

Hawk," *Falco sparverius*. Although I had during the summer found this in fair abundance in the woods and among the trees growing on the sand-hills (where it breeds in the deserted holes of the Golden-winged Woodpecker), it became far more abundant round Carberry on September 7th, and on that day alone I saw more than during the whole of the rest of the time I was in the country. All day long they were round the house, sitting tamely on fence-posts and buildings, and often chattering like their European brothers. At one spot about a mile from the town, where there was a cluster of trees, I found what I can scarcely call by any other name than a *flock* of them, as from twenty-five to thirty remained there the whole day. For several days after the 7th they were fairly numerous, but all disappeared about the middle of the month. The few that were shot had been feeding on grasshoppers only, and on one occasion I watched through a telescope a bird that was catching grasshoppers among some potatoes.

A most comical affair happened one day in connection with three Goshawks. A friend of mine had shot a Harrier, and left it near his house. Some time after, as some chickens were feeding on the maggots in the body, three Goshawks appeared on the scene quickly swooped at the birds, to all appearance carrying one off to a neighboring field. Mr. Seton, who followed to avenge the death of this supposed hen, soon shot two of the Goshawks, when he found that, instead of carrying off a hen, they had possessed themselves by mistake of the putrid and dried-up body of the Harrier!

Numerous as were many of the larger Hawks at this time, I was told that they were far more so at the time of the spring migration northwards; so it appears probable that for some reason they follow different routes upon the two journeys, as is often observed in England. The same remark probably applies to the Whooping Crane, *Grus americana*, for, although in the autumn I did not see one, it is said to be common in spring-time.