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earth. The woodchuck is in his hibernaculum, the skunk in his, the mole in his; and the black bear has his selected, and will go in when the snow comes. He does not like the looks of his big tracks in the snow. They publish his goings and comings too plainly. The coon retires about the same time. The provident wood-mice and the chipmunk are laying by a winter supply of nuts or grain, the former usually in decayed trees, the latter in the ground. I have observed that any unusual disturbance in the woods, near where the chipmunk has his den, will cause him to shift his quarters. For many successive days, one October, I saw one carrying into his hole, which was only a few rods from where we were getting out stone, buckwheat which he had stolen from a near field. But as our work progressed and the racket and uproar increased, the chipmunk became alarmed. He ceased carrying in, and after much hesitating and darting about, and some prolonged absences, he began to carry out; he had determined to move; if the mountain fell, he, at least, would be away in time. So by mouthfulls, or cheekfulls, the grain was transferred to a new place. He did not make a "bee" to get it done, but carried it all himself, occupying several days, and making a trip about every ten minutes.

The red and gray squirrels do not lay by winter stores; their cheeks are made without pockets and whatever they transport is carried in the teeth. They are more or less active all winter, but October and November are their festal months. Invade some butternut or hickory-nut grove on a frosty October morning, and hear the red squirrel beat the "juba" on a horizontal branch. It is a most lively jig, what the boys call a "regular break-down," interspersed with squeals and snickers and derisive laughter. The most noticeable peculiarity about the vocal part of it is the fact that it is a kind of duet. In other words, by some ventriloquial trick he appears to accompany himself, as if his voice split up, a part forming a low guttural sound, and a part a shrill nasal sound.

The distant bark of the more wary gray squirrel may be heard about the same time. There is a teasing and ironical tone in it

also, but the gray squirrel is not the partner of the red is.

Insects also go into winter quarters by before this time; the bumble-bee, hornet and wasp. But here only royalty escapes; the queen-mother alone foresees the night of winter coming and the morning of spring beyond. The rest of the tribe try gypsying for a while but perish in the first frosts. The present October, I surprised the queen of the yellow jackets in the woods looking out a suitable retreat. The royal dame was house-hunting, and on being disturbed by my inquisitive poking among the leaves, she got up and flew away with a slow, deep hum. Her body was unusually distended, whether with fat or eggs I am unable to say. In September, I took down the nest of the black hornet and found several large queens in it, but the workers had all gone. The queens were evidently weathering the first frosts and storing here, and waiting for the Indian summer to go forth and seek a permanent winter abode. If the covers could be taken off the field and woods at this season, how many interesting facts of natural history would be revealed! The crickets, ants, bees, reptiles, animals, and for aught I know, the spiders and flies, asleep or getting ready to sleep in their winter dormitories; the fires of life banked up and burning just enough to keep the spark over till spring.

The fish all run down the stream in the fall except the trout; it runs up or stays in place and spawns in November, the male becoming as brilliantly tinted as the deepest dyed maple leaf. I have often wondered why the trout spawns in the fall instead of in the spring, like other fish. Is it not because a fine supply of clear spring water can be counted on at that season more than at any other? The brooks are not so liable to be suddenly muddied by heavy showers and defiled with the washings of the roads and fields as they are in spring and summer. The artificial breeder finds that absolute purity of water is necessary to hatch the spawn; and that shade and a low temperature are indispensable.

Our northern November day itself is like spring water. It is melted frost, dissolved