

to be that species in the plumage stated, he who claims that it cannot be identified in life has an exceedingly weak case. On two previous occasions I have been convinced that I was looking at a Baird's Sandpiper, but neither time could I prove that identification was possible.

In my opinion a satisfactory identification of Baird's Sandpiper is possible for a student who knows the Pectoral and White-rumped Sandpipers well, who can describe the *exact pattern of coloration* both above and below of all three from memory, and who has practised looking at skins of all three side by side from *various distances approximating* those reasonably to be expected with living birds. Needless to say those who most glibly state that this or that bird is impossible to identify in life never dreamed of taking this trouble. Above, Baird's and the White-rumped are almost identical, but the former is more uniformly colored, of a grayer cast, especially on the head, which is practically unmarked with darker. The latter is of a browner cast, with a distinctly streaked head, the feathers of the back and scapulars distinctly edged with whitish. One has white upper tail-coverts, the other fuscous. The Pectoral is blacker and browner than either, with heavy black streaking, especially noticeable on the crown, and blackish tail-coverts. Below all three have an immaculate white chin. The throat and breast of the Pectoral have a brownish cast, with distinct fine blackish streaking, abruptly succeeded by the white belly.

In the White-rumped these parts are white with less distinct and less extensive dark grey streaking and spotting, the spots tending to run down the sides of the breast and flanks. In Baird's these parts are buffy with (adult) or without (immature) indistinct darker streaking. In practise, of course, the White-rumped can sooner or later be eliminated by its white upper tail-coverts. Were it not for this character, separating out a Baird's Sandpiper would be almost impossible, as the color pattern of these two species is much more alike, than Baird's and the Pectoral. In life distance serves to accentuate the darkness of throat and breast contrasted with the white belly, and an adult Baird's seems dark enough below to be a Pectoral. Here experience is essential. The observer must have seen enough Pectorals to know that that species is really even darker below. The much darker crown of the Pectoral is also an excellent check. The immature Baird's, with no visible streaking below, is a much easier proposition, as the breast never has the same dark effect. Returning to our flock of Shore-birds on Morgan Lake, one immature Baird's Sandpiper was subsequently studied at leisure with Pectoral, Least and Semipalmated Sandpipers.—LUDLOW GRISCOM, *American Museum of Natural History*.

The Passenger Pigeon (*Ectopistes migratorius*) in North Carolina. In recently going over some old family papers and letters I have found the following references to the Passenger Pigeon, which have interested me, and which may interest others.

In a brief sketch of his life written by my father, Francis Raymond Holland, not long before his death, which occurred on May 21, 1894, I find the following.

"In my childhood" [my father was born in 1820] "there were many miles of unbroken forest adjoining us." [His father's plantation was a few miles north-east of Salem, now Winston-Salem, Forsythe County, N. C.] "Between us and Salem there were only a few houses. Deer and squirrels were plentiful. Wild Turkeys, Ducks," [the plantation was intersected by a beautiful stream, upon which was a large mill-pond] "and Ruffed Grouse were abundant. *Immense flocks of Wild Pigeons came and alighted on the oak-trees nearest our house.* All small birds were protected, and there were few species native to that region with which I did not early become acquainted, and the habits and traits of which I was not taught to observe. From the love of nature, thus early acquired, I have through all my life derived untold pleasure."

In a letter to my father, who at the time was a Moravian missionary in Jamaica, my grandfather, William Holland, writing from the old plantation under date of February 21, 1842, says: ". . . We flattered ourselves that we should have some Wild Pigeons this winter, but as yet we have no prospects. About New Year's there were a good many flying, but they did not stop here. In the upper edge of Surry County, about fifty miles from Salem, and eight or ten this side of the Blue Ridge, they had a great roost, said to be about four miles square, and they were so thick that they broke the timber. People who were there said it was the greatest roost, which they had ever seen. They roosted seventeen nights at one place. There was a company which went from Salem, but they were too late. The same morning they started from Salem, the Pigeons left and flew over the mountains. William Winkler was there the last night. He had gone a few days earlier to visit his brother-in-law, Levi Fisher. He went with him to the roost. The boys have a tale on him that he killed fifteen at one shot and heard them fall, but could find only *one*. However, he brought about one hundred and twenty home. Last week, after the snow, there were a few about here, but it was not worth while to go out after them. There were a good many acorns in the fall, but the hogs have gotten pretty well through with them, so that we cannot expect the Pigeons to make any stay, if they should come again."

