

"Well, I don't know anything only what I hear," said Magill. "I'm not the shairiff, you know. The story goes that he was a man with a red goatce—"

"Un what fer sized man?" asked Bijy.

"Rather under-sized, and with one eye a little walled," said Magill.

"I'm derned ef 't ain't the wery man I seed," said Bijy, who never failed to know something about everything. "He wuz comin' towards the camp-meetin' that wery arternoon. Dern!" and he shut his mouth, and got to his feet in excitement. "I kind-uh suspicioned 'im too," he added.

"Well, I don't know anything," said the

clerk; "but if they catch that stranger and prove it on him,—mind, I say, if they *prove* it,—count me for one that will help git the world rid of him by Broad Run law, as they call it. But I've got to get on home, gintlemen. Good-bye, gintlemen, and good luck to you all!"

The rest nodded their heads and said good-bye.

"He 's too orful slick," said Jake, when Magill had gone. "Makes me kind uv sick. Now I like a man ut talks out like a man, you know; without so much dodrotted saf-sawder, un so on. He ain't none uh my kind, Magill hain't."

(To be continued.)

Edward Eggleston.



BIRD MUSIC.

THE BLUEBIRD AND THE ROBIN.



HE writer of this paper has read with great interest the books of many able ornithologists of to-day, and, in his humble way as a musician and a farmer, has for years been an admiring observer of birds. His excuse for abruptly presenting himself among his betters is the fact that, by their inadequate treatment of the chief charm of the singing birds,—their songs,—they have left a space for some one to fill. To express admiration for the music of the birds is not enough: every season the airy songsters of wood and field urge us to a more careful and fitting report. This effort is a step towards so doing. The observations here recorded were made in and about a grove of maples in a valley of south-eastern Vermont.

Our first two spring visitors are the bluebird and the robin, the bluebird invariably coming first. The following are the principal features of the bluebird's songs as I took them, from time to time, last season.

Early on the morning of the 17th of March my ear caught his first, far, faint, but sweet notes.



The weather was cold, and I heard no more for several days; but on the morning of the 25th one made bold to come into the orchard, where he appeared to feel quite at home. Though it was still cold, his pure, soft notes held me within hearing for half an hour, during which time some of his morning talk (the music of a bluebird is often quite as much like talking as like singing) was secured.



The next morning I heard him sing simply,



The morning of the 28th being rainy, I feared I should see no birds, but by 9 o'clock the clouds began to vanish, and suddenly there were three species within four rods of my window—a flock of snow-birds, a white-breasted nut-hatch, and the bluebird. The latter lit upon the stump of a small plum-tree, when white-breast lit upon the side of the stump and began to dart up and down and around, below him. The bluebird was evidently puzzled

at his friend's eccentric movements. Shifting quickly from point to point, he would peer over in a very quizzical and comical manner, as much as to say, "How do you do that?" It was a pretty pantomime; only two actors, but they acted well. Though no music was added to my notes, I was grateful for the call; and when the silent birds took to the air and left me alone again, I could not but exclaim, "How beautiful are birds, and what is so blue as a bluebird!"

Thus far the bluebird sang in the key of D minor. I afterward heard him in several keys, as here represented:

4.
 5.
 6.
 7.
 8.
 9.
 10.

In these examples, the bluebird uses the minor key altogether: we have him in four positions of it. The fact that he sings in the minor key may partly explain the tenderness characterizing his song; but undoubtedly the plaintive quality of his tone is the more important factor. The written songs of the bluebird and the robin might lead one to conclude that their performance would produce much the same effect, but on hearing them the contrast is striking.

Last season the robin was five days behind the bluebird. The first note I heard from him proved him a magician; the sound of his voice, filling the air with joy, spread a glow of instantaneous happiness over the morning landscape. Perched on the topmost twig of a tall maple, I had only time to lift my hat when he saluted me with,

This he repeated two or three times with

martial ardor and precision; then with his parting:

Lit lit, lit lit lit.

and with a flirt of his tail at each note, he left the grove. He flew high, scorning the earth, and did not return till evening. Then he did not sing: it was only

Lit lit lit, leu leu.

The effect was that of a call, but there was no answer. Soon he called again louder, with more rapid notes, giving another interval:

Lit, lit, lit, lit, lit, leu, leu, leu.

The next morning he again appeared on the same twig and called, "Lit, lit, lit," to which a bluebird promptly responded,

Chee-oo - wy, chee-oo - wy.

and a nut-hatch rattled away merrily at them both,

Wait, wait, wait, wait, wait, wait,
 Ick - y, ick - y, ick - y.

Some two weeks passed before the morning songs proper began, my first record being made May 5. On that morning, before light, I was out, and within a few feet of a robin that struck up his song in a small pear-tree, not more than ten feet from the ground. On this occasion I settled one point; namely, that the robin frequently sings other notes than those heard. He has a habit of, as it were, closing his mouth between strains, and making muffled, indistinct tones — an imperfect echo or, better, a burlesque repetition. The effect is humorous; for he seems to be shyly ridiculing his performance as he goes along, for his own private enjoyment. This after effort, not intended for the public, is usually pitched at the top of his voice — so high that his voice often breaks, when the result is truly ludicrous. I am convinced that many times when we think the robin is resting between strains, he

is busying himself in the manner described. His song on this occasion ran,



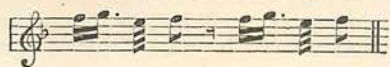
Another Song at Daybreak.



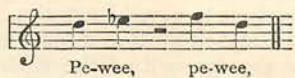
May 6, at 4 P. M., there were signs of rain, and redbreast seemed to be unusually inspired. He sang with great spirit,



While at my work, May 8, I heard him introducing new "kinks" in his vocal twistings. He repeated them many times, almost to tiresomeness. They were:



The morning of the 14th opened rainy, but the drops did not stop the concert of the birds. On putting my head out to catch the first of it, a pewee was singing,



Pe-wee, pe-wee,

and a robin defied the shower in good set terms, as follows:



Whether he meant to sing in E major or minor, I did not decide.

May 23 I was awake before 2 o'clock A. M. and all was still; not even a frog peeped. At the first faint coming of light the rooster crowed; and in about half an hour I heard the first bird notes — the robin's. At this hour the robin does not burst into full song, but begins with a subdued twitter, which rapidly opens and attunes his throat for the splendid moment when, yielding himself to the fresh gladness, he does his best. The present performance was in a little maple close by my window, where, undoubtedly, he had spent the night. His song was,



There is no mistake about this being in the major key, and a bit of choice melody. Delivered, as it was, with a delightful animation, the effect was cheering to the last degree. Other voices joined, and immediately a grand chorus resulted, in which, much to my amusement, the frogs and toads, silent up to this time, took a lively part, not to be outdone by the whole choring hosts of orioles, catbirds, pewees, sparrows, and other feathered rivals. The only fault with the performance was its brevity; in a few minutes all was silent as before. The robin sings more hours than almost any other bird. His songs are short and he repeats them many times, but he is by no means stereotyped in his forms; indeed, he is fair at extemporizing when the mood takes him. A commendable variety will be discovered in the annexed melodies.



