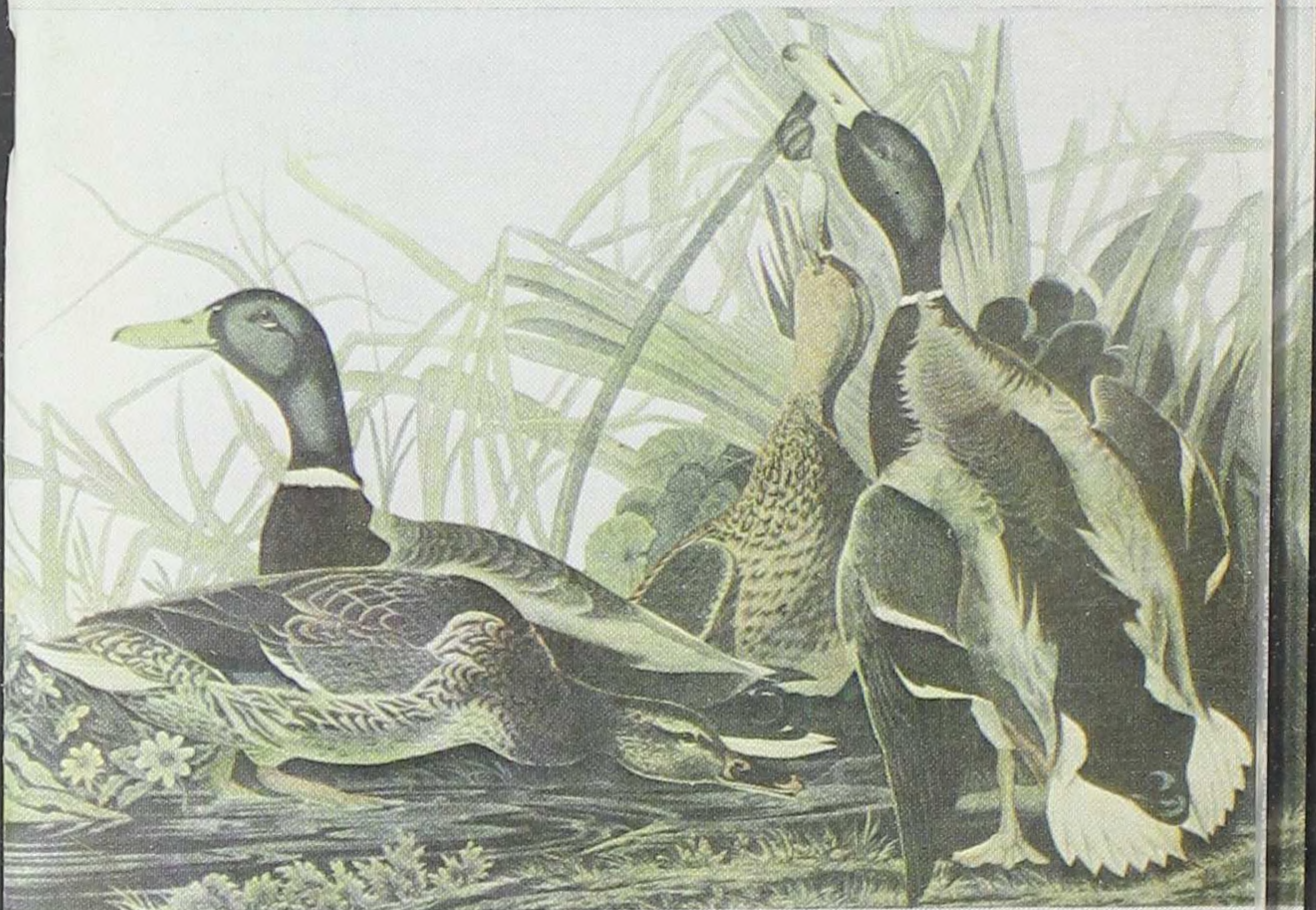


The PALIMPSEST



MALLARD. The most abundant fresh water duck of the Northern Hemisphere, the ancestor of all domestic varieties. It is rare or absent only in the Northeast. Length 20-28 inches.

Audubon On the Missouri In 1843

Published Monthly by

The State Historical Society of Iowa

Iowa City, Iowa

NOVEMBER 1971



The Meaning of Palimpsest

In early times a palimpsest was a parchment or other material from which one or more writings had been erased to give room for later records. But the erasures were not always complete; and so it became the fascinating task of scholars not only to translate the later records but also to reconstruct the original writings by deciphering the dim fragments of letters partly erased and partly covered by subsequent texts.

The history of Iowa may be likened to a palimpsest which holds the record of successive generations. To decipher these records of the past, reconstruct them, and tell the stories which they contain is the task of those who write history.

Contents

AUDUBON ON THE MISSOURI IN 1843

WILLIAM J. PETERSEN

Audubon's <i>Birds of America</i>	545
Birds Along the Missouri	550
Barging Down From Fort Union	571
Birds Noted — August 2, 1971	584

Illustrations

The center insert was reproduced from lithographs made in Philadelphia more than a century ago. The descriptive captions are by Ludlow Griscom in Macmillan's *Audubon's Birds of America* (1950).

Author

The reports covering Audubon's Missouri River trip are from Maria R. Audubon's *Audubon and His Journals*, published in two volumes by Scribner's in 1897. The introductory chapter and editorial work relating to the trips are by William J. Petersen.

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THE PALIMPSEST

EDITED BY WILLIAM J. PETERSEN

VOL. LII

ISSUED IN NOVEMBER 1971

No. 11

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Audubon's Birds of America

In 1851 the General Assembly of the State of Iowa created fifty-one new counties, one of which was Audubon County. The new county lay on the Missouri slope in western Iowa and was named for John James Audubon (1785-1851), the famous American naturalist and ornithologist. The town of Audubon, which serves as county seat for Audubon County, was one of six post offices honoring Audubon and listed in the *United States Postal Guide* a century later. However, Audubon was the only town large and important enough to be included in the *Columbia Encyclopedia*.

Members of the General Assembly had good reason for honoring the great naturalist in this manner. Only eight years before, in 1843, Audubon and a small group of his scientific friends, had made a trip up the Missouri River on a steamboat to Fort Union to record animal and bird life found along the way. His reputation had preceeded him for the elephant edition of his *Ornithological Biography* (which was engraved and printed in

London between 1827 and 1838) had won him instant fame on both sides of the Atlantic. The complete set had been issued in 87 separate parts serially, each part containing five bird prints. Subscribers paid about one thousand dollars for the complete set that numbered 435 prints.

Since the elephant edition had limited circulation because of its great cost, Audubon succeeded in getting a "Miniature" edition published in New York in 1839, four years before he embarked on his Missouri River exploit. A total of 1095 of these were sold by subscription which only helped to broaden the fame and popularity of the gifted naturalist. Most of the reproductions in the present issue of *The Palimpsest* were lithographed, printed and colored by J. T. Bowen, Philadelphia.

The appearance of Audubon's "timeless" contribution to American Culture was greeted with enthusiastic applause. The following comments are typical:

I have seen in Europe drawings of birds by the first masters, but I do not hesitate to declare that those of Mr. Audubon for strength, expression, and exquisite resemblance far exceeds them all. *Thomas Sully*

The bird portraits by Audubon were the equal of any ever published in Europe or abroad . . . the greatest monument ever erected by Art to Nature, surpassing in magnificance anything of the kind ever likely to be painted. *Baron Cuvier, Paris*

He distances Wilson and all other competition at home

and abroad . . . surpasses perhaps the work of any other one man who has ever lived. *John Burroughs*

The rarity of the original elephant folios has been demonstrated as recently as November of 1969. For years the Field Museum of Natural History in Chicago had housed an incomplete set of these originals in its library. When news was received in the United States that a splendid, complete volume of the original elephant edition would be auctioned at Sotheby's in London, Kenneth Nebenzahl, distinguished rare book, print, and map dealer of Chicago, attended the exciting event. Competition was keen but a bid of \$216,000 finally gained the much-coveted Audubon book for Nebenzahl. The auction was referred to in the international press "as having established a new price record for a printed book." Kenneth Nebenzahl estimated in 1971 that if good single prints of the Audubon elephant edition were bought individually they would command fifty per cent more than the "record" price of \$216,000. And a good original of the Wild Turkey would command \$6,000 to \$7,000.

A generous benefactor had enabled this great work to find a permanent home in most appropriate surroundings. In March of 1970 the Field Museum of Natural History proudly announced that it had acquired, as one of the most important acquisitions in the history of the Museum, one of

the two existing 448 plate sets of Audubon's elephant folio *Birds of America*.

