

[April

1906]

A MAY MORNING WITH THE BIRDS.

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of maples, birches and conifers. His presence was first made known by his song of *wee-see, wee-see, wee-see*. Constantly there could be heard the lively, pleasing song of the purple finch, which at this time of year is singing its best. From numerous tall dead trees came the calling and tap-tap-tap, tap-tap-tap-tap of the yellow-bellied sapsucker. The beating tattoo of this species is more interrupted in its course than is the continuous roll of other woodpeckers. Twittering barn swallows were flying high in the air. Farther on a stop was made to write down some notes and take in the songs of one Cape May warbler, three hermit thrushes, four Magnolia warblers, one robin, one white-throated sparrow, three black-throated green warblers, two black-throated blue warblers, two ovenbirds, one junco, one goldfinch, and three Nashville warblers. After a short walk along an old lumber road, a stop is again made, and notes taken of such songs as some of the above, in addition to two Parula warblers, four least flycatchers, two purple martins and the voluminous songs of two winter wrens. As I sit here upon an old stump, the first olive-sided flycatcher of the season alights upon the topmost tower of a birch stub and calls out, *Look, I'm here, or Put me down*. The song of the olive-side when heard from a distance easily sounds *Take care*, with emphasis upon the first and last of the two syllables, the first note of *Look, I'm here* is heard only when one is near the bird.

The olive-side was answered by a chebee which had been present for some days and which enthusiastically called out *Go-back* or *Go-beck*. Thus it could be interpreted by the genus *Homo*, but among the aves it was probably a call of love, while for certain insecta it may have been a warning of danger. Some bird behind me gives a twittering, and, turning about, at length I discover in a tangle of raspberry, small maple sprouts and dead brush, a male Maryland yellow-throat while an olive-back thrush calls attention from another tangle nearby. A small flock of crows fly cawing past, just above the tree-tops, and in the distance is heard the calls of a pileated woodpecker.

As no chickadees had yet been heard, I whistle their love song of sweet weather, and am answered by the same notes from one