

Bell's Vireo and the Sandhill Crane in New Hampshire. — Mr. Ned Dearborn of Durham, New Hampshire, has kindly given me permission to publish the following interesting notes:—

BELL'S VIREO (*Vireo belli*). On November 19, 1897, Mr. Dearborn was driving along a country road in Durham when his attention was attracted by a small bird which was hopping actively about among some poison ivy vines that had overrun a stone wall. As it looked unfamiliar he shot it. I have since examined it carefully and it proves to be a perfectly typical example of *V. belli*, a species not hitherto reported, I believe, from any part of New England.

SANDHILL CRANE (*Grus mexicana*). Mr. Dearborn tells me that he has recently purchased a Sandhill Crane of Mr. J. S. Turner, a taxidermist at Portsmouth, New Hampshire, who asserts that the bird was killed at Lovell's Pond, Wakefield, New Hampshire, in either 1896 or 1897, and brought to him in the flesh in fresh condition, but he has forgotten the name of the man who shot it nor can he remember the exact date. Mr. Turner has lived in Portsmouth many years and bears an excellent local reputation for reliability of statement. The specimen is mounted and was still encased in winding cotton, with the neck-wire projecting uncut through the top of the head, when Mr. Dearborn first saw it. With the Bell's Vireo above mentioned it is now preserved in the collection of the State Agricultural College at Durham. There are, as far as I can ascertain, no previous records of the occurrence of the Sandhill Crane in New Hampshire during the past century, although Belknap, writing in 1792 (*Hist. N. H.*, III, 1792, p. 169) mentions it without comment in his list of the birds of that State. — WILLIAM BREWSTER, *Cambridge, Mass.*

Bachman's Warbler (*Helminthophila bachmanii*) **Rediscovered near Charleston, South Carolina.**— I am pleased to announce the capture of an adult male of this interesting Warbler, by myself, near the village of Mount Pleasant, S. C., on the morning of May 15, 1901. I heard the song of what I was almost sure was a Parula Warbler singing lazily, and out of mere curiosity I went to locate the singer. I found the singer near the top of a sweet gum, but was unable to identify him positively as the morning was dark and cloudy. He flew from his perch to the low bushes, which formed the dense undergrowth, and was so restless and active that I could scarcely follow him except by the incessant song which he uttered at the rate of fifteen times a minute. At last I had a plain view of him as he sat upon a dead pine twig with his breast towards me, when I realized that it was the bird I had been looking for in this State for eighteen years. There was no mistake, as it was not the first Bachman's Warbler I had ever seen or shot. I watched the bird closely for thirteen minutes as I was sure his mate was setting or building a nest near at hand, as he kept singing in one locality and did not wander far off, but the temptation was too great to lose such a rare prize and I fired and killed the first Bach-

man's Warbler which has ever been taken in this State since Dr. Bachman took the type specimen near Charleston in July, 1833. After I had killed the bird I hunted for the female and nest for several hours, but was unsuccessful. In the afternoon I again visited the place and with the help of a friend, Lieut. J. D. Cozby, we searched for the female and nest, but could find neither. No doubt whatever exists in my mind that this bird was breeding and that his mate was incubating or else building a nest, as the sexual organs of the male proved that procreation was going on. This bird was certainly not a migrant as the migration of *wood-land* birds had passed. The *latest* migrant, the Gray-cheeked Thrush, was last noted May 13, when a single bird was seen. I am positive that I have heard this song nearly every summer in the same localities where the male was found, but I always keep out of such places after April 10 on account of the myriads of ticks and red bugs which infest them. Then, too, such places are simply impenetrable on account of the dense blackberry vines, matted with grape vines, fallen logs piled one upon another, and a dense growth of low bushes. In these jungles the rattlesnake is at home and the stoutest heart would quail.—ARTHUR S. WAYNE, *Mount Pleasant, S. C.*

Sprague's Pipit (*Anthus spragueii*) again on the Coast of South Carolina.—It is with much pleasure that I am again able to record the capture of this interesting bird. The first specimen was recorded in 'The Auk,' Vol. XI, 1894, p. 80. I shot the specimen I now record on November 17, 1900.

When first seen the bird was mistaken for the Grass Finch, but upon approaching it too closely it flew upward in circles until it was nearly out of vision when I realized that it was a veritable Sprague's Pipit. I continued to watch this mere speck in the heavens hoping that it would again alight. Suddenly the bird pitched downward and alighted in a grassy field. I hastened to the spot and as it flushed I shot it. The specimen is an adult female, and, like the first one taken, is in fine unworn plumage.

This second specimen was captured within a quarter of a mile of the spot where I shot the first specimen on November 24, 1893. The capture of this second specimen seems to warrant the belief that this bird is something more than a mere wanderer or accidental visitor.—ARTHUR T. WAYNE, *Mount Pleasant, S. C.*

The Wheatear Not a Bird of Maine.—In a recent article, Dr. Stejneger (*cf.* Stejneger, Proc. U. S. Nat. Mus., Vol. XXIII, p. 473) cites the Wheatear (*Saxicola enanthe*) as a bird recorded from Maine. Now as I have shown (*cf.* Knight, List of Birds of Maine, p. 141) there are no valid grounds for admitting this species to the avifauna of the State.

Careless and ignorant writers of the past have recorded the species in