The Audubon *Birds of America* now in the Field Museum is unique in that there are only two copies in existence. According to Nebenzahl:

The subscriber was his wife's well-to-do cousin, Miss Euphemia Gifford, of Duffeld Bank, Derby. When Miss Gifford had first ordered her set in April of 1831, Audubon had hastened to write her of his gratitude for her patronage, his pride in adding her name to his list of subscribers, and the warmth of his wife's affection for her. Earlier they had named their first child, Victor Gifford Audubon, after Lucy's cousin Euphemia.

In addition to being a carefully selected group of prints by Audubon himself, the Euphemia Gifford edition contains 13 extra plates, one of only six sets which were ordered by Victor Gifford Audubon, and only two of which exist today—the Field Museum copy and the second owned by a foundation in Texas.

Iowans may be interested to learn that the Field Museum turned over its duplicate set of Audubon prints to Kenneth Nebenzahl who advertised them in the Autumn, 1970, issue of his little magazine—*The Print Collector*. The prices quoted for the 206 prints range from \$350 to \$2,500. Only three of the 206 prints listed fell below \$400 and all three of these had some imperfection which brought the figure below the \$400 mark. On the other hand there were fourteen out of the 206

original prints listed that ranged from \$1,000 to \$2,500 in *The Print Collector*. This select group included:

<i>Plate</i>	<i>Name</i>	<i>Price</i>
51	Red-Tailed Hawk	\$1,400
141	Goshawk & Stanley Hawk	1,250
151	Turkey Vulture	1,250
161	Audubon's Caracara Eagle	1,500
167	Key West Quail-Dove	1,000
234	Ring-Necked Duck	1,000
247	White-Winged Scoter	1,000
252	Double-Crested Cormorant	2,250
266	European-Common Cormorant	1,500
297	Harlequin Duck	1,250
351	Great Gray Owl	1,300
372	Common Buzzard-Swainson's Hawk	1,200
381	Blue and Snow Goose	2,500
426	California Vulture— American Condor	2,500

The total cost of the 14 prints listed is \$19,900. The remaining 192 prints have a listed cost of \$108,385. Although the reproductions do not match in quality those of the original elephant edition, Iowans interested in gleaning further information than is found in this issue of *The Palimpsest*, may consult the 435 pictures in Audubon's *Birds of America*, printed by Macmillan and Company in 1937.

WILLIAM J. PETERSEN

Birds Along the Missouri

On March 28, 1843, John James Audubon arrived at St. Louis and began preparations for his long trip up the Missouri River. Cold weather and ice-locked streams delayed his immediate departure. Meanwhile, Audubon busied himself "procuring, arranging, and superintending the necessary objects for the comfort and utility of the party attached to my undertaking."

On April 25th, the rivers of the Upper Mississippi Valley being open and the weather growing warm, Audubon, with his scientific companions and supplies, boarded the steamboat *Omega*, Captain Joseph Sire commanding.

Eleven days later, on May 3, 1843, the *Omega* reached Fort Leavenworth, situated on a fine elevation overlooking the Missouri. Audubon noted a "great number of Parrakeets" and saw several Turkeys on the ground and in the trees. . . "After leaving this place we fairly entered the Indian country on the west side of the river, for the State of Missouri, by the purchase of the Platte River country, continues for about 250 miles [173 miles to the Missouri-Iowa line] further on the east side, where now we see the only settlements. We saw a good number of Indians in the woods and

on the banks, gazing at us as we passed; these are, however, partly civilized, and are miserable enough."

The *Omega* was now approaching the southwestern border of the Territory of Iowa, and, since one of the most detailed accounts of bird life during the entire trip appeared in Audubon's *Journal*, we will pick up his story on May 4 and carry it past the Big Sioux River, which was reached on May 13.

Thursday, May 4. We had constant rain, lightning and thunder last night. This morning, at the dawn of day, the captain and all hands were at work, and succeeded in removing the boat several hundred yards below where she had struck; but unfortunately we got fast again before we could reach deep water, and all the exertions to get off were renewed, and at this moment, almost nine, we have a line fastened to the shore and expect to be afloat in a short time. But I fear that we shall lose most of the day before we leave this shallow, intricate, and dangerous channel.

At ten o'clock we found ourselves in deep water, near the shore on the west side. We at once had the men at work cutting wood, which was principally that of ash-trees of moderate size, which wood was brought on board in great quantities and lengths. Thank Heaven, we are off in a few minutes, and I hope will have better luck. I saw on the shore many "Gopher" hills, in all prob-

ability the same as I have drawn. Bell shot a Gray Squirrel which I believe to be the same as our *Sciurus carolinensis*. Friend Harris shot two or three birds, which we have not yet fully established, and Bell shot one Lincoln's Finch—strange place for it, when it breeds so very far north as Labrador. Caught a Woodpecker, and killed a Catbird, Water-thrush, seventeen Parrakeets, a Yellow Chat, a new Finch, and very curious, two White-throated Finches, one White-crown, a Yellow-rump Warbler, a Gray Squirrel, a Loon, and two Rough-winged Swallows. We saw Cerulean Warblers, Hooded Flycatchers, Kentucky Warblers, Nashville ditto, Blue-winged ditto, Red-eyed and White-eyed Flycatchers, Great-crested and common Pewees, Redstarts, Towhee Buntings, Ferruginous Thrushes, Wood Thrush, Golden-crowned Thrush, Bluegray Flycatcher, Blue-eyed Warbler, Blue Yellow-back, Chestnut-sided, Black-and-White Creepers, Nuthatch, Kingbirds, Red Tanagers, Cardinal Grosbeaks, common House Wren, Blue-winged Teals, Swans, large Blue Herons, Crows, Turkey-buzzards, and a Peregrine Falcon, Red-tailed Hawks, Red-headed, Red-bellied and Golden-winged Woodpeckers, and Partridges. Also, innumerable "Gopher" hills, one Ground-hog, one Rabbit, two Wild Turkeys, one Whippoorwill, one Maryland Yellow-throat, and Swifts. We left the shore with a strong gale of wind, and after having returned

to our proper channel, and rounded the island below our troublesome situation of last night, we were forced to come to under the main shore. Here we killed and saw all that is enumerated above, as well as two nests of the White-headed Eagle. We are now for the night at a wooding-place, where we expect to purchase some fresh provisions, if any there are; and as it is nine o'clock I am off to bed.

May 7, Sunday. Fine weather; Saw several Gray Squirrels and one Black. I am told by one of our pilots, who has killed seven or eight, that they are much larger than *Sciurus macrourus*, that the hair is coarse, that they are clumsy in their motions, and that they are found from the Black Snake Hills to some distance above the Council Bluffs.

We landed to cut wood at eleven, and we went ashore. Harris killed another of the new Finches, a male also; the scarcity of the females goes on, proving how much earlier the males sally forth on their migrations towards the breeding grounds. We saw five Sandhill Cranes, some Goldfinches, Yellowshanks, Tell-tale Godwits, Solitary Snipes, and the woods were filled with House Wrens singing their merry songs. The place, however, was a bad one, for it was a piece of bottom land that had overflowed, and was sadly muddy and sticky. At twelve the bell rang for Harris, Bell, and me to return, which we did at once, as dinner was preparing for the table. Talking of dinner

makes me think of giving you the hours, usually, of our meals. Breakfast at half-past six, dinner at half-past twelve, tea or supper at seven or later as the case may be. We have not taken much wood here; it is ash, but quite green. We saw Orchard Orioles, Bluegray Flycatchers, Great-crested and common Pewees, Mallards, Pileated Woodpeckers, Blue Jays, and Bluebirds; heard a Marsh Wren, saw a Crow, a Wood Thrush, and Water Thrush. Indigo-birds and Parrakeets plentiful. This afternoon we went into the pocket of a sand bar, got aground, and had to back out for almost a mile. We saw an abundance of Ducks, some White Pelicans, and an animal that we guessed was a Skunk. We have run about fifty miles, and therefore have done a good day's journey. We have passed the mouths of several small rivers, and also some very fine prairie land, extending miles towards the hills. It is now nine o'clock, a beautiful night with the moon shining. We have seen several Ravens, and White-headed Eagles on their nests.

May 8, Monday. A beautiful calm day; the country we saw was much the same as that we passed yesterday, and nothing of great importance took place except that at a wooding-place on the very verge of the State of Missouri (the north-west corner) Bell killed a Black Squirrel which friend Bachman has honored with the name of my son John, *Sciurus Audubonii*. We are told that

this species is not uncommon here. It was a good-sized adult male, and Sprague drew an outline of it. Harris shot another specimen of the new Finch. We saw Parrakeets and many small birds, but nothing new or very rare. This evening I wrote a long letter to each house, John Bachman, Gideon B. Smith of Baltimore, and J.W.H. Page of New Bedford, with the hope of having them forwarded from the Council Bluffs.

