

in their arrow-like flight. These were the last Passenger Pigeons I ever saw upon the wing.

The bird is extinct. Once there were millions of them. We have half a dozen specimens dried in the Carnegie Museum, which I made haste to acquire when I became the Director, and which now it would be impossible to secure for love or money.—W. J. HOLLAND, *Director Emeritus Carnegie Museum, Pittsburgh, Pa.*

Mourning Dove at Cap Rouge, Quebec.—On April 12, 1922, I killed a Mourning Dove here (*Zenaidura m. carolinensis*), when the Song Sparrows had not yet arrived. Mourning Doves are very seldom seen in this part of Canada, and I do not believe that there are half a dozen authentic records of their occurrence. On the above mentioned date snow covered the ground everywhere and there were good sleigh roads for eleven days afterwards. Cap Rouge is situated along the St. Lawrence river, some nine miles west of Quebec city.—GUS. A. LANGELIER, *Cap Rouge, Que.*

Breeding of the Goshawk in Massachusetts.—The writer takes great pleasure in reporting the taking of the eggs and nest of the Goshawk (*Astur a. atricapillus*) on April 28, of the present year in Petersham, Massachusetts. This is the first record for the State. The eggs and nest were given to Col. John E. Thayer of the Thayer Museum at South Lancaster by Prof. R. T. Fisher of the Harvard Forest at Petersham, the fortunate finder of the Goshawk's nest.

When the writer found last summer (July, 1922) in an out-door cage in Petersham a full-grown young Goshawk which had been taken from a nest in the vicinity, it was evident that the discovery of another nest of the species in the town was only a matter of waiting until another spring. Hence it was no surprise to get word late in April of this year from Prof. Fisher at Petersham that he had found the Goshawk's nest. This was on April 21, while Prof. Fisher, with four of his assistants, was engaged in forestry work in an extensive coniferous wood lot.

Prof. Fisher sent news of his find to Hon. Herbert Parker and the writer and a week later (April 28) we, together with Miss Edith Parker, went to the nest. With us were Prof. Fisher and Messrs. Paul W. Reed, E. E. Tarbox, A. C. Cline and P. R. Gast, his companions of the week previous when the nest was found. The day was very rainy and the bare undergrowth and the mossy ground were so thoroughly soaked that not a footfall nor a snapping twig was heard. The nest was so large that no part of the large Hawk was visible, but the blow of an axe into the pine sent the bird off. A temporary bad knee prevented the writer from climbing the tree, but Mr. Reed, a born climber, put on the irons and went up the wet tree and sent down both eggs and nest—the latter in perfect condition. The Hawk and her mate circled steadily overhead. Both scolded. Their cries were decidedly accipitrine but not much louder than the Cooper's Hawk's *cucks*. They were, however, wholly different and may be written *kwee-kwee-kwee*, with a tinge of harshness impossible to express in words.