

The Rockwood Review.

heard, where twenty-five years ago it was one of the most common morning and evening festivals. And it seems safe to make the prophecy that in twenty or thirty years more this species of bird music will be hereabout a matter of history or a theme of tradition. As the bird's name truthfully indicates, its presence is noted only in secluded shades of the forest, and when the ruthless axe of the woodman, and the mission of the land drainer, have accomplished their purpose, the voice of "the swamp angel" will have to be sought for elsewhere.

A number of pleasing phenomena that were once justly accounted adornments of the landscape, have now no existence except in the recess of memory among the early settlers in the backwoods. On an elevated "brae" or ridge of land, about a mile south-westward from the spot of the present writing, there was wont to be much fascination in looking at the illuminated peaks of a grove of lofty pine trees, as the first rays of the sun just after day dawn, glistened through the dark foliage of the tall monarchs, whose abiding place must have for four or five centuries been the aforesaid swell of land. The lofty summits of this extensive community of conifers, towered far above the general level of the groves of maple and other deciduous trees that intervened between the standpoint of the eastern observer and the graceful outlining of the horizon; and the annihilation of that romantic experience by the exigencies of the saw mill owners, has oftentimes been referred to by present residents of the locality in words of sincere regret,—but "a scene of beauty is an enduring joy." The sun shone on the pine tops for a number of moments ere the lower levels of hardwood timber had been illumined.—W. YATES.

AN EGG WITH A RECORD.

LAI'D BY A BRUNNICH'S MURRE IN
PELHAM BAY PARK.

When, on rare occasion, a bird wandering from the regions of the frozen zone into warmer climes builds a nest and lays an egg in our latitudes it is, perhaps, worthy of record.

The Brunnich murre is an Arctic seabird, belonging to a certain family known to science as the alcidæ or "auk family" (including auks, murre, puffins, guillemots, ect.), and is somewhat clumsy in build, has rather a large head, and legs placed far back, with only three toes. It has been known for a long time as an "irregular visitant," or one of many birds that spend the summer north of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, only visiting this region during the coldest part of the winter, migrating southward along the American coasts sometimes as far as South Carolina, driven by the fury of the storm. After the blizzard of 1888 numbers of these birds were shot as far inland as Ohio, Illinois, Wisconsin and other central States; but as a rule they are found only on the islands of the Maine coast, and rarely in the vicinity of New York.

Pelham Bay Park, through which the northern line of New York city passes, is about three miles south of the town of New-Rochelle, on Long Island Sound. It was in 1897 that the writer chanced to be on the western end of this island, and, finding a few arrow heads in the small sandy beach, shouted to a friend, who was a little way behind.

At the sound of his voice a bird rose from some rocks near by, and half flew and half fluttered to the water, where it instantly dove out of sight. Thinking it was a wild duck, the visitor went to the spot from where it had flown, and was astonished to find at his feet, lying upon a bunch of coarse straw and seaweed, a large bird's egg, slightly warm, long and pointed in shape, light blue in color.