

**HOW WE WENT BIRDS'-  
NESTING: FIELD, WOOD  
AND MEADOW RAMBLES**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649351404

How We Went Birds'-nesting: Field, Wood and Meadow Rambles by Amanda B. Harris

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.  
Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

[www.triestepublishing.com](http://www.triestepublishing.com)

**AMANDA B. HARRIS**

**HOW WE WENT BIRDS'-  
NESTING: FIELD, WOOD  
AND MEADOW RAMBLES**





ONE OF THE NESTS WE FOUND.

# HOW WE WENT BIRDS'-NEST]

FIELD, WOOD AND MEADOW RAMBLES

BY  
AMANDA B. HARRIS

ILLUSTRATIONS BY G. F. BARNES



BOSTON  
D. LOTHROP & COMPANY, PUBLISHERS  
FRANKLIN STREET, CORNER OF HAWLEY

## CONTENTS.

### I.

*THE PEWEE, THE PARTRIDGE, AND THE WHIP-POOR-WILL.*

### II.

*THE CUCKOO, THE VIREO, THE CAT-BIRD, AND THE SANDPIPER.*

### III.

*THE GRASS-FINCH, THE HERMIT-THRUSH, THE KING-BIRD, AND THE EAVE-SWALLOW.*

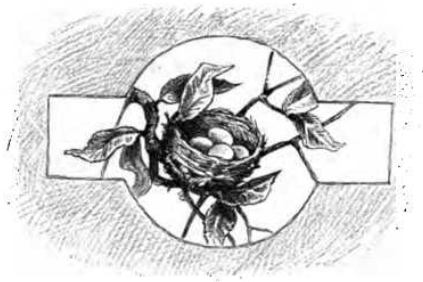
### IV.

*THE CHEBÉC, THE BALTIMORE ORIOLE, AND THE CHIMNEY-SWALLOW.*

With Compliments of the Publishers

and of Geo. F. Barnes





## HOW WE WENT BIRDS'-NESTING.

---

### I.

#### *THE PEWEE, THE PARTRIDGE, AND THE WHIP-POOR-WILL.*

ONE happy summer, out of pure love for wild birds and a desire to know more about their ways, especially of nest-building, we two girls spent weeks in wandering over miles of country, through woods and across meadows and along the banks of streams; and I must say they were among the best spent as well as the pleasantest of our lives.

We hunted for ourselves, waited patiently, and watched and observed keenly. We met with many discouragements, to be sure. As we had no books on ornithology, and no one to tell us, we were too early for some of the little architects and too late for others from not knowing their times of building, and so just missed of the nest, as was the case with the chick-a-dees, which we tramped hours and hours to find, prying into every stump and hole in a tree, not finding because we were too early, and then not finding because we were too late—and, I may as well add, have never found at all.

Then, again, we were baffled and misled by the artful birds themselves. I am ashamed to have to say it—but a thrush beguiled us rods away from her nest till she got us

HOW WE WENT BIRDS'-NESTING.

into a thicket of briars, and then slipped noiselessly back and left us to our fate; and we followed bobolinks over a spongy meadow all one afternoon, searching every place where they settled in the grass, and—we had the delight of the sweet, gushing, inspiring notes that dropped and lingered on the air, and the sight of the joyous birds floating and dipping, but never a nest!

I.—THE PEWEE.

But *one* bird we were always sure of—one can't help finding a pewee's nest.

Perhaps overhead in the verandah, or in a brace of your wood-shed or corn-barn or any out-building; but certainly under a bridge. There was not a bridge in all that region where we did not find one—and never *but* one.

I said *we*, but my companion, being timid about water, shirked that part of our undertaking. So it became with me a matter of determination never to miss a single bridge—and the country hereabouts abounds with them, so many are the mountain brooks; besides, I wanted to know from actual sight whether *every* bridge had its nest, and to see how nearly alike the nests were, all of which I accomplished. I also found that there was never but one bird to be seen—one lonely pewee in that dusky retreat above the plashing water, brooding patiently over the eggs, while the mate was abroad—who knows where?

How many dark places I explored, pressing through tangled brakes, and standing on slippery stones, waiting till my eyes became accustomed to the gloom and could spy out the things they sought. Sometimes the bird would fly off, and after skimming a few minutes over the water would return to her nest, but always in silence.

Our most satisfactory experience was when, after ascertaining that a certain nest was directly under the bridge, we went up and by our united strength lifted a plank and looked into it. The bird was absent, or we should not have done this. There were five