May 9, Tuesday. Another fine day. After running until eleven o'clock we stopped to cut wood, and two Rose-breasted Grosbeaks were shot, a common Bluebird, and a common Northern Titmouse. We saw White Pelicans, Geese, Ducks, etc. One of our trappers cut one of his feet dreadfully with his axe, and Harris, who is now the doctor, attended to it as best he could. This afternoon we reached the famous establishment of Belle Vue where resides the brother of Mr. Sarpy of St. Louis, as well as the Indian Agent, or, as he might be more appropriately called, the Custom House officer. Neither were at home, both away on the Platte River, about 300 miles off. We had a famous pack of rascally Indians awaiting our landing—filthy and half-starved. We landed some cargo for the establishment, and I saw a trick of the trade which made me laugh. Eight cords of wood were paid for with five tin cups of sugar and three of coffee—value at St. Louis about twenty-five cents. We have seen a Fish Hawk, Savannah

Finch, Green-backed Swallows, Rough-winged Swallows, Martins, Parrakeets, Black-winged Gulls, Blackbirds, and Cow-birds; I will repeat that the woods are fairly alive with the House Wrens. Blue Herons, *Emberiza pallida*—Clay-colored Bunting of Swainson—Henslow's Bunting, Crow Blackbirds; and, more strange than all, two large cakes of ice were seen by our pilots and ourselves. I am very much fatigued and will finish the account of this day to-morrow. At Belle Vue we found the brother-in-law of old Provost, who acts as clerk in the absence of Mr. Sarpy. The store is no great affair, and yet I am told that they drive a good trade with Indians on the Platte River, and others, on this side of the Missouri. We unloaded some freight, and pushed off. We saw here the first ploughing of the ground we have observed since we left the lower settlements near St. Louis. We very soon reached the post of Fort Croghan, so called after my old friend of that name with whom I hunted Raccoons on his father's plantation in Kentucky some thirty-eight years ago, and whose father and my own were well acquainted, and fought together in conjunction with George Washington and Lafayette, during the Revolutionary War, against "Merrie England." Here we found only a few soldiers, dragoons; their camp and officers having been forced to move across the prairie to the Bluffs, five miles. After we had put out some freight for the sutler,

we proceeded on until we stopped for the night a few miles above, on the same side of the river. The soldiers assured us that their parade ground, and so-called barracks, had been four feet under water, and we saw fair and sufficient evidence of this. At this place our pilot saw the first Yellow-headed Troupial we have met with. We landed for the night under trees covered by muddy deposits from the great overflow of this season. I slept soundly, and have this morning, May 10, written this.

May 10, Wednesday. The morning was fine, and we were under way at daylight; but a party of dragoons, headed by a lieutenant, had left their camp four miles distant from our anchorage at the same time, and reached the shore before we had proceeded far; they fired a couple of rifle shots ahead of us, and we brought to at once. The young officer came on board, and presented a letter from his commander, Captain Burgwin, from which we found that we had to have our cargo examined. Our captain was glad of it, and so were we all; for, finding that it would take several hours, we ate our breakfast, and made ready to go ashore. I showed my credentials and orders from the Government, Major Mitchell of St. Louis, etc., and I was therefore immediately settled comfortably. I desired to go to see the commanding officer, and the lieutenant very politely sent us there on horseback, guided by an old dragoon of

considerable respectability. I was mounted on a young white horse, Spanish saddle with holsters, and we proceeded across the prairie towards the Bluffs and the camp. My guide was anxious to take a short cut, and took me across several bayous, one of which was really up to the saddle; but we crossed that, and coming to another we found it so miry, that his horse wheeled after two or three steps, whilst I was looking at him before starting myself; for you all well know that an old traveler is, and must be, prudent. We now had to retrace our steps till we reached the very tracks that the squad sent after us in the morning had taken, and at last we reached the foot of the Bluffs, when my guide asked me if I "could ride at a gallop," to which not answering him, but starting at once at a round run, I neatly passed him ere his horse was well at the pace; on we went, and in a few minutes we entered a beautiful dell or valley, and were in sight of the encampment. We reached this in a trice, and rode between two lines of pitched tents to one at the end, where I dismounted, and met Captain Burgwin, a young man, brought up at West Point, with whom I was on excellent and friendly terms in less time than it has taken me to write this account of our meeting. I showed him my credentials, at which he smiled, and politely assured me that I was too well known throughout our country to need any letters. While seated in front of his tent, I heard the note

of a bird new to me, and as it proceeded from a tree above our heads, I looked up and saw the first Yellow-headed Troupial alive that ever came across my own migrations. The captain thought me probably crazy, as I thought Rafinesque when he was at Henderson; for I suddenly started, shot at the bird, and killed it. Afterwards I shot three more at one shot, but only one female amid hundreds of these Yellow-headed Blackbirds. They are quite abundant here, feeding on the surplus grain that drops from the horses' troughs; they walked under, and around the horses, with as much confidence as if anywhere else. When they rose, they generally flew to the very tops of the tallest trees, and there, swelling their throats, partially spreading their wings and tail, they issue their croaking note, which is a compound, not to be mistaken, between that of the Crow Blackbird and that of the Red-winged Starling. After I had fired at them twice they became quite shy, and all of them flew off to the prairies. I saw then two Magpies in a cage, that had been caught in nooses, by the legs; and their actions, voice, and general looks, assured me as much as ever, that they are the very same species as that found in Europe. Prairie Wolves are extremely abundant hereabouts. They are so daring that they come into the camp both by day and by night; we found their burrows in the banks and in the prairie, and had I come here yesterday I should have had a superb

specimen killed here, but which was devoured by the hogs belonging to the establishment. The captain and the doctor—Madison by name—returned with us to the boat, and we saw many more Yellow-headed Troupials. The high Bluffs back of the prairie are destitute of stones. On my way there I saw abundance of Gopher hills, two Geese paired, two Yellow-crowned Herons, Red-winged Starlings, Cowbirds, common Crow Blackbirds, a great number of Baltimore Orioles, a Swallow-tailed Hawk, Yellow Red-poll Warbler, Field Sparrow, and Chipping Sparrow. Sprague killed another of the beautiful Finch. Robins are very scarce, Parrakeets and Wild Turkeys plentiful. The officers came on board, and we treated them as hospitably as we could; they ate their lunch with us, and are themselves almost destitute of provisions. Last July the captain sent twenty dragoons and as many Indians on a hunt for Buffaloes. During the hunt they killed 51 Buffaloes, 104 Deer, and 10 Elks, within 80 miles of the camp. The Sioux Indians are great enemies of the Potowatomies, and very frequently kill several of the latter in their predatory excursions against them. This kind of warfare has rendered the Potowatomies very cowardly, which is quite a remarkable change from their previous valor and daring. Bell collected six different species of shells, and found a large lump of pumice stone which does float on the water. We left our anchorage (which means

tied to the shore) at twelve o'clock, and about sunset we did pass the real Council Bluffs. Here, however, the bed of the river is utterly changed, though you may yet see that which is now called the Old Missouri. The Bluffs stand, truly speaking, on a beautiful bank almost forty feet above the water, and run off on a rich prairie, to the hills in the background in a gentle slope, that renders the whole place a fine and very remarkable spot. We tied up for the night about three miles above them, and all hands went ashore to cut wood, which begins to be somewhat scarce, of a good quality. Our captain cut and left several cords of green wood for his return trip, at this place; Harris and Bell went on shore, and saw several Bats, and three Turkeys. This afternoon a Deer was seen scampering across the prairies until quite out of sight. Wild gooseberry bushes are very abundant, and the fruit is said to be very good.

