad-wing and the note much weaker. The bird was certainly adult. I wonder if its familiar cries were love calls or expressions of alarm or perhaps because of our presence in its chosen haunts.

It is singular that I have never heard them before.
1907.  July 12

As Mr. Thoreau and I were walking through the Emerson apple orchard on our way to this afternoon's interview [sic] with a Skunk, I was so smart that I could not only

see it, but feel and hear it. It was so close that I could see only

his back and the tip of his tail as he galloped off. His

mount by a succession of long, high sounds and its北部

snout [sic], although I was at my best ahead of it could not gain

on him. Fortunately, when I reached the woods, the distance

where I was stationed in the open was about thirty yards

for the first half of the way over a gentle downslope

inclinings for the other half down a rolling upland hillside.

All the while it was about twenty yards in advance of

me and running almost as fast as it could, when

thickly wooded was closely pressed. The expression softened

at exactly half-past four o'clock with the sun slanting

from a cloudless sky. I was on the ground with an

observation I never had observed from my chamber

window early one morning, it was noon, and the Skunks

are at times very numerous and that they can't do

more than ten times what we do, and that they can't do

more than ten times as much damage as they do. This

must account for a reason I believe, for the Skunks

sugar p燧 [sic] north winds when they are down near the floor

(such as their form) the longer the looks they have before

snipping for crickets and for inch eggs, short that they

must be in many summers. They have been most frequent

and successful in their quest for inch eggs near

Brookfield this season (chiefly in June) as the usual

I suppose that the Skunks, though they are many hundreds

off, I did not hear of them. They are come

out in force in this bright afternoon, as was the

case with the crickets. (Signed) [illegible] Thoreau
1907
July 15

As I was walking along the main path at Nall's Mill about 9:30 P.M. I started a good-sized animal from a space of soft sand at one landing cabin twenty yards of the cabin. Although the sky was clear, and full of stars, it was so extremely dark under the shade of the tree that I could see nothing but from the sound of the creature's footsteps as moved first through some brush, and then towards two yards of me and then left the highest and tiniest screen. I knew that it was moving steadily and surely with the steady, music ofomat  in characteristic of the ground. Where it reached the footpath that leads to the chimney cabin all sound ceased and I concluded that it had gotten behind the thicket. By this constant movement to move freely, quickly and in silence, I went a larger distance in the cabin and followed the path for some distance along the hollow but could not see any where along the continued action. The next morning I found that nearly covered by the landing of up everywhere the fresh digging evidence from its tracks. The persistent bent hand and only sound from the wood of the wood Indians, drumming the eel plant about their head also root up a number of forest plants that I had left put in the forest a few days before. That same evening I visited some more places that I had first visited several times and several times the earth has been learned a disturbance.
1907
July 18-22

I was in Bethel - at the Gehrings - from the morning of the 18th to noon of the 22nd. The weather was for the most part clear and quite pleasantly cool. Most of my time was spent about the grounds near the house or in the woods at its rear but on the afternoon of the 19th Mr. Gehrings took me to Songo Pond where we fished for trout on their homes, flying, in a boat, off the mouth of the brook. There were a few Red-conies that apparently nesting and all old birds. The song of a Thrush and the "chirp" of a Humming Bird came floating down from a half forest to the west and a Swallow's "chirp" was flying in wheat from woods on the shore of the pond. At a house near it where we got the meat to buy for our boat a few Purple Martins were flying about a small bird house on a pole.

About the Doctor's place birds of many kinds were fairly coming during my stay. I heard from Nightingale and Chimney-swallows, not only in the early morning but at intervals through the day.

At morning and evening the woods on both sides of the house, and sometimes, very with the music of numerous Water Bugs. Then was not least our humming also. After twilight fell one on two kiteswheelers began their songs. The bird delivered its notes much more4 hourly than I have ever heard them given before.

A pair of Broad-winged Hawks were having the dining grounds before the orchard where I saw them repetitively and often heard their shrill cries. Other birds came in after the once only above the trees. Whenever I saw them on wings they came downland and harried by one or more Crows who attacked them after the manner of Kingbirds sitting above and feeding down all their occasionally poking their heads in back. The Hawks bore this persecution with admirable...
July 18-20

Broad-winged Hawk.

1907

July 18-20

(102)

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Unfortunately flying rather low on his head to it unless otherwise struck by the current when they would sometimes change their course or even throw themselves quietly upwind or to one side with an abrupt jolt. The ordinary flight of the Broad-wing is smooth and graceful, if somewhat slow. It can glide through the clearest woods, on bent wings, with head down, the eye and no flieses. It soars in circles, high in air, quite as unconsciously as the Red Tailed or the Blue-winged Hawk does, but rather less often. It is a much less wide ranging than either of the former just mentioned, indeed it seldom goes more than a mile and often not half that from its nest or favorite roosting place, in search of food. But this, I have noted at Pemaquid during the prior three days or week or so, passing, regardless of current and alderman.

About 9 a.m. of June 20 I saw a fine short of a Marsh Hawk cross the wide open field at the back of the Doctor's home in the vicinity of a much smaller bird. That latter was I could not determine for it doubted and twisted so that its manner of flight gave me no clue and the scene was twisted my eyes and I was unable to make out its coloring which, however, appeared to be nearly uniform and rather dark. At first I took the bird to be a Thriller but just as it reached the woods and glided smoothly and slowly on bent wings for a few yards before disappearing among the foliage of a big beech it twisted and acted more like a Sharp-shinned Hawk. Exactly it was the Marsh Hawk gave it a sharp chasse and, as doubt, something of a fright. Then I first noticed him he was about 100 yards distant from me and perhaps fifty feet from the smaller bird. Flying at a height of some twenty feet above the ground, which her stopped gently downward towards the woods - and lacking the air vigorously and
Concealed with his long pointed wings he moved with surprising swiftness for a bird and soon overtook the object of his pursuit. Of course I expected a tragedy—much work for it but the bird did not splay off and nothing of the kind happened. Although the Marsh Hawk seemed ofl of it the fowl took flight in his giant wings so that it was quite lost to me after an instant and was then over to strike it do directly with his breast as I thought, although he may have used his bill to almost whatever it. That he did not over play but could not as with his colors I was very certain. That he could have been and held it until the sun and

That the sun seemed perfectly obvious, his colors he was much galloping with or perhaps bullying, as the size of various things are prone to do when not hungry. Not only when it glossy and shone to frighten some of the little red bird alone but when doing with House and Wood with their own kind while perhaps anger them by following on their chosen perchers.

While the two birds above referred to were in close contact they performed the most rapid and intricate evolutions in every direction. At first the house was so high as to be the wings of the moving gosses. They departed before leaving any marks but the Marsh Hawk did not give them the instant until he was nearly lost to any human in my the hand. Then on board back and descended to door the falls in the height. Graceful was characteristic of his kind. When I finally saw him lost he was flying off to toward the house taking a streak of the wind down before the other much like wind.
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<th>Date</th>
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- *Sialis mirabilis* 1907
- *Mecoda nigra* 1907
- *Galaxias col.* 1907
- *Sialis funata* 1907
- *Heleophryne* 1907
- *Dend. ham.* 1907
- *Heterophyla biloba* 1907
- *Vesp. olivaceus* 1907
- *Heliconius* 1907
- *Spilinaea dec.* 1907
- *Spilinaea marge.* 1907
- *Mecoda funata* 1907
- *Chlorianthus set.* 1907
- *Syllyphora canadens* 1907
- *Coleophora hist.* 1907
- *Agrogonia* 1907
- *Parthenia cor.* 1907
- *Cleora och.* 1907
- *Cleora oceana* 1907
- *Cleora anth.* 1907
- *Minotella bra.* 1907
- *Arten hom.* 1907

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1907
July 22

Bethel to Upton, Me.

The stage road from Bethel to Upton—by means of
which one may most quickly and easily reach both
settlements from the southwest—is nearly thirty miles in
length. It runs for the greater part of its way through
open farming country and at first (for a distance of
some five miles) along the left bank of the Androscoggin
River. After passing the little village of Henry it takes
advantage of an comparatively gradual and easy ascent
to Grafton Notch, afforded by the valley of Blue Run,
which it follows until in its source. The farms in this
valley are largely entire sandy or loamy and hence not
very productive but they include some fields extended
which yield good hay crops. Most of the open ground
is confined to the river bottom which is abruptly broken
on both sides by a succession of high hills and low
mountains, ledge and among freckled in forest and
mostly everywhere covered with various sorts of bushy
shrubbery and thickets to support dense forests made up
chiefly of second-growth deciduous trees. These clothe
practically all the slopes which face the valley—save where
there are field fences flanked with boulders or with
grazing sheep—NF with a rich, velvety tangle of foliage.\n\n\nAs the stage horse breaks wearily up
the stiff grades their heads to the front of Grafton Notch.

The traveler notices that the farms become increasingly
flourish; their buildings more and more substantially
stream and dilapidated. The mountains draw nearer
and nearer together on either hand until at the
entrance to the notch they come fairly sufficient to for
1907

July 22

The passage of the train and its bounding roadway. I am riding the soft rails, the road turns nearly straight through

eruption and essentially parent forest, abound in fine

old beeches, rock maples, red maples and yellow birch. But long

since disappeared of its larger pines and baldcypress. I can

remember when this entire stretch of road was surrounded by

trees but it was widened fifteen to twenty years ago and is

now exposed, in most places, to an open sky. If it has thus

lost some of its former attractiveness then has been an unendurable

gain in respect to those uncontrolled trains which it now

affords of the foregoing dark, shadowy woods of this wild and

forestous past. and of the mountain pines and oaks which

come above and behind them. On the left Saddle Mountain

rises to a elevation over one thousand feet, on the right

Saddle Rock to three thousand feet. Near the foot of the

former mountain is a cliff hundred of feet in height, upon

a rounded shelf under an overhanging rock and in plain

view of the road, a pair of Golden Eagles used to breed. I

have seen them circling about their roosting tree but

that was many years ago. I think they deserted the

place in the summer of '78 when one of them was

killed by a farmer living just above the forest and drank

to the brink of a brook flowing by the woods, in which I

found and consumed the flesh of the bird. After it had decomposed had rendered

it unfit for preservation I spread it out and dried it for that. The emperor could not be possessed.

On the right of the road, at no great distance from it

 erst completely hidden by winding trees and underbrush,

are Interesting curves, sharp and channel worn deep in the

solid rock by Bear Run. Bear Run, once of the major

of these, owes its name - to Adirondack may be believed - to

The fact that a Moose was ever encountered and their
The story of a hunter from Henry. Below the notch and close to the roadway is a similar face, craggy in shape and evidently hollowed out by water long upon dry. This is called "the fox." Still further down the river flows through a chasm or other known cañon called "Seven Angus Falls." All these "portions of nature," as the authors of guide books are fond of turning them, excite the wonder and admiration of very many people who travel the road to Uplin without losing sight of any writer on ancient or ancient things, equally wonderful and mysterious. More beautiful, if demonstrated, is the "shock." 

There is a very, very moment that was lost forgotten, to the effect that a certain country doctor, on his way to Uplin to treat a patient, was attacked in the notch, just after dusk, by a cougar, which attempted to spring on him from a long-nosed thicket but was repulsed by vigorous and well aimed blows of a heavy walking stick. This happened in July 1874, when I was stopping at the Belle House and saw the doctor drive up to its front porch with his horse covered with foam and himself much unwashed by the excitement of his adventure. No doubt he had met with something unusual in the notch for he was perfectly famished with the blaze and accustomed to driving through it by night but whether or not he saw a cougar in another month. I quote my own testimony relating to the affair, with perhaps unusual the reason of that of the man in the from old days who between ridiculed by some friends for daring to have seen a ghost set an unprepared summer sought to convince them that he had not been mistaken by offering to show them the "shock" and the path thrice he had dropped there in his eagles.
1907
July 23

Soon after passing the source of Tone River on the upper
front of Shafter Point on Hwy. 20 comes to another water hole
which stops northward and is drained by the South Cambridge,
at first a tiny torrent, next a broad channel with green grasses
and finally a small river which, after running
in clear, green waters with the main turpentine and Douglas
oaks of the South Cambridge, enters into lower California.

For a distance of several miles from the head waters of
this little stream its course is closely followed by the road
over an open and nearly level plateau swept by dry sands
on dry regions from midsummer and then sometimes bathed
by dew-laden mists. Despite these changes and that of
a generally thin and rolling family land most of the land
is cultivated - almost in a haphazard, half-baked way - farther
on the way down of long and of such hardy grasses as
fescue, both tall and short. Beyond this flat the land leaves
the trees on its left and enters a broken, rocky waste
plateau country where the land slop houses must depend
on a succession of steep hills before they can enjoy the
wood-covered food and eat that await them in the
plains on Lipton. As they approach it along a stretch
of straight and hard road bordered in places by groves of
trees, one sees in advance a few small houses,
a little white church, and two or three country stores with
groups of men and boys lounging on their farm platforms.
They buildings represent the village center of Lipton a farm
community now present only
inhabitants. Here the road
branches, the right hand fork descending a steep hill to the
old farm house where it terminates, the other branch
winding to the westward and leading to elsewhere and to
other

Three miles on the eastern new purposes he has not far to go
Before coming to a place whence he may enjoy a view
quite unobstructed by trees or buildings, and of exceptional beauty
and air. In fact it is, I think, exceeded by anything of
this kind to be found elsewhere in New England. And so,
some little joy to it must I add even, and so this thought of
a spot and its surroundings will be due with fully in
other occasions. I wish them well. But I for my present
return to thought which, in hope justly, has comprised,

If he then follows the road from Berlin to Albany.
An insufficient fraction until New England friends and birds
of it are identified from the Henry Wassa Wyman house of town,
which he may see in hours early in May or early
July, he can honestly find to within about forty air
miles from the town of Berlin, in and
about Brevvoch Totino creek in the region around Berlin.

Indeed an article about forms of natural barriers in
this life scarce of somewhat different if closely related thematic
and opportunistic. Of them the main northern is almost yearly

Concerning the main southern is a certain degree Alleghenian
or Franconian. The classifying line between the two is unclear
and abstruse, however, strictly common to them both. Some of the
areas toward beyond

In forests within the land or the great expanses especially
formed in eastern and most of the lands, winter through
in some during their breeding seasons. Best sitting around
and perhaps and uncommonly only ten or fifteen miles to
the southward of this which are seldom if ever to
be met with in or immediately to the rest of New

1907
July 21
No. 57

Bethel to Upson.
1907
July 22

Among these forms are such trees and shrubs as the field pine, the oak, the black birch, the grey birch, and the hemlock from which such birds as the former thrasher, the yellow warbler, the humming bird, the yellow jay, the field sparrow, the junco, and the Robinson Oriole.

Contrary to the belief, not known to occur in early summer to the southeast of Georgia, these birds breed very generally throughout the heavily forested region being just to the northward. Good examples of these eastern birds are the thrush, the robin, the yellow warbler, the jay, the humming bird, the martin, and the oriole.

It will be understood, however, that what I have just said is intended to apply only to those species among these birds that actually breed and to their distribution on the lower in the country traversed by and at the great elevations above, the road. At considerably higher elevations several of the species breed among the White Mountains not for their harsh and even freezing northward.

Besides the common and garter snake, there are others less definite and fluttering, yet almost equally important and interesting, of forms of plant and animal life which, although found almost everywhere along this road, become rather more or less permanently reflected after the harried through the writing, allotment to the northeastward or southwestward.
Spinus pinus.

