

AN AMERICAN BIRD LOVER IN ENGLAND

KATE TRYON

WALTHAM

1910

Steamship "Numidian", April 29, 1910,

I changed my mind and had the folks come to see me off. And when we got to the steamer at Charlestown this brilliant, October-like morning there were Mrs. McDonald and her son Willie, who had come all the way from Attleboro; also Lilian and Mrs. Tryon from Cambridge.

Little Richard was interested in the novelty of the thing and said nothing. At last, promptly at eleven, all the friends went ashore and crowded against the rails in two great doorways of the wharf sheds, watching the pulling up of the gang-plank. Among the upper line of these faces was little Richard, and I have since thought that perhaps the reason the others were not visible for some time was because their feelings had momentarily overcome them; for presently Richard was crying, probably touched by their emotion.

As the steamer began to move off they all appeared among a few who had found their way down and out to the long, narrow space of wharf along which they could ~~walk~~ ^{walk} to the very end, and wave their handkerchiefs. Then it was quite apparent that James, if not a few others had reddened noses. I called to him laughingly to look out for the garden. Handkerchiefs were kept fluttering just as long as the little company could be seen. Last I could make out was dear Silvia's gray coat.

quarter of seven. So I had been two hours from Coate. It seemed much longer.

Perhaps the noblest view I met with was in descending a deep lonely green ~~comb~~ ^{with huge, shaggy feet} coomb where horses were grazing, and children picking cowslips, which were here so lovely that I got a bunch myself. The square Norman tower of Wanborough Church showed above the ~~right~~ summit of the coomb, and I walked towards it for a time, then lost it in the descent. Many times I looked back at my receding hill-top beyond the deep notch of my coomb. It was now getting red-purple ^{as} ~~and~~ the sun ^{lowered,} ~~lowered,~~ and cold purple after it had set.

I sighed for my paints, and wondered how I could manage to get up here for two days' painting on the downs.

Though I had come down straight from the hill, having gone up by a devious course to keep to a known highway, I soon came round again to the handful of cottages called Lower Badbury which I had passed through in the ascent, and knew my way for awhile. But somehow I must have left the main road for one that seemed equally good, for when I came into Coate road again at dark, it was reached across fields and through several gateways, and came out by the Jefferies house.

