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streams to red-head shooting at Chataoua Lake; and have
jects of the great prairies of Illinois, and by the banks of
the Barboquiveri and Rock rivers have loaded my game bag with the
Wolfs 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 Barboquiveri Mountains, one of the bold-
est and most noted ranges in Southern Arizona. Its highest
point is the Barboquiveri 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-
quiveri range in Arizona and the Gulf coast in Sonora, and
more especially between the Barboquiveri 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 identifi-
cation 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
Barboquiveri 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 Barboquiveri 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 plumage.
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 snowshoeing 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 bein' out till noon an' seein'
no game 'cept partridges, an' lots o' them, I thought I mout'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
wad in' 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 around
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 "sot 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 loutré" (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.