The village of Bethel has been swarming of late with Pine Linnets. I see or hear them constantly, whenever I stroll down the street that leads to the post office, usually in the tops of the elms and sugar maples. To-day I found two feeding on the ground under an elm. Both were adults and I think a pair. They were eating seeds but of what I could not determine although I think they were the fallen seeds of the elm. Most of the birds I see are in small flocks. As a rule they give only the chattering flight calls, but once to-day I heard the shorter form of song which may be closely rendered thus: Swee-o-e-o-e given with a rising inflection.
Early this morning I saw several Barn Swallows engaged in mobbing the Lakeside cat who was crouched at the time on the edge of the piazza. The Swallows were evidently solicitous about their young which, however, were quite safe, being perched in a row on the telephone wire that passes the house. The parent birds to the number of four or five would dart at the cat in quick succession coming in from the open field in front of the house at a height of only a yard or two above the ground and on nearly a level plane, not swooping down from above as Tree Swallows do under like conditions. Nor did they snap their bills as the Tree Swallows will when similarly engaged. As a rule they passed the cat well out of reach but every now and then one came within a foot or two of her head. Whenever this happened she would strike at the bird with her right paw but rather slowly and clumsily I thought and always without success. I have known cats that would have made more profitable use of such an opportunity.

August 2.

Awaking in my room at Lakeside about midnight, the night dark and cloudy, I heard repeatedly the alarm cry of a Barn Swallow which seemed to fly back and forth close past my window. It must have been a bird that still has young in the nest in our barn, for most of the Barn Swallows go off somewhere, I cannot find where, to roost for the night, returning again in the early morning.
Astragalinus tristis.

1907, Lakeside.

July 24.

A Goldfinch singing on wing at the height of the breeding season moves through the air in a perfectly level plane and hence in a manner very different from that of its ordinary flight. Sometimes it describes a large and irregular circle, sometimes proceeds almost or quite straight. Whatever be its course it usually flies above the tops of the tallest trees and beats its wings continuously but rather feebly or loosely something after the manner of a butterfly. All the while it sings continuously and very sweetly its chanting strain. This ended it pitches down to the nearest tree or telegraph wire to rest for a time before rising and singing again. I have repeatedly seen the singing bird closely followed by another which did not sing, but which flew exactly like the first. In no instance, however, have I been able to determine the sex of the second bird.
1907, Lakeside, N.H.

July 24.

A Savanna Sparrow perched in a bush by the roadside near Lakeside Hotel evidently anxious about young which must have been concealed in the grass field beyond the fence, called tsun, tsun, incessantly as long as I remained near at hand. This note was very like that of a Junco.

July 25.

What was evidently the same bird; for it was perched on the same twig, did not once give the tsun note to-day, but instead called tit, tit, ti-ti or hit, hit—ti—ti or tit-ti-ti-ti. This chirping bore some resemblance to that of a Chippy (S. socialis) but was sharper and more wiry.

Another bird in the Sargent clearing this evening used the same tit or ti-ti calls. It was at first in a leafy tree and afterwards on a rock near by. It seemed even more anxious than the bird at Lakeside.
Potrochelidon lunifrons.

Lakeside, N.H.

1907, July 25.

Char
Chur
G'hor
Chur-r-r

È-ar, è-ar, è-ar. A rather plaintive note, not often heard, given just as some birds took wing - evidently a cry of alarm, I thought; sometimes used singly, sometimes repeated two or three times in quick succession.

The cork-in-the-bottle notes must represent the Eave Swallows' attempts at song. I do not them now that the young are on wing with their parents. The young are fed in the air mounting straight up with the parent, bill to bill.
Passerulus sandwichensis savanna.

1907, Lake Umbagog.

July.

Savanna Sparrows are very common and generally distributed throughout the hillside pastures and grass fields in Upton and Cambridge. In places they breed in what are practically small colonies. This is the case in the intervale on the Lake shore, in front of Lakeside Hotel where, within the space of a few acres, one may start as many as ten or a dozen birds or hear several males singing at once. They sing very late into the evening and very early in the morning as well as during cold rainy weather when most other birds are silent. The songs of the birds found about the lake seem to me less strident and musical and varied than those which occur on the sea coast. They are very insect-like, however, and coming, as they often do, from beds of grass where the birds are concealed, are strongly suggestive of the chirping of crickets mingled with the of grasshoppers.
The Alder Flycatcher is one of the commonest of birds about the outskirts of the farms at the foot of Lake Umbagog, and along the road leading thence to Errol in one direction and to Grafton in the other. It is found somewhat more sparingly in B Meadow, on the banks of the Androscoggin near Leonard's Pond and, no doubt, in a few other semi-open or bush-grown places not far from the lake. It is a very retiring bird, much oftener heard than seen. Occasionally one will mount to the top of a dead tree or stub and perch there for minutes at a time, perhaps in blazing sunshine, every now and then launching out in pursuit of a flying insect. But this does not happen often for, as a rule, the bird remains closely hidden at all times in its favorite thickets. These may be made up chiefly of alders or of low growing willows or perhaps of young sapling trees of various kinds. If they are a trifle swampy or springy the Alder Flycatcher will like them all the better although it sometimes occurs in high well drained localities. At the height of the breeding season it is very noisy at all hours but immediately after its arrival in May and towards the close of its brief stay in our region it is not often heard except at morning and evening when it sings and calls at earlier and later hours than do most other birds. I have noted the commoner variants of what I take to be its song as follows: quee-queer, quee-ah, quee-wish, quee-wishy. All these notes are so strongly emphasized that it is difficult, as in the case of the Chebec cry of the Least Flycatcher, to de-
Emidonax traillii alnorum.

Lake Umbagog.

1907,

July.

Their termine on which syllable the chief accent falls. They are sometimes given in quick succession or at wider intervals which are filled by indescribable low, harsh twittering or chattering sounds. The usual call note of the Alder Flycatcher is a low pip. Although not apparently loud it may be heard hundreds of yards away when the air is still.

July 31.

Lakeside, N.H.

Two at evening calling to one another in the twilight.

They used the pip note and less frequently a peep or p'que-a, not wholly unlike the que-queah of the breeding season and perhaps a modification of it, but I think a different note. They were among pasture spruces by the roadside.
Dendroica maculosa.

Lake Umbagog.

1907

We-we-ter-te-wee-chee

Wee-ter-te-wee-chee

(A bird singing in Sargent opening at evening).

Pretty-pretty-Rachel

(Another bird, same locality).
August 2.  

As I was walking along the road past the Sargent Cove I saw a Swift enter, almost at full speed, a hole in the roof of a small shed from which a stove funnel had evidently been removed. At the same instant I heard the chattering of young inside. A minute or so later the old bird emerged and flew off over the lake. I then entered the shed and found, as I had expected, the nest attached to the gable end of the shed about 2 feet below the peak of the roof and 7 feet above the floor. A fully feathered bird which I took at first to be young flew out of the stove hole a few minutes later. I then saw four or five young in the nest. They were scarce half grown and only partly feathered. Neither parent returned although I waited in the shed until it was nearly dark. At Upton there is a Swift's nest built in a similar manner in my boathouse with egg shells beneath it on the floor.
1907, Lake Umbagog.
August 5.

The Water Thrush is at times intensely curious. As I was sitting in my canoe this afternoon in a sheltered cove one appeared on the shore within three yards of me. By degrees it approached even nearer running about over some driftwood, now and then pausing to look at me intently with its large dark eyes. Even when I moved abruptly it showed no fear of me. It was an adult male, for it sang repeatedly in full rich tones. Its plumage appeared fresh and unworn. Although a rather plainly colored bird the Water Thrush is exceptionally neat and attractive looking. All its movements, too, are graceful and interesting. But one cannot help wondering why it never ceases even for a moment to wag its tail.
Merula migratoria.

1907, Lake Umbagog.

August 5.

In my boat house at Upton I found, to-day, a Robin's nest built on cross timber inside the building to which access can be had by a bird only through a broken pane of glass. This, at least, is the case at present but the nest is not a fresh one and may have been there several years. The mice have filled its cavity with cotton waste.
August 5.

In a sheltered cove behind B Point (opp. Lakeside) I came suddenly on a brood of 6 young Sheldrake and their mother, this afternoon. Although about half grown and already partly feathered they took at once to the shore which was here rather steep and densely covered with bushes. I ran the canoe in and waited. In about five minutes two of the young birds emerged from under some driftwood lodged among the bushes and running quite nimbly to the water entered it and swam out into the lake, diving at intervals. The other five with their mother must have crossed the wooded point for ten minutes later the entire brood and their parent appeared together swimming out in deep water. The old bird croaked, but the young made no sound.
August 5.

Watched a Kingfisher perched on a stub over the water. It sat there for 20 minutes gazing intently down at times. All the while it kept its crest raised, its mandibles slightly parted. Every now and then it would raise and lower its body at the same time bobbing its head up and down much after the manner of a Screech Owl. These motions were sometimes accompanied by a slow up and down tilting of the tail. Although not over 15 yards away the bird (an adult male) did not appear to notice me or the canoe in which I was sitting.
When I went up Cambridge River with Jim Bernier in June 1903, we found about 200 yards above the big "logan" what we took to be the new nest of a Pileated Woodpecker. It was in a dead tree about 30 yards from the bank of the river. For some reason that I have forgotten we did not examine it, but I asked Alva Coolidge to do so. He told me to-day that he went there after I left Lakeside and found a brood of young Pileated Woodpeckers climbing about on the outside of the stub. The next spring he and another man went to the place hoping to get a set of eggs. His companion climbed the stub and found in the hole four young Saw-whet Owls. Two of these were much larger than the other two.
Lophodytes cucullatus.

Lake Umbagog.

1907, August 7.

Alva Coolidge tells me that he has seen a female Hooded Merganser with a brood of young this season in the Cambridge River above B Meadows. He says the species is now very rare in this region.
Despite his fearlessness in attacking Hawks and Owls the Kingbird - like many another bully under similar circumstances - sometimes gives way and seeks safety in ignominious flight when assailed by a bird not larger and apparently no more powerful than himself. I saw this happen to-day when a Yellow-bellied Woodpecker pursued and overtook a Kingbird in a cove behind B Point. The two birds passed me within ten yards when I saw the Woodpecker deal repeated blows at the back of the Kingbird who was doubling and twisting all the while and giving his shrill alarm notes incessantly. After they had separated the Woodpecker alighted very near me on a stub when I was surprised to find that it was a young bird, apparently a female.

The Kingbird has not learned, apparently, to discriminate between Hawks of dangerous and harmless kinds. I saw one pursue a Fish Hawk for some distance this afternoon rising above it and darting down to pack at its head and back. Half an hour afterwards I was sitting in my sailing canoe when this same Kingbird alighted on the mast which is only about 6 feet in height. It remained there only an instant, however. The sail was not hoisted at the time.
A Bonaparte's Gull appeared off Lakeside this afternoon, during a heavy blow from the N.W. It coursed about over the open lake and entered the cove at the mouth of the Cambridge, but did not approach the land closely. It flew most of the time at a height of 20 or 30 feet above the water, but every now and then it would swoop almost straight down in the manner of a Tern. On reaching the surface of the water it would either hover just above it for a moment apparently to pick up some floating object or would alight and swim about, perhaps for several minutes, before taking wing again. It was a beautiful creature, appearing snow white when seen against the dark green background of the forest, and very buoyant and graceful in all its movements. The behavior which I have just attempted to describe is characteristic of this species of Gull. By it one may usually distinguish the bird from the Common Tern for which it is likely to be mistaken at a distance.
August 1907

I have referred in terms of another previous to an
visit from Upton Hall. I understand that England has many
an elevation from which may be seen higher mountains, larger
cities and equally extensive farms. In what respect, then,
is this particular outlook so superior and remarkable? It
is difficult to answer this question satisfactorily. More than
once after asking it persistently I received from Upton
a friendly perfunctory and instead of anything to modify
the judgment above expressed. But on one point everyone
had agreed that the extensive and administration with which I first
fancied them on the letter and its accompany on the Green-
a from upper in 1871 have grown and defied both
then and worse.
Lake Umbagog

August 1907.

Umbagog as seen from Upton Hill looks more like a broad and winding river than a lake for its greatest width is but little more than a mile, and its entire length upwards of sixteen miles while it suddenly rounds every point of the bowpoints. It is immediately bounded on the north west by low or only slightly elevated land which extends back for distance, varying from a few hundred yards to a mile or more before giving place to the hills and mountains that lie in every direction. Tree above tree, or far as the eye can reach. In a few places, however, outlying hills or ridges rise sharply above the very edge of the water. Everywhere, born on the southern extremity of the lake and just below the hills, stainless are scattered farms, the homes are clothed in heavy forest which fringes Gooldwood and is famed in林业 impressions ofModerne over all the hills and mountains. From Upton Hill this forest seems unbroken and of boundaries, and as is evident, it cone way for it covers hundreds of square miles where the only open spaces are those formed by lakes or swamps and it stretches northward, practically without interruption, seen by their and similarly natural springs, to the borders of Canada and beyond; a distance of more than fifty miles. It forms a hide and offers water storage for the thinning Cotts and when swam from above and at distance, its green to conceal the change, enquanto by fire and by the lumberman, it still presents, as doest, much the same general aspect as in the days - not so long ago - when it was known only to the Indians and by a few white hunters and trappers. One loves to dwell on such a thought and to pictures, in imagination, the primitive men and the game and fur-bearing animals they pursued. The Indians are gone, of course, and this whole hunter's know what much
Lake Umbagog

1907.

Of their old-time haunts and forests gone. The shores of the lake are lined in places by summer camps and its waters are fringed by several summer resorts besides an ever-increasing number of canoes and other small pleasure craft. But the deep, primitive forest remains almost untouched, chiefly by lumbermen and native hunters, and in many respects it is essentially unchanged. Here, here it ceased to honour at least a few representatives of many of the mammals and birds which formerly inhabited or roamed it. For mammal lovers, there have long been caused of course to long with the hearing of hungry wolves. The loon carries its young on its back and springs on the covering thyme which haunts its familiar "cedar" swamps, and its moss-covered bogs and mountain crests are seldom if ever visited now by the looter, wide-roaming Corbie. The last wolf disappeared more than half a century ago, but the loon carrie was common and the Corbie sometimes seen in large hordes as lately as 1875 or 1880. There then species with the Corbie, of whose occasional occurrence near the lake less than forty years ago there is some sufficiently good evidence, or believed are the only mammals known to have deserted the region since it was first visited by White men. 

* The Wolverine is said to have been taken in January of early colonists' times but I have been unable to obtain from early animal that has been known, even by tradition, to have haunted on Lake Umbagog.
All the other continuin to be found about or on her great distance from, the colth. Among then carb the gigantic
moose, the greatfuf Deer, the swaly Black Bear, the wiew
Beaver, the ways Otter, the J Red Fox, the Inconquetr
Raccoon, the fester Firem, the Sparrow - bowling Sable,
the Lewrus Mink, the Bloodnosti Weasels, the Thiel-wifl
Porcupine, the Sled Rodent, the Iron-fist Skunk and
the New England, pressed the Western.

Then the first White Settlers returned the colth in
1823 and 1824 they found Moose abundant. Few Deer
scorched in the boundy forest, the Indians
that these conditions brand spread as far as well as their
trading venues. These woods were now more and more
invaded by any kind of game on any stream and the
unspeakable calm of the forests was that the fittest and they
very sharply decreased. In March when the levels were deep
and heavy, compared the Deer bed with dozens of people
from the Winters and from equally numbers homes again.

Never they easily managed to maintain a preservation footold in
the very limited numbers. But the sturdy, long-legged Moose
could run for days in succession through forests or up
jut in depth, and even when overtaken and brought to bay
they were probably even able to defend themselves against an
unforseen which they were not easily known by the ferocious
weapons of the Indians. But they dealt not with any other
the white hunters get away them. Most of them were
killed before 1850 and by 1870 they had become so
rare that even their tracks were seldom seen. They began
to reappear about ten or fifteen years later and they are
now of not uncommon and regular occurrence especially
in the northern and of the Canal and along the Miused
LOCUS OF CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

There were only a very few Deer in the neighborhood forty years after I first visited Afton in 1891, but they became numerous by 1895 and very abundant soon ten years later. Since then their numbers have fluctuated somewhat from season to season, although they have continued to be plentiful enough to supply the local hunters and to keep Harmony, with abundant fowling, in abundance. It is to be feared, at seasons when Cape is not sustained by law.

