

ally, but in the cavity laid horizontally. Many were as much as five-eighths of an inch in diameter, but probably increased by their coating of lime precipitate. What had the appearance of moss was laid around the edges. The eggs, also petrified, lay near the centre of the nest, the larger end of one adjacent to the smaller end of the other. The external dimensions of the nest are 5 x 5 inches, the cavity being $3\frac{1}{2} \times 3$; the eggs both in size and appearance resembling a chaparral cock's. The whole weighed about two pounds, all the interstices between the sticks having been filled with the carbonate, welding them into a homogeneous stony mass. As a whole, it greatly resembled the lava-like formation of stalactites generally. The species is unknown but the doctor thinks it belongs to a Pewee, the eggs being abnormally enlarged by the lime formation, as also the straws, which have the appearance of sticks.—G. S. Smith, London, Ont.

Correspondence.

BIRD NOTES.

To the Editor of THE CANADIAN SPORTSMAN AND NATURALIST.

DEAR SIR,—As previously intimated, the Messina Quail, imported by Col. W. Rhodes, of Benmore House, wintered at his request, in my aviary, were let loose at Spencer Grange this spring. The event took place on the 20th May inst.—Buckwheat their favorite food was strewn in the woods and the birds cast out free. You may also be pleased to learn that Col. Rhodes, who returned home per "*Circassian*" on the 17th inst., brought out to Quebec, another supply of Sicilian Quail, close on one hundred, all of which he turned loose the next day, at Sillery, towards the Gomin Wood, in rear of Benmore House. The experiment was unavoidably made late, on account of the backwardness of spring. In ordinary seasons, it might take place on the 1st May, so as to give the birds a chance to nest early and have their young full fledged, healthy and strong in September following. I hope yet to hear that some of your public spirited Montreal sportsmen and well-to-do citizens will try similar experiments in the wooded and sheltered declivities of Mount Royal, whose southern aspect seems most favorable for this purpose. Let us now mark

results of this spring's operations. As a former resident of Quebec, you must be well acquainted with the dates and particulars of the spring migration of our Canadian birds, especially that of the Robin (*Thrus migratorius*), on his way to the ice-bound regions of Hudson Bay, where Sir. John Richardson, during the leafy months met the Robin in such numbers. The spring and fall migration of birds has ever been shrouded in mystery and the Robins are no exception to the rule. For the last twenty-two years, which I have spent at Spencer Grange, (as you know,) is the smaller half of Spencer Wood proper, the spring migration in the early days of May has been uniform and regular. It was difficult to ignore even in a parliamentary or Pickwickian sense the presence and loud warblings of the two hundred feathered musicians, who on some occasions have, undisturbed, elected domicile here in May, for two weeks on a stretch. Night and morning, these *virtuosos* poured forth floods of wild minstrelsy, in such defiant, loud, merry, lawless tones that one might have been tempted to believe the place belonged to them—possibly as Irish tenants of the land. The programme ran thus—at 6 a.m., a bath in the *Belle Borne* Brook; at 8 a.m., the morning hymn or performance; on the rising of the curtain, a grand rehearsal: the execution, superb, highly artistic—shall I say, æsthetic. Then, a full stop—a break in the song—a rush, an invasion *en masse* of the moist meadow adjoining the lofty pine, ash, and maple trees which girdle the grounds. A few pair of Robins would cross over to lunch at Woodfield, on caterpillars, earth worms, &c. Some jaunty bachelors whisking their tails and wings, accompanied by sprightly or demure, love-sick lady-birds, lighted under the groves of Spencer Wood, to gossip, frisk and flirt on the grassy margin of the historic *ruisseau Saint Denis*, where more than a century ago, the valiant Wolfe climbed to conquer or die: the bulk of the orchestra, possibly, accompanied by the *Impressario*, loved to linger the livelong day, under the leafy domes of Spencer Grange, within reach of their bathing ground—the *Belle Borne* Brook. Such the usual accompaniments of the annual northern migration of the Robin. Nothing of the kind this spring. The only Robins, a few pair probably hatched on the place—brought back by the bump of locality or memory of places. No spring wave of emigrants this season to the north—our way;—another route through