

ing the note of the bull-frog, in these swamps, reminded me much of the twanging of a large Jew's harp.

From Acquia Creek, I went, by steamer, to Washington, and thence by railway through Philadelphia to the town of Burlington, in New Jersey, beautifully situated on the banks of the Delaware. Here I paid a short visit to my friend, Mr. William M'Ilvaine, and crossed the Delaware with him to Bristol, to renew my acquaintance with Mr. Vanuxem, a geologist of no ordinary merit. His death, which happened soon afterward, was a loss to the public as well as to many personal friends.

In Wilson's "Ornithology" it is stated, that the humming-bird migrates from the south to Pennsylvania the latter part of April, and builds its nest there about the middle of May. For the last thirty years, Mr. M'Ilvaine had never been disappointed in seeing it reach Burlington the first week of that month, generally about the middle of the week, its northward progress being apparently hastened or retarded by the mildness or inclemency of the season. They seem always to wait for the flowering of a species of horse-chestnut, called here the buck-eye, from a fancied likeness of its fruit to the eye of a deer. The bright-red blossoms of this tree supply the nourishment most attractive to these birds, whose arrival had been looked for the very day after I came. Strange to say, one of them, the avant-courier of the feathered host, actually appeared, and next morning, May 7th, hundreds were seen and heard flitting and humming over the trees. A lady sent us word that a straggler from the camp was imprisoned in her greenhouse, and, going there, I saw it poised in the air, sucking honey from the blossom of an orange-tree. The flower was evidently bent down slightly, as if the bird rested its bill upon it to aid its wings in supporting its body in the air, or to steady it. When it wished to go out, it went straight to the window at which it had entered, and, finding it closed, flew rapidly round the large conservatory, examining all parts of it, without once striking the glass or beating its wings against the wall, as the more timid of the feathered tribe are apt to do. No sooner, however, was a small casement opened, than it darted through it like an arrow.