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AUDUBON MAGAZINE

PUBLISHED IN THE INTERESTS OF

THE AUDUBON SOCIETY

FOR THE

PROTECTION OF BIRDS.

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VOLUME I.

FEBRUARY, 1887, TO JANUARY, 1888.

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THE BALTIMORE ORIOLE.

*Icterus Baltimore*, DAUDIN.

# THE AUDUBON MAGAZINE.

VOL. I.

FEBRUARY, 1887.

No. 1.

JOHN JAMES AUDUBON.

I.

JOHN JAMES AUDUBON was born on his father's plantation near New Orleans, Louisiana, May 4, 1780. His father was a Frenchman, and the naturalist himself spent a considerable part of his early life in France. What he knew of his ancestry he tells us in the following language: "John Audubon, my grandfather, was born at the small village of Sable d'Olonne, in La Vendée, with a small harbor, forty-five miles south from Nantes. He was a poor fisherman with a numerous family, twenty-one of whom grew to maturity. There was but one boy besides my father, he being the twentieth born, and the only one of the numerous family who lived to a considerable age."

The father of the naturalist was sent out into the world to seek his fortune at the age of twelve years. Shipping at Nantes as a "boy" on a fishing vessel bound to America, at the age of twenty-one he was in command of a vessel, and at twenty-five not only captain but owner of his craft. His voyages were successful, and he at length found himself at St. Domingo, where he purchased a plantation. Here he accumulated a fortune, and was later sent to France by the Governor of St. Domingo in an official capacity during the days of the First Empire. His acquaintance with prominent men of the time soon led to his receiving an appointment to the command of a vessel of war in the Imperial Navy.

Previous to this, and while residing in the West Indies, he had made various purchases of land in Virginia, Pennsylvania and Louisiana, and had married Anne Moyette, a Louisiana lady of Spanish extraction. A daughter and three sons were born to him, the youngest of the latter being John James.

The first years of the boy's life were spent in Louisiana, but later the family removed to St. Domingo, where, in the rising of the negroes, Madame Audubon was killed. Soon after this Commodore Audubon returned to France, where he married a second time, and again sailed for America, leaving John James in the charge of his wife. She proved a loving and indulgent guardian to the self-willed boy, who was pretty much his own master until the return of his father to France. It was the father's desire that the boy should become either a sailor or an engineer, and as a preparation for whichever profession should be determined on for him, he received especial instruction in mathematics, drawing, geography, music and fencing. But the boy cared only for an outdoor life which brought him in contact with nature. It was his delight even in his earliest years to make long excursions alone into the country, returning laden with the natural objects which he met with in his walks. Thus birds' nests and eggs, plants, insects and stones became early his playthings. He was certainly not an ardent student of

books, and we are told that differences of opinion between his father and himself as to the progress he made in his studies were frequent. Of drawing he was very fond, and even at Nantes he began to make drawings of French birds—drawings which gave him only temporary satisfaction, for he says: "My pencil gave birth to a family of cripples. So maimed were most of them that they resembled the mangled corpses on a field of battle, compared with the integrity of living men. These difficulties and disappointments irritated me, but never for a moment destroyed the desire of obtaining perfect representations of nature. The worse my drawings were, the more beautiful did I see the originals. To have been torn from the study would have been as death to me. My time was entirely occupied with it. I produced hundreds of these rude sketches annually, and for a long time, at my request, they made bonfires on the anniversaries of my birthday."

As the boy approached manhood his father was desirous that he should enter the French army, but war no longer seemed to the youth the most glorious of pursuits, and instead of becoming a soldier he was sent out to America to look after his father's property. On reaching New York he was stricken with yellow fever, and after his recovery was put in charge of his father's estates at Mill Grove, Pa. Here his life was one of quiet enjoyment, devoted to shooting, fishing and drawing. It was here that he met Miss Lucy Bakewell, the daughter of a neighbor, who afterwards became his wife, and who all through his eventful and checkered career helped to cheer him by her love and to aid him by her strong common sense.

Life at Mill Grove was pleasant, but it was at length rudely interrupted by the arrival of a certain Da Costa, an agent sent out from France by the elder Audubon to look after his son and his property. This man

not only attempted to put restraints on young Audubon, but even objected to his proposed marriage with Miss Bakewell. Outraged by this treatment he started for New York, and after considerable difficulties and delays took passage for Nantes, where he arrived and laid the condition of things before his father. Da Costa was removed, and a conditional assent granted to the marriage with Miss Bakewell.

For a year Audubon remained in France. The Empire was then shaken by preparations for the invasion of Russia, and there seemed danger that he might be obliged to join the army. To avoid this he volunteered in the navy and received an appointment as midshipman. After one short cruise, leave of absence was obtained for the young man, and in company with a friend named Rosier, he sailed for America, the two having agreed to a nine years' partnership. The vessel on which they sailed was overhauled by a British privateer, the crew of which plundered the passengers, but after considerable delay and adventure they reached New York.

Back again at Mill Grove, with the disturber of his peace removed, Audubon entered once more upon his pleasant country life, but he now desired to marry, and it was evident that he must first have some settled occupation.

He accordingly entered the counting house of Benjamin Bakewell of New York, but gave most of his time to collecting birds. It was during this period that he met Dr. Samuel Mitchell, at that time one of the leading scientific men of New York. It took but a short time to convince Mr. Bakewell that it would be impossible to instil business habits into the nature of young Audubon, and the latter, therefore, returned to Mill Grove. He and Rosier now planned a commercial expedition to Kentucky, and the estate at Mill Grove was sold and the proceeds invested in goods. Before starting, the marriage with Miss Bakewell took

place on the 8th of April, 1808. The business journey to Louisville thus became as well a wedding tour, and was made for the most part on a flat boat.

Now followed nearly twenty years of wandering life, interspersed with attempts in commercial pursuits, which were never successful. Audubon was by turns merchant, portrait painter, curator of a museum, dancing master and school teacher. During all this time he was making collections,

observations, drawings. When his money quite gave out he would put his skillful hand to something which would bring in bread, and then, when his accumulations were enough to last for a little while, would turn his back on civilization and take to the woods again. Though often depressed, he was never discouraged, but kept the main object of his life steadily in view. Through the adventures of those years we will follow him in subsequent chapters.

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#### THE AUDUBON MAGAZINE.

THE purpose of the AUDUBON MAGAZINE is to advance the interests of the Audubon Society. The Society has a roll of more than 20,000 members, scattered among more than 400 towns, so that there is very evident need of a special medium of ready communication between officers and members. Present methods of personal letter writing and circular distribution are slow and cumbersome. The strength and growth of the work will be promoted by a regular monthly journal recognized as its exponent. The magazine will give stability to the Society, foster the zeal of the thousands now on its rolls, increase the membership, aid in carrying out the Society's special work, and broaden the sphere of effort in such directions as may be approved.

While directly concerned with the attainment of the specific purpose for which the Audubon Society was established, the magazine will deal with bird life and other natural history, and discuss the general economic problems of animal life in relation to agriculture and human welfare. It will aim to be practical, instructive and helpful; but it will never be prosy. With inspiration drawn from the great book of nature, how can its pages have other than variety, freshness and charm? Competent ornithologists are associated with the editor in the work, and every effort will be made to place before its readers the results of the most reliable ob-

servations on birds, and the nature of their services to man. But the MAGAZINE will not confine itself to birds alone. It will take a far wider range and will discuss many other interesting points in animated nature.

The AUDUBON will be illustrated, and everything done to render it attractive to the young folks; but while its language will be simple, it is intended to convey the most reliable information on the little known subject of man's dependence on the services of the lowliest creatures that live: a subject of first-class importance to every student of nature, and above all to the farmer.

The AUDUBON will be a family magazine, and as the young folks have rendered most material aid in advancing the Society's work, each number will be prepared with special care that there be for young readers a full share of entertainment.

To spread the Audubon movement as widely as possible, and in every way to foster its growth, is the purpose of the MAGAZINE. This can best be done by giving it the widest possible currency, and it is hoped that each one who is interested in the Society's work will not only send in a subscription, but will induce others to do the same. The price being merely nominal can at best only cover the cost of production, while a large subscription will do much to instruct young and old in the important part played by our birds in the economy of Nature.

## THE BALTIMORE ORIOLE.

*Icterus Baltimore,* Daudin.

ONE of the most beautiful and most useful of our North American birds is the Baltimore Oriole, a plate of which forms the frontispiece of this number. Its bright colors, seen flashing amid the tender green of the budding leaves in spring, and its clear, mellow whistle, sounded as it moves along the branches of some tall tree in its search for food, make it a conspicuous and beautiful feature of the loveliest season of the year. Formerly the Oriole was one of the most abundant of our Eastern birds, but its very beauty has led to its destruction. Its brilliant plumage makes it very desirable to the hat bird collector, while its sweet notes catch his ear as its colors do his eye. It is often the case that all the male birds in a district are exterminated within a short time after their arrival from the South.

In different localities the Oriole is known by different names, such as Fire-bird, Golden Robin, Fire-hang-nest, Hang-nest and Baltimore-bird, or Baltimore Oriole. These names refer either to its gorgeous plumage or else to its habit of building a curious hanging nest, which swings in the air below the twig to which it is attached. Orange and black were the colors of Lord Baltimore, for whom the bird was named by the great Swedish naturalist Linnæus, and this is the name by which it is most widely known.

The Baltimore Oriole comes to us from the South in early spring. It passes the winter in Mexico, Central America and Cuba, and enters the United States in March. Audubon tells us that in Louisiana he has seen the young of the first brood early in May. The journey northward is performed rather slowly, and usually it is the 9th or 10th of May before the Orioles are seen in southern New York and Con-

necticut. They are extremely regular in the time of their arrival, and year after year appear at any point at about the same date. The male birds are the first to arrive, and the females usually make their appearance a day or two later.

The first notice we have of the Baltimore's presence is his sweet whistle heard in the early morning. If we look for him we shall find him high up among the branches of an oak or elm or sycamore or cherry tree, busily looking for food, and if we take a little time to watch him, may see how systematically he goes to work to secure his breakfast. He will very likely alight on some large branch near the trunk of the tree, and thence work outward toward the smaller branches, going carefully over almost every twig, and always flying back to the main branch to begin his examination of a smaller one. He peers into each crevice in the bark; looks under each leaf; and takes out from each blossom the insects which have gathered there to feed on the sweet honey. The little bunches of eggs hidden last autumn in the crannies and nooks where the mother beetle or moth thought they would be safe, do not escape his keen sight and his strong, sharp-pointed bill; the caterpillar, just hatched out and beginning to feed on the tender leaves, is far too slow to get away if the Oriole once espies him; and the insect which is about to lay its eggs in the fruit which is just now forming will have to be very quick and cunning if it is to avoid the sharp eyes of Lord Baltimore. All through the spring and summer this is the Oriole's work, performed day after day, constantly, carefully, faithfully. No one can know how much good he does by his unceasing warfare against the insects; no one can know how many trees he saves, how many barrels of



fruit he gives to the farmer, fruit which but for him would be eaten up by the grubs, or having been stung by insects would drop off from the trees before ripening.

But there are some people who believe that the Oriole does a great deal of harm. They say that he eats the peas in spring and destroys grapes in great numbers in the autumn.

Perhaps the Baltimore is not altogether perfect. He does visit the pea vines, but it is probably more to get the insects which gather about the sweet white blossoms than to eat the peas. But even if he should take a few of them, what a trifle in money value this loss would be when compared with the great good that he does by destroying the insects; and the same thing is true with regard to the few grapes he may eat. Without the Oriole, and other birds who do such work as he, we might not have any vines at all on which to grow grapes. There are many learned people who believe that the terrible disease, due to a small insect, which has destroyed so many of the finest vineyards in France, is caused by the wholesale killing of birds which takes place in that country. The Oriole may do some little harm in the way indicated, but his services to man are very great and far outweigh the value of a few small fruits.

Soon after the Orioles reach the place which they have chosen for their summer home they select their mates. Sometimes sharp battles take place between two male birds for the favor of a female, and the rivals chase one another here and there with shrill cries of anger, while the female looks on with interest to see which of her admirers will be the conqueror in the fight. As soon as the birds have paired, each couple begins to look about for a suitable place for the nest. This is built usually in an elm or sycamore tree, though sometimes in a cherry or pear, or as in the illustration, in a tulip tree. It is a structure of wonderful skill and ingenuity, a neatly woven purse

or pouch-shaped bag of varying depth, constructed of long strings, sometimes of the fibre of the milkweed, or of horse-hair or of the threads of the Spanish moss of the South, the whole forming, as Nuttall remarks, "a sort of coarse cloth." The nest is usually placed at the forking of two twigs, one side of it being attached to either of them, but sometimes it is fastened to one twig by one side only. We have seen one nest, built in a pear tree, which was formed entirely of black and brown horse-hairs without any other material whatever.

The birds readily gather up and work into their nests any bits of string or tow which they may find, and we knew of one house where it was the custom for the children in spring, when the Orioles were building, to put out on the lawn bits of blue and red worsted or yarn. These the birds would take and weave into their nests, thus adding a little bright color to their sober gray homes. Mr. Nuttall speaks of a case where a female which he was watching carried off to her nest a piece of lampwick ten or twelve feet long. He says further: "This long string, and many other shorter ones, were left hanging out for about a week before both the ends were wattled into the sides of the nest. Some other little birds, making use of similar materials, at times twitched these flowing ends, and generally brought out the busy Baltimore from her occupation in great anger."

In the South the network of the nest is open, and there is little or no lining, so that the air may circulate freely through it, but in the Northern States the fabric is more closely woven and hair or down is often used to thicken it and make the nest warm.

The work of building the nest is taken part in by both birds. Sometimes the female does almost all the weaving and the male brings the materials to her, and at others the male is the architect. It is a busy time for both of them, and no doubt

the days seem all too short for the work that has to be done. When the swinging nest is completed the eggs are laid. They are four or five in number, white marked with dots and curious curving lines and streaks, as if some one had been scratching on them with a pen and very black ink.

Now the female begins to sit upon her eggs and the male is kept very busy. He has to bring food to his mate, and also to keep a sharp lookout for any enemies who may be suspected of having designs against his family. The presence of a strange dog or cat in the vicinity of his nest will bring him down to the lower branches of the tree or to the top of a fence post with a sharp rolling cry of anger and warning. The Baltimore Oriole is not afraid of anything that flies, and will attack most courageously any bird that may attempt to alight in the tree where his nest is built. We have seen one administer such a severe thrashing to a marauding bluejay who was prowling about his home, that the rascal went off quite crestfallen and hid himself in a cedar tree, where he staid half an hour before he dared to venture out from its sheltering branches.

For two weeks the tender mother sits upon her eggs, rocked by the soft breezes and cheered by the love song of her devoted mate. Then the shells begin to crack, and the blind, naked, helpless young appear. The mother carefully throws out of the nest every particle of eggshell that might scratch their tender bodies, and soon feeds them with the soft insect food that she has prepared for them. From this time on both parents are busily at work providing food for the young, which grow hungrier and hungrier as they increase in size. In the course of a couple of weeks they are pretty well feathered, and now they begin to make excursions to the door of the nest, so that they can peep out into the world about them and see what is going on there. The sides of the nest are straight

up and down, and the young birds climb up the walls as a woodpecker climbs up a tree. Soon after they venture on this feat their wings become strong enough to support them, and at length the boldest of them all ventures to tumble off his perch and take a short flight; and soon the nest is deserted.

Although the Oriole does not possess any very great powers of song, its cheerful whistle is a pleasant sound, and it has, according to Nuttall, considerable powers of mimicry. He speaks of one which imitated the whistle of the cardinal redbird, the call of the Wilson's thrush and the song of the robin, and indeed had such a variety of unusual notes as often to deceive the naturalist, who sometimes thought he was hearing the notes of birds new to him.

The same author, in the course of his very extended and interesting article on the Baltimore Oriole, gives an account of a male which he kept as a pet. He says: "I have had a male bird in a state of domestication, raised from the nest very readily on fresh minced meat soaked in milk. When established, his principal food was scalded Indian corn meal, on which he fed contentedly, but was also fond of sweet cakes, insects of all descriptions, and nearly every kind of fruit. In short, he ate everything that he would in a state of nature, and did not refuse to taste and eat of everything but the condiments which enter into the multifarious diet of the human species. He was literally omnivorous. No bird could become more tame, allowing himself to be handled with patient indifference, and sometimes with playfulness. The singular mechanical application of his bill was remarkable and explains at once the ingenious art employed by the species in weaving their nest. If the folded hand was presented to our familiar Oriole, he endeavored to open it by inserting his pointed and straight bill between the closed fingers, and then by

pressing open the bill with great muscular force, in the manner of an opening pair of compasses, he contrived, if the force was not great, to open the hand and examine its contents. If brought to the face he did the same with the mouth, and would try hard to open the closed teeth. In this way, by pressing open any yielding interstice, he could readily insert the threads of his nest, and pass them through an infinity of openings, so as to form an ingenious network or basis of his suspensory and procreant cradle."

Two Orioles which we once had in confinement were fed, as very young birds, partly on bread and milk and partly on raw beef finely minced. They thrived excellently, and as soon as they were able to feed themselves, their bill of fare was enlarged so as to include boiled rice, raisins and dried figs, of both of which fruits they were very fond. They grew to be fine, strong, healthy birds, but that same autumn circumstances made it necessary that they should be set free, so that there was no opportunity for making any extended observations on their habits in confinement.

After the brood is reared and the young birds have become strong and well able to look out for themselves, the Orioles begin preparations for their southern migrations. They usually leave New England in Sep-

tember, and go away one by one, or at most only a few together. The males have ceased their cheery whistle, and the birds seem to wish to shun observation, flitting quietly along the hedgerows and through the woods, seldom noticed except by the ornithologist.

As has been said, the winter home of the Oriole is beyond our borders. In summer it is found all over the United States east of the Rocky Mountains, and north well into the British Provinces. It is a bird of strong local attachments, and may sometimes be found abundant in one district and quite rare or even absent from another neighboring section.

The Baltimore Oriole is about seven and a half inches long. In the full-plumaged male the head, neck, throat, back, wings and part of the tail are black. The other parts are orange. The two middle tail feathers are black, and those outside of these are part black toward the body and part orange toward the tips. There are two lines of white on the wings. The bill is bluish-black. The feet and legs are lead color. The female is everywhere paler and duller than the male. Where he is black she is grayish-yellow, except on the wings, which are brownish-black, and where he is orange she is olive-yellow. The males do not attain their full beauty of plumage until the third year.

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#### MAN THE DESTROYER.

IT is stated that the quagga, the beautiful wild striped ass of South Africa, has suddenly ceased to exist. The boot-makers of London and New York wanted his skin for a particular kind of sportsman's boot, and he consequently passed away out of zoology. There may be a few left on the highest and wildest plateaus, but the Boers, tempted by the high prices, have extirpated the herds which only ten years ago existed in South Africa. That will be the

fate of the elephant, too. There will soon not be a bird of paradise on earth, and the ostrich has only been saved by private breeders. Man will not wait for the cooling of the world to consume everything in it, from teak trees to humming-birds, and a century or two hence will find himself perplexed by a planet in which there is nothing except what he makes. He is a poor sort of creator.—*The Spectator (London, England)*.

## A BIRD AMONG BIRDS.

I AM very glad to learn that we are to have an AUDUBON MAGAZINE. All lovers of birds will be pleased, but to me it is a source of especial pleasure, as affording a fitting opportunity of chronicling the life and adventures, the talents and virtues, the sayings and doings of a bird *primus inter pares*—a bird among birds—which was my constant companion and devoted friend for a period of more than twenty long years. Death has, alas! parted us, and nothing remains to me but the sad pleasure of immortalizing his memory in the columns of the AUDUBON.

As all birds of the parrot kind are by common consent called "Polly," I will not deviate from that rule, although in this case it might be called a misnomer, for my "Polly" was not only not a polly of the common kind, but a cockatoo of the larger species, as white as snow, "orange-crested," and withal a male, and for that reason not entitled to the feminine appellation, Polly. Yet I prefer to call my departed friend and companion of twenty-two years, "Polly," more as expressive of endearment than of propriety. Well, Polly had a history, and it is that I propose to interest your readers with.

Somewhere back in the dark past, say about fifty years ago, there lived in Philadelphia a family named Miller, who kept a hotel on Chestnut street (Sam Miller's). By some means not known to me, this Polly got into the possession of that family. How old he may have been when he arrived from Australia has never been established, but it is likely he was full-grown and probably two or three years old. Some time in the beginning of the forties, Polly came into the hands of a Wentz family at Lancaster, Pa., who had him for perhaps ten or fifteen years, when he was sold to a Mr. Connell, in Leacock Town-

ship, Lancaster county. Here he had the misfortune to break a leg, which disabled him so that he could not feed himself properly, and came very near being sacrificed to relieve him of his misery, when a good Samaritan in the person of a Mr. Crick, a butcher, who supplied the Connell family with meat, seeing the unfortunate condition of the bird, suggested that perhaps he might be healed. Mr. Connell had very little hopes of such a happy result, but told Mr. Crick to take him and see what he could do with him. Thus Mr. Crick became Polly's new owner, successfully splinted and bandaged the broken limb, and in a short time healed the fracture. From this time forth the history of Polly's precocity begins. It was never known before what "was in" the bird. The sequel will show that there was much "in him" that was only waiting an opportunity to be developed, more perhaps than some people would have given a bird credit for.

Polly was given a wide range on the little farm, where he mingled with geese, ducks, chickens and pigs, and by degrees became a mimic unparalleled by anything recorded in history. When he cackled, any one not aware of his presence naturally concluded that a hen was just glorying over her "last lay." When he crowed all the barn-yard strutters joined in chorus to outcrow him. When he imitated the small "chick" with a shrill and quick "peep" as if in pain, clucking mothers would run in the direction whence the sound came, to the rescue of the supposed little victim, only to be confronted by the mischievous hook-billed counterfeit. His braying of a mule was perfect in modulation, but somewhat lacking in volume, and for that reason was one of his very best efforts. No woman ever laughed more heartily than Polly could laugh; in fact, so natural was this

imitation that on more than one occasion persons would stop to listen to the fun among the women folks of the house, to be told on inquiring as to what was going on, that it was "only Polly having a laugh to himself." The most natural of all his imitations, however, was the crying of a baby. It was enough to touch the heart of any tender parent passing the house when Polly had this theme in hand. Such sobbing, such holding of breath and then bursting out afresh in a perfect scream as of pain, made everybody within hearing and not knowing the source feel like suggesting Winslow soothing syrup or paregoric, and that without delay. One other extraordinary effort of Polly was the squealing of a dying pig. Mr. Crick killed many hogs for the market, and this gave the bird an excellent opportunity to acquire this ear-piercing refrain. His imitation of the whining of a puppy and the barking of a dog were perfect in the full sense of the term. In short there was nothing that he undertook to imitate which was not done to perfection, except the braying of the mule.

Polly was happy in his home, but he finally became too sociable for Mr. Crick's use, and this was the cause of his sale and my becoming his owner, master, friend—his last owner. His obtrusive sociability consisted in eating from the baby's hand. One day the baby was eating candy. Polly wanted some of that candy, so he just walked up to where baby was sitting at the door and took the candy and a part of the thumb from baby's hand. When baby cried he broke out in a fit of laughing, which novel concert brought the family to the scene, and from that moment it was resolved, finally and irrevocably, that "Polly must go." He was at once deprived of his liberty by being put into his cage and transported to Lancaster, five miles distant, to be sold. He was kept in a basement restaurant, where I for the first time saw him, loved him, and bought him.

A large volume might be written of my more than twenty years' experience with this wonderful creature; of the excursions we made together through the surrounding country; of our trips to various large cities in Pennsylvania; of his tricks in gymnastics; of his accompaniment when I whistled "Sweet Home;" of his gathering up from the floor a number of coins, carefully bringing them to me in a perfect roll and placing them in my hand; of his ringing a bell, carrying a little bucket of water, bringing my hat, my handkerchief or my purse, when told to do so, and of a number of other equally wonderful feats indicating extraordinary sagacity, if not reasoning powers. But I will content myself with giving one remarkable episode in his career which I think most astonishing of all, and one in which I, for one, found great difficulty in fixing the line where "animal instinct" ceases and reasoning faculties begin.

In 1876 I left for Europe, and expecting to stay several years, bethought me as to what disposition to make of my pet, during my absence. It occurred to me that the safest place would be the Zoological Gardens at Philadelphia, and there, accordingly, I left him. After three years and three months absence, I called at the Zoo and requested the superintendent, Mr. Brown, to accompany me to the bird house, telling him that I proposed to put Polly to a test as to the retentiveness of his memory. Mr. Brown cheerfully complied, and we were witnesses of one of the most remarkable instances of animal sagacity on record. I will quote from an article in a Philadelphia paper, which appeared a few days later, and was written by one of the reporters after an interview with the superintendent. He says: "On entering the bird house Mr. Sprenger took his station on the opposite side of the building from that occupied by Polly, where the bird could not see him, and then exclaimed: 'Where's

my Polly?' Immediately the bird recognized the voice of his former master, became excited, walking back and forth on his perch, showed as best he could, by voice and gesture, that he wished to answer the question by saying, 'Here am I.' It was a clear case of instant recognition. Then Mr. Sprenger went to his pet, and the scene is described by Mr. Brown as the reunion of a parent and a child. The affectionate creature ran his bill through his old master's moustache in the attempt to kiss him, rubbed his head against his cheek, then kissed him again and nestled close to his old friend, as though he feared he might lose him again. Then Mr. Sprenger tested him in some of his old tricks to prove his memory, and they were performed with as much readiness as in former days. 'Polly, I have lost my pocket-book,' said his old friend, after having dropped it. Then Polly went in search of it, and soon brought it in his bill, and having deposited it in his friend's hand, expressed his joy in a hearty laugh. On Mr. Sprenger's taking his leave of him, he was almost frantic with grief, and it was only with difficulty that his keeper prevented him from following the master he so affectionately loved."

If I loved the bird before, that feeling was intensified from that moment, and money could no more have tempted me to part with him than it could to part with one of my children. Call it a strange infatuation; call it weakness or effeminacy; call it what you will, but my solemn resolve from that day was that "naught but death should part" us two.

In 1881 Polly was brought from Lancaster, Pa., to this city, where I had located a year before, and soon attracted unusual attention, as he had at the North, exciting the wonder and admiration of all who saw him. It was evident, however, by noticeable failing of eyesight and stiffness in his joints, that age was telling on Polly, and

this caused me to watch him with as much solicitude as a tender father watches his child. My greatest fear was that growing years might lead to decrepitude and helplessness with all the attendant evils of extreme age. Often in my contemplative moments did I picture to myself the probable final separation. At last the end came. The closing scene of this enigmatical existence burst upon my view when I least expected it.

