

the sm...  
we vital sp...  
streams to red-head shooting at Chatauau Lake; and have  
jects of the great prairies of Illinois, and by the banks of  
hanged and Rock rivers have loaded my game bag with the  
sols to quail and grouse.

Then at my little bowers I resumed work with the poetic  
pen, which I had begun to use with Longfellow, at Bowdoin,  
in contributing to Mr. Bryant's *United States Literary Gazette*.  
This work of imagination was continued in the hours of rest  
from the toils of the chase; and so I then devoted myself  
almost exclusively to descriptions of sport, seeking to transfer  
to paper the scenes in which I moved, and describing the  
habits and habitat of the game and fish of forest and waters.  
Being an ardent admirer of natural scenery and of natural  
history, I sought to photograph in verse these creatures of  
nature, and so prepare a volume that I might humbly call a  
work of natural history.

The fowl shooter sailing over breezy bay or rushing river,  
the grouse shooter ranging grassy prairies, the quail and  
partridge shooter tramping over stubble field or penetrating  
the densest thickets, the angler dropping his line in the  
brawling brook or casting his flies in pond or river, or seek-  
ing in the salt sea tides the schools of bass and bluefish, have  
all rare opportunities to study the habits and varieties of  
game and fish, and to become not only sportsmen, but poets  
and naturalists.

It has been for years our custom to construct a little shanty  
or bower by the banks of some river or bay, and there enjoy  
the quiet bliss of the hour and the place. When not watch-  
ing the waters or the woods, it has been our wont to enjoy  
our book, or the daily or weekly sportsman's journal, varied  
with an occasional shot from our revolver at the target, or  
the fragrant solace of the pipe. At such time and place many  
of the rod and gun poems which have so often for years ap-  
peared, were composed. They were originally written in  
pencil on blank sheet of a book or on margin of the perused  
paper, and afterward transferred in ink to letter paper on  
return to the house. All these were written for my own  
amusement, without thought of fee or recompense, and if  
they have contributed anything of pleasure to brother  
anglers and shooters, then the writer has gained his "exceeding  
great reward." And now that he has collected in one family  
group these fugitive children of his imagination, so that they  
may rest together under the paternal roof of the volume now  
being erected by those expert builders, Messrs. Thorpe and  
Green, he hopes that they may be graciously received and  
kindly welcomed by his beloved brethren of the rod and gun.

ISAAC McLELLAN.

GREENPORT, Dec. 5.

## Natural History.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publish-  
ing Co.

### ARIZONA QUAIL NOTES.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Commencing with the 26th of September, in company with  
my friend, Mr. Heil Hale, I put in a few days collecting in  
the foothills of the Barboquivari Mountains, one of the bold-  
est and most noted ranges in Southern Arizona. Its highest  
point is the Barboquivari Peak, a prominent landmark for  
nearly one hundred miles. With the northern end I was  
quite familiar, and had in years gone by prospected along  
the western slope, but never before had I followed down the  
base of the eastern side.

We entered the Altar Valley at a point about twenty-eight  
miles southwest of Tucson, followed the valley southward  
fifteen miles, then turned westward toward the peak, which,  
over a smooth grass-covered mesa was here distant twenty  
odd miles. By noon on the 27th we were camped under the  
shadow of the great rock.

This trip was one that I had long contemplated taking,  
and while I purposed to collect generally, the newly made  
known Bob White was the object of my search. It is of this  
bird, because of its newness, I purpose to make special  
mention. New to science and to bird men as a whole, but  
to every old time resident of Southern Arizona it has long  
been known and recognized as belonging to the fauna of the  
country.

The first public attention called to this bird was an inci-  
dental mention made by me of it in the *Arizona Citizen*, nearly  
two years since. This was copied in *FOREST AND STREAM*,  
and called forth a contradiction by Mr. Ridgway of the Smith-  
sonian Institution, who denied the existence of an *Ortyx vir-  
ginianus* in Arizona. This was a surprise to many people  
here, inasmuch as they, like myself, had till then believed  
the bird known. On receiving a letter of inquiry from Mr.  
Grinnell, I forwarded to him such material as was then at  
my command, an almost perfect skin of a female and por-  
tions of wing, breast and tail of a male. These were sub-  
mitted to Mr. Ridgway and he pronounced them undoubtedly  
"*Ortyx graysoni*." On this showing Mr. Grinnell, in *FOREST  
AND STREAM* of April 24, 1884, announced *Ortyx graysoni* "a  
quail new to the United States fauna." He at the same time  
on information furnished by myself, gave the range of the  
bird in Arizona. "In the country lying between the Barbo-  
quivari range in Arizona and the Gulf coast in Sonora, and  
more especially between the Barboquivari and the Plumosa,  
this species is quite abundant. They are to be found on the  
Sonoite, about sixty miles south of Tucson and perhaps  
thirty miles north of the Sonoite line. From the Sonoite valley  
they can be found to the west for full one hundred miles  
and through a strip of country not less than thirty miles in  
width within the territory. Very possibly they may go  
beyond that both to the eastward and westward." He fur-  
ther said, "The habits of the *Ortyx graysoni*, so far as we  
know them, appear to resemble very closely those of the  
common quail, only slightly modified by the conditions of  
their environments. They utter the characteristic call, 'Bob  
White,' with bold full notes, and perch on rocks and bushes  
when calling. They do not appear to be at all a mountain  
bird, but live on the mesa, in the valleys, and possibly in the  
foothills."