May 11, Thursday. We had a night of rain, thunder, and heavy wind from the northeast, and we did not start this morning till seven o'clock, therefore had a late breakfast. There was a bright blood-red streak on the horizon at four o'clock that looked forbidding, but the weather changed as we proceeded, with, however, showers of rain at various intervals during the day. We have now come to a portion of the river more crooked than any we have passed; the shores on both sides are evidently lower, the hills that curtain the distance are fur-

ther from the shores, and the intervening space is mostly prairie, more or less overflowed. We have seen one Wolf on a sandbar, seeking for food, perhaps dead fish. The actions were precisely those of a cur dog with a long tail, and the bellowing sound of the engine did not seem to disturb him. He trotted on parallel to the boat for about one mile, when we landed to cut drift-wood. Bell, Harris, and I went on shore to try to have a shot at him. He was what is called a brindle-colored Wolf, of the common size. One hundred trappers, however, with their axes at work, in a few moments rather stopped his progress, and when he saw us coming, he turned back on his track, and trotted off, but Bell shot a very small load in the air to see the effect it would produce. The fellow took two or three leaps, stopped, looked at us for a moment, and then started on a gentle gallop. When I overtook his tracks they appeared small, and more rounded than usual. I saw several tracks at the same time, therefore more than one had travelled over this great sandy and muddy bar last night, if not this morning. I lost sight of him behind some large piles of drift-wood, and could see him no more. Turkey-buzzards were on the bar, and I thought that I should have found some dead carcass; but on reaching the spot, nothing was there. A fine large Raven passed at one hundred yards from us, but I did not shoot. Bell found a few small shells, and Harris shot a Yellow-rumped

Warbler. We have seen several White Pelicans, Geese, Black-headed Gulls, and Green-backed Swallows, but nothing new. The night is cloudy and intimates more rain. We are fast to a willowed shore, and are preparing lines to try our luck at catching a Catfish or so. I was astonished to find how much stiffened I was this morning, from the exercise I took on horseback yesterday, and think that now it would take me a week, at least, to accustom my body to riding as I was wont to do twenty years ago. The timber is becoming more scarce as we proceed, and I greatly fear that our only opportunities of securing wood will be those afforded us by that drifted on the bars.

May 12, Friday. The morning was foggy, thick, and calm. We passed the river called the *Sioux Pictout*, a small stream formerly abounding with Beavers, Otters, Muskrats, etc., but now quite destitute of any of these creatures. On going along the banks bordering a long and wide prairie, thick with willows and other small brush-wood, we saw four Black-tailed Deer immediately on the bank; they trotted away without appearing to be much alarmed; after a few hundred yards, the two largest, probably males, raised themselves on their hind feet and pawed at each other, after the manner of stallions. They trotted off again, stopping often, but after a while disappeared; we saw them again some hundreds of yards farther on, when, becoming suddenly alarmed, they bounded

off until out of sight. They did not trot or run irregularly as our Virginian Deer does, and their color was of a brownish cast, whilst our common Deer at this season is red. Could we have gone ashore, we might in all probability have killed one or two of them. We stopped to cut wood on the opposite side of the river, where we went on shore, and there saw many tracks of Deer, Elk, Wolves, and Turkeys. In attempting to cross a muddy place to shoot at some Yellow-headed Troupials that were abundant, I found myself almost mired, and returned with difficulty. We only shot a Blackburnian Warbler, a Yellow-winged ditto, and a few Finches. We have seen more Geese than usual as well as Mallards and Wood Ducks. This afternoon the weather cleared up, and a while before sunset we passed under Wood's Bluffs, so called because a man of that name fell overboard from his boat while drunk. We saw there many Bank Swallows, and afterwards we came in view of the Blackbird Hill, where the famous Indian chief of that name was buried, at his request, on his horse, whilst the animal was alive. We are now fast to the shore opposite this famed bluff. We cut good ash wood this day, and have made a tolerable run, say forty miles.

Saturday, May 13. This morning was extremely foggy, although I could plainly see the orb of day trying to force its way through the haze. While this lasted all hands were engaged in cut-



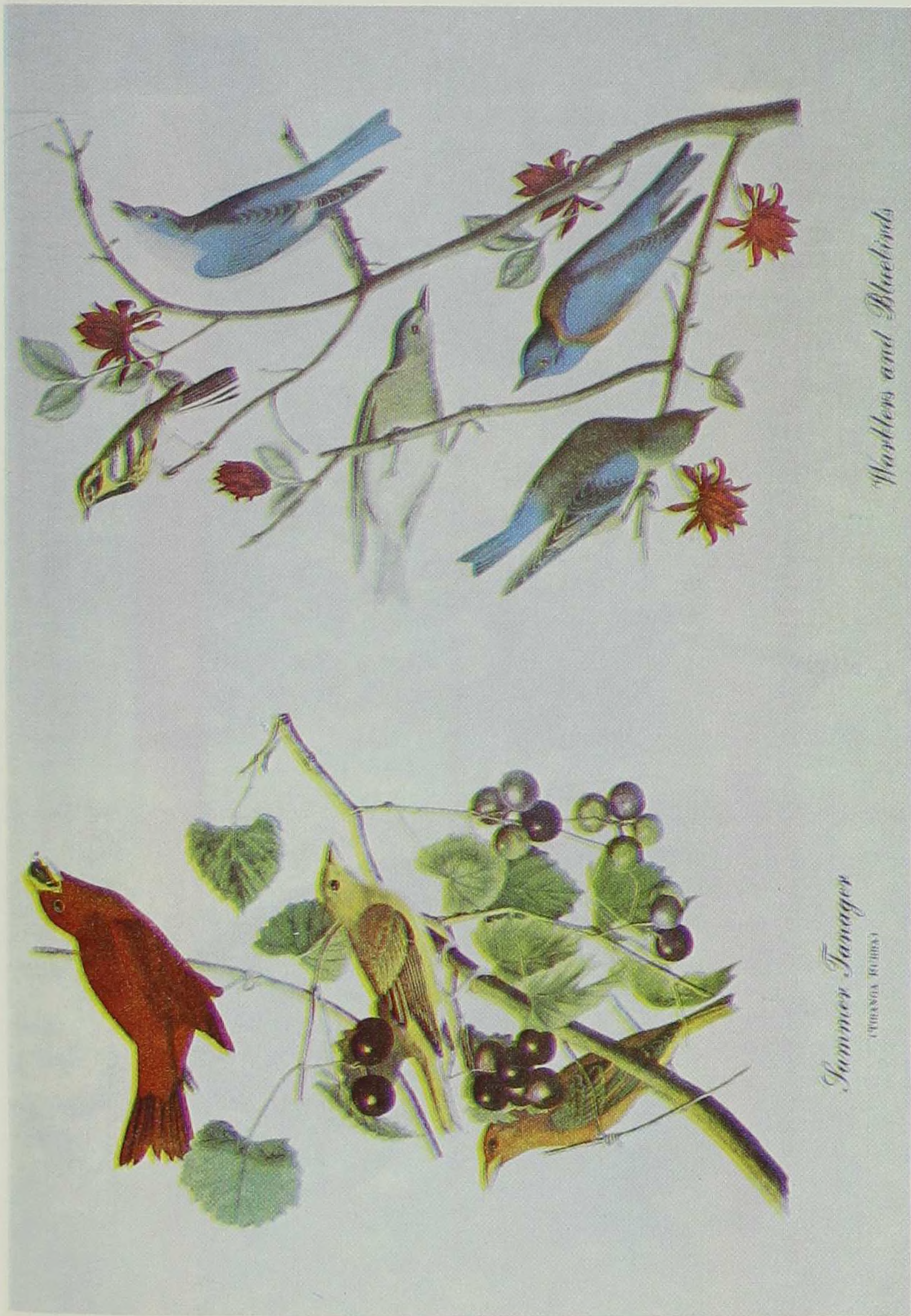
Wild Turkey



Blue Jay
(JANSEN'S ILLUSTRATION)



Blue Jay
(JANSEN'S ILLUSTRATION)



Summer Tanager

(TANARUA RUBRA)

Warblers and Bluebirds



Red-bellied Woodpecker

Downy Woodpecker - *Merula uropygialis* (L.) - *Merula uropygialis* (L.) - *Merula uropygialis* (L.)



Yellow-bellied Woodpecker

Yellow-bellied Woodpecker - *Merula flava* (L.) - *Merula flava* (L.) - *Merula flava* (L.)



Red-breasted Sapsucker

Red-breasted Sapsucker - *Merula sapsucker* (L.) - *Merula sapsucker* (L.) - *Merula sapsucker* (L.)



Red and Black shouldered, Marsh Blackbird.

1 Adult 2 Juveniles.

1 Adult 2 Juveniles 1 Adult 2 Juveniles 1 Adult 2 Juveniles.

Cardinal Parrot or Parakeet.

1 Adult 2 Juveniles 1 Adult 2 Juveniles 1 Adult 2 Juveniles.

1 Adult 2 Juveniles 1 Adult 2 Juveniles 1 Adult 2 Juveniles.

Blue Jay.

