

to the window and closed it and carefully fastened the latch.

Mr. Reynolds stopped in his walk and took out his watch. "As it is Mr. Kauffman's wish," he said, in a matter-of-fact voice, "it seems to me but fair I should say now that I have appointed a magistrate to meet me here in half an hour, and that the door of the house is watched by two men down in the street below."

"You are a friend indeed," cried old Kauffman, coming back from the window, trembling and croaking, and thoroughly unnerved. "Now, you impostor. Now is our turn."

"Tell me," said Angel, walking straight up to De Horn, "have you money to escape with? I have but ten pounds in the house."

"Are you a madwoman?" screamed her father. But Mr. Reynolds himself now interfered. "I have brought money," he said. "I thought it might be wanted for a different purpose," and then, very stiffly, but not uncourteously: "I know not, Sir, by what name to address you, but if you will accept my advice, and act upon this lady's wishes, you will take this sum and leave the country at once and forever. Count de Horn, whose name you have assumed, left for Sweden this morning; but, as I learned to-day, a secretary has remained behind with instructions to trace you and bring the authority of the law to bear on the offenses of which you are accused."

The shadows were lengthening, the minutes seemed like hours: for one long, long moment no one spoke.

Then De Horn looked at Angel. "Remember that you have saved a lost soul," he said, hoarsely. "Henceforth I believe in utter goodness and generosity." Then to Mr. Reynolds: "You may call me by my real name, which is De Horn," he said. "My father gave me leave to bear it; my mother, Christine Brandt, is a servant in a village inn."

They all looked at one another. Angelica was the first to move; she was listening

with alarm to every sound. "Every moment is terrible to me, and brings danger nearer. Now come," said she, simply, taking his hand. Then she led the way down stairs and through her father's bedroom into the flagged court behind the house. It was a smutty and dismal spot, from which a door in the wall led into a shed, through which there was an issue into a back alley; country fields and places were not far distant in those days from the very heart of London itself. And De Horn knew that he was safe. "I can get home by the hatch between this and Grosvenor Square," he said.

"Don't go back to your lodging," said Angel. "Take my advice: for my sake, my peace of mind, fly at once."

He lingered, looking up and down; and then, with a sort of burst: "There is only one way by which I can show you my sincerity," he said; "but one way in which I can merit your forgiveness for the wrong I would have done," he repeated. As he spoke he seemed some one else, whom Angelica had never seen before, some one almost common in tone, altered in manner, but stricken to truth and to reality of soul and feeling, not acting a part, but sincere in every breath and word. He looked at her with hard sad eyes; then he suddenly caught her in his arms. "I can only prove to you my deep gratitude by never seeing you more," he said. "I have no words when I think that these are the last I shall ever speak to you."

He pressed her tight, tight to his heart, and before she could utter a word he was gone, running down the narrow alley. Some children were dancing in the sunset. She saw his long figure darting past them. He never looked back; he was gone. She crossed the shed and came into the stone court, and looked up at the windows of her own home: her old father was leaning out anxiously from her bedroom, and the light fell on his gray hair, and some birds flew straggling across the sky, and all the phantoms of the last few years came to meet her.

DO BIRDS IMPROVE AS ARCHITECTS?

By MRS. MARY TREAT.

IF birds were allowed to discuss their own merits as architects, they might bring forward abundant proof to show that they do improve in building; and they also might lay fair claim to the possession of reason, not only in the management of the young, but in many other things. But as we can not discuss this matter with them, we must patiently investigate their work, and trust ourselves upon the privacy of their domestic arrangements, if we care to know intimately the life and habits of our feathered songsters.

Birds of the same species vary nearly or

quite as much in their way, in the form and material used in building, as men of the same tribe vary in architecture.

The brown thrush (*Harporhynchus rufus*, Cob.) is a good case in point. The male is a gay, careless, happy songster, and seems to lure his mate into the same thriftless habits, so that house-building is often postponed until within a few hours of actual need, when haste and rapid work are very manifest.