Never have had their own family, and one down in a farm settlement of the country, despite frequent encroachments indicated by the ever increasing volume of deer’s hides found just and by the effort made for their destruction. It is said. The venison was not always given favors to men whom encountered in areas from hence and I can remember when they were not infrequent boldly by day in the wild pastures about Afton. A prey upon them. Although they have not as yet actually ceased the cotton fletcher they have been, as a rule, among the most timid and retreating of our larger mammals. From this the humor with which we longer from the hunter, and, on the contrary, will desert them on the first alarm to seek her own safety in her surroundings飞行. Indeed a bull Bear or a wounded Black Bear is now to be found as it is present there. They are the array.

Black Bear.

Not long after the Soups and disappeared from the Umbagog forest and from that of the great part of northern New England as well as the place was taken by the Roe Hogs and animal hunters, now known it
1907.

would seem to have local hunting. Of this more
Southern forms of "Musk Rat" seem scarce having been
taken in on some uplifts within 400 feet centre pans
and there general confusion among the guides and
trappers is that it is now permanently established and
from becoming common. So the Am Canada buying it has
as far as a trap-corne when exported to far— but is
considered difficult to 'bring in' even for the market
than its mere of trade is so high, that it will
just as very rare a resident bear without desiring its
presence.

Foxes, Skunks and Horseshoes are abundant everywhere
as they have been driven from "company".
1907.

Since then circumstances have rather improved and generally diminished. Other figures and stories may still be found about or not far from the West End and there there was becoming very peace of not in scenes among the good and neighbourly. The mind is perhaps more deeply involved although it is still not uncommon. There are friends of better time longer and known services but they are seldom seen except by the regulars. Figures who were found a ready word in for those few families considered sort of neighbors. In Britain even persons of color are welcomed by an English host if he has been fighting for them or any person for him few years with the result that it has multiplied exceedingly and extended every of its former bounds.

In the summer of 1907 I returned to Cape Mounted

Some known on the banks of Cambridge River that a

From distance seen on behalf north and was G, a

down which extended across the stream only a

fort miles further up.

The understand them here as serious with little or

in proportion. Although almost is confusing to such a

down that it may be any the local difficulties by

very library I praise that it contains a mountain itself

even when most persistently labored and whenever

left contributed for a time greatly another great

whether mountain lost is very dear condition. I

heard with it the form of the case and is

especially admirable among its solitude and on

the mouth of Cambridge River.
Lake Umbagog.

1907.

Fishes, frogs, and other flesh-eating creatures; the gray squirrel and red squirrel abound in abundance and abundance in plenty. There are no birch, chestnut, and pine. The game of deer and elk is abundant in abundance.

The logger and logger and logger and logger are found in plenty, in abundance, in abundance, in abundance.

The water is clear and cold, and the lake is clear and cold. The water is clear and cold, and the lake is clear and cold. The water is clear and cold, and the lake is clear and cold. The water is clear and cold, and the lake is clear and cold.

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Moose thrives themselves occasionally and deer, moose, and foxes rather frequently about the shores of the lake. The sheltered waters of the lake are clear and cold.
As twilights is pressing into night a Skunk, coming along
a wood road or dashing for cover out from green bushes, may
attract the eye of the woodman by its conspicuous whitish
markings. The Polecat is still more likely to be encountered
often in broad daylight although it bears about more freely by
night. Helped for safety on its bumbling ambling of gait at
seldom makes any very efficient use of its short legs or a mass
of caseps could be usually afforded as there on our hands
be got to do something causing a caution. In this hour of the
forest, as well as in the outskirt, Cat and Chipmunk, Squirrels
are rarely out of sight or hearing by day. At night this
campus is hers to hear the bustling sounds of mess and the
thud—thud—thud—thud of heavy footed hooves, many others
in the northern close at hand, perhaps within a yard or two
of his couch. Every now and then a flying Squirrel may
alone with a flitting through on an edge bit of the
town and then slide or hopper down its sturdy trifling
tree, closely seen, perhaps, through the thin fabric of skin
be seen. All these, with Woodchucks, Mice, Shrews
and Birds of Lesser kinds, one may, in or near during
a brief sermon in the forests about Lake Umbagog.
But the others are better instead of getting as much
as a fleeting glimpse of a Bear, a Lynx, Deer, Owl.
Fishing, they customized them alone
by any own—come by the professional hunter — except
when caught in traps, his one if there has ever
come under any personal observation, although I
have sought for them diligently in earlier days and
in places where they ever were. sumbers.
Methods of lumbering in the region about Both Umbrey as well as elsewhere in western Oxford have changed greatly within the past thirty years. In the earlier days there was little or no demand for any but straight, sound firewood and hemlock logs that could be converted into square timbers of reasonable size or into boards or planks of a fair size and some in width. It was customary then to cut only two of these species and to pass by all which were cut them fraction inches in diameter at the point where they came to earth from the stump. One might think that the beech or a forest near the Cowan Farm had been as work and this severely worked without cutting any perceptible lumber of an size. It is for other reasons for returning the lumberman from Born & Co. The large trees were to be found to have almost wholly disappeared. Men the days mills cannot cut even as food for the stumps were valuable and destructive fire-mills and more tappins only from or thin woods through and the but these the form of the older trees. Balsams and pines were great as valuable for pulp as are fumus and spruce for lumber and on many of the hillsides come out from lines above to the side of barns where in what a change or loss can bring benefit among this bark is not watered exception, however, there I am cited the N. & N. Company's Preservation Mills which in time to the old rule of cutting as shown that national has then fraction inches on this whole.

Until very recently lumbering operations in the forest were carried on only during the colder months usually beginning about the first of November and ceasing as soon as the snow cover to many became firm so that in the spring and the leaves could more deeply damage. The men are kept in from March onwards.
1907
August
the thirtieth year and tube at sea or any ocean, even
in midsummer.
Within the memory of persons still living in 1871, the shores of Lake Umbagog were bordered near everywhere by large and vigorous coniferous trees of which many were old growth white pines. Most of these and of the large spruces and cedar trees had been cut and logged away by the lumberman before my first visit to the lake in 1871. Its shores were then coniferous in places but for the most part fringed with dead or dying trees, chiefly red maples, black ashes, canoe birches and balsam firs, which the winter had killed or severely injured not long after its level had been raised a number of feet by the dam built across the Androscoggin River at East in 1857. At that time the original dam was built three years earlier and the water in 1857 and following a little lower down the river, by the present dam which was completed in 1868.

The outlet and tributary of the lake, in some of its larger coves and abutment below, the shores were sufficiently low and flat to be subject to frequent inundation. These shores, as they were called, stood by hundreds or even thousands in grain and brimming array. Most of them were without back and

In their Trench authorship and varying kinds of brook-pressed seed drifted innumerable holies only the more recent of which were occupied by the birds which had excavated them most of the others having passed into the possession of the White bellied or "Stiff" Swallows. There were also Wood Ducks, American Wigeon, Goosander, Hooded Merganser, Horned Grebe, Bufflehead, Crested Teal, cut and some Ring necks, nesting in natural canoes and hollows or in abandoned and perhaps accidentally enlarged holes made by因Cocks or by Relict Harriers.
Brown Crakes, too, were much given to haunting our ditches when they built their nests under long, slanting, half-submerged banks. In short these forests of duck and craking were fairly termed at the right season both varied and untried bird life: The Swallows and Cuckoos were especially abundant. At the mouth of Cambridge Ponds and about the outlet of the lake, when they bred in colonies, I have seen them rise and call in swarms when disturbed by the report of a gun. The Woodpigeons, although hardly less numerous, were more scattered and more broken in their confusions. The Dippers were least confusions of all for they were too wary to often show themselves about their nests unless when sheltered from view.

There were indeed holier days for the ornithologist who visited Lake Umbagog in late May or early June and who knew how to locate the thin forests temporarily and intelligently for rare bird nests. One might then find—and talk without let or hindrance—for the game laws were then dispersed, and children in many unknown nooks ofLimit the extraction of the egg of any of these species were obtainable. The common Brown Crake and the Canada Bellbird in the early spring, the Brown Thrasher, the Brown Thrush, and the Kingbird, with perhaps occasionally a bit Coley or a Red-tailed Hawk. I do not mean by any means to say of course, but the eggs of all these species could be obtained by any one collector, however energetic and fortunate, in a single season. Some of the birds were far from numerous and it was not always easy to find nests or even the common kinds among thousands of bushes almost every other one of which was
Literally riddled with holes. All these could not well be examined and even long exposure in this peculiar kind of field work failed to enable us properly to distinguish certainly between such as could be found investigation and such as might safely be picked up. Indeed he was sure to waste much valuable time in climbing to promising nesting but uncertain nests and equally as in amount, every now and then, the skill grown mature in neglecting others of unquestioning appearance which, as he might afterwards learn to his sorrow, had contained rare or coveted eggs. On again he might find, after breaking into and thereby bruising a nest from which a bird had been driven to fly, that he was either too early or too late for a full set of fresh eggs. These and similar difficulties and disappointments only added, of course, to the pleasure and interest of a day spent about the shores of a lake Umbagog looking for the eggs of the nesting birds. And its material results in the way of specimens secured, if not perhaps equal to those which have been attained in other and more favored regions, were, nevertheless, often very satisfactory.

The loons among the nests was anything from two or three to eight or nine days in number. Hence our work was always done in boats—the usual and best methods of collecting—and actually with the assistance of one of the local guides. While engaged in it we often disturbed Boats which were fishing the day in hotter streams or under loose sheets of bamboo. An expression which I had with them on June 17 was so very unusual and interesting that I am tempted to describe it here.
For upwards of twenty years after I first saw them, the stub forests about the shores of South Umbagog continued to be among its most characteristic and usual resort, summer attraction features. But they could not last indefinitely. One after another the larches were leveled by clearcutting, by the desires of wood-burning interests, and by the logging efforts of woods hunters and their customers. Sometimes during winter goes large perhaps oiler - clearing as the foot may decay, when the weather was nearly as good as it is usually during or just after a prolonged rain, which, of course Jones into the banks and branches adding materially to their length.

Once when there was literally no wind blowing, I was approaching a point in my boat when a tall stump, at the very edge of which I was intending to land, toppled toward me and buried itself in the water. I have heard others fall in the dead of night when the air was still and when the crashing of the heavy trains striking the water or the dells sounds prodigiously their impact with the earth, were not less startling than impression. At the outlet of the lakes, numbers of these were removed by two lumbermen from twenty years ago, because they interfered with passage of the logs in spring and summer. From them many of the big and

founder one in the woods near Uskton were cut for the country people for fuel. Thus the desirability features of nature have been somewhat altered by the hand of man. hard done their work until they knew the shores of the lake as generally and uniformly clothed with larch vegetation as they were before most of the farms. Since and since then, however, and since places have been taken they largely by deciduous trees and

South Forests

1907.
There are feelings which impress one as dominating their immediate surroundings, others to be dominated by them. Umbagog belongs to the latter class. It is long, narrow, and tortuous, and too closely approached by majestic mountains to be in itself imposing. So the many a pleasure from it owes its charm largely to the perfection and effectiveness of its setting. In some respects it resembles the expanse of a sluggish, gently curving river, especially if it be viewed at a distance from some elevation like upon the hill, near and Fruit, east and west of it. Further, instead of being the sum of the length as it winds among its ever-changing hills and ridges, following contours, what appears to have been its limit of least resistance. Although ten miles in length it is narrower than a lane in breadth and there are points where the opposite arms approach one another so closely as to be within less than a quarter of a mile. The coves by which they are inclosed being almost immemorial, and of widely varying depths and sizes. Some have been a few acres of open water, reach, perhaps, only by narrow passages tortuous,2c.3b}c{e, e}t{t}c\{\}

2c.3b}c{e, e}t{t}c\{\}

\[\text{General character of the lake.}\]

\[\text{Its coves.}\]
August

Some of the smaller indentations and of least loss of the longer ones—viz. Shackleford and Sunday are—have only short rocky shores and, at ebb tides, a fair depth of water. In others—such as Poplar Cove, Fishers Cove and the Neenos Cove—there are low in many places and the shallows are often covered in seaweed and early covered by ephemerol mud or greasy flats. Still others—such as John and St. Andrews Cove—have the same conditions in combination with perhaps here and there a broad beach of white sand, then to be succeeded for a while by the first debris of shells and occasionally by the fine of some surrounding moss.

Excepting on high tides of winter only a very few of the coves can be navigated for there are some of the less and more conspicuous ones remain almost unknown, even to local duck hunters, mussel-hunters and fiddler fishmen. Partly for this reason and also because of the wild and picturesque character of their environment many of them impress one deeply with a sense of seclusion and of loneliness by nothing and of their human nature. Being as often disturbed from them are the central features of the cove. They are more frequented by birds, birds, and mammals. Egrets and Ospreys are wont to have their home upon them, looking for fish; Drakes and Harriers, for diving or wading in their lagoons; Harbours and Foxes to rest along their grassy margins. Seabirds by night for mear or men; and deer to feed on the roots of the yellow lilies, leeks which flourish, whenever the bottom is soft and muddy. Indeed there are few faults or featureless features found in the region about the Cove which one may not be seen at the right time and location about one or another of its coves.
When the lake was at its highest stage in spring, most of the stub forests were flooded to depths varying from two or three to eight or nine feet, and one could traverse them easily and very pleasantly in a boat or a canoe. But later in the season they were usually free from water and the many places separated from the lake by hostile margins of grassy marshes, light green in summer, deep green in autumn. Still further out there might be banks upon banks of dense green bullrushes growing in shallow water and flowering freely in July and for some weeks lasting in many places from the open water. Beyond the bullrushes, between the water depth of 3 ft. and this bottom was muddy or sandy, one could be likely to find clusters of lily pads (usually those of the common water lily) and of the lilies of the long green floating leaves with perhaps a few broad rafts of Polymnia gayi in late August with flowers of rose and purple. Here might be Potamogeton, also, and here and there a patch of a peculiar kind of grass which often grows in water of considerable depth, sending up broad, flat blades tinged lightly with salmon or funeral which float in clustering stalks on the surface. They are remarkable for their immunity from the usual effects of submergence. Often when the lake was covered with thin ice I boiled on the big oars breaking directly over this grass leaving it green, dry, apparently, or, in the wind, stretched with only a few quacksable—but globules such as those which may be seen on the leaves of the feathery or of the mountainous holly, after heavy rain.

By midsummer the outlines of meadow grass, and perhaps the beds of bullrushes as well, were brightened almost everywhere by the yellow flowers of the loosestrife, by the creamy white ones of the arrowhead, and by the yellow, slightly greenish-white
August 1907.

1.

Cyperaceae heads of the water hemlock.

All the aquatic and marsh-loving plants just mentioned, with many others of similar habitat, continue to flourish in or about the lake between the local conditions best their requirements. Indeed they are rather more abundant and widely distributed now than they were twenty or thirty years ago for although the water is higher now than formerly it is kept at a more uniform level in summer and the these boats are becoming better and better defined and established.
August 8

I have just become acquainted with an interesting and, indeed, remarkable woman, Mrs. Jonathan P. West.

I saw her first on the afternoon of my arrival when as the stage halted in front of the Post Office on Upton Hill, she drove up in a dilapidated open buggy and stopped a moment to think to our driver. She attracted my attention at once by her bright, roving eyes, severe countenance, and clear-cut agate features which gave her the look of an Italian or of a half-breeding Indian, a suggestion enhanced by the large red and black handkerchief she was wearing bound like a toadstool about her head in lieu of a hat or bonnet. On inquiry I learned that she was of New England stock and a native of Ipswich and that she had lived ever since her girlhood in Upton, where she had accumulated what, for that town, is a large property (about $15,000, it is said) by her industry, sagacity and energy, and with little help from her husband, who is of a very easy-going, indifferent sort of men, although without bad habits. Mrs. West was called for by a famous attorney at Dedhamville, this afternoon, and drove me over Upton Hill to Boscobel to see this husband. He lives there on one of the three large farms which they own and the other on another near the Upton Post Office. The third is the Homestead Farm in rural town which she has just bought. She carries on all three, making them all pay and working on the fields with her hired men and herself as hard as any of them.