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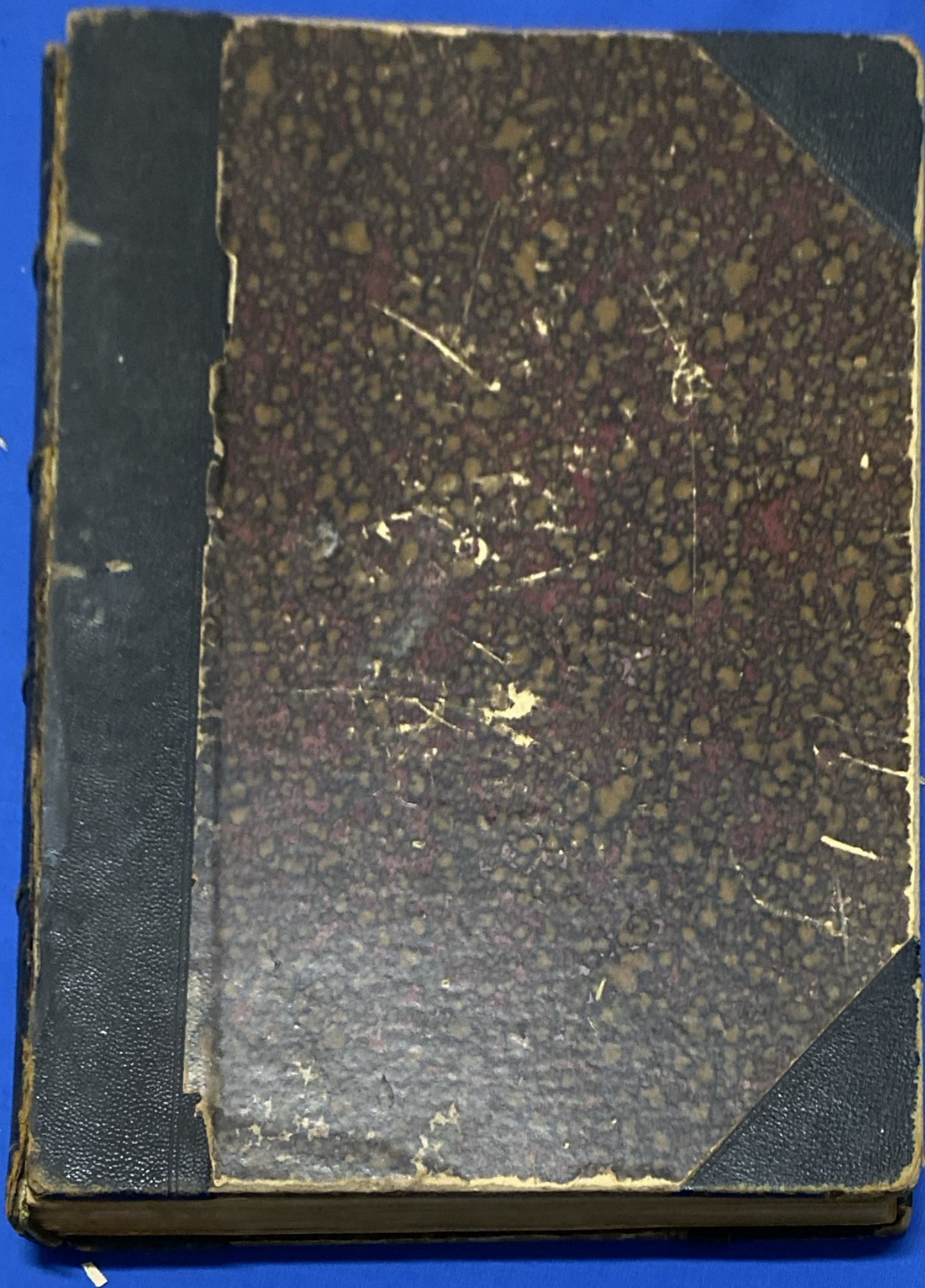
Henderson, I came to my room to enjoy a glass of water from Loch Katrine, with ice in it because I told my bedroom steward he was the most thoughtful man on board and a large jug of hot bath-water, for the same reason.

Now I am in my favorite night roost in the upper berth under the electric light, with plenty of blankets around me and my fur hat on, for, as I sit here writing, the sea air floods the room.

No one can complain of this voyage, if one forgets last Monday. To be sure there has been plenty of chill and damp and wet decks.. But these two days of calm water and boyant^v air have made everyone forget that they were ever seasick. My end of the ship has been so quiet that I have scarcely had a wakeful night or even a wakeful moment in bed, and nearly every day I have enjoyed a long nap. Truly henceforth voyaging on the deep will have no terrors for me.

.....

3,300,000
Estimated
Read again
Jan 21/1955



From April 8 to July 17-

1891

Observed the warblers in this order this year =

Pine Warbler

Apr. 22

Black-throated Green

" 23

Yellow Summer

May 3

Black. and white. Creeping.

" 3

Yellow-rump

" 3

Mainland Yellowthroat

May 3.

Redstart

" 10

Others

Thrushes =

Wilson's Thrush

May 3.

Brown Thrasher

" 3.

Least Bird

" 15.

Wood Thrush

" 15.

MELOSPIZA FASCIATA.

Song Sparrow.

April 8,

Mt. Auburn.

Heard several singing in the dead bushes in and around the pond at the western side of the grounds. The song of the principal singer was always the same. I took it thus,--

Pre! Pre! Pre!--Per-ee!-- t-r-r-r-r--ee!

PARUS ATRICAPILLUS.

Chickadee.

April 12,

Newton Woods.

