

occurrence of such strangely abnormal specimens should be a warning to those who would impugn certain 'lost' species which, it has been claimed, have existed only in the imagination of their describers.—WILLIAM BREWSTER, *Cambridge, Mass.*

**Breeding of the Mockingbird near Boston, Mass.**—On August 15, 1883, my brother, Mr. W. J. Townsend, shot two nearly full-grown Mockingbirds (*Mimus polyglottus*) at Arlington, Mass. He found them in a small thicket near a meadow, in company with an old one and two other young ones, which, however, he was unable to secure. The two he obtained were young birds, quite well feathered, their wings fully grown, but their tails decidedly shorter than in the adult. Later I made frequent excursions to the same and neighboring places, but did not succeed in discovering the rest of the family. On inquiry I learned that a farmer of the place, who had lived down in the South and was familiar with the Mockingbird, had seen one several times during the early part of the summer near his house, and heard him sing.

There seems, therefore, no reason to doubt that a pair of these birds bred at Arlington. Mr. William Brewster tells me there are no records of the breeding of the Mockingbird in Eastern Massachusetts, but the fact of their breeding several times near Springfield, Mass., is well known.—CHARLES W. TOWNSEND, *Boston, Mass.*

**Dendrocæa coronata in Southern New Hampshire in Summer.**—On June 25, 1883, I shot an adult male of this bird in Hollis, N. H. It was in company with several broods of *D. virens*, etc.—WILLIAM H. FOX, *Washington, D. C.*

**Nest and Habits of the Connecticut Warbler (*Oporornis agilis*).**—A few miles south of Carberry, Manitoba, is a large spruce bush, and in the middle of it is a wide tamarack swamp. This latter is a gray mossy bog, luxuriant only with pitcher plants and Droseræ. At regular distances, as though planted by the hand of man, grow the slim straight tamaracks, grizzled with moss, but not dense, nor at all crowded; their light leafage casts no shade. They always look as though they were just about to end, though the swamp really continues for miles—the same dank, gray waste.

At times the Great-crested Flycatcher was heard uttering his whistling croak. Besides this the only noticeable sound was the clear song of a Warbler. It may be suggested by the syllables, *beechee-beechee-beechee-beechee-beechee-beechee*. It is like the song of the Golden-crowned Thrush, but differs in being in the same pitch throughout, instead of beginning in a whisper and increasing the emphasis and strength with each pair of notes to the last. Guided by the sound, I found the bird high in the tamaracks. It was not shy like the Wood Warblers, so it was easily secured. It proved to be a male Connecticut Warbler.

As I went on, a small bird suddenly sprang from one of the grave-like moss-mounds. It seemed distressed, and ran along with its wings held