

about nine inches in length, and is less conspicuous from plumage having a dull lead color, with wings so dark brown as to appear like a dirty black. The Cat Bird arrives about the middle of May, and generally remains near settlements, apparently delighted in the protection afforded by the near neighborhood of man, although coy and shy enough in his presence. The nest is a funny collection of all the odds and ends in the vicinity, although finished with workmanlike skill, and cleverly lined with fine grass or hair. I have seen old rags, bits of string, pieces of newspapers, and rope's end, worked up with sticks, grass and strips of bark in one of these constructions. The eggs are four and sometimes five in number, of a deep bright green color, and more ovate in form than those of the Robin. The Cat Bird, if not a sweet singer, is at least a noisy one, and is especially busy in early morning and evening. His imitative powers are really great, and it is difficult to detect the difference between his assumed notes and those of the bird for the moment represented. He is especially at home in imitation of the Robin, and I have seen a Cat Bird sufficiently ambitious to attempt the song of tame Canaries hung in a garden, and near whose cage he perched himself, but I am in honor bound to confess, although I do it somewhat reluctantly, that his effort in that direction was a signal failure. His plaintive cry, so like the mew of a cat as to give him his name, is peculiarly his own, and has deceived thousands into the belief that the sounds proceeded from an unfortunate pussy in a despondent state of mind. You may often hear it when walking in the woods, and approaching the vicinity of the Cat Bird's nest. It may be used, and I believe that it is, for the purpose of distracting the intention of the intruder and generally succeeds in that object, unless you are acquainted with the

habits of the bird. I have known two broods to be raised in one season, and this is the rule, I think, but Cat Birds are, nevertheless, not nearly so numerous as Robins. Early in October the Cat Bird goes south, where he spends his winters.—The sweetest singer of the Thrush family is *Turdus melodus*, the Song Thrush, which arrives in Canada shortly before the Queen's Birthday in favorable seasons, and speedily builds a nest in some low bush in the deep woods, in which four light-blue eggs are deposited. A little over eight inches in length, the Song Thrush is in color a light cinnamon brown, slightly leaning to red on the top of the head, and white, tinged with brown, on the under parts. He sings at early dawn and early twilight, and continues his song with energy on dull days preceding storms of rain. He is generally found near running water, and in the shelter of the thick bush. He may often be seen in our Cascade Woods, and adds much to the attractiveness of a walk through their welcome shades. He leaves us for the south in October, taking his departure before the Robins. Another well-known singer is *Turdus solitarius*, the Hermit Thrush, sometimes called the Swamp Robin, whose habits and general appearance are so similar to those of the bird just described, that they are frequently mistaken for each other. It nests in bushes or upon the ground, the eggs being blue in color and unspotted. The Olive-backed Thrush is another member of this family not frequently seen here, and, as its name implies, is of an olive brown color, with a decided shade of green. Its eggs differ from those of the Hermit Thrush, being of a greenish blue, and slightly spotted with dots and blotches of reddish brown. It prefers the uplands to the swamps, and is a great insect feeder. I now come to the best known of our Thrushes, and the last to which I shall call your attention, our old and valuable friend, *Turdus migratorius*, the