

to form a ladder, was carefully let down inside the post, but, although the Robin made numerous attempts to get up, he failed each time. Quite an hour went by and, as the bird did not emerge, we decided to dig a hole to the bottom of the post and so free the prisoner from that end. Accordingly crowbar and spade were procured and a hole about two feet deep was excavated; still the bottom was not reached. I quickly raised a couple of blisters and was more pleased than otherwise when the falling darkness gave me an excuse for "downing tools."

Next morning Red-breast could again be heard fluttering feebly at the bottom of his dark dungeon. When the schoolboys arrived they were told the facts of the case and, bird-lovers all, they decided that the Robin should be saved. After much digging they reached the pipe-clay and at last the bar went under the post; but now a fresh difficulty arose. The hole was so deep that the loose dirt could not be shovelled out. Nowise daunted the bird-lovers made the hole large enough for a boy to stand in, and then they were able to feel under the post. Alas! the clay had worked up the "pipe" and Robin was still shut off from freedom. With great difficulty this clay was gradually removed by means of a piece of wire, but the work was so laborious that the boys had frequently to stop for a rest. During one of these "spells" something dark was seen to fall from under the post. It was Red-breast; his brilliant plumage as bright as ever, but his body so weak and chilled that he could only peck feebly at the fingers holding him. How pleased everyone was! The boys laughed and talked and were quite excited. After Robin and his rescuers had been photographed he was liberated, and at once set to work hunting for the food he so sorely needed.

Flame-breasted Robins, like the Scarlet-breasted birds, were only winter visitors. They frequented open paddocks containing mostly dead trees and stumps, and each evening, at twilight, would gather in small flocks before seeking their resting places.

Death of a Cormorant.—Mr. Brennan, of Moree, N.S.W., has forwarded a cutting containing an account of a Cormorant (*Phalacrocorax carbo*) which, having dropped dead after swallowing a fish taken from the Gwydir River, was found, on examination, to contain a Murray Cod well over a foot in length. The sharp spikes along the fish's back had lacerated the bird internally, causing its death. This appears typical of the gluttonous habits of the Cormorant.