Polly was entertaining a number of callers with his laughing, talking, whistling and barking programme, until a late hour in the evening, and seemed to be in his usual good spirits. After the company had left, members of the family were startled by plaintive cries from the bird as if in great distress. Rushing into the room, they found him lying on the floor, to where he had fallen from the back of a chair upon which he had been sitting, uttering the most pitiable cries, evidently trying to say "Papa" (meaning me). I heard the commotion from a room in the lower story, and immediately ran up-stairs. Imagine my feelings if you can, gentle reader, when I picked up my dear old friend! A few gasps, a convulsive tremor, a closing of his jet black eyes, and Polly was no more! He died in my hands, doubtless from an apopleptic stroke. May I not be pardoned when I admit the fact that tears fell from my eyes at that moment? It was a weakness, 'tis true, but still, under the circumstances, pardonable, I think. My love for the feathered tribe has always been intense. Since Polly's death I love them more, and no matter how homely in plumage, all alike have my undivided love and ceaseless care. The insignificant little sparrow, and the goldfinch gay, the crow and the pheasant, the robin and the wren, the lark and the swallow, in short all of God's beautiful feathered family, are the objects of my jealous care.

J. J. SPRENGER.

ATLANTA, Ga., Dec. 24, 1886.

## WOMAN'S HEARTLESSNESS.

WHEN the Audubon Society was first organized, it seemed a comparatively simple thing to awaken in the minds of all bird-wearing women a sense of what their "decoration" involved. We flattered ourselves that the tender and compassionate heart of woman would at once respond to the appeal for mercy, but after many months of effort we are obliged to acknowledge ourselves mistaken in our estimate of that universal compassion, that tender heart in which we believed. Not among the ignorant and uncultured so much as the educated and enlightened do we find the indifference and hardness that baffles and perplexes us. Not always, heaven be praised! but too often—I think I may say in two-thirds of the cases to which we appeal. One lady said to me, "I think there is a great deal of sentiment wasted on the birds. There are so many of them, they never will be missed, any more than mosquitoes! I shall put birds on my new bonnet." This was a fond and devoted mother, a cultivated and accomplished woman. It seemed a desperate case indeed, but still I strove with it. "Why do you give yourself so much trouble?" she asked. "They will soon go out of fashion and there will be an end of it." "That may be," I replied, "but fashion next year may order them back again, and how many women will have human feeling enough to refuse to wear them?" It was merely waste of breath, however, and she went her way, a charnel house of beaks and claws and bones and feathers and glass eyes upon her fatuous head. Another, mocking, says, "Why don't you try to save the little fishes in the sea?" and continues to walk the world with dozens of warblers' wings making her headgear hideous. Not one in fifty is found willing to remove at once the birds from her head, even if languidly she does acquiesce in the assertion that it is a cruel

sin against nature to destroy them. "When these are worn out I am willing to promise not to buy any more," is what we hear, and we are thankful indeed for even so much grace; but, alas! birds never "wear out." And as their wearer does not carry a placard stating their history, that they were bought last year or perhaps given to her, and she does not intend to buy more, her economy goes on setting the bad example, or it may be her indolence is to blame—one is as fatal as the other. Occasionally, but too rarely, we meet a fine spirit, the fire of whose generous impulse consumes at once all selfish considerations, who recognizes the importance of her own responsibility, and whose action is swift as her thought to pluck out the murderous sign, and go forth free from its dishonor. And how refreshing is the sight of the birdless bonnet! The face beneath, no matter how plain it may be, seems to possess a gentle charm. She might have had birds, this woman, for they are cheap enough and plentiful enough, heaven knows! But she has them not, therefore she must wear within things infinitely precious, namely, good sense, good taste, good feeling. Heaven bless every woman who dares turn her back on Fashion and go about thus beautifully adorned!

In one of the most widely circulated newspapers the fashionable news from Paris begins: "Birds are worn more than ever." Birds "are worn!" Pitiful phrase! Sentence of deadly significance! "Birds are worn"—as if that were final, as if all women must follow one another like a flock of sheep over a wall, and forget reason, forget the human heart within, forget everything but the empty pride of being "in the fashion." Ah me, my fire-flecked oriole, watching your airy cradle from the friendly elm bough swinging, go get yourself an inky coat. Your beauty makes you but a target

for the accursed gun that shatters your lovely life, quenches your delicious voice, destroys your love, your bliss, your dutiful cares, your whole beautiful being, that your dead body may disfigure some woman's head and call all eyes to gaze at her! But no—that will not save you! Blackbirds are not safe, they "are worn." Carrion crows "are worn," unsavory scavengers though they be. No matter on what they may have fed—they "are worn." Soar, swift sea-swallow—I would it could be millions of miles away from the haunts of men; to the uttermost parts of the earth and the ocean carry your grace, your slender loveliness of shape, your matchless delicacy of tint and tone of color, soft, wondrous, like gray cloud and silvery snow—fly! dear and beautiful creature; seek the centre of the storm, the heart of the arctic cold, the winter blast—they are not so unkind as—woman's vanity. Do I not see you every day, your mocking semblance writhing as if in agony round female heads—still and stark, sharp wings and tail pointing in stiff distress to heaven, your dried and ghastly head and beak dragged down to point to the face below, as if saying, "*She* did it?" The albatross of the Ancient Mariner is not more dreadful. Yesterday I saw three of you on one hat! Three terns at once, a horrible confusion of death and dismay.

Does any woman imagine these withered corpses (cured with arsenic) which she loves to carry about, are *beautiful*? Not so; the birds lost their beauty with their lives. To-day I saw a mat woven of warblers' heads, spiked all over its surface with sharp beaks, set up on a bonnet and borne aloft by its possessor in pride! Twenty murders in one! and the face beneath bland and satisfied, for are not "Birds to be worn

more than ever?" Flit, sandpiper, from the sea's margin to some loneliness remote and safe from the noble race of man! No longer in the soft May twilight call from cove to cove along the shore in notes that seem to breathe the very spirit of tender joy, of happy love, of sweet content; tones that mingle so divinely with the warm waves' murmur, with the south wind's balm, and sound in music through the dusk, long after the last crimson flush of sunset has faded from the sky. Year after year you come back to make your nest in the place you know and love, but you shall not live your humble, blissful, dutiful life, you shall not guard your treasured home, nor rejoice when your little ones break the silence with their first cry to you for food. You shall not shelter and protect and care for them with the same divine instinct you share with human mothers. No, some woman wants your corpse to carry on her head. You shall die that vanity, that "Fashion," may live.

I fear we no longer deserve these golden gifts of God. I would the birds could all emigrate to some friendlier planet, peopled by a nobler race than ours, where they might live their sweet lives unmolested, and be treated with the respect, the consideration and the grateful love which are their due. For we have almost forfeited our right to the blessing of their presence.

But still we venture to hope for a better future, still the Audubon and other societies work with heart and soul to protect and save them, and we trust yet to see the day when women, one and all, will look upon the wearing of birds in its proper light, namely, as a sign of heartlessness and a mark of ignominy and reproach.

CELIA THAXTER.

BOSTON, Mass., Dec. 26, 1886.

'Tis always morning somewhere, and above  
The awakening continents, from shore to shore,  
Somewhere the birds are singing evermore.—*Longfellow.*



## A REVIEW.

THE Audubon Society was founded by the *Forest and Stream* in February, 1886, with the object of saving the birds of this continent, and especially song and other small birds, from being practically exterminated. Those who thought about the matter saw that the birds were rapidly growing fewer. Many of the farmers noticed that there were not so many birds as there used to be. As a rule they did not trouble themselves much about it; they had too many other things to think of. But sometimes, when their orchards were attacked by insects, and every apple had a worm at its core, or when their crops, one after the other, were damaged by various insects, they recollected that birds eat insects by the thousand, and could not help wondering how it would fare with the harvests if there were no birds left to keep the insects in check.

There were other people besides farmers who lived in the country, or visited it in the summer months, because they liked to get away from the noise, and heat, and dust of the great cities, and spend weeks or months in the woods and fields, and listen to the glad music of the song-birds. These were the first to notice the disappearance of the birds, and to feel the loss deeply. Then there were scientific men, like the members of the American Ornithologists' Union, who make a study of birds and their habits—of the food they eat, and of the share of world's work which falls upon their shoulders, and who knew that a country could not be deprived of its birds without inflicting very severe trouble upon the people. In fact, it was they, and such as they, who first opened the farmer's eyes to the value of the services which the birds render him, by feeding on insects, and thus saving his whole crop from destruction.

When it was noticed that the birds were

not as plenty as they used to be, there was not much difficulty in accounting for it. In the year 1786 there were less than five millions of people in the United States, and the ladies wore no feathers—at least nothing but ostrich or marabout feathers—but in the year 1886 there were fifty-five millions of people in the country—nearly all the ladies wore bird skins or heads or wings; many men went shooting small birds to make money by selling the skins, and innumerable boys went bird nesting. Of course there were exceptions—there were gentle women who were deeply pained at the sight of so many bright lives being thoughtlessly sacrificed; there were men, too, indignant at the wanton destruction of life. But what could one person, or a score of persons do to influence the conduct of a whole people? How could one person appeal to fifty-five millions of people, and ask them even to consider the matter?

Of course the thing was possible, and what is more, it is in a fair way of being achieved. There is hardly a State or Territory in the Union, in which there is not now a large number of people pledged to protect the birds; and there is every reason to believe that before many years shall have passed, a person who has not heard of the movement will be a rare exception.

The idea of founding the Audubon Society originated with Dr. George Bird Grinnell of the *Forest and Stream* Publishing Company, of New York. As a member of the American Ornithologists' Union, he had acquainted himself with all the facts bearing upon the destruction of birds and their rapid disappearance, and had given much study to the subject in all its aspects. The Union, while it laid stress upon the importance of public agitation for the preservation of our birds, declared plainly that it would not head such a movement. As experts, its

members felt warranted in giving time and knowledge freely, and in suggesting measures, but for the circulation of their suggestions to the general public, they appealed to philanthropists, societies and individuals. The papers on this subject read before the A. O. U. were of great interest, and were published as a supplement to *Science*. But it was reserved for Dr. Grinnell to take up the matter from the practical standpoint. Again it was not easy to calculate what it would cost to set on foot a popular movement for the protection of our birds. Most of the warmest friends of the movement held such exaggerated views of what it would cost, that all shrank from committing themselves to any share of the responsibility. To the business managers of the *Forest and Stream* it looked less formidable. They could estimate costs, and if necessary regulate them. They could use their own paper to scatter the seeds of the movement in every State of the Union; it was a movement calculated to secure the co-operation of the press; and seeing one of their own colleagues so anxious to set it afloat, they made the necessary appropriation. On the 13th of February, 1886, the Audubon Society was founded by *Forest and Stream*, and a great number of the leading people of the country were called on to express their sentiments on the subject, or to aid the movement with their hearty co-operation.

The first steps were naturally slow. Circulars were sent flying all over the country, and almost all the newspapers responded cordially to the invitation to help make the movement known. On April 19 the first supply of membership certificates was received from the printer, and by May 1st fifteen hundred of them had been issued. From that date to this present, every day's mail has brought applications for membership, until at the close of the year, and really only ten months after its foundation, the Society has a membership of twenty

thousand. With the AUDUBON MAGAZINE to add to the impetus of the movement, there is every indication that the Society will go on prospering and increasing in numbers, until it shall reach far into the hundreds of thousands. It was incorporated under the laws of the State of New York, on August 6, 1886.

The correspondence of the year has been very interesting. Many of the more active lady members who formerly wore feathers, simply because it was the fashion, were quite shocked when they learned from the circulars of the Audubon Society what a fearful sacrifice of bird life was entailed, and how very serious were the future consequences involved; and the last few months have given abundant evidence of the widespread influence of the movement.

It would be hard to say whether boys or girls have behaved most generously in the matter. To both sexes membership in the Audubon Society involves some self-denial for conscience sake, and they have both responded in a manner to maintain the high character of the race and its readiness to place principle above everything.

It was intended to make the Audubon movement a national one, but it has outgrown the conception of its promoters and become a continental one.

From across the border our Canadian cousins have hailed the work with the warmest expressions of sympathy, and among them, too, we have a large and growing membership anxious to co-operate with us to preserve everything that tends to make this great continent dear to all the dwellers on its soil.

The movement appeals so strongly to all intelligent people on economic and humane grounds that it can scarcely fail of accomplishing its objects. These are the education of our whole people to an understanding of the usefulness of the birds and the folly of permitting their wholesale destruction.

## THE TWO PRINCESSES.

ONCE upon a time there lived a king who had two lovely daughters. So beautiful, so learned and so good were they, that when the time came for them to be married, so many suitors thronged to the King's palace that the roads for miles around were blocked, and the throng could move neither backward nor forward. At first this was very amusing, but presently it began to be very serious. One of the laws of the country was, that no provisions could be kept inside the city gates. Early every morning wagons arrived from the surrounding country laden with the food for the day. Now, owing to the crowded state of the roads, no wagons could reach the city, and very soon the inhabitants began to suffer for want of food. The King, who was much alarmed, after in vain consulting all the wisest men in his palace, retired to his room and gave way to great grief. As he wept, his attention was attracted by the curious behavior of a large moth that had fluttered in at the open window. First it flew up, then down, then quickly back and forth, and finally fluttered so near the king's hand that he could not resist the temptation of trying to seize it. He only succeeded in catching the end of one long wing. The moth in its struggles to escape broke the tip off. No sooner had this happened than the moth disappeared, leaving in its place a beautiful woman, who knelt before the astonished King.

When the King had recovered enough breath to speak, he gasped :

"Pray who are you? What does this mean?"

"Great King," said the lady, "I am a fairy. Long ago I innocently interfered with the plans of one of my superiors. As a punishment she changed me into a moth, and condemned me to wear that form until released by a king. You have released me,

and in return for this kindness I will perform the task that you most wish done."

"Hurrah!" cried the King, jumping up, then suddenly remembering his regal dignity :

"We mean, 'tis well. Listen then—the task I most wish done, is the clearing of the roads, that the provision wagons may enter the city."

"It shall be done," said the fairy, and vanished.

The next moment the King was startled to hear a merry fanfare of trumpets in the court. Hastening to the window, he saw the fairy who had mounted to the castle wall. In clear tones, that reached to the last suitor, she said :

"Gentle sirs, your eagerness to wed these fair princesses, while most flattering to them, is causing serious trouble in the city; provisions have given out, and a famine prevails. Behold, now, I release two butterflies. Follow them, and the two men who are fortunate enough to capture them, shall become the happy husbands of the princesses."

As she spoke, she opened her hand and out flew two butterflies of the most brilliant hues. One flew to the east, one to the west, and so eager were the suitors to catch them, that in half an hour the roads were clear, the provision wagons rolled into the city, and the hungry people gathered about them, and received their bread, their chops and steaks and vegetables, and the famine was at an end.

The two sisters had watched all these proceedings from an upper window in the castle, and when they had seen the last of the two trains of suitors vanish in the distance, they fell into each other's arms and wept.

"Oh, sister, said the younger, "must we part? I do not want to marry any of

these men who clamor for our hands. Far, far rather would I live and die by thee."

"And I," replied the other, "long for no companionship but thine. Alas! alas! is there no help?"

"Yes," answered the good fairy, appearing before them, "there is help, and I am come to bring it. Your sisterly devotion is such a lovely sight that I cannot allow you to be separated. Trust to me, all shall be well." And then she disappeared.

For days and days the two long trains of suitors marched on, following the butterflies, one to the east, the other to the west, and still no one succeeded in capturing the prize. At last, after months of weary pursuit, the western band saw advancing toward them another body of men, who turned neither to the right nor to the left. They were the eastern suitors following *their* butterfly. On and on they came, nearer and nearer, until at last the fore-

most men of each band stood face to face. Neither would give way nor turn aside, and at last they began to struggle for the right of way.

As they fought and struggled, the two butterflies floated back and forth above them, each above the leader of the company that had been following it. Suddenly there was a swift rustle of wings, and a swallow darted toward them; in a second both butterflies had vanished.

"The butterflies! Where are the butterflies?" cried the suitors from the west. "The butterflies! Where are the butterflies?" cried the suitors from the east.

The battle ceased instantly, and both bands joined in searching, but in vain. So the saddened suitors all returned lonely to their homes, and the two sisters were never separated, but lived all their life together, two happy old maids.

N. B. G.

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#### THE SELBORNE SOCIETY.

THIS is an English society with nearly the same aims as the Audubon Society, presided over by George A. Musgrave, Esq., F. R. G. S., of Holland Park, London.

Mr. Musgrave has been indefatigable in his efforts to prick the consciences of his countrywomen on the enormity of the offense of exterminating the feathered creation to gratify a passing caprice of fashion, and to judge from the published list of lady patronesses it is evident that the movement has made its influence felt among the upper ranks of English society.

No pledge is required of its members, who are simply appealed to, to refrain from the needless sacrifice of life, and to influence others to like conduct by the propagation of pamphlets bearing on the subject.

These pamphlets are supplied cheaply by the Society, and subscriptions of not

less than one shilling (twenty-five cents) in aid of the movement are invited. The ordinary membership subscription is half a crown, equal to sixty cents of our money.

The Society appears to be doing excellent work, but its methods do not perhaps admit of assessing the value of the work done, as readily as ours, still we are not left without indications, one of the most striking of which is the trade pamphlet of a leading millinery establishment announcing "that to meet the wishes of the advocates of bird protection it has decided to handle only ostrich feathers and those of poultry and game birds in future." Our readers will be interested in tracing the progress of this sister movement, and we intend that matters of interest in connection with the Selborne Society shall be chronicled in future issues of the AUDUBON.

**MEMBERSHIP OF THE AUDUBON SOCIETY.**

THE numerical strength of the Audubon Society by States on Dec. 31, 1886, with the number of Local Secretaries, is told in the following table:

State.	No. of Local Sec's.	No. of Mem-bers.	State.	No. of Local Sec's.	No. of Mem-bers.
New York. ....	64	6322	Nevada.....	—	1
Massachusetts..	36	1922	Iowa.....	9	612
Philadelphia...	28	1645	Kentucky.....	4	82
Ohio.....	33	1123	Arkansas.....	2	30
New Jersey....	27	1162	Texas.....	2	104
Connecticut....	16	540	California.....	1	32
Rhode Island...	6	520	Dist. Columbia.	3	127
Maine.....	2	50	Indiana.....	5	139
Vermont.....	6	373	Virginia & W. Va	4	177
New Hampshire	6	395	North Carolina.	2	22
Illinois.....	10	396	South Carolina.	1	30
Michigan.....	6	434	Missouri.....	4	46
Minnesota.....	2	88	Tennessee.....	2	54
Kansas.....	6	166	Georgia.....	1	45
Nebraska.....	1	56	Florida.....	2	57
Wisconsin.....	1	61	Maryland.....	3	192
Colorado.....	1	25	Delaware.....	—	12
Dakota.....	1	17	New Orleans...	1	67
Wyoming.....	1	6	Dom. of Canada	16	582
Indian Territory	1	18			
Total registered.....				17,723	

This distribution is not precisely accurate—it represents the number of certificates sent out from headquarters to the several States and Territories indicated, but as Local Secretaries frequently enlist members resident beyond their borders, the actual count of pledges would differ somewhat from the above returns. The General Secretary, too, in his capacity of Local Secretary for New York city, counts all his issues to the credit of New York State, hence the table gives no clue to the residence of those not enlisted through a resident Local Secretary. The Society numbers in its ranks a few stragglers from far and wide, who describe themselves as residents of England, Wales, France, Russia, Burmah, Japan, with one red Indian to round off the list.

Besides the above, a very energetic secretary in Michigan, Mrs. C. R. Bacon, of Grand Rapids, has by a systematic canvass of the schools, enlisted upward of three thousand members, not yet registered, making our grand total for the year in excess of twenty thousand.

**ASSOCIATE MEMBERS.**

The announcement in another column that we have opened a separate register for the enrollment of Associate Members, will be read with satisfaction by many warm friends of the movement, who shrink from subscribing to a pledge of any sort. The Audubon pledge is really nothing more than an undertaking to do or abstain from certain acts, as long as in the judgment of the subscriber it shall be obviously right to do or abstain from them; but by association of

ideas many people regard the act of taking a pledge as objectionable, or at least find it distasteful. The correspondence of the Society during the past year has brought to light many phases of this sentiment.

Some people's self-respect forbids their taking a pledge, because the act may be held to imply that they dare not trust themselves to abide by the prescribed line of conduct, unless bound by a solemn obligation. They hold it sufficient to pledge themselves to themselves, and regard it as detracting from their dignity to hold themselves open<sup>ly</sup> pledged to society.

Others again are withheld by a very sensitive conscience, from subscribing to a pledge which, strictly interpreted, may imply more than they are capable of performing. To them a phrase may mean a great deal more than would be ascribed to it by ordinary matter-of-fact people; a great deal more, perhaps, than was in the mind of the one who formulated it, for at the best, words express ideas but very imperfectly.

On the whole the system of issuing certificates of membership based on subscription to the prescribed pledges, has worked very satisfactorily, and will be continued; but it is obviously desirable that the Society should have some avenue open for the admission of all who approve of its objects, abide by its requirements, who are ready to co-operate for its extension, and only withheld from association by motives which command our respect; and as stated it has been decided to open our portals for the reception of associate members. We have some already working for us, and rendering us very valuable co-operation, and by that co-operation demonstrating the imperfection of a system which excludes them from acknowledged membership.

The certificate of membership cannot be given to associate members because, as above said, it is based on subscription to a pledge.

The new departure was suggested by outside friends, and was not resolved on until after mature deliberation. Now that it has been adopted we trust that all friends of the movement, all who are desirous of saving our birds from reckless extermination, will associate themselves with us, for in a great movement such as this is fast becoming, numbers exercise an important influence not only in moulding legislation, but also in swaying public opinion to the support of the laws.

WHAT IS A BIRD?—That is not such an easy question to answer, as any one may discover by trying to tell just what a bird is and how it differs from all other animals. The President of the American Ornithologists' Union has written a paper on this subject, which will appear in our next number.

THE AUDUBON SOCIETY FOR THE PROTECTION OF BIRDS.

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THE AUDUBON SOCIETY was founded in New York city in February, 1886. Its purpose is the protection of American birds, not used for food, from destruction for mercantile purposes. The magnitude of the evil with which the Society will cope, and the imperative need of the work which it proposes to accomplish, are outlined in the following statement concerning

THE DESTRUCTION OF BIRDS.

Within the last few years, the destruction of our birds has increased at a rate which is alarming. This destruction now takes place on such a large scale as to seriously threaten the existence of a number of our most useful species. It is carried on chiefly by men and boys who sell the skins or plumage to be used for ornamenta purposes—principally for the trimming of women's hats, bonnets and clothing. These men kill every-

thing that wears feathers. The birds of the woods, the birds of the field, the birds of the marsh and those of the sea are alike slain, at all times and at all seasons. It matters not if the bird be a useful one which devours the hurtful insects which destroy the farmer's crops, or a bright-plumaged songster whose advent has been welcomed in spring, and which has reared its brood in the door yard during the summer, or a swift-winged sea swallow whose flight along the shore has often with unerring certainty led the fisherman to his finny prey—whatever it be, it must be sacrificed to the bird butcher's lust for slaughter and for gain. Besides the actual destruction of the birds, their numbers are still further diminished by the practice of robbing their nests in the breeding season.

Although it is impossible to get at the number of birds killed each year, some figures have been published which give an idea of what the slaughter must be. We know that a single local taxidermist handles 30,000 bird skins in one year; that a single collector brought back from a three months trip 11,000 skins; that from one small district on Long Island about 70,000 birds were brought to New York in four months time. In New York one firm had on hand February 1, 1886, 200,000 skins. The supply is not limited by domestic consumption. American bird skins are sent abroad. The great European markets draw their supplies from all over the world. In London there were sold in three months from one auction room, 404,464 West Indian and Brazilian bird skins, and 356,389 East Indian birds. In Paris 100,000 African birds have been sold by one dealer in one year. One New York firm recently had a contract to supply 40,000 skins of American birds to one Paris firm. These figures tell their own story—but it is a story which might be known even without them; we may read it plainly enough in the silent hedges, once vocal with the morning songs of birds, and in the deserted fields where once bright plumage flashed in the sunlight.

The objections to this cruel and wanton destruction of bird life are not sentimental only. If continued it will soon not only deprive us of one of the most attractive features of rural life, but it will surely work a vast amount of harm to the farmers by removing one of the most efficient checks on the increase of insects. Agricultural interests are at stake.

BIRDS, INSECTS AND CROPS.

The food of our small birds consists very largely of the insects which feed on the plants grown by the farmer. These insects multiply with such astounding rapidity that a single pair may in the course of one season be the progenitors of six billions of their kind. All through the season at which this insect life is most active, the birds are constantly at work destroying for their young and for themselves, tens of thousands of hurtful creatures, which, but for them, would swarm upon the farmer's crops and lessen the results of his labors.

A painstaking and ardent naturalist not very long ago watched the nest of a pair of martins for sixteen hours, from 4 A. M. till 8 P. M., just to see how many visits the parent birds made to their young. He found that in that time 312 visits to the four young were made, 119 by the male and 193 by the female. If we suppose only six insects to have been brought at each visit, this pair of birds would have destroyed, for their young alone, in this one summer's day, not far from 2,000 insects. The important relations which our birds bear to the agricultural interests and so to the general welfare, are recognized by the governments of all our States. Laws exist for their protection, but these laws are rendered inoperative by the lack of an intelligent public sentiment to support them. They are nowhere enforced. It is for the interest of every one that such a public sentiment should be created.

It is time that this destruction were stopped.

PURPOSE OF THE AUDUBON SOCIETY.

To secure the protection of our birds by awakening a better sentiment, the Audubon Society, named after the greatest of American ornithologists, has been founded. The objects sought to be accomplished by this Society are to prevent as far as possible—

- (1) The killing of any wild bird not used for food.
- (2) The taking or destroying of the eggs or nests of any wild birds.

(3) The wearing of the feathers of wild birds. Ostrich feathers, whether from wild or tame birds, and those of domestic fowls, are specially exempted.

The Audubon Society aims especially to preserve those birds which are now practically without protection. Our game birds are already protected by law, and in large measure by public sentiment, and their care may be left to the sportsman. The great aim of the Society is the protection of American non-game birds. The English sparrow is not included in our lists.

PLAN OF THE WORK.

Obviously the Society cannot supply any machinery of compulsion to lead individuals and communities to a higher regard for bird life and to efforts for its protection. Nor are compulsory measures thought necessary. The wrong is tolerated now only because of thoughtlessness and indifference.

The birds are killed for millinery purposes. So long as fashion demands bird feathers, the birds will be slaughtered. The remedy is to be found in the awakening of a healthy public sentiment on the subject. If this enormous destruction of birds can once be put in its true light before the eyes of men and women and young folks, if interest be aroused and sentiment created, the great wrong must cease. To so present the case to the people as to awaken this corrective sentiment is the special work contemplated by the Audubon Society. The methods adopted are very simple. Pledges are furnished, subscription to which constitutes membership, and certificates are issued to members.