1 Adult 2 Juveniles.

1 Adult 2 Juveniles 1 Adult 2 Juveniles 1 Adult 2 Juveniles.

1 Adult 2 Juveniles 1 Adult 2 Juveniles 1 Adult 2 Juveniles 1 Adult 2 Juveniles.



Purple Finch
(CAMPANUS PURPUREUS)



Cardinal
(HELMINTHOPUS CAMPESTRIS)



Mourning Dove
- (VIRGILIA VIRENS) -



Robin
(ERIDACEA VIRENS)



Great Blue Heron

ting wood, and we did not leave our fastening-place till seven, to the great grief of our commander. During the wood cutting, Bell walked to the top of the hills, and shot two Lark Buntings, males, and a Lincoln's Finch. After a while we passed under some beautiful bluffs surmounted by many cedars, and these bluffs were composed of fine white sandstone, of a soft texture, but very beautiful to the eye. In several places along this bluff we saw clusters of nests of Swallows, which we all looked upon as those of the Cliff Swallow, although I saw not one of the birds. We stopped again to cut wood, for our opportunities are not now very convenient. Went out, but only shot a fine large Turkey-hen, which I brought down on the wing at about forty yards. It ran very swiftly, however, and had not Harris's dog came to our assistance, we might have lost it. As it was, however, the dog pointed, and Harris shot it, with my small shot-gun, whilst I was squatted on the ground amid a parcel of low bushes. I was astonished to see how many of the large shot I had put into her body. This hen weighed $11 \frac{3}{4}$ pounds. She had a nest, no doubt, but we could not find it. We saw a good number of Geese, though fewer than yesterday; Ducks also. We passed many fine prairies, and in one place I was surprised to see the richness of the bottom lands. We saw this morning eleven Indians of the Omaha tribe. They made signals for us to land, but our captain never

heeded them, for he hates the red-skins as most men hate the devil. One of them fired a gun, the group had only one, and some ran along the shore for nearly two miles, particularly one old gentleman who persevered until we came to such bluff shores as calmed down his spirits. In another place we saw one seated on a log, close by the frame of a canoe; but he looked surly, and never altered his position as we passed. The frame of this boat resembled an ordinary canoe. It is formed by both sticks giving a half circle; the upper edges are fastened together by a long stick, as well as the centre of the bottom. Outside of this stretches a Buffalo skin without the hair on; it is said to make a light and safe craft to cross even the turbid, rapid stream—the Missouri. By simply looking at them, one may suppose that they are sufficiently large to carry two or three persons. On a sandbar afterwards we saw three more Indians, also with a canoe frame, but we only interchanged the common yells usual on such occasions. They looked as destitute and as hungry as if they had not eaten for a week, and no doubt would have given much for a bottle of whiskey. At our last landing for wood-cutting, we also went on shore, but shot nothing, not even took aim at a bird; and there was an Indian with a flint-lock rifle, who came on board and stared about until we left, when he went off with a little tobacco. I pity these poor beings from my heart! This evening we came to the burial-ground

bluff of Sergeant Floyd, one of the companions of the never-to-be-forgotten expedition of Lewis and Clark, over the Rocky Mountains, to the Pacific Ocean. A few minutes afterwards, before coming to Floyd's Creek, we started several Turkey-cocks from their roost, and had we been on shore could have accounted for more than one of them. The prairies are becoming more common and more elevated; we have seen more evergreens this day than we have done for two weeks at least. This evening is dark and rainy, with lightning and some distant thunder, and we have entered the mouth of the Big Sioux River, where we are fastened for the night. This is a clear stream and abounds with fish, and on one of the branches of this river is found the famous red clay, of which the precious pipes, or calumets are manufactured. We will try to procure some on our return homeward. It is late; had the weather been clear, and the moon, which is full, shining, it was our intention to go ashore, to try to shoot Wild Turkeys; but as it was pouring down rain, and as dark as pitch, we have thrown our lines overboard and perhaps may catch a fish. We hope to reach Vermilion River day after tomorrow. We saw abundance of the birds which I have before enumerated.

May 14, Sunday. It rained hard and thundered during the night; we started at half-past three, when it had cleared, and the moon shone brightly. The river is crooked as ever, with large bars, and

edged with prairies. Saw many Geese, and a Long-billed Curlew. One poor Goose had been wounded in the wing; when approached, it dived for a long distance and came up along the shore. Then we saw a Black Bear, swimming across the river, and it caused a commotion. Some ran for their rifles, and several shots were fired, some of which almost touched Bruin; but he kept on, and swam very fast. Bell shot at it with large shot and must have touched it. When it reached the shore, it tried several times to climb up, but each time fell back. It at last succeeded, almost immediately started off at a gallop, and was soon lost to sight. We stopped to cut wood at twelve o'clock, in one of the vilest places we have yet come to. The rushes were waist-high, and the whole underbrush tangled by grape vines. The Deer and the Elks had beaten paths which we followed for a while, but we saw only their tracks, and those of Turkeys. Harris found a heronry of the common Blue Heron, composed of about thirty nests, but the birds were shy and he did not shoot at any. Early this morning a dead Buffalo floated by us, and after a while the body of a common cow, which probably belonged to the fort above this. Mr. Sire told us that at this point, two years ago, he overtook three of the deserters of the company, who had left a keel-boat in which they were going down to St. Louis. They had a canoe when overtaken; he took their guns from them, destroyed the canoe, and

left them there. On asking him what had become of them, he said they had walked back to the establishment at the mouth of Vermilion River, which by land is only ten miles distant; ten miles, through such woods as we tried in vain to hunt in, is a walk that I should not like at all. We stayed cutting wood for about two hours, when we started again; but a high wind arose, so that we could not make headway, and had to return and make fast again, only a few hundred yards from the previous spot. On such occasions our captain employs his wood cutters in felling trees, and splitting and piling the wood until his return downwards, in about one month, perhaps, from now. In talking with our captain he tells us that the Black Bear is rarely seen swimming this river, and that one or two of them are about all he observes on going up each trip. I have seen them swimming in great numbers on the lower parts of the Ohio, and on the Mississippi. It is said that at times, when the common Wolves are extremely hard pressed for food, they will eat certain roots which they dig up for the purpose, and the places from which they take this food look as if they had been spaded. When they hunt a Buffalo, and have killed it, they drag it to some distance—about sixty yards or so—and dig a hole large enough to receive and conceal it; they then cover it with earth, and lie down over it until hungry again, when they uncover, and feed upon it. Along the banks of the rivers,

when the Buffaloes fall, or cannot ascend, and then die, the Wolves are seen in considerable numbers feeding upon them. Although cunning beyond belief in hiding at the report of a gun, they almost instantly show themselves from different parts around, and if you wish to kill some, you have only to hide yourself, and you will see them coming to the game you have left, when you are not distant more than thirty or forty yards. It is said that though they very frequently hunt their game until the latter take to the river, they seldom, if ever follow after it. The wind that drove us ashore augmented into a severe gale, and by its present appearance looks as if it would last the whole night. Our fire was comfortable, for, as you know, the thermometer has been very changeable since noon. We have had rain also, though not continuous, but quite enough to wet our men, who notwithstanding have cut and piled about twelve cords of wood. . .

Above the Big Sioux the *Omega* made good time, reaching Fort Pierre on May 31 and Fort Union at sundown on June 12. The *Omega* left Fort Union two days later, reached Pierre on June 21, and St. Louis on on June 29. The trip upstream had required 49 days from St. Louis to Fort Union while the downstream trip had consumed only 17 days.

WILLIAM J. PETERSEN

Barging Down from Fort Union

Audubon's trip up the Missouri River aboard the *Omega* in 1843 brought him in close contact with hardy fur-traders, squalid Indians, and wild game by the thousands—the latter being vividly recorded in the adventurous artist's *Journal*. It had taken 49 days to make the trip from St. Louis to Fort Union, stops at various forts and trading posts, and with the turgid, tawny, swiftly flowing Missouri, slowing the progress of the *Omega* upstream.

After hunting in the Fort Union area for specimens of wild game of all kinds, Audubon and his companions prepared to return home before the first cold blasts of winter set in.

In his *Journal* he records:

"August 16. Started from Fort Union at 12 M. in the Mackinaw barge *Union*. Shot five young Ducks. Camped at the foot of a high bluff. Good supper of Chickens and Ducks.

"Saturday, 19th. Wolves howling, and [buffalo] bulls roaring, just like the long continued roll of a hundred drums. Saw large gangs of Buffaloes walking along the river. Headed Knife River one and a half miles. . . . Abundance of Bear tracks. . . . Herds of Buffaloes on the prairies. . . .

"*Sunday, 20th.* . . . Thousands upon thousands of Buffaloes; the roaring of these animals resembles the grunting of hogs, with a rolling sound from the throat."

A month passed before they approached Iowa-land. Fighting adverse winds, low water, and interminable snags, the cumbersome Mackinaw barge floated slowly downstream. On Saturday, September 23, Audubon noted that they had made "a good run of about sixty miles" and landed at Ponca Island that night, about 150 miles above the mouth of the Big Sioux River.

