

first greeting me near the eastern end of the bog, where I had left the roadway to investigate the source of some vigorous musical efforts on the part of a male Solitary Vireo whose song was then new to me. A short distance in among the spruces brought me to the apparent home of these Warblers.

Subsequent visits followed; *agilis* was as frequently in song and fully as difficult to find, for of the several heard but one was actually seen. So, too, a most careful search for the nest and eggs also proved of no avail, furnishing as it did to my mind, additional evidence of this bird's secretive ways in this its chosen breeding home.

With her network of innumerable lakes, ponds, rivers, creeks and swamps the northern part of Minnesota should furnish many such localities as this, and "in nesting time" a capital resort for the Connecticut Warbler.

With further investigation this will doubtless prove true of the pine land regions at least, and more particularly of those portions of the state falling within the limits of the Cold Temperate Subregion of Dr. Allen.

Other occupants of the bog were the ever present Peabodies, a pair or two of *Vireo solitarius*, some few specimens of the Purple Finch, and a number of high-colored males of *Dendroica blackburniae*, making in all, as it was, a most interesting gathering, and comprising with the trees and plants a high-class picture of intrinsic worth, one's admiration for which being easily sustained by the additional favored efforts of that post-graduate minstrel of our northern woods, the Hermit Thrush. Now softly, now louder, those exquisitely sweet though melancholy strains would come at times from out the shadier depths of the deeper woods and darkened thickets not so close at hand. — BENJ. T. GAULT, *Glen Ellyn, Illinois*.

**Untenability of the Genus *Sylvania* Nutt.** — My tacit acquiescence in our use of *Sylvania* has hitherto been simply because I had no special occasion to notice the matter, and presumed that our Committee had found the name tenable by our rules. But a glance at Nuttall's *Man.*, I, 1832, p. 290, where the name is introduced, shows that it can have no standing, being merely a new designation of *Setophaga* Sw. 1827, and therefore a strict synonym. Nuttall formally and expressly gives it as such, making it a subgenus (of *Muscicapa*) in the following terms:

"Subgenus. — SYLVANIA.\* (GENUS SETOPHAGA, Swainson.)"

This is enough to kill it — say rather, the name is still-born; and why we ever undertook to resuscitate it passes my understanding. But let us assume, for a moment, that it looks alive, and see what the result will be. Nuttall puts in *Sylvania* birds of three modern genera: 1. The Redstart. 2. The Hooded Warbler, etc. 3. The Blue-gray Gnatcatcher. 1. The Redstart is already type of *Setophaga* Sw. 2. The Hooded Warbler, etc., are eliminated as *Wilsonia* Bp., 1838, and *Myiodioctes* Aud., 1839. 3. Leaving "by elimination" the Blue-gray Gnatcatcher as type of *Sylvania*,

of which *Poliioptila* Scl., 1855, thus becomes a synonym. A pretty kettle of fish this, for a reductio ad absurdum!

*Sylvania* must be dropped, and our choice of a name for the genus lies between *Wilsonia* Bp., 1838, and *Myiodioides* Aud., 1839. Use of *Wilsonia* in botany does not debar it in zoölogy, and if it is not otherwise preoccupied it must stand. Soon after its rejection by Baird in 1858 on the ground of botanical preoccupation, it was used by Dr. Allen, in Proc. Essex Inst., IV, 1864, p. 64, and in various other places in succeeding years. I brought it pointedly to the front in Bull. Nutt. Club, V, 1880, p. 95; and the same thing was done over again, without any reference to these earlier usages, by Dr. Stejneger, Auk, July, 1884, p. 230.—ELLIOTT COUES, *Washington, D. C.*

**The Carolina Wren (*Thryothorus ludovicianus*) at Inwood-on-Hudson, New York City.**—Visiting my summer home at Inwood-on-Hudson, March 28, 1896, I heard a loud and beautiful song coming from the top of a dead elm tree. The bird sang almost continually until my efforts to get a good view of him frightened him away. After sitting fifteen minutes on a rock near where the bird had appeared to alight, and waiting for the song, he broke out again, and I discovered him perching on a low tree not twenty-five feet distant.

It was a new species to me, but it seemed to me it must be the Carolina Wren, and on studying up the bird carefully, in all my books at home, I felt quite sure the identification was correct. I heard him again on April 1 and 22. May 14 we went to Inwood for the summer, but only heard the Wren sing four times, until May 22. Then I had a fine view of one near some dilapidated buildings around an unoccupied house. Four days later loud and continued singing attracted me to a heap of dry brush near these buildings, and there I found the parents and five little Carolina Wrens. The young were able to fly nicely, and they gave a musical call, much like that of the old birds, and scolded beautifully.

After that, they were seen frequently, and I heard the beautiful song at all hours of the day, up to Nov. 12, when we moved to town. Going to Inwood on Jan. 18, 1897, I heard the full song again, so it would appear that they wintered there.

The old birds were quite tame, lighting and singing in shrubbery close to the house, and twice one was seen on the piazza, examining plants in pots, and even drinking from the saucer of a flower-pot.—F. H. FOOTE, *New York City.*

**The Mockingbird at Portland, Maine, in Winter.**—On January 19, 1897, at noon, a Mockingbird (*Mimus polyglottos*) appeared in a gutter which runs beneath the south window of my study. The thermometer was below zero, and there was no snow, but an unclouded sun had softened the ice in the gutter so that the bird could moisten his tongue; and this he seemed to be doing when I first saw him. He was perhaps