

(*Hesperiphona vespertina*). The Grosbeak was in the open near one or more buildings. I saw it close enough to be sure of the identification. It was a striking looking bird and could have been nothing else. Assuming it was the same individual all the time, it was very loath to leave the vicinity. I thought it had left, and departed myself, but came back later and found it again. I shot at it several times, but unfortunately did not secure it. The white wing patches were perhaps its most striking feature. It called (whistled) a great deal. — JOHN TREADWELL NICHOLS, *Cambridge, Mass.*

**The Evening Grosbeak in Presque Isle Co., Mich.**—Mr. O. S. Burton of Millersburg, Presque Isle County, Mich., informs me that the Evening Grosbeak (*Hesperiphona vespertina*) has put in an appearance in considerable numbers in his vicinity. These feed on the berries of the mountain ash. It has been a number of years since this species has been reported to me in the Lower Peninsula except an occasional bird.—BRADSHAW H. SWALES, *Detroit, Mich.*

**The Bachman Sparrow (*Peucaea aestivalis backmanii*) in the Vicinity of Cincinnati, Ohio.**—On April 25, 1901, as I strolled about Rose Hill—a lately plotted subdivision of Avondale, Cincinnati, Ohio, and a region favored by the birds from primeval times—I heard a song from a sparrow, very sweet and unlike the songs of familiar resident or migrant sparrows. In the approaching dusk of evening it seemed to resemble a Field Sparrow in size and general coloring, as the bird flitted along from one low point to another, finally dropping into a bramble patch where the dimming light made it useless to follow.

On April 27, 1901, at a place three to four miles from Rose Hill—also a high, lightly wooded pasture, called Groesbeck Hill—a number of sparrows were singing similar songs to that heard on April 21. We were able to approach and examine several from close range as they sat singing most varied strains—never twice alike in opening, general composition, nor close of song, yet each repetition equally attractive. After careful observations with an opera glass, I felt reasonably certain of the Bachman Sparrow, heretofore on the hypothetical list for Ohio. It is one of the dullest and most inconspicuously plumaged of the 'sparrowy' arrayed sparrows.

On May 3, 1901, I visited the vicinity of Rose Hill again and did not fail to hear and see the Bachman in song. The opening notes of their songs are frequently exquisite, indrawn strains, of the quality of the Chickadee's daintiest *phebe* whistle, followed by a lower-pitched trill with perhaps several Goldfinch-like notes introduced. The whole is superior in quality, variations and a certain plaintive cadence to any sparrow song I know.

The birds are quiet and with an almost passive manner. If undisturbed, they perch for a comparatively long interval on the same spot

(preferably an open perch), lifting up their heads and voices in song, sometimes running one song into another with scarce perceptible interval between. One can approach very close to the bird — within three feet and less — when they are settled in low situations, and they often rise from almost under foot if you pass through their haunts in the long grass or rank melilot. To escape, they will flit down into the grass and run away. They will perch for singing as high as thirty feet, but the usual situations are bushes and fences.

About Cincinnati, I am glad to say, this sweet-voiced sparrow is becoming more abundant yearly. In the spring of this year (1903) I began hearing them in full song April 18, and by May 1 met them in almost every direction in the country, singing from rail fences, wayside thickets and telegraph poles or wires. They especially abound in grass fields and old pastures northeast of the city, where their notes seemed the most familiar sounds, on the days I passed that way.

I am indebted to Mr. W. L. Dawson of Columbus, Ohio, for securing a specimen from near Rose Hill for me — a male in full song at the time he was shot; and also thank Mr. Wm. Hubbell Fisher for making a carefully finished skin, and Dr. Josua Lindahl for preserving tongue and contents of crop.— LAURA GANO, *Earlham Place, Richmond, Ind.*

**Kirtland's Warbler (*Dendroica kirtlandi*) on the Coast of South Carolina.**—On October 29, 1903, I shot near Mount Pleasant, S. C., a superb specimen of Kirtland's Warbler from the top of a water oak tree about 40 feet from the ground.

It was about 11 A. M., when I heard a chirp which I thought was that of a Prairie Warbler (*Dendroica discolor*) and as it was a very late date for a Prairie Warbler to be here I went in search of the bird.

The sound ceased entirely, but I kept looking into the water oak tree and did not move far away. At last I saw a small bird near the top of the tree behind a cluster of leaves, and when it moved it wagged its tail in a most deliberate and studied manner. The tail seemed to be disproportionately long and the body altogether unsymmetrical in contour. I at once realized that it was a Kirtland's Warbler — a bird that I had looked for in vain for twenty years. The bird kept constantly *behind* a limb or a cluster of leaves or twigs and remained in this position nearly all the time I was watching it. At last it changed its position and with its breast toward me I fired and found that I had secured a superb specimen of this rare Warbler.

The specimen is a young male, and had not entirely completed the moult, and was very fat. This bird makes the third specimen captured in South Carolina, and, if I have read the record correctly, makes the third specimen taken in the United States during the autumnal migration; while it is the latest fall record for the presence of the bird in the United States by eighteen days.