

They stayed only about an hour in the morning, and were too shy to allow him to approach within gunshot.

The district where these birds breed is unknown. Bechstein says that it does not build in Germany when wild, but within the Arctic Circle.

Bonaparte gives a very amiable character of the European Wax-Wing in a state of nature, attributing to them a particular sentiment of benevolence, even independent of reciprocal sexual attraction. "Not only," says the Prince, "do the male and female caress and feed each other, but the same proofs of mutual kindness have been observed between individuals of the same sex." Speaking of their habits he says, "They always alight on trees, hopping awkwardly on the ground. Their flight is very rapid: when taking wing they utter a note resembling the syllables *zi, zi, ri*, but are generally silent notwithstanding the name that has been given them." Bechstein says, "When wild we see it in the spring eating, like thrushes, all sorts of flies and other insects; in autumn and winter, different kinds of berries; and in time of need, the buds and sprouts of the beech, maple, and various fruit-trees." Willoughby states that it feeds upon fruit, especially grapes, of which it is very greedy. "Wherefore it seems to me," he adds, "not without reason, to be called by that name *Ampelis*." Bonaparte makes their food to consist of different kinds of juicy berries, or of insects, observing that they are fond of the berries of the mountain-ash and *Phytolacca*, and that they are extremely greedy of grapes, and also, though in a less degree, of Juniper and laurel-berries, apples, currants, figs, and other fruits. He adds that they drink often, dipping their bills repeatedly.

In captivity its qualities do not appear to be very attractive, according to Bechstein, who says that nothing but its beauty and scarcity can render the possession of it desirable, for that it is a stupid and lazy bird. Indeed he draws such a picture of its greediness and dirty habits, that, if it be not overcharged, few we should think would wish to have it as an inmate. Leaving out the more unpleasant parts of his description, we take the following extract from his 'Cage Birds':—"During the ten or twelve years that it can exist in confinement, and on very meagre food, it does nothing but eat and repose for digestion. If hunger induces it to move, its step is awkward, and its jumps so clumsy as to be disagreeable to the eye. Its song consists only of weak and uncertain whistling, a little resembling the thrush, but not so