

saw five adult birds of this species about Mount Tom. Dr. W. Wood, of East-Windsor Hill, Conn., informs me, that two pairs of Duck Hawks were evidently breeding on Talcott Mountain in the summer of 1863.

*"Discovery of the Eggs on Mount Tom.*—Although the Duck Hawk has been long known to breed at the localities in Massachusetts mentioned above, those conversant with the fact were not aware that any special interest was attached to it, or that its eggs and breeding habits were but very little known to ornithologists; and so, until very recently, no particular efforts have been made to obtain the eggs. Mr. Bennett, becoming aware of this, resolved to procure the eggs. He accordingly visited Mount Tom for this purpose, April 7, of the present year, when he searched the whole ridge of the mountain, discovered the old birds, and the particular part they most frequented, and also the site of a nest where young had been raised. The old birds were continually near this spot, and manifested much solicitude when it was approached, often flying within six or eight rods; and once the female came within three, screaming and thrusting out her talons with an expression of great rage and fierceness. The birds did not appear at all shy, being easily approached quite near to; though, in walking, the cracking of sticks and the clinking of the splinters of trap-rock made no little noise. One of the birds appeared to keep close to the eyrie; and both would approach whenever it was visited, screaming at and menacing the intruder, notwithstanding that at that time there were no eggs, as was afterwards proved. Mr. Bennett, suspecting that incubation had already commenced, visited the locality again on the 9th, but only saw the old nest; the birds behaving as before. On April 19, ten days later, he made another visit; and creeping carefully to the summit of the cliff, at a point near the eyrie already spoken of, he saw the female, on looking over the cliff, sitting on the nest, and but five or six yards distant. She eyed him fiercely for an instant, and then, scrambling from the nest to the edge of the narrow shelf supporting it, launched into the air: in a twinkling, Mr. Bennett's unerring aim sent her tumbling dead at the foot of the precipice, several hundred feet below. The nest contained four eggs, which were soon safely secured, and the body of the female was obtained from the foot of the cliff. The male, soon coming about, was shot at; but he was too shy to come within