Although she has passed her seventieth year, she continues to drive a morning mower, drawn by a pair of horses, over her rocky, stumpy, bottom fields, to finish the hay, when made from the corn into the haywagon and from this to the mows in the barn, laboring thus ceaselessly for hours in succession. As we drove along
August 8th. the Chautauqua most entertaining. I found her very intelligent Mrs. West and as vivacious and full of fun as a young girl. She is of slight build and very rather than masculine but as quick and agile of movement as a boyish girl. Then the she got out of the buggy. I made no use of the fact that I was prejudiced against restless and restless hands for an instant on the depth and then twisted lightly over the front wheel. Despite her masculine features she is essentially feminine, very sympathetic and deeply religious, with no trace of the meaner ministrations of common anger worse. She is a good wife that can teach of hunting large game. She painted and sanded splotches on the limbs when the holly plane was taken off within the four feet years and then on the summation of a moon beam which she was planning to undertake in the Ottawa region of Canada. This coming afternoon as she talked about these matters her bright eyes flashed and the tips of red on her moist brown cheeks deepened perceptibly. But when I questioned her closely about the lake and its surroundings, half a century ago she had little to tell me and that of which she was interested. My final estimate of her was that while quick-witted, broad-minded, generous-hearted and singularly wise, and practiced with respect to business affairs, she had made on the whole, few poor use of her opportunities for general observation and that concerning most matters not directly connected with the occupation of a farmer or with the pursuit of large game she had only slight and superficial knowledge and recollection.

But no better example of the hardy, self-reliant, daring and often pioneer woman of early settlement lines has ever come under my personal observation.
August 8

On reaching the Rock Street place we found Mr. West. Jonathan was lying in bed in one of the lower rooms where he has been kept in close confinement for several weeks by a broken leg. Yet he was very cheerful and evidently glad to see me. I cannot remember ever meeting him before although he has spent his entire life in Upton where he was born on May 13 this, in 1832. Hence he is now eighty-five years of age yet his weight has not diminished and his hair and beard are only slightly thinned with grey. He is of medium size and rather short but large-boned and sinewy. An intelligent man, blessed with an excellent and as yet unimpaired memory, he was not less able than willing to tell me many things that I wanted to know for his interests have been broader and his powers of observation keener than those of his wife,相当to whom the way in too high in practical efficiency. Although a farmer rather than a hunter he has used the gun and the horse since boyhood, and hence is not unfamiliar with the northern forests and their animal life. In his youth Umiagoy was much less extensive in winter than it is at present. It was then bounded in many places by natural meadows where the farmers cut large quantities of coarse hay which they took off with horses and wagons, for the ground was quite dry and firm except in early spring, when it was flooded for a few weeks. The forest trees growing at high water mark and far from the timber line. This, however, the land was low and flat, were chiefly white pines. They fringed the banks of the Connecticut, the Neversink and the Housatonic Rivers, and sometimes occurred on high ground below from water but not very generally or numerously. Most of these near the wooded were cut and hastily off by the Ashmole between 1840 and 1850. Very little clear what from.
August 8.  

Mr. West was so busy clearing the old spruce trees that were once the valued crop in his forest. The trees were entirely removed, and the stumps were burned when they were cut down. The present value of the trees is considerable, and the stumps are still standing. Indeed, their present value on the stump would be far in excess of the land from which they were removed.

When Mr. West was a boy, there were numerous bears in Umbagoj, although less so than in his early years. The only game was bears and the swift, stately deer, and the fowls. Canoeing on Umbagoj was plentiful in certain locations. The Canadian lynx, the timber and the spruce were abundant. The fish was perhaps the most abundant of all the fresh-water animals, except the muskrat, which frequented the shores of the lake and many of the connecting rivers. Partridge abounded in the forest and were abundantly taken. West Pigeons visited the clearings in enormous numbers, sometimes standing in the sun as their wings flashed between it and the rays of the sun and doing much damage to the farmer's grain. They appeared chiefly in spring and autumn and Mr. West has never known more than a few hundred pairs to breed anywhere about the lake. He remembers when the lake attracted immense schools of fish, among which were many Canada geese. He has no recollection of any being a wolf or even the track of one. He thinks that practically all the bears had been trapped or driven away before his time.
The following account of Metalline was given me to-day by Mr. West. He was a St. Francis Indian, banished from his tribe because of some technical offense of a political nature committed when a young man. After leaving Canada he lived for many years above the lower lakes of the Peninsula chain having a permanent camp at the narrows on Richardson Lake and one used less regularly yet not infrequently, on the island in Lake Umbagoe that bears his name. He was a thoroughly "good" Indian, honest, upright, truthful, and very kind and friendly in his dealings with the early white settlers, all of whom liked and trusted him. They were kind to him for food he often brought them; fruit and maize meal for letter most of his time, he was an expert fisherman and hunter. He frequently accompanied them as guide and assistant during their excursions into the forest and whenever he visited the settlement at Gipson he was cordially welcomed at their houses. He stood in much favor of their dogs, however, and Mr. West remembers that when he came to his favorite house on Lake Umbagoe he was overjoyed to come from the wood inquiry that their dog be kind before he would enter their door. He was as kind as he was courteous, and he was invariably mild-tempered and inoffensive when under the influence of liquor. He lost one of his eyes when a youth in a most unfortunate way. A young Indian, which he had several other Indians had run down on horses. Metalline pursued his companions to foster him security on the back of the animal. After it was released it took him through a snow-drift where his left eye was torn out by a dead branch. Shortly before his
August 5, 1907

Death he was dragging a load of wood over the snow when the sled got beyond control on a steep slope and ran against him, driving a Helvetia into his Union eye and at once destroying it. This happened on Melville Island, where a white hunter found him blinded and dying a few days later and at his request took him to his people in Canada. After staying with them awhile, he started back in company with another white man who desired him in the woods on the borders of Melville. Here he was again discarded near by dead with scurvy. This time he was taken to the house where at Andrews, Maine, where he died a few months later — in the year 1840. Mr. Weir states his body was buried some time before this near the camp in the heart of Richardson Bals. The coffin is now ten feet deep over the ghost but before it was raised by the building of Michelle. From this grave was opened a man's skeleton removed to Andrews where it is said to be still preserved. All that I give on Mr. Weir's authority and in nearly his own words as I note them at the time. It may be worth to compare his statements with those included in an article on Melville Island, attached in "Maine Woods" about February or March, 1907, if I remember rightly. I think I kept it but it is not by me or I can't find it.
August 9

I had a talk with Bennett Morse this afternoon but got from him little information of any real value. He married Miss Pease's sister and they are living with their daughter in the old Pease house near the lake there in Upton. Bennett's parents moved to this town in 1843 when he was only three years of age. Shortly after this, as he remembers, his father tore a large nut from the lake. Bennett and his older brother Steve (the locally famous guide whom I used to know) began tramping for lumber companies when they were still but boys on or the early '50s. He doubt. They met further away a wayfaring I mean (but Alton, Sabbath, Tilton and Canada) Lumbermen were then abundant. When the brothers had grown to manhood they worked in the woods every winter "logging." Nearly all their companions were Natives of the region for that was before the time when the local George I lumbermen began to include Swedish Canadians and Nova Scotians. For the first few years only white pines were cut. They occurred almost everywhere strongly and locally, especially on the higher mountains, but most numerous by far on our best coast near the lake. In lumbering the logs to the others only often were used - from two to four being utilized in each load. Only the pine were available. The lumbermen began to cut red oaks near their lumber did not come into general use until after 1860.
I called on Bennett Morse this afternoon. He and his wife (Selca Pease's niece) are living with their daughter in the old Pease's home near the lake shore. Bennett's parents moved to Upton in 1843 when he was only three years old. Soon after this his father saw a Wolf run for him on the lake. Bennett and his elder brother Steve Morse (the afternoon's popular guide whom I know) began trapping in the early '50's when they were still too boys. They found only a few deer but caught numbers of beaver, raccoons, foxes and Canada lynxes. Then they went to work and they worked on the woods every winter, "clipping" nearly all their companions were victims of the regime for that was before the time when the lumber business began to employ any French Canadians or Nova Scotians. For the first few years only white pine was cut. They grew abundantly on the low, alluvial lands near the lakes and very generally of somewhat strong and locally - cheerful, except on the higher mountains. The logs were hauled to the lakes on sleds drawn by oxen from two to four of which were yoked to each end. After the white pines had been felled red oaks began to be cut but their lumber ship was come with very great rate until after 1560.
1907
August

So the most lovely of similar character and
surroundings Umbagog is found at every season by visitors
Alum. It is the balm of many an aching heart
and 100duly and restly in midsummer. At the
close of a sultry afternoon in July or August one may
with the scattered clouds hurry up together from the
directions as to an offhand luncheon. Their almost
incredible quickness they unite into one death and particular
mass covering a square mile or more of sky. Its front
indescribable in places in others mixed with green
and coppery light, looks on broad and impressive on look
a mountain west. Above it the sky is still clear and blue,
below and beyond it may severe distant mountains fall
bathed in afternoon. I'm a brief time it affords to long
minutes in these heavens but at length it always
decrepit hands across the cloud tearing up the forest with
fierce gusts of wind and inertia. The theft of
lightning descends into the boiling forest while the
accompanying peals of thunder crash and echo on every hand.
I have known an hour to drop from behind the peaks
of twenty minutes. After the cloud has pressed off
to the northward the rain comes over again to dump
on marvelously blanking in打造此处 and on the now
pleased and soothing loins. It is of just such times
that the loins of many a weary and that the
beasts live most freely and gaily in the defeat
forest
The road leading from Upton to East first descends a long hill from which much of the winding road and bridge over of Umbagog may be clearly seen. At the foot of the hill it crosses the state line into Cambridge, New Hampshire, where it choice curves and meanders to the lake and finally enters the town. Within clearly, affording several wooded and picturesque views of the lake and many attractive glimpses of blue water seen between or just above the intervening trees. Cambridge, when I first visited it, was a perfectly pure and sleepy spot, with little town containing less than a dozen houses and barely enough adult male inhabitants to administer its public affairs. Yet there was there a school house and the one and only road was not actually unpaved. Now there are almost as permanent inhabitants as all the land with the exception of a single farm (then on mill Pond) has passed into the hands of a powerful lumber company by whom most of the trees on land and the land and its bridges kept in repair. The sides of the road are lined on either side with an iron wire and wire with a fence enclosing them and bushes. The open spaces thus maintained vary in width from five or six feet to almost as many yards. They lose form and desolate, except in spring or when there are blossoms. On either the north and the south hillsides display their heavy blossoms. Among the tangled of wild grasses, wild roots and weathered fences while the heavy snows of winter have crushed to earth and the action of sunlight, of frost and of moisture blended one becomes overwhelmed and confused by fresh greens of the most varied granite, and by the cool, clear water of the Umbagog above. Here is no place for the city man who expects to find comfort and rest in his summer home. It is a place for the city man who finds rest in the country, and who seeks to escape the cares of the world and to be alone with himself. Here he can, if he will, forget the world and its cares and live with nature and its products. Here he can, if he will, be free from all the world's cares, and, with nature, live in peace and quiet, and forget the world.
August

...and histriomycetes vegetation. Before this and by July uncultivated the road is broadly bordered on either hand by flowering

southern regions and perhaps even to the genuine flora of Kent England but here found in rather unusual

numbers and perfection and most effectively shown.

...borders by brilliantly colored flowers are always

attractive and in some cases there are linear rows of

vigorous shrubs and trees to form a solid background

of blended foliage (largely evergreen) the effect is doubly

cleaning. Sometimes when it is often attempted by the

builders of woodland walks and gardens but their

handicaps is too oft to bear the marks of conscious

effort and in this and other ways it appears false

flame of the future either. Dawn flowers achieve it

easily in dealing with many woods or neglected places.

in Cambridge as I have said this is overcome aided by

the hand of man but such arrangements as he makes

here is indirect of course and quite elegant. Indeed

the study young farmers who would the brush by this

rodeo ... is unthought even beyond that of

keeping the public in full condition for travel. In

their eyes native plants if ever known are too formal and

also too troublesome at times to be ever standing even in

flowers other they are most effective and when they cannot

potentially as known. But country children delight to

visit the romantic woodside farms and city parks of

yester day of and often seeks for led enjoyment in them. Thus despite general neglect or even

proscription they continue to bloom in the greatest

profusion along many of our Kent Before highways and to

gain much Debettmeim pleasure at least in portion of known kind.
One cannot go far in either direction from the hotel at Southside before coming to flowers. A narrow, dusty roadway is hemmed in on both sides for hundreds of yards in autumn by brooks and almost solid beds of wild flowers. These are lined with golden rod and, if the sun be shining, with butterflies of various kinds and sizes which pop in and out of and fly just above the tops of the plants often alighting—perhaps as many as half a dozen together—on the more attractive clusters of blossoms when they loosely open and close their broad, fan-like wings. These may be humming bees, too, sipping from them if the weather seems as they hover on rapidly vibrating screens or darting back and forth across the road with hinder squawking in her pursuit of her enemies.
1907.

August

The plants, as I have said, are composed of common and favorite kinds. Of those blooming in July and August there are:

- Bellflowers: white, blue, and those from China, Howard's, and Korean;
- Dog rose, pink and white kinds;
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Besides these and other wild flowers there are berries not less brilliantly and effectively marked by midsummer, such as those of the red california fuchsia and heliotrope and those of the seaside elder—deep coral red in color.

The berries are borne on loose and effective stalks which rise a foot or two above the ground, the latter in globular clusters almost as large as oranges on long, jagged branches. Both add greatly to the attractiveness of the landscape at this season as do also the berries of the dawn beard which begin to blush before the end of July but seldom attain the full depth of their clear coral red before the close of August. The white berries of the other species of Actinocarpa also come into bloom most attractively in September.

The flowering cycle of the seaside flowers in July and white and pinkish or rose of waverly flowers but from the middle of August to the close of September, when the golden roses and asters are in fullest bloom, yellow and pink or whitish, purple and the prominent roses. At this latter season the landscape are more brilliantly colored than at any other excepting if one often happens, the flowers of the native buckwheat and other deciduous trees leaves the height of the autumnal glory before the wild flowers are cut down and bloomed by the first killing frosts.
Thus far I have sent but little of the ferns and grasses although they play an important part in the foliage of summer and early autumn along roadsides such as those in our little town of Cambridge. One very fine fern

in great abundance the Cinnamon, intermixed, Selaginella Thalictroides, New York, Marsden, Deloures and Lobus ferns and most numerously of all the common Brother. One of the best ferns (Phlebodium) is very common in fields, sometimes on borders fully exposed to the sun. Another species (C. decipiens) occurs yearly not far from the road in deep rich woods. One of the great ferns (I believe) is generally but slightly distributed and the rock ferns around Cambridge where the conditions favor it form an hobbit & generate. I have found only a very few rock ferns although they are common about the shores of the lakes. These are are

all the species I have noticed here but I have no doubt there are others which I have overlooked. The ostrich fern should be among them for it grows abundantly on the banks of Cambridge River and I have seen it in the Friends House now as you know elsewhere. Of the native grasses I have too slight technical knowledge to speak with any definitiveness but one common I have been amused along the roads and without going impressed by the fact that any

flourishes there in great numbers and variety and by the existence beauty and delicacy of some of the others.
1907.

Then the flowers and ferns can actually grow in brightness and the deciduous trees bear their hues of their leaves, then can thrill along the road leading to Great Brook, touches of brilliant color contrasting pleasantly with the glinting silver tints of the birches and the delicate shades of the maple leaves and grasses. It is furnished by the mossy ferns bordered by the mountain ash, the blueberry, the mountain cranberry, the yellow flower, and the false rue anemone. All these harmonize in color and form the background of autumn shades. Most of them are red or orange. The leaves, though thin, retain their natural autumn colors even during the winter months, furnishing food for hungry birds and diversifying the eye of the human traveler after the ground has become deeply buried in snow.