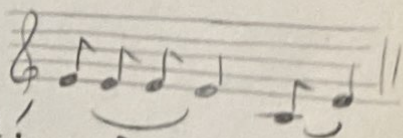
Saw two which, perfectly silent, were flitting busily near the ground at the trunk of an oak upon which the dead leaves still remained. They seemed to have made up their minds that, since they had sung all winter, and since the song-sparrows had now appeared on the scene, it was high time for them to "be seen and not heard."

Black-throated Green Warbler.

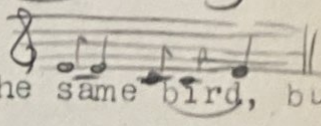
Scarborough, July 15. Hemlock Woods.

All through the hemlock woods this morning I heard two warbler songs, both of them familiar to me, but neither of them as yet satisfactorily referred to any species. The first is the

mimimi mi- do mi!



the other the mimi-dodo mi!



The two songs may belong to the same bird, but,

although the tone of the two bird-voices is

exactly alike, the songs are perfectly dis-

tinct in their syllabing. They are particu-

larly provoking, because so mysterious. I hear

them in the tops of the thickest hemlocks, but,

strain my neck as I may, I cannot see the sing-

ers. The latter song tantalizingly says---

"Ka-tee--can't find me!"

Gold Finch.

Roadside between Morrill's and Woodford's,
July 17.

At sunset coming home from the woods, in passing a field of short, ripe, brown grass, I was attracted by a very blue bird, sitting on one of the stalks. When I stopped he left his perch and fluttered quiveringly over a certain spot in the grass. I was greatly puzzled, for I thought it an indigo bird. When he flew across the road, however, I saw it was a male blue-bird. Then I discovered several blue-birds in the field and along the roadside hedge — more bluebirds than I have seen at once this season. Wondering if the bird that had just flown had young in the grass where it was, and gazing at the spot, three male goldfinches suddenly appeared out of the grass, clinging to and feeding upon the brown sprays. One of them launched into the air, and soared high against the sunset, singing—"Twee, twee, chee wee" very sweetly over and over. Then all three were next discovered flying high--- very pretty and gold in the sunlight that bathed the evening air. In the middle of July, then, is
(over)

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the mating-time of the goldfinches. What an awakening--- what an event it is in the humming midsummer life of the other birds.

The goldfinches remind me that I shall soon see plenty of cedar birds.

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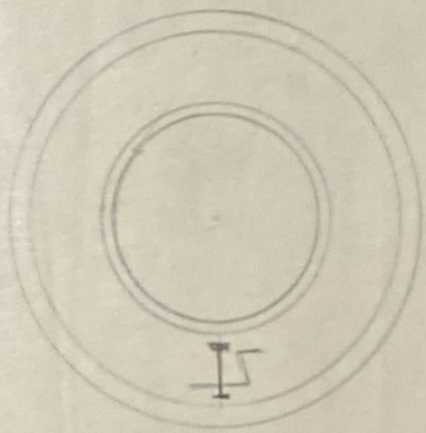
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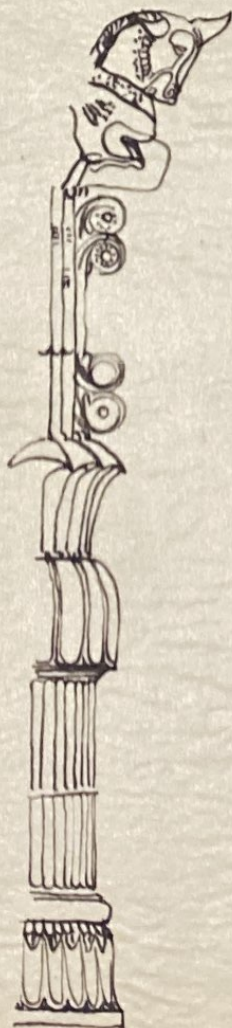
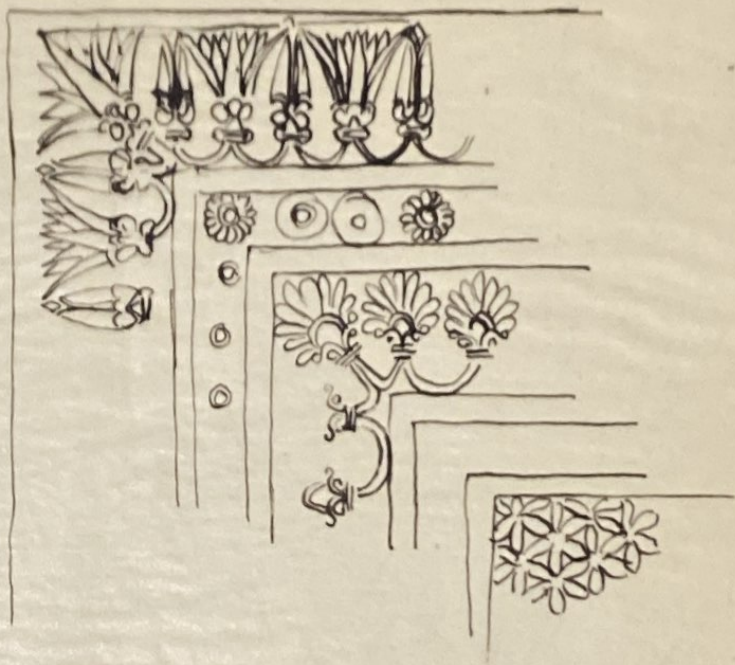