## TERMS OF MEMBERSHIP.

The signing of any of the pledges will qualify one for membership in the Society. It is earnestly desired that each member may sign all three of the pledges. Beyond the promise contained in the pledge no obligation nor responsibility is incurred. There are no fees, nor dues, nor any expenses of any kind. There are no conditions as to age. The boys and girls are invited to take part in the work, for they can often do more than others to practically protect the nesting birds. All who are interested in the subject are invited to become members, and to urge their friends to join the Society. If each man, woman or child who reads this circular will exert his or her influence, it will not take long to enlist in the good work a great number of people actively concerned in the protection of our birds. It is desired that members may be enrolled in every town and village throughout the land, so that by the moral weight of its influence this Society may check the slaughter of our beautiful songsters. The beneficent influence of the Audubon Society should be exerted in every remotest by-way where the songs of birds fill the air, and in every crowded city where the plumes of slain songsters are worn as an article of dress.

## ASSOCIATE MEMBERS.

As there are a very great number of people in full sympathy with the Audubon movement, and ready to lend it their moral support, but who refrain from joining the Society simply because they find it distasteful to sign a pledge, it has been determined to form a class of Associate Members. Any one expressing his or her sympathy with the objects of the Audubon Society and submitting a written request for membership to any local secretary, will be enrolled on the list of Associate Members. All such applications for membership received by local secretaries of the Society should be forwarded to the General Secretary for registration.

## LOCAL SECRETARIES.

The Society has local secretaries in cities, towns and villages. The local secretary will furnish this circular of information and pledge forms; will receive the signed pledges, keep a list of the members, forward a duplicate list with the pledges for enrollment and file at the Society's office; and will receive in return certificates of membership, to be filled out and signed by the local secretary and given to the members. No certificate of membership will be issued to any person except upon the receipt of a signed pledge at the office of the Society. Where no local secretary has yet been appointed, individual applicants for membership may address the Society at its office, No. 40 Park Row, New York.

If there is no local secretary in your town, you are invited to act as such yourself, or to hand this to some other person who will accept the office. Upon application we will supply copies of this circular and pledge forms.

## THE AUDUBON SOCIETY CERTIFICATE.

The Society furnishes to each member a handsome certificate of membership. This bears a portrait of the great naturalist, John James Audubon, after whom the Society very appropriately takes its name.

## SUGGESTIONS FOR LOCAL WORK.

Meetings should be held at least once each month, at which the efforts put forth by the different members should be reported. Papers on the local condition of public opinion, on the interest taken by those not members of the Society, on the destruction of birds in the neighborhood, should be read. Field observations and reports on the local birds and their habits might be made, and these observations would be interesting to the members. The individual effort to interest others in the work and to bring them into the Society should be unceasing, for the great object of the Society is to increase the number of those who will protect the birds.

In many cases it will be possible for the members to take active means to bring to justice those who violate the laws respecting the killing of birds. An officer might be appointed whose duty it should be to attend to the prosecution of offenders against the law. Strong efforts should be made to enlist the aid of the local press.

The office of the Society is at 40 Park Row, New York city. All communications should be addressed

## THE AUDUBON SOCIETY,

No. 40 Park Row, New York.

## THE NEW YORK BIRD LAW.

## Chapter 427.

## AN ACT

For the Preservation of Song and Wild Birds.

Passed May 20, 1886; three-fifths being present; without the approval of the Governor.\*

*The People of the State of New York, represented in Senate and Assembly, do enact as follows:*

SECTION 1. No person in any of the counties of this State, shall kill, wound, trap, net, snare, catch, with bird lime, or with any similar substance, poison or drug, any bird of song or any linnet, blue bird, yellow hammer, yellow bird, thrush, woodpecker, cat bird, pewee, swallow, martin, bluejay, oriole, kildee, snow bird, grass bird, gross beak, bobolink, phoebe bird, humming bird, wren, robin, meadow lark or starling, or any wild bird, other than a game bird. Nor shall any person purchase, or have in possession, or expose for sale any such song or wild bird, or any part thereof, after the same has been killed. For the purposes of this act the following only shall be considered game birds: the Anatidæ, commonly known as swans, geese, brant, and river and sea ducks; the Rallidæ, commonly known as rails, coots, mud-hens and gallinules; the Limicolæ, commonly known as shore birds, plovers, surf-birds, snipe, woodcock, sand pipers, tatlars, and curlews; the Gallinæ, commonly known as wild turkeys, grouse, prairie-chickens, pheasants, partridges and quails.

§ 2. No person shall take or needlessly destroy the nest or eggs of any song or wild bird.

§ 3. Sections one and two of this act shall not apply to any person holding a certificate giving the right to take birds, and their nests and eggs, for scientific purposes, as provided for in section four of this act.

§ 4. Certificates may be granted by any incorporated society of natural history in the State, through such persons or officers as said society may designate, to any properly accredited person of the age of eighteen years or upward, permitting the holder thereof to collect birds, their nests or eggs, for strictly scientific purposes only. In order to obtain such certificate, the applicant for the same must present to the person or persons having the power to grant said certificates, written testimonials from two well-known scientific men, certifying to the good character and fitness of said applicant to be entrusted with such privilege; must pay to said persons or officers one dollar to defray the necessary expenses attending the granting of such certificates; and must file with said persons or officers a properly executed bond, in the sum of two hundred dollars, signed by two responsible citizens of the State as sureties. This bond shall be forfeited to the State, and the certificate become void, upon proof that the holder of such a certificate has killed any bird, or taken the nest or eggs of any bird, for other than the purposes named in sections three and four of this act, and shall be further subject for each such offense to the penalties provided therefor in sections one and two of this act.

§ 5. The certificates authorized by this act shall be in force for one year only from the date of their issue, and shall not be transferable.

§ 6. The English or European house-sparrow (*Passer domesticus*) is not included among the birds protected by this act.

§ 7. Any person or persons violating any of the provisions of this act shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, punishable by imprisonment in the county jail or penitentiary, of not less than five or more than thirty days, or to a fine of not less than ten or more than fifty dollars, or both, at the discretion of the court.

§ 8. In all actions for the recovery of penalties under this act, one-half of the recovery shall belong to the plaintiff, and the remainder shall be paid to the county treasurer of the county where the offense is committed, except if the offense be committed in the city and county of New York, the remaining one-half shall be paid to the chamberlain of said city.

§ 9. All acts or parts of acts inconsistent with, or contrary to the provisions of this act, are hereby repealed.

§ 10. This act shall take effect immediately.

STATE OF NEW YORK, } ss:  
Office of Secretary of State,

I have compared the preceding with the original law on file in this office, and do hereby certify that the same is a correct transcript therefrom and of the whole of said original law.

FREDERICK COOK, Secretary of State.

\* Not returned by the Governor within ten days after it was presented to him, and became a law without his signature. [Art. IV., Sec. 9, Constitution of the State of New York.]



THE great amount of official and explanatory matter which necessarily appears in the first number of the AUDUBON MAGAZINE has crowded out a number of lighter and more entertaining, but not less valuable, articles, which had been prepared for the first issue. In the March number will be found articles by Mr. J. A. Allen, the President of the American Ornithologists' Union; Mr. G. B. Sennett, the Chairman of the A.O.U. Committee on Bird Protection; Mr. C. F. Amery, Mr. F. H. Thurston, Mr. C. B. Reynolds, Mr. Geo. Bird Grinnell, Ph. D., and other well-known writers. It is hoped that all friends of the Audubon movement will do what lies in their power to increase the circulation of the AUDUBON MAGAZINE. It is the purpose of the conductors to make it a great power for good in the cause of humane education, and at the same time to render it so attractive that the young people shall value it for its own sake, aside from any educational influence which it may exert. The price, fifty cents a year, brings it within the reach of all, and no doubt the many who are interested in the Audubon movement and feel willing to contribute to the good end which the Society has in view, will feel inclined to spread its influence by subscribing to several copies of the MAGAZINE for the benefit of friends whose interest they may desire to awaken. Specimen copies will be sent to any address on receipt of 6 cents.

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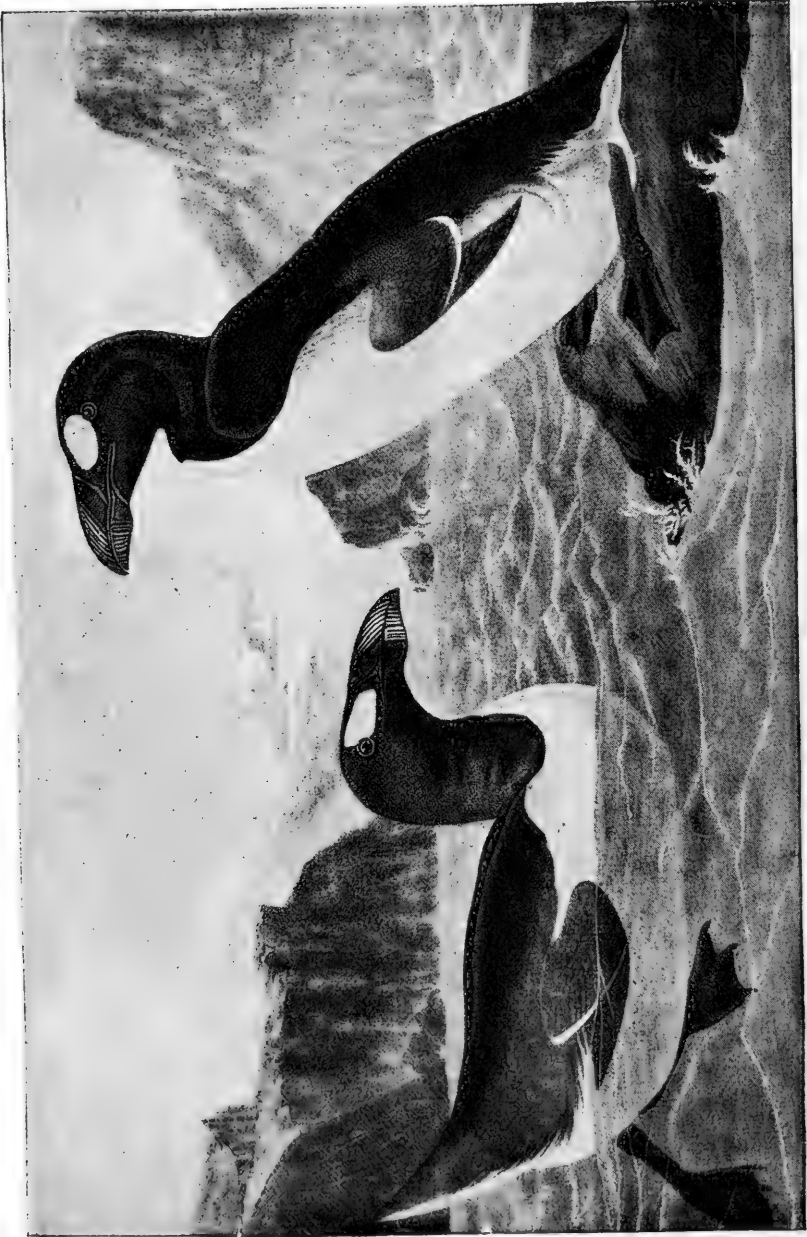
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# THE AUDUBON MAGAZINE.

VOL. I.

MARCH, 1887.

No. 2.

JOHN JAMES AUDUBON.

II.

THE journey down the Ohio terminated at Louisville, Kentucky, and, established here with his young wife in his pleasant home, Audubon began his business career. This did not last long, though the prospects for success were very good. The naturalist would not endure the confinement of store and office, and most of his time was spent in the open air, the business being thus left more and more in the hands of his partner, Rosier. The planters about Louisville were kindly, hospitable and fond of outdoor sports, and among them Audubon, with his similar tastes and habits, became at once popular. His chief pursuit was still collecting birds and making drawings of them.

It was here in Louisville, in March, 1810, that Audubon first met Alexander Wilson, who has been called the Father of American Ornithology. Wilson was traveling in the West, collecting material for his work and securing subscribers for it. The meeting between the two is described by Audubon in the first volume of the "Ornithological Biographies," and is interesting, for it gives us some hints as to the characters of the two men. He says:

"One fair morning, I was surprised by the sudden entrance into our counting-room at Louisville of Mr. Alexander Wilson, the celebrated author of the 'American Ornithology,' of whose existence I had

never until that moment been apprised. This happened in March, 1810. How well do I remember him, as he walked up to me! His long, rather hooked nose, the keenness of his eyes, and his prominent cheek bones, stamped his countenance with a peculiar character. His dress, too, was of a kind not usually seen in that part of the country; a short coat, trousers and a waistcoat of gray cloth. His stature was of the middle size. He had two volumes under his arm, and as he approached the table at which I was writing, I thought I discovered something like astonishment in his countenance. He, however, immediately proceeded to disclose the object of his visit, which was to procure subscriptions for his work. He opened his books, explained the nature of his occupations, and requested my patronage. I felt surprised and gratified at the sight of his volumes, turned over a few of the plates, and had already taken a pen to write my name in his favor, when my partner rather abruptly said in French, 'My dear Audubon, what induces you to subscribe to this work? Your drawings are certainly far better; and again, you must know as much of the habits of American birds as this gentleman.' Whether Mr. Wilson understood French or not, or if the suddenness with which I paused disappointed him, I cannot tell; but I clearly perceived that he was not pleased. Vanity

and the encomiums of my friend prevented me from subscribing. Mr. Wilson asked me if I had many drawings of birds. I rose, took down a large portfolio, laid it on the table, and showed him—as I would show you, kind reader, or any other person fond of such subjects—the whole of the contents, with the same patience with which he had shown me his own engravings. His surprise appeared great, as he told me he never had the most distant idea that any other individual than himself had been engaged in forming such a collection. He asked me if it was my intention to publish, and when I answered in the negative his surprise seemed to increase. And, truly, such was not my intention; for, until long after, when I met the Prince of Musignano in Philadelphia, I had not the least idea of presenting the fruits of my labors to the world. Mr. Wilson now examined my drawings with care, asked if I should have any objections to lending him a few during his stay, to which I replied that I had none. He then bade me good morning, not, however, until I had made an arrangement to explore the woods in the vicinity along with him, and had promised to procure for him some birds of which I had drawings in my collection, but which he had never seen. It happened that he lodged in the same house with us, but his retired habits, I thought, exhibited either a strong feeling of discontent or a decided melancholy. The Scotch airs which he played sweetly on his flute made me melancholy too, and I felt for him. I presented him to my wife and friends, and seeing that he was all enthusiasm, exerted myself as much as was in my power to procure for him the specimens which he wanted. We hunted together and obtained birds which he had never before seen; but, reader, I did not subscribe to his work, for, even at that time, my collection was greater than his. Thinking that perhaps he might be pleased to publish the results of my researches, I

offered them to him, merely on condition that what I had drawn, or might afterward draw and send to him, should be mentioned in his work as coming from my pencil. I at the same time offered to open a correspondence with him, which I thought might prove beneficial to us both. He made no reply to either proposal, and before many days had elapsed left Louisville, on his way to New Orleans, little knowing how much his talents were appreciated in our little town, at least by myself and my friends.

“Some time elapsed, during which I never heard of him, or his work. At length, having occasion to go to Philadelphia, I, immediately after my arrival there, inquired for him and paid him a visit. He was then drawing a white-headed eagle. He received me with civility, and took me to the exhibition rooms of Rembrandt Peale, the artist who had then portrayed Napoleon crossing the Alps. Mr. Wilson spoke not of birds or drawings. Feeling, as I was forced to do, that my company was not agreeable, I parted from him; and after that I never saw him again, but judge of my astonishment some time after, when on reading the thirty-ninth page of the ninth volume of ‘*American Ornithology*,’ I found in it the following paragraph:

“‘March 23d, 1810. I bade adieu to Louisville, to which place I had four letters of recommendation, and was taught to expect much of everything there; but neither received one act of civility from those to whom I was recommended, one subscriber, nor one new bird; though I delivered all my letters, ransacked the woods repeatedly, and visited all the characters likely to subscribe. Science or literature has not one friend in this place.’”

Wilson was a man of extremely nervous and sensitive temperament, and it can hardly be doubted that he was jealous of the work which he saw was being done by Audubon and looked upon him as a possible rival.

## THE GREAT AUK.

OUR illustration this month has a double interest, because it represents a form of bird life which can now be seen only in pictures. The Great Auk, once so abundant on the northern coast of America, no longer exists. Not very long ago, when your mother's grandmother was young, and wore a poke-bonnet, it would have been no difficult task to find Auk skins enough to trim all the hats in America, but in our day we can find not a single Auk.

Naturalists and geologists, who find the fossil bones of animals stored away in the rocks, tell us of many forms of life which have become extinct. Most of them have disappeared because of great earth changes and unfavorable conditions quite beyond the control of man. But the Great Auk, like the Dodo of Mauritius and some other birds, has wholly ceased to exist because exterminated by the cruelty of man. Had its human foes been less wanton, the Great Auk might still be numbered among American sea birds. Its melancholy fate is an instance of the destruction which might be wrought upon other species of birds, if the plumage hunters were unchecked.

The Great Auk had neither means of defense nor powers of flight. Its safety lay in its home, which was on outlying rocky islets and points of land, where there were no large mammals that could injure it. Its powers of swimming and diving gave it safety from the eagles, the only winged creatures which could successfully attack a bird of such great size. As soon as civilized man entered upon the scene, however, the Great Auk's danger was apparent.

The Great Auk—the representative of the penguin in the northern seas—lived up to the beginning of the eighteenth century, without any serious diminution of its ranks. That it was to some extent used as food by various nations is quite certain, for its bones

have been found in the shell heaps left by coast dwelling tribes; but this did not affect the supply.

Up to a comparatively recent date a general impression prevailed that the Great Auk was a bird of the far north, and was commonly found within the Arctic circle. This does not appear to have been the case. It was an inhabitant of the North Atlantic Ocean, being abundant on small islands off the coast of Iceland and Newfoundland, but it is doubtful whether it ever occurred except casually within the Arctic circle. It has been said by Reinhardt that it was found occasionally on the coast of Greenland, and that one was killed on Disco Island, in Davis' Strait, but later writers are not disposed to credit these accounts. However, it is clear that it was a bird capable of enduring a great degree of cold, for being practically wingless it was no doubt resident where hatched, or at all events could not wander far from home in search of a warmer climate.

The old accounts of these birds—which were known by a variety of names, such as Wobble, Penguin, Moyack and Alke—speak of them as being very abundant, and show very clearly how readily they were destroyed. Thus Captain Richard Whitbourne, of Exmouth, Devonshire, England, in "A Discoverse and Discovery of Nevv-fovnd-land," printed in 1622, says: "These Penguins are as bigge as Geese, and flye not, for they haue but a little short wing; and they multiplie so infinitely, vpon a certain flat Iland, that men driue them from thence vpon a boord, into their boats by hundreds at a time; as if God had made the innocency of so poore a creature, to become such an admirable instrument for the sustentation of man."

A little later, in 1672, John Josselyn, Gent., in a work on "New England Rari-

ties," printed in London, writes: "The Wobble is an ill shaped Fowl, having no long Feathers in their Pinions, which is the reason they cannot fly, not much unlike the *Penguin*; they are in the Spring very fat, or rather oily, but pulled and garbidg'd, and laid to the Fire to roast, they yield not one drop."

In a work on Greenland, by Hans Egede, printed at Copenhagen in the year 1718, and translated and published in London in 1818, it is stated that "There is another sea-bird, which the Norway-men call Alkes, which in the winter season contributes much to the maintenance of the Greenlander. Sometimes there are such numbers of them that they drive them in large flocks to the shore, where they catch them in their hands."

Coming down to modern times we find that early in the present century the Great Auk was abundant on the islands on the coast of Iceland, but that in 1807 an English privateer visited these islands and killed most of them, and that again in the year 1810, the inhabitants of the Faroe Islands, being threatened with starvation, visited Iceland and made havoc among the Auks.

From these inroads the species never recovered, and after this time we hear of them as occurring on the coast of Iceland only in small numbers. The last seen were two killed in 1844.

On our own coast this species was once very abundant. We have seen what Captain Whitbourne said of it on the Newfoundland coast, and we know from the occurrence of its remains, and from the testimony of witnesses, some of whom may be still living, that it used to be plentifully distributed along the coast of Maine and Massachusetts, as far south as Boston Bay. Mr. George A. Boardman learned from a Methodist missionary, who was stationed on the coast of Newfoundland near Funk Island from 1818 to 1823, that during the whole of his residence these birds were pres-

ent in considerable numbers, and that the inhabitants destroyed many of them for their feathers. Often the boys kept them as pets tied by a string to the leg. Mr. Audubon states that during a voyage to England, perhaps about 1830, Mr. Henry Havell hooked a Great Auk on the Newfoundland Banks and brought it on board. This seems to be the latest record that we have of its occurrence on the American coast, though Mr. Ruthven Deane published in the *Bulletin* of the Nuttall Ornithological Club an account of a young bird which was picked up dead on the coast of Labrador in 1870. About this occurrence, however, there seems to be some doubt.

All accounts agree in stating that this bird was very abundant in the seventeenth century, and that it bred on rocky islets off the coast where it was free from the attacks of any enemy except man. When on shore the birds sat upright and moved along by short steps about as fast as a man would walk. It is generally agreed that only one egg was laid. This was large, pointed and white with brown or chocolate spots. The birds made no defense of their egg but would bite fiercely when caught, inflicting severe wounds with their great strong bills.

So far as known seventy-eight skins of the Great Auk exist in various museums, and besides these there are a number of skeletons, parts of skeletons, and mummies taken from shell heaps and old breeding places.

The length of the Great Auk was about thirty inches, and the color was as follows: The head, neck and upper parts were black, fading to snuff brown on the throat and sides of head and neck. The lower parts, a large oval spot in front of the eye and the tips of the secondary wing feathers are white. The white of the breast and neck extends upward in a point into the brown of the throat. The bill is black with the grooves between the transverse ridges white. The feet and claws black, eye hazel.



## WHAT IS A BIRD?

IN considering the question, What is a Bird? it is not necessary to extend our comparisons beyond the great division of animals known as vertebrates; or those having a backbone.

A bird shares with the mammal, the reptile, and the fish, the character of having an internal skeleton, as distinguished from insects and the lower animals generally. An ordinary bird seems very distinct in many features from any other animal, but there are really very few of these that are strictly peculiar to birds. For example, birds have a horny beak, unprovided with teeth, but a horny beak is met with in the duck-billed platypus among mammals, and is as characteristic of turtles as of birds. Some early forms of birds—long since extinct, however—were also well provided with teeth.

All birds lay eggs, but so do batrachians (toads, frogs and salamanders), all reptiles (snakes, turtles, lizards, etc.), and nearly all fishes, and in some instances these eggs are provided with a shelly covering as they are in birds. But birds' eggs are, as a rule, hatched by being sat upon by the parent bird, which act of brooding provides the heat necessary for their hatching, while in other animals no such care is necessary on the part of the parent.

Again, birds are warm-blooded, while reptiles, batrachians and fishes are cold-blooded. But mammals are also warm-blooded, and it has been found that a few mammals lay eggs, as the Australian monotremes (duck-billed platypus and echidnas). Mammals in general, however, bring forth living young, which are nourished before birth by direct connection with the mother, and for a time after birth are suckled by the mother. Birds are also, as a rule, flying animals, though there are birds unable to fly, in some of which the wings are not only

useless as organs of flight, but are reduced to mere rudiments. On the other hand, there are flying mammals, as the bats, and also flying fishes and reptiles. So that flight is not distinctive of birds as a class, though so universally a characteristic of those we commonly meet with in our own country. The apparatus of flight in birds is, however, distinctive and peculiar, as we shall see a little later.

There are many anatomical characters which sharply separate birds from mammals, as the presence in the latter of milk glands for the nourishment of the young, a feature not found in birds, and likewise absent in all the other classes of vertebrates. This is, then, a peculiarity of mammals, rather than its absence being a distinctive feature of birds. Birds, also, as distinguished from mammals, share with reptiles the absence of a diaphragm, and the possession of only one occipital condyle, or point of articulation of the skull with the neck bones, and of the *os quadratum*, a little bone forming the articulation of the lower jaw with the skull, which in mammals hinges directly upon the skull. On the other hand, birds, in common with mammals, are distinguished from reptiles, batrachians and fishes by possessing not only warm blood, but also a complete double circulation.

The bones of birds are generally hollow, or contain cavities filled with air; and this was formerly thought to be a distinctive feature of birds; but it proves that in some birds these air cavities are lacking, while they are present in the bones of some of the extinct flying reptiles.

Thus far we have found no single character strictly distinctive of birds, those features which separate them from mammals being shared also by the other primary divisions of vertebrates. Indeed, in certain

features, birds are distinctly allied with reptiles, so that in lieu of the former division of vertebrates into four or five great primary divisions, or classes, namely, mammals, birds, reptiles, batrachians and fishes, modern zoölogists divide them into three primary groups, the mammals forming one, *Mammalia*, the birds and true reptiles another, called *Sauropsida* (or reptile-like animals), while the batrachians and fishes form the third, called *Ichthyopsida* (or fish-like animals). The connecting links between birds and reptiles are furnished, not by the living forms, but by extinct forms of both birds and reptiles, the early types of birds presenting many reptilian features not shown by any living birds, while some of the extinct reptiles were more bird-like than any now existing.

Less than a generation ago, birds were thought to be one of the most fundamentally distinct and most trenchantly defined of the classes of vertebrates; but recent discoveries of extinct types have largely broken down the then supposed sharp barriers of distinction.

There is still left, however, one characteristic, though at first sight trivial and superficial, which distinguishes birds from all other animals, namely, the clothing of birds. All birds have feathers, and no other animals have them. Even the earliest known extinct forms of birds wore feathers. Although some feathers are hair-like in appearance, as the bristly plumes about the beak in many birds; and while they are sometimes half scale-like in form, as those on the wing of a penguin, they are radically distinct from either hair or scales in their origin and character. Feathers, like hair and scales, are appendages of the skin, and, like them, are tegumentary, or organs of covering. But recent investigations tend to show that they differ radically in their method of growth, or in origin. Hairs are formed by a solid ingrowth of the epidermis, or superficial layer of the skin; feathers and

scales are an outgrowth from a papilla. Birds, like reptiles, are also provided with scales or scutes, the feet (tarsi and toes) in most birds being covered with true scales. While the real difference as to their method of origin has not been clearly shown, it has been assumed that because feathers sometimes grow upon scales they must be different in origin.

The feathers of birds not only serve the function of clothing, as hair in mammals, and as scales in reptiles and fishes, but also as an important accessory to locomotion, for birds fly by means of long, stiff, strong quills attached to the bones of the wing, and the similar feathers forming the tail.\*

A bird being preëminently a flying vertebrate, its whole structure is modified to that end. The body itself has somewhat the form of a double cone, of which the neck and head, with its pointed beak, form the anterior, and the tail the posterior apex. This gives a form well adapted to easy passage through the air. The covering of feathers, closely overlapping and directed backward, combines lightness with warmth; the feathers themselves, while presenting a more or less firm and smooth exterior, form a non-conducting medium admirably adapted to prevent the escape of heat from the body, the interior downy portion of the feathers having their meshes filled with air. The bones of the wing are lengthened to give attachment to the flight feathers, the length of the bones, and the firmness and length of the feathers attached to them varying with the power of flight in different birds, according to their habits. Thus in the birds of prey, the swallows, swifts and hummingbirds, in the terns, gulls, pe-

\* Bats only among mammals, or indeed among existing vertebrates, possess true flight; but a bat's wing is very unlike the wing of a bird, the means of support being the greatly lengthened fingers, covered with a leathery membrane, to which the attenuated fingers serve as a framework. The ancient flying reptiles, known as Pterodactyles, had wings apparently much like those of bats, and thus wholly unlike those of birds, in which lengthened feathers, instead of membrane stretched on a bony framework, form the means of aerial locomotion.

trels, shearwaters and albatrosses, and in most wading birds, both the wing bones and the flight-feathers are unusually lengthened, giving a great expanse of wing in proportion to the size of the bird; while in the wrens, many of the sparrows, and in fact the ordinary song birds generally, the partridges, quails and most gallinaceous birds, the wings are small in proportion to the size of the body, and the power of flight correspondingly lessened.