This account, I am happy to say, has been fully confirmed  
by patient inquiry and personal investigation. At this  
point, so far as the public were concerned, the matter rested  
till August, 1884, when Mr. Frank Stephens, of San Bernar-  
dino, California, at that time collecting in Arizona and  
Sonora, secured a male bird near Lasabe, in the latter State.  
This skin he loaned to Mr. Brewster, of Cambridge, Mass.,  
who, in April, 1885, in the *Auk*, pronounced it a new bird  
and named it *Colinus ridgwayi*, in honor of Mr. Ridgway,

by whom it was, thirteen months previously, said to be *Ortyx  
graysoni*, and as such it was accepted by bird men without  
question. I showed a pair of skins, male and female, to Mr.  
E. W. Nelson, when he was here during the early part of  
the summer of 1884. The same pair were also seen by Mr.  
H. W. Henshaw when in Tucson at the beginning of the  
present year. Neither of them doubted the proper identifica-  
tion of the bird, nor was it doubted by Mr. W. E.  
D. Scott, who likewise examined them, so reliant were  
they on Mr. Ridgway's opinion. Mr. Stephens saw them  
on his return from Sonora, and recognizing in them the  
same bird as his own, believed that he, too, had taken an  
*Ortyx graysoni*. Later on he loaned the skin with the  
skull.

The "hooded quail" (*Colinus ridgwayi*) was, three years  
since, abundant in the neighborhood of Bolle's Well, a stage  
station on the Quijotoa road, near the northern end of the  
Barboquivari range, 29 miles southwest of Tucson and about  
40 miles north of the Mexican boundary line. As the sta-  
tion was then comparatively new, the grass thereabouts was  
high and these quail could be had for the taking; but now  
that stock has eaten away the grass, the birds have not, for  
a year or more, been seen about the place.

On the road from Bolle's Well west to the Coyote range  
(about 25 miles), these quail were frequently to be met with,  
but teamsters and travelers have killed or frightened them  
off. One of the former assured me that he had killed as  
many as five at one shot. Ten miles south of Bolle's, in the  
Altar Valley, we came across a small covey—there were, per-  
haps, a dozen in all. The bright, deep chestnut breast  
plumage of the males looked red in the sun, and gave the  
birds a most magnificent appearance. We secured but one,  
a male, the rest secreting themselves in the tall sacaton  
grass, which at this point was between four and five feet  
high, and as we had no dog we did not follow them in. Our  
next place to find them was on the mesa southeast of the  
Peak, where we camped to hunt for them, but they were  
scarce, and we managed to secure but few. I will venture  
to say that when frightened and scattered they are a hard  
bird to get. Hear one call, locate it as you may, see one fly  
and mark it down, and without a dog it is virtually impos-  
sible to flush it.

In addition to their "Bob White" they have second call of  
*hoo-ue*, articulated and as clean cut as their Bob White.  
This call of *hoo-ue* they use when scattered, and more  
especially do they use it when separated toward nightfall.  
At this hour I noted that, although they occasionally called  
"Bob White" they never repeated the first syllable, as in the  
day time they now and then attempted to do. In body they  
are plumpness itself. In this respect, considering size, they  
overmatch the Arizona quail (*L. gambeli*) with which I com-  
pared them. In actual size of body, however, the latter is  
the larger. Its plumed head, fine appearance and true gami-  
ness of character are advantages in its favor that will ever  
make it a favorite with sportsmen.