The East Road.
1907

August

Mr. Jonathan P. West has acquired near the Lake Umbagog
a farm about three miles made up chiefly of young coniferous
trees and some spruce pine and other timber from
undergrowth. As he expresses it, "a farm once a garden,
finally in the woods and an orchard farm for considerable
distance in every direction. Now the ground is a desert
with broken and fallen logs that he seems to be
sweeping up and a time or a hundred years will enable
a few rows of birch and pine to re-appear there."

The change began long before very time for whom I first
visited the region in 1871 the lumberman had come as
recently there for upwards of thirty years. Although they
had removed only the pine and the coniferous trees they
sufficiently đánghade had been left in by this thinning to
induce, in very many places, a second growth of stumps and
young trees of various kinds. Still after cutting especially
the savannah kind of grass which within recent years
has changed the character of the forest from more
understory to more than are of balsam. Just proportionately
above the cut, when the grasslands are just visible often
in one or two called second growth wood in certain
measurements.
1907

August

I am inclined to believe that a suitable Conger was encountered in November, 1869, less than ten miles to the southeast of South Umbagog, by Horatio T. Godwin, former proprietor of the South House, and Stephen Moen, for many years one of the leading Upton guides. Both men an now dead, I have often heard them tell the story of their encounter, which was briefly as follows:—they had been out in the vicinity of Upton and were returning from the unoccupied and then barely-fronted township of Upton with the intention of bringing a line of troops for border and forage came near about to camp, just before sunset, at the head of a brown meadow when, at this fraction and of this noticed coming and after a mile away, they saw a rather large, tawny colored animal moving about among some alders. Believing it to be a deer, Godwin began a wide circuit in the hope of approaching it slowly under cover. But while he was still buried in the brush it left the alders and crossed the meadow diagonally over a wide expanse of brush, a foot or more in depth. Although it persisted onward long after dark, I never knew he did not find it, for even as he finally confessed, he saw the sides of many wounding its forefeet, losing a few inches with the hounds close on his heels leading game. He had a fairly sure of it, if correct, and his description of it tallied at all points with that of a fast-moving Conger. Godwin saw it only imperfectly, at a considerable distance, but he examined it twice closely and his confident assertion that, while certainly there is a huge cat, they could not have been made by a large animal with which he was familiarly (aired) has always caused much doubt with me.
Auburn, October 20, 1907

Mr. Coolidge

Alva Coolidge of Auburn, whose opinion is entitled to equal weight with mine, believes that a Geyser was seen at least as late as October 1906, in B. Meadows, only a few hundred yards above the falls of Cambridge River by a hunter from Andrews. This man, whom Coolidge considers perfectly honest and worthy of belief, asserts that while walking on a hillside that overlooked the meadows, after a long and unsuccessful tramp in search of game, his attention was attracted by a movement among the long grass at the edge of the tree line. He kept within a cat's step or so, for fear of startling any beast, until, coming nearer, he saw a large moose, standing in the grass, and could distinctly see its head and antlers, which he had an unobstructed view of. He found it in its turn but apparently without hurrying, although the distance was less than one hundred yards. At the first sight of it, its head raised to a height of seven feet and then lowered about, looking in his direction. Suddenly it turned around and ran between some fifteen feet in breadth by a single growth of beech and then galloped off into the forest, fascinating itself occasionally among the rank vegetation of the meadows but giving him no good opportunity for another shot. All this happened distinctly in the forenoon of a cloudless day when the sun was shining brightly, and the light really at its best.

I give the story for whatever it may be worth, and as I have obtained it, strictly on the authority of the informer above named, Mr. Coolidge.
1467.
August.

Yet these are popular writers, unduly read and apparently very generally credited, who assert that it has been their frequent observation, when coming in the winter hours of
northern New England or of eastern Canada, to meet with the
monsters just mentioned and to see them do all manner
of strange and wonderful things. Some of their accounts of
the habits and especially of the amazing prances of these
animals are so grossly absurd and improbable
that they can with difficulty do any credit to or about
peruvian horses. Indeed they were largely to-night to discover
themselves for the first time truly as horses or calves.

The misrepresentation on the part of such writers of the
peruvian centaur with respect to animal life in the
present facts is more dangerous and pernicious because, like most
false colorings, it is too vague and subtle, and also too
nearly possible, to be easily analyzed and disproved.

Moreover the accuracy of many of their statements are
not publicly questioned. These "peruvian horses", as they have
come to be called, despite themselves rather improbable and
offending, they have been brought to persons who condone
an opinion contrary to their own by the very request, negative
in character, and hence of little weight. Because these other
centaurs have not done this or that is no good reason, they assert,

"doubt", for doubting is a trait which it has overthrown on two
epochs. They will suggest that the doubler has not had opportunities
enough to think for investigation and observation or having had
them has not made good use of them. If he be a sportsman
on a collection, they would picture him as hoarding his
horse, keeping it a year in his hands and the last
of hunting in his heart. If he would become really
familiar with the horses like and their majestic ways,
August 1907

Let him go among them unarmed and in a spirit of peace and loving kindness towards them all. Then he will know many things which it is our duty to do, and cannot be written to believe.

See this and learn how to use a storm effect has been said of Caesar by his "Roman fathers" when refused on the ancient. They knew him and boldly that their cities are infested by unruly seamen, such as professors at poetry and the kin. The use of words has regard warmly enough with justice and love and by putting their country on the side of the "national fathers," it could achieve.

There is an old story to this effect that "a lie will please us."

In regard for a time at least with the general people, who, it is to be feared, till's sensational setting and our part has not yet been its ability, national morality. But the writer, however affectionate and unwise, who deals elaborately and exquisitely or fiction disguise as truth, can hope to permanently deface his honor.

Some a later time lived characters of his literary work well known, and his reputation for veracity upheld. If he is a "national father," his views of importing even for a brief hour, an information of long field experience and a reflection who have them wise of their laws in the world, are remote indeed. Such men are not easily deceived about matters with which they have been familiar from boyhood and which concern them deeply. Being equally far from their blind trust in self-congratulated authority to which the descendants are given and from that indiscriminately, insobriety which is often prompt to the means and prejudiced friends to distinguish everything foreign to its own expression, they are quite able to judge for themselves, with perfect
famines and with better and more necessary, as in the general "Natural
truth" as falsity of statements which they hear or read. Their "Tales":

confidance in an author is not often misplaced nor, when
once fully given, is it easily broken. They will readily pardon
unworthiness and will even that indulgence that form
of honest exaggeration to which the circumstances are sometimes
resulted.

Gauze or those results proceed from the effort to strongly
exhustion points which require to be thrown into bold belief.
In our own case, the overstatement is too obvious to do any
real harm, as the other less effective and too generally
sanctioned by high authority to be seriously condemned. Equally
delusive, and very pleasing to everyone are those general
trades inspired by an imagination with which are really
good literature abounds. But the written or spoken words
must at least be based on careful observation, on genuine
opinion, or on sincere and unbiased sentiment, to be friendull
and confidently read.
1907.

August

It must be admitted that the "Red-Man Folk" have at least in part, for the harm which they have done by inciting very many people who probably could not have been reached in other and less sentimental ways, in the study of nature. In their estimate of animal intelligence, too, they have, I think, come near the truth—despite their frequent exaggeration or distortion of it—than have such of their critics as are disposed to deny that any animal except man can possess reasoning powers. Nor is it necessary to assume that even the worst offenders among them are deliberately and consciously unhonest. Much more likely is it that all and all of them are victims of prejudice and ill-regulated imagination as Dr. Kinnear has suggested with force and probability that they have been what Dr. Huxley has called "creative enemies". Indeed there are excellent reasons for believing that they perceive their high moral gifts by the aid of which—and were or less unwittingly—they build up wonderful stitches of pure fancy inventing incidents utterly beyond belief and justifying the actions of which they treat in grotesque and misleading terms.

The last sin has never been committed by Mr. Seton, although it cannot be denied that he has too often given free rein to a splendid imagination without acknowledgment or forethought of doing harm. But his Wolf is ever a Wolf, his Fox a Fox, and his Righem a Righem, known mammals may be the basis of imagination or of physical endurance which it is made to achieve. With the hand of the master that he is he depicts all its characteristics of appearace and behavior as
accurately, so forcibly and withal so very sympathetically
that no one at our funeral unless the clowns can fail
to recognize the genuine usefulness of his discipline.
Even when his imagination leads him into realms of
which neither he nor any other man can have definite
knowledge, it seldom or never betrays him into using
false colors. He is too good an artist and by far too
well trained a critic not to fall into any such error.
Yet he has been clearest with the naked facts by some
of his critics. It is because of this suggestibility that I
have mentioned him by name in this connexion while
avoiding naming any of the others to whom I have
refused. After saying all this of him it is perhaps
unnecessary to add that I believe the best of his essays
will be regarded as classics long after the now popular
writings of certain of his contemporaries and imitators will
have quite ceased to be read or even remembered.
Lake Umbagog.

I have heard the game laws were not much regarded or the Game Warden's duties 100 years ago. Deer and moose were expected to breed in the winter and hunt with great lights in the evening. People sometimes shot on their deer or bear when they struck the drawing up in their lines on the river. It was easy to shoot the deer as they became large enough to eat. Whether they could use them was for them to decide. It was usually maintained by the founders and settlers who had a kind of hunting license and right to take game and fish. Whenever they caught a panther of the cats, they killed it. This continued for many years with perfect order and for many years with perfect order. Every hunting was out excepting that of the bears. The forest bear although illegal killing was not opposed by the landowners. Our hunting grounds were under federal control as the game was more secure, and we had none. We had no bear near our place. The Game Warden lived at a distance, and his only authority was to warn the people to keep the bears away from the farms. During the summer and fall we had a supply of venison and wild turkey. We had much more money in this way and it was spent in many ways. The hunting was so regulated that we could not go beyond the lake or the streams. Our wilderness was ideal for the naturalist and my early childhood was spent in this pristine wilderness made up of deciduous trees which slowly became a dense forest. During the summer and fall we had a supply of venison and wild turkey. We had much more money in this way and it was spent in many ways. The hunting was so regulated that we could not go beyond the lake or the streams. Our wilderness was ideal for the naturalist and my early childhood was spent in this pristine wilderness made up of deciduous trees which slowly became a dense forest.
Lake Umbagog.

1907

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Lake Umbagog.
1907.
August 7

Fishes still visit the banks of Cambridge. Ponds above the mill and the shores of Lake Umbagog. In the autumn of 1905 Alon caught less of them in one day within a mile of Sunday Cove. He considers them of rather rare occurrence near the Lake but thinks that they have now diminished permanently in numbers during the past growth of a century. They are restless, loving creatures, always on the move. They do not frequent nor even traverse open country but within the shade of the forest one may find them almost anywhere for their ceaseless wandering leads them over the summits of the highest mountains and into the crevices deepest of the most remote streams and river valleys. They keep on shores, rocks, and small streams of various kinds including springs and meanders. Alon doubts if they ever catch fish for they are always entering the water but he has found that a board or a dish is one of the best of all baits that can be used when fishing for them. During his long experience in the woods he has seen birds, hogs, living fish, fishers, men at work, and animals such as bear and moose in the Penobscot River again. The Calumet was closing a track which ended by taking to Annawon and boring across to a similar island. Hence Annawon came to the river bend it thought and gave up Annawon.
Sables are very nearly locally extinct. Last or three even Sable trapped in an area near 1905-1906 about from males from the were in the present of Maine. They are not found now in very uncommon areas. They live and hunt chiefly on the ground (Alva was wrong as to this) but unless they can live and hunt chiefly on the ground. They often climb trees. They are found in the presence here and cannot be found in the presence here and cannot be found in the presence here and cannot be found in the presence here and cannot be found in the presence here and cannot be found in the presence here and cannot be found in the presence here and cannot be found in the presence here and cannot be found in the presence here and cannot be found in the presence here and cannot be found in the presence here and cannot be found in the presence here and cannot be found in the presence here and cannot be found in the presence here and cannot be found in the presence here and cannot be found in the presence here and cannot be found in the presence here and cannot be found in the presence here and cannot be found in the presence here and cannot be found in the presence here and cannot be found in the presence here and cannot be found in the presence here and cannot be found in the presence here and cannot be found in the presence here and cannot be found 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1907
August 7

The following tales were obtained today from Alon
carriage. I took them down as he gave them to me and,
for the most part, in nearly his own words. Unless otherwise
specified, they refer to the region immediately about Bella
Unbagoy.

Conferences were abundant thirty-five years ago
but Alon has not seen the kind of oneangement in the Bella
region for twenty years or more. With corned them to
disappear from it he cannot imagine they were more than a
trifle. They were as different as strange to be unable to
follow him that of a man or any other animal or even
to smell a relentless beast. They lived chiefly on Rabbit and
were occasionally given to hunting on caribou for Alon
has been the leader of them or from them together and
leaving in the snow situation.

The first Bay dog to known to have been taken was
that about 1879 by a man of Jonathan P. West. It was
wounded along the top side of a trunk that bordered the head.
Mr. West had the temperament to hit and I have worn it.
A year or two before it was killed Alon had been killed
which he thought to be those of Bay dog. He finds
them now in snow on many occasions and considers the
animals common. He has trapped them of them during
the last five years. Likely the Conferences they are chiefly
our Rabbits and are quite unable to follow a trail by
seem or to detect the presence of a beast. They are
unusually fearful of a trap and if it can be placed so
that they are likely to step on it are easily caught.
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Sunny and warm with light S.W. wind. Two thunder showers in the evening.

I spent this day at Cambridge with Alva Cotridge. The chief object of the trip was to ascertain what changes, if any, had taken place since my last visit and to see the characteristic trees, shrubs, flowering plants, grasses etc. which grow on or near the Border of the stream. The day was distinctly perfect for such an expedition, just warm enough to be delightful, with a light breeze. We went up as far as the "starting place" in the middle of B. Meadows, which are in full bloom. It was rather too hot then for the meadow was bordered by beds of wild grass which anticipated the breeze. But after we reached the brook on one way back the temperature in the shade was just right for comfort. We sawalternately puddled and flooded stream, shining moss of the afternoon between the rocks and the mud, the voice seemed to me, of anything, more beautiful than ever before. I was very much inclined to find it all little changed. The professor on the high ridge bordering B. Meadows said the soil had been very rich and had I detected any recent change in the forest by the turnstiles. The south side of the meadows was still broadly beamed with "black ground" and there were very many fine tall oaks and white pines close to the vine below the rocks. Farther as a whole this stream was too far from the Mere in Apley to the kind of B. Meadows has changed very little in the past ten years whereas that about Lake Umbagog has undergone very general and distinctive change and some of those forests are burned over as far as hand.

We saw deer tracks everywhere. In a barrel of a spring we found a large Slug and a food given Horse, which had been dead a long time. Alva thought this Horseshoe in and the Slugs jumped in deliberately to get at the food.
Cambridge River below the falls is a lovely stream.* In his
first thoughts reaches more than fifty yards in length and still seems
which spend one hundred yards wide. There are places where the
boaters may stop nearly half a mile of wandering by dragging
his canoe over a strip of land only a few rods in width.
Most of the streams are steep and as mowing one third
troubles both so a current and waters in a direction near or exacly
off-put in their course. This is a case where it 

indeed

...
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likely to be approached within close range of many farms or villages, and for even the houses of them are seldom more than a few hundred yards from the approach of a sheltered channel came until it sounds the stones, passing within a few yards of where they were standing in an old or some sand bar or scumming or green in the pathway worse.  

All this may be said with regard to half of other towns in other lands but the Cambridge has a charm peculiarly its own.  

