

From "Notes" in Journal of Hamilton Association, 1899.

"A similar going off, as to the abrupt manner of it, was recorded of a pet bittern that a Burford farmer of our acquaintance once tamed so as to associate in his poultry flock, and which would even walk into his kitchen and seize food from the dishes on the table if permitted. As the autumn came on no apprehensions were felt as to the pet proving a deserter from the seeming contentment and fraternization in the poultry yard; but one fine Indian summer-like afternoon, late in the month of October, *botaurus lentiginosus* being in the farm house, and the human inmates seated around, the door being wide open, suddenly seemed to hear a call none else could hear, and with a weird scream ran out of doors into mid-garden, soon taking a high circling flight skyward, and presently getting his instinctive bearings steered off south-westwards, was soon a vanishing speck on the sky, and from that hour to this was seen and heard of no more by Burfordites."

Onward! Onward! seemed the determined purpose and vocal burden. [*Spring migrations of birds.*]