21. *Just at dark.* *pp*

22.

23.

24. *Signal for flight.*

Chicky ick-y chicky eu, Chicky ick-y chicky eu.

25. *Sept. 21, cold and rainy.*

26.

27.

28.

oe oe oe, up, up, up.

From these examples it will be seen that bird music is akin to our own: the same intervals are used as in the major and minor keys. No. 11 brings to mind the first half of an old melody sung by the spinning-girls fifty years ago, as a substitute for counting, while reeling their yarn:

All a-long, all a-long, all a-long, all a-long,

all a-long, all a-long link-tum loo.

Who is the plagiarist?

The majority of singing birds make free use

of triplets; the robins abound in them. They are generally separated by brief rests; but in some instances two or three triplets are given without rests, as in Nos. 17 and 20.

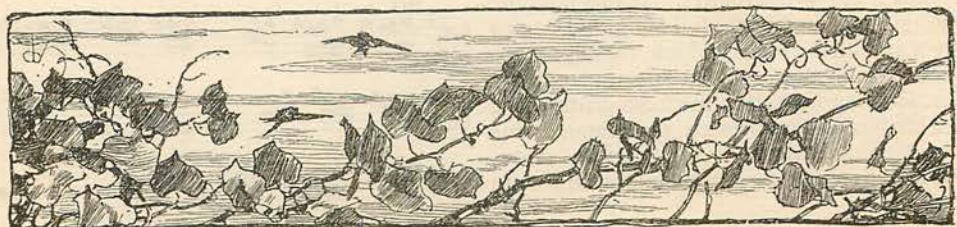
The robins sing throughout the summer, their incessant repetitions frequently becoming tiresome. They take the lead at the opening of the season, and hold it. Every morning they begin the concert, and are the principal performers; indeed, they seem to feel competent to make up the entire orchestra, if necessary. They are by no means our best singers, but were we deprived of them, we should miss their songs more than those of any other bird. They are the most social and domestic of all the migrating birds, belonging to the farm almost as much as do the hens and chickens. They come early and stay late; and after they are supposed to be gone for good, if you have a nice mountain ash, hanging thick with clusters of beautiful red berries,—the very gem of all outdoor ornaments at this season,—some very windy day a cloud of robins will swoop down upon it, when nothing will save it. In mitigation of his offense, I am willing to believe that the robin does not think himself a robber, but simply a high-handed taker of what he has earned by long service of song.

September 21, a cold, rainy day, when no other bird was to be seen, I heard a robin exclaim:

He spoke with much decision and independence, as much as to say, "I am alone, but can take care of myself!" It is a point worth noticing that the farewell of the robin is very similar in style to his first salute in the spring.

The last I saw of the robins they were collecting, at early morning, in the small trees and bushes about a pond near the grove. Very brisk, both in voice and movement, their main notes were:

Simon Pease Cheney.



BIRD MUSIC: PARTRIDGES AND OWLS.

PARTRIDGES.



HE peculiar interest in the partridge is owing to its close kinship with our domestic fowls.

The wild and the tame hens look alike and act alike: their habits are similar, their eggs differ only in size, and both prefer nests on the ground; both gather their chickens under their wings, and both call them with like clucks.

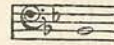
The partridge seems to have an appreciation of all this, and delights in coming near our buildings; even lighting upon them and on the well-curb, and flying down into the door-yard. Not long since, a young miss of the village where I dwell drove one into a shed, and caught it in her hands.

Living for more than thirty years in a grove, I have had interesting experiences with these birds. One evening last summer, on going, just at dark, to see what disturbed a hen grouping her chickens out-of-doors, I found a partridge sitting in her nest, refusing to be driven out by the proprietor, who was both picking it and striking it with her wings. I took it up, carried it into the house, examined it, and placed it on the floor. It was full grown and plump, but appeared to be unable to stand, lying quite motionless, as is the habit of the young in time of danger. The next morning, when I opened the door of the wood-house, where it had spent the night, instantly it hummed by my head and disappeared. The partridge has a rapid flight, and no bird surpasses it in swift sailing. What caused this particular one to seek the nest of the brooding hen at that hour is something of a mystery; it may have been hotly pursued by an owl.

But it is of the musical powers of the partridge that I wish to speak. One spring the neighboring children came in companies to see a partridge on her nest close by my barn. The novel sight was highly entertaining, but their eyes opened wider still when they saw and heard the performances of her mate on his favorite log. During the time the hen was laying her eggs and sitting, he often gave us the "stormy music of his drum." It was small trouble to arrange bushes on a fence near by so that one could creep up unseen, and get a

full view of the gallant thunderer perched on a knotty old hemlock log, mossy, and half buried in the ground; and "children of a larger growth," as well as the boys and girls, availed themselves of the opportunity. Of the many who saw him in the act of drumming, I do not recall one who had a correct idea beforehand of the way in which the "partridge thunder" is produced. It was supposed to be made by the striking of the bird's wings either against the log or against his body; whereas it was now plainly to be seen that the performer stood straight up, like a junk bottle, and brought his wings in front of him with quick, strong strokes, smiting nothing but the air—not even his "own proud breast," as one distinguished observer has suggested.

Wilson thinks the drumming may be heard nearly half a mile. He might safely have doubled the distance; though, when we consider the low pitch, B flat, second line in bass staff, the fact is surprising. The tones somewhat



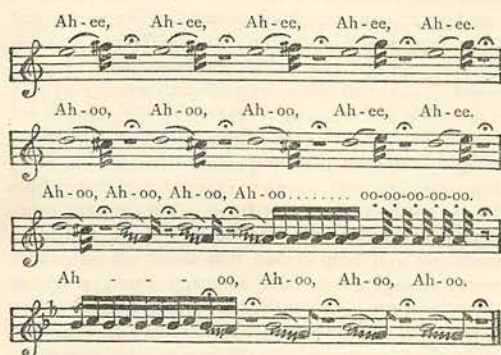
resemble those of any deep drum, being very deceptive as to distance, often sounding near when far off, and far off when near. I would describe the drumming as a succession of thumps, the first dozen of which may be counted.

The first two or three are soft and comparatively slow; then they increase rapidly in force and frequency, rushing onward into a furious whirl, the whirl subsiding into a sudden but graduated diminish. The entire power of the partridge must be thrown into this exercise. His appearance immediately afterwards attests this, as well as the volume of sound; for he drops into the forlornest of attitudes, looking as if he would never move again. In a few minutes, however, perhaps five, he begins to have nervous motions of the head; up, up it goes, and his body with it, till he is perfectly erect—legs, body, neck, and all. And then for the thunder once more:



The partridge, as the bass drummer, is an important member of the feathered orchestra.

before, but had not secured them. They were as follows:



It is hard to believe that so gentle pleadings can accompany thoughts intent on plunder and blood. I do not know where to look again for so painful a contradiction as exists between the tones of this bird and his wicked work. Wilson, noticing the inconsistency between his utterances and his actions, says of

one he had in confinement, that at twilight he "flew about the room with the silence of thought, and, perching, moaned out his melancholy notes with many lively gesticulations not at all in accordance with the pitiful tone of his ditty, which reminded one of a half-frozen puppy."