In fact, the whole structure of the bird is modified with reference to flight. The sternum or breast bone is strongly keeled (as is familiarly seen in the domestic and game birds when served as food), to give attachment to the immense breast muscles which move the wings; the hollow, air-filled bones of all flying birds combine lightness with strength; and even the provision by which birds lay eggs to be hatched by incubation has also reference to the function of flight. If birds carried their young, as mammals do, until ready to be born alive, their weight would so far impair the bird's buoyancy as to prevent flight. How much, indeed, hinges upon the adaptation of the bird to flight! The eggs are large, to contain, in the large yolk sac and its inclosing white, nourishment for the embryo; they are covered by a hard shell, to protect and preserve the precious contents; a nest must be provided for them, where they may be successively deposited, and finally brooded and hatched by the parent birds, and where the young (in all the higher forms of bird life) may be fed and reared till able themselves to fly. Connected with this is the choice of a home, the character of its location, and the varying degree of skill displayed in nest building, about which so much that is distinctive of bird life, and of our interest in it, centers.

The power of flight also gives opportunity for the display of their vivacious natures, their restless activity, their intense

energy of action, their highly nervous temperament. It makes them the graceful objects of motion we never weary of watching; it gives us the warbler, flitting nervously from bough to bough in the orchard or forest, the lark singing high in mid-air, the swallow skimming over meadow and river, the terns and gulls coursing along the seashore, the petrel and shearwater skimming the ocean waves, the long lines of wild geese winnowing their swift way through the sky in spring and fall.

The feathery covering of birds not only gives warmth, lightness, and power of flight, but gracefulness of contour, concealing the angularities of the body. The beauty of birds, particularly their iridescent tints, depends upon modifications of the structure of the feathers, as do the various ornamental appendages seen in the delicate plumes of the egret, the ruffs and shields, etc., of the birds of paradise.

Another striking, if not distinctive feature of birds, is their power of song, particularly as developed in the so-called song birds. The imitative talent of the mockingbird, the melodious notes of many thrushes, the whistling and vocalization of parrots and other talking birds are without parallel in other classes of animals. Peculiar to birds also, is the structure of the lower larynx seen in the true song birds, which is provided with special vocal muscles.

From what has been said regarding the distinctive characters of birds, it is evident that they can be unequivocally defined as *feathered vertebrates*. They are also the only warm-blooded, egg-laying vertebrates, if we except the Australian monotremes.

Birds, then, may be briefly defined as warm-blooded, egg-laying, feathered vertebrates, constructed with especial reference to flight, most of the other characteristics which distinguish birds from mammals being shared in common by birds and reptiles.

## EGGERS OF THE TEXAS COAST.

**D**OUBTLESS most of those who have heard of the Audubon Society, as well as those who are its members, know it as an association devoted to the interests of our beautiful birds; that is, they know that those persons who are members of the Audubon Society are pledged to do what lies in their power to help the birds in the enjoyment of their natural right to live and be happy. But perhaps there are some, even among these willing workers in the good cause, who do not know what a great need has existed, and still exists, that they should not only continue their own efforts, but should try to interest others in this work for the birds.

The chief reason why we cannot have too much help is because there is an immense number of doors of destruction to be watched and guarded. I mean there are so many ways that the birds' enemies have of forcing their way in among the birds, their nests and their young, in order to kill them, destroy their homes or drive them away, that it is only when the birds' friends know and understand the "tricks and manners" of the unfriendly that they can protect the innocents.

From the information obtained by the efforts of the American Ornithologists' Union and published in pamphlet form, I propose to gather certain facts on this subject, and shall try to present to the readers of the *AUDUBON MAGAZINE* the story of how even the eggs of birds and their young are done away with by tens of thousands on the Texas shore.

All along our coast line, on the islands and along the shores which are washed by the waters of bays and inlets from Maine to Mexico, the water birds used to assemble in immense numbers in the spring, and lay their eggs and raise their young. But their eggs have been destroyed by thousands

during the nesting season. When some island or cliff where birds are known to breed in great numbers is covered with nests full of eggs, it is then that these inhuman beings come in crowds, and smash or carry away all the eggs, leaving behind them a picture of desolation. This laying waste of the water birds' breeding grounds is called "egging," and is a yearly custom along the Texas shore.

We are told by the writer in the pamphlet named above that the report of the scouts, announcing the fact that the birds are settled on the islands and secluded beaches, and are laying their eggs, is the signal to leave every-day work and hasten to the breeding grounds. All sorts of craft are pressed into the service; and tubs, barrels and receptacles of every kind are taken along, in which to bring home the eggs. But these eggers, on reaching their harvesting spot, begin by a work of destruction. Perchance some beautiful gull or tern has already laid a part or the whole of her clutch of eggs, and they may be partially incubated. In order to avoid carrying away any worthless eggs, these despoilers therefore first demolish every egg to be found. What a picture must the misery of these distracted birds present! Screaming their protests against such barbarous treatment, they fly wildly about in their agony. Under such circumstances the much abused creatures, naturally so gentle, have been known to turn wildly to the nests and themselves dash at and destroy every egg within reach. It seems as if they meant to say to their human persecutors, "Since you are so cruel we will take a lesson from you, and to spite you we will break the eggs you want." Yet these birds are by nature docile and amiable, and when they are encouraged in their instinctive friendliness toward man, as they are in Geneva, Switzer-

land, they are pleased to flock about the bridges, and receive food almost from the hands of the boys and girls.

But let us follow the eggers in their next step, which is to hide and lie in wait not far from the breeding places until the poor, distressed birds that have not completed the laying of their eggs, have been forced to deposit their treasures just where tomorrow the robbers will find and seize them. In two or three days thousands of the eggs of herons, gulls and terns have thus been stowed away in the boats, which now sail for home. During the period following the return of these expeditions these stolen eggs are exposed for sale in the towns along the coast. They are sold cheaply, according to size. As their shells are much more fragile than those of the eggs of domestic fowls, much of the booty has been broken and wasted before reaching shore, so no doubt more eggs are lost than eaten.

This egg destruction has not the excuse that it is necessary to provide food supply, for the quality of the wild bird's eggs is inferior to that of the eggs of the domestic fowl. Were the eggers to expend the same amount of time and labor in some legitimate occupation, there is no doubt their profits would be greater. But then they would have missed what they enjoy as sport, but which must seem ghastly work to one who will think about it. A gentleman bent on scientific work among the birds of Texas says that during the present year it has been impossible to find a complete set of these water birds' eggs, so thorough has been the ruin wrought among them by the egg destroyers. Even worse than this destruction of eggs is the slaughter wrought by a party of men who took thousands of young pelicans from a breeding place and boiled them down to make oil. The oil did not sell, and the butchers had their labor for their pains.

We must remember that even when not

interfered with by man, the struggle for life in the bird world under its natural conditions is a severe one. For certain birds, their eggs and young, are the victims of reptiles and other animals, as well as of those stronger birds which are by nature birds of prey. Those who have studied the subject tell us that perhaps nature's destructive work among the birds is only a necessary check upon undue increase. But when man's wantonness and selfishness enter as a mischievous influence among the feathered beauties, it seems as if the balance designed by nature were seriously interfered with.

One might ask, "What are the pelicans, herons, gulls and terns good for?" They assuredly do no harm, and besides their useful work as scavengers in the shoal waters, they are to be cherished because they are beautiful to look at. Are these creatures not as ornamental in the natural view as they are in the artificial one? And when the artist paints a water view, does he forget the graceful water bird, which gives life and spirit to his canvas?

The same shameful work which has just been described as carried on among the eggs and young birds along the Texas coast is performed all along our shores. Persons living far from the coast lines can form no idea of the sweeping destruction along both the Pacific and Atlantic coasts.

Since publishing the pamphlet described above, the band of bird lovers who are trying to save the birds we have left to us have begun the work of securing good laws which will protect the birds in all the States. Laws may be passed, but if they are not esteemed and approved by the majority of the people, they cannot be enforced. So let the young people of to-day read and learn all they can about this interesting subject of protecting our birds, for they will be the gainers in the future, if this work be carried to a successful issue.

GEO. B. SENNETT.

## A MEMORY OF MY BOYHOOD.

THERE were four of us that morning, Nep, Ninky, the Pudgefudge and myself. Nep is only a dog, but he makes himself so much more conspicuous than the rest of us that I place his name at the head of the roll.

We had started for a walk to Cedar Lake, which was not far distant—in fact, its waters wash the borders of our little farm; but you must not think that there was nothing new to be seen because we were near our house. Those who go about with eyes and ears open always see or hear something new, and this time it was a small squawk which first attracted our attention. It came from a clump of briers near the edge of our potato-patch. "O, there's a kitten!" said the Pudgefudge. Nep heard the sound well enough, but though he likes to chase cats, he was not deceived, but merely waved his great banner of a tail and ran across the field in another direction. Ninky and I heard it with pleasure, for it was one of the more common notes of our old-time friend the catbird, and we had never seen one in northern Michigan. This bird had followed the footsteps of the agriculturist, thus repeating the history of his ancestors of the last century along the valleys of the Genesee and other streams of the State of New York.

"That's not a cat, Pudge, but a cat-*bird*. If you look closely into those bushes you will see its long tail and slate-colored back among the briers. You will not easily frighten it away." So the Pudgefudge looked, and soon exclaimed: "O! there's a nest, with five blue eggs. Isn't it jolly?" The mother bird sat upon a rail at a short distance, uttering at intervals her peculiar note, while we approached and inspected her housekeeping arrangements. The nest, of twigs, was placed in the fork of a small sapling, and was neatly lined with soft,

fibrous roots. We were careful not to disturb the little family; and as we continued our walk, I told how it was that, formerly an enemy of this vivacious songster, I had long since become his friend and protector, and that it gave me genuine pleasure to hear his voice in my northern home.

Among the many names of this bird is that of *Mimus*, which means a mocker; for our little friend has great powers of imitation. He will mock the brown thrush and the bobolink, and is said on good authority to have been heard to imitate successfully the strains of "Yankee Doodle." When he tries to mock the bobolink, however, and comes to the long trill of gushing melody which concludes its song, he is apt to get tangled in the notes, and generally winds up with a squawk. If the bobolinks continue for the next ten years to disappear as fast as they have done of late, the catbird will have lost one of his worthiest instructors.

He is among the familiar birds which nest about our homes, and though fond of fruit as well as insects, his many social qualities should commend themselves to the good will of all. You probably know by this time a fact of which I was ignorant in my youth—that without the birds we should have no fruit for ourselves, and we can well afford to spare them a little in consideration of their services. If, instead of shying stones at the catbird because he is tame, we give a little time to the study of his songs and habits, we shall find that we could better spare some other birds of more pretentious plumage than this sociable little mimic.

My earliest recollections of the catbird are also those of my first warpath, or rather shooting excursion. It was away back in the "forties," on the last Wednesday of May, which was then known in Massachu-

setts as "Old Election," this having been formerly the day on which general elections were held in that State. It used to be a day of general jubilation, taking precedence in this respect of the Fourth of July, which wasn't made as much of then as now. The militia companies were usually on parade, and the boys often went shooting, for there were practically no game laws to prevent them. Another observance which served to endear this anniversary to the youthful mind was the manufacture of a species of fruit cake, known to this day in the cookery books as "election cake." Cakes were not too common in those days.

Zed May was chore-boy for Deacon Tarbell Bancroft, and the Deacon chanced to own two or three of the huge, clumsy flint-lock muskets, of which at that time one or more were still to be found in most New England homes. They were the same which in the hands of the Massachusetts farmers had on the Concord road given the British

"ball for ball

From behind each fence and barn-yard wall,"

and reddened with their dearest blood the slopes of Bunker's Hill. One of these weapons, with its huge cartridge-box of wood and leather, was a good load for a stout boy; but Zed was strong, and had told me in confidence in the early spring that "if he c'd git the Deacon to let him take one o' them there trainin' guns, he 'n' I'd go a-huntin', come 'lection."

The boys of our village had a passion for nicknames. Deacon Tarbell Bancroft was one of the mildest of men, but they called him "Deacon Terrible," and Zed was known as "Saturday"—why I know not; but the name of the Deacon was fixed upon him by George Wilder, to whom I used to look up with admiration and awe, as one mature in years and accomplished in all things. Twenty years later it gave me a sort of shock to read on his tombstone that at the time of his death he had been only thirteen years old.

Saturday was very diligent that spring, and the "terrible" Deacon proved propitious, so that the morning of the eventful Wednesday saw two boys, big and little, stumping joyfully across the fields in the direction of the Nashua River, the larger balancing across his shoulder a Queen Anne musket, nearly six feet long. Zed could not manage the cross belts and cartridge-box, but he had a bottle of powder and a paper of shot—percussion caps were not needed. Still, in accordance with the rule in old books of military instructions, he carried "two spare flints, a priming-wire and brush."

Just outside the village Saturday halted, picked his flint with a jack-knife, and placing the butt of his uncouth weapon on the ground at a distance, which enabled him to peer into its muzzle, proceeded, as he said, to "feed" it. In place of the circular wads common at the present day, he used portions of a large hornets' nest, with which he had been careful to provide himself, in consequence of an old superstition among New England hunters to the effect that it made "the best kind o' waddin'"; and he sent the charge home with repeated blows of a heavy ramrod, the rattle of which was music in our ears. He then again uncorked the bottle, and carefully pouring a liberal supply of priming into the pan, adjusted the hammer and remarked: "Naow she's ready for bis'ness. Less go daown on the entervil (intervale). El. Taower tol' me 't he see mor'n five hundred high-holders daown in them wanuts, 'n 'f I c'n git 'ithin ten rod o' one on 'em, I'll fetch him, I bet ye."

Half an hour's walk brought us to the walnut grove, where the eye of the hunter soon espied a specimen of the bird he sought—a golden-winged woodpecker.

I expected to see at once the musket leveled, and had even begun to quake a little in anticipation of its thunderous report, but Saturday cautiously edged around

the tree on which the quarry was diligently seeking its breakfast, and having placed himself in position behind a low bush which supplied a convenient rest for his weapon, he drew back the cock and took aim.

"Darn the thing" (Saturday, despite his many virtues, would "swear in Quaker," under extreme provocation), "haow hard them trainin' guns does pull!"

Bang! The air seemed filled with fire and smoke, and I might add, legs and arms also, for, totally unaccustomed to the use of firearms, Saturday had overcharged and overprimed the piece, and had forgotten to hold it tight to his shoulder, so that when the smoke lifted, the gun was found in the rear of the marksman, whose eyes were almost blinded with the flash of the priming.

"By gosh! I didn't mean to say that, but *darn* it all, haow them trainin' guns does kick," said poor Zed, as he ruefully examined his various members to see which of them had sustained the greatest injury, and satisfied himself that the bottle of powder remained unbroken. "Did you get him?" said I. "I d'no, less go see," said the sportsman, raising the musket cautiously from the ground, and moving toward the tree. A long search failed of satisfactory results, and Saturday said, while he uncorked the bottle with his teeth, and prepared to charge his piece: "Them high-holders is al'ays a gittin behind limbs when yer a'ter 'em. I see that feller dodge, jist as I was a-pullin' on him. Less go down inter them alders 'n git some catbuds."

Saturday's mishap had at first impressed me with the thought that it was a judgment of Providence for seeking the life of the harmless bird, but the very small quantity of powder which he used for the next charge convinced me that he had overloaded the gun.

We proceeded to put the last suggestion in practice by moving toward the river, whose waters were seen gleaming through

the boughs not far distant, and it was not long before the familiar cry of the bird we sought caused Saturday to cock his gun, and to move forward with extreme caution, enjoining me, meanwhile, to remain behind. It was not that there was any probability of alarming the catbirds, but Zed felt that his reputation as a sportsman was endangered by the recent occurrence, and that it was necessary to show to the world that he knew something of the correct methods of approaching game. To level his musket "off-hand" was beyond his powers, but there was no difficulty in securing a convenient rest within ten or twelve yards of his unconscious victim.

He drew the trigger—a huge puff of smoke arose from the pan, and after a short interval, a small, flat report was heard, and the ground in front of the musket was strewn with fragments of the hornets' nest. The catbird squalled, as it hopped to a higher branch, and when I came running up, Zed said ruefully: "I dont b'lieve I put in half paowder 'nuf, that time. 'F I hed, I'd 'a hed that there catbud, I know."

He deigned no further speech, but the vicious ring of the ramrod soon told that he was thoroughly in earnest, and the loading completed, he crept a little nearer, took aim, and the joyful shout which followed the report of the piece, told that at last Saturday had secured a victim.

Poor little bird! It lay in my hand, torn to pieces by the heavy shot, and for a moment I thought that we might better have fired at a mark, but such reflections were at once banished by the voice of my companion, who exclaimed: "There's a flock o' blackbuds over in that 'ere willer, 'n I shouldn't wonder 'f we c'd git three or four on 'em to onct."

Now, it so chanced that the willow tree in question was situated in a small pasture adjoining the river, and surrounded by a high fence; and that this pasture was at that moment occupied by a very ferocious



bull. The animal was concealed from our view by intervening bushes, but had doubtless been disturbed by the shots, and by the time Saturday had advanced halfway across the little paddock, the creature was ready for business, and, with horns lowered and tail on end, advanced upon the hunter, whom I had dutifully followed at some little distance. The first intimation of danger which I received came just as I had succeeded in crossing a deep ditch, and was a shout from Saturday, followed by the hoarse bellow of the bull, and the crash of the brushwood, as in full career the fierce beast charged the boy. "Run! run!" was the cry, and with a confused vision of horns and tails and trampling hoofs before my gaze, I turned to flee. There was a shock—a thousand sparks shot across my eyes—and then—a blank. When I came to myself, my first impression was that Zed had manfully faced the bull, and coolly shot him down, while a portion of the charge had lodged within my brain; but I soon realized that I was sitting upright in several inches of muddy water, and then remembered the ditch.

Blinded by fear, I had plunged directly into the drain, striking my head against the opposite bank, and thus, perhaps, saved myself from a fate worse than a drenching.

Rising cautiously, I peered through the high, coarse grass, and saw Saturday (who had managed, as he afterward said, "ter git over the fence jist b' the skin of his teeth"), looking through the rails at his snorting and pawing enemy, and occasionally casting rueful glances toward the old musket, which he had dropped in his flight, and which was lying several yards in the rear of the bull.

Saturday saw me peeping through the grass, and shouted: "Don't ye tech to come out o' that 'ere ditch. 'F the old bull sees ye, there won't be so much as a dishrag left on ye, naow I tell ye."

Trembling with fear and cold, I awaited

the result—for hours, as it seemed to me; but the bull only grew more infuriate, as Saturday pelted him with various missiles, in the vain hope of driving him away.

Zed had almost decided to swallow his chagrin at the untoward occurrence, and go to the village for assistance, well knowing that he would be unmercifully laughed at if he did do so, when a bright thought flashed through his mind. "I swan," said he, "I know haow to fix ye;" and procuring a flat piece of bark, he once more uncorked his bottle, and pouring upon the bark a liberal allowance of powder, proceeded to make what was known among our village pyrotechnists as a "spit-devil."

Having moistened and stirred the powder to a proper consistency, he produced some matches, which he had brought for the purpose of smoking out squirrels, and placing the bark in the end of a split pole, he set fire to the diabolical compound, and as it began to flash and sputter, he pushed it through the fence directly into the face of his antagonist.

There was a bellow of surprise and fear, and the great brute lowered his tail and rushed toward the river, half blinded with the sparks. Saturday fairly bounded over the fence and dashed toward his gun. "Come on," he shouted, "quicker 'n scat, 'fore he gits back agin."

Just how I managed to get out of the ditch and over the fence, I never knew; but we saw no more of the bull, and as I had had quite enough of shooting for that day, I soon presented myself at my mother's side, in a sorely discomfited mood.

Dry clothing and a hearty dinner soon set me right, but my ardor in the pursuit of game had received a check, for that day at least.

Some other time I may tell you more of my adventures with the birds, but just now I will only say that since that eventful election day I have never sought the life of a catbird.

KELPIE.

CENTRAL LAKE, Mich., Dec. 19, 1886.

## CHARLEY'S WONDERFUL JOURNEY.

WHEN Charley first noticed that he was falling through the air, he was quite frightened, for he thought it most likely he would be dashed to pieces when he came to the bottom, but as he kept on falling, he found it a rather pleasant and easy way of getting there, and thought no more about it.

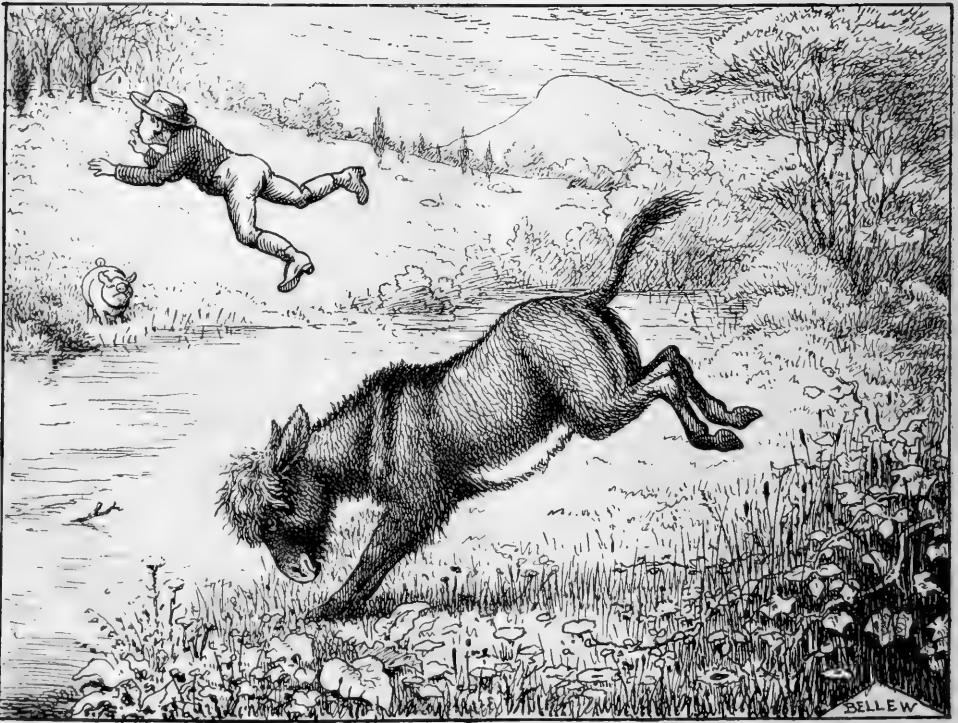
When he got there, he knew that he must

the Donkey, "I am going that way—at least as far as the river. Won't you ride?"

So they galloped on until they came to the river; but the water was deep, and the Donkey said, "It always is that way when I want to cross."

"Well, what are you going to do about it?" said Charley.

"Oh, I never do anything about it," said



have come a long way, so he asked the Goose if he was far from home.

"I haven't any home," said the Goose; "the folks killed my Gander last Christmas."

"Where do you live, then?" asked Charley.

"Oh, I live anywhere," said the Goose; "and now that I am a widow, I would just as soon live there as anywhere else. Why don't you ask the Donkey?"

"Well, if you want to go home," said

the Donkey. "I'm not such a donkey as all that; but if you want to cross the river, you can fly across."

"But I can't fly," said Charley.

"Why not?" said the Donkey. "It's just as easy as falling; all you want is a good start, and I can give you that."

As soon as they had gone back far enough the Donkey said, "You had better sit back as far as you can—you'll get a better start that way."

Then they galloped like lightning back to the river, and the Donkey stuck his toes into the bank, and threw up his heels and stopped there, but Charley flew straight on. He was a long time crossing the river; but he got over at last, and he asked the Pig if he knew the way home.

"It's a long way off," said the Pig, "and I should like to have dinner first; don't you feel hungry?"

"I think I am," said Charley; "but how can we get dinner before we go home?"

"But I haven't got anything to cook," said Charley," after they had lighted the fire, "and nothing to cook it in."

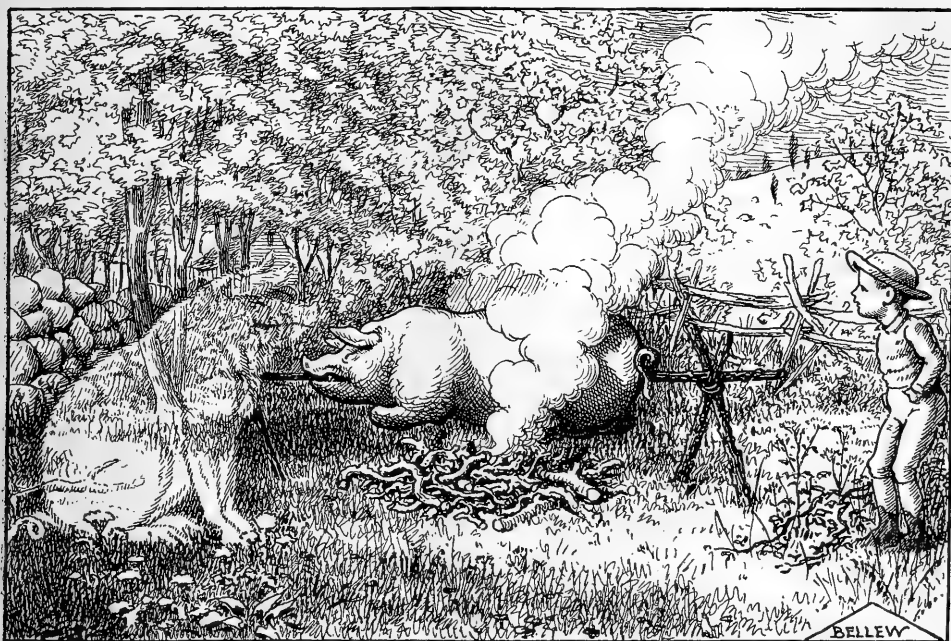
"But I have," said the Pig.

"You!" said Charley. "Where?"

"Why, you stupid," said the Pig. "I'm a pig, and there's a fire; why can't we have roast pork?"

"I never thought of that," said Charley; "but won't it be too hot for you?"

"What a goose you are," said the Pig. "You just take off your flesh and bones,



"Yes, that's the trouble," said the Pig. "We must have fire, and I suppose you haven't a match in your pocket?"