All through May I noticed a pair of brown thrushes flitting about the grove. The male was a splendid performer, fairly entrancing

me with his song. Seated upon the topmost branch of some swaying tree, he seemed to drown all the other choristers of the grove; in fact, they too seemed entranced, and soon were silent listeners. All the other feathered inhabitants of the grove had already commenced housekeeping, or were making active preparations, while this lord of song seemed to have no care or thought of the future. It was June. The bird was trilling his loudest note, when right in the midst of his song was a pause. His mate had stopped the grand performance. He flew with her to the shrubbery, where they flitted about from bush to bush a few moments, finally selecting a place for building in a rose-bush, which was supported by a trellis. The foundation of the nest was laid partly upon the trellis.

I took a garden chair, drew my hat prettily well over my face—birds are good observers, and we must manage with care or we shall alarm them—and watched their proceedings. The female was evidently the master-workman, and kept a watchful eye upon the mate, who came every few moments with such crooked, branched twigs that she often could do nothing with them but to throw them down in a spiteful way; her own selections were much better, and almost invariably used. If she was away when the mate arrived, he at once proceeded to place his crooked stick; he evidently did not believe in wasting material in such a reckless way; but this hindered the completion of the domicile, for when the fair partner arrived she was obliged to lay down her stick and try to arrange his in some sort of shape; failing in this, down it went to the ground, when, turning to her own, it was soon arranged to her satisfaction.

Several times the mate attempted to shirk, flew to a tree, and commenced his song, but this the energetic housewife would not allow; she always brought him back and set him to work, even if he did hinder more than help. His partner was probably an experienced architectress, and the mate may have been an apprentice, for certainly some of the males of this species seem to be as good architects as the females.

The nest was completed during the day, and on the following morning an egg was left in it. The mate, now relieved from work, resumed his joyous song, but he always ceased the moment I entered the shrubbery, and gave a quick note of alarm, when she would fly from the nest; but in a few days she became so tame that she would allow me to cut roses from the bush without leaving her place. Of course great care was necessary; I always drew my hat down so that she could not catch my eye, and apparently paid no attention to her.

A few years ago I was acquainted with a pair of brown thrushes, much more thrift-

less than the pair above mentioned, who did not even attempt to build a domicile in the usual way, but simply scratched up a kind of nest on the ground, in a strawberry bed, much after the fashion of a domestic hen, where they reared their young without any accident. When nearly full fledged they sprawled about on the ground, all semblance of a nest having disappeared.

Only a few rods from this careless, improvident family resided another family of thrushes in quite an elaborately designed structure. A peck measure would hardly have contained the sticks used in the construction of this domicile. It was built upon a rail fence adjoining a gate, through which cows were driven every morning and evening to and from pasture. Horses were also kept in this field, so that the gate was used more or less during every day, yet the family were reared in perfect safety, and became quite tame.

Were these poor, hastily constructed domiciles the work of inexperienced architects, or the work of thriftless, improvident individuals? In either case it looks as if birds were capable of improving in architecture, or the nests of the same species would all be of one pattern.

With the robin (*Turdus migratorius*, Linn.) the curious will find every form of architecture, from the rude mud nest up to quite an elaborately constructed domicile. These mud nests compare favorably with the log-cabins of the early settlers.

Last spring I had a table standing in the grove, on which were a number of pots of the Venus's fly-trap (*Dionaea muscipula*). A robin espied them, and made up her mind that the moist, black, mucky earth in which the plants were growing was just what she needed—and so handy, too, only a few feet from the tree she had selected in which to build her mud domicile. She had already carried off two of the plants with a quantity of the earth before I caught her at the mischief. Being an early riser, she had the advantage of me. I had the plants moved to the piazza, amidst her scolding and protesting. Her mate, too, attracted by her clatter, came and added his protest. I left the two pots of earth from which she had abstracted the plants, and took a seat to watch the *dénouement*. She eyed me prettily closely. Seeming to satisfy herself that I had no hostile intentions, she returned to the pots I had left, and rapidly proceeded with the building, using her breast and feet for a trowel. She may have worked an hour in this way, and then I saw no more of her until toward evening, when she finished up her work by lining the nest with a few mouthfuls of coarse dry grass.

