

been so entirely unsatisfactory. The simple fact is, he should not be called either—because he is not either. The controversy has had just as much point as would a discussion of the question as to whether man should be called an ape or a baboon. He should not be called either, because he is neither.

Then what shall we call our *Ortyx*? The term Bob White has been proposed for him, and is occasionally used, but it is not euphonic, and does not seem to meet with favor. Although it is not inappropriate as applied to him, it will not suit his cousins. It would be manifestly improper to say California Bob White, the Mountain Bob White, etc. Their voices would belie the name. But the name recommended by your committee last year is not liable to any of these objections. It is euphonic, it is short, easily written and easily spoken, is appropriate to all our American birds, of what has been called the quail genus. It sounds well, and is appropriate to say the Virginia colin, the California colin, the Mountain colin, the Massena colin, etc. Then again the name *Colin* has the right of priority. It was used in probably the earliest description of our bird. It is given in both Webster's and Worcester's unabridged dictionaries as the name of our bird. Also in Chamber's Encyclopedia, and in Henry Thornton Wharton's List of British Birds, which is authoritative, we find *Ortyx Virginianus*—Virginia colin;” also in Col. Montague's Ornithological Dictionary. It seems quite important that undisputed names should be adopted for all our game, so that when they are named in our laws there will be no ambiguity about the meaning of those laws. We therefore respectfully recommend the adoption of *Colin* as the vernacular or common name of *Ortyx Virginianus*.

Marked * Ontario † Quebec ‡ Quebec and Ontario.

Correspondence.

ROBINS AGAIN.

To the Editor of THE CANADIAN SPORTSMAN AND NATURALIST:—

MR. EDITOR.—In your last issue, I was surprised at the comments of the Rev. Mr. Clementi, and am sorry to see such ignorance exhibited by him, and “Hammerless Greener.” The best answer to give these gentlemen, is that I allow their letters to be their own condemnation. You justly observe that there is no specific connection between the English

Robin red-breast and the American Fieldfare, or Migratory Thrush, which last had been erroneously nick-named “robin,” by the Pilgrim Fathers more for a joke than a reality. The English red-breast is not much larger than a Titmouse (*Parus atricapillus*) the former having longer legs, and it is of an olive green on the back, with a brick red breast, and its eye is black, with a beautiful soft and gentle expression, that has a charm in itself. There is no “blood color” about it. The American Fieldfare arrives in Canada as the snow melts, and at this date, 1st Oct., they are migrating south. I have read many traditions, concocted by pious frauds, but until otherwise satisfactorily demonstrated, I shall consider the miracle of “picking thorns” emanating from the brain of Mr. Clementi. The American Fieldfare is not “God's bird,” and has nothing to do with it. It would indeed be the height of cruelty, or more properly inhumanity, deliberately to shoot an English robin, which, in gentle confidence, hops around the door steps alike of rich and poor. When a boy, in Europe, my father and uncle always took me and my brother in Christmas week, to shoot Blackbirds, Fieldfare, Larks and such small game, to make a large pie for New Year's day. Now, as a recollection of past days, let me say, that this pie was baked in a huge round dish, twenty inches across the bottom and eight or nine deep. At the bottom was placed a hare or pair of rabbits, then, four pheasants, and four partridges and the rest of the space filled in with small birds. With boyish pride, we recounted how many splendid shots we had made at sitting birds; that such a Blackbird was killed at 50 or 60 yards, and so on. But Fieldfares and Larks were our staple game. Then, all the young folks of the neighbouring gentry were invited for the New Year's pie, and I assure you, it was discussed as little ladies and gentlemen, of from eight to fourteen could, and we did it justly. I will never forget that on one occasion I fired at a flock of sparrows and other small birds, in the barn yard, and killed about a dozen. My uncle helped me to pick up the wounded, and found a red-breast I had unfortunately killed with the rest. He would accept no excuse for such a crime. No pleading, I did not see it, or I would not have fired. The poor robin was killed. That was enough. I got my ears well cuffed, and was sent to the library for the rest of the day, for my careless conduct, and he ordered me to learn the first ten lines of Sallust by rote, beginning with “*Omnes Animalia*,” and I had