The following day, on September 24, Audubon recorded "a large flock of White Pelicans." High winds forced them to land just below the Basil River, 125 miles above the Big Sioux. From this point on, Audubon was traveling a course well below the latitude of present-day northern Iowa. In his *Journal* he records:

Monday, 27th. Blowing hard all night, and began raining before day. Cold, wet, and misty. Started at a quarter past ten, passed Bonhomme Island at four, and landed for the night at five, fifteen miles below.

Tuesday, 26th. Cold and cloudy; started early. Shot a Pelican. Passed James River at eleven. Abundance of Wild Geese. Bell killed a young White Pelican. Weather fairer but coldish. Sprague killed a Goose, but it was lost. Camped

a few miles above the Vermilion River. Harris saw Raccoon tracks on Basil River.

Wednesday, 27th. Cloudy but calm. Many Wood-ducks, and saw Raccoon tracks again this morning. Passed the Vermilion River at half-past seven. My Badger got out of his cage last night, and we had to light a candle to secure it. We reached the Fort of Vermilion at twelve, and met with a kind reception from Mr. Pascal. Previous to this we met a barge going up, owned and commanded by Mr. Tybell, and found our good hunter Michaux. He asked me to take him down, and I promised him \$20 per month to St. Louis. We bought two barrels of superb potatoes, two of corn, and a good fat cow. For the corn and potatoes I paid no less than \$16.00.

Thursday, 28th. A beautiful morning, and we left at eight. The young man who brought me the calf at Fort George has married a squaw, a handsome girl, and she is here with him. Antelopes are found about twenty-five miles from the fort, but not frequently. Landed fifteen miles below on Elk Point. Cut up and salted the cow. Provost and I went hunting and saw three female Elks, but the order was to shoot only bucks; a large one started below us, jumped into the river, and swam across, carrying his horns flat down and spread on each side of his back; the neck looked to me about the size of a flour-barrel. Harris killed a hen Turkey, and Bell and the others saw plenty but did not

shoot, as Elks were the order of the day. I cannot eat beef after being fed on Buffaloes. I am getting an old man, for this evening I missed my footing on getting into the boat, and bruised my knee and my elbow, but at seventy and over [58 years] I cannot have the spring of seventeen.

Friday, 29th. Rained most of the night, and it is raining and blowing at present. Crossed the river and have encamped at the mouth of the Iowa River, the boundary line of the Sioux and Omahas. Harris shot a Wolf. My knee too sore to allow me to walk. Stormy all day.

Saturday, 30th. Hard rain all night, the water rose four inches. Found a new species of large bean in the Wild Turkey. Mosquitoes rather troublesome. The sun shining by eight o'clock, and we hope for a good dry day. Whippoorwills heard last night, and Night-hawks seen flying. Saw a Long-tailed Squirrel that ran on the shore at the cry of our Badger. Michaux had the boat landed to bring on a superb set of Elkhorns that he secured last week. Abundance of Geese and Ducks. Weather clouding over again, and at two we were struck by a heavy gale of wind, and were obliged to land on the weather shore; the wind continued heavy, and the motion of the boat was too much for me, so I slipped on shore and with Michaux made a good camp, where we rolled ourselves in our blankets and slept soundly.

Sunday, October 1. The wind changed, and

lulled before morning, so we left at a quarter past six. The skies looked rather better, nevertheless we had several showers. Passed the [Big] Sioux River at twenty minutes past eleven. Heard a Pileated Woodpecker, and saw Fish Crows. Geese very abundant. Landed below the Sioux River to shoot Turkeys, having seen a large male on the bluffs. Bell killed a hen, and Harris two young birds; these will keep us going some days. Stopped again by the wind opposite Floyd's grave; started again and ran about four miles, when we were obliged to land in a rascally place at twelve o'clock. Had hail and rain at intervals. Camped at the mouth of the Omaha River, six miles from the village. The wild Geese are innumerable. The wind has ceased and stars are shining.

Monday, 2d. Beautiful but cold. The water has risen nine inches, and we travel well. Started early. Stopped at eight by the wind at a vile place, but plenty of Jerusalem artichokes, which we tried and found very good. Started again at three, and made a good run till sundown, when we found a fair camping-place and made our supper from excellent young Geese.

Tuesday, 3d. A beautiful, calm morning; we started early. Saw three Deer on the bank. A Prairie Wolf travelled on the shore beside us for a long time before he found a place to get up on the prairie. Plenty of Sandhill Cranes were seen as we passed the Little Sioux River. Saw three

more Deer, another Wolf, two Swans, several Pelicans, and abundance of Geese and Ducks. Passed Soldier River at two o'clock. We were caught by a snag that scraped and tore us a little. Had we been two feet nearer, it would have ruined our barge. We passed through a very swift cut-off, most difficult of entrance. We have run eighty-two miles and encamped at the mouth of the cut-off, near the old bluffs. Killed two Mallards; the Geese and Ducks are abundant beyond description. Brag, Harris' dog, stole and hid all the meat that had been cooked for our supper.

Wednesday, 4th. Cloudy and coldish. Left early and can't find my pocket knife, which I fear I have lost. We were stopped by the wind at Cabané Bluffs, about twenty miles above Fort Croghan; we all hunted, with only fair results. Saw some hazel bushes and some black walnuts. Wind-bound till night, and nothing done.

Thursday, 5th. Blew hard all night, but a clear and beautiful sunrise. Started early, but stopped by the wind at eight. Bell, Harris, and Squires have started off for Fort Croghan. As there was every appearance of rain we left at three and reached the fort about half-past four. Found all well, and were most kindly received. We were presented with some green corn, and had a quantity of bread made, also bought thirteen eggs from an Indian for twenty-five cents. Honey bees are found here, and do well, but none are seen above

this place. I had an unexpected slide on the bank as it had rained this afternoon; and Squires had also one at twelve in the night, when he and Harris with Sprague came to the boat after having played whist up to that hour.

Friday, 6th. Some rain and thunder last night. A tolerable day. Breakfast at the camp, and left at half-past eight. Our man Michaux was passed over to the officer's boat, to steer them down to Fort Leavenworth, where they are ordered, but we are to keep in company, and he is to cook for us at night. The whole station here is broken up, and Captain Burgwin leaves in a few hours by land with the dragoons, horses, etc. Stopped at Belle Vue at nine, and had a kind reception; bought 6 lbs. coffee, 13 eggs, 2 lbs. butter, and some black pepper. Abundance of Indians, of four different nations. Major Miller, the agent, is a good man for this place. Left again at eleven. A fine day. Passed the Platte and its hundreds of snags, at a quarter past one, and stopped for the men to dine. The stream quite full, and we saw some squaws on the bar, the village was in sight. Killed two Pelican, but only got one. Encamped about thirty miles below Fort Croghan. Lieutenant Carleton supped with us, and we had a rubber of whist.

Saturday, 7th. Fine night, and fine morning. Started too early, while yet dark, and got on a bar. Passed McPherson's the first house in the

State of Missouri, at eight o'clock. Bell skinned the young of *Fringilla harrisi*. Lieutenant Carleton came on board to breakfast with us—a fine companion and a perfect gentleman. Indian war-whoops were heard by him and his men whilst embarking this morning after we left. We encamped at the mouth of Nishnebottana, a fine, clear stream. Went to the house of Mr. Beaumont, who has a pretty wife. We made a fine run of sixty or seventy miles.

Sunday, 8th. Cloudy, started early, and had rain by eight o'clock. Stopped twice by the storm, and played cards to relieve the dulness. Started at noon, and ran till half-past four. The wind blowing hard we stopped at a good place for our encampment. Presented a plate of the quadrupeds to Lieut. James Henry Carleton, and he gave me a fine Black Bear skin, and has promised me a set of Elk horns. Stopped on the east side of the river in the evening. Saw a remarkably large flock of Geese passing southward.

Monday, 9th. Beautiful and calm, started early. Bell shot a Gray Squirrel, which was divided and given to my Fox and my Badger. Squires, Carleton, Harris, Bell, and Sprague walked across the Bend to the Black Snake Hills, killed six Gray Squirrels, four Parrakeets, and two Partridges. Bought butter, eggs, and some whiskey for the men; exchanged knives with the Lieutenant. Started and

ran twelve miles to a good camp on the Indian [West] side.

Tuesday, 10th. Beautiful morning, rather windy; started early. Great flocks of Geese and Pelicans; killed two of the latter. Reached Fort Leavenworth at four, and, as usual everywhere, received most kindly treatment and reception from Major Morton. Lieutenant Carleton gave me the Elk horns. Wrote to John Bachman, Gideon B. Smith, and a long letter home.