The naturalist is glad to be a "companion of owls" for a season, willingly taking the risk of their making night hideous and keeping him awake with their "snoring."

Owls have always been hooted at as well as hooting. "As stupid as an owl," "tough as a b'iled owl"—these expressions of reproach are still in vogue. But let us give the owl his due. An intelligent and apparently honest man tells me that he once ate of an owl—fattened on chickens, by the way, filched from him with surpassing cunning—and found it as sweet and tender fowl as he had ever tasted. So, it seems, the owl is not always stupid, nor always tough. Few birds are clad in finer raiment, and no other inhabitants of the air fly with so velvet-like, so silent wings.

Simeon Pease Cheney.

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

An Issue that cannot be Ignored.

NOTHING is more encouraging to the advocates of civil service reform than the constantly increasing sensitiveness of the public mind upon this question. This is shown with striking force whenever a violation of the law is reported in any quarter, and especially in Washington. Only a few weeks ago, for example, a report was published that a circular had been sent from Washington, with the knowledge and approval of the Assistant Secretary of the Treasury and of the Public Printer, calling upon the postmasters of New York State to furnish lists of voters to whom political documents could be sent. Instantly there was an outcry from all parts of the country against this proposal as a violation of the civil service law. The two officials who were charged with giving their approval hastened to say that they had done so only in the most informal way, that they had not signed the circular, and that they had no intention of sanctioning any violation either of the letter or the spirit of the law. The circular itself was summarily suppressed.

To realize the progress which has been made, we have only to contrast the spirit in which the public received this news of an attempt to use the post office for political purposes with that which it would have shown towards a similar effort a few years ago. There would have been no protest heard then, save from a few persons and newspapers with whom civil service reform was a "hobby" or "fad," advocated with such persistency as to be in danger of becoming a public bore. Now the mere suspicion of a violation of the

law, either in the appointment of a person to office or in the administration of a department, is sufficient to set the whole country a-talking.

The political managers who are mapping out the next campaign will do well to give more than perfunctory notice to this new attitude of public sentiment. A mere plank of approval and sympathy in the party platforms will not be sufficient. There must be a specific and hearty pledge to carry forward and extend the scope of the reform, and there must be put on the platforms candidates whose characters and public records will be such as to give promise that their efforts will be earnestly devoted to the fulfillment of the pledge in case of election. For great and encouraging as is the progress which has been made, the reform is really only in its first stage. Only a very small proportion of the public service is yet within the limits of our civil service rules. The country will not be freed from the evils of the spoils system till the whole public service is so completely removed from the reach of the politicians that we can hold a presidential election with the certainty that, whatever may be the result, not a single subordinate in the employ of our Government need to fear that he will lose his place so long as he does his duty faithfully and efficiently.

It will be a great mistake for the political managers to think that the tariff issue, important and absorbing as it is in public interest, can be depended upon to overshadow that of civil service reform. The sensitiveness of the public mind, to which we have alluded, is due in great measure to the knowledge that at heart the mere politicians of both parties have never had any

in stature and competent to cope single-handed with an army of anarchists. One of these policemen undertook to guard a railway station where a dozen were required the day before; they searched single-handed for anarchists like ferrets for rats; the city was safe from that hour. The prestige born of that memorable achievement had been a complete education in courage.

Moral courage will always rank higher than physical. The one is a daily necessity, while the other may be required only in emergencies.

It cannot be doubted that the crime of embezzlement, unhappily becoming so common among employés who handle money, is mainly due to lack of moral courage. The history of the unfaithful cashier is always the same old story. He has incurred a debt through an extra bit of extravagance or taking a turn in the stock market, in the certain belief in success. If he had the moral courage

to tell his employer frankly of his pressing necessities, make a clean breast of it, and ask advice and assistance at the outset, he would, in nine cases out of ten, if a valuable employé, receive good counsel, be assisted to a loan, helped to bridge over the results of his indiscretion, and be saved from ultimate ruin. His moral cowardice leads him to steal money with which to silence pressing creditors or to gamble in the hope of freeing himself from debt, and, when matters go from bad to worse, carries him panic-stricken to Canada to end his days as a branded criminal and a fugitive from justice.

Morality cannot flourish without courage; criminality certainly thrives upon the lack of it. If we cannot go so far as to believe with the Frenchman that every mistake in life may be traced to fear, we can at least agree with the philosopher who said, "Great talents have been lost for want of a little courage."

Horace Porter.

BIRD MUSIC: THE ORIOLE AND THE THRUSH.



HE Baltimore oriole is the most beautiful of our spring visitors, has a rich and powerful voice, the rarest skill in nest-building, and is among the happiest, most jubilant of birds. The male generally arrives here a few days in advance of the female—the first week in May.

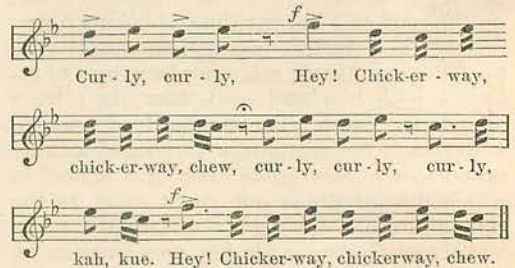


The melodic structure here is similar to that of the bluebird's strain, but the effect is very different. Hardly a songster, the oriole is rather a tuneful caller, a musical shouter; nevertheless, as will appear, he sometimes vents his high spirits in ingenious variations indicative of great melodic possibilities. Years ago I heard, from a large, tall elm standing in an open field, a strain the beauty of which so struck me that it is often wafted through my mind to this day. It was the oriole's voice, but could it be his song?



It proved to be so, and it became with me a favorite argument for the old form of the minor scale—the seventh sharp ascending, natural descending.

But a still greater deviation from the usual vocal delivery of orioles was noticed here on the 22d of May, 1884, the new song continuing through the season. A remarkable feature of the performance was the distinct utterance of words as plainly formed as the whippoorwill's name when he "tells" it "to all the hills."



While listening to this song I could not help thinking that the bird had been trained. He invariably attacked the *f* in the climax most artistically, taking it as if with a full sense of the exclamation Hey! We hoped the wandering minstrel would summer in our grove of maples, but he passed on, visiting the neighbors as he went, finally taking quarters about a fourth of a mile away. Nearly every day during the season, however, we

were greeted with at least one vigorous "Hey! chickerway, chickerway, chew!"

The oriole, when about to fly, gives a succession of brisk, monotonous notes, much like those of the kingfisher.



The first notes from him here one spring were:



THE WOOD THRUSH.

THIS is probably the most popular singer of all the thrushes. He may be heard at any hour of the day during the mating and nesting season, but his best performances are at morning and evening. While his melodies are not so varied as those of the brown or those of the hermit thrush, they are exquisite, the quality of tone being indescribably beautiful and fascinating. Chancing to hear him in the edge of the woods at twilight as he sings:



in a moment you will be oblivious to all else, and ready to believe that the little song is not of earth, but a wandering strain from the skies. "How is it," you will ask, "that a bird has that inimitable voice? Whence his skill in the use of it? Whence the inspiration that, with the utmost refinement, selects and arranges the tones in this scrap of divine melody?" But hark!



