

inadvertence. the name was altered to *S. rubricapilla* in a later volume of Wilson (Amer. Orn., VI, 1812, 15) and this appears to be the earliest eligible name for the Nashville Warbler. Under the A. O. U. Code. Nos. 645 and 645a of the 'Check-List' should therefore stand as *Helminthophila rubricapilla* (Wils.) and *Helminthophila rubricapilla gutturalis* (Ridgw.).—WALTER FAXON, *Museum of Comparative Zoölogy, Cambridge, Mass.*

**Bachman's Warbler** (*Helminthophila bachmani*) in **Greene County, Arkansas.**—Very early on the morning of May 7, 1896, while in the company of Mr. O. C. Poling, I heard among the score of voices a song which was new to me. It suggested a relationship to *Helminthophila pinus*, but it had several more notes to it. Neither was it a Parula song. After a little search we found the singer, a small yellow bird with conspicuous black throat and black crown, perched twelve feet above dry ground on the lower branch of a medium-sized tree surrounded by a heavy growth of blackberry and other bushes. It did not take me long to identify the bird, nor did it take Mr. Poling long to secure it.

Two days afterwards, May 9, we found and secured in the same manner a second male, only a few rods from where we took the first, but circumstances, among them, two very dead hogs, prevented a thorough search for the nests and females in the vicinity. The highly developed testes showed that they were breeding. The black of the throat extends from the chin to the breast. The locality is in the region of the peninsula of Missouri, on Boland Island, on the Arkansas side of the St. Francis River, and therefore in Greene County, Arkansas.—O. WIDMANN, *Old Orchard, Mo.*

**Second Occurrence of the Blue-Gray Gnatcatcher in Maine.**—On the morning of April 18, 1896, while driving past a farm-yard on Cape Elizabeth, about three miles from Portland, I heard the nasal call-note of a Blue-gray Gnatcatcher (*Poliophtila cærulea*). In another moment I saw the bird fly from an old oak to an orchard close at hand. Here I watched him at my leisure. He was very active, but not at all shy, coming several times within eight or ten feet of me, constantly calling, often singing, and repeatedly, of course, displaying his characteristic form and colors. There was no bird of any kind with him. An hour later, I drove past the farm-yard again, and found him still in the neighborhood, having simply crossed the highway. He was still entirely alone. I drove within a few feet of him, and watched him for several minutes,—until he again flew off into the orchard.

The weather throughout New England was almost summer-like for a week preceding April 18, and to this fact, perhaps, was due the bird's long journey from the usual haunts of his kind.