

petent authorities equal to any part of the world, abounding as it does in iron, copper, lead, gold, silver, marble, petroleum, salt, &c., &c. Its immense forests of pine timber are too well known to need any description. The great lakes abound with fish, and the forests with game.

ORNITHOLOGICAL NOTES FOR AUGUST AND SEPTEMBER.

There are few or no fresh arrivals during the month of August, and many of our Spring and early Summer visitors have either left us, or become so silent, that their presence is comparatively little noticed. The Song Sparrow however, still favours us with an occasional note, and in our gardens and orchards, troops of young Robins, in company with their parents, are sitting about, piping and chattering merrily over some captured grub or caterpillar, or a more dainty morsel in the shape of raspberry or currant.

Little companies of Blue Birds, too, are now very numerous, the plumage of the young ones looking very sober in comparison with the lovely hues of the older birds. The Goldfinches are perhaps more conspicuous amongst our feathered friends, in this than in any other month. We can scarcely walk along a country lane, without catching a glimpse of the bright golden livery of the male bird, busily engaged perhaps, tearing the seeds from some ripe thistle blossom, while his more sober-coloured partner, and two or three young ones, are intent upon the same useful labour, of destroying the germs of these noxious weeds. They are very fond also of the seed of the sunflower, and, later in the season, little flocks of these birds may be seen collected on the plants, clinging, head downwards, to the heavy drooping flower-heads, and shelling the ripe oily seeds with great address and dexterity.

The shrill cry of the King Bird is still heard, as he sallies forth from his post on the topmost branch of an apple tree, or the gable of some outbuilding, to capture a passing insect, or to give chase to a vagrant crow. The little house Wren, too, has brought out a second brood, and is as noisy and garrulous as ever, and mingling with the unceasing hum of the insect world, the chirruping of Grasshoppers, and the shrill cry of the Cicada, may be heard from early dawn till late at night, the plaintive

querulous Pee-wee Peto-way-pee-wee of the Wood Pewee. (*Contopus Virens*).

This bird comes to us in June, but its presence is more observed, and its note strikes more frequently on the ear at this season, when other birds are comparatively silent. Especially during the warm evenings of this month, it keeps up a perpetual wailing cry, only interrupted by the snapping of its bill, as it captures a moth or fly, and succeeded at the moment of alighting by a low tremulous twitter. The nest of this Pee-wee is generally placed upon the horizontal branch of some moss-grown tree, and is so shallow, and so incorporated with the branch by the lichens forming its outer coat, as to be very easily overlooked. The lichens are glued together apparently, by the saliva of the bird, and are neatly lined with very fine grasses, the bark of vines, and now and then a few horse hairs. The eggs are four or five in number, of a yellowish cream colour, dotted and blotched with brownish red at the larger end. The plumage of this bird is a dusky brownish olive, over the whole of the upper parts, inclining to dark ash colour on the top of the head, which is slightly crested; sides of the head greenish olive; throat light ash colour; lower parts yellowish white; wings and tail dusky brown, secondaries and upper wing coverts edged with dirty white; bill, upper mandible black, lower mandible yellow.

Any one passing through the sandy tracts sometimes met with in Western Canada, where the original forest has been succeeded by a second growth of scrub oak and pine, cannot fail to hear the *Tow-vee Tow-vee* of that handsome bird, the Tow-vee Bunting. (*Pipilo Erythrophthalmus*). It passes much of its time in scratching up the withered leaves among the underbrush, in search of worms and larvæ, of which it is particularly fond, and the rustling noise which it makes, often betrays its presence to those familiar with its habits, before it is seen, or its note heard. It is found throughout the greater part of Canada, coming to us in June, and remaining until the end of September. Its favourite haunts are the dry barren tracts I have described, where during this month, it may be seen with its young, who leave the nest before they are able to fly, and follow the mother about