“Many tracks of partridges there along the meadowside in the maples -and their droppings where they appear to have spent the night about the roots & between the stems of the trees- I think they eat the buds of the azalea-& now with a mew preluding a whirr they go off before me - Coming up I follow her tracks to where she eased herself for lightness-& immediately after are 5 or 6 parallel cuts in the snow where her wing struck when she lifted herself from the ground. -but no trace more.”