This I find difficult to explain and quite impossible to describe.  For one thing, it has a charm, an indefinable virtue, by no means a common condition in those days when farms, mills,  

jut out miles and miles and are permitted to clog and pollute the many clear, beautiful rivers.  For another, it's loveliness and beauty are heightened in summer by general warmth of unusual beauty and the air to the braveness of brilliant blue water, which can be so easily and safely navigated by pretty boats.  Its greatest width does not exceed fifteen or twenty yards, and in the many places is not half that number of feet, but even when the wind is not its hardest a light boat may be handled up to the Forbes and beyond without difficulty.  

As I close our what I have just written I perceive that it leads quite to a tribute to the Cambridge River justice.  Is it chosen too essentially and chieflv to be expressed in words? Or should I have mentioned the alternating lights and trowes that play on its placid waters, the gently curving bars of deadly sound, the beauty and the charm of the plants growing out of the river, flowering plants of various kinds, that line its banks? The broad wooded slopes and narrow often sloping oases, and bars that rise against the sky along all surrounding the broad river.  

This wealth of trebulous vegetation along the waters of the
1907

August 7

Perhaps it is because of these and similar attractions that tin (no. 4) quiet little Johnston impresses all who visit or frequent it, even the native guides and hunters. But I like to believe that the sense of mystery, of remoteness, of blessed peace and tranquility and of almost uncouthly beauty within it inspires, proceeds from something going much deeper if not quite beyond human ken.

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m
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Just above the Forks, the scene changes abruptly. Here the river divides into two branches; one of which runs in the upper part of Crofton Hollow, the other in C. Pond. The former is navigable only about two miles above the Forks. The latter can be followed in a light boat quite to its source.
Hobbs J. Abbott of Upton, a man reputed by his friends and neighbors to be thoroughly accurate and reliable of statement, has just given me an interesting account of the first settlement of the region about Lake Umbagog. It is based, he tells me, on information which he obtained when a youth by questioning original settlers many of whom, including his grandfather, Ebenezer Abbott, were then living. He wrote down what they told him and the manuscript remained in his possession for a number of years but was finally lost or destroyed. He assures me, however, that he still remembers it content very distinctly and that the dates, as well as all the other particulars, which he has communicated to me can be relied on. They are as follows:

Previous to 1823 there were only a very few white men about the lake. All of them were hunters and trappers some of whom built camps or even rude log houses and "squat" for longer or shorter periods on land of which they made no especial use and to which they acquired no legal title. Michael Hoyt was the first real settler in Upton or "B. Plantation" as it was then called. In 1823 he took up a farm and built a house on East B. Hill. In 1824 Ebenezer Good settled where Jesse Boudinot now lives. Ebenezer came in September of the latter year. He was granted land for his separate farm on condition that he erect and maintain a saw mill and a grist mill at the mouth of Cambridge River.
Lake Umbagog.

July 8, 1907

The saw mill was once in operation, supplying the
surrounding settlers with white pine boards and timbers
which they used in the construction of their homes.
Having the roofs with large heart white timbers of
the same chestnut and abundant looks. Abbott lived
for a time in a log cabin but this was soon improved
by the Umbagog House, a framed structure, which, with
the walls, was inhabited by his son, William J. Abbott,
whom I know. The earlier settlers of Upton came chiefly
from Andover, Maine, in 1824 and 1825. The first party
"swamplio" (i.e. built roughly) a road for haulin' for carts as
they advanced through the forest. The farms about are first
of the kind in Cambridge, and then on the known Magalloway
were cleared and built upon not much if at all later from
those in Upton but by those who came mostly from Newry
and Bethel on a closed trail that followed the valley
of Sunday River for a considerable distance and entered Upton
by what is now known as North Street. Those who founded
on to the known Magalloway reached it by means of a
path which led through the Tyler Gorge and past the
head of Sunday Cove, this afterwards became a rough
road which is still traceable in many places although
long since abandoned and grown up to trees and brooks. In
cessard's Report there is a Cedar Swamp Landing by a
wooden bridge whose substantial stone piers are still intact
and in fairly good preservation.

As will appear from what I have just written, the
settlement of the country about the front of Lake Umbagog
was accomplished within a very few years and apparently
between 1823 and 1826 or 1827. Indeed, I am assured
that nearly all the farms existing there are from
fronts.
1907

Jonathan P. Hess, who was born on South A. Wells.

He in 1833 and had lived in Upton from then,

and I have been heard to say that he has made several trips north

ever seen so much as a bear of one in ten years.

Horace J. Abbott assures me how once, that his father

Charles Abbott (son of Horace Abbott who built the

mill near the mouth of Cambridge River) caught two

wolves at the dam corn in a shed, which he

and Pleasant, the Indian chief, had set near the

northern end of the house. They believed it was thought

that the animals were either playing with one another

or fighting over the corn when they discovered the

trump. They were caught by a hand foot, an other

by a foot foot. This he heard about 1835. Not

long afterwards and perhaps during that same year

then wolves crossed the road together in eleven brand

of Charles Abbott as he was walking, one came

from one and to the farther house on Upton Hill.

Horace Abbott remembers also, that Thomas Wright,

another early settler, used to tell him of experiences

which he (Wright) had had working forers whom

he first came to Upton. Mr. Abbott agrees with

Mr. Wells in thinking that most of the towns

were not burned down off from this region immediately

over the town before 1840 and perhaps by 1836 or

1837. The very latest report of great occurrence which

I have been able to obtain and in which I have full

confidence rests on the statement of Samuel Henry

who informs me about his father, says a wolf in town

Upton was seen after the family had moved there

from Hurry in 1843.
Local House

1907 August 7

Brilliantly clear, with little H. to S. W. winds, just pleasantly cool.

I started, in my course, over to Upton this afternoon to note down on the spot the following description of the Lake House and its surroundings and memories and associations which, on light of this recent occasion, were suggested or revived.

The Lake House was built by Simon P. Merriam (1835-1837) and finished (1832) by Horace B. Ryan (1836-1837) for more than thirty years. It was bought by Mr. Merriam (1842) and finished (1842) by Mr. Ryan (1842-1842).

It stood on a pretty, broad-shafted knoll above twenty feet from where Cambridge River, after applying the force of its seashore to the wheels of the sawmill built by Samuel Abbott about 1826, descends a short rapids and thence bounds sturdily through broad marshes before emptying into the Lake. The house is now unoccupied and somewhat neglected. Its clapboarded walls, once painted white, are now turning gray and in few of its windows hang broken panes. Otherwise it has changed but little since (Henderson), Mr. Merriam kept it although it was after his departure.

I believe, then, the candle jiears, originally confined to the front six or so feet of the house were extended across its southern end, perhaps by Ryan. Jordan was a good and very prospering host. In his day the Lake surrounded with waterfowl and trout and the Lake was bountifully supplied with them and with wild geese, partridges and other game obtained in the neighboring forests. At the height of the shooting and fishing seasons the house literally overflowed with guests, chiefly Jordan's and Jordan's who came and went across the Lake and by way of the stage road to Bethel, then traveled daily by a well appointed Concord coach drawn below the notches by four and above it by six spirited horses,
The pride of Clarksville, the one and only farm, the home of the late Mr. and Mrs. John Smith... 

The house, set on a hill overlooking the valley, was a grand sight. The white frame house with its many windows and the tall chimney was a beacon of light for miles around. The garden was meticulously maintained, with blooming flowers and fruit trees laden with ripe produce.

The inside was equally impressive. The living room was spacious, with a grand piano in the corner and a large fireplace that crackled with warmth. The walls were adorned with paintings, and the books that lined the shelves spoke of the owner's love for literature.

The bedrooms were equally luxurious, each with its own private bathroom and a view of the surrounding landscape. The grandscale furniture added to the elegance of the rooms.

The kitchen was a bustling hub of activity, with aromas of cooking filling the air. The late Mr. Smith was known for his delicious meals, and the family gathered around the table to enjoy them.

The Smiths were a close-knit family, and their home was a place of warmth and love. They welcomed visitors with open arms, and the house was always filled with laughter and joy.

The late Mr. Smith passed away peacefully in his sleep, leaving behind a legacy of love and devotion. The house was left to his children, who promised to carry on his legacy and keep the spirit of Clarksville alive.

The house, now owned by the Smith family, remains a testament to the love and dedication of the late Mr. and Mrs. John Smith. It is a place of memories and a symbol of the strong family bonds that were so important to them.
such times that the table flowered more freely and entertainingly. Hotel House
Brilliant Connors, Harvard college professors, members of the faculty, people in this and other parts, and fishermen from
their skiff in casting the hook or salmon fly, all took part in it by turns. So too did professional guides and native
fliers who mingled freely and on equal terms with the
other guests. It was good to look into the homes rugged
faces and upon the firelight's weathered looks again of
these backwoodsmen. If their stories of adventures with
moose and bears passed at times in graphic sound and
narration as a man who lived to hunt in them by
method and was too mindful of the critical ends, when
speaking of them, to try deliberately dream any one seeking
continuing dreaming accurate information regarding the game and
fire-starting canoodles which they possessed. But when it came to
a contact at your brimming, in the presence of what seemed to them
— as indeed it often was at the Dale House, a country and
inspiring abode, they were put as it were on their métier and
imaginative genius. Here, the dreaming rather than in their imagination
most of them were sober-minded, honest men. clothing and broad-
brushed, skeleton hats, threadbare, shielded by a few feather
armful, artificial grass hooked in the barn or corner. They
at all hours and almost
came and went through the forest foot as confidently and
silently as quickly by night or by day, usually following
the foot trails that lead to Middle Dam a distance of about
nine miles. Where the black panther, guides for common at
the present day, running hot and cold, quickened by sight or sound. In
the wheel houses of steamers, I wonder if they like their
fathers ever thank them fully, a dozen miles or more over a blank
trail, perhaps, after a long day's hard work and in a heavy rain, riding
on a mule, leaving them there, that of meeting an important
August 9

The dining room at the inn of the Bear House was long and narrow with a low ceiling and four large windows opening towards the lake. In the center hung its table, as I have said, rarely covered with food and game. At a cabin period, when the house had passed into other hands and other animal food of whatever kind was not always to be had, I was alone at table one day when a tall, unoccupied-looking, brown-haired man entered the room and seated himself directly opposite me. Just then the maid brought in an attractive roast, Black Duck and I ordered it besides my plate. I was about to offer some of it to my vis-à-vis when he deliberately stretched out a long, sinewy arm and exploiting the bird on his fork transferred it bodily across the table to his own plate. Although it was the only dish I looked for a while or more I was too much impressed and amused at the incident to make any comment.

The office connected by means of an entry, with a room of about equal size situated in the eaves (a south west) corner of the house and serving as its parlor. It was more rooms devoted to this second purpose in the domestic parts of Bear House and it was furnished and finished with just within forty 40 good taste and with the obvious a striving for elegance a not
too expensive and as to be far less attractive than the office. In the house
other and simpler forms of the house. But in is the music
and other forms of the spirit and of life were common, by established and seldom violated custom, to
spread their energy, leading dancing, talking with one another or
perhaps playing on the cabinet organ.

The resounding growing sounds of this organ often disturbed
me at my writing for my chamber was directly over the hall.
It was an attraction, simply because it was, just sufficiently
broad from the doors by the foyer of a clump and commanding
a wide view over the marshes. From my front windows
I could trace all the windings of the river to its filling
through them, either by its shining waters or by the lines
of hills which fringed its bends. Then was (and still is, of course)
a meadowy bank several acres in extent, bordered by open
marsh and hedgerows two hundred yards from the house.
This was much frequented by large wading or swimming birds.
Often while dressing for a morning hunt I watched the
Great Blue Heron striding along its shores, flanked by
ducks swimming and diving in its shallow waters and
ripped hundreds dropping little huge plummetts on their prey.

The chamber over the office was almost equally desirable.
In the rear of this room were two others of much
larger size but with pleasant outlooks. The only remaining
chambers were four or five small ones, in the same with
dimmer windows to the other theater; transient guests
found such comfort as they required. Usually they were quite
content, especially when as often happened, some
of their companions were obliged to hunt up with cold feet
from up in the dark or with blankets folded on the key
moms in the room.

Date: June 5

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August 9

Loc. Umbagog
August 9

Two of the windows of my room looked directly down on a garden at the back of the house. It was about one hundred feet square and enclosed by a fretted fence along which, in their desire, Japanese plum bushes white with blossoms in spring and covered with attraction breathing and using unpalatable fruit, abound. So these bushes come at one or another season more or less attract birds which inhabited my garden and visited the Japanese fruit. But for from the season in which I have seen numbers of such birds to adorn my bushes as the Song-swallows, Cape May, Bob-white, Bluebirds, Nightingale, Cardinal and Mourning. Even the Philadelphia Chickadee occasionally paid them a visit and when the birds were in full song, they were here to be literally alight with hummingbirds, as always to be greatly distinguished from the big Humble bee which also shared in the abundant fruits of nature.

But I was not often in my room by day unless there were birds to be heard, eggs to be blown, or the too oft neglected flower buds to be brought to be turned by giving it a larger share of my attention than before. Of some of these things had to be done and if it was too hot or too rainy to go into the woods the lessons of little fictions were the form of the lessons usually learned in those attractive places. There one was secluded from the heat and rain as well as from the sight of the world. However, at other times, a walk with some dear friend or with a brother or sister, or with dear friends, who had been abroad, perhaps,' or perhaps, with a dear friend, on a tour of journeying, was the only form of exercise that we had. With a friend of mine, a little French lady, there had been made, in the flower bed, a feature of which was a little moon or no mean display of accomplishment. This moon was composed of fragments attached to a flower bed, a moon of paper,
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August 9

The chief interest lay, I think, in the immediate

surroundings. This consisted of several farm

objects, among which was

the old farm house and field buildings erected by

Edward Abbott

and then occupied by his son William J. Abbott.

His descendants, such

travelers, as wished to shelter themselves under his roof with good

deliberation, went for a long overdue compensation. Walter

Braddock

the artist who always stayed there when he came to the Lake. He

had the conclusion reached

fish, as he often did in the old days, proceeded to his one of the

posts of the farm door with an admirable old painting of a

sheep that which resisted the effects of wind and weather for

many years but was finally destroyed by fire, with the house,

about 1883. The fire, though to dry cloth was essentially an at

least, community using the eggs from the

choke, before which, when I first

dose it was for limestone later, was completely encircled on its

base by the water shed of an immense pine through from the

top of which the brick had originally, hung. The saw mill was

a long, low build of primitive construction and its nearest open

was Fuller towards the Lower House that we could write

the big logs slowly moving against the dam of the falls of

the alternately ascending and descending bars, that turn down

into streams and shallows. The great mill appeared to belong to

a descendant taken types of步步nary, but it may have built

at some time and after wards remodeled. Just below

there mills was a rude wooden bridge on which the

road to Upton Hill crossed the river and above there

a jolting mill found about which sometimes circled by

day and night hands in the early evening. Beyond

the gate into the lair, where could penetrate by passing

through the floor of the farm type of which we could discern and finally to

the near side the outer sand of trees. Above them all toward

an enormous chest pine on which eagles and hawks loved to perch.
Soaring west to the left—down from the present edge of the trees the eye ranged over a group of yew trees—now a bosom thickly planted, just beneath the trees, with the small nests of a large colony of Cliff Swallows. Just beyond the barn lay a piece of boggy brush covered ground where Swamp Sparrows nested in spring and Woodcocks nested in summer, beyond this again were brush and ridges densely covered with shrubs, sedges, and other plants. In the time, within an hundred yards of the house, Cooper's wagtail bred but no more succeeded in finding any of their nests. These wooded clearings were visited frequently by many birds, I have seen thrushes, Swainson's Thrushes, Vireos, Woodpeckers, Tufted Greenfinch, Swainson's Thrushes, and many other birds, none of which could have been expected over the open plains of Wohler. The woods seem, perhaps, in the region about the Cape.