It is a new key, and the rapture is both enhanced and prolonged.

These brief strains, precise in pitch, contain the leading peculiarities of the wood thrush's song, though by no means all of his notes. His compass rarely exceeds an octave. The following was copied about 10 o'clock A. M.:



THE HERMIT THRUSH.

IN the case of the thrushes, as in other cases, it is not easy to find out from the books "which is which." There is a general resemblance in their voices, in their color, in their nests and eggs. Wilson says of this one, "In both seasons it is mute, having only, in spring, an occasional squeak like that of a young, stray chicken." Dr. Coues says, "He is an eminent vocalist." Mr. Flagg holds a similar opinion. After no little research in the books and in the woods, I am obliged to record him not only as the greatest singer among the thrushes, but as the greatest singing bird of New England. The brown thrush, or "thrasher," the cat-bird, and the bobolink display a wider variety of songs; the bobolink especially, who sings a long, snatchy song, in a rollicking style altogether foreign to that of the hermit thrush. He never indulges in mere merriment, nor is his music sad; it is clear, ringing, spiritual, full of sublimity. The wood thrush does not excel his hermit cousin in sweetness of voice, while he by no means equals him in spirit and compass. The hermit, after striking his first low, long, and firm tone, startling the listener with an electric thrill, bounds upwards by thirds, fourths, and fifths, and sometimes a whole octave, gurgling out his triplets with every upward movement. Occasionally, on reaching the height, he bursts like a rocket, and the air is full of silver tones. Soon returning for a second flight, he probably takes a new key, which gives a fresh, wild, and enchanting effect. The hermit's constant and apparently indiscriminate modulations or changes of tonic lend a luscious charm to his performances. Start from what point he may, it always proves the right one. When he moves off with



and then, returning, steps up a degree and follows it with a similar strain,



it is like listening to the opening of a grand overture. Does one attempt to steal the chanter's notes he is anticipated, and finds himself stolen, heart and all the senses. But it is folly to attempt a description of the music of the thrushes, of the skill and beauty of their styles of singing; and all as vain to try to describe their matchless voices. The following notes of the hermit thrush are very meager

and unsatisfactory, being the result of only two or three interviews :



I have heard him no lower in the staff than B flat :



THE TAWNY THRUSH.

NOTWITHSTANDING Dr. Coues's silence, and Wilson's statement that this bird has "no song, but a sharp chuck," the tawny thrush is a charming singer. His song is short, but very beautiful, especially at evening. I think we

have no bird that sings so far into the dark ; hence his popular title of the "American nightingale." It is particularly difficult to describe his quality of tone. An appreciative woman perhaps nearest indicates its metallic charm when she writes, "It is a spiral, tremulous, silver thread of music." There are eight tones in the song, the last two being on the same pitch as the first two. The beginning is very unusual, the first tone being on the second degree of the scale ; and there is no breaking of the delicate "silver thread" from beginning to end :



This succession of sounds, so simple to the eye, becomes, as it is performed, quite intricate to the ear ; something like the sweep of an accordion through the air. The first half of the song is deliberate, while the last is slightly hurried.

Simeon Pease Cheney.



"SINCE CLEOPATRA DIED."

"Since Cleopatra died
I have lived in such dishonor, that the world
Doth wonder at my baseness."

"SINCE Cleopatra died!" Long years are past,
In Antony's fancy, since the deed was done.
Love counts its epochs, not from sun to sun,
But by the heart-throb. Mercilessly fast
Time has swept onward since she looked her last
On life, a queen. For him the sands have run
Whole ages through their glass, and kings have won
And lost their empires o'er earth's surface vast
Since Cleopatra died. Ah! Love and Pain
Make their own measure of all things that be.
No clock's slow ticking marks their deathless strain ;
The life they own is not the life we see ;
Love's single moment is eternity ;
Eternity, a thought in Shakspeare's brain.

Thomas Wentworth Higginson.



right for you to receive them with all courtesy and respect as private gentlemen of distinction; but it would be very improper to pay to them any of those honors which are paid to official persons.*

The same result in a larger degree awaited their advent in Europe. Under the intense publicity of which they had been the subject, officials of all degrees were in a measure com-

pelled to avoid them as political "suspects." Mason was received in England with cold and studied neglect; while Slidell in France, though privately encouraged by the Emperor Napoleon III., finally found himself a victim instead of a beneficiary of his selfishness.

* Lyons to Commander Hewett, Dec. 30, 1861. British "Blue Book."

BIRD MUSIC: SPARROWS.

THE SONG SPARROW.

THE sparrow family is a large one. There may be twenty species, half of which, at least, spend their summer in New England. The song sparrows are the most numerous, sing the most, and exhibit the greatest variety of melody. Standing near a small pond recently, I heard a song sparrow sing four distinct songs within twenty minutes, repeating each several times.



I have more than twenty songs of this sparrow, and have heard him in many other forms. He generally gives a fine trill at the beginning or end of his song. Sometimes, however, it is introduced in the middle, and occasionally is omitted, especially in the latter part of the season. There is a marked difference in the quality and volume of the voices of different individuals. During the season of 1885 I listened almost daily to the strongest and best sparrow voice that I have ever heard. There was a fullness and richness, particularly in the trills, that reminded one of the bewitching tones of the wood-thrush. These are some of his songs:



That the singers of any species sing exactly alike, with the same voice and style, and in the same key always, is a great mistake.

There is a wide difference between the singing of old and young birds. This is especially true of the oriole, the tanager, and the bobolink. The voice of a bird four years old is very much fuller and better than that of a yearling; just as his plumage is deeper and richer in color.

The song sparrow comes soon after the bluebird and the robin, and sings from the time of his coming till the close of summer. Unlike his cousin, the field sparrow, he seems to seek the companionship of man. Sitting near an open window one day last summer, as was my habit, my attention was attracted by the singing of a song sparrow perched upon a twig not far away. Fancying that he addressed himself to me individually, I responded with an occasional whistle.

He listened with evident interest, his head on one side and his eye rolled up. For many days in succession he came at about the same hour in the afternoon, and perching in the same place sung his cheery and varied songs, listening in turn to my whistles.

THE FIELD SPARROW.

THIS sparrow, less common than the song or the chipping sparrow, resembles these in appearance and habits. He is not so social, preferring the fields and pastures and bushy lots. When Wilson wrote, "None of our birds have been more imperfectly described than the family of the finch tribe usually called sparrows," he wrote well; but when he wrote of this one, "It has no song," he brought himself under his own criticism. And when Dr. Coues, on the contrary, describes him as "very melodious, with an extensive and varied

score to sing from," and further, as possessing "unusual compass of vocal powers," he much better describes the song sparrow. The field sparrow is surely a fine singer, and he may have several songs. I have heard him in one only; but that one, though short, it would be hard to equal. As a scientific composition it stands nearly if not quite alone. Dr. Coues quotes Mr. Minot on the singing of this bird. "They open with a few exquisitely modulated whistles, each higher and a little louder than the preceding, and close with a sweet trill." The song does begin with two or three well-separated tones—or "whistles," if you please; but I discover no modulation, nor is each higher than the preceding, the opening tones being on the same pitch. However, the song, both in power and rapidity, increases from beginning to end. It by no means requires "unusual compass"; simply the interval of a minor third.

