

elder Bartram in 1731 and still standing, on the western bank of the Schuylkill, now within the limits of Philadelphia] and in very severe cold weather sit on the top of the chimney to warm themselves."'

From these statements two facts are obvious. First, that the Mockingbird was abundant in the Lower Delaware Valley, in the early part of the last century, and like other Carolinian species was more or less resident throughout the year on the northern limits of its range. Second, that the persistent trapping of the bird tended, without doubt, as Wilson suggests, to increase its scarcity in these districts. Nothing appears so to diminish the number of individuals of a bird species as the untiring zeal of nest-hunters, especially with the object of solid cash in view. This, and the rapid and widespread clearing of land in the coastal plain region of the Middle States, has undoubtedly driven this enchanting songster from its former haunts. But some it would seem have a memory and are of a mind to come back. I have heard of a few others besides Mr. Roberts's pair; one pair that nested in Chester Co., Penna., a few years ago, and then there is the pair reported by Mr. Chapman, from Englewood, N. J. ('Auk', 1889, Vol. VI, p. 304). We shall be interested to hear from Mr. Roberts after next summer, and all of us will entertain the hope that these stragglers are spies sent out to view the land and that the prince of song may again enlarge his borders.—SPENCER TROTTER, *Swarthmore College, Penna.*

**The Catbird (*Galeoscoptes carolinensis*) in Massachusetts in Winter.**—Just below my house in the northern part of this city is an old pasture grown up with huckleberry, sheep laurel and other bushes, and at the further end is a birch thicket with a tangle of briars and some sumach. While passing this birch thicket about 2 P. M. on January 11 last, I heard a note much like the mew of a Catbird, but uttered in an excited, continuous manner, more like the notes of that bird when suddenly finding an intruder near its nest. On approaching over the two inches of snow, I was much interested to see a Catbird jump up into one of the bushes about fifteen yards away from me. I at once made the identification sure by using my glasses. The bird was in sight several minutes, passing by short flights to a thicket across the street. While in sight it uttered its mew-like note not over two or three times. This was a fine spring-like day with a light southwest wind.—OWEN DUFEE, *Fall River, Mass.*

**The Catbird Wintering at Concord, N. H.**—On Dec. 3, 1901, while walking through an extensive wood near Concord, N. H., consisting principally of scrub pine, I was very much surprised to see a Catbird (*Galeoscoptes carolinensis*) hop out of a small scrub-pine, and perch directly in front of me in a bare bush within ten feet of my face. He uttered no note, but flirted up his tail, giving me a view of his brown under tail-coverts, and was gone. I did not have a gun with me at the time so I had no means of securing him, nevertheless there can be no doubt as to

his identity. He was undoubtedly wintering where I saw him in the sheltered scrub-pine wood. The afternoon that I saw him there were several inches of snow on the ground and the thermometer was way below freezing.—D. LEET OLIVER, *Concord, N. H.*

**The Carolina Wren at Lake Forest, Illinois.**—On the morning of August 13, 1900, I was awakened at five o'clock by the loud, ringing whistle of this bird (*Thryothorus ludovicianus*) just outside my window. It is a curious fact that the songs of our familiar birds do not rouse me when I am asleep but a strange voice will waken me at once. The Carolina Wren I had known well in the Southern States, but never here in Lake Forest, on Lake Michigan, thirty miles north of Chicago.

From August to October 10 I had heard his loud, scolding, *cack, cack*, and his whistled *chee-o-kee chee-o-kee chee-o-kee* at intervals, but did not see the bird till that day, when I had a fine view of him. I heard him up to October 13 that year. June 27, 1901, he was here again, or perhaps it was another, but I think it was the same one. August 9 my notes say: "He has been here at frequent intervals since June 27, and several times I have seen two birds." Whether they were a pair or not I do not know. November 24 he was whistling again, and this morning December 17, his scolding note was heard just outside my door, where he was sitting on our woodbine, jerking his tail, and scolding at the bitter cold with his usual animation. At times, however, he would sit on his feet to keep them warm, for it was only 1° above zero, and it had been -13° two days before. He stayed on the woodbine about ten minutes, and seemed to be stripping a little bark off of it to eat. There were no berries where he was. It looks as if he were going to winter here and next summer I shall be on the watch for a nest.—ELLEN DRUMMOND FARWELL, *Lake Forest, Ill.*

**Eastern Bluebird at Cheyenne, Wyo.**—I was greatly surprised at early dawn on Nov. 14 last, to hear the well-known notes of the Eastern Bluebird (*Sialia sialis*) which I had neither seen nor heard for many years. I discovered the author of them sitting upon the electric light wire not more than twenty feet from my house. The bird proved to be a male in typical winter plumage. On Nov. 24, ten days later, I secured another male. Both of these birds had been eating the blue berries of the woodbine which covers the front of my home. These two specimens are the first actual captures of the bird by me in Wyoming, and may be the first records for the State.—FRANK BOND, *Cheyenne, Wyo.*

**Michigan Bird Notes, 1901.**—*Pandion haliaëtus carolinensis*. AMERICAN OSPREY. —On Sept. 18, 1901, I received in the flesh a female, young-of-the-year, of this species. It was shot by Mr. Edwin Avery at Waterford, Oakland County. Although a common bird in certain parts of Michigan, this is, I believe, the first record for Oakland County.