Only a few rods distant another robin was building with entirely different material. For the main body of the structure

she used fine fibrous roots and twine; she then added clean damp moss (*sphagnum*) instead of mud, which she must have gone at least a mile to obtain. She interwove long horse-hair and fine dry grass to hold the moss in place. It took her four or five days to complete the structure, whereas the mud nest was finished the same day it was commenced.

As far as I have been able to ascertain, the male robin never assists in building. This is not because he domineers over the female, refusing to do his share of the work, for she is evidently the master-spirit and he the poor hen-pecked subordinate. She probably considers him incapable of so great an undertaking as to assist in the construction of even a mud cabin. Nevertheless, he is very watchful and solicitous while she is at work and during incubation; and when the young are hatched he does as much for their support while in the nest as the female; and as soon as they leave the nest she shirks all the responsibility of protecting and providing for them upon him, while she proceeds to build another domicile or to fit up the old one. By this judicious management upon her part she succeeds in rearing three broods in one season, while most other birds rear but two.

The male must find his task rather arduous with this young household thrown upon his care, their gaping, never-satisfied mouths around him.

Recently I was the witness of quite an amusing scene. The male robin brought his young family from the mud cabin, nearly as large as himself by this time, to some raspberry bushes. The bushes were supported by narrow strips of board nailed to posts. This gave the birds secure footing while plundering the fruit. Two of the speckled-breasts helped themselves to the fruit, but the third one kept close to the father with gaping mouth. In vain the parent flew from one support to another; the persistent offspring was close to his side; he seemed determined not to help himself. Finally the parent, seeming to lose patience, gave him a tap on the head, and then coolly proceeded to regale himself with the fruit. The young one now shut his mouth for a little time, but soon was gaping again; upon this the irate father was more severe, and gave him quite a drubbing, as much as to say, "Now help yourself, and stop your gaping!" But he continued to provide his young family with insects several days after this incident.

Parental chastisement was inflicted in this case evidently for the good of the young one, or why would he have continued to supply them with insects, which were more difficult to obtain?

A close observer of birds can not fail to see that they exercise reason and fore-

thought not only in the management of the young, but in many other things.

Let me ask those who deny to animals any faculty except instinct what it is that induces birds to vary from their usual mode of procedure. Do they not often show a love of mischief, and manifest a desire to rule, which lead them to forsake the beaten track of their forefathers?

In the spring of 1870 a pair of house wrens (*Troglodytes aedon*) selected the oddest place imaginable for the site of their mansion, which looked as if solely prompted by a love of mischief. It was on the top of a barn swallow's nest. There were several nests of the swallows attached to the rafters in a low room over a stable. Some of the nests were completed, nicely lined with soft white feathers, and contained eggs. I had spent many hours with my favorites, the swallows, watching their graceful movements and dainty ways, until they came to look upon me as their friend, and would continue their building with me standing so close that many times I could have put my hand upon a workman.

For a day or two something had prevented my usual visits to the swallows, when my brother, with mock gravity, informed me that a great calamity had befallen my favorites—that a pair of tiny wrens had made war upon them, and the swallows (a dozen or more), with every thing at stake, had made an inglorious retreat, and had taken up their quarters in a grain barn near at hand. I at once repaired to the scene of disaster, and found the tiny victors the undisputed possessors of the premises. They had already commenced to rear their mansion, having taken a swallow's nest, eggs and all, for the foundation of their own structure.

The sprightly little housewife darted an angry look out of her bright eyes at me, and no doubt contemplated driving me as she had the swallows; but I was not to be intimidated: she should either go on with her work, with myself as witness, or give up the site she had surreptitiously taken. The male, less suspicious than the female, continued his work. They came through a knot-hole in the side of the barn with all their building material, and then empty-mouthed flew out of the open window. They had, no doubt, in the first place come in at this hole and chased the swallows out of the window, and so they continued to the end as they had commenced.

