

author, not a Whip-poor-will but a Catbird! So far as my observation extends he was certainly acting in a new rôle. Two or three times later in the day I heard the same performance repeated, and subsequent visits to the same locality have, on two occasions, enabled me to substantially confirm my first conclusions as to the accomplishments of this individual.

It is of further interest to note that in this particular locality the Whip-poor-will is seldom heard. One would have to travel several miles to a more 'brushy' or thickly wooded surrounding to hear them. These observations lead to the query, how then did the Catbird 'learn his lesson' and how much progress and to what degree do some individuals of the species attain in mimicry?—S. WALDO BAILEY, *Newburyport, Mass.*

Another Occurrence of the Blue-gray Gnatcatcher in Essex County, Massachusetts.—I should like to record a full plumaged Blue-gray Gnatcatcher (*Polioptila cærulea cærulea*) seen in the pitch pine trees of the Ipswich Dunes on August 24, 1912.

The bird when first seen was flitting about the trees like a Kinglet uttering a curious little call note which at once attracted my attention. I coaxed the bird out on to the lower dead limb of a gray birch by squeaking, so that we were able to observe it carefully for ten of fifteen minutes although it was quite restless.

The bird was seen by Miss E. D. Boardman, Edmund Bridge and myself.—LIDIAN E. BRIDGE, *West Medford, Mass.*

A Third Blue-gray Gnatcatcher in Maine.—Late in the afternoon of August 25, 1912, I heard several times near my house on Vaughan Street, Portland, what I believed to be the call-note of the Blue-gray Gnatcatcher (*Polioptila cærulea cærulea*). It proceeded from the tops of tall elms, bordering the street, where a number of small birds were flitting about, all too far away, however, to be identified by the eye. About six o'clock, the next morning, I again heard the call-note, now coming from an apple tree on my lawn, and I soon got a fair view of its author at close range. After a moment or two he flew to an almost leafless old apple tree on a near-by vacant lot where, as I stood under the tree, I watched him at my leisure, often within six or seven feet. At last, up to this time quite alone, he flew away southward, a hundred yards or so, to a group of elms, cedars and other trees, and was at once lost in a numerous band of bird migrants.

If we are to accept the records¹ literally, only three Gnatcatchers, all told, have made their way to Maine; but to the writer, before whom the three examples have so casually presented themselves,—with a possible fourth not to be overlooked,—it seems likely enough that more than a few others have come and gone unobserved, even in recent years.—NATHAN CLIFFORD BROWN, *Portland, Maine.*

¹ Bull. Nutt. Orn. Club, V, pp. 236-237; Auk, XIII, pp. 264-265.