

note pee-wee, sometimes long drawn out, and then changing into a little tremulous murmuring twitter, as flying down from its perch on the house-top, or the gable of some old barn, it snaps up a passing insect, yet few sounds of bird life are pleasanter to the lover of nature, for it is suggestive of warmth and sunshine, of coming blossoms and green leaves, the waking up of insect life, and all the gladness and freshness of spring. What should render this fly-catcher a special favourite with us, is the tameness and familiarity with which it harbours about our dwellings, and its attachment to the same spot, wherein to build its nest, year after year—it may be under the eaves of the barn or stable, or as if boldly claiming our protection, it will attach its fabric of mud and moss, and fine grasses to some convenient ledge under the roof of our verandahs, where its proceedings may be watched, day by day, by all the inmates of the house.

Some years ago, a pair of Pee-wee Fly-catchers built their nest on a ledge just over the inside of the door of an out-building attached to my own residence, through which servants and children were constantly passing in and out.

I did not allow them to be disturbed, and for three years, they regularly, as the season came round, repaired their old nest, laid their eggs, and brought out their young. Unluckily, the fourth spring I was away from home, and a new housemaid had also been installed, who knew not the traditions of the place, and had small respect "for them dirty birds that made such a mess, plastering the door sill all over with mud and moss." So in my absence, the broom had come into requisition, the unlucky Pee-wee's nest was destroyed, and whether it was that their faith in my hospitality had been so outraged, that they would not trust themselves under my protection again, I know not, but although, by my orders, both door and window were left temptingly open the following spring, they never rebuilt their nest again in the old spot.

The Pee-wee generally has some favourite stand, the top of a fence stake, the corner of a roof, or even the top of a tall mullien plant, from which it sweeps off in all directions in pursuit of its insect food. Its flight, which at other

times is slow and fluttering, is sufficiently rapid when in pursuit of its prey. When it alights, it shakes its wings with a tremulous motion, erects its crest, and jerks its tail upwards, as if by a spring. The same curious vibratory motion of the tail, constantly accompanies the utterance of its plaintive note.

The plumage of the Pee-wee fly catcher, is a dull olive on the upper part of the body, the head much darker, the wings and tail dusky brown, throat and breast dull grey, lower parts yellowish white. The nest of this species is composed on the outside, of mud with grasses and mosses of various kinds firmly bedded in it, while the interior, is delicately lined with the finest grass, shreds of wool, horsehair, and sometimes a few feathers.

The Hedge or Tree-Sparrow, (*Fingilla Canadensis*,) is another bird which arrives here this month, although in very mild open seasons, little companies of them may occasionally be met with all through the winter. It is a pretty elegant little bird, and is easily recognised by its bright chesnut crown, and the delicate ashen grey of the throat and breast.

It has a low but sweet song in the spring; at other times, and particularly when suddenly disturbed, it utters a short sharp twittering "chip," "chip," very like the note of the Chipping Sparrow.

The Chipping Sparrow, (*Fingilla Socialis*), well merits its epithet of "Socialis," for it is one of the tamest and most sociable of our feathered friends, and under the name of "grey bird," is known to almost every child in the country. It never, like the tree sparrow, remains with us during any portion of the winter, but as soon as the cold days of autumn set in, it betakes itself to the milder climate of the middle and Southern States of America. We then see no more of our little friend, until on some warm pleasant April morning, we once more hear the familiar "chip," "chip," "chip," and if we look for the bird, we shall find him perched on the top of some low tree or bush, emitting in rapid succession its chipping note, as if determined to make up in quantity what is wanting in quality.

In plumage, it very closely resembles the Tree Sparrow—there is the same bright chesnut sp-