When we consider the genius displayed in combining so beautifully the essence of the three grand principles of sound, length, pitch, and power, its brevity and limited compass make it all the more wonderful. Scarcely anything in rhythmic and dynamics is more difficult than to give a perfect *accelerando* and *crescendo*; and the use of the chromatic scale by which the field sparrow rises in his lyric flight involves the very pith of melodic ability. This little musician has explored the whole realm of sound, and condensed its beauties in perfection into one short song.



Simeon Pease Cheney.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

"Such, poets, is your bride, the Muse! . . .
 a hidden ground
 Of thought and of austerity within."

MATTHEW ARNOLD, *Austerity of Poetry.*

AUSTERE, sedate, the chisel in his hand,
 He carved his statue from a flawless stone,
 That faultless verse, whose earnest undertone
 Echoes the music of his Grecian land.
 Like Sophocles on that Ægean strand
 He walked by night, and watched life's sea alone,
 Amid a temperate, not the tropic zone,
 Girt round by cool waves and a crystal sand.
 And yet the world's heart in his pulses stirred;
 He looked abroad across life's wind-swept plain,
 And many a wandering mariner has heard
 His warning hail, and as the blasts increase,
 Has listened, till he passed the reefs again,
 And floated safely in his port of Peace.

William P. Andrews.

longer doubtful, it is plain, that whatever other rights woman should have, those of the intellectual kingdom ought to be hers fully and freely. She should be the judge herself of how far she should go in exploring the mysteries of nature and of science.

It is not a question of putting all our girls through college; it is not even a question of their being taught in the same institutions and

classes with men when they go to college. The form in which women shall be taught and the subjects that they shall study are of minor importance at the moment, and time will settle them in a natural way. The great desideratum is that they be given the collegiate education when they need it, and that they be the judges of their own needs.

Arthur Gilman.

BIRD MUSIC.



As one approaches the haunts of the yellow-breasted chat, the old rule for children is reversed—he is everywhere heard, nowhere seen. Seek him ever so slyly where the ear has just detected him, instantly you hear him elsewhere; and this with no sign of a flight. The chat revels in eccentricities. Some tones of his loud voice are musical, others are harsh; and he delights in uttering the two kinds in the same breath, occasionally slipping in the notes of other birds and, on some authorities, imitating those of quadrupeds. I have discovered in his medleys snatches from the robin, catbird, oriole, kingfisher, and brown thrasher. Wilson refers to his “great variety of odd and uncouth monosyllables.” I have detected three such, “char,” “quirp,” and “whirr,” and they were given with distinctness.

The male birds, generally preceding the females in their migrations, locate and at once begin a series of vocal and gymnastic exercises. A marked example of these performances is a jerky flight straight upwards perhaps fifty feet, and a descent in the same fussy fashion. (Though this exhibition is eminently characteristic of the chat, one observer informs me that he has seen the woodcock and the linnet so employed.) The favorite time for it is just before dusk; but if there be a moon, a carousal of some sort goes on all night, the evident intention being to let no migrating lady-chat pass without a hearty invitation to cease her wandering, and to accept a husband and a home.

After all, the chat can hardly be said to have a song. The longest strain that I have heard from him is without melody, closely resembling the rhythmic movement of the yellow-billed cuckoo's effort, but wholly unlike it in quality of tone. He will burst out with loud,

rapid tones, then suddenly retard and diminish to the close:



In the course of an hour I have heard this strain repeated many times, and am satisfied that it has no one pitch or key. The following are the principal notes of this chat, but it is not to be understood that they always come in like order:

BOBOLINK.

THE mere mention of his name incites merriment. Bobolink is the embodiment of frolic song, the one inimitable operatic singer of the feathered stage. Though the oriole has a stronger and more commanding voice, and the thrushes far surpass him in deep, pure, and soul-stirring tones, he has no rival; even the mocking-bird is dumb in his presence. In the midst of his rollicking song he falls with bewitching effect into a ventriloquous strain, subdued, as if his head were under his wing; but soon the first force returns with a swell, and he shoots up into the air from the slender twig upon which he has been singing and swinging in the wind, looks with indifference upon everything beneath him, plying just the tips of his wings to paddle himself along in his reckless hilarity, twisting his head this way and that, increasing in ecstasy till he and his song drop together to the ground.

During his short but glorious reign bobolink takes the open meadow, the broad sunlight, all day long. When he would sing his best, he invariably opens with a few tentative notes, softly and modestly given, as much as to say, "Really, I fear I'm not quite in the mood to-day." It is a musical gurgling:



Then the rapturous song begins, and a gradual crescendo continues to the end. A few of the first notes of the song proper are:



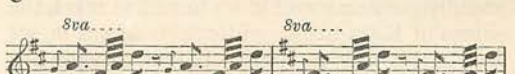
His tonic is F major or D minor, and he holds to it, his marvelous variations being restricted to the compass of an octave, and the most of his long song to the interval of a sixth. A long song and a strong song it is, but though the performer foregoes the rests common among other singers, like the jeweler with his blow-pipe, he never gets out of breath.

Perhaps we have no more interesting, more charming, summer guest. When Nature clothes the fields with grass and flowers, he throws aside his common brown wear for new plumage, gay as it is unique. This striking change is a new birth; he neither looks, acts, sings, nor flies as he did before, nor could you guess him out. In both heart and feather he is

brightness itself. Most birds are dark above and light below; but this bird, in the new birth, takes the exact reverse. His breast and lower parts are black, his back, neck, and crown white, shaded with yellow seams. He reaches New England about the middle of May, with his plumage perfect and his song come to its fullness.

WHIP-POOR-WILL.

No bird in New England is more readily known by his song than is the whip-poor-will. He has a strong voice and sings his name distinctly, accenting the first and last syllables, the last most. At each singing he simply repeats his name an indefinite number of times, always measuring his song with the same rhythm while varying the melody. A peculiar feature of his performance is a cluck, which, introduced after each "whip-poor-will," serves as a pleasing rhythmic link to hold the song unbroken. If not near the bird, one fails to hear the cluck, noticing a rest in its place. The whip-poor-will does not stand erect when singing; his wings are slightly extended and kept in a rapid tremor. Various forms of the whip-poor-will's song:





BIRD MUSIC: SONGS OF THE WESTERN MEADOW-LARK.

AMONG the song-birds of Colorado none have more completely won my interest and admiration than the meadow-lark of the West (*Sturnella neglecta*). Popularly called a lark, he is really a member—and that, too, an important one—of the American starling family, which includes the orioles, and is quite different from the starlings proper. He is the warbler *par excellence* among all the varieties of songsters that in this region have come under my notice, and I doubt if the “lark of the poets” (*Alauda arvensis*) is more than a rival of this wondrous singer of the plains. The soaring lark may have greater lung power, but hardly can his tones be more clear and liquid, or his repertory of songs contain a more varied selection. He is certainly inferior in personal beauty, and he sings as he flies, while the meadow-lark of the West makes any convenient post, rock, or tuft of grass or weeds his stage, and there sings to you by the hour.