"No," said Charley; "mamma won't let me have any matches."

"I thought not," said the Pig; "and of course you haven't a knife in your pocket?"

"Oh, yes," said Charley, "I have a knife."

"Then why didn't you say so?" said the Pig impatiently. "There's plenty of dry wood and leaves over on the hill there, and plenty of punk to make a fire with, if you've only got the flint and steel."

and then see if you feel hot, shivering here in the cold, waiting till dinner's ready."

"But how can you take off your own flesh and bones?" said Charley.

"How else can you have roast pork?" said the Pig. "You had better go in the garden and get some sage and onions for stuffing. I wish we had some apple-sauce."

"Where did the other pig come from?" asked Charley, when he came back.

"What other?" said the shadow Pig.

"If you please," said Charley, "I don't know which is you and which is the other."

"There is no other," said the shadow. "I'm the Pig, and that's only roast pork before the fire. Make haste and get the stuffing ready, for I'm starving with cold and hunger."

"I'm all right again now," said the Pig as soon as he had swallowed the roast pork, "and if you like we'll go home. Which way did you come?"

"I fell down," said Charley.

"I never tried that," said the Pig, "but why don't you fall up again?"

"I don't know how," said Charley.

"Well, can't you fly?" said the Pig.

"I can fly across a river," said Charley, "if I get a good start, but I can't fly up."

"Then you had better ask the Bluejay," said the Pig.

"If you can't fly," said the Bluejay, "the only way that I know is to climb up the bean-stalk tree."

"If you please to tell me where the bean-stalk tree is," said Charley.

"Why, there isn't any bean-stalk tree," said the Bluejay; "you must plant the seed first, and then the tree will grow up."

As soon as the tree was as high as a man Charley laid hold and stepped on one of the side branches, and the tree kept on growing up, up, until Charley was not able to see the Pig any more. Then he forgot all about him.

When the bean-stalk tree grew so high that it couldn't grow any higher, Charley went for a walk on the side branch; and after he had gone a little way, he saw that the leaves were all grass, and he was in the home meadow. So he walked on until he came to his own house, and feeling tired after his long journey, he went to bed and soon fell asleep, and never heard another sound until his mother called him to breakfast.

Then Charley got up and told his mother where he had been, and what the Goose and the Donkey and the Pig and the Bluejay said, and what they did, and how they helped him, and how he got home by the bean-stalk tree.

"And did you eat any roast pork?" asked his mother.

"I never thought of it," said Charley, "when it was ready. I was wondering how the Pig ate himself until he had it all down."

Then his mother kissed him and laughed, and told him he had only been dreaming, and gave him his nice bread and milk for his breakfast; but Charley thought about it for a long time, and always wanted to go again, because that was the only place he was ever in, where the geese and the donkeys and the pigs and the birds talked like other people.

C. F. AMERY.

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#### THE ORIOLE'S PRAYER.

FORMERLY the Oriole was one of the most abundant of our Eastern birds, but its very beauty has led to its destruction. \* \* \* It is often the case that all the male birds in a district are exterminated within a short time after their arrival from the South.—*From the Audubon Magazine for February.*

In plaintive tone the Oriole trills his song,  
 And pleads that I but raise a hand in time  
 To stay his foes, that Fashion may ere long  
 Give o'er for aye her deeds of thoughtless crime.

WILL S. MONROE.

# THE AUDUBON NOTE BOOK.

## ORGANIZATION OF THE BUFFALO BRANCH.

DURING January, our friends in Buffalo emerged from the chrysalis state, having perfected a more complete organization.

A meeting for local organization was called for Jan. 13, and although many were kept at home by inclement weather, there was no want of enthusiastic speeches nor of assurance of all necessary aid.

Dr. John W. Parmenter, to whose earnest pleading most of the Buffalo members attribute their awakening, was unanimously elected president. Mrs. Lily Lord Tiff, a vice-president of the Society, and an active working member, accepted the post of local vice-president. Messrs. E. E. Fish, S. A. Roberts, Eben P. Dore, Miss E. M. Chandler and Mrs. Geo. D. Emerson, were appointed members of the executive committee. The post of secretary was not filled at the meeting, but Miss Lily Cameron Rogers was subsequently induced to accept it.

The personal influence of Dr. John Parmenter has always maintained Buffalo in the van of the movement, and with organization and its attendant division of labor, we look for still higher results than could possibly be achieved by any one individual.

Buffalo numbers seven or eight hundred members, drawn in large part from the most influential citizens in the community. These are great results to have been achieved by the almost unaided efforts of one man, but in spite of his own success Dr. Parmenter has always gallantly maintained the view that ladies make the best secretaries.

## CONDITIONS OF MEMBERSHIP.

THE Audubon Society, in its desire to associate with it all persons prepared to co-operate in any degree for bird protection, formulated three pledges, and ruled that subscription to either one of them should entitle to membership. The object was to provide for the admission of naturalists and others, anxious to guard against extermination, but who nevertheless could not be expected to refrain from adding to scientific collections as opportunities occurred—more especially it was thought undesirable to exclude scientists who are investigating birds' stomachs in the interests of bird protection.

This liberality has been occasionally abused by girls, who point to the rules, and ask for membership on subscription to the two first pledges, and in one or two instances by boys, who propose to sign the third only.

It was not thought desirable to alter the rules for a few isolated instances; it was thought sufficient to advise local secretaries to discourage such applications; but with the growth of the Society the inquiries on this subject have become so frequent, involving so

much correspondence, that it has been thought desirable to revise the wording of the rules, and prescribe that henceforward no ladies will be admitted to membership who do not subscribe to the third pledge, either absolutely or with the proviso that they will not renew their feathers after those in possession shall be laid aside; and no men who do not subscribe to either the first or second pledges.

Local secretaries will please be guided by these rules in future.

By order, C. F. AMERY, General Secretary.

## MEMBERSHIP RETURNS.

THE registered membership of the Audubon Society on the 31st of January, 1887, was 19,830, showing an increase during the month of 2,007 registered members. This increase is given by States in the following table :

New York.....	633	Kentucky.....	4
New Jersey.....	133	Arkansas.....	13
Massachusetts.....	190	Dakota.....	2
* Pennsylvania.....	266	Kansas.....	56
Ohio.....	176	Texas.....	24
Illinois.....	35	Colorado.....	12
Michigan.....	44	District of Columbia.....	18
Missouri.....	55	Georgia.....	68
Rhode Island.....	19	Carolinas.....	1
Connecticut.....	24	Tennessee.....	3
New Hampshire.....	15	Minnesota.....	1
Vermont.....	27	Louisiana.....	3
Maine.....	4	Virginia.....	1
Iowa.....	14	Florida.....	12
Indiana.....	16	Canada.....	135
Nebraska.....	1	Foreign.....	2

\* In the returns in our February number, Philadelphia was erroneously printed for Pennsylvania.—E.D.

## THE TERNS OF MUSKEGET ISLAND.

*Forest and Stream* of recent date contained an account of the efforts made by Mrs. Richard P. White to preserve the terns of Muskeget, which we reproduce in substance:

"From time immemorial Muskeget Island has been a famous breeding place for terns and sea-gulls. Over its iron shores the herring gull and blackback hover in winter, and sometimes the great white-winged gull, wandering from the ice-laden ocean of the far North, stops here for a little while. But in spring, when the leaden clouds have left the sky, and the smooth sea shines brightly blue under the serene heavens; when the shoals of fish begin to move northward, and the hardy fishermen prepare their nets and push off their boats from the shore, then the terns, joining the advancing army of bird life, come to us from the south, and revisit their summer home at Muskeget. And what thousands of them there are. How they circle and whirl and dart about the island; or go off in little fishing parties out to sea, or along the shore, or at

midday roost at ease upon the sands, which are turned to white by the snowy plumage of the beautiful birds. They are innocent little things, doing no harm to any one, and in fair weather serving a useful purpose by often guiding the fishermen to the distant shoals of mackerel or menhaden, while, in foul, the clamor which they make about their sea-girt home warns the sailor of the neighborhood of a dangerous coast. One would think that the terns and the gulls might live here in peace, but it is not so. The hat bird butcher wants their skins, for women will have terns to wear. So he went to Muskeget when the birds were breeding, and the ground was covered with their eggs, or with their helpless downy young, and began his slaughter. For years, too, he kept it up, until the birds became sadly reduced in numbers.

"At Nantucket, not very far from Muskeget, Mrs. Richard P. White has her summer home. She is deeply interested in all animals, and when she learned of the butchery of these sea birds which add so much to the attractions of life on the shore, she put forth every effort to have it stopped. Often at the sound of a gun she would hurry from the house, and stepping into her light boat, would row out into the ocean to remonstrate with those who were killing the birds. But this after all did but little to put an end to the destruction. So a year ago last autumn she spoke to Mr. Isaac Folger, a gentleman living in Nantucket, who is greatly interested in birds, and he expended much time and effort in trying to persuade the Massachusetts Legislature to pass a law prohibiting the destruction of the terns up to the first of October each year. Such a law was passed, and this was thought to amount practically to an entire prohibition, for the terns on the first of October are supposed to have started on their journey southward, but it is said that last autumn they did not leave the island until the middle of the month, and that before they started great numbers of them were killed.

"But it was not enough to secure the passage of this law. The island is some distance from the mainland, and it was evident that some one must be at hand to see that the law was enforced. So Mrs. Wm. Appleton, a vice-president of the Audubon Society, contributed a liberal sum of money to pay a man for watching over the birds. This he has done, and it is thought that during this past summer, for the first time in many years, the terns were allowed to rear their broods in comparative peace.

"Mrs. White gives some account of the cruelties which are attendant upon this needless and wholly inexcusable killing. A reliable man who stopped at the island on the day following a visit of the butchers, counted and killed on the ground, sixty birds which were so badly wounded as to be beyond hope of recovery. Of the number of adult birds slain no esti-

mate can be formed. To count the birds by thousands would not give an idea of it, we are told. The slaughter amounts to tens of thousands of adults, and besides these, how many nests of starving young and of deserted eggs? And all this destruction went on so that a few women might wear pretty birds in their hats. It rather shakes one's faith in the tenderheartedness of women, does it not?"

#### A BLUEJAY'S DROLL ADVENTURE.

At the east end of my house, in full view from the window, is a bark-covered bird house, cosy and warm against the bricks. The window is in the sitting-room in a second story, and the bird house and its occupants have always been objects of much interest to the inmates of this room. It was first occupied by a charming family of bluebirds, whose advent in the spring was lovingly watched for, and whose sweet notes, *cheerie, cheerie*, were hailed with delight, for they were real harbingers of spring.

One fall, after the bluebirds were gone, the English sparrows came and took possession of the little house, but the bluebirds returned early the following spring, and routed them without much trouble. However, the succeeding year, when our pets returned, the sparrows had a house full of featherless babies in the bark-covered dwelling, and the bluebirds, after a disgusted review of the situation, gave up and returned no more. We disliked the sparrows, but hated to kill the young ones, and so let them alone.

One day I saw a fine large bluejay sail by the window, sounding his defiant call, and he lit on the perch which extended from the door of the bird house. Turning his handsome saucy head sideways, he concentrated the gaze of his large bright eyes on the small aperture which served as a doorway to this feathered home, and peered into its dark recesses. Evidently he saw the young birds, for he immediately put his head in. At once he jerked it out, very much surprised, and then peered in again, for his head had completely filled the small doorway, as a stopper fills a jug's mouth; it was inky dark inside the bird house, and he evidently could see nothing. He sat for quite a while trying to find out what ailed the bird house, or him; cocking his head sideways and looking into the hole, then sticking it in quickly, then drawing it out, but never a birdlet did he get. The sparrows all the while kept shrieking and yelling and shouting and threatening him, to judge by their notes, but he sat with all the composure of a philosopher, and investigated that affair until, catching sight of the laughing faces within the window, he serenely contemplated them a moment, gave a derisive and disdainful note, and flew away—and never did he return.

ADA H. KEPLY.

**A. O. U. COMMITTEE ON BIRD PROTECTION.**

A MOST important influence which tended to arouse the public to the necessity of saving North American birds from needless destruction, has been the work performed by the committee appointed by the American Ornithologists' Union for that purpose. This committee, which numbers among its members several of our most able and best known ornithologists, was at work long before the idea of the Audubon Society had been conceived, and it is very largely owing to their earnest and conscientious labors that the present wide-spread interest in bird protection has arisen. An account of this committee and of its work will appear in the April number of the AUDUBON MAGAZINE.

**THE SULPHUR-CRESTED COCKATOO.**

APROPOS of Mr. Sprenger's interesting article in the February AUDUBON on the sulphur-crested cockatoo, a few notes on the habits of this species may be given. Mr. C. F. Amery, the General Secretary of the Audubon Society, who is familiar with it in its home, writes us:

Among the brilliantly plumaged birds of Australia the yellow-crested cockatoo is a striking feature in the landscape. In my travels in South Australia in 1850, I frequently saw them in flocks of a hundred and upward, creating a great deal of discord with their harsh natural notes, but living together in social harmony. After the harvest they congregate in the wheat fields to glean the fallen grain, but although there is a tradition among the farmers that cockatoo pie is good eating it is very rarely that they have a chance of testing it. Before these birds alight in the wheat field, the whole country round is reconnoitered, and sentinels posted on trees to command every approach. These sentinels allow nothing to escape their eager eyes, and between them and the feeding birds there is a broken conversation kept up, the sentinels evidently describing every movement of interest about the farm house, or of men in the distance. At the first sign of danger, the note of warning is given in tones that cannot be mistaken, and if an enemy approach, the sentinels scream, and the whole flock is on the alert. It is a rare thing for a white man to surprise a sentinel, but the natives do so sometimes, and create a panic, sending their boomerangs among the flock, and killing several of them before they have decided which way to fly. The cockatoos take a high rank among birds for intelligence, and although in the mere mimicry of sounds they have many rivals, Mr. Sprenger's bird gave evidence of unusual docility and intelligence. I saw two other species of this bird in Australia—the black cockatoo and the rose-tinted one—but never saw either of them in large flocks.

**TWO INDIAN BIRD STORIES.**

MR. J. W. SCHULTZ, of Piegan, Montana, writes to the *Forest and Stream* about the Blackfoot Indians:

The Indians of course are close students of nature. In their own way they can tell why and how the mountains and prairies, the rivers, lakes and forests were formed, and it is most interesting to listen to their accounts of the cosmogony. Many and strange are their stories of animal life. I heard yesterday two stories which may interest some of your readers. They were told me by a very old man who is blind and feeble, but whose memory seems to be as active as ever. I give you the stories in his own words as nearly as I can translate them:

## I.

"I was a young man, and I sat beneath the trees making arrows. I heard above a Redhead (red-headed woodpecker) much crying. 'Why cry much,' I thought, and looking much I saw. I found why cried that little bird. Now, a great branch had split and the end on the ground lay. Near where the split, was hole. H'ya! there Redhead's home. There her children. H'ya! much to be feared was he who was crawling to her home. A snake was crawling there, to steal and eat her children. That why Redhead much cry. Then fly away Redhead and tell husband come quick. Then both come back, and flying much, try to hit snake. Soon husband strike snake thro' head and bill stick in wood. Make wings move to stay there all time bill, so bill not come out. Snake make his body go one way, another way. Can't move his head. Soon bird pull out bill, snake to ground fall, soon die. I pick him up, hole thro' head. H'ya! Very strong Redhead. I make arrows under trees, all this I saw and I know this, how strong is Redhead."

## II.

"Now, I hunted in the mountains, and on a cliff I saw many swallow nests, and many swallows flying about crying. I thought, because afraid of me cry those little birds. No! Close by on shelf, a big rattlesnake crawling to steal those swallow children. Then fly away all swallows, go and tell Black-greasy-wings\* about snake. Come quick back and bring Black-greasy-wings. He see snake and fly very high, then fly falling down (swooping down), catch snake. H'ya! Very smart Black-greasy-wings. One claw stick in top of head, one claw under. Not open mouth snake, can't bite. No die Black-greasy-wings. Fly very, very high, then let snake go. Fall on rocks snake, all mashed and dead. Then Black-greasy wings take snake to feed his children."

\*"Black-greasy-wings" is the Blackfoot name for one of the large varieties of hawks. Just which one I am unable to find out.



## THE AUDUBON SOCIETY FOR THE PROTECTION OF BIRDS.

THE AUDUBON SOCIETY was founded in New York city in February, 1886. Its purpose is the protection of American birds, not used for food, from destruction for mercantile purposes. The magnitude of the evil with which the Society will cope, and the imperative need of the work which it proposes to accomplish, are outlined in the following statement concerning

### THE DESTRUCTION OF BIRDS.

Within the last few years, the destruction of our birds has increased at a rate which is alarming. This destruction now takes place on such a large scale as to seriously threaten the existence of a number of our most useful species. It is carried on chiefly by men and boys who sell the skins or plumage to be used for ornamenta purposes—principally for the trimming of women's hats, bonnets and clothing. These men kill everything that wears feathers. The birds of the woods, the birds of the field, the birds of the marsh and those of the sea are alike slain, at all times and at all seasons. It matters not if the bird be a useful one which devours the hurtful insects which destroy the farmer's crops, or a bright-plumaged songster whose advent has been welcomed in spring, and which has reared its brood in the door yard during the summer, or a swift-winged sea swallow whose flight along the shore has often with unerring certainty led the fisherman to his finny prey—whatever it be, it must be sacrificed to the bird butcher's lust for slaughter and for gain. Besides the actual destruction of the birds, their numbers are still further diminished by the practice of robbing their nests in the breeding season.

Although it is impossible to get at the number of birds killed each year, some figures have been published which give an idea of what the slaughter must be. We know that a single local taxidermist handles 30,000 bird skins in one year; that a single collector brought back from a three months trip 11,000 skins; that from one small district on Long Island about 70,000 birds were brought to New York in four months time. In New York one firm had on hand February 1, 1886, 200,000 skins. The supply is not limited by domestic consumption. American bird skins are sent abroad. The great European markets draw their supplies from all over the world. In London there were sold in three months from one auction room, 404,464 West Indian and Brazilian bird skins, and 356,389 East Indian birds. In Paris 100,000 African birds have been sold by one dealer in one year. One New York firm recently had a contract to supply 40,000 skins of American birds to one Paris firm. These figures tell their own story—but it is a story which might be known even without them; we may read it plainly enough in the silent hedges, once vocal with the morning songs of birds, and in the deserted fields where once bright plumage flashed in the sunlight.

### BIRDS, INSECTS AND CROPS.

The food of our small birds consists very largely of the insects which feed on the plants grown by the farmer. These insects multiply with such astounding rapidity that a single pair may in the course of one season be the progenitors of six billions of their kind. All through the season at which this insect life is most active, the birds are constantly at work destroying for their young and for themselves, tens of thousands of hurtful creatures, which, but for them, would swarm upon the farmer's crops and lessen the results of his labors.

A painstaking and ardent naturalist not very long ago watched the nest of a pair of martins for sixteen hours, from 4 A. M. till 8 P. M., just to see how many visits the parent birds made to their young. He found that in that time 312 visits to the four young were made, 191 by the male and 193 by the female. If we suppose only six insects to have been brought at each visit, this pair of birds would have destroyed, for their young alone, in this one summer's day, not far from 2,000 insects. The important relations which our birds bear to the agricultural interests and so to the general welfare, are recognized by the governments of all our States. Laws exist for their protection, but these laws are rendered inoperative by the lack of an intelligent public sentiment to support them. They are nowhere enforced. It is for the interest of every one that such a public sentiment should be created.

### PURPOSE OF THE AUDUBON SOCIETY.

To secure the protection of our birds by awakening a better sentiment, the Audubon Society, named after the greatest of American ornithologists, has been founded. The objects sought to be accomplished by this Society are to prevent as far as possible—

- (1) The killing of any wild bird not used for food.
- (2) The taking or destroying of the eggs or nests of any wild birds.
- (3) The wearing of the feathers of wild birds. Ostrich feathers, whether from wild or tame birds, and those of domestic fowls, are specially exempted.

The Audubon Society aims especially to preserve those

birds which are now practically without protection. Our game birds are already protected by law, and in large measure by public sentiment, and their care may be left to the sportsman. The great aim of the Society is the protection of American non-game birds. The English sparrow is not included in our lists.

### PLAN OF THE WORK.

Obviously the Society cannot supply any machinery of compulsion to lead individuals and communities to a higher regard for bird life and to efforts for its protection. Nor are compulsory measures thought necessary. The wrong is tolerated now only because of thoughtlessness and indifference. The birds are killed for millinery purposes. So long as fashion demands bird feathers, the birds will be slaughtered. The remedy is to be found in the awakening of a healthy public sentiment on the subject. If this enormous destruction of birds can once be put in its true light before the eyes of men and women and young folks, if interest be aroused and sentiment created, the great wrong must cease. To so present the case to the people as to awaken this corrective sentiment is the special work contemplated by the Audubon Society. The methods adopted are very simple. Pledges are furnished, subscription to which constitutes membership, and certificates are issued to members.

### TERMS OF MEMBERSHIP.

The signing of any of the pledges will qualify one for membership in the Society. It is earnestly desired that each member may sign all three of the pledges. Beyond the promise contained in the pledge no obligation nor responsibility is incurred. There are no fees, nor dues, nor any expenses of any kind. There are no conditions as to age. The boys and girls are invited to take part in the work, for they can often do more than others to practically protect the nesting birds. All who are interested in the subject are invited to become members, and to urge their friends to join the Society. If each man, woman or child who reads this circular will exert his or her influence, it will not take long to enlist in the good work a great number of people actively concerned in the protection of our birds. It is desired that members may be enrolled in every town and village throughout the land, so that by the moral weight of its influence this Society may check the slaughter of our beautiful songsters. The beneficent influence of the Audubon Society should be exerted in every remotest by-way where the songs of birds fill the air, and in every crowded city where the plumes of slain songsters are worn as an article of dress.

### ASSOCIATE MEMBERS.

As there are a very great number of people in full sympathy with the Audubon movement, and ready to lend it their moral support, but who refrain from joining the Society simply because they find it distasteful to sign a pledge, it has been determined to form a class of Associate Members. Any one expressing his or her sympathy with the objects of the Audubon Society and submitting a written request for membership to any local secretary, will be enrolled on the list of Associate Members. All such applications for membership received by local secretaries of the Society should be forwarded to the General Secretary for registration.

### LOCAL SECRETARIES.

The Society has local secretaries in cities, towns and villages. The local secretary will furnish this circular of information and pledge forms; will receive the signed pledges, keep a list of the members, forward a duplicate list with the pledges for enrollment and file at the Society's office; and will receive in return certificates of membership, to be filled out and signed by the local secretary and given to the members. No certificate of membership will be issued to any person except upon the receipt of a signed pledge at the office of the Society. Where no local secretary has yet been appointed, individual applicants for membership may address the Society at its office, No. 40 Park Row, New York.

If there is no local secretary in your town, you are invited to act as such yourself, or to hand this to some other person who will accept the office. Upon application we will supply copies of this circular and pledge forms.

### THE AUDUBON SOCIETY CERTIFICATE.

The Society furnishes to each member a handsome certificate of membership. This bears a portrait of the great naturalist, John James Audubon, after whom the Society very appropriately takes its name.

The office of the Society is at 40 Park Row, New York city. All communications should be addressed

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No. 40 Park Row, New York.



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THE CEDAR BIRD.

*Ampelis cedrorum* (V.), GRAY.

# THE AUDUBON MAGAZINE.

VOL. I.

APRIL, 1887.

No. 3.

JOHN JAMES AUDUBON.

III.

AUDUBON'S first experience of really wild life came soon after his first meeting with Wilson. The business in which he was engaged in Louisville was not as successful as it was thought it ought to be, and arrangements were made for transferring it to Hendersonville, one hundred and twenty miles down the Ohio River. This place was then a little frontier settlement, and with most limited accommodations, and before starting on his new venture Audubon took his wife and son back to her father's house at Flatland Ford, in Pennsylvania, where they remained for a year.

Hendersonville, however, was too small a place for a successful store, and it was determined after a while to make another change, moving to St. Genevieve, on the Mississippi. During this journey their boat was frozen in, and they were obliged to remain for some time camped upon the river bank, waiting for the ice to break up. Here Audubon was brought into close contact with bands of wandering Shawnee and Osage Indians, who were gathering mast and hunting, and he beguiled the time by joining them in their expeditions after game, and thus learned many things about the ways of the forest. The time passed pleasantly enough to him, though to his partner, Rosier, the delay was exceedingly irksome. Taking advantage of each thaw, they worked their way slowly along until they came with-

in sight of Cape Girardeau, when cold weather came on again and they were finally frozen in for the winter. The account of this journey given by Audubon is most graphic. Of this last delay he says: "We were now indeed in winter quarters, and we made the best of it. The Indians made baskets of cane, Mr. Rope played on the violin, I accompanied with the flute, the men danced to the tunes, and the squaws looked on and laughed, and the hunters smoked their pipes with such serenity as only Indians can, and I never regretted one day spent there." By and by, however, the ice broke up, and the arduous labor of working the boat up the river was resumed. A short stop was made at Cape Girardeau, and then pushing on to St. Genevieve, a market was found for their goods.

But Audubon soon became restless again, and longed to be back at Hendersonville where his wife now was, in the family of Dr. Rankin, who lived near that place. He therefore sold his interest to Rosier, purchased a horse and started off across the country for home. This trip was one of some adventure, for at a cabin where Audubon spent the night, his carelessness in exposing his watch aroused the cupidity of his hostess, who with her two sons plotted his death. The timely arrival of two travelers at the door prevented a struggle, which would no doubt have resulted in the death

of the would-be murderers. They were captured and bound, and the following day were severely punished after the so-called Regulator Law of the day, their cabin burned and their goods given to a friendly Indian, who the night before had warned Audubon of his danger.

The autumn of 1812 was remarkable for the number and severity of the earthquake shocks which visited the Mississippi valley, and Audubon's journal contains many references to these convulsions

During his residence at Hendersonville Audubon was induced to enter a new business at New Orleans, but this proved even less successful than his previous venture. Notwithstanding the fact that he had put all his available means into the business of Audubon & Co., the senior partner did not devote himself to it, but remained in Kentucky, and before long he received news of the failure of the concern and the loss of all his money.

It was about this time that his father died. Commodore Audubon left to his son an estate in France and a sum of money amounting to about \$17,000, but the heir was not destined to benefit by this legacy. For some reason or other he failed to receive the legal notice of his father's death for more than a year. He then went to Philadelphia to obtain money, but was unable to do so. The cash had been deposited with a merchant in Richmond, Va., who declined to part with it until Audubon should give satisfactory proofs that he was the heir, but before this was done the merchant died a bankrupt. No effort was made to obtain possession of the estate in France, and years afterward Audubon sent one of his sons there for the purpose of legally transferring it to his sister Rosa.

