

The Rockwood Review.

constant singer, and may be heard every hour through the heat of the day; his notes are rich if not varied, or of any great extent of scale, and toward evening his more secular or domestic notes of "Chip, churr, chip, churr," may be heard as he holds converse with his "better half," as the two confer near the nesting place, as to the welfare and prospects of their half feathered progeny. The anthems that the male bird pours forth so continuously from the tree tops through the long sunshiny hours, signify jubilation and contentment with the ornithic surroundings. The "chip churring" colloquies in the mornings and evenings, seem to have reference to the more prosy domestic affairs of food supplies, and the general welfare of the "rising generation" of Tanagers. One of our acquaintances found a Tanager's nest in a hole that had been excavated twenty-five feet high in a large half decayed tree, the young ones when about half fledged were taken from the nest and placed in a cage, and were taken to the man's home and regularly fed, and soon seemed quite contented with the care and food provided for them, but for some reason or other the foster owner thought best to replace the young, but now full fledged birds, back in their original nest place, and on his visiting the locality several days after the birds restoration to liberty, was somewhat embarrassed by the young Tanagers familiar approaches, four or five of them clustering on his arm, and with open beaks, and much fluttering, solicited to be fed according to well remembered custom; the birds were however left to their fate, and nothing was learned as to their subsequent history.

Another Tanager incident may perhaps be worth noting here. A taxidermist that we knew went out

to shoot birds to place in his collection case, and fired at a Tanager as it sang aloft in the foliage. The bird fell to the ground among the undergrowth, but could not be found by the disappointed gunner, but on the day following a man who happened that way in search of straying bovines, picked up the crippled red bird, which was struggling along on the ground and having a troublous time with a broken wing. The finder carried the bird carefully to his home, and put the pretty object in a cage, provided with suitable food etceteras. The wound in the wing soon healed, and the bird soon became reconciled to its condition, and at times, sang as if at the height of enjoyment, and became an object of interest and curiosity to many in the neighborhood. But the man went ultimately to a distant county to live, taking his pet singer with his other domestic belongings, and its after career is now untraceable.

It is well known by bird fanciers that the Tanagers soon become reconciled to cage captivity, if carefully tended, but it is found difficult or impossible to preserve that gloss and brilliancy of plumage, that is natural to them in their woodland home. A bird fancier that we knew in these parts, kept several Tanagers for years, that sang cheerfully in their artificial surroundings, but after their first moult in the cage, their plumage became, to use the words of their caretaker, of "a confirmed bronze color."

One of my acquaintances who has paid some attention to bird singing, suggests that the Tanagers "Roundelays" that are poured forth from the tree tops, (the singer changing his attitude frequently, so as to cause glistening reflections of the slanting sun's rays for a grand spectacular effect), are intended as "Te deums": the "chip churring" is mere "tete a tete" talk, and is