

GENERAL NOTES.

Common Tern Nesting at Thousand Islands.— During two successive seasons I have found the nests and eggs of the Common Tern (*Sterna hirundo*) at the Thousand Islands.

On June 26, 1916, at Black Ant, a small isolated island just over the Canadian boundary, the flat rocky shores were covered with groups of brown splotched eggs. On July 27, 1917, at Eagle Wing, a very small island, hardly more than a large boulder, within a half-mile of Clayton, N. Y., eggs were tucked away in every convenient spot. On this island I captured and banded a young tern. He looked like a tiny yellowish chicken all covered with down, with black spots above, pinkish feet and bill, the latter black-tipped with a white dot, and angled below, of course.

Authorities at the New York State Museum inform me that this is a new record. Eaton in his 'Birds of New York' (1901) notes that "This bird is not known to breed within our limits, except on the seacoast." — MABEL METCALF MERWIN, *Clinton, New York.*

European Widgeon at Madison, Wis.— On April 22, 1917, a flock of ducks was observed in a small pond at the eastern end of Hammersly's Marsh. It contained about thirty Baldpates, a few Shovellers and Mallards, and a duck which at the first hasty glance I thought was a Redhead. In going over the flock carefully I saw to my great surprise that the latter bird was a fine European Widgeon, the white band on the crown making identification unmistakable. The birds were very tame and allowed my Airedale to pursue them repeatedly without flying more than a few feet. Having no means of collecting the bird at the time I returned early the following morning in company with Mr. Warner Taylor. The birds were still in the same pond and after observing the Widgeon to our satisfaction I carefully approached the place behind a weedy fence. On raising my head there was the European Widgeon swimming directly towards me not more than sixty feet away. He walked out on the shore and began feeding.

It is truly painful for me to state that I fired point blank at that bird with a twelve gauge Winchester and the net result was a few feathers. There never was a bird that I wanted more but the fact remains that he flew into the marsh and soon began feeding. I tried in vain for an hour to get another shot.

The evening of the 24th the bird was still there and I lay on the ground in a cold driving rain until dark but was unable to get a shot. On the afternoon of the 26th I tried again with Mr. Taylor, he approached the pond from a direction opposite to my position in the weeds with the hope that the birds would come in, but they were now very wary, the European Widgeon being the second bird to leave the water. On the 29th Mr. Taylor found that the ducks had left the marsh.