From Philadelphia Audubon, now absolutely without resources, returned to Hendersonville. He managed to raise a little money, and purchasing a small stock of goods at Louisville, again went into business

at Hendersonville. Here for the moment he was moderately successful, so much so that he seems to have been quite contented, and refused a colonel's commission offered him by a certain General Toledo, who was raising volunteers for a filibustering expedition to South America. It was not long, however, before he was approached by a visionary friend, who induced him to erect a steam mill at Hendersonville. The project seems to have been hopeless from the start, and it was only kept alive by a process of taking in at frequent intervals new partners, whose means prolonged the life of the venture but did no more, and again Audubon found himself literally penniless, having given up all his possessions to his creditors.

He now returned with his family to Louisville, where for a while they remained with a relative. Money must be had, however, and now Audubon's skill with his pencil stood him in good stead. He began to draw portraits, and the fame of his skill soon spread through the neighboring country, so that before long he had more work than he could attend to. Money became again abundant, his family were with him, he had leisure in which to gratify his roving tastes, and life was once more pleasant.

Shortly after this, he accepted an invitation to become curator of the museum at Cincinnati, taking especial charge of the department of ornithology. While occupying this post, he opened a school for drawing in connection with it. In this he was successful, but at length several of his pupils set up opposition schools, and the competition proved too severe. About this time, too, the work at the museum ended, and Audubon was obliged once more to fall back on his painting.

Eight years passed with varying fortunes in this pleasant Kentucky life. In his journal he tells us much of the sports and pastimes of those early days, and in our next chapter we shall give some extracts from his writings on this topic.

## THE CEDAR BIRD.

EVERY country boy knows the Cedar Bird. It is with us almost all the year round, and most of the time in great flocks. And if any one has ever held one in his hand, no doubt he has admired the soft delicate brown silky plumage, the pointed crest, the velvety black about the eye, the yellow band across the end of the tail, and the curious little outgrowths, looking like red sealing-wax, which are attached to the ends of some of the wing and tail feathers.

The Cedar Bird has no song and no gaudy colors, yet he is, from the delicacy and softness of his plumage, one of our most beautiful birds. From the fact that these birds are usually found in large flocks, and from their tameness and unsuspecting character, they fall an easy prey to the bird butcher. The discharge of a gun loaded with fine shot will often kill a dozen at a time, and during the craze for feather ornamentation which has raged so during the past few years, the Cedar Bird has been among the commonest species seen on women's hats.

Although a few Cedar Birds may be found throughout the winter in New York and southern New England, by far the greater number of these interesting birds retire, on the approach of winter, to the Southern States, some going even as far south as Mexico. In the early spring they journey northward again, and spend the summer in the Northern States and in Canada. Although among the earliest birds to reach their summer home in spring, they are almost the latest to breed, and often it is the last of June before they set about building their simple nests. These are usually flat, and formed of twigs, lined with black, fibrous roots, and are often placed in an apple tree within 12 or 15 feet of the ground, and usually without any attempt at concealment. The four eggs are of a livid white or pale clay color, marked with black spots, which

are usually largest and most numerous toward the larger end. The female broods her eggs for fifteen or sixteen days, at the end of which time the young appear. At first the mother feeds them on smooth caterpillars, like the canker worm, and on other soft insects, but as they grow older, small fruits and berries form a large portion of their diet.

When the nest of the Cedar Bird is approached, the parents make no outcry, nor do they attempt, as do most birds, to defend it or frighten away the intruder. If the female be on the nest, she flies away to a little distance and remains quiet, patiently awaiting the departure of the disturber of her home.

The Cedar Bird is very fond of fruit, and for a considerable portion of the year lives almost exclusively on berries. It feeds on cherries—whence its name Cherry Bird—on the berries of the holly, mountain ash, persimmon, dogwood, bittersweet and cedar, and will often so gorge itself with these as to be almost unable to fly. In captivity this eagerness for food is still manifested, and Audubon instances a case where some of these birds confined in a cage fed so voraciously on apples that in a few days they died of suffocation.

In spring and summer, before the ripening of the fruits and berries, the Cedar Bird plays a most useful part, devouring insects in great numbers. It is an expert flycatcher, and may often be seen perched upon a dead twig near the top of some tall tree, from which it makes its graceful and successful sallies after the different insects passing near it. It is very fond of the canker worm, which is often such a pest in our orchards and to our elms; and this bird is said by Dr. Merriam to be almost the only one that feeds largely on these creatures.

The Cedar Bird is remarkable for its gen-

tleness and trustful innocence. We were once fishing in Pennsylvania, and were quietly wading down the alder-fringed Shohola River, holding the light rod before us as the line floated down the current, when suddenly we felt a slight jar on the rod, and were surprised to see a Cedar Bird perched on it within five or six feet of the hand. We made no motion, and the bird sat on its novel perch for some minutes, every now and then taking a short flight to capture an insect, and then returning to the rod.

The Cedar Birds are noted for their extreme sociability and even fondness for their kind. In this respect they seem to resemble the little Australian parroquets known as "love birds." When flying they proceed in close flocks, and seem to wish to be as near to one another as possible. The same thing is seen when they are at rest, for then they sit close to one another, side by side on the branches. They are sometimes seen to fondle and caress each other with their bills, and Nuttall relates a case on the authority of a gentleman whose name he gives, where one bird having darted from his perch and caught an insect, returned with it in his bill and presented it to the bird next to him, who passed it to the next one, by whom it was passed to the next, and so it went up and down the line two or three times, before it was devoured.

Quite opposed to any such seeming generosity as this, is their conduct when feeding on fruit. At such times they appear to be most voracious, and tear at the berries so eagerly, that as many fall to the ground as are eaten by the birds. Often in the autumn a flock of Cedar Birds will settle down upon a mountain ash tree, bright with its clusters of scarlet berries, and they will not leave it until it is entirely stripped of its fruit.

Aside from the services which the Cedar Bird in common with all insect-eating birds renders to the farmer, he also performs very

important work as a tree planter. Any one who has followed the tracks of the lumberman over the timber lands of Pennsylvania, will have observed that wherever the timber has been cleared the wild cherry makes its appearance, sometimes growing in compact forests of thousands of acres in extent. These cherry groves are all planted by Cedar Birds and other fruit-eating birds, which pass the hard carpels or kernels of the cherry, cedar and mountain ash undigested, scattering them all over the forest floor. A young growth springs up and shades the ground, keeps the soil moist, fostering the growth of maple, pine or any other seed which is carried by the wind or other agency into the thicket, until by and by when the cherry trees begin to die down, there is a forest of young trees to replace them, while but for the labors of the birds in planting it, the muck soil dried in the sun would become as inflammable as tinder, and liable to catch fire and be entirely consumed, exposing a hopelessly barren surface of sand, gravel or rock.

The Cedar Bird is from six to seven inches in length, and the outspread wings measure from eleven to twelve inches. The plumage throughout is peculiarly silky and smooth. The head is ornamented with a conspicuous crest, which can be raised or lowered at pleasure. The body is generally cinnamon color, paling to ashy on the rump and upper tail coverts, becoming darker and richer on the head and fore parts, and running into yellowish on the belly and to white on the under tail coverts. The forehead, a space before the eyes, the chin, and a stripe behind the eye black; a line along the under mandible and lores, and the eyelid white. The wing quills are slate gray, darker at the tips and pale on the inner sides of the feathers. The tail is tipped with a band of yellow. The tips of some of the wing feathers, and sometimes of some of the tail feathers, are ornamented with little oval flat lamella-like appendages, which resemble red sealing-wax.



## THE A. O. U. BIRD PROTECTIVE COMMITTEE.

THE first official notice of the greatly increased destruction of our birds was taken by the American Ornithologists' Union, which made the first systematic effort to combat this evil. Previous to 1884, although individuals had called attention to this subject in the public prints, no steps had been taken to enforce the existing laws on the subject, nor had any organized scheme of work been suggested which promised satisfactory results.

At the second meeting of the American Ornithologists' Union, held at the American Museum of Natural History in the city of New York, Sept. 30 to Oct. 3, 1884, attention was called to the subject of bird destruction, as is shown by the following extract from the official proceedings printed in the *Auk* for October, 1884:

"Mr. Brewster called attention to the wholesale slaughter of birds, particularly terns, along our coast for millinery purposes, giving some startling statistics of this destruction, and moved the appointment of a committee for the protection of North American birds and their eggs against wanton and indiscriminate destruction, the committee to consist of six, with power to increase its number, and to cooperate with other existing protective associations having similar objects in view. After earnest support of the motion by Messrs. Brewster, Chamberlain, Coues, Goss, Merriam and Sennett, it was unanimously adopted, and the following gentlemen were named as constituting the committee: Wm. Brewster, H. A. Purdie, George B. Grinnell, Eugene P. Bicknell, Wm. Dutcher and Frederic A. Ober."

During the ensuing year this Committee did nothing. The ill health of the chairman prevented his entering actively on the work originally contemplated, and he felt obliged to resign the chairmanship. It was impos-

sible to find any one who could take his place, and so the year went by.

At the third meeting of the A. O. U., held at the American Museum of Natural History in New York, Nov. 17 and 18, 1885, the subject was brought up again and discussed at some length, great interest being manifested by all those present. The Committee was continued.

Early in December in the same year the Committee met at the office of Mr. William Dutcher in New York, and organized by the election of Mr. G. B. Sennett as chairman and Mr. E. P. Bicknell as secretary. Several new members were added to the Committee, and some discussion of plans and methods followed, and it was determined to hold meetings each week at the American Museum of Natural History. Sub-committees were appointed to collect statistics as to the destruction of birds, the trade in their skins for millinery purposes, and to obtain a full series of the legislative enactments in the different States with regard to bird protection. It seemed to the Committee that for the present its most important field of work was the diffusion among the people at large of information respecting the magnitude of the destruction of bird life for purely mercenary purposes, and its necessarily terrible influence in diminishing the number of birds. Not less important was deemed the creation of a healthy sentiment against the use of birds for decorative purposes.

At the second meeting Mr. Allen brought up the subject of publishing some of the facts in the Committee's possession, and at the following meeting he announced that arrangements had been made with the *Science* Company to have an early supplement of *Science* devoted entirely to the committee's work. Mr. Allen was requested to assume editorial charge of this supplement,

and the other members were requested to co-operate in its preparation.

Early in January, 1886, various changes took place in the composition of the Committee, two of the original members having resigned. To-day the body consists of:

Mr. G. B. Sennett, Chairman, New York.  
 Mr. E. P. Bicknell, Secretary, New York.  
 Mr. Wm. Dutcher, Treasurer, New York.  
 Mr. J. A. Allen, New York.  
 Mr. L. S. Foster, New York.  
 Dr. Geo. Bird Grinnell, New York.  
 Dr. J. B. Holder, New York.  
 Mr. William Brewster, Cambridge, Mass.  
 Mr. Montague Chamberlain, St. John, New Brunswick.

Col. N. S. Goss, Topeka, Kansas.

The supplement to *Science* above referred to, was issued Feb. 26, 1886, and 3,000 copies were furnished the Committee for its own use by the publishers. This supplement was afterward issued in a slightly changed form as Bulletin No. 1 of the American Ornithologists' Union Committee for the Protection of North American Birds, of which about 20,000 copies were distributed. It contains articles from the pens of Messrs. Allen, Sennett, Bicknell, Dutcher, Holder and Foster, which cover a very wide range, and contain a vast amount of information, and having been widely scattered over the land it cannot have failed of doing a great deal of good.

The meetings of the Committee continued through the winter and spring, and it is interesting to note that at each meeting seven out of the ten members—all those resident in New York—were present.

In May, 1886, the State of New York passed a bird protection act, modeled in the main on the draft of the law published in the Committee's Bulletin No. 1, and on reassembling in the autumn it was thought advisable to issue a second Bulletin devoted to a consideration of bird legislation. This was published in November last, and measures have been taken to bring it to the

attention of legislators in all the States and Territories.

The connection between the A. O. U. Committee and the Audubon Society has been intimate from the beginning. A member of the Committee was appointed to take special charge of Audubon work, and his report was incorporated in the report of the Chairman to the A. O. U. last autumn.

It may truly be said that to this Committee of the A. O. U. is due primarily the movement to check the needless slaughter of our birds, a movement which has now spread far and wide over the length and breadth of the land. The Committee has ever shown itself ready to advise, direct and guide, but for anything further it had no funds and no time. Its duty was to pave the way. The further task has devolved upon the Audubon Society, whose latest efforts, embodied in this magazine, bid fair to achieve the objects for which the labors of the Committee on Bird Protection were a fitting preparation.

Too much credit cannot be given to this Committee and to each of its members for their unselfish labors in this cause. To it they have given valuable time and thought, and for it they have labored faithfully and earnestly. There is not one of them that has not done something to help the good work along.

Those who reside in New York have been assiduous in their labors. Others living at a distance from the place of meeting have also done much to influence public opinion and especially legislation. For the attainment of this last named end Mr. Brewster has labored most effectually. Perhaps no one outside of New York has accomplished so much to help on the protective movement as Mr. Montague Chamberlain, who besides working in behalf of the Committee, has taken on himself additional duties, and has been, far more than any one else, instrumental in spreading the Audubon movement in Canada.

## SERVICES OF HAWKS AND OWLS TO MAN.

DR. B. H. WARREN, of the Westchester (Pa.) Microscopical Society, continues to investigate the stomach contents of hawks and owls, shot under the Pennsylvania law for their extermination, and is accumulating an amount of positive evidence rather startling to the farmers who have been such warm advocates for the extermination of "noxious birds," on the supposition that they subsisted wholly or in great part on chickens.

That some large hawks will occasionally carry off a chicken, is indisputable, and our Pennsylvanian neighbors having abundant evidence on this head, and deeming the extermination of the whole noxious brood a measure justified by self-interest, passed a law known as the "scalp act," granting bounties for the destruction of hawks and owls.

Dr. Warren ascertained that during the first six months of 1886 the number of birds killed under the act in 34 of the 67 counties was, hawks, 9,237, at a cost for bounties of \$7,335; and owls, 2,499, at a cost of \$1,313.90. The total cost for the year for destruction of these birds is estimated at \$35,000. The number destroyed may be roughly estimated at 50,000.

Dr. Warren's investigations as to the food of these birds were confined to individuals shot in Westchester county under the act. He has no theories to advance, he is simply a collector of facts; he examined the stomach contents of seventy-five hawks within the year, and finds that chicken constitutes a very small proportion of hawk diet. There is considerable diversity of food, but the standing dish, the main staff of life for all the birds of the order, appears to be field mice, as will be gathered from the following abstract from Dr. Warren's tabulated statement:

Of thirty-four hawks, including nine big

chicken hawks, two long-tailed chicken hawks, two little hen hawks, thirteen sparrow hawks and eight red-shouldered hawks, only one exhibited a trace of chicken in its stomach, six exhibited nothing but the remains of small birds, twenty-one had been feeding on mice, either alone, or diversified with beetles and grasshoppers, and nine entirely on beetles and grasshoppers. Later Dr. Warren examined forty birds on which bounty had been paid, with the following results:

One bird, a red-tailed hawk, was found to have fed on chicken only; a second example of the same species had in its gizzard remains of a chicken and portions of a field mouse. Two red-tailed hawks had fed on red squirrels, another pair of red-tailed hawks had taken rabbits. Eight sparrow hawks, included in this series of forty odd birds, revealed chiefly mice and grasshoppers. The remainder of the forty odd birds, (ten of which were screech and long-eared owls,) had in their viscera chiefly field and meadow mice. The owls, with the exception of one screech owl, that had in its stomach an English sparrow, had all subsisted on mice and insects, principally grasshoppers. In fact, chickens are indulged in only as an exceptional luxury.

(Similar results are reached by other investigations in the same field. Dr. A. K. Fisher, Assistant Ornithologist U. S. Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C., in a letter dated Jan. 15, 1887, addressed to Dr. B. H. Warren, says: "Wednesday I received eight adult redtails and two red-shouldered hawks from a man in Maryland. \* \* \* I find nothing but mice and shrews in their crops and stomachs (from two to five in each). I found two specimens of *Sorex* and the following specimens of mice: *Mus musculus*, *Hesperomys leucopus*, *Arvicola riparius*, and *Arvicola pinetorum*." A de-

tailed examination of these and four others gave the following results:

Sex.	Species.	Stomach Contents.
♂ ad.	B. borealis...	1 Pine Mouse ( <i>Arvicola pinetorum</i> ).
♂ ad.	B. borealis...	2 Meadow Mice ( <i>A. riparius</i> ).
♂ ad.	B. borealis...	A. riparius and <i>Hesperomys leucopus</i> .
♂ ad.	B. borealis...	2 <i>Mus musculus</i> , <i>Arvicola</i> and Hesp.
♂ ad.	B. borealis...	1 Srew ( <i>Sorex</i> ), 2 <i>M. musc.</i> and Arvi.
♂ ad.	B. borealis...	2 <i>A. riparius</i> .
♂ ad.	B. borealis...	1 <i>Sorex</i> , 2 <i>A. riparius</i> .
♂ im.	B. borealis...	3 <i>A. riparius</i> .
♂ ad.	B. borealis...	Stomach entirely empty.
♂ im.	B. borealis...	3 Meadow Mice ( <i>A. riparius</i> ).
♂ ad.	B. lineatus...	2 <i>M. musculus</i> , 1 Hesper. and Arvi.
♂ im.	B. lineatus...	1 House Mouse ( <i>M. musculus</i> ).
♂ im.	A. cooperi...	Remains of Quail ( <i>C. virginianus</i> ).

A more careful examination, which will be made later, will probably increase the total number of mice by half a dozen.

Fifty thousand dollars a year paid by one State for the destruction of birds that subsist almost wholly on mice, beetles and grasshoppers! There is no disputing the facts, and the Pennsylvania Agricultural Societies are trying to balance the account with very grave misgivings as to how it will turn out.

This examination of the stomach contents of seventy-four Pennsylvanian and fourteen Maryland birds, in only three of which were there any remains of chicken, leads to the inference that  $2\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. of their food is chicken. Averages based on such limited material are of course liable to error, but we must draw our conclusions from the facts that we have.

On the average taken it may be calculated that of the 50,000 birds killed in Pennsylvania last year,  $2\frac{1}{2}$  per cent., or 1,250 birds, fed on chicken all the year round, eating an average of say 200 lbs. of chicken each bird within the year; this would give a total consumption of 250,000 lbs. of chicken, quite enough to anger the good wives who lost them, and representing a money value of about \$25,000.

But there is another side of the story. Ninety-seven and a half per cent. of them are found to subsist on mice and other small rodents, small birds and insects, but principally on mice. Of 50,000 birds killed

we may assume that 40,000 lived on mice and other small rodents, consuming let us say only 100 lbs. each in the year. These figures give us 4,000,000 lbs. weight of mice, say 40,000,000 individuals, as the number which escape death through the destruction of the hawks in one year. When we remember that mice are more destructive to the farmer than birds, and that they multiply much more rapidly, we can begin to estimate what would be the consequences of the extermination of hawks and owls throughout the country. The more we strive to picture the consequences, the more appalling is the prospect.

The mice would have to be kept down at any cost, even though the whole resources of the nation were taxed in the effort, but how much simpler and wiser were it to leave the task to the incessant vigilance of nature's agents, the hawks and owls, which execute it so effectively and so silently, that we never suspect how important is the work they are doing—never realize that they stand between us and inestimable calamities, until it is too late, until their extinction exposes our fields to the ravages of insidious foes, hitherto held in check by these faithful wardens.

The occasional tax levied on the farmer's chickens is very inconsiderable in comparison with the service rendered. The loss in chicken can be estimated accurately, the value of the service rendered is simply inestimable. It is not simply a calculation of what 40,000,000 mice will eat in a year, but what would be the destructive capacities of the progeny of 40,000,000 mice in three, five or seven years, if the hawks were all destroyed, and man were left unaided to impose such restraints as he could upon the natural tendency of mice to increase up to the limits of their means of subsistence.

Perhaps it would be well to encourage the extinction of the hawks and owls in Pennsylvania; the experience gained would be of inestimable value to the other States.

## WHAT THE ROBIN SAW.

THE stars were shining clearly, a gentle breeze just stirred the newly born leaves, the air was laden with the perfume of apple and cherry blossoms and lilacs. Cock Robin, stirring in his warm nest, thought to himself that this was a lovely world, and that it was a good thing to be alive on a spring morning. Then he lifted his head and uttered a little chirp. In a moment it was answered from a neighboring nest, then from far away came another call, and presently the air was filled with twitterings.

The stars faded, a clear pure light streamed up from the east, and before long the sun rose in his majesty, and the day was begun.

"Now, my dear," said Cock Robin to his little brown-coated spouse, "you stay quietly at home, and I will find breakfast this morning. The gardner spent nearly all of yesterday afternoon spading up part of the garden, and I know just the spot where the fattest worms are," and with a gush of song, away he flew.

The inmates of the big house near which the nest was built, were still asleep. The Robin looked at the closed blinds and shook his head, wondering how one could sleep in the midst of all this sweet, new stir and life. Down in the garden he soon found the newly turned earth he was in search of, and laden with a large worm, back he flew to his little wife. She was hungry, and it took several journeys to satisfy her appetite, and then there was his own breakfast to eat and a morning call to pay to his next door neighbors. By the time that he returned from this visit, the big house began to wake up.

First the cook opened the kitchen door, and out bounded the big watch-dog barking just for the very love of it; then the housemaid opened wide blinds and windows, and

presently out ran the children to welcome the sweet spring day.

"Bless the children, how I love them," chirped the Robin, and he flew around them and poured song after song out of his little throat.

And what games those children had. Near the barn was a huge heap of white sand, which was by turns a ship, a train, a house, and finally was transformed into a mountain. They built houses from it, loaded carts and boxes with it, and carried them carefully away just for the pleasure of bringing them back. The Robin, swinging on a grapevine near by, laughed with them as they rolled down the mountain side, shouting with glee.

Then up the path came the butcher-boy, whistling as he strolled along with his basket under his arm. As he reached the door the cook came out and began to scold because the meat was late. That hurt the boy's feelings, and to relieve them he threw a stone at the Robin who was watching from a twig. He saw it coming, skipped aside to avoid it, and settled back on his twig, shaking his fat little sides with glee. The boy shook his fist at the bird and then sauntered away, giving a series of unearthly cat calls and idly swinging his empty basket.

Then down flew the Robin to the garden. The sweet spring life was stirring there more than anywhere else. The damp, fresh smell of the newly turned earth mingled with the lilac odors; one or two white blossoms shone on the strawberry bed. The rose vines were all in bud, and Cock Robin listening hard, with his head on one side and his bright little eyes glancing back and forth, thought he could really hear the grass blades pushing up toward the sun.

John the gardener was hard at work setting out rose plants. The Robin saw him coming from the greenhouse with a wheel-

barrow full of tiny pots, in which the roses had been started. He was whistling too, and Cock Robin could not refrain from joining in. John looked up, nodded, and said:

"Sing away old chap, the summer is nearly here," and then he went to work digging little holes, carefully planting the rose plants, and pushing in the cool earth around them. There were a great many plants, and the Robin finally tired of watching him, and flew back to his nest to see if his wife needed him.

As he sat on a branch over his nest he could see the man mowing the grass on the lawn. Back and forth he went, the machine singing a merry, whirring song. He stopped in the shade of a maple tree to draw breath, and take a long draft of cool water from a fat brown pitcher, and then on he went again, leaving a long, smooth track, and a sweet smell of new mown hay behind him.

The sun was nearly overhead now, and the Robin was warm and tired, so away he went to a cherry tree, and safely perched in the shade, he dozed and dreamed through all the hot noon hours.

Presently, when the sun was well on his westward way, and the trees threw long, slender shadows on the grass, Miss May, the golden-haired daughter of the house, came out to sit under the cherry trees, and

Cock Robin wondered why she did not find a more interesting book, as every few minutes she dropped the one she had to look down the path. He heard his wife calling him just then, and when next he passed the cherry tree he saw a dark manly head bending closely to the golden one, and sang his tenderest, sweetest song as he thought of his own courtship in the spring time.

Then the signs of evening began. In the garden John had finished his planting, and had left the beds and paths freshly raked and neat. The children, with smooth brushed hair, and fresh white dresses, came sedately up the path, returning from their afternoon walk. The big house dog bounded out to meet them, barking wildly and leaping up to kiss their faces, and in a second sedateness vanished, and with shouts of laughter they raced over the lawn, on which the evening dew was falling.

And then came the even song. From far and near sounded the twittering and chirping, the air was heavy with melody and perfume; from countless flower censers, incense mounted to the sky, and the choir of bird voices flooded the twilight with song. Slowly the light faded, as though sad to leave so fair a scene; one by one the birds were hushed, until at last the soft wind stirring the leaves was the only sound of the night.

N. B. G.

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#### HATTIE'S HAT.

**H**ATTIE came in with a bright color and eyes that flashed.

"Aunt Marjorie," she exclaimed, "is there anything wrong with my dress? I met Cousin Ed, and he said: 'Good morning, dear. May I ask, when did you arrive from Tonga?' And when I said, 'Please explain, Cousin Ed, I do not understand,' he answered, 'Pardon me; I was looking at your head, mademoiselle.'"

On Hattie's hat, nestling daintily among the ribbons, was a tiny wren. On another

of her hats, as I remembered, there was a gray wing, the wing of some sea bird; and still another was adorned with golden plumes.

"My darling child," I said, "in the Tonga Islands travelers tell us that the ladies wear whole forestfuls of birds on their bonnets, and trim their gowns with feathers. In some of these, and in the Malay Islands, the men wear garments composed of feathers, and have queer dances, in which they look very grotesque, for each has mounted

on his own head the head of a murdered bird. It is, you see, a savage fashion, and if our girls thought about it, they would hardly like to wear dead song birds on their pretty heads, just as these fierce islanders do. The Audubon Society, of which your cousin is a member, is trying hard to protect the birds, and the Legislature has been invoked to prevent ladies from killing all the little warblers. In the past few seasons the darling things have been swept off by thousands because fashion has ordered that

they should be worn on our bonnets and hats. That tiny wren on your hat, dear, no doubt was torn away from her nest and her fledgelings."

"I see," said Hattie, "that I have been a horrid, thoughtless girl." And unpinning the bird from its place with energy—"I, for one, will never wear a dead bird again. It is a hateful fashion!"

Hattie has been as good as her word, and I have written this at her request.—*Harper's Young People.*

#### BYRAM AND GHOPAL.

GHOPAL was a sturdy young fellow of the potter caste, who lived at Hyderabad Sind, on the banks of the Indus. He had been digging clay and kneading it into lumps and moulding it upon the potter's wheel into *chatties* and *suraes* and



*ghurras* as long as he could remember. He was so strong that he could lift double the ordinary potter's load, and being a

straight, well-made fellow, he could walk balancing six *ghurras* one over the other upon his head; and as he was himself six feet high, it was a picture to look at when he went along the road with a load of *ghurras*. But although he was so strong, he was not fond of work; on the contrary, he was a very lazy fellow, and murmured at Brahma for having made him a potter, instead of a priest. It was his great delight to find fault with the way Brahma made and ruled the world, and having a ready tongue, a fertile imagination and a talent for disputation, his comrades enjoyed nothing better than to get him into discussion with the numerous pious Brahmins who traveled the road; and Ghopal, being really a clever, quick-witted fellow, often got his opponents into a passion, which was always the signal for him to stop, for, as he said, when a man loses his temper in argument, it is a proof that he feels himself beaten.