I may say that in my own boyhood in North Carolina from 1858 until the fall of 1863, I occasionally saw small flights of Passenger Pigeons about Salem. In 1865, (I think I am right in the date) I remember seeing them for sale in the Philadelphia markets. They had been shipped in barrels from the west, probably Indiana, or Kentucky.

As late as 1870 I saw a few scattering flocks in Bartholomew County, Indiana. I remember in the fall of that year riding out into the country one day with my father in the vicinity of Hope, Indiana. He exclaimed "Look there! There goes a flock of Passenger Pigeons!" There were about thirty in the flock. They alighted upon the top of a very tall ash, which had been girdled, and was standing leafless at the edge of a clearing in the forest. We reined up and counted the birds and watched them moving about on the branches. Presently they rose and streamed away

in their arrow-like flight. These were the last Passenger Pigeons I ever saw upon the wing.

The bird is extinct. Once there were millions of them. We have half a dozen specimens dried in the Carnegie Museum, which I made haste to acquire when I became the Director, and which now it would be impossible to secure for love or money.—W. J. HOLLAND, *Director Emeritus Carnegie Museum, Pittsburgh, Pa.*

Mourning Dove at Cap Rouge, Quebec.—On April 12, 1922, I killed a Mourning Dove here (*Zenaidura m. carolinensis*), when the Song Sparrows had not yet arrived. Mourning Doves are very seldom seen in this part of Canada, and I do not believe that there are half a dozen authentic records of their occurrence. On the above mentioned date snow covered the ground everywhere and there were good sleigh roads for eleven days afterwards. Cap Rouge is situated along the St. Lawrence river, some nine miles west of Quebec city.—GUS. A. LANGELIER, *Cap Rouge, Que.*

Breeding of the Goshawk in Massachusetts.—The writer takes great pleasure in reporting the taking of the eggs and nest of the Goshawk (*Astur a. atricapillus*) on April 28, of the present year in Petersham, Massachusetts. This is the first record for the State. The eggs and nest were given to Col. John E. Thayer of the Thayer Museum at South Lancaster by Prof. R. T. Fisher of the Harvard Forest at Petersham, the fortunate finder of the Goshawk's nest.

When the writer found last summer (July, 1922) in an out-door cage in Petersham a full-grown young Goshawk which had been taken from a nest in the vicinity, it was evident that the discovery of another nest of the species in the town was only a matter of waiting until another spring. Hence it was no surprise to get word late in April of this year from Prof. Fisher at Petersham that he had found the Goshawk's nest. This was on April 21, while Prof. Fisher, with four of his assistants, was engaged in forestry work in an extensive coniferous wood lot.

Prof. Fisher sent news of his find to Hon. Herbert Parker and the writer and a week later (April 28) we, together with Miss Edith Parker, went to the nest. With us were Prof. Fisher and Messrs. Paul W. Reed, E. E. Tarbox, A. C. Cline and P. R. Gast, his companions of the week previous when the nest was found. The day was very rainy and the bare undergrowth and the mossy ground were so thoroughly soaked that not a footfall nor a snapping twig was heard. The nest was so large that no part of the large Hawk was visible, but the blow of an axe into the pine sent the bird off. A temporary bad knee prevented the writer from climbing the tree, but Mr. Reed, a born climber, put on the irons and went up the wet tree and sent down both eggs and nest—the latter in perfect condition. The Hawk and her mate circled steadily overhead. Both scolded. Their cries were decidedly accipitrine but not much louder than the Cooper's Hawk's *cucks*. They were, however, wholly different and may be written *kwee-kwee-kwee*, with a tinge of harshness impossible to express in words.