

THE BANK SWALLOW.—As a bird of Lorain Co., Ohio, the Bank Swallow has been considered common in summer, breeding in small numbers in suitable places. The larger number have been found nesting in the clay banks fronting on Lake Erie, but even here occurring in colonies of scarcely a dozen pairs. But this season there is a colony of about five hundred pairs nesting in a clay bank, the top of which is scarcely above the storm-wave mark. This colony is but a short distance from the banks where a few pairs of Swallows have nested every year. The nest cavities lie along the face of the bank from one to ten feet below the top of the bank, and are so numerous in places that the partitions of earth between them have fallen out, leaving one large cavity. The perpendicular face of the bank is worn smooth by the feet and wings of the birds as they alight.—LYNDS JONES, *Oberlin, Ohio.*

NOTES FROM PENNSYLVANIA.—This winter a flock of Pine Grosbeaks have been in our woods. I saw them first December 7, but think they had been here a month before that, as I recognized their note as one heard before but not identified. They are still here (April 8), as yesterday two females were near my door on the ground eating dry dead leaves. I find they are walkers, though they hop sometimes as well. When first seen I could find none among them in full male plumage, but many with patches of pinkish-red in all sorts of variations; but about March 1st I saw three males in full dress. Several times I have heard their song, delivered from the top of a tall tree, where the singer remained a long time repeating his delightful notes, but always as if *whispered*, low, under the breath, we should say, if it were a person singing. The song has much in common with that of the Purple Finch. I have heard other birds whisper their songs (if that is the proper way to express my meaning)—the Robin and Wood Thrush. Once a Wood Thrush sang three days near our house, and his voice sounded hoarse, as if he had such a cold he could not bring out the notes as he wished to, and it seemed to trouble him very much. There had been severe, long continued storms, and I dare say he had a cold. Another time, early in the Spring, a Robin always missed one note in his song, and that appeared to come from a huskiness in his throat. It was always the same note that failed to materialize. In the same way a White-crowned Sparrow, one spring during his call upon us, always skipped one note in his song. The same note each time and an interval left for that note. I heard this three days in succession. Once I saw two White-crowned Sparrows sing a duet. They were taking their breakfast from the lawn and not more than a yard