Wednesday, 11th. Received a most welcome present of melons, chickens, bread, and butter from the generous major. Lieutenant Carleton came to see me off, and we parted reluctantly. Left at half-past six; weather calm and beautiful. Game scarce, paw-paws plentiful. Stopped at Madame Chouteau's, where I bought three pumpkins. Stopped at Liberty Landing and delivered the letters of Laidlow to Black Harris. Reached Independence Landing at sundown; have run sixty miles. Found no letters. Steamer "Lebanon" passed upwards at half-past eight.

Thursday, 12th. Beautiful and calm; stopped and bought eggs, etc., at a Mr. Shivers', from Kentucky. Ran well to Lexington, where we again stopped for provisions; ran sixty miles today.

Friday, 13th. Heavy white frost, and very foggy. Started early and ran well. Tried to buy butter at several places, but in vain. At Greenville bought coffee. Abundance of Geese and White Pelicans;

many Sandhill Cranes. Harris killed a Woodduck. Passed Grand River; stopped at New Brunswick, where we bought excellent beef at $2\frac{1}{2}$ cents a pound, but very inferior to Buffalo. Camped at a deserted woodyard, after running between sixty and seventy miles.

Saturday, 14th. A windy night, and after eight days' good run, I fear we shall be delayed to-day. Stopped by a high wind at twelve o'clock. We ran ashore, and I undertook to push the boat afloat, and undressing for the purpose got so deep in the mud that I had to spend a much longer time than I desired in very cold water. Visited two farm houses, and bought chickens, eggs, and butter. Very little of this last. At one place we procured corn bread. The squatter visited our boat, and we camped near him. He seemed a good man; was from North Carolina, and had a fine family. Michaux killed two Hutchins' Geese, the first I ever saw in the flesh. Ran about twenty miles; steamer "Lebanon" passed us going downwards, one hour before sunset. Turkeys and Long-tailed Squirrels very abundant.

Sunday, 15th. Cold, foggy and cloudy; started early. Passed Chariton River and village, and Glasgow; bought bread, and oats for my Deer. Abundance of Geese and Ducks. Passed Arrow Rock at eleven. Passed Boonesville, the finest country on this river; Rocheport, with high, rocky

cliffs; six miles below which we encamped, having run sixty miles.

Monday, 16th. Beautiful autumnal morning, a heavy white frost and no wind. Started early, before six. The current very strong. Passed Nashville, Marion, and steamer "Lexington" going up. Jefferson City at twelve. Passed the Osage River and saw twenty-four Deer opposite Smith Landing; camped at sundown, and found Giraud, the "strong man." Ran sixty-one miles. Met the steamer "Satan," badly steered. Abundance of Geese and Ducks everywhere.

Tuesday, 17th. Calm and very foggy. Started early and floated a good deal with the strong current. Saw two Deer. The fog cleared off by nine o'clock. Passed the Gasconade River at half-past nine. Landed at Pinckney to buy bread, etc. Buffaloes have been seen mired, and unable to defend themselves, and the Wolves actually eating their noses while they struggled, but were eventually killed by the Wolves. Passed Washington and encamped below it at sundown; a good run.

Wednesday, 18th. Fine and calm; started very early. Passed Mount Pleasant. Landed at St. Charles to purchase bread, etc. Provost became extremely drunk, and went off by land to St. Louis. Passed the Charbonnière River, and encamped about one mile below. The steamer "Tobacco Plant" landed on the shore opposite. Bell and Harris killed a number of Gray Squirrels.

Thursday, 19th. A heavy white frost, foggy, but calm. We started early, the steamer after us. Forced by the fog to stop on a bar, but reached St. Louis at three in the afternoon. Unloaded and sent all the things to Nicholas Berthoud's warehouse. Wrote home.

It will be noted that Audubon reached the mouth of the Big Sioux River on his downstream trip on October 1. It had required 19 days for the *Union* to negotiate the 810 miles from that point to St. Louis—the distance along the western border of Iowa representing only about one-fourth of this mileage. Thus, a scant five days were required to pass the Iowa section of the trip. It might also be noted that the *Omega* had made the run from Fort Union in 17 days, a distance of 1,757 miles, according to the United States Engineers Surveys of 1889-1893.

Three days after his arrival at St. Louis, on October 22, Audubon boarded the steamboat *Nautilus* for Cincinnati. Thence he hurried eastward to his home on the Hudson River. Laconically he records: "Reached home at 3 P.M., November 6th, 1843, and thank God, found all my family quite well."

The Audubon *Journal* is one of the most important records of western Iowa before statehood was achieved in 1846. It is worth noting that a portion of the downstream *Journal*, including the part

dealing with Iowa, was lost for a half century until discovered by two of Audubon's granddaughters in 1896. Fortunately these were recovered in time to be incorporated in *Audubon and His Journals* by Maria R. Audubon, which was published in two volumes by Scribners in 1897. Elliott Coues was responsible for the zoological and other notes. The present number of *The Palimpsest* is based in large measure on these two volumes.