On one occasion word was brought to Ghopal that there was a very clever faquir at the Serai, one Daloorra, who answered every disputant without a moment's thought, and this time, they said, Ghopal would meet his match.

On his arrival at the Serai, he found that his presence was expected by the usual

frequenters, who led him at once to the strange Brahmin, and introduced him, but the Brahmin went on counting his beads without once looking up. Then some of the people said, "This is Ghopal, whom we have summoned to dispute with you;" but the Brahmin went on counting his beads, and took no notice. Then Ghopal said: "The Holy man has traveled far, and left his wits to travel by easy stages, we must defer the disputation until they arrive." Then the Brahmin said: "I never dispute with fools," and went on counting his beads.

Ghopal felt a little provoked, but he controlled his temper and replied: "Assertion is not argument, O vain Faquir, you have not yet proved me a fool." "It is not necessary," said the Brahmin, "for you have proved yourself one." Then Ghopal said: "The fool is always a wise man, until a wiser convicts him of folly. Let us hear the proofs that I am a fool. By giving them you will confer a great pleasure upon the assemblage, for men enjoy nothing more than to see one of their number humbled; and the mortification of the one should not be allowed to count against the gratification of the many."

Then the Brahmin looked fully at him, and said: "O Ghopal! from thy language I might infer that thou wert a wise man if thine actions did not proclaim thee a fool." "To what especial actions dost thou allude?" said Ghopal. Then the Brahmin said: "Oh, Ghopal, dost thou not earn thy bread by the sweat of thy brow?" And Ghopal answered: "Thou sayest right." Then said the Faquir, glancing slyly at the money lender, "The wise man eateth his bread by the sweat of other men's brows." And all the people laughed, but the laugh was not a very hearty one, for if the working men felt they were being charged with folly, the money-lenders had a suspicion that while Daloorā classed them as wise men; the charge that they ate their bread

by the sweat of other men's brows was intended as a covert reproach.

Ghopal answered never a word, but turning on his heel, he went to his own place, and lighting his hookah, sat down and communed with himself:

"Verily, O Ghopal, thou art a fool," said he, "at least in this, that thou toilest year after year to swell a debt which thou hast already repaid three times over. Ten years hast thou been paying eighteen rupees a year to cover a loan of fifty rupees which thy father borrowed of the wily Moneram to buy thee the child wife that died the next year; and now Moneram's claim against thee is for hundreds, and will be like a millstone on thy neck as long as thou livest. And the account is all correct. But six and a half per cent. per month compound interest! Who can stand up against such a charge? It is by lending money at compound interest that the usurers live on the sweat of other men's brows; but if there were no fools there would soon be an end to this caste of wise men—I, at least, will be a fool no longer, toiling for four rupees a month, and handing over one and a half rupees a month to this Moneram. For his fifty rupees I have already repaid him one hundred and eighty, or thereabouts; and now, Ghopal, convicted fool that thou art, let us see if thou hast not good stuff enough in thee to cut a wise man out of. Look at this wily Brahmin! He carries no burthen on his shoulders, but goeth from town to town as the whim takes him, and gets his bit of rice and bread from the pious, almost without asking. Like the money-lenders, the Faquirs live by the sweat of other men's brows! This is a strange world—one must either eat or be eaten. I am tired of being eaten—well, what then? Simply this—I must eat others. I must live by the sweat of other men's brows. An usurer I cannot be for I have nothing to lend. A Faquir I may be, for a Faquir must be destitute.



## CHARLEY'S WONDERFUL JOURNEY.

### II.

SHE was a good deal older than Charley, but she looked so nice with her light golden locks dancing about her head, that he went up without any hesitation, and asked her to let him look through her telescope.

Then Charley looked to the west and saw the Rocky Mountains, and could have staid an hour looking at the buffaloes and geysers in the Yellowstone Park, and enjoying the scenery of that charming region. Then he turned round and looked to the east, and saw the great ships sailing and steaming over the Atlantic Ocean, and saw the waves rising and falling so plainly that he almost thought he could hear the ocean's roar.

Then the girl took the telescope and turned it round, and told him to look through the other end.

Charley saw a little house like a doll's house, far, far away in the distance, and near it a lovely little team of horses and a plow, with a little mite of a man driving them and holding the plow.

The horses were all alive, but no bigger than mice, and the man was small in proportion.

Charley would never have been tired of looking through the wrong end of the telescope; he turned round and round, and saw little cows, and little, little sheep and dogs and little men, all far away, but still he could see them all quite plainly.

Then the girl took the telescope and told Charley to look for the house, and the team of horses and the cows and sheep, but there was neither house nor living thing in sight.

"That is because you looked at them through the wrong end of the magic telescope," said the girl, "they are so small you cannot see them with the naked eye, and they will remain so until I look at them through the other end again."

Then she looked through the telescope,

and Charley saw the house and the farmer and his team just as big as ever, and as she turned slowly around, cattle and sheep and men came into view again.

"I have to look very carefully," she said, "because if I were to leave a horse or a man so very, very small, some prowling cat might run off with it and eat it."

"Now let me look at you through the small end," said she, laughing.

"Oh, please don't," said Charley, "I don't want to be far away from you and very, very small."

Charley heard her laugh but he couldn't see her; he was in a jungle of large reeds, straight and jointed, and just fit for fishing poles. They must be bamboos, thought Charley, as he went on walking through the jungle, and admiring the reeds with their feathery tops, until he came to an open place in the forest, in which grew the most wonderful tree that Charley had ever seen. It was a strawberry tree as high as a man, and with great round strawberries bigger than Charley's head

Charley bent down the stem and got hold of the lowest fruit by the stalk, it was the ripest of the strawberries, and its smell was so fragrant that it almost intoxicated him. He got hold of the stalk with both hands, and was steadying the strawberry for a good bite, when he saw a sight that startled him.

He knew it was an ant, but it was as big as a bulldog. Its skin was like polished black metal, and its great jaws, like a lobster's, were working to and fro, as if they wanted something or somebody to lay hold of and tear in pieces. He looked downright fierce, and although Charley was a brave boy, he let go the strawberry and sprang backward. He didn't know where the stick came from, but he had it in his

hand, and stood ready to defend himself.

Then another of the fierce brutes came up, and another, and another, and Charley stepped backward, facing them and swinging his stick, but they came fiercely at him; every moment fresh ones came up, until at last Charley got his back against something warm and soft, and stood facing a whole pack of them.

fifty yards, and began to eat another mouthful of bamboos. Charley was startled at the jump, but he had his hands full of the great long fur, and was in no danger of falling off.

"Listen," said the rabbit, after he had taken a few more jumps, "I think I hear a dog. Now, you must take a good grip, and at the word go, hold on like grim death."

Yelp, yelp! came the spaniel.



"You had better climb on my back," said the rabbit.

Charley knew it was a rabbit although its body was as big as an elephant's, so he turned round, sprang as high as he could, got a grip of the great long fur, and climbed up to the back of the neck where he was out of reach of his dreaded foes.

The rabbit opened its great jaws, laid hold of half a dozen bamboos, and ate them like grass, and then made one bound about

"Go it is," said the rabbit, and away he bounded over the tops of the bamboos, clearing a hundred yards at a stride.

Charley found it very hard to keep his place; at every leap he was jerked up off his seat, but he had a good hold of the fur, and the rabbit laid his ears back, which made a wall on either side of Charley and kept him from falling off.

"It's only a spaniel," said the rabbit, "and I can outrun him any day."

"Won't you stop a moment and let me get down?" said Charley, "I can't hold on much longer." \* \* \* \*

"Let me go," said the rabbit, and he gave a kick and jerked himself out of Charley's hands, and there stood Charley and saw a little rabbit running away.

"Aren't you glad that I looked at you through the right end of the telescope again?" said Ethel of the golden locks, laughing.

Just then the dog came running up, and Ethel of the golden locks looked at him through the small end of the telescope, and he turned, oh, much smaller than a mouse, and Charley ran and picked him up and let him stand on his hand.

"Isn't he a dear little dog?" said Charley, and held him up to his face, and the dog kissed him. "Will he always stay small like this?"

"Yes," said Ethel, "until I look at him through the other end of the telescope again."

Charley placed the little dog gently in his jacket pocket, and he and Ethel of the golden locks went hand in hand across the meadows; then their feet left the ground and they glided on together through the air, not flying or walking you know, but only gliding without effort.

Then Charley noticed two white doves in front of them, and when he looked closer he saw that he and Ethel were sitting in a fairy chariot, and the doves were harnessed to it.

Then he saw water, and the next minute they were in the middle of the lake, far away from land, and their chariot was a boat, and two white swans were drawing it swiftly over the smooth surface.

Soon they saw a beautiful white castle on the shore of the lake, and Ethel bent down and said "Kiss me, Charley, this is my home, and I must go in now."

Charley threw his arms around her neck, and she bent over him and kissed him, and Charley awoke, and his mother was bending over him and he had his arms around her neck.

"Get up, Charley," said she, "the sun is high and breakfast is ready."

"Where is she?" asked Charley, sitting up in bed and looking full of astonishment.

"Where is who?" asked his mother.

"Why Ethel; Ethel with the golden locks, she was giving me a kiss, and then I awoke and it was you. Will she never come again?"

"It is my turn to keep you now," said his mother, "and kiss you, but perhaps by and by, when you are grown up to be a man, your Ethel with the golden locks will come out of dreamland into our every day world, and kiss you when you wake in the morning."

"But I brought something back," said Charley, as he sprang out of bed and ran to his jacket. A look of blank disappointment came over him as he searched both pockets in vain.

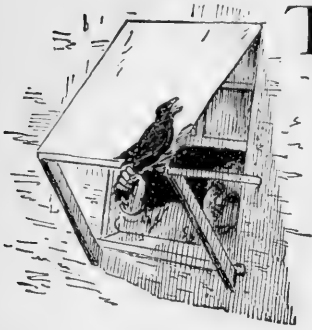
"I put him in myself," said Charley, and he told his mother all his night's adventure. But there was no dog there.

"Never mind," said his mother, "you can look at Fido through the wrong end of the telescope."

"That's no good," said Charley, "with our telescope; when you stop looking he's as big as ever, but with Ethel's telescope you keep small until she turns it and looks at you the right way again. A cat may find him and eat him for a mouse, or if he got lost in the fields, some of those ants may get together and kill him. Oh my! mamma, aren't those ants fierce and cruel if they only catch you when you're little; and he was such a dear little dog, I wouldn't like to have the ants eat him."

Mamma laughed softly.

## DID YOU EVER CATCH A CROW BY THE TAIL?



THE East Indian crow is, I think, without exception, the most impudent bird I ever met. The house-sparrow is quite a shy

bird in comparison with him. He not only frequents the towns, and picks up a living from the scraps of food daily thrown out from the houses, but when the servants get up in the morning, and open all the doors and windows for their house cleaning, the crow likes to perch on the neighboring trees and watch every operation. The chattering and cawing they keep up all the time would convince any one that they are criticising everything they see. At every opportunity, some one of them, bolder than the rest, will alight on the window-sill, send a quick glance around the room, and if his eye falls on anything tempting, such as a ball of worsted or cotton, or a teaspoon, or anything small or bright or soft-looking, he takes another look around, alights softly by the coveted article, takes it in his beak and makes a dash for the open window, where he is welcomed by the caw-cawing of the whole flock.

Of course no one in India would shoot a crow, they are most valuable as scavengers, and the natives knowing their value submit patiently to their thievish tricks; and as to catching or trapping them, they are up to every device. You might as soon think of catching a weasel asleep as a crow off his guard.

But everything comes to him who has patience to wait, and it once fell to my lot to catch a crow by the tail. He had alighted,

quite unconscious of danger, on the awning over a little window, that lighted the stairway of my house on a level with the first landing; and walking quietly upstairs, I caught sight of his tail, and as of course he could not see me, I stole noiselessly up, seized him by the tail, and pulled him in so quickly that he was speechless with astonishment.

Calling a servant to hold him, I cut out a collar of good stiff foolscap paper, about three inches in diameter, fringed it tastefully, and making a cross slit in the center, passed it over his head and let him go.

He went off to the nearest tree and tried to shake off the unwelcome badge. Failing in that, he twisted his head in all directions trying to get hold of it with his beak, but all in vain.

While thus engaged he was startled by a caw close to him, which said as plainly as possible: "Why, what a guy you are! Whatever in the name of fortune have you been doing with yourself?"

The poor culprit hung his head and said never a word, and you never saw a wide-awake bird look as foolish as he did.

Then came a second crow, and both began to rate the culprit and ply him with questions, and say what they thought of him. They cawed so loud that in a few minutes there were well nigh a hundred crows on the tree, and although the proceedings were not quite as orderly as in one of our courts of justice, there was no doubt about it that the crows were sitting in judgment upon him, and charging him with a very grave offense. First one stretched his neck and cawed at him, then another, and another. Then they all began to caw at each other, but the poor culprit never opened his mouth.

You see he was in a dilemma. Neither crows nor men have any patience with those

who want to set up as originals, and of course the charge against him was that he had made such a guy of himself as no crow ever did before. Cute as they were, they hadn't the least idea of how he had done it, and of course the most aggravating feature was that he wouldn't open his mouth and explain.

You may perhaps think it strange that he didn't tell the simple truth and save himself from the suspicion of vanity, but the poor bird was willing to stand anything rather than admit how he had been taken in. He would never have heard the last of it, but all his life would have been a butt for the ridicule of the flock, so he just kept his mouth closed.

At last the crows could stand it no longer, they were beside themselves with rage. At a given signal they darted at the offender in a body. They rose a few feet above the tree, for a moment all appeared struggling together, the collar fluttered to the ground,

and more astonished than ever they all began to look for the culprit, but there he was looking just like the rest of them, and as black. How he managed to explain matters I could not of course understand. Very likely he invented some plausible fib, said the paper stuck to him or something of that sort. I don't know, but the persecution ceased, and the crows flew off to another tree to caw the matter over.

I don't believe he ever told the true story, at least not for many a long day after the event. Very likely in after years when he saw his grandchildren around him, and became talkative, and fond of telling the adventures of his youth, as old crows will, the sight of some thoughtless but favored grandchild in the perilous position which so nearly proved fatal for him, may have loosed his tongue, and led to a confession. The story must have leaked out somehow, for you never catch an Indian crow that way nowadays.

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#### BIRDS AS PROPAGATORS OF FRUIT TREES.

VERY few gardeners in our northern climate, who have been to the trouble of making a garden, and know how much labor it entails, will think of leaving such work entirely to birds, but the planters of Jamaica long ago found out that the birds can make much better pimento or all spice groves, than can be made by man. As a consequence the work of planting, or more properly of sowing, is left entirely to the birds, man's share of the labor being confined simply to chopping over the piece of woodland, which it is proposed to convert into a spice grove.

After the first rains following the clearing, a number of young pimento plants make their appearance. The birds flitting about among the fallen timber all through the fruit season, drop the seeds everywhere, under conditions which insure their immediate

fertilization, and the partial shade afforded by the fallen timber is just what is required to foster the young plants' growth. By the time the timber is rotten, the planter has his pimento grove well developed, and requiring only to be thinned out to render it a source of profit for many years.

There is nothing exceptional in this. Our northern fruit-eating birds are doing the same thing all the time. Let the settler cut down the forests where he will, and if there are many wild fruits within a radius of many miles, the new clearing will be stocked with young plants in a year or two. We have no pimentos in the United States, but we have raspberries, and how many thousands of acres of these have been planted by our birds? How many farmers' tables have been supplied with this fruit, without a thought of obligation to the birds.

# THE AUDUBON NOTE BOOK.

## MEMBERSHIP RETURNS.

THE number of registered members on Feb. 28 stood at 22,397, showing an increase during the month of 2,567, accounted for by States in the following table :

New York.....	566	Iowa.....	37
Massachusetts.....	195	Minnesota.....	15
New Hampshire.....	21	Indiana.....	101
Rhode Island.....	23	Kansas.....	102
New Jersey.....	151	Missouri.....	71
Connecticut.....	20	Nebraska.....	2
Vermont.....	14	Tenn'ssee.....	17
Maine.....	16	Wisconsin.....	1
Pennsylvania.....	367	California.....	8
Georgia.....	12	Louisiana.....	2
District of Columbia.....	35	Florida.....	1
West Virginia.....	17	Texas.....	17
Ohio.....	119	Arkansas.....	2
Illinois.....	115	Canada.....	222
Michigan.....	296	England.....	1

## PRAIRIE OWLS AND SCORPIONS.

IT IS quite the custom for people at large to fancy that hawks and owls do nothing but harm, and should be destroyed whenever the opportunity occurs. This is not at all true. Of the useful work performed by one species of owl, Mr. George H. Wyman, of Utah Territory, writes in *Forest and Stream* as follows:

"Among all the birds of America there are none better deserving to receive the protection of the laws than the little prairie owls of the Pacific slope. Although very numerous they are harmless and unobtrusive. They may generally be seen sitting on a heap of sand thrown up by the prairie dog in digging his hole. This hole is appropriated by the owl for his house, and as you ride past, he never fails to salute you with a very polite bow, and in the style of the real gentleman. The female may often be seen with her half-grown brood sitting at the entrance of the invariable prairie dog hole. Should you come too near she makes her obeisance and retires with her little ones as gracefully as might a fashionable lady. Because of the positive good he does in the destruction of many harmful insects and reptiles, and especially the scorpion, he should have protection. In southern California and the warmer parts of Utah and Arizona, every summer evening brings forth great numbers of scorpions. They get into the gardens and infest the paths and walks about door yard and gardens; and but for the appetite and industry of the owl they would become an intolerable nuisance in those hot climates for three or four months of the year. At such seasons our little owl comes quietly about the house at dusk every night and picks up the scorpions by scores. Usually he has some place near by, as the cornice of the house or some broad beam in the barn, where he deposits his load and eats what

he desires. He devours only the soft part of the body of the scorpion, leaving the head, claws and tail of the reptile until there may often be found a quart or more of such remnants at the place he has chosen for his nightly banquet. One owl, having selected a perch under the cornice of my house as the spot for devouring his nightly catch of scorpions, left in a week so large a quantity of remnants as to prove he must have destroyed the reptiles by the score every night, and of course the yard about the house and the garden were correspondingly thinned of these most unpleasant creatures. This good work, as well as the grave courtly manners of our little prairie owl, have made him our special friend and induce us to speak a good word for him."

## ODD ANTICS OF BIRDS.

A RELATIVE of mine had a large marsh upon his estate, and here the great cranes made their summer home, building their curious nests there and rearing their young. The marsh was surrounded by high grass, and it was his practice to creep through and watch the birds unobserved. The antics they went through would be impossible to describe, says a correspondent of the *San Francisco Call*. Now they would caper along in pairs, stepping daintily with the winning gait of the ideal exquisite, lifting their feathers or wings, taking short steps, and gradually working themselves up to a bird frenzy of excitement, when they would leap into the air and over each other's backs, taking short runs this way and that, all for the edification of the females standing by, and finally, after a series of these exhibitions, the different birds selected their mates. Among the birds of the Western Hemisphere the cock of the rock ranks next to the crane in the strangeness of its evolutions. The bird is confined to South America, and is about the size of a small pigeon; has a bright orange web in the male, with a plume-like arrangement upon the head. It is a proud bird, principally building its nest in rocky places not frequented by man. At the commencement of the breeding season a party of birds, numbering from ten to twenty, assemble, and selecting a clear space among the rocks, form a ring or circle, facing inward. Now a small bird takes its place in the center and begins to hop about, toss its head, lift its wings, and go through all the strange movements possible, that appear to be watched with great interest by the rest. When the performer is thoroughly exhausted he retires to the circle and another bird enters the ring, and so on, until all have been through their paces, when the pairs probably make their selection. Often the birds are so exhausted after the dances that they can hardly fly, lying panting on the rocks.

THEY KNEW THEIR FRIEND.

THE following charming story comes to us from Warner, Illinois: "Close to my office window, as I write this, I see a wren's nest. Three years ago I drove some nails in a sheltered corner; a pair of wrens built their nest there, and each year they have raised a family there. The old birds often come into my office and sing. One of them has repeatedly alighted on my desk as I have been writing, saying plainly by his actions: 'You won't hurt me. We are friends.' A few years since, in a knothole in a dead tree near a path from my office to my house, lived a family of wrens, with whom I had formed a very intimate acquaintance. One day while I was passing in a hurry I heard the two old birds uttering cries of fear and anger, and as I got past the tree one of the wrens followed me, and by its peculiar motions and cries induced me to turn back. I examined the nest and found the young birds all right; looked into the tree's branches, but saw no enemies there, and started away. Both birds then followed me with renewed cries, and when I was a few yards away they flew in front of me, fluttered a moment, and then darted back to the tree. Then one of them came back near to me fluttering and crying, then darted from me near to the ground under the tree. I looked and there lay a rattlesnake, coiled ready to strike. I secured a stick and killed him, the wrens looking on from the tree, and the moment I did so they changed their song to a lively happy one, seeming to say: 'Thank you,' in every note.—W. W. W."

WINSCOMBE SKETCHES.\*

It would be difficult to find a truer or more charming, if somewhat idealized, picture of English rural life, than that portrayed in Winscombe, by Theodore Compton. This is no hasty sketch by a traveling artist, but the finished picture of one to whom Winscombe Vale among the Mendip Hills is one of the fairest spots on earth, a spot hallowed by tradition, and endeared by life-long associations, which prompt the author to build himself into the picture, and illumine foreground, middle distance and the dim background of the unknown past, with all the light of his soul. The author is not one of those who in the seclusion of country life grow impatient of "the daily round, the common task," he is in full sympathy with his surroundings, letting his heart go out equally to "the swallow twittering in his straw-built shed," and to the schoolboy who shies a stone at him, "emulous of achievement."

It is not a connected history, but rather a series of glimpses of the salient events of which the Men-

\* Winscombe Sketches of Rural Life and Scenery among the Mendip Hills. London: William Poole, 12A Paternoster Row.

dip hills have been the theatre from the days when its Celtic inhabitants traded their lead with the Phoenicians, down through all the battlings between Celt and Saxon, Saxon and Dane, to the apportionment of English land among Norman William's followers, thence downward through the dark nights of the Middle Ages to nineteenth century enlightenment; with the lighting of Winscombe schoolhouse by gas as its culminating point, the personality of the author as philosopher and moralizer betraying itself at every stage, and giving light to the dry facts of history.

But the great charm of the work to many of our readers will be the chapter devoted to "Our Birds." It is complete, embracing not only the local denizens, but all the stray visitants from other climes of which there is any record, and they are described by one who writing of himself says: "I have been a lover of birds all my life \* \* \* I have enjoyed watching sea and land birds, and tried in vain to sketch the inimitable grace of their movements, but never wished to kill one."

The author delights in presenting evidence of the value of birds to man, and cites numerous instances of the indisputable testimony of stomach contents to show that most valuable services are rendered by birds which popular prejudice has classed as inimical to the farmers' interests.

Quoting from the "Birds of Killingworth," he says:

"You call them thieves and pillagers, but know  
They are the winged wardens of your farms,  
Who from the cornfields drive the insidious foes,  
And from your harvest keep a hundred harms."

Winscombe Sketches is a work we can recommend unhesitatingly as pure, wholesome and instructive reading.

"BYRAM AND GHOPAL," the opening chapter of which will be found in the current number, is a tale of two wandering Hindoo Faquirs, or religious mendicants, who enliven the way by disputes as to the value of the lower creatures to man. Byram, the wise, is a man not only of exceptional piety, which leads him to believe that all the works of Brahma, the Creator, are good, but, moreover, a man skilled in the life history of birds and insects, and a close observer of their habits, and consequently prepared to defend his views by facts and arguments; while Ghopal, although a shrewd and intelligent fellow, has never thought of these creatures unless when they have forced themselves upon his notice by their petty depredations. The first chapter simply narrates the causes which resulted in Ghopal's becoming a Faquir, and affords no clue to the general plan of the story, which we believe will be looked for with interest in ensuing numbers.



## THE AUDUBON SOCIETY FOR THE PROTECTION OF BIRDS.

THE AUDUBON SOCIETY was founded in New York city in February, 1886. Its purpose is the protection of American birds, not used for food, from destruction for mercantile purposes. The magnitude of the evil with which the Society will cope, and the imperative need of the work which it proposes to accomplish, are outlined in the following statement concerning

### THE DESTRUCTION OF BIRDS.

Within the last few years, the destruction of our birds has increased at a rate which is alarming. This destruction now takes place on such a large scale as to seriously threaten the existence of a number of our most useful species. It is carried on chiefly by men and boys who sell the skins or plumage to be used for ornamenta purposes—principally for the trimming of women's hats, bonnets and clothing. These men kill everything that wears feathers. The birds of the woods, the birds of the field, the birds of the marsh and those of the sea are alike slain, at all times and at all seasons. It matters not if the bird be a useful one which devours the hurtful insects which destroy the farmer's crops, or a bright-plumaged songster whose advent has been welcomed in spring, and which has reared its brood in the door yard during the summer, or a swift-winged sea swallow whose flight along the shore has often with unerring certainty led the fisherman to his finny prey—whatever it be, it must be sacrificed to the bird butcher's lust for slaughter and for gain. Besides the actual destruction of the birds, their numbers are still further diminished by the practice of robbing their nests in the breeding season.

Although it is impossible to get at the number of birds killed each year, some figures have been published which give an idea of what the slaughter must be. We know that a single local taxidermist handles 30,000 bird skins in one year; that a single collector brought back from a three months trip 11,000 skins; that from one small district on Long Island about 70,000 birds were brought to New York in four months time. In New York one firm had on hand February 1, 1886, 200,000 skins. The supply is not limited by domestic consumption. American bird skins are sent abroad. The great European markets draw their supplies from all over the world. In London there were sold in three months from one auction room, 404,464 West Indian and Brazilian bird skins, and 356,389 East Indian birds. In Paris 100,000 African birds have been sold by one dealer in one year. One New York firm recently had a contract to supply 40,000 skins of American birds to one Paris firm. These figures tell their own story—but it is a story which might be known even without them; we may read it plainly enough in the silent hedges, once vocal with the morning songs of birds, and in the deserted fields where once bright plumage flashed in the sunlight.

### BIRDS, INSECTS AND CROPS.

The food of our small birds consists very largely of the insects which feed on the plants grown by the farmer. These insects multiply with such astounding rapidity that a single pair may in the course of one season be the progenitors of six billions of their kind. All through the season at which this insect life is most active, the birds are constantly at work destroying for their young and for themselves, tens of thousands of hurtful creatures, which, but for them, would swarm upon the farmer's crops and lessen the results of his labors.

A painstaking and ardent naturalist not very long ago watched the nest of a pair of martins for sixteen hours, from 4 A. M. till 8 P. M., just to see how many visits the parent birds made to their young. He found that in that time 312 visits to the four young were made, 119 by the male and 193 by the female. If we suppose only six insects to have been brought at each visit, this pair of birds would have destroyed, for their young alone, in this one summer's day, not far from 2,000 insects. The important relations which our birds bear to the agricultural interests and so to the general welfare, are recognized by the governments of all our States. Laws exist for their protection, but these laws are rendered inoperative by the lack of an intelligent public sentiment to support them. They are nowhere enforced. It is for the interest of every one that such a public sentiment should be created.

