

**Vireo philadelphicus in Cambridge, Mass.**—On the 27th of September, 1894, a boy brought in a Philadelphia Vireo which he had just killed in the museum grounds. Looking through 'The Auk,' and the Bulletin of the Nuttall Ornithological Club, I find only three records for this bird in Massachusetts, viz.: Cambridge, Sept. 7, 1875 (B. N. O. C., I, 19), Magnolia, Sept. 18, 1879 (*id.*, V, 53), and Brookline, Sept. (*id.*, VI, 56). It seems likely that the vernal passage of this Vireo to its breeding places in northern New England is made to the westward of Massachusetts—perhaps up the Hudson River valley, where both the male and female have been taken in May, at Troy, N. Y. (B. N. O. C., V, 239).—WALTER FAXON, *Museum of Comparative Zoölogy, Cambridge, Mass.*

**The Prothonotary Warbler in Massachusetts.**—Mr. J. W. Thompson picked up on the morning of Sept. 15, 1894, on the depot platform at Mattapan Station, N. Y., N. H., & H. R. R., a dead Prothonotary Warbler (*Protonotaria citrea*). The damaged bill and breast showed plainly that it met its death by striking against one of the mass of telegraph wires that were hanging directly over the spot where it was found.—M. ABBOTT FRAZAR, *Boston, Mass.*

**The Winter Wren a Night Singer.**—In the long list of birds that sing in the night I do not remember to have seen the name of the Winter Wren. That it sometimes sings on clear wintry days during its temporary sojourn in the vicinity of Philadelphia is probably well known to certain favored people. A bird of this species has for several years made the fastnesses of a thick hemlock hedge in my yard at Haddonfield, N. J., his winter home, and he sometimes favors me with a song in the early morning, even when the ground is covered with snow. Not content with this, he surprised me the other night, about ten o'clock, by one of his sweetest efforts. The song on this occasion was not so loud as that of more wakeful moments, but well-sustained for more than half the usual duration of the nuptial song, and then falling into a scarcely audible trill, as if the little dreamer had waked in the midst of his vision and, like more human sleepers, was reluctant to believe its unreal-ity.—SAMUEL N. RHOADS, *Haddonfield, N. J.*

**A Belated Mockingbird in Eastern Massachusetts.**—On Nov. 25, 1894, I secured a male Mockingbird in good condition in a buckthorn hedge near my house. The weather was rough, with squalls of snow, but not cold. Previously, however, the thermometer had registered as low as 14°, with snow enough to make good sleighing.

The 'escaped cage bird' theory, which naturally occurs at once, does not apply here (unless braced up with a supplementary theory that the escape was remote enough to allow the bird to make himself over), the plumage and feet being in perfect condition.