"On my way from Hammerfest," says Mr. Wolley, "I intended to visit the Falcons' nests of which I had heard from Lassi; but when I got to Kautokeino I hesitated, for several reasons: the snow might go any day; and I had some cause to doubt the truth of the account. However, I had the good luck to find his dräng, who said that his master had the day before pointed out the rock where the nest was. Getting three Reindeer, we started at once, and in the course of time came to the small cliffs in the narrow valley where the river lay. . . . We had not long left the track on the river, when a Falcon flew up from the rock where the nest was supposed to be, and soon afterwards settled on the trunk of a dead tree, once or twice uttering a cry. I now knew there was a nest; and in a few moments more I saw it, looking very large and with a black space about it, as though it was in the mouth of a little cave in the face of the rock. This was a joyful moment, but not so much so as when the hen bird flew off and settled on a little stump some thirty yards from the nest. We were ascending the hill, and might be about fifty yards off when she left the nest. I took off my shoes, though there was deep snow everywhere except just on the face of the rock, and first tried it from above; but it seemed scarcely practicable. Then I went below; and with the Lapp to support my feet, and Ludwig to give me additional help with a pole, I managed to climb up. Just at the last bit I had to rest some time. Then I drew myself up, and saw the four eggs to my right hand looking small in the middle of a large nest. Again I waited, to get steady for the final reach. I had only a bit of stone to stand upon not bigger than a walnut, and frozen to the surface of the ledge, which sloped outwards. I put two of the eggs into my cap and two into my pocket, and cautiously withdrew. The nest appeared to have been quite freshly made. The sticks of which it was composed were thick, barkless, and bleached; and the lining was a bundle or two of coarsish dry grass. The eggs were handed down in a glove at the end of a pole; and when they were placed in a safe corner my feet were put in the right places and I descended in safety. I had luckily brought a box, with hay, and on the 12th of May had the eggs safe at Muoniovara. There were young inside, perhaps an inch and a half long, with heads as big as horsebeans.

"An egg, from a nest in a tree, was brought to Muoniovara on the 18th of June, 1857, by a man who said it was the egg of Astur palumbarius. The tree in which the nest was placed was on the north side of a very large marsh, with no pines between it and the tree; and the nest was placed just at the top. It might be

seven fathoms high. I can hardly doubt the egg is a Gyrfalcon's."

The above passages are extracted from the first volume of the 'Ootheca Wolleyana,' to which I must refer my readers for many other interesting details respecting the discovery of the eggs of this species.

"I have not had the luck," says the late Mr. Wheelwright, in his 'Spring and Summer in Lapland,' "to examine many specimens of this Falcon; but all I have seen appeared to be smaller than the Iceland Falcon, and more resembling the Peregrine; and in my mind it is clearly a distinct species, entirely confined to the Scandinavian fells, but not to Lapland alone, for it is met with as far south as the Dovre fell in Norway. The eggs brought to me from a high cliff on the shore of Lake Wihrigaur on the Norwegian frontier, about fifty miles west of Quickiock, were of a uniform brick-dust-red colour.

"The Lap name of this Falcon is 'Rip Spenning.' Spenning is the name for every bird of prey—Hawks, Owls, &c.; and the word ripa is added on account of the havoc this Gyrfalcon commits among the Ptarmigan."

I can confirm Mr. Wheelwright's assertion that the Gyrfalcon inhabits the Dovre fjeld; for, although I did not see it during my visit to that elevated region in July 1856, a large rock was pointed out to me by a most trustworthy person as a place where the bird annually constructs its nest and rears its young.

It may be expected that I should give some account of the estimation in which this noble bird was formerly held in the palmy days of falconry, when it was commonly employed to capture the Crane, the Wild Goose, and the Bustard; but as that sport is now nearly extinct, at least in Europe, I can of my own knowledge have nothing of interest to communicate on the subject, but must content myself by referring those of my readers who desire information respecting it to the many treatises which have been published from the days of Dame Juliana Berners to the present time, and especially to Messrs. Salvin and Brodrick's 'Falconry in the British Islands' and my friend Professor Schlegel and Mr. A. Verster van Wulverhorst's magnificent 'Traité de Fauconnerie.' It will not, however, be superfluous to mention that the present bird was held in as great, if not greater, estimation than any other member of the family to which it belongs.

I cannot consistently close these remarks without recording the kindness of the late Mr. Wolley in presenting me with two beautiful adult Gyrfalcons obtained during his sojourn in Lapland. These specimens still grace my collection, and will ever be regarded with interest as the gift of an amiable and lamented friend.

The Plate represents an adult, and a young bird of the first autumn, about the natural size.