1881 Ornithologist and Oologist, v6 n7, pg 51

LITTLE BLUE HERON.—A flock of a half dozen small White Herons visited our shores last Friday, August 12th, and with a little effort one of them was at last secured and I have it mounted, and after careful examination with "Coues' Key" conclude it to be the "Little Blue Heron" in immature plumage. The bird is pure white with the exception of the tips of the primaries which are light blue. It has green legs and yellow iris. It is the first specimen of the kind I have ever known of at Saybrook, Conn.—*John N Clark.*

1885 Random Notes on Natural History, v2 n6, pg 43

BESIDES the White-cheeked Warbler which is in my collection, taken May 30, 1879, the capture of which was recorded in the *Nuttall Bulletin*, I have seen one other. It was in the spring of 1880, in a swamp amongst the twigs of a large blooming blueberry bush, sipping the nectar from the little white bells. I was but a few feet from it, and readily recognized it. It was very tame and too near to shoot, but during my efforts to get at a proper shooting distance, it took alarm and vanished from view.

J. N. CLARK.

SAYBROOK, CONN.

1885 Random Notes on Natural History, v2 n9, pg 67

ONE frosty morning, early in November, as I was watching a small flock of Yellow-rumped Warblers skipping and frolicking amongst the rustling plants in my garden, I noticed one very peculiar bird amongst them, and in a few moments had it in my hand. It resembled a very small Vireo, and a drop of blood on its beak, enlarging it, strengthened the illusion, so that I was confident that I had some new species of that family. But upon examination I recognized a rare old acquaintance, the Tennessee Warbler. I had never before seen one so late in the autumn.

J. N. CLARK.

Robins and Black Snakes.

While I was passing by the head of the mill-pond where the water was skirted by several rods' width of alders and briers, with an occasional maple or white-wood, one of the latter stood tall and straight near where I was. There was several inches in depth of water at its base, and its trunk went up straight and smooth for some twenty feet without a branch, there one arm extended out to the right and the trunk of the tree continued up naked and straight some ten or fifteen feet more, then the branches grew thickly, covered with foliage; some, not its own, came from a grape vine that twined among the upper branches, and the body of the vine looked like a large rope hanging from the top of the tree down among the alders below and within a foot or two of the trunk. In the top of this tree were a dozen or more robins, all scolding in chorus at the top of their voices; some hovering over the tree, some dashing down among the foliage and rising again only to join the chorus with renewed energy. I soon discovered that there was a robin's nest near the top of the tree and some dark object—not the mother bird—had possession. I heard above the din the scream of distress from a young bird, and gathering a handful of small stones I began a bombardment of the tree top. After one or two failures a stone, well directed and well impelled, struck the spot and immediately something began to move. A large black snake uncoiling itself dropped, striking the branch mentioned some ten feet or more below, and thence wriggling in the air down among the alders till I heard it splash in the water. I was very much surprised, and it is a wonder still to me how that snake could climb such a tree or vine, the only means of access to the nest. It is also a surprise to me how the snake discovered the nest, which was at least thirty-five feet above the water, with an intervening canopy of alders and thick foliage surrounding the nest. The scene was one I shall not soon forget, though I have often observed on other occasions that this snake is a mortal enemy of young birds and deserves extermination from their friends. He seldom escapes a shot when he crosses my path.—*J. N. Clark.*

Lost to Science.

What a vast amount of assistance comes to the aid of science sometimes from a humble and unexpected source, and the collector who is the recipient thereof how fortunate to become the medium of communication for such important revelations. The scientific world probably never heard of "Chet. Brooks" but everybody in Middlesex County has, and most people that have been much in the street here have probably met him with barehead and barefeet, a snapping turtle in one hand and a gun in the other. He has shot a great many muskrats, and once killed twenty-four at one shot. "You don't believe it" said he. "Oh, certainly," said I. "Well," he said, he "would swear to the fact and would explain to me how." They were on a long log which was drifting down the river. He got them in range and killed them all at a shot. Going bareheaded in the hot sun had tanned his complexion badly and made the great mat of hair on his head decidedly kinky, though he boasted a descent from King Philip. He heard that I was fond of collecting rare and curious birds and eggs, and he had found a nest and eggs of one of the rarest birds in the United States. It was called a "Pincalo." He had never seen but two or three of them in his life, and he had travelled a great deal. It was a beautiful bird, the top of its head was red, its neck and back were beautifully marked with blue and black, its wings and tail the same, only tipped with white, and its breast was white beautifully spotted with black. He had also found its nest and the eggs were the handsomest he ever saw, and the nest, the most singular of all, consisted of a large heap of seaweed and debris from the shore, and the eggs were laid in the heap as it was piled up, trusting to the fermentation to hatch them. He had saved a whole set of the eggs at his house, eight in number, what would I give him for them? Five dollars, and very much want the bird also, and would consider myself exceedingly fortunate in bringing such an important discovery to the attention of the scientific world. Well, he would get the bird, which he could easily do and bring them all up to-morrow. And would I be willing to pay him now? Well, no, hardly, for fear he might forget to bring them up to-morrow. Oh, he would never forget nor fail, but he was going to the store and would like a little if it were only ten cents. He would surely bring them to-morrow, eggs and birds, and he would swear to that. And I, Oh, I lost that chance, and the scientific world may never have another, to introduce into the fauna of New England as a Summer resident and breeding that remarkable and beautiful bird, the Pincalo.—*J. N. Clark.*