I first saw and heard him in Estes Park, a mile and a half above tide-water, at the foot of Long’s Peak. Our camping-party had gone up from the hot, dusty plains through the picturesque cañon of the St. Vrain, and late in the afternoon we had our first view of this beautiful mountain valley, which is justly celebrated as the finest among the smaller parks of Colorado.

At break of day I sallied out to search with hook and line some of the cool retreats of the trout which I had seen near by on the previous evening.

Suddenly, as I was wending my way down the brook, up from the dewy grass with a whirl of swift wings rose the meadow-lark of the West, and, perching near by upon the green branch of a stunted pine, greeted me with this original and melodious “Good-morning”:



Nor was he content with a single greeting; a dozen at least he gave me in the same vein.

The sun, just then appearing above the

mountains at the eastern rim of the park, gave me a full view of the charming songster. In size like a robin, only having a stouter body, his back, wings, and tail were of a brownish-gray color, mottled in several shades, while circling around under his neck and across his sulphur-yellow breast lay a necklace of feathers as black as jet. As he began his songs, he gracefully turned his pretty head towards the sky, disclosing more fully the rich adornments of neck and breast, and then poured forth his liquid notes.

We often heard him during the two months which we spent in the park, but in all that time I noticed only this one song. It is more than probable that, not looking for any variety in his melodies, I heard others without ascribing them to him as their source; for during the spring and summer months the bird abounds in the high valleys of the range in this latitude, making its appearance there, however, somewhat later in the season than when it appears upon the plains below. Yet there is good reason to believe that the meadow-lark attains its highest perfection in song, and in some minute features which distinguish this variety of the species, only on the great central plains, where the atmosphere is notably free from moisture, and the natural verdure is scant and short-lived. It is possible, also, that the very dryness of the air on this high plateau may exert a decided influence upon the quality of his tones, rendering them, though loud, mellow and enchanting.

However slight the technical points in which this songster may differ from the Eastern meadow-lark, the difference in song is certainly very marked, as noted by all observers since Audubon. While there is much greater variety, there is also a quality (*timbre*) in his tones which would make them seem almost out of place in an Eastern grove or meadow. They are also loud enough to be heard a long distance, even in the face of the stiff breezes which blow here during much of the time that the birds make their sojourn with us. The sweet and mellow character of flute tones, or those of the smaller kinds of wooden organ-pipes, would perhaps give a musical ear some idea of the quality of our singer’s notes; but besides this they are possessed of a wild, indescribable quality

that is in strict keeping with the nature of his haunts—mountain valleys which are rude and retired, and the treeless, half-dreary, semi-barbaric plains of the West. He is heard most frequently in the twilight, whether of morning or evening; but during pairing time his song may be heard the whole day long.

It is said by good authorities that the bird is half domestic in its habits, preferring the neighborhood of places where man has settled, and where the culture of the soil affords better sustenance. Present facts go far to support this view, for they are certainly to be found in great numbers throughout this whole region, where systems of irrigation have changed the barren plains into rich farms and gardens. But I have seen and heard them far away from the haunts of men, and we know that, before the advent of settlers, these birds frequented this whole region in as great numbers as at the present time.

As soon as the rigor of winter had given place to the warmer days of spring, the meadow-larks appeared upon the plains about my present home. At first few in numbers, no sooner had the plains donned their summer robes, and the flowers become lavishly abundant, than they appeared on every hand, and their songs were ever filling the air with melody. I have thus had ample opportunity for cultivating the acquaintance of the meadow-lark and observing his pleasant ways. I have already spoken of the variety of his songs, but not until last spring did I discover this novel feature, which few birds possess in so remarkable a degree. Having hitherto supposed that he had but the one song above given, I noticed with surprise that among perhaps six or seven birds there were several distinct melodies. Sitting upon the ridge-pole of the barn, one little fellow would every few seconds carol forth this melody:



while from the swaying top of a tuft of Mexican poppy some rival singer would make melodious answer in this pleasant strain:



I first noticed this variety in the songs of different individuals among the meadow-larks on an evening in May, when one of them came and took possession of the top of a fence-post near where I was sitting. As I was waiting in expectation of hearing the melody already familiar, he startled me with a strain so plaintive and so in keeping with the time and scene, that I at first doubted his being my friend of the early morning in Estes Park.

A careful look, however, showed me that it was none other than my meadow-lark of the West, changed only in his song.

My curiosity was at once aroused, and it occurred to me to preserve the songs which I might hear in future, together with the two already known to me, and before many minutes I had put upon paper a faithful copy of both the old and the new melody—faithful, at least, in so far as mere notes can represent tones of such purity and delightful quality. This was the "Vesper Hymn" which greeted my ear that quiet evening in May:



and it was a score of times repeated so clearly and well defined that by no possibility could I be deceived in a single note.

Lately, upon calling the attention of a friend to this song in the minor mode, she indulged in the pardonable fancy that the bird caught the inspiration of the hour, and, filled with sorrow by the fading away of the dying day, poured forth his lament in that mournful strain; but as I have often heard the same song, and others in minor keys, in the brightening morning and at midday, I fear that the meadow-lark does not indulge in sentiment, at least to any such extent as that of choosing his songs in obedience to any influence which the time and scene may exert upon him.

While surprised and delighted to find among my feathered friends the variety of songs above mentioned, I was by no means prepared for a still more interesting feature which soon came to my knowledge. One evening I was, as usual, being treated to a garden concert, where singer was answering singer, and each was apparently striving to outdo the others in the beauty of his melody. Here and there on every side I could see the long bills and slender heads quickly lifted skyward, and hear the many songs which immediately followed. I was listening with special attention to the nearest songster, who had alighted upon the fence not far away, and from heaving breast and swelling throat was pouring forth this song, which was at that time quite new to me:



I had just succeeded in imprinting the melody upon my memory, when another and also unfamiliar air attracted my notice. I supposed that some rival singer had stepped to the front, and looked up to inspect him; but only the one bird was sitting there. Half surmising that I was on the brink of a new discovery, I gave him my whole attention, and quietly followed him as he changed his perch, taking good care

not to disturb or frighten him. I was soon well rewarded in finding that the two songs had for their author and singer one and the same bird, and that occasionally he abruptly changed from the melody last given to this next one, which I was some time in catching, with certainty of having the correct pitch and intervals. Even the most distinct and well-defined warblings of birds are not so readily learned as melodies that are rendered on the piano or organ, instruments with which the writer has been somewhat familiar. Here is the second, and peculiarly quaint one, of the two melodies:



I was decidedly pleased to find this new trait in my favorite, and I afterward had the opportunity of repeatedly noticing it. I think, however, that only rarely does the meadow-lark change from one melody to another in close succession, but that, when perched for a warble, he generally sings one song, repeating it perhaps twenty or thirty times, at intervals of from ten to thirty seconds. When he changes his perch he usually takes up the same strain again; but occasionally he chooses a different melody after his short flight from one tuft of grass or weeds to another. On but few occasions have I heard a direct variation from the song which he sings when first alighting; but I have noticed this often enough to become certain that it does sometimes occur.

