

an adult female, was moulting about the head and lower neck. Dr. Bishop saw several others but not thinking that they were rare shot only the above specimen. I visited the marshes several days after and hunted it carefully without seeing a bird, although I saw several Sharp-tailed Sparrows. From my own observation I am inclined to believe that this bird is rare in Massachusetts, at least on the Cape coast.—JOHN C. SAHOON, *Taunton, Mass.*

Young Cedarbirds and Great Crested Flycatchers in Captivity.—While in Tamworth, N. H., last July, I imprisoned two broods of young birds when just ready to fly, with a view to seeing what their parents would do about it. One brood consisted of five Cedarbirds and the other of four Great Crested Flycatchers. I imprisoned the Cedarbirds on July 10, placing them in an ordinary wire canary cage. Their cries, when being caged, brought the mother, who first flew in my face and then perched on the outer edge of the cage as it rested on my knees. I put the cage very near the house, and it was only a short time before the parent birds began consoling the young with cherries (*Prunus pennsylvanica*). During the twelve days of their captivity the young were supplied with 8400 cherries, or one cherry a bird every six minutes. I ascertained the number by counting and weighing the stones left by them in the bottom of their cage. On an average the old bird or birds made 140 visits a day, bringing five cherries, each time. One was carried in the beak, and the others were jerked up from the throat one by one until all of the five young were fed. At their release the young were so tame that they returned to take cherries, from my fingers, but the old birds soon enticed them away.

The young Great Crested Flycatchers were taken from their cavern in an apple tree on July 21, and placed in a wire cage which I hung in the next tree. I could see it from my barn door. The old birds would never go near the young if I was in sight. Concealed, I watched them with a glass and occasionally saw the young fed. They were given harvest flies, dragon flies, and various beetles, and also smaller insects of which they left no fragments. I kept them caged until early in August. They were as wild on the last day as on the first, and if the parents changed their feelings towards me, it was only by intensifying their hatred.—FRANK BOLLES, *Cambridge, Mass.*

Song of the Female Butcher Bird.—On the morning of April 8, 1890, when walking through the Fresh Pond Swamps at Cambridge, I heard a Butcher Bird (*Lanius borealis*) in full song. The bird was an unusually fine singer, and quite a mimic, its medley of notes suggesting a combination of the Brown Thrasher and as the Blue Jay, with an occasional 'mewing' sound much like the common Catbird. It was shot, and on sexing proved a female, the ovary being considerably enlarged.—ARTHUR CHADBOURNE, M. D., *Cambridge, Mass.*

Helminthophila celata at Montreal.—On May 21, 1890, I shot an Orange-crowned Warbler at Montreal. This is, I believe, the first record of its occurrence here.—ERNEST D. WINTLE, *Montreal, Canada.*