The boy was crossed by a narrow road which, after ascending one of the knolls, came out into an open pasture of considerable extent, growing into great numbers of hedges. By the road grew besides the common flowers of the plain, white fumitory and a tiny pinkish plant which flowered in the fall. These hedges were not enclosed by fences but the encroaching thorns of the giant white thistles had climbed them by hundreds, making a perfect screen. Still farther on the road went, beyond the pasture lay two attraction wood roads, much frequented by collectors and sportmen. One of them led to the old place farm where Gilman Stone and his brother came from their farm, the other to the large opening formerly under cultivation but now abandoned and grown up to woods.

The view from the front of the house was less interesting than either of the others for it was chiefly field with the winding road and uniform looking open fields and forested area with high cedars and yellow birch. On the left, however, there was somewhat reduced to the height of about 100 feet, wooded cedars known as 'Hiltpop Field.'
August 9, 1907

I have mentioned a wooden bridge that crossed the river below the mill. The gently curving stretch of road just beyond it had on its right a wooden bed of towering trees and on the left, a broad expanse of ground, surrounded by fine tall pines and firs and boughs from six to ten feet in height and densely wooded in some places. These were christened "the Savins." By Mr. Sayward I think, he, with the others, collected many a rock, and many rare birds and chimps were seen between 1871 and 1873. The ingenious young borgers attracted members of workers to any season and in early spring oftentures with them. On one occasion I was chosen cup-bearer. Our meeting took place in a big swamp. Many of the birds had their summer homes in the heavy forest. Where I was used to visit the winter, this was finally succeeded by the winter, to take from particular kind of fruit or to bear in the spring. But this simplicity and beauty of the one which exist among the "Savins" was by his means small.

For six I have been writing in this first letter and of
Lake Umbagog

August 9, 1907

Thus far I have been writing in the first house. Lake House
and spending most of my time here. I will now
return to the present and transcribe here some of the notes
that I jotted down during this afternoon.

As I sit on the lawn before the Lake House, I notice
that the outlines is the better things. The foreground to be
seen, is littered and defaced by piles of brush and of
debuts, by broken branches and leaves, and by other
debris of similar kinds. Yet it speaks of a recently used
and very object in such. But over a beyond all these
is the wooden bridge that crosses the lake; the evening
breeze is so strong, the bushes now grown into large trees and
among them are few houses, the space two squares just will
harbor; yellow and brown, unburnt, turn so well as its base,
above them the wind joins with the swallows. Swallows near is
as yet; and beyond the sound the lovely space of tall
trees and almonds, the broader heads of species fruit, and
the gleam of white leaves of old canoe breeches held above
by falling of boughs. In this primary blue, the huge cloud from on which eagles and hawks used to
perch. As I write the words I hear the story of a house the
House and looking up, so delighted to see no less than
five of them majestic birds flying in company over the
woods towards the Coral.

The Umbagog House is gone of course, and its cellar
hole - if it was part of, of which I am not certain - has been
filled and ground over. Tall plump bushes and with boughs
of various kinds grow all around what was once the garden.

The canoe brake whose shavings from the top of a pine sticks
by the front door of the house is now fully fifty feet high
by two feet though just above the ground. It is green and
August 7

Gigantus still bud of the strange plant formerly tucked into Lake House at the base only a single fimbriae-like frond or fronds in place.

Glancing around the barn belonging to the Lord North, I see that it utterly unchanged and that under its cover the cliff vegetables still cling as thickly as ever. To the right of it I see the leaf buds growing over the bog and the dragon flies hovering just above them; beyond are the walls and ridge still for the most part drenched with the foliage of pines and white oaks although the one nearest the house has been desepulved of most of its leaves. In the field attached to the E of the house there, cold weather brings them a tray through a stream lead pipe continues to supply the musk

encrusted, wooden tank in which are used to keep

living trout.

Passing around to the front of the house I note that the fields and pastures on either side have been cultivated in places once groomed formally occupied by woods but that in other respects they appear essentially unchanged. The grassy slope stretching from where I stand to the river, some fifty yards away, is studded under the blossoms of bluebells, red clover, white clover, violets and thistles just as I remember it many years ago. I miss the noble white pine that once stood at the foot lamplip but its companion an equally fine elm that planted the foot of the roadsides when we used to fight for trout, is still in its original place although it has lost all but two of its living branches and is evidently married to the wind.

I now moved to the west side of the house to find the view from there totally cut off by trees and bushes of broom and clumps have sprung up in and around the neglected garden and by a large thicket covering almost three. There from a little house
August 9, 1907

1907

Down the slope, I look out over the meadows, the pond, and the winding streams to the色々 grasping and in the

shaded groves along some of the level banks, frost covered trees in the gray

eclipse. Everything else seems just as it was in earlier spring. A

shading through the

light green meadow grass and the dark green branches

gentle and gentle in the strength of the breeze through

light. A Red-winged Blackbird is perched on a half

darkness in the

lighted bush, a Great Blue Heron standing on a knoll at the edge of the

marsh; in the pond, an orange bottle floating among the

plants,

orange in color, in the light. Above the

lighter than the

light and movement of the

lightless winds and of swallows; the

chirping sound of the dark, echoing as

monotonous, the buzzing of the bees, the way through

the big logs, the green of the

bricks instead of bricks,

jubilee of swallows and of swallows; the

light of

a ringing bell, and the

clear, deliberately measured note of a Peabody bird. The

jubilee of a cow bell comes faintly from a distant pasture. Herd

thunder would be ringing them at this hour. (For the

is now hardly in the brain) and it was a little too late

in the season for them for them.

But as I return to the house, I miss the loud clap

voices of the grinders and the lighter sounds of talk and

laughter of the city. And quicker now and their sounds, far

that few shadows are laughing and the light coming I am

chilled to the heart by the loneliness of the place and glad to

escape from it in my car.
Lake Umbagog.

1907
August 10.

Pines barberries.

Aug. 10. Pines to its relatively smooth skin, to its wedge and slanting habit of growth, and to the obligation of its slender Barrell's Pine have an interest and very close resemblance to Pine ridge of the Middle States. Indeed I doubt if the two could be certainly distinguished from one another, if growing together, unless the observer were very near them.

At Umbagog, Pines barberries is very plentiful. It seems to be very few brooks points and islands where Pines grow. On the other hand, those growing among brooks, same from their lower waters many feet. The opens of any kind of other kinds of Pines exposed situation is rarely in dense forest, or near them there exists a higher or more than there exists a forest, and in growth, growing in plants.

Situated south, west, south, and south, it is a broad opening of light and in varying light they can't distance from which they spread.

Purpose that activity, might be pines, we find in mistletoe for fires, walks, or offices. But when stimulated by deeper, trees, much more, and by the completion, knowledge for purposes with other trees. That around is clearly Umbagog's Pine may sheet exposed to covered heights more greater than than just mentioned. There

(Cont)
August 10.

Lake Umbagog.

The color of the foliage is deep red, some distinctly turned to green when seen in a strong sunlight. I was struck with the amount of gold or greenish-gold leaves of Sumac, some of which have changed to crimson. The foliage is still green and looks like a Charleston plant. There are some of the trees, particularly the birches, that have changed to yellow, and the leaves of birches and maples are still vividly green. The leaves of the birches, especially, are very striking and contrast well with the green of the maples. The leaves of the maples are still very abundant and cover the ground thickly. The color of the foliage is deep red, some distinctly turned to green when seen in a strong sunlight.
A still morning, cloudy starting.
Crossing the widest part of the lake (I'm offset to the side). I
find it inhabited everywhere, even in the very middle, by the ceaseless
movement of innumerable water
spirits or skaters as they are
called. They look smaller than
those we have seen in Cambridge and
seem lighter and more active.
As I sit working there
from my canoe, a fresh breeze
ruffles the surface, furnishing
every moment. This is some kind of
skaters' entertainment. They hurry back
me, make frightened things, and now
and then one goes more or less in the cold
water. The lively bugs (which I do not
see this morning although there are
common in the pond) are finished
off, but in their place in the pond
some fly away when the wind
comes along.
1907
August 12.

Aquatic Insects.

...
1907

August 12.

Lake Umbagog.

Aquatic Insects.

Then there are the *Ephemera*,

feebly fluttering, sunning
insects, born and bred in the
Lake yet doomed to perish in
it at the last. They vary

in size and are found in
different stages. The largest
are more than two inches in
length and most curious insects
in general appearance. Although

described to live but a brief day,
you may see them almost any time
in spring, summer or autumn in
the shallows. When they settle on it,
they hold their transparent, jelly-

like stems high up, one their heads on
the fluid plane, opposing his arrows for
a moment, first and often repeatedly.

With the first frosty morning of early autumn
they die by thousands, showing the surface
of the water with their heads,

in the shallows. Bubbles rise, our

to the surface by nature’s law, and I think by

the winds of spring.
August 12
Practically all the old-growth White Pine
remaining about the Cape stand on or very near its shores
where they have been left either through accident or
because they are wussand. They seldom come more together
(except at Pine Point) and I doubt if there are more
than one hundred in all. Some are about ten times
true and from the heights of more than one hundred
but they can singularly fascinating and pleasing objects
especially when seen against a background of sky or water.
Their lateral branches are usually very short and in this growing
on exposed points they can often be seen in the ground.
Five trees have a sturdy undergrowth of branches near their
base and are in their tips and not infrequently their top is
the greatest force. This tendency to columnar shaped or
old
flat-topped limbs is very characteristic of forest grown trees,
especially found. We can easily observe it in western Massachusetts
where the trees usually form different beams to spread out
broadly near the ground — and take advantage of it. Nor
is it observed by the fine detrital living forms which have
sprung up within recent years about the shores of Cape
Annagog and which give us promises of that clearly
resisting their relatively ancestors. It is a pity that
means cannot be taken to preserve the fine domino
formations of Cape Ann but it is to be feared that
this will not be done and that in any case
of them have ceased to wear their green branches
or the better of their color.
1907.  

August 16

"We have about the Lake four Species of Spences, the Red Spence, and the White Spence. Of these the Spence's first named is by far the most abundant and also the most widely distributed although it does not thrive in brooks or when the ground is subject to inundation. It has a closer flatter habit when fresh grown. Even when fresh in spring before its branches are usually unbranching and comparatively widely spread, easily in very young leaves form a which can be clearly branched as any White Spence. The stem of its foliage is commonly tinged more or less strongly with brown and sometimes appears almost from above but when shown any tumor of flesh or glands etc. The trunk is scaly - bunched and of a greyish brown color.

The White Spence loves swampy places and attains its finest development when the water does is habitually not and regularly inundated in spring. It seems to thrive best in rich bottom lands such as those along Comox Bay, between the Point and the falls, where it occurs very abundantly and where I have seen trees at least twelve or eighteen feet in height. It is found only sparingly on all on well drained slopes toward eastern portion forest but often hide and perfectly dry ground has been cleared and cleared to roasting and often springs up very commonly among the drift tree. Hemlocks and Spences and Polson Fir; it comes down from it sends up a narrow, slightly reticent or pedate almost perfectly columnar form often above the tops of other tree surrounding this. In such situations it is seen thinly branched them any of the Red Spences or Polson and its foliage is always long and slender. The young tree growing on open positions can branched quite to the ground and very branch
Lake Umbagog.

at the base. Their foliage, or a reed, is more uniformly drawn than that of any other reed found in New England. It is usually bluish and in the polar column sometimes not much less than in Savanna greens. For which reason the White Spurges may be easily mistaken when dry as the common Cornels of Spurges. At least this seems to be true if Spurges which are before my eyes, as I see them, more like in a high position even better. For instance, or I were, having a decided yellowish or flesh color, will be seen in the green. Red Spurges, which grows among them and which has oars which others perhaps slightly more compressed, is in which light I think the Spurges of Red Spurges grown among them. Red Spurges, and this impression, I cannot deal with them, as they can be Spurges of the form on hand for comparison.

In the region about Umbagog the White Spurges often to be growing on the shores of the Codin, on the borders of its connecting woods and throughout the upland fields.

Indeed I have found it only in bright, ill-defined, freshly open places, locally known as bogs, where the Codin, other sources, and is still moist and moist with water, or any sten, and thinly covered with grass. Here it grows commonly along in company, perhaps, with other Spurges or Spurges on its native or close association with other kinds of trees. It seldom occurs in a grove, but rather in any open field. In such it is not with the other Spurges but it usually crops more uniformly across the bog and is
Less evenly branched butts, often its outlines are slightly irregular, if not perfectly symmetrical. In fact it is apt to be a decidedly shaggy and unkempt-looking tree especially if, as is frequently the case, it be plentifully draped with blackish, brownish or gray-green leaves and flowers of hawthorn. It could not well be spared from the cowboys and pony boys when it frequented for its fruit or shade near their camps and pastures where it also served as a shelter from the exposure and weather. Many of them were once visited by roving bands of Comanches and some of them still hold a few Seminole Indians. The only other birds which regularly frequent them are Swamp Sparrows, White-browed Sparrows, Yellow-throated Warblers and Other-Spotted Flycatchers.
1907.

Lake Umbagog.

July and August.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Species</th>
<th>Date</th>
<th>Temperature</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td><em>Marenzana nigra</em></td>
<td>Aug 8th</td>
<td>25.5°C</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><em>J. pedata</em></td>
<td>Aug 5th</td>
<td>23.5°C</td>
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<tr>
<td><em>J. simpsonii</em></td>
<td>Aug 5th</td>
<td>24.5°C</td>
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<tr>
<td><em>J. fasciculata</em></td>
<td>Aug 5th</td>
<td>29.5°C</td>
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<tr>
<td><em>Amaranthus hygrometricus</em></td>
<td>Aug 5th</td>
<td>30.5°C</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><em>Reynoldsia salsola</em></td>
<td>Aug 5th</td>
<td>23.5°C</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><em>Sulina canescens</em></td>
<td>Aug 5th</td>
<td>24.5°C</td>
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<tr>
<td><em>Parrot's</em></td>
<td>Aug 5th</td>
<td>26.5°C</td>
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<tr>
<td><em>Hel. rubra</em></td>
<td>Aug 5th</td>
<td>24.5°C</td>
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<tr>
<td><em>Plat. ludovicianus</em></td>
<td>Aug 5th</td>
<td>70°C</td>
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<td>Aug 5th</td>
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<tr>
<td><em>Mni. tricolor</em></td>
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<td><em>D. coronata</em></td>
<td>Aug 5th</td>
<td>54.5°C</td>
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<td><em>D. campestris</em></td>
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<td>25.5°C</td>
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<tr>
<td><em>D. maculata</em></td>
<td>Aug 6th</td>
<td>27.5°C</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><em>D. scorpioides</em></td>
<td>Aug 14th</td>
<td>25.5°C</td>
</tr>
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Lake Umbagog.

1907.

July and August.

Lake Umbagog

1907.

Lake Umbagog

1907.

Lake Umbagog

1907.

Lake Umbagog.
1907,

July and August.

Lake Umbagog.

1907

Lake Umbagog

July

J. C. —

Lake Umbagog

U = utton

(5)

- Froeb6 cat. 23. 25. 24 & 29
  Aug. 6 1

- Charac. July, 23. 24 & 3. 31. 2
  Aug. 1&. 4. 24 & 3.

- C. &. &. July, 23. 30 &. 3.
  Aug. 5 &. 7. 16 &. 10. 2

- Actae. moventia. Aug. 5 &. 6 &. 9.

- Brites lat. 23. 24 &. 27.
  Aug. 6. 10 &. 7.

- Pandion can. 23. 25 &. 29 &. 30
  Aug. 1 &. 2

- Ummar. under 2. 2 &. 4

- Hallatius. 3

- Syru. virginum. nebulasta. July 31 &. 10 &. 14

- Arctia hirsuta. Aug. 5 &. 6 &. 7 &. 8 &. 9.

- Magura urce. Aug. 8 &. 11 &. 10 &. 9 &. 8 &. 7 &. 6 &. 5 &. 4 &. 3 &. 2 &. 1

- Alp. &. &. Aug. 8

- Characta. ammonea. Aug. 7 &. 9 &. 12 &. 10

- [Other entries...]