I have also observed that two birds, though singing the same melody, apparently in response the one to the other, sang it in different keys; and I have known a bird to choose another key in his reproduction of the same song.

Many of the songs of the meadow-lark end abruptly, as though the singer had been frightened and thereby interrupted. This feature, however, gives them a quaintness which lends a charm. This is one of the songs of such a nature:



The opportunity has been often afforded me of hearing this bird singing when I was not more than four or five feet distant. A shed of rough boards not far from the house affords a favorite perch for my pleasant little friends, and just below them, hidden from sight, I have many a time listened to their songs. In this way I have been enabled to detect some features which are not apparent at a distance. Instead of being more harsh, as are many bird notes when heard so near the singer, the quality of the tones of the meadow-lark is deep-

ened and enriched to a remarkable degree. In examining the throat of this songster one must be almost at a loss to associate tones of such strength and roundness with an organ so small and apparently fragile. As some kinds of delicate perfumes have the power of transporting one in imagination to climes where luscious fruits and gorgeous flowers abound in endless profusion, so do these tones, when heard very near at hand, suggest undiscovered beauties of sound to which no name can be given, and of which no language can convey an idea.

I found also that many of the songs end in a kind of musical gurgle, which is entirely inaudible at a distance and resembles nothing else that I have ever heard. The following melody had this gurgle appended to it, but I cannot represent it in notes:



Here it may be said that the songs given in this article by no means exhaust the repertory of the Western meadow-lark. Some I have had no opportunity of learning, and others are so interwoven with sliding notes and rapid warbles that I have as yet found it impossible to represent them accurately in musical characters, while the far greater number doubtless I have never heard.

Besides his song tones and melodies the bird has a cry of alarm and warning which has little of the pleasing character of his other notes. It consists of a sharp, loud chirp, very rapidly repeated, and there is no fear of misinterpreting its meaning. The passage given at the end of the article very well represents this cry in notes, but I know of no instrument which can reproduce it faithfully. In walking over the short buffalo-grass of the plains, and among the cactus beds which infest this whole region wherever irrigation has not destroyed them, one is suddenly startled by this musical rattle, and turning the eye in the direction of the sound, the meadow-lark will be seen skimming along in a straight line, a few feet from the ground, until he has reached a safe distance. If no attempt is made to approach him, the listener will probably be treated to a song. It may be one of the two following, which seem to be favorites with some of the singers:



The bird nests upon the ground, choosing a protected spot: it may be a bunch of weeds, or, if upon the open plains, it often selects a clump of sage-brush or a bed of cactus. If the former is chosen, a convenient opening is made

well within the clump, and there the nest is built. If the cactus bed is preferred, the meadow-lark hollows out a little place in the ground, lines it with soft and curly buffalo-grass, and then builds over it a little canopy, pulling down the longer blades which grow even among the thick-set lobes of prickly-pear upon the uplands, and weaving them together until a small, conical covering is made, having in one side of it a round opening to serve for a door. The location of the nest is such as to afford protection from the tramping hoofs of

cattle-herds that feed upon the plains, and which carefully avoid treading upon the long, sharp spines of the cactus. There the bird rears one, and sometimes two, broods of young, which are ready for self-sustenance and flight in July.

In August, when the mating season is ended, the songs of the meadow-lark of the West are heard more rarely, and then only in the early morning. In October the bird leaves this latitude, to pass the winter months in the warmer climes of New Mexico.

Charles N. Allen.

A RAINBOW STUDY.

BEHOLD the rainbow like a brilliant scroll
Of colors sevenfold,
From heaven's high dome unrolled!
Lift up thine eyes, lift up the adoring soul,
And read God's writing ere it passes by.
Fleet clouds of amethyst
Swim in a golden mist,
Hidden in dripping branches are the birds,
But for a moment gloriously gleams,
Through flying raindrops, bursting beams,
The legend of the sky—
Seven colors and seven words!

The dim, cold violet
Upon the outer margin set
Is sign of the veiled mystery of *pain*;
First bitter knowledge when young life is sweet,
And sun-bright hills seem near to eager feet.
And as the heavy purple overflows
The paler color, so the wayside grows
To midnight gloom when *sorrow* stoops to
smite
And rend the heart's delight.
A path of thorns, but oh! no other way
Leads to the rosy fields of upper day.

But see! how soft and fair
The tender flower-like blue
Shines tremulously through
The broad, dark purple border of despair.
Rejoice! for out of anguish blossoms *hope*!
Again the brilliant, vivid green
Against the line of blue is seen,
Earth's color painted on the skies.
So, bringing strength to cope
With woes that in perpetual tide arise,
Life-giving *faith* descends,
And though beneath the storm the pilgrim
bends,
His brow is bathed in dawn of paradise.

Oh, read in haste! the rain-cloud far has blown,
Brighter and broader are the sun-waves grown,

And the delirious birds
Their wild, wet wings in burning beams have
dipped.

Interpret from the shining manuscript
The seven illumined words.

Warm, amber yellow in rich waves
The edge of emerald verdure laves,
Symbol of *joy*—when faith grows deep
And full and strong; when even death's sleep
Has lost its gloom, and eyes that weep
See starry splendors through the tears.
The blazing orange hue
Is *triumph's* own imperial sign,
The victory pure and true
Which falls on sunset years,
When slow unfold the gates divine—
When all the storms are spent, and lonely ways
Grow beautiful in warm, benignant praise.

Now in a radiant flush of crimson fire
The rainbow is caught up to heaven!
Behold the dearest symbol of the seven.
When at the long day's close,
Through pain and sorrow dire,
The loyal soul has won its true repose,
When hope and trust have blossomed into joy,
And victory comes at last without alloy,
Then in celestial *love*
Enfolded, borne as in a flame above,
Serene in homeward flight,
The spirit soars and vanishes in light.

The green sod sparkles with the fleeting
shower,
Fresh odors pant from every breathing flower,
The sky effulgent glows!
What though the purple violet
Upon the grassy mound is wet
With dew of fond regret;
The rainbow reached from earth to heaven,
And the last color of the seven
Was love's transcendent rose.

Frances L. Mace.

BIRD MUSIC: THE LOON, OR GREAT NORTHERN DIVER.



HE loon is not a singer, but his calls and shoutings exhibit so great a variety of vocal qualities that we must consider him a member of Nature's orchestra.

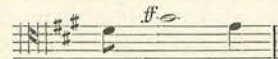
In the summer of 1887 I spent a few weeks on the borders of Trout Lake, St. Lawrence County, N. Y. This beautiful little island-dotted lake, some three miles long, has been inhabited for years by three or four pairs of loons. There they lay their eggs and rear their young, and there I found a good opportunity to study them. On one occasion a small party of us discovered a nest. When we were yet a good way off, the wary sitter slid from sight into the water, darted along beneath our boat, and was far out into the lake before she came to the surface. The nest, simply a little cavity in dry muck, was on the ruins of an old muskrat house, not more than eight or ten inches above the water. There were two very dark eggs in it,—never more than two are found in the nest of the loon,—nearly as large as those of a goose.

