

but two weeks old, establishing beyond all doubt that they were bred in the Louisiana marshes.

The conservation agent on Marsh Island also discovered the Long-billed curlew (*Numenius americanus*) breeding on the marshland of the preserve under his patrol. During the visit of former President Theodore Roosevelt to the bird reservation along the Louisiana coast east of the Mississippi river during the early part of June, nests and eggs of the Man-o'-war bird (*Fregata aquila*) were found, thereby settling the question whether this bird is a Louisiana breeder or not.

#### NESTING OF A CHIMNEY SWIFT IN A HOLLOW TREE.

Several years ago, in company with an ornithological friend, Walter Bennett, I made a canoe trip through the big woods that cover the northern portion of Minnesota. At Walker, a lumber town on Leech Lake, we purchased a birch bark canoe of the Ojibway Indians and plunged into the wild, traversing a tangle of lakes and streams and swamps filled with interesting wild life, especially birds. Among our varied experiences, one of the most interesting was the discovery of a pair of tree-nesting chimney swifts. Of course, as is well known, this was the universal custom of these birds before the advent of the white man with his convenient chimneys. Like some other birds, the chimney swift has taken to modern improvements.

Far in the heart of the wilderness, a hundred miles from a lemon or a railroad, we one night pitched our white tent upon the clean, white sands of a little island. Behind us rose a large dead pine, its gnarled branches silhouetted sharply against the sky, upon which the turkey vultures came to perch and preen their feathers. That night the veery — the "wilderness bird" we called him — sang entrancingly long after all other bird-notes were hushed and darkness had settled upon the earth. Out on the lake rang out the wild demoniacal laughter of the loons. It was a wild spot, — remote, lonely.

The next day, as we sat beside our campfire, eating a meal, I noticed a chimney swift fly to a tall stub that stood upon the shore and disappear beneath a projecting twig. Examination disclosed a small hole, into which the bird had apparently entered. Further observation confirmed this conclusion. The birds were using the stub, presumably for breeding purposes. The next day presumption was changed to certainty. After chopping a hole in the base of the stub, my companion crawled in, and worming his way up the hollow interior, found a nest composed of sticks glued together

by the bird's saliva and fastened to the wood by the same material. Within the nest were four callow young, about half grown. This was on July 20. The nest was about fourteen feet from the ground.

So unique a discovery afforded us rare pleasure. Such experiences far more than compensate one for any incidental discomforts of such a trip.

MANLEY B. TOWNSEND.

Nashua, N. H.

#### BACHMAN'S SPARROW AT CHICAGO.

Bachman's Sparrow (*Peucaea aestivalis bachmani*) is, like the Chewink, Cardinal, Carolina Wren and several others, a species that is gradually from year to year extending its breeding range northward. The largest jump in this extension, if not in fact, at least in record, is to be chronicled from this neighborhood. The exact locality where it turned up here is "Waller's Park," in the northern part of the village of River Forest, which is described more in detail elsewhere in the "Bulletin." Our post office is Oak Park, that better known suburb of Chicago; hence, when speaking to strangers our place of residence is Oak Park, the better known of the two; but to such somewhat familiar with local conditions, we say River Forest. While looking for warblers and other migrants in this charming spot on May 9th last I suddenly heard a loud, melodious song in the southern part of the park, where there are many larger oaks. It seemed new, and yet it struck a responsive chord in the memory. At first I wanted to dismiss it with the thought, as I had done several years previously in Edwards County, southern Illinois, that it was an unusual loud and melodious Field Sparrow or an unusually musical Chewink singing. Then memory seemed to make an unconsciously stronger effort and I said to myself, that is none other than Bachman's Sparrow. Now for the verifying! Glass in hand I sneaked to the place whence the sound came, and I saw that there were about ten individuals of what were undoubtedly a species of sparrow, but unlike any we have here as migrants or summer residents. They acted as though very much at home and enjoying the place; they were mostly on the grass-covered ground, feeding, but as if moved by an irresistible exuberance of spirit they would in turn, first one, then another, mount up into the lowest branches of the trees and sing their song, then descend again. Nor did they seem wary or afraid, and this gave me an opportunity to watch them at close quarters. They were a chubby sort of a finch, of about the size of the Song Sparrow, with decided reddish brown upper parts and a suffusion of yellowish or buff on the unstreaked underparts. Bill and feet were also pinkish,