

The male appeared to roost in or near a raspberry patch not far from the nest, and except on rare occasions the song was heard from very nearly the same location.

The song itself was subject to considerable variation; in one phase the day song was closely followed, the change, if any, being a simple repetition of the closing notes. In the second phase, the final notes were greatly elaborated, suggesting a canary's most beautiful tones, only infinitely richer and finer. This phase was heard on two occasions and on neither of those nights did I hear the first.

The weather evidently has little influence upon the song, the chief factor connected with it seeming to be the stage of the reproductive cycle at a given time.—A. J. STOVER, *Corvallis, Oregon.*

Rose-breasted Grosbeak Breeding at Wheeling, West Virginia.—

I wish to record the nesting and successful raising of a brood of young of the Rose-breasted Grosbeak (*Zamelodia ludoviciana*) in a small English hawthorn tree in our front yard during May, 1912. This year (1913) during the month of June a pair of this same species nested in a cherry tree in the front yard of my brother-in-law on the opposite side of the Park View Lane. This bird has become a frequent visitor in the spring and early summer and its shrill familiar voice is often heard along the small streams as well as along Wheeling Creek near Elm Grove, W. Va.—ROBERT B. McLAIN, *Wheeling, W. Va.*

The Orange-crowned Warbler at Englewood, N. J.—On May 18, Messrs. Nicholas F. Lenssen, S. V. LaDow and I spent the whole day in the field around Englewood, N. J. Birds of all kinds were more abundant than any of us had ever previously observed. While exploring an apple orchard near Bergenfield, N. J., Mr. LaDow suddenly arrested our attention by exclaiming:—“Here's something that looks like a Tennessee!” The bird, however, promptly disappeared. A few minutes later I heard an unfamiliar song, and following it up, I was pleased to see an Orange-crowned Warbler (*Vermivora celata celata*) in full song, just above my head on a dead twig of one of the apple trees. The first thing I noticed was the greenish underparts with faint dusky streaks on the breast, very distinct from the bright yellow of the Nashville and the pure white of the Tennessee Warbler. The next thing I noticed was that there was no white superciliary stripe, and the color of the underparts scarcely differed from that of the upperparts. The song was very distinct and characteristic—*chíp, chíp, chíp-chíppee, chíppee-chíppee*—the last notes about twice as fast as the first three. The bird was under observation in bright sunlight for ten minutes, and the whole party were equipped with powerful binoculars.—LUDLOW GRISCOM, *New York City.*

The Louisiana Water-Thrush (*Seiurus motacilla*) in Sudbury, Massachusetts.—On May 21, 1913, in the afternoon of a day spent in