The time of sitting, as I was informed, is four weeks. Wilson says of the loons that "they light upon their nests"; but a careful observer, who had several times seen the female make her way from the water to her nest, told me that they shove themselves to it on their breasts, very much as they push themselves in the water. I was also informed that the young are never fed upon the nest, but are taken to the water on the back of the mother, where they remain and are fed for a time, and then are launched upon the waves for life. At this age one can row up to them and take them in the hand, which they delight in giving hard nips with their long and limber bills; but when a month old they seem as wild and cunning as their parents.

I had several lively frolics with a pair about that age which were already expert divers and could swim many rods under water. As we neared them in the boat great excitement was manifested by both old and young; the little ones dived in a flash and the parents made off rapidly, shouting for us to follow them. How they knew the direction the young ones took under water I cannot say; but they were sure to take quite another course. After learning their trick we turned to go from them, when suddenly there was a furious dashing and splashing just behind us, and in a moment more

one of them rushed by, very near us, both flying and swimming, with wings in the air and feet in the water. He swept by us with a noise like a steamboat, but no boat could equal his speed. At every stroke of his wings he smote the water as well as the air. It is the opinion of many that the loon uses the wings under water, and it now seems to me possible if not probable.

When the family discovered that we were only at play with them, they became quiet for a few moments; but presently there went up a strange, wild cry of three tones, the second one being long and loud, and all so much like the call of the human voice that no sensitive person could hear them without surprise and emotion. These notes represent them:



Wilson thought the European divers were of a different species from the American divers, they differed so much in size. He cites a European specimen that weighed sixteen pounds, against the usual weight of our divers, which he puts at eight and a half pounds. The point of size would not seem to be well taken, for I have seen in the collection of Mr. Vickary, the taxidermist of Lynn, the body of one of our divers which weighed twelve pounds; and Mr. Vickary informs me that one was once sent to him which weighed seventeen pounds.

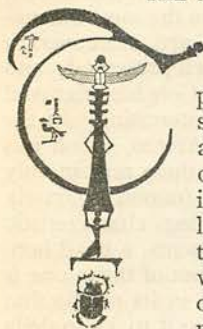
The loon is a born aristocrat. He is no trifler: everything he does bears an intellectual stamp. A solitary, mating only with the elements, he is master of winds and waves, sitting the waters with sovereign grace and dignity, equally unconcerned in calm and tempest. Surprised by danger, he dives fearlessly and swims the depths with incredible swiftness and for an astonishing length of time, finally emerging far away in triumph and in defiance of his pursuers. Then, if the attractions of his other element inspire him, he rises and flies rapidly through the upper air, shouting over and over his most characteristic five tones:



Simeon Pease Cheney.

BIRD MUSIC.

THE MEADOW LARK.



THE meadow lark, like the partridge, has favorite places of resort. His flight resembles that of the partridge and of the quail. Though one of the largest of our singing birds, his voice is neither loud nor deep, some of his tones being rather sharp and weak. Although his music is charming, he lacks the vocal power of the robin and of the oriole, a bird of not more than half his size; still Wilson, in comparing him with the skylark, says: "In richness of plumage, as well as sweetness of voice (as far as his few notes extend), he stands eminently its superior." The meadow lark's song is essentially tender and plaintive.

In the early, dewy morning and towards evening he will stand a long time upon a stump, a large rock or rock-heap, singing at intervals little snatches of melody, occasionally, like the oriole and the kingfisher, giving his "low, rapid, chattering" monotones.

It is a favorite pastime with him to repeat these four tones many times in succession, with rests intervening:



These fragmentary strains form, when connected, an original and interesting song. Now and then there is a subtle tremor in the tones of this singer, no more to be described than the odor of a rose, but somewhat resembling that in the tones of Wilson's thrush as he trembles along down to the close of his quivering silvery song.



TOWHEE BUNTING, OR CHEWINK.

THIS sprightly, showy bird indulges in a variety of vocal exercises, the most characteristic of them consisting of one loud and well-prolonged tone, followed by a trill a sixth above it, rather softly given. At a little distance the effect is that of the singing of two birds; one taking the long tone, the second taking the trill.



The trill, however, is often wholly lost in the distance.

But this pompous singer is not confined to the interval of a sixth. During the last days of May and the first of June, I have heard him as follows:



At other times,



The chewink generally sings in the key of C. I once heard him in F, in which key he made the skip of an octave in place of a sixth or fourth.



It is worthy of notice that the second example, if we cut short the trill, is identical with the first strain of "Rock of Ages." This species seems to have a special dislike to the sea. So says the close observer Wilson; but I have found him much at home at different points close to the ocean.

SCARLET Tanager.

THE tanager is the only rival of the oriole in beauty of plumage. The tanager is less active, less vigorous than the oriole, and has the weaker voice; but it would be difficult to imagine a bird more fascinating, both to the eye and to the ear, than this scarlet singer, bound in black, as he stands shining in the early sun, and singing his morning song.

The percussive tones of the oriole invite or compel attention; while the tanager is content to sing in the forest with his fellows, with no human ear to hear. The oriole must be out of the forest and near the earth, where he can be

heard and seen of men. The oriole is restless, always in motion when he sings; he even chatters as he flies; while the tanager is gracefully quiet, moved only by the vibrations of his voice. I heard him nearly every day during last bird season (1888), when he repeated almost exactly over and over again the following nine tones:



The key was F minor except in one instance; then it was only a degree higher:



If there is some of the oriole's music here, I must think it original with the tanager.

Other forms of the tanager's song:



are so fond and from which they take the name "thistle-bird." Frequenters of our door-yards and gardens, they are tame and confident, and of all birds the gentlest mannered. With their heads crowned with black caps, their yellow bodies, black wings and tails, they are dainty, high-bred visitors. When singing in chorus, as is their habit, their soft warblings are expressive of great delight. In their most characteristic song, of only four notes, they are stronger voiced, and sing with distinctness and moderation. This song is performed while on the wing, and is all the more charming because of the touch of sadness that it has for the sensitive listener. The flight of the yellow-birds follows the fashion of the woodpeckers. It is like the riding of a boat over great billows—up—down—up—in graceful curves, with a stroke of the wings for each swell, to the accompaniment of the little song:



With sweep and swing from crest to crest, the song runs:



YELLOW-BIRD, OR AMERICAN GOLDFINCH.

THE roadsides afford these birds an abundance of seeds, especially those of which they

Since writing the above description, a friend showed me a very similar one by Burroughs.

Simeon Pease Cheney.



DECORATION DAY.

WITH acclamation and with trumpet tone,
 With prayer and praise, and with triumphal state
 Of warlike columns, and the moving weight
 Of men, whose firmness never overthrown,
 Proved itself steadfast; which did add to fate
 Speed, vision, certainty, and ever grown
 More terrible as more enduring shone
 A fire of retribution and swift hate,
 All visibly advancing—with these we keep
 Unsullied in our breast and pure and white
 The spirit of gratitude that may not sleep,—
 A nation's safeguard against shame and blight,—
 Since sacred memories and the tears men weep
 Alone can keep a nation at its height.

Langdon Elwyn Mitchell.