WILLIAM J. PETERSEN

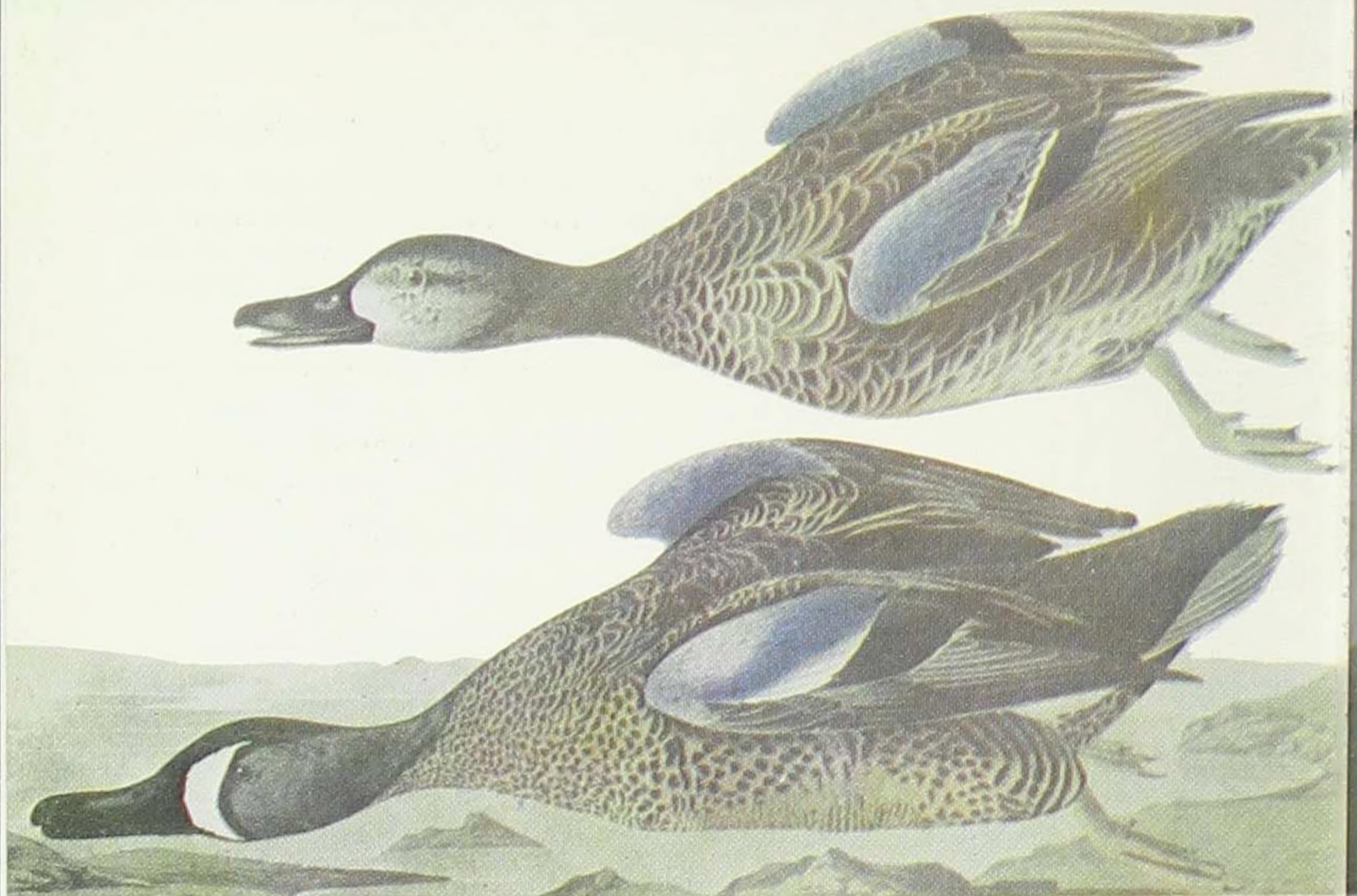
Birds Noted--August 2, 1971

The following birds were identified by Mrs. Jean Braley and Mrs. Ruth Zollars during the course of a trip, on August 2, 1971, from Omaha to Rulo, Nebraska, aboard the U. S. Engineers' boat, *Sergeant Floyd*: Great Blue Heron, Green Heron, Little Blue Heron, Mallard, Blue-winged Teal, Turkey Vulture, Red-tailed Hawk, Rough-legged Hawk, Indigo Bunting, Lesser Yellowlegs, Black Tern, Chimney Swift, Eastern Kingbird, Eastern Phoebe, Bank Swallow, Purple Martin, Robin, Yellow Warbler, House Sparrow, Meadow Lark, Red-winged Blackbird, Baltimore Oriole, Common Grackle, Cardinal, American Goldfinch, Killdeer, Spotted Sandpiper, Forster's Tern, Mourning Dove, Belted Kingfisher, Yellow-shafted Flicker, Red-headed Woodpecker, Rough-winged Swallow, Cliff Swallow, Blue Jay, Starling.

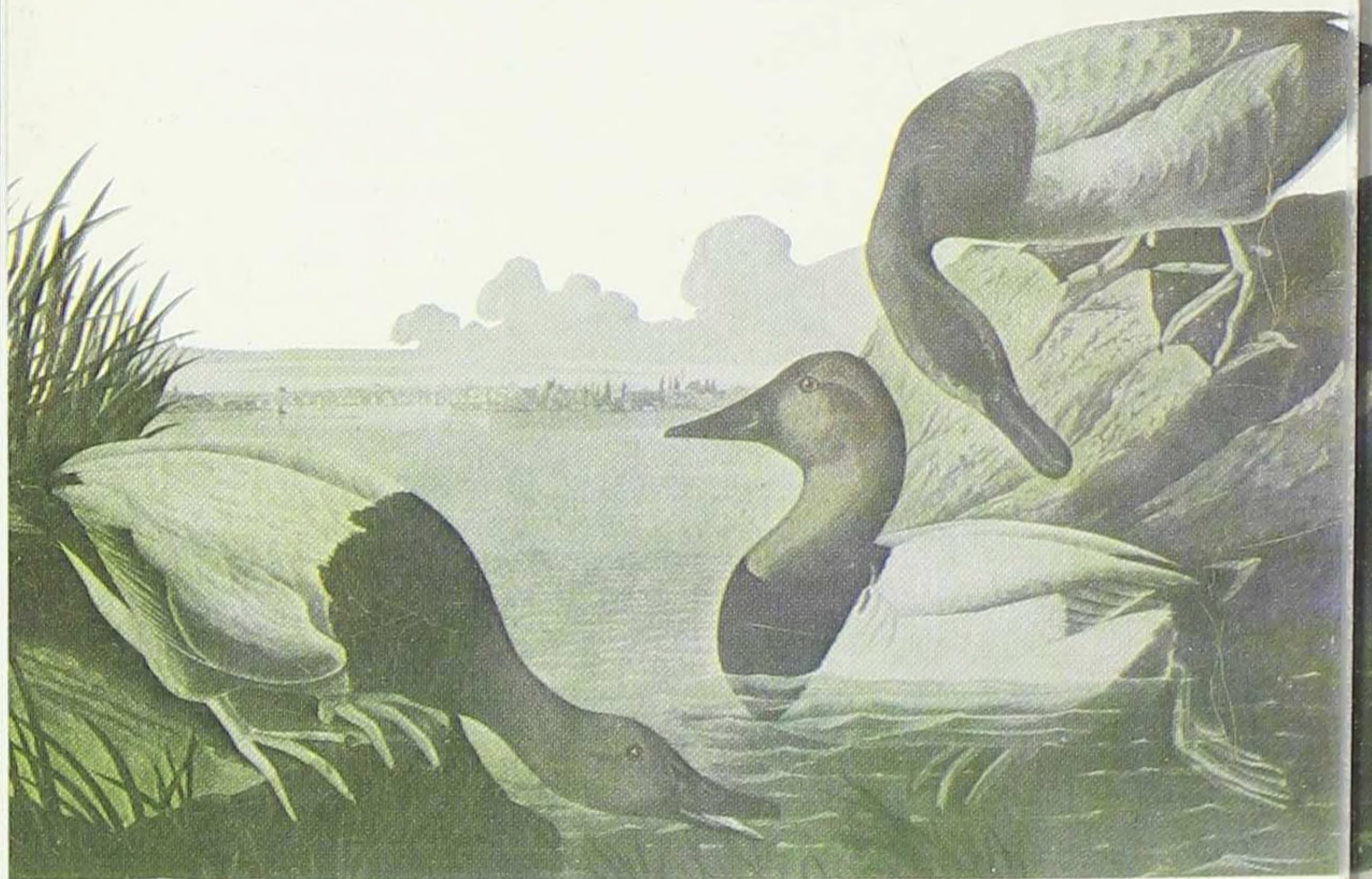
AUDUBON SOCIETY'S ANNUAL CHRISTMAS BIRD COUNT

The following different birds have been identified over the past seventeen years during the annual Christmas Bird Count out of Farragut in southwestern Iowa. Mrs. Jean Braley was the official compiler of the Audubon Winter Bird Count for seventeen years. Below are the different species identified by families during this period.

LOONS (2)	GULLS (5)	GNATCATCHERS, KINGLETS (3)
GREBES (5)	TERNS (5)	Golden-crowned Kinglet
PELICANS (1)	DOVES (1)	PIPITS, WAXWINGS (4)
CORMORANTS (1)	Mourning	Water Pipit
HERONS, BITTERNS (9)	CUCKOOS (2)	Bohemian Waxwing
IBISES (1)	OWLS (9)	Cedar Waxwing
SWANS (1)	Screech	SHRIKES (2)
GEESE (4)	Great Horned	Loggerhead
Snow	Barred	STARLINGS (1)
Blue	Short-eared	Starling
DUCKS (23)	GOATSUCKERS, ETC. (5)	VIREOS (7)
Mallard	Belted Kingfisher	WARBLERS (34)
Black	WOODPECKERS (8)	WEAVER FINCHES (1)
Green-winged Teal	Yellow-shafted Flicker	House Sparrow
Blue-winged Teal	Red-shafted Flicker	BLACKBIRDS (11)
Wood	Red-bellied	Eastern Meadowlark
Lesser Scaup	Red-headed	Western Meadowlark
VULTURES, HAWKS (18)	Yellow-bellied Sapsucker	Red-winged
Sharp-shinned	Hairy	Rusty
Cooper's	Downy	Brewer's
Red-tailed	FLYCATCHERS (12)	Common Grackle
Red-shouldered	LARKS, SWALLOWS	Brown-headed Cowbird
Swainson's	Horned Lark	FINCHES, SPARROWS (38)
Ferruginous Hawk	JAYS, MAGPIES, CROWS (4)	Cardinal
Marsh	Blue Jay	Purple Finch
Peregrine Falcon	Common Crow	Common Redpoll
Sparrow	TITMICE (2)	Pine Siskin
GROUSE, QUAIL, PHEASANTS (4)	Black-capped Chickadee	American Goldfinch
Bobwhite	Tufted Titmouse	Red Crossbill
Ring-necked Pheasant	NUTHATCHES, CREEPERS (3)	Rufous-sided Towhee
TURKEYS (1)	White-breasted Nuthatch	Slate-colored Junco
Turkey	Red-breasted Nuthatch	Oregon Junco
CRANES, RAILS, COOTS (8)	Brown Creeper	Tree
PLOVERS (6)	WRENS (6)	Harris'
Killdeer	MIMICS (3)	White-crowned
SANDPIPERS, ETC. (25)	THRUSHES (8)	Lincoln's
Common Snipe	Robin	Song
	Eastern Bluebird	Lapland Longspur
	Townsend's Solitaire	Snow Bunting



BLUE-WINGED TEAL. More southerly in breeding range than the Green-Winged Teal, south to tropical America in winter. Rare or lacking in western United States. Greatly reduced in the Northeast, now rapidly increasing. Quite common. Length 15-16 inches.



CANVAS-BACK. Breed in western United States and central Canada. Winters southward on brackish bays and sounds. Rare or absent in the Northeast. Sadly reduced in the last century. The most famous game duck of America. Length 20-24 inches.