

The Rockwood Review.

LETTERS.

BIRD NOTES.

DEAR EDITORS:

My brother James, who was a good observer, and enjoyed rare opportunities, through many years employment in the primeval woods, used to think that in reality we had only one species of Tanager, and that the often talked of summer Red Bird was only a variety, as he believed the female birds of the so termed 2nd species were at a short distance indistinguishable, and when the male birds were in flight the black color of wings and tail of "Pirangua Erythromela" were scarcely noticeable. The latter named is a true sylvan habitant, and is rarely seen except on its first arrival here in the spring, out in open clearings. I think they only rear one brood in the season, and their nest is on some of the big tree branch bifurcations, and generally amid dense foliage, but the Tanager's song is frequently to be heard in the woods, after a majority of the other bush choristers have become silent.

The Wood Thrushes are rarely heard after the beginning of July, and the Green Warbler or the red-eyed Vireo are often towards the last the Tanagers sole companions. The Bobolinks cease singing as soon as their young take wing, which is about the same time as the young Orioles. The Bobolinks may now be seen here any day in the margin of our oat fields, accompanied by their sombre colored progeny. They leave for this season early in August, or as soon as the oat grains have become ripe and hard, but scarcely a note has been heard from them since the 1st of the current month. My son passed a whole family of the Bobolink last Thursday, they came out of the growing oats, and alighted on the rail fence, with fretful chirps

of alarm, caused by the presence and movements of the attendant dog (Nipper).

The only reason I can suggest for the flitting of the Brown Thrasher from these parts is the peculiar local characteristics. A few miles from here to the south and south-west the country is more undulating, and there is a greater variety of scrub timber, such as pine, young oaks and chestnut, on the hills and in the nullahs or gullies. I have an acquaintance who a short time ago was plowing in the region just referred to, and near to one of the newly turned furrows was a small half decayed pine stump, at the base of which was a Brown Thrush sitting on a nest containing four eggs. As the stump had to be extricated, the ploughman carefully moved the nest (in the bird's absence,) with a spade to one of the sheltered spots in a stump fence that was near at hand, and informed us that the parent birds acquiesced in the removal, and the incubation went on as if there had been no change, and the brood got successfully away. This is authentic.

I think there have been fewer Hermit Thrushes than usual this year, but Wilson's Thrushes and T. Aurocapillus, as well as the rose-breasted Grosbeak and Cuckoos, specially plentiful.

My son passed, as he was last week driving along the road with his team near here, a very fine blue plumaged Hawk, which he thought he could have easily shot, the same being noways shy. There can scarcely be a doubt that this was the "Goshawk," as one has occasionally seen visitors of this species in our fields, and threatening the capture of our poultry stragglers.

The harvest time is a very busy one to land tillers, and I have not been many roods from home since the Stratford journey, but I intend to ask Mr. Eggman for one of his