The female at first refused to place the sticks she brought, but dropping them on the hay, would fly close to me in a spiteful way, and then pass out of the window. But at last she concluded to go on with the work, and I had the satisfaction of seeing the nest completed. It was built close up to the roof, only space enough left for them to enter.

I have often played with birds, evidently making them think that I was afraid, and that they were really driving me. One summer a pair of kingbirds (*Tyrannus carolinensis*) drove me about for a long time. They had built close to the piazza, and had become quite tame before they found how afraid I was of them.

The rose-bugs were very numerous at this time, and I soon found that the kingbirds were helping me exterminate them; they

would alight on a rose-bush and devour the bugs greedily. As they came near to me I would cautiously move further away; this the birds were quick to notice, and soon became so bold that they would drive me from bush to bush, and after the bugs had entirely disappeared, when I went to the bushes to cut flowers, the birds would often drive me away, and then hunt over the bushes, as if they thought my sole business was bug-hunting.

THE WIT AND WISDOM OF THE HAYTIANS.

By JOHN BIGELOW.

IT was my fortune to pass a portion of the winter of 1854 in the island of Hayti, while it was still under the imperial sway of the late Faustin I. My primary purpose in going to a place then difficult of access and little frequented by tourists was to inform myself personally of the condition and prospects of this struggling little empire, which had successfully defied one of the best armies of the first Napoleon, and which for more than half a century had managed to maintain its political independence without the alliance or even the sympathy of any foreign state.

It is no part of my present purpose to set forth the results of my observations in Hayti, but merely to give some account of the most interesting if not the only truly indigenous and original product of the Haytian civilization of which I was fortunate enough to find any trace.

The Haytian depends for his livelihood exclusively upon the products of the soil, the air, and the water. He manufactures nothing for export. With the richest sugar lands, he imports all his sugar and molasses; he smokes cigars made of Kentucky tobacco, and eats salt fish cured in New England. Though I searched carefully for it, I found nothing to bear away with me as a trophy of Haytian civilization that was wrought with Haytian hands, or was in any way the fruit of Haytian industry.

What I did find, however, that was essentially Haytian, and as much the specialty of this island as the De Brie cheese, or the Valenciennes lace, or the Jersey cows, or Florentine mosaics are the specialties of the places of which they bear the name, were the proverbs with which the creole population are accustomed to garnish their conversation.

Proverbial forms of expression are used quite freely by all classes, but most abundant in the mouths of the humble and unlettered peasants, who not only can not read themselves, but who probably never had an ancestor who could. To them they hold the place of books and libraries, in which they

hoard up and minister to each other the wisdom and experience of ages.

Many of their proverbs struck me as so novel and so finely flavored with the soil of the island, or with the customs of its peculiar and simple-minded people, that I was tempted to make a memorandum of them. My interest in the subject attracting the attention of several intelligent Haytians of my acquaintance, they were good enough to assist me in enlarging my collection.*

A majority of the proverbs in common use had evidently come from the Old World, many, of course, from France—not the least valuable relic of French domination in the island—while others, and to me the more interesting portion, were obviously indigenous, and such as reflected the sentiments likely to be uppermost in the minds of people who were or had been bondmen. Were any apology needed for inviting the reader's attention to these specimens of the proverbial literature of the Haytians (if the colloquialisms of a people who neither read nor write may be called a literature), it will be found, I trust, in the fact that they are the highest expression of the purely intellectual activity of this people that exists, and are unquestionably the most interesting and characteristic production of their beautiful but very unfortunate island.

Victor Hugo, in one of his youthful productions, which, though now pretty much forgotten, predicted his literary eminence,† seized very successfully this feature of Haytian civilization. It has also attracted the attention of most foreigners who have written about this island. Pamphile de la Croix says that "Toussaint L'Ouverture, like all men who reflect much, but with whom education has not varied the language of gen-

* In this work I was under special obligations to Mr. B. P. Hunt, of Philadelphia, then the head of a large commercial house in Port-au-Prince, who to a general culture of high order added a familiarity with the history of Hayti and with the peculiarities of its people which is possessed by no other person living, to my knowledge.

† Bug Jargal.