

SOME WESTERN HORIZONS. III.

It is hard to realize that so complete a change in avifauna could take place between Julesburg, Colorado, and Green River, Wyoming. To be sure we had passed over "the mountains" during the night of May 17th. But if we were inclined to be disappointed at having missed the mountains we had our compensations—there were no mountains there. The gentle swell of land which represents the Rockies in Wyoming, along the Union Pacific tracks, is almost a dead level and practically barren. Along some stretches the land is absolutely destitute of vegetation, while the rest boasts only stunted sage. As we neared Green River the landscape broke up a little and we began to traverse little valleys of denudation in the deposits of the old Eocene lakes. At Green River station the erosion reaches its maximum development and "The Buttes," rising some 500 feet above the town, are really quite impressive phenomena. The "Green" River is brown and its branches are browner. Scarcely a bud had started and two days of our three day stay were practically nullified by the searching north wind which prevailed, bearing with it occasional skiffs of snow.

A chilly sortie was made into the stunted brush lying at the south edge of the town, and here most of the records were made.

THE GREEN RIVER HORIZON.

Spotted Sandpiper.	Bank Swallow.
Mourning Dove.	Yellow Warbler.
Desert Sparrow Hawk.	Audubon's Warbler.
Lewis' Woodpecker.	Western Yellow-throat.
Say's Pewee.	Long-tailed Chat.
Western Meadowlark.	Catbird.
Brewer's Blackbird.	Rock Wren.
Western Lark Sparrow.	Russet-backed Thrush.
Western Chipping Sparrow.	Western Robin.
Mountain Song Sparrow.	Mountain Bluebird.
Violet-green Swallow.	

The next stop was made at Fossil, Wyoming. Here, also our foremost thought was of ancient fish, the birds were not neglected. Fossil itself is the merest hamlet drearily situated near the union of Twin

Creek in a high valley of Western Wyoming. Patches of unmelted snow still dotted the valley and the surrounding hills. For the rest, the whole region had been closely cropped or "sheeped" by numerous flocks, and thus added desolation wrought in this already barren land.

During our stay the sun shone kindly and the birds made the most of the meager fare afforded by creek and cliff. The creek was nothing but a spring run of snow water, sparsely clad with dwarf willows. The most uninviting clumps of willows, however, sheltered many birds, mostly, no doubt, in transit. The cliffs, on the other hand, were an imposing sight and their population was of a substantial sort. Prairie Falcons screamed loftily and Buzzards and Eagles showed themselves on occasion, while Sparrow Hawks filled up the interstices of vision. Along their frowning fronts many birds of prey were nesting. A pair of Golden Eagles, in particular, had chosen for their eyrie a cranny in the very middle of the wildest of the fossil-bearing cliffs, at this point some 300 feet high. The nest was practically inaccessible even by rope, for the cliff is perpendicular and deeply fissured, while the flying buttresses thus formed are ready to collapse at a breath.

The Falcons, (*F. mexicanus*), who have a nest in the "next block," persecute the Eagles unmercifully, and apparently for mere pastime. I saw one of the Eagles launch out from his nest for a course across the valley. Soon a Falcon spied him and took after him, though the Eagle had a big lead. "A race!" I cried. Woof, woof, woof, went the Eagle's wings, clip, clip, clip went the falcon's. Inside of a mile the smaller bird made up the distance, scratched his majestie's crown with his noble toes, and was up in the ether a hundred feet or so before the Eagle could do a thing. This operation was repeated until the gentle pair was out of sight across the checkered hills, but a few minutes later the Falcon returned to his nest, chuckling hugely.

The Prairie Falcon's nest was a tempting morsel but just a wee bit gouty. I worked over the face of the cliff till I could touch the bunch of sticks which marked the entrance to the cranny, but could not trust the surrounding rocks enough to make the final rise.

The horizon given below was taken between May 21st at 9 A. M. and May 23rd at the same hour, 1899.

THE FOSSIL HORIZON.

Least Bittern.	Intermediate Sparrow.
Spotted Sandpiper.	Western Chipping Sparrow.
Mourning Dove.	Brewer's Sparrow.

Marsh Hawk.	Sage Sparrow. (?)
Ferruginous Rough-leg.	Mountain Song Sparrow.
Golden Eagle.	Cliff Swallow.
Prairie Falcon.	Barn Swallow.
Desert Sparrow Hawk.	Violet-green Swallow.
Red-shafted Flicker.	Yellow Warbler.
Say's Pewee.	Audubon's Warbler.
Western Flycatcher.	Sage Thrasher.
Cowbird.	Rock Wren.
Western Meadowlark.	Western Robin.
Brewer's Blackbird.	Mountain Bluebird.
Western Vesper Sparrow.	

REV. W. L. DAWSON, *Ahtanum, Wash.*

SOME FURTHER REMARKS UPON BACHMAN'S SPARROW
(*PEUCÆA ÆSTIVALIS BACHMANII*).
IN VIRGINIA.

In the first number of the present volume of the BULLETIN there is a short article relating to the occurrence of Bachman's Sparrow in Virginia. This article was based principally upon the specimens I took along Black-water creek, in Campbell county, Virginia, in May, 1897, when I found a pair nesting. These were the first birds of this species ever taken in Virginia. The only other northern record was the one taken by Mr. Figgins, which referred to a specimen taken in Maryland some years ago.

I now have the pleasure of recording the fact that the birds are even common in Albemarle county, Virginia. Several nests were found there by Mr. Barringer, who found the birds plentiful there in May and June. As this is a typical southern form it seems strange that it should go so far out of its usual habitat in Albemarle. Probably the species will be found abundant in many parts of the state if careful search is made. I think it will be found abundant both in Campbell and Albemarle counties.

JOHN W. DANIEL, JR., *Lynchburg, Va.*