

the coast line by the extreme cold, coming down from the North to Charleston in very large numbers. After reaching that point, and finding no food to nourish them, many died of starvation, while others weakened by exposure to the cold, fell an easy prey to the vandal hands that sought to destroy them.

A short time after the occurrence of the cold wave, I endeavored to obtain some information regarding it from other parts of the State.

I am sorry to say that the details were meagre and unsatisfactory. Out of about a dozen letters written, only two were answered, and these answers came in an indirect manner through the efforts of a minister of Kirkwood, into whose heart I had instilled a very weak solution of enthusiasm on birds.

ROBT. WINDSOR SMITH, *Kirkwood, Ga.*

THE REDPOLL ACANTHIS LINARIA IN SOUTH CAROLINA.

I have seen the Redpolls once more. When I was a small boy, in the days of my box traps and flintlock musket, they, with the Chickadees, were among my intimates at the woodhouse door or over "back of the sandbank" in the coldest corner of old cold Massachusetts. A Tree Sparrow or two, a Nuthatch or a Blue Jay, about filled the bill for that favored afternoon, as a general thing. The rediculously tame Grosbeaks, parrotly Crossbills, and skimming Snowbirds were episodes; our Redpolls and Chickadees quite every day affairs.

Now all is changed. The snow and the cold, except on rare occasions, are things of the past. When they do come along as they did last week, they are merely reminders of the pleasanter episodes of the past; and the little boreal bird or two that gets swept along in the bitter blizzard to find a few days rest in our sparkling sunshine, I hope, will carry away a happy thought of his sojourn about our Barrack Yard in exchange for the wholesome pleasure he has given me.

This is a regular bird paradise. We have hot enough at times for any tropical bird, besides having the fag end of a blizzard

every year or so for the accommodation of the other sort. As for food, why bug or bean, fish or fly, can be had at most any time with a minimum search. But my fate is to be aboard ship most all the time, where I see only Gulls and hear the migrants at night. There are, to be sure, certain regular morning and evening callers, but they do not tarry long enough to become individual acquaintances. Just now I am boarding with the marine guard, so I go through the Navy Yard every day and am sure of seeing at least a pair of Mockingbirds and a Loggerhead Shrike or so, everytime. About the wharf sloop the English Sparrow has full possession. Between the bell tower and the marine barrack yard is quite a wide bit of sandy, wind-swept ground, mostly built up by dredging from the bed of the river. A few tufts of ragged unkept grass and some sturdy weeds do not as yet offer an excuse even for covering but just stand where they are and make most of their headway in the lee of the barrack yard fence. Here congregate quite a nice little colony of our winter Sparrows—Savannahs, Songs and Vespers, mostly. In wet weather a Swamp or two, and more rarely a Sharp-tail, from across the road that heads down to the naval hospital, there is salt marsh on that side and the Clapper Rail is supreme.

Coming to the gate the other day—February 23rd—I found a cat in the thickest clump of grass and as she fled from the usual brick bat, for all such cases made and provided, among the little Sparrows that skittered startling out was a lovely Redpoll. I saw him on a move next morning. Now it is warm again and he is off and far away I hope. I thought I saw the cat once since then and when I hove the brick a small goat got up and looked at me leisurely. How old and blind I am getting, I could not tell a goat from a cat and then could not hit it.

W. J. HOXIE, *Beaufort, S. C.*

SPRING HORIZON, NEAR LYNCHBURG, VA.

April 26th, 1901,—Grasshopper Sparrow, Red-headed Woodpecker, Yellow Warbler, Chimney Swift, Barn Swallow,