

vines, on the northwest corner of *Wildwood Farm*, a small bird flushed out from a thicket of vines within a few feet of where I was passing. A little research revealed a new-made nest, which I inferred belonged to a mourning warbler; though at the time I had got only a glimpse of the builder; yet, though all the members of this genus of the warbler family compose nests, and deposit eggs much alike, there is always some variation on the part of each species, by which the attentive student of bird architecture can distinguish the owner, even in most cases without seeing the bird, much less without resorting to the crime of murdering the mother, and in this section of country I know of no other member of the family except the Maryland yellow-throat that nests in a similar manner and situation; and even between these near relatives there is a distinguishing difference which will be noted hereafter. This nest was not sunk in the soil, nor yet in the herbage in which the builder evidently desired to conceal it; but its foundation rested on some dry vine stalks elevated a few inches above the ground; and the first strata was formed of dry leaves and vine stalks placed loosely over each other, and not pressed down in the centre, as is the manner of the *Marylander*. On the top of this mass of dead leaves and stalks, and partly supported by the growing vines, the nest proper was placed. This was quite compactly put together, as though the materials were damp with rain, or the morning dew; when used by the builder, and may have been further moistened by the saliva of the bird when engaged in placing the particles together. The materials used were mostly dry leaves, fine fibres of vine stalks, rootlets, and some cattle hair. The inside was about two inches in diameter, by one and a half deep, the top of the nest was quite open, there being no artificial attempt at concealment, as is the habit of the Maryland yellow-throat. Six days after, I revisited this nest, the mother bird was at home and on flushing she did not rise on the wing, but ran off among the herbage in a mouse-like manner, for about 20 feet, when she rose and took a position on the top of a log, about two feet off the ground, and here she remained about a minute, twitching her wings and tail, a peculiarity of this species when excited. She flew off and disappeared in some underwood; but on neither occasion did she utter a note that I could hear, but there was no doubt of her