

The Osprey obtains the greater part of its living in Bristol from the fish seines that run out from the shores in every feasible place, and the Hawks are to be seen at all hours of the day sitting on the poles that support the nets, now and then driving in, or rather dropping down, to obtain some denizen that it contains. In the noonday numbers of Hawks gather over the bay and fields and, mounting high in the air, circle round and round, uttering a combination of piercing, musical cries, which the farmers insist upon calling a song. This song, if so it can be called, begins with three notes in the same key, then two in a higher, and then the completing note in the same key with the first three. If the cry of any Hawk can be spoken of as a song, these six musical notes of the Osprey are certainly as near to it as any.

The Ospreys in Bristol have been so carefully watched,—as the belief among the farmers is that they protect their poultry from other marauding Hawks,—that they have become very tame and only when the eggs are nearly hatched or when the young are in the nest do they pay any heed to a passer by. Their dislike for dogs is apparently stronger than for men, yet I have never seen them strike either.

In the last week of October or the first in November they leave for the south and are replaced by the Gulls. The colonies in New Jersey and on Plum Island are of course much larger but almost every year new pole nests are added to the colony in Bristol and the future may see a much larger community.—REGINALD HEBER HOWE, JR., *Boston, Mass.*

The Great Gray Owl in Oneida County, New York.—A handsome specimen of the Great Gray Owl (*Scotiaptex cinerea*) was shot at White Lake, Oneida County, during a cold snap the first part of last February. It is a rare bird in this locality, its occurrence being recorded about once every ten years.—WILLIAM S. JOHNSON, *Boonville, N. Y.*

January Occurrence of the 'Sapsucker' in Brookline, Mass.—On Feb. 6, 1895, one of the coldest days of the year, with the wind blowing at about forty miles an hour, I sighted a small Woodpecker on the lee side of an apple tree on my father's place in Brookline, Mass. As he seemed a little too large for a Downy Woodpecker, I investigated and found him to be an immature male Sapsucker (*Sphyrapicus varius*). He was clinging to the trunk of the tree and seemed, upon my approach, to be quite sluggish. I even went so far as to attempt to catch him in my hand, when he suddenly proved that he was not sluggish at all, and flew up into the top of the tree to peck at a frozen apple. So I went back to the house and having procured my gun, gathered him in. He proved to be in fine, fat condition and not crippled in any way. I afterwards found that some nephews of mine had seen him several times on apple trees in the vicinity, but not knowing of the rarity of this occurrence in the month of January, they said nothing to me about it.