

chopped meat, nor crumbs nor meal. Wishing to ascertain its identity exactly, I whistled the well-known "*wichity wichity*" tune of the Maryland Yellow-throat (*Geothlypis trichas*). On hearing this tune, the bird though fully 50 feet away, flew toward me almost without hesitation till it perched within four feet of my lips. Having eyed me seriously for a while it withdrew to a little distance and soon lost interest in my whistling.

Thus identified, the bird must have been the Maryland Yellow-throat—a male in fall plumage, a dress which in any case I think I know accurately. Now the interest of this occurrence lies in the fact that the position of the ship (and the matter grew hourly worse while the bird staid aboard) was well to the eastward of a line drawn from Nova Scotia to any land on this side of the Atlantic, even Bermuda. And I do not suppose these warblers migrate direct from Newfoundland to Bermuda nor the West Indies. There had been no noticeable hard weather; the migrant was fresh; and I must conclude (with Mr. Brewster) that my Yellow-throat was a lost bird. It would be well to record all such instances of sheer error in migration. In this case the only point in doubt would be whether it was a young bird in its first attempt.—REGINALD C. ROBBINS, *Boston, Mass.*

The Breeding of the Hermit Thrush on Martha's Vineyard Island.—Mr. H. V. Greenough took on July 27, 1900, a female Hermit Thrush (*Hylocichla guttata pallasii*) near Tashmoo Lake, West Chop, Martha's Vineyard, Mass. The bird was heard singing, and a number of others of its kind were seen, evidently of one family. The bird taken is in very worn breeding plumage. This is the first breeding record I believe for this island.—REGINALD HEBER HOWE, JR., *Longwood, Mass.*

The Hermit Thrush on Martha's Vineyard, Mass.—Apropos of Mr. Reginald Heber Howe's record of the Hermit Thrush on Martha's Vineyard the following may be of interest. In a list of birds read before the Delaware Valley Ornithological Club, Feb. 2, 1899, the writer gave the Hermit Thrush as a summer resident on Martha's Vineyard. My first experience with this bird was in August, 1897, while camping on the western shore of Lake Tashmoo, a small brackish pond in the northern part of the island. Our camp was situated upon a small promontory which projects into the lake for about one hundred yards. Extending between this point and the shore is a cove-shaped marsh covered with sphagnum and freshened by numerous springs. On the side of the marsh near the shore the bank ascends abruptly for eight or ten feet and then slopes gradually back, at no place reaching a height of fifty feet. Covering the point and extending half a mile back from the shore is a grove of yellow pines. Here and there they have been cleared away, giving place to an undergrowth of bay, high bush huckleberry, and various species of oak. Further back from the shore the pines have so intergrown as to make it almost impenetrable. Bordering on these is an oak