

scientific ornithologist. Still, neither were Hernandez's notes confirmed, nor was there any thing further recorded respecting the habits of the species, nor yet were the localities frequented by it sufficiently known until the French traveller De Lattre described his visit to its haunts in Vera Paz in the 'Echo du Monde Savant,' in an article which was afterwards reprinted in the 'Revue Zoologique' for 1843. From about this date specimens began to be sent to Europe in some numbers, so that the Quezal was henceforth a well-known bird.

"In the month of March in the year 1860, during one of my ornithological rambles in Guatemala (the *Quantemallam* of Hernandez), I found myself at Coban, the chief town of the Department of Vera Paz, and in the very centre of the districts in which *Pharomacrus mocinno*, or Quezal, is found. From here I made an excursion into the mountains lying to the eastward of Coban for the express purpose of hunting up Trogons in their native haunts, and took with me two of the most experienced Quezal-hunters of Vera Paz. The same afternoon that we reached the forests we intended to explore I was rewarded by securing my first Quezal. We had just started after resting in a deserted rancho of an Indian, and were making our way to the forest across the old corn-patch through which the track passed. I was threading my way amongst the decaying trunks of the felled trees, when Filipe, one of my hunters, came running back to say that Cipriano, the other, had heard a Quezal. Being most anxious to see this bird myself, as well as to be able to boast of its having fallen to my own gun, I hurried up, sat down on my wide-awake in most approved style close to Cipriano, who was calling the bird, and waited, all eyes and ears, for the result. I had not to wait long; for a distant clattering note warned us that the bird was on the wing, and a moment afterwards there sat on a bough not seventy yards before me a splendid male,—a sight that alone made up for all the toil and disappointments of the previous days. Cipriano wanted to creep up to within shot; but I kept him back, not wishing to lose such an opportunity of watching the actions of this grand bird in its natural state. It sat, as other Trogons do, almost motionless on its perch, the body remaining balanced upon its tiny feet in the same position, the head only being moved occasionally in a slow deliberate way from side to side. The tail was not suspended quite perpendicularly, but hung at an angle of as much as 15 or 20 degrees to the vertical line, and was jerked open and closed again suddenly every now and then, causing the long pendent tail-coverts to vibrate gracefully as they swung in the air. I had not seen all; for a ripe fruit caught the bird's eye, and in a moment he sprang from his perch, all life and activity, plucked the berry and returned to his resting-place. This performance displayed the gorgeous colouring of the bird to the greatest possible advantage. How common a remark it is of people, when looking at stuffed specimens of Humming-birds, 'What lovely little things these must look in life when they are flying about!' But it is not so, as will be at once seen by placing a Humming-bird twenty yards from you. At that distance how faintly do the brilliant colours show, except in the most favourable light and position. This is not the case with the Quezal, whose brilliant colours reflect themselves in every light. The rich metallic green which forms the chief colour is lustrous, from whatever position it is viewed; and when seen in combination with the deep scarlet of the breast and the pure white of the tail its vividness is, if any thing, enhanced. The brilliant plumage of the living Quezal arrests the eye at once; and thus clothed the bird stands unrivalled, even amongst the feathered denizens of the American tropics. The Birds of Paradise alone hardly surpass it amongst the birds of the east. Such were my passing reflections as I sat with the living Quezal before me, when a low whistle from Cipriano cut my observations short, and the bird, settling on a nearer bough, was a moment afterwards in my hands—the first Quezal I had seen and shot.

"The cries of the Quezal are various. They consist principally of a low double note, *whe-oo, whe-oo*, which the bird repeats, whistling it softly at first and then gradually swelling it into a loud but not unmelodious cry. This is often succeeded by a long note, which begins low, and after swelling dies away as it began. Both these notes can be easily imitated by the human voice. The bird's other cries are harsh and discordant. They are best imitated by doubling a pliant leaf over the first fingers, which must be held about two inches apart: the two edges of the leaf being then placed in the mouth and the breath drawn in, the required sound is produced. Cipriano was an adept at imitating these cries; but I failed to produce them for want of practice. When searching for Quezals the hunter whistles as he walks along, here and there sitting down and repeating the other notes. As soon as he hears a bird answering at a distance, he stops, and imitates the bird's cries until it has approached near enough to enable him to shoot it from where he stands, or to creep up to within shot. The female generally flies up first, and perches on a tree near the hunter, who takes no notice of her, but continues calling till the male (who usually quickly follows the female) appears. Should the male not show himself, the hunter will sometimes shoot the female. The flight of the