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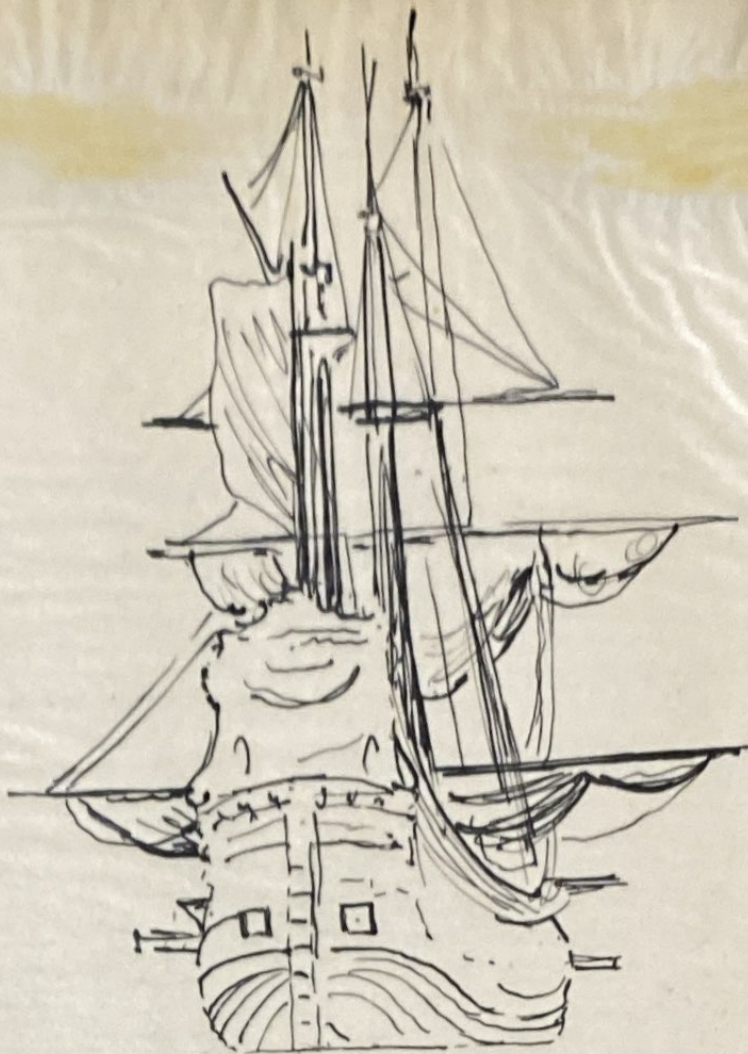
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