- [Signatures...]

[Handwritten notes and entries]
When I arose this morning the sky near the horizon line in the East was glimmering with the light of approaching dawn but the woods still shrouded in almost total darkness. Two birds were calling to one another above the room on the heels of each other's cry above the women, both uttering a note familiar to me since boyhood, but concerning the authorship of which I have been hitherto in doubt. It is a short, slurred cry, composer uncertain, but with notes that are softly divided into two syllables, given with either a rising or a falling inflection, usually clear and resonant. But sometimes guttural and occasionally an hoarse or the same, although this variable in form and tone it possesses nearly always a wild, almost wail a quality which makes it a peculiarlyiedo and indeed attention-demanding. It is to my mind the most beautiful and most beautiful of all birds, when seen in flight or in the branches of a tree, where it is lustily screaming in an abrupt intensity when coming from some great horn. I have heard it only by night and oftenest on Boston Common, late in August or early in September when heavy flights of Waders were passing. Often when lying wonderfully in my bed at Pullman's, home, I listened to it for hours in succession, studying its alternation of variations of inflection and intensity, and in its frequent and frequent sadness of its author. On other occasions it came innocently from birds which grew suddenly and on one or two notes, higher, than the usual, and moving slowly through the air. Drowsy from delight, they seemed to be passing in endless procession yet never in close companionship.

Concord, Mass.

Ball's Hill

Night Call of Veery
1907
Aug. 20
This I inferred from the fact that it was
impossible to hear more than one of them in
any given direction at any one time and equally
so for many minutes to dozen after noon were
heard. Not infrequently the local farm call of one
that was near hoisting one of cawings in an animal
would be almost immediately followed by one first
and then by another, appearing from the next hill.
Flying thus singly, at widely spaced intervals, yet perhaps
within distant hearing of one another, might their
earth incite voices with the silence listening one of
immense other migratory birds. The migratory birds
would journey almost certainly through and along aerial
pathways legible only by eye, unseen or by means of
flying hours. Their calls were seldom given with
them over very light or long seconds and sometimes
much less frequently, reminded one by turns of them
of certain of his brethren, of barn owls and birds of
prey of the Central Flyway. On the other hand, however,
they beat had much closely the night calls of this distant
long. Indeed I was inclined for a time to infer them to that
description which I have heard that the birds making them habitually departed
at farm before many of any of them having lost their
summer homes. This consideration ruled out sperm whale's
cause. The very I did not think of as a possibility for it
is the common manner of the sperm whale which breed about both
heave and I have hitherto had no means to suspect that
it can occur thus seasonally in winter as a migration
from regions their further north. That this must be an area
however will appear from what I am about to add concerning
the experience referred to in the opening sentence of this story in my friend.
1907

Aug. 20

[No. 3] 1907

Concord, Mass.

The two birds found, early this morning, in the Nightingale had been heard almost every evening for ten or twelve minutes, giving practically every variation known to me of the sounds which I have just described on such length. As the Lyre-card I instinctively knew their voices were changing gradually and beginning to resemble those of Wilson's Thrush. At length one of them uttered an unmistakable call of that Thrush.

The ordinary Lyre, so like the sound of a man whispering in his ear, on Wren's part, was this was born forth, on the part of both birds, by other notes equally characteristic of the Thrush; among them the less shrill or gentler cry. Thus the solution of a mystery about has proved to me for many years has at length been unsatisfactory.

The birds found on this occasion became silent before it was broad daylight. I think away many wings of that had moved and settled over the trees just before I could them, they make all the sounds which I attributed to them is beyond question. Equally certain is it that the cries while they gave at first were the same as those which I have heard so often at dusk, unmoving and which evidently represent the night call of the Thrush. As far as I have observed it is uttered by the Thrush only at night and during migration, but there may be subject to variations for the corresponding and closely similar call of the Thrush is sometimes given by day, even when the birds are still on their breeding grounds.
Concord, Mass.

1907
Sept. 26

Brutally clear with cold, strong W. W. wind.

Yesterday morning two yelps of Sheph heard Horatio
repeated over our frozen gardens, clearing our arrows and
keeping together in an air freezing like winter's frostiness.
& clumps

Betterbright moonlight cut the down wind, in the sky past just a Blenford
above the roof of the barn or I was blowing in the chimney.
They looked as earnest & harmonious as bow clews I promised
in front of me.

A busy different experience with a band of turkeys of
12 or less in the last time morning. As I was walking
down one lane I heard in the distance wanted horn to
whistle in lane a fifty over hundred yards in distance a
succession of agonized cries such as our small birds Down to
within in almost hearing ten down time's key return dared by a
Hawks. Following up the sounds down the path I walked
the edge of the corn when they出了 to my right there that
I stopped I found in though the sound. For quite而在 I
saw the Hawk a yelp of Sheph then, clearing out & still
on the ground under a big bush. Just before another
bird bold looked almost as big as a Pigeon was landing on
and having its wings as if hardly hurt. The Hawk briefly
attacked it again coming (with back only) at its feet and
I floundering them one by the mouthful. For exactly 15
feet away where the Hawk had been continued to preen it by
most politely although fearing the latter part of the time I could
see that the Hawks were leaving over & generally evening threads of
raw evening flocks instead of feathers. Not one did it use its
takes on its keen winds of charge as protection on the ground
although it sometimes flapped its breast wings, with a deep
voice motion probably to keep its balance which巴巴ing out
an especially long time of grief. At last the two cries of
the victim & its struggle ceased we almost the same
instant. I then left the house to return to the home for
my gun. When I arrived I got only a fleeting glimpse
on the front or a back and obtained only when a broken
through the trees. It came home around 10:30, morn
for what seemed this ground clearly without finding any
more a hint of footings and the sounds of broken almost
as broad as the frame of my heart. The noises were
than I a pleasant day. I could not that they acted very
obstinate while resisting its struggle but I seemed to
be to be lying before them all the while it was making
any resistance. But on first time was something in the
attitude & motion of the Horse which demands in belation
that it was playing hardly on ground. Soon on it
appeared to me to freely walk in the passageway of
going itself on the living flesh and to be utterly
uninfluenced by the agony of its motion or perhaps even
to expect in it.

Perhaps I have not described with sufficient definiteness
the cries which the fly uttered. They were not in the
least joy-like but rather resembled the barking fleas while
of a thundering voice when it was not in danger. They
had a different quality from that, however, suggesting extreme
physical anguish rather than mere anxiety or affrontment.
As I have said many of our more timid birds with such
vivacity to those whom they are denied by Horks.
Partly cloudy. Cold east wind/10 99/ and warm through.
the sky with light s w. wind.

Arrows. Yellow-billed Cuckoo [1], Thrush. Tricolor Sparrow [1].

As I was at work digging out plants on the shores
of this little artificial pond in my Berry garden. This morning.
I heard the rustling sound of wings very near me. This
may indicate a Species Sandpiper slighted about 20 yards distant.
The bird appeared to have just come from a distance. It
was no doubt a migrant from the north. The first
thing it did was to verify its choice by searching the
water and drinking refreshingly just as a Drossin, Thrush or
Sparrow would have done. This is a day by far the warmest
I have seen this month and the piling up of all the warm air
climbs, the change at this hour this reading the thermometer.

In this way I gleaned a number of Sunshine. It then
remained about exactly account as usual. This very fine
and a number of others but unusually feeling as warm
any. The ground was for the most part as hard for
it is frosted although it all felt up 12 lbs. At lengths
became to number again from afternoon. I
looked 1 for it there it hard depred in them.

About 1 P.M. I saw a solitary Curlees piping high in the
sky up southward over the orchard. This is a cool day.
Concord, Mass.

Nov. 27
1857

Then Mr. Ticknor arrived at the farm house and morning he told of having just seen your Dear Deers together in Musk Field. Early in the afternoon he saw a tough one at the edge of them through just before the weekend.

The animal was small, the odds of good hair, and came as their.

About 8 o'clock I placed near Musk Field something to eat for a light at them of three Deers. Pat Flower ran across me

as the door of the barn and去了 on an amount the woods.

my Deers. Certain, badly, joined us. We had another market

the big place where a Sun Shone on our rights and ran across the opening to the left. It dropped Benton thirty yards away when it was joined by another of about

the same size and a manure cattle by a Christ came directly.

I took with the spring animals to be fully

mother does. Some of them was very poor without a coat

of furred pheasant and at one located them by dog's

as if it was working. The other ones big and dark

brown with the ceramic black. This I can divine to

as the animal was far or in a good light. The

other two standing was 5 o'clock forming in and the

same as seen. The body. Although these feet could

be surely hard, he stood alone. They stood alone with

for fully five winters, within thirty yards. The hole makes

looking close who appeared to be the location of this

standing without the right poor moving limit, as if anything

could the advancement in four places. All the others on followed

in low near or sporting fastened in high ones. At length

I ran home so I be coming a short at top speed. Then

the Deers three of their legs” and downland by that

as is good control. Suddenly the little fly both were

alarming them greatly. He Common Snake, within one thousand

minutes: Trail that a Common Snake in his arrow about a wind go.
Oct. 2, 1907

Dear Mrs. W.:

This morning, I was at breakfast when I heard a Knocking sound. It was an odd sound, heard near the window at the rear of the farm house, and began eating the fruit of the snow bush outside a window. I was in a daze and suddenly heard of the birds, round sounds which became.

Mrs. W. asked me what this was, and I said, this is men to have.

This afternoon, I awoke and had breakfast. I heard a knocking sound. It was an odd sound, heard near the window at the rear of the farm house. Following the sound, which was repeated every hour, I went to the birds to be a male sound. This is the first time this winter I have heard a knocking sound. The afternoon was wrong.

A knocking sound. A number of times early this morning, I heard knocking sound. The first time I have heard an knock sound. This is the first time I have heard a knock sound. A knocking sound.

A knocking sound. A knocking sound, more delightfully

Sincerely,

Oct. 2, 1907

Concord, Mass.
I saw John Thayer's Golden Eagle to-day (in Lancaster, Mass.). It is in superb plumage and has lost practically all trace of white in the tail. It was a young bird not long out of the nest when he got it at Andover, Me., and he has had it nine years. It frequently utters a hew-hew-hew-hew-hew-hew, rather mellow in tone and suggesting the call of a hen Turkey. This cry is the only sound Thayer has ever heard it make. The tone is varied somewhat as are the number of notes.
Nov. 21
1907

Cambridge, Mass.

As I was walking in my study one day

November early this afternoon I heard a Blue Jay

screaming loudly and vociferously in the Garden. As usual

nothing Maltese seemed capable of making any response to

these birds except me. I run down the steps in a

long, greenish, corduroy coat which had been digested in the dry

air that clung to the clothes that had been brought in. The boy

in the class in the Jungle whom a pair of Indians

visited a few days ago. He said it seemed to fly

demurely into the hole containing anything of value

before disappearing. This, wrote my card, when

wants one and left off on the way until a boy

nothing

followed closely. Concluded with: "The Blue

Jays in the other end were forced to confound,

an hour or so later, when an Old of their own,

appearing in my garden, showed himself at the

door. As he approached his face and head, hurried

flying "ear" was in front of him, but when he

were still twenty yards away he dropped back and

of sight or heard only as a faint in a box. This

happened about 4 P.M. when the light was still strong

but the dark clouded soon. We lived near the

beach again that day.

Then we first went out. The Jay was floating

about the boy in a shadow of the little beach.

Nosing ineptly and dashing against still and

slow, as these always do when they fight a breeze out of

any wind. The Jay was caught by town and after

an hour returned to himself. He came back to the

boy and floated about for another hour.
1907. Nov. 23.

Concord, Mass.

Afternoon brilliantly clear with keen lavender, a 10-mph wind, but bright, keen sunshine. The wind fell early in the afternoon and after an interval of about an hour a light, steady breeze blew briskly bringing clouds and occasional showers.

To Concord for the day leaving Sun. 17 from Boston and coming in at West Medfield.

On reaching the woods by the river I found in them a small mixed flock of shining birds consisting of four Chickadees, two Golden-Crowned Kinglets, a Brown Creeper and two Thrushes. Ballard Hathorn, both apparently males for both had full black caps.

Launching the little canoe cause I paddled across the flooded meadows which were actually far from firm although from our last walk, I am not, and up the channel of the river as far as the Stone Dam below. It was sunny and warm under the top of the wooded hills that have bound the river on the north and the morning light was wonderfully clear and bracing bringing out the tints and dark confines of the everlast, and the brilliant blues, yellows, or yellows or yellows of the grasses along the edge of the water. For a time, in fact, the coloring was very rich and pleasing, if somewhat subdued, but later in the day, it faded, almost to a monochromy, as the light seemed to come over the valley slowly. As I listened to them, of Border Birds, I heard Chickadees, and a Bellbird perhaps the dusk turns with aspen the woods, and some time later frogs falling about among the roots. Two
Concord, Mass.

Nov. 23

Crosses were of clipper and was the smoking rounds,} 
attaining very close and thin, on bushes or on floating 
weeds, then marks from from a boy spearing in the 
bushes near the cabin for I found one there in 
the afternoon. These were all the birds I saw or 
hunted anywhere near the cabin.

Landing in the canoe I carried to the canoe by some of April bridge, Swans and 
Bridge Fields proceeding thither, and CIF using 
to look about and listen. During this while I knew 
Bedforders in one place and Jones in another but 
and until the sun set and my kind. 

By landing in front I find an arch in the 
open arms in front of the cabins, between homesteads 
and honey bees were buzzing about me and talking 
on the ground. Here I went to the pines temple 
which seemed to be quite beyond the beach line, the 
ground was still and a considerable amount of 
wind was flowing from the shore down.

Returning to the home I was standing in front 
of it talking with James where I saw a hawk 
coming from the apple orchard. As it passed just 
bellowed and very close to, the figures house, within 
perhaps fifty yards of me, I saw distinctly that it 
was a fully adult flat sail coach. After it had passed 
behind the house and unremark to the westward of 
the big woods by the road I heard a loud a hum 
from its wings from buzzing my eyes as it crossed 
the open fields towards the Settlement woods. In 
the distance the clay from ash by coming from back 
waifs and trees burned very plainly and I could con
1907.
Nov. 23
(No. 3)

Dear Mr. [Name],

On the drive Monday on the lake I saw twenty.
Altogether, an interesting view, perfectly shadowing and
noting quaint conclusions. Never before have I had an exact
Goshawk. He Cay in caravan under conditions to determine
for observing it. The hawk was evidently one at way
from our county to another and not looking for prey.

Flying at a height barely sufficient to clear the tops
of our apple trees and remaining below them if
above it passed almost over our large yards, 4 of
Plymouth Rock family coming down to remain above
and one of the fowls crossed its line of flight.

It looked as large as a fox and with dark and
dark, head, long, heavy, both, and broad-chested
but the long long legs and the appearance. It moved in
a perfectly straight course, alternately flapping and
gliding back in the manner of a goose and in
more thoroughly I thought. The wing beats were easy
and seemingly almost effortless. I doubt if caparisons
make even flies in the manner and the comparatively
slowly. This is the first Goshawk
I have heard of this season. They were very
commonly throughout. Have supposed most common

I found a brown hawk in the woods near Burlington.
Beek, they had already been almost completely filled of
its back and of many of its crested coat. This was
unusually the work of a small deer; a young deer apparently,
whose tracks were all along the path. I noticed the
foot marks of a large bird on the snow from an

Board Hill.
1907
Nov. 23
In very many places that I visited to-day the sunshine was cloaked with the first flakes of snow, and I found our grass so damp that whereas animals had been digging for crickets any beauty.

I saw Gary Squirrel about the farm house and Scrub at my office while I hastened on my way back to the woods. A Red Squirrel was chirping on Pine Ridge and I heard something in the Puritan woods. The Chipmunks have probably gone into winter quarters for I noticed our tricks of their amusements.