The base of the Barboquivari range is at intervals broken  
into immense canyons, which lie at right angles with the  
main body of the mountain, and stretch far to the plains  
below. For a mile or more after leaving the base proper  
they are filled with an almost impenetrable growth of under-  
brush, weeds and grass. Lower down, however, they flatten  
out and largely lose their canyon characteristics, but seldom  
sufficiently so to be the feeding ground of *Colinus ridgwayi*.  
To determine this point we worked these canyons for two  
consecutive days in vain, inasmuch as we failed to see or  
hear one, other than those on the intervening mesas. Ariz-  
ona quail (*Lophortyx gambeli*), on the other hand, seem  
partial to a rough country, where such country is possible  
with them. In the canyons they swarmed by thousands. In  
this respect I think them peculiar. On our way out we  
found them plentiful in the rough passes of the Tucson  
Mountains, but on the plains beyond and in the Altar Valley  
they disappeared and gave place to the scaled or blue quail  
(*Callipepla squamata*). These were likewise plentiful, but  
they too disappeared almost with the first rise in the mesa.  
In the canyons, twenty miles above here, we, as elsewhere  
stated, again met with the Gambels, but we found none of  
the scaled quail until we again returned to the valley.  
Between the feeding grounds of these two birds I never saw  
a line more clearly drawn. In this respect they differ from  
the *ridgwayi*, which were found both in the valley and on  
the mesa.

Another noticeable feature was the difference in plumage,  
which was most marked. The Bob White and scaled quail  
were yet in moult to a degree that rendered it difficult to  
make good skins, while the Arizona quail were in full plum-  
age. An explanation of this I would like to see from some  
one more familiar with bird life than myself. I found some  
difference in the food of the different species. I examined  
the stomachs of probably a dozen birds, among which were  
three Bob Whites. No. 1 contained a species of mustard  
seed, a few chapparal berries, and some six or eight bugs  
and beetles, ranging in length from a half inch down to the  
size of a pin-head. No. 2 was similarly provided, but had  
in lieu of the mustard seed a grasshopper fully an inch in  
length. These two were taken on the mesa. No. 3 was  
taken in the valley, and contained about twenty medium-  
sized red ants, several crescent-shaped seeds, and a large  
number of small fleshy green leaves. The stomachs of the  
Arizona quail were filled pretty much alike, all that I ex-  
amined having been taken from the same feeding ground.  
Hackberries and crescent-shaped seeds made up almost the  
sum total of their living. In one only did I find much in-  
sect life, and it appeared to have struck a bonanza of little  
bugs. I opened the stomach of but one scaled quail. It  
contained seeds and about a dozen bright red cactus berries.  
Later on I will more thoroughly examine into this matter of  
food.

The breeding season of the scaled quail must be more pro-  
longed than either of the others, for I saw one brood of prob-  
ably twenty that was not more than ten days or two weeks  
old. Of the other two species all seemed fully grown.  
Among the Arizona quail the males outnumbered the  
females, it seemed to me, at least five to one, or even more  
than that. There is a possibility that the females may have  
kept more to the brush than did the males, and consequently  
were less exposed to the gun of the collector, but this can  
hardly be, inasmuch as we closely examined large bunches of  
quail on the outside with the same result.

The investigations above detailed make it appear clear to  
me that in this vicinity the common form of *Colinus*, hitherto  
referred to as *Colinus graysoni*, is really *C. ridgwayi*. Whether  
the former species also occurs can only be determined by  
further examination of a wide range of country. This I hope  
to be able to undertake at some future day.

HERBERT BROWN.

TUCSON, ARIZONA, Oct. 30, 1885.

### EXPERIENCE WITH SAVAGE DEER.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The item, "A Pet Deer on the Rampage," in your issue  
of Dec. 10, reminds me of the story of a "scrimmage" with  
a wounded buck once told me by the survivor, as we lay at  
full length on our blankets, spread upon a thick bed of frag-  
rant balsam boughs, and with our feet stretched toward a  
blazing pile of hardwood logs, while we rested after a hard  
day's snowshoing in a forest on the south shore of Lake Su-  
perior. Having finished our frugal, but abundant, meal of  
camp bread, bacon and tea, and the pipes lighted, story tell-  
ing was in order.

"Speakin' o' wounded deer fitin'." said S—, a veteran  
woodsman, explorer and hunter, "did I ever tell you o' the  
buck I shot with a maple stick?"

"No, I don't think you ever did. Let's have it."  
For a few moments S— looked into the glowing fire at  
his feet and puffed vigorously at his pipe, while he seemed  
to see again, through the fragrant smoke and in the living  
coals, the encounter he was about to describe. The others,  
knowing his way, smoked in silence until he began:

"It war in 1867, in Muskegon county, Lower Peninsula.  
I war living there then. One day I went out to look for a  
lost ox, and, o' course, took the ole gun along. It warn't  
one o' these yer pumps, sech as we use now days, with which  
ye kin pump a deer full o' lead in a minnit; but it war the  
best ole muzzleloader I ever see. It carried 'bout sixty to  
the pound, an' when I drewed a bead on anythin' alive it  
war 'most allus my meat. After ben' out till noon an' seein'  
no game 'cept partridges, an' lots o' them, I thought I mou't's  
well take home a mess o' birds, so I commenced poppin' 'em  
over whenever I got a good chance at their heads. I kep'  
this up till I found I only had one bullet left, an' that I tho't  
I'd keep until I got near home. As I war on the way home,  
I kem to a small lake, an' as I looked over it I see a big buck  
wadin' across a shallow place in the water. It war a pretty  
long shot, but I hed made longer with the ole gun, so I  
banged away. The buck stopped, an' I could tell by the  
way he acted that he war hit. I got back in the woods an'  
crawled toward him, an' thar he stood, lookin' all aroun',  
not knowin' yet where the shot kem from. As I got nearer  
I saw that he war bleedin' good, but I war afraid he'd git  
away. I hed plenty o' powder but no lead. Finally I  
thought o' the way I'd seen 'em stun pigs 'fore stickin' 'em,  
by shootin' 'em with a wooden plug an' a small load o' pow-  
der, an' I thought of I put a long plug an' a big load o' pow-  
der in the old gun mebbe I could down him. I laid low an'  
whittled a green maple sprout down to fit the gun an' cut it  
off 'bout six or eight inches long an' put 'bout three inches  
o' powder in the ole gun, put on a patch jest as though it  
war a bullet, an' rammed my stick down an' put on a cap.  
Then I raised up an' took a look at the buck. He war sick  
an' stood still yet, but he war too fur away fer my wood  
bullet, so I waded out toward him, ready to shoot of he  
should start to run. But he only looked at me, an' once in  
a while he'd shake his head or stomp his foot in the water,  
which was only 'bout knee keep. I kep' a walkin' up until  
I war 'bout fifty feet away, an' then I aimed fer his neck an'  
blazed away. Well, sir, 'fore I got the gun away from my  
shoulder that buck hed me on his horns a swashin' me aroun'd  
in the water so't I thought he war goin' ter bail the lake out  
with me. It didn't last but a minnit, an' it didn't need ter,  
ter make me think the air was full o' bucks an' water. Then  
he fell with his head in the water, an' me on top, an' in a  
minnit more he were dead. He had bled so much that he  
war 'most dead when I fired the last time, an' it war just  
as well fer me that he war, fer it war the almightyest hustlin'  
ever I got, an' if a dead buck kin shake a man up like that  
I don't want no truck with a live one at short range." After  
a pause, "An' I never hit him with the wooden plug."

JAY EMELL.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Something in the paper concerning the viciousness of tame  
deer reminds me of an encounter of my father and a cousin  
of his, with a tame doe. My father was about fourteen,  
his cousin four years or so younger, when one "Fifth Day" after  
Friends' Meeting, my grandfather sent them to a field in  
sight of the meeting house to get a clevis that had been left  
on a stump. While going or coming the deer attacked them,  
rearing up and striking with her forefeet. She made at the  
younger boy first and knocked him down, when my father's  
lusty cries for help drew her attention to him. He had the  
presence of mind to fall face downward, and after thumping  
him on the back a few times, the doe renewed her attack  
upon the smaller boy, who was too much frightened to  
guard himself at all, and was quite seriously hurt before my  
father's shouts brought a party of stout Quakers to the  
rescue.

Uncle Byrd, cousin Tom's father, presently "got down and  
wrote a letter" to Martin Shellhouse, the owner of the doe,  
that caused sentence of death to be passed upon her and  
speedily enforced. I was not there and it happened some  
years further back than my recollection runs, about 1810,  
but I was well acquainted with my father, and have no  
doubt of the truth of the story, which he circumstantially  
narrated to me several hundred times during my boyhood.

AWAHSOOSE.

HARE AND OTTER.—Editor Forest and Stream: While  
hunting caribou in the Laurentian Mountains, north of this,  
a few days ago, on approaching one of the numerous lakes  
that abound in that range I observed a hare crossing a bay  
at a distance of 300 or 400 yards from where I stood, run-  
ning at the top of its speed. While watching the hare I  
observed at some distance behind it an animal which I at  
once took to be an otter, from its appearance when it sat  
up on the ice, as it did the moment I noticed it, having no  
doubt heard my man calling my attention to the hare. This  
man, who has passed most of his life in these woods, immedi-  
ately exclaimed, "Une loutre" (an otter). On my firing at  
it, it started again in the same track the hare had taken,  
making quick, clean jumps, and covering at each about the  
same space as the hare had done. Another shot from my  
rifle and the animal took its back track and disappeared in  
the woods whence it had come in pursuit of the hare. What  
I want to know from yourself or any of your correspondents  
is, do otters chase or capture hares, or would they eat a hare?  
If not an otter, what animal would it probably be? It was  
not a black fox.—H. R. (Montreal).

LIVE ELK AND ANTELOPES.—A Wyoming correspondent  
writes us: "I have a live male elk, very tame, and a nice  
pet. It will follow me anywhere and eat anything. I have  
also two live antelopes; they are very gentle, and make inter-  
esting pets. All are sound, hearty and thrifty." We be-  
lieve that these are for sale.