

out in the back yard, not fifteen rods from the house, that I was escorted to an open shed, some dozen feet square, with roof of rough slabs laid double and supported by four corner posts, and with three open sides and one, the east, a rock. It was occupied by a small portable forge and anvil and the usual tools of a smithy, evidently long out of use. The end of one of the slabs of the roof, by the forces of decay, had fallen away from its support several inches, and on the shelf so formed between it and the slab above was the nest I had come to see; chiefly composed of decayed leaves, weed stems, fine rootlets, and rubbish, outwardly, and nearly filling the space, lined with stems of maple seed, horse-hair, and pieces of snake-skin. There was no tenant and neither welcome nor remonstrance greeted our intrusion, and the only bird note the cheery song of a Red-eyed Vireo in the tree that spread its shading arms over our heads. Finding seats we waited quietly and patiently the greeting and salutation anticipated as unwelcome guests intruding upon the family affairs of a stranger. Ten minutes of quiet and a little bird flitted from the thicket near, to a branch some fifteen feet away; for five minutes she remained quiet, motionless as a statue, and watched the invaders of her domain; she then descended to the water pool near, took a drink and began chasing the insects around the pool a few moments; then by short flights and leaps she drew near to her visitors till she reached a perch on a small stone not three feet away from us and watched us and our every motion, first with one eye and then with the other, till some slight motion on our part sent her scurrying into the thicket. It was a fine typical specimen of the Great Carolina Wren (*Thryothorus ludovicianus*), and her nest contained five eggs typical of the species, as found in the usual Carolina haunts. Mr. Watrous tells me that he has observed the birds in that vicinity for several years; that he saw the nest and young reared near the same place in a brush heap last year, and he has heard their inimitable song ringing out every month and every week of the year! The birds were perfectly quiet throughout our interview, no song of transport and no note of displeasure once met our ears. This is the first proof I have ever received that this bird was a permanent resident of Connecticut, and I believe this to be the first record of its nidification in the State. — JOHN N. CLARK, *Saybrook, Conn.*

**The Blue-gray Gnatcatcher in New York City.**—A Blue-gray Gnatcatcher (*Poliioptila carulea*) was seen in Central Park, New York City, and positively identified, on May 22, 1901. — C. B. ISHAM, *New York City.*

**Various Massachusetts Notes of Interest.**—*Sterna caspia*—A young female was shot out of a flock of five on September 6, 1901, by Mr. B. C. Tower at Ipswich. These birds seem to appear on our coast very irregularly, but often in fair numbers.