It is time that this destruction were stopped.

### PURPOSE OF THE AUDUBON SOCIETY.

To secure the protection of our birds by awakening a better sentiment, the Audubon Society, named after the greatest of American ornithologists, has been founded. The objects sought to be accomplished by this Society are to prevent as far as possible—

- (1) The killing of any wild bird not used for food.
- (2) The taking or destroying of the eggs or nests of any wild birds.
- (3) The wearing of the feathers of wild birds. Ostrich feathers, whether from wild or tame birds, and those of domestic fowls, are specially exempted.

The Audubon Society aims especially to preserve those

birds which are now practically without protection. Our game birds are already protected by law, and in large measure by public sentiment, and their care may be left to the sportsman. The great aim of the Society is the protection of American non-game birds. The English sparrow is not included in our lists.

### PLAN OF THE WORK.

Obviously the Society cannot supply any machinery of compulsion to lead individuals and communities to a higher regard for bird life and to efforts for its protection. Nor are compulsory measures thought necessary. The wrong is tolerated not only because of thoughtlessness and indifference. The birds are killed for millinery purposes. So long as fashion demands bird feathers, the birds will be slaughtered. The remedy is to be found in the awakening of a healthy public sentiment on the subject. If this enormous destruction of birds can once be put in its true light before the eyes of men and women and young folks, if interest be aroused and sentiment created, the great wrong must cease. To so present the case to the people as to awaken this corrective sentiment is the special work contemplated by the Audubon Society. The methods adopted are very simple. Pledges are furnished, subscription to which constitutes membership, and certificates are issued to members.

### TERMS OF MEMBERSHIP.

The signing of any of the pledges will qualify one for membership in the Society. It is earnestly desired that each member may sign all three of the pledges. Beyond the promise contained in the pledge no obligation nor responsibility is incurred. There are no fees, nor dues, nor any expenses of any kind. There are no conditions as to age. The boys and girls are invited to take part in the work, for they can often do more than others to practically protect the nesting birds. All who are interested in the subject are invited to become members, and to urge their friends to join the Society. If each man, woman or child who reads this circular will exert his or her influence, it will not take long to enlist in the good work a great number of people actively concerned in the protection of our birds. It is desired that members may be enrolled in every town and village throughout the land, so that by the moral weight of its influence this Society may check the slaughter of our beautiful songsters. The beneficent influence of the Audubon Society should be exerted in every remotest by-way where the songs of birds fill the air, and in every crowded city where the plumes of slain songsters are worn as an article of dress.

### ASSOCIATE MEMBERS.

As there are a very great number of people in full sympathy with the Audubon movement, and ready to lend it their moral support, but who refrain from joining the Society simply because they find it distasteful to sign a pledge, it has been determined to form a class of Associate Members. Any one expressing his or her sympathy with the objects of the Audubon Society and submitting a written request for membership to any local secretary, will be enrolled on the list of Associate Members. All such applications for membership received by local secretaries of the Society should be forwarded to the General Secretary for registration.

### LOCAL SECRETARIES.

The Society has local secretaries in cities, towns and villages. The local secretary will furnish this circular of information and pledge forms; will receive the signed pledges, keep a list of the members, forward a duplicate list with the pledges for enrollment and file at the Society's office; and will receive in return certificates of membership, to be filled out and signed by the local secretary and given to the members. No certificate of membership will be issued to any person except upon the receipt of a signed pledge at the office of the Society. Where no local secretary has yet been appointed, individual applicants for membership may address the Society at its office, No. 40 Park Row, New York.

If there is no local secretary in your town, you are invited to act as such yourself, or to hand this to some other person who will accept the office. Upon application we will supply copies of this circular and pledge forms.

### THE AUDUBON SOCIETY CERTIFICATE.

The Society furnishes to each member a handsome certificate of membership. This bears a portrait of the great naturalist, John James Audubon, after whom the Society very appropriately takes its name.

The office of the Society is at 40 Park Row, New York city. All communications should be addressed

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THE CHIMNEY SWIFT.

( *Chatura pelagica* (LINN.) )

# THE AUDUBON MAGAZINE.

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JOHN JAMES AUDUBON.

IV.

THE State of Kentucky, at the time when Audubon moved thither, still preserved much of its frontier character. It had been settled about thirty-four years, and had been one of the States of the Union for sixteen, but the actors who had taken part in the stirring events of its conquest were still alive, and the memory of the pleasures and hardships of their march from Virginia through the forests and over the mountains to the banks of the Ohio, were still fresh in their memory. Men not yet past middle life had taken part in the Indian wars of the early days, and had been members of Colonel Clark's little band of two hundred men, who wrested from the British, Kaskaskia and Vincennes, and secured to the State of Virginia the fertile territory of Illinois.

These stalwart sons of the Old Dominion, gigantic in strength and stature, self-reliant, and ignorant of fear, were devoted to outdoor life, and had been trained in the severe school which made them experts in the use of weapons of the chase or of war. In those early days, the rifle had been as much a part of a man's equipment as the ax. It was not less necessary for defense than to supply food to the family, and instruction in its use was a necessary part of the education of every boy. Traveling through a trackless wilderness, where turkeys, deer, bears and buffalo were every-

where abundant, and where the fierce savage had his home, the handling of the rifle was part of a man's work, not his recreation.

At the time of which Audubon writes, this state of things had measurably passed away. The necessity for this expertness no longer existed, but the training which had induced it still remained. Now, men used the arm in hunting for sport as much as for a supply of food, and this practice, together with the frequent trials of skill in the use of this weapon, still kept the Kentuckians the best rifle shots on the frontier. Living among such a people, and interested as he was in all that pertained to outdoor life, we may imagine that exhibitions of this skill would have had a fascination for Audubon. He tells us of the methods in which it was exhibited in the following language: "We have individuals in Kentucky, that even there are considered wonderful adepts in the management of the rifle. To *drive a nail* is a common feat, not more thought of by the Kentuckians than to cut off a wild turkey's head, at a distance of a hundred yards. Others will *bark* off squirrels, one after another, until satisfied with the number procured. Some, less intent on destroying game, may be seen under night *snuffing a candle* at the distance of fifty yards, off-hand, without extinguishing it. I have been told that some have

proved so expert and cool, as to make choice of the eye of a foe at a wonderful distance, boasting beforehand of the sureness of their aim, which has afterward been fully proved when the enemy's head has been examined.

"Some individuals who conceive themselves expert in the management of the gun are often seen to meet for the purpose of displaying their skill, and betting a trifling sum, put up a target, in the center of which a common-sized nail is hammered for about two-thirds of its length. The marksmen make choice of what they consider a proper distance, which may be forty paces. Each man cleans the interior of his tube, which is called wiping it, places a ball in the palm of his hand, pouring as much powder from his horn upon it as will cover it. This quantity is supposed to be sufficient for any distance within a hundred yards. A shot which comes very close to the nail is considered as that of an indifferent marksman; the bending of the nail is, of course, somewhat better; but nothing less than hitting it right on the head is satisfactory. Well, kind reader, one out of three shots generally hits the nail, and should the shooters amount to half a dozen, two nails are frequently needed before each can have a shot. Those who drive the nail have a further trial amongst themselves, and the two best shots out of these generally settle the affair, when all the sportsmen adjourn to some house, and spend an hour or two in friendly intercourse, appointing before they part, a day for another trial. This is technically termed *Driving the Nail*."

Another style of rifle shooting is termed barking off squirrels. It requires great skill, and Audubon was fortunate in seeing it practiced first by Daniel Boone, the pioneer settler and Indian fighter of early Kentucky days. He says:

"We walked out together and followed the rocky margin of the Kentucky River,

until we reached a piece of flat land thickly covered with black walnuts, oaks and hickories. As the general mast was a good one that year, squirrels were seen gambolling on every tree around us. My companion, a stout, hale, athletic man, dressed in a homespun hunting shirt, bare-legged and moccasined, carried a long heavy rifle, which, as he was loading it, he said had proved efficient in all his former undertakings, and which he hoped would not fail on this occasion, as he felt proud to show me his skill. The gun was wiped, the powder measured, the ball patched with six-hundred-thread linen, and the charge sent home with a hickory rod. We moved not a step from the place, for the squirrels were so numerous that it was unnecessary to go after them. Boone pointed to one of these animals, which had observed us, and was crouched on a branch about fifty paces distant, and bade me mark well the spot where the ball should hit. He raised his piece gradually, until the *bead* (that being the name given by the Kentuckians to the sight) of the barrel was brought to a line with the spot which he intended to hit. The whip-like report resounded through the woods and along the hills in repeated echoes. Judge of my surprise when I perceived that the ball had hit the piece of the bark immediately beneath the squirrel, and shivered it into splinters, the concussion produced by which had killed the animal, and sent it whirling through the air, as if it had been blown up by the explosion of a powder magazine."

This method of shooting squirrels is still practiced in Kentucky and Ohio. Perhaps the most difficult of any of these exhibitions of skill is what is termed "snuffing the candle." Of this Audubon says:

"The *snuffing of a candle* with a ball I first had an opportunity of seeing near the banks of Green River, not far from a large pigeon roost, to which I had previously made a visit. I heard many reports of

guns during the early part of a dark night, and knowing them to be those of rifles, I went to the spot to ascertain the cause. On reaching the place, I was welcomed by a dozen tall, stout men, who told me they were exercising for the purpose of enabling them to shoot under night at the reflected light from the eyes of a deer or wolf, by torchlight \* \* \* A fire was blazing near, the smoke of which rose curling among the thick foliage of the trees. At a distance which rendered it scarcely distinguishable, stood a burning candle, as if intended for an offering to the goddess of night, but which in reality was only fifty yards from the spot on which we all stood. One man was within a few yards of it, to watch the effects of the shots, as well as to light the candle should it chance to go out, or to replace it should the shot cut it across. Each marksman shot in his turn. Some never hit either the snuff or the candle, and were congratulated with a loud laugh; while others actually snuffed the candle without putting it out, and were recompensed for their dexterity by numerous

hurrahs. One of them, who was particularly expert, was very fortunate, and snuffed the candle three times out of seven, whilst all the other shots either put out the candle, or cut it immediately under the light."

It was amid scenes such as these that Audubon passed what were no doubt some of the happiest years of his life. He entered with his whole soul into the life of the people, and has left us many faithful and graphic pen pictures of the primitive amusements of the time. He describes a barbecue, a maple sugar camp, a coon hunt, wolf trapping and many other features of Kentucky life, which, while they were common enough then, have now long passed into desuetude, and are almost forgotten.

But during all these pleasant years Audubon did not forget his beloved birds. His principal occupation was still studying their habits, looking for new species and investigating new facts about those well known to him. In our next chapter we shall accompany him on an ornithological expedition down the Mississippi River.

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#### THE CHIMNEY SWIFT.

ALMOST every one who has lived much in the country knows the Chimney "Swallow," the swift-flying little sooty bird that is constantly skimming over the fields, high up in the sky in fair weather, and low down when the atmosphere is damp and a storm is threatening. In May and early June they are often seen chasing one another through the air with low twitterings, and a little later in the season, the young can sometimes be heard in the chimneys calling loudly to their parents for food.

Although the Chimney Swifts are so abundant, and may be seen any day by hundreds, we do not believe that any of our young readers have ever seen one at

rest. They are thought never to alight on the branches of trees or on the ground, but spend all their time on the wing, except at night when they retire to their resting places in chimneys or in hollow trees.

This bird leaves the north early in August for its winter home in Mexico and Central America, some of them passing even as far as South America. They return late in the spring, reaching the Middle States about May 20th, and Northern Maine and New Brunswick about the last of that month.

In early days, the Chimney Swifts built their nests in hollow trees, and no doubt they still make use of such places to a limited extent in thinly settled districts, but by

far the greater number of the birds that are seen in the East and Middle West have taken advantage of chimneys, which are not used in summer, and build and roost in them. From this habit comes the common name Chimney "Swallow."

And yet the ornithologist will tell you that these little birds are not swallows at all, although they look so much like them. They are classed by most of these scientific gentlemen as belonging to the order *Picariæ*. This group of birds contains a great many different and widely diverse kinds, which are put together in one order more because they are unlike any other birds than because they seem to have relationships with each other. This order contains the swifts, the goatsuckers—of which our night hawk and whippoorwill are examples—the humming-birds, the cuckoos and their relatives, and the woodpeckers, so that you can easily see that there are a great many different sorts of birds in it. But whatever the Chimney "Swallows" really are, it is enough for our purpose now that they seem like swallows, and are called so.

Soon after they get here in spring they begin to make arrangements for their house-keeping. After they have chosen their mates, the next thing is to select a place for their nests. If they are a pair of old birds, this does not take them long, for they will be likely to return to the chimney which was occupied by one or both of them the year before. The nest is a curious structure and is built in a curious way. It is made of small dry twigs, which are at first glued to the side of the chimney, by means of a gummy saliva, which the birds secrete, and then are crossed on and glued to each other so as to form a platform, which is slightly hollow on top, so that there is no danger of the eggs rolling off from it. These are from four to six in number and are pure white in color.

Sometimes, either because the weight of

the young birds is too great for it to support, or because the glue which holds the sticks to the side of the chimney has been weakened by rain falling on it, the nest breaks away from its position and drops down to the bottom of the chimney. If this occurs when the nestlings are very young, they must all perish, but if they are partially fledged they stick their sharp little claws in the side of the chimney wall, and clamber up again to the top, where they may sometimes be seen taking food from the parent birds.

You may wonder where the Chimney Swifts get the little sticks with which they build their nests, if they never alight on the ground nor on the trees. Well, they break them off the trees as they are flying by, and perhaps some day this spring, if you watch the Swifts, you may see them do it. They fly by some tree which has tiny dead twigs on it, and as they go past these they reach out their little feet, grasp a twig, and by their weight break it away, and carry it off with them. You can see from this what small twigs they must use. They are such little birds that they could not break off anything that was very strong.

It will have been noticed that the Chimney Swift is in many ways rather a curious bird. It is quite unlike most of our birds in its structure, is peculiar in its nesting habits not only in the way in which it gathers the materials for its dwelling, but also in the means it employs to fasten these materials together and to the surface which supports them. There is perhaps nothing, however, in which this bird is more peculiar than in its roosting habits. The places which it chooses for passing the night are often large enough to afford room for thousands of birds, and are usually either hollow trees or large disused chimneys. During a short period just previous to their migration southward these birds resort to such chosen places in enormous numbers.

An admirable description of one of these



roosting trees and its inhabitants, which Audubon saw in Kentucky, is given in the second volume of his "Ornithological Biographies," page 331. He says of this tree: "I found it to be a sycamore, nearly destitute of branches, sixty or seventy feet high, between seven and eight feet in diameter at the base, and about five for the distance of forty feet up, where the stump of a broken hollow branch, about two feet in diameter, made out from the main stem. This was the place at which the Swallows entered. On closely examining the tree, I found it hard, but hollow to near the roots. It was now about four o'clock afternoon, in the month of July. Swallows were flying over Jeffersonville, Louisville, and the woods around, but there were none near the tree. I proceeded home, and shortly after returned on foot. The sun was going down behind the Silver Hills; the evening was beautiful, thousands of Swallows were flying closely above me, and three or four at a time were pitching into the hole, like bees hurrying into their hive. I remained, my head leaning on the tree, listening to the roaring noise made within by the birds as they settled and arranged themselves until it was quite dark, when I left the place, although I was convinced that many more had to enter. I did not pretend to count them, for the number was too great, and the birds rushed to the entrance so thick as to baffle the attempt. I had scarcely returned to Louisville when a violent thunderstorm passed over the town, and its appearance made me think that the hurry of the Swallows to enter the tree was caused by their anxiety to avoid it. I thought of the Swallows almost the whole night, so anxious had I become to ascertain their number before the time of their departure should arrive.

"Next morning I rose early enough to reach the place long before the least appearance of daylight, and placed my head against the tree. All was silent within. I

remained in that position probably twenty minutes, when suddenly I thought the great tree was giving way and coming down upon me. Instinctively I sprang from it, but when I looked up to it again, what was my astonishment to see it standing as firm as ever. The Swallows were now pouring out in a black continued stream. I ran back to my post, and listened in amazement to the noise within, which I could compare to nothing else than the sound of a large wheel revolving under a powerful stream. It was yet dusky, so that I could hardly see the hour on my watch, but I estimated the time which they took in getting out at more than thirty minutes. After their departure no noise was heard within, and they dispersed in every direction with the quickness of thought.

"I immediately formed the project of examining the interior of the tree, which, as my kind friend Major Croghan had told me, proved the most remarkable I had ever met with. This I did in company with a hunting associate. We went provided with a strong line and a rope, the first of which we, after several trials, succeeded in throwing across the broken branch. Fastening the rope to the line we drew it up and pulled it over until it reached the ground again. Provided with the longest cane we could find, I mounted the tree by the rope without accident, and at length seated myself at ease on the broken branch, but my labor was fruitless, for I could see nothing through the hole, and the cane, which was about fifteen feet long, touched nothing on the sides of the tree within that could give any information. I came down fatigued and disappointed. The next day I hired a man who cut a hole at the base of the tree. The shell was only eight or nine inches thick, and the axe soon brought the inside to view, disclosing a matted mass of exuviae, with rotten feathers reduced to a kind of mould, in which, however, I could perceive fragments of insects and quills. I had a pas-

sage cleared, or rather bored through this mass, for nearly six feet. This operation took a good deal of time, and knowing by experience that if the birds should notice the hole below they would abandon the tree, I had it carefully closed. The Swallows came as usual that night, and I did not disturb them for several days. At last, provided with a dark lantern, I went with my companion about nine in the evening, determined to have a full view of the interior of the tree. The hole was opened with caution. I scrambled up the sides of the mass of exuviae, and my companion followed. All was perfectly silent. Slowly and gradually I brought the light of the lantern to bear on the sides of the hole above us, when we saw the swallows clinging side by side, covering the whole surface of the excavation. In no instance did I see one above another. Satisfied with the sight I closed the lantern. We then \* \* \* \* slid down into the open air. \* \* \* \* \*

“Let us now make a rough calculation of the number that clung to the tree. The space beginning at the pile of feathers and moulded exuviae, and ending at the entrance of the hole above, might be fully 25 feet in height, with a breadth of 15 feet, supposing the tree to be five feet in diameter at an average. There would thus be 375 five feet square of surface. Each square foot, allowing a bird to cover a space of 3 inches by  $1\frac{1}{2}$ , which is more than enough, judging from the manner in which they were packed, would contain 32 birds. The number of Swallows, therefore, that roosted in this single tree was 9,000 [12,000].

“I watched the motions of the Swallows, and when the young birds that had been raised in the chimneys of Louisville, Jeffersonville, and the houses of the neighborhood, or the trees suited for the purpose, had left their native recesses, I visited the tree on the second day of August. I concluded that the number resorting to it had

not increased, but I found many more females and young, than males. \* \* \*

“Day after day I watched the tree. On the 13th of August, not more than two or three hundred came there to roost. On the 18th of the same month, not one did I see near it, and only a few scattered individuals were passing, as if moving southward. In September, I entered the tree at night, but not a bird was in it. Once more I went to it in February, when the weather was very cold; and perfectly satisfied that all these Swallows had left our country I finally closed the entrance and left off visiting.”

We were fortunate enough one summer to witness the assemblage and descent into their roosting place of a great throng of Chimney Swifts. The place chosen was a large old-fashioned chimney rising from the middle of a long low house on the main street of a little Connecticut village, and the time was the last of June. The Swifts began to gather about the house half an hour before sunset, and to swing around it in a large ellipse. As the sun sank lower and lower, the number of birds greatly increased, and the ellipse grew smaller, and gradually changed its form to that of a circle. The sound of wings and the chattering was audible at a distance of a hundred yards.

Presently a few birds swung off from the inside of the flying mass and turned, by gradually decreasing circles, toward the chimney, into which they dropped. Others followed, the line becoming constantly thicker, and the outer circle growing constantly smaller. By the time the sun had set, the birds had all gathered about the chimney and the mass looked like a huge whirling funnel, whose lower and smaller end was within the chimney. This funnel was perhaps twelve feet in height and twelve feet across at the top, and yet two-thirds of the birds had disappeared within the chimney. It grew smaller quite rapidly, but all had not gone in when it became too

dark to distinguish the birds. It seemed that there must have been thousands of them.

The Chimney Swift is to some degree nocturnal in its habits, and where they have their nests in chimneys, it is not at all unusual to hear at night the muffled roar of their wings, as the parents descend to their nests, and the answering cries of the eager young who are waiting for food.

Another subject in connection with the Chimney Swift is extremely interesting. In times past it was generally believed that the swallows passed the winter months in a state of torpor buried in the mud at the bottom of lakes and slow-flowing streams. Some thought that these birds turned to frogs at the approach of cold weather, and remaining in the streams while they were frozen and the ground covered with snow, came to the surface when the ice had disappeared, again donned their feathers and once more became the winged beauties that we see disporting themselves over our fields and about our homes. This was believed of other birds also. Now the Swifts, as has been said, very closely resemble the swallows in many of their external characters, and the belief about the swallows extended to them also.

There is a great mass of testimony in support of this belief, most of it ancient, but some quite modern. Thus the Duke of Argyle, in an article printed in *Nature* in April, 1877, quotes Sir John McNeill, who says: "I have stated and I now repeat that I have seen swallows in large numbers hibernating," and in *Field and Forest* in August, 1877, Mr. R. R. McLeod quotes two "reliable" persons who give circumstantial accounts of the finding of swallows (or Swifts) buried in the mud.

No less an authority than Dr. Coues seems to have a slight leaning toward this ancient belief, or perhaps it is more just to say that he regards the evidence in support of it as too important to be dismissed

with a sneer. He does not at all admit any belief in the hibernation of swallows in the mud or under water, but he does state plainly that he believes that the Chimney Swift hibernates in winter. He says: "I suppose that it hibernates in hollow trees, and could give reasons for the supposition." It may be said, however, that scientific men in general place not the slightest faith in the legendary belief, and until the testimony on the subject has been accepted by them, we need not trouble ourselves about the matter.

Few birds are more destructive to insects than the Chimney Swift. It lives exclusively upon them, and spends its whole life upon the wing in their pursuit. Naturalists have taken specimens whose mouths and throats were crammed so full of mosquitoes and other noxious insects that these would fall out when the beak was open. The bird does absolutely no harm and should never be killed.

Many of our birds, especially those which are climbers, such as woodpeckers and creepers, use the tail as a partial support when scrambling about on vertical surfaces. The Chimney Swift always rests in an upright position, clinging to some perpendicular surface with its feet, and supporting itself by its tail, which is greatly modified to meet the needs of such a habit. The shafts of the tail feathers terminate in sharp, needle-like spines.

Since the Chimney Swift is such an interesting bird, and at the same time so abundant with us during the warm weather, it would be worth the while for our young readers to watch it this summer and learn what they can of its habits.

The Chimney Swift is about five inches in length, and nearly twelve in extent of wings, the latter being very long indeed, and extending two or more inches beyond the tail. In color it is sooty brown above, often with a greenish gloss; the wings are black. Below it is paler, becoming gray on the throat.

## CHARLEY'S WONDERFUL JOURNEY.

### III.

"YOU had better hurry up, or you'll be late for school," said the Fox as he trotted up behind Charley.

Charley wasn't even thinking about where he was going, but when he saw the Fox with his satchel over his back, and put his hand to the strap of his own satchel, he began to step out briskly.

"Look," said the Fox, "the scholars are all going in."

Charley just gave one glance, and saw the school house with the door open, and the Kids and Lambs and Calves and Geese and Chickens and all the other scholars, and he too set off running.

The Fox got before him and reached the door just as the Dog was going to close it, and kept him talking until Charley got in.

Charley looked around the room and saw all the animals, and when he looked at the far end and saw a raised platform, with a desk, and a Donkey leaning against it with a pen behind his ear, he saw at once that he was in a new school.

"Is this the new scholar?" asked the Donkey.

"Yes, sir," said Charley.

"Then step forward," said the Donkey, "and see if you can tell us what you are in."

"If you please, sir," said Charley, "I'm in reading, writing and arith—"

At this the whole school burst into uproarious laughter.

"Silence," said the Donkey; "now step up here Goosey junior, and see if you know what you're in."

"Please, sir," said Goosey junior, "I'm in school."

"Of course you are," said the Donkey, "we all are—and don't you forget it—" "Now," said he, turning again to Charley, "I suppose you know something about arithmetic?"

"Yes, sir," said Charley.

"Then take one from one, and tell me how many are left."

"There are none left," said Charley.

"Indeed," said the Donkey, sarcastically, "I should like to know where you've been to school. We are not satisfied with theories here, sir, we want proofs. Now put your two hands together. Yes—so. Now take one from one."

"Please, sir; that way there are two left," said Charley, as he drew his hands apart.

At this there was another laugh, which made Charley feel very much mortified.

"Step out here Master Pig," said the Donkey, "and tell us how many are left?"

"There's only one left," said the Pig, "the other is right."

"Quite right," said the Donkey. Turning to Charley, he said, "It's no use trying to answer questions by rote without thinking. That won't do for this school. I must have proof. If an answer is right it can always be proved. Now, take two from one?"

"Two from one, you can't," said Charley, and he said it this time as if he knew it was right.

"Take two from one, you cannot?" exclaimed the Donkey. "Now tell me, did you ever try?"

"No, sir," said Charley.

"Then, why do you say you cannot, if you never tried?"

"Fox senior, can't you take two from one?"

"I have done it, sir," said Fox senior.

"I thought so," said the Donkey. "Now tell us how it is done?"

"Please, sir," said Fox senior, "there was a Goose with a whole flock of Goslings, and I asked her to bring them over to play with my little brothers and sisters, and when she wouldn't I took two from her."

"I don't know about the morality of the

act," said the Donkey, "but arithmetically speaking you are quite right. If one has more than two, and you want two of them, it's no use saying two from one you cannot, you've got to try anyhow."

"But that'll do for to-day, for hard work," continued the Donkey, "you can relax now and dance. Those with four legs will dance on two, and those with only two legs will dance on one."

Charley led off on one leg with the Fox for a partner. The music was lively, the fun fast and furious, and just as they were getting tired, the

"You change with me," said the Fox to Charley, and although Charley was puzzled, he put his hands to his head like



the rest of them, and almost before he knew what he was doing he had whipped it off, exchanged with the Fox, and burst out laughing when he saw how droll the Fox looked with his head on.

All the other scholars exchanged heads with their partners, the Pig with the Goat, the Calf with the Sheep, the Dog with the Rabbit, the Duck with the Rooster, the Goose with the Turkey, and so on; and when the music struck up, and they began dancing again, Charley thought he had never seen anything so droll; his own head looked as if it was just going to cry, and although Charley felt really

Donkey ordered the scholars to come to a halt, and the music stopped.

"Now, change heads," said the Donkey, after they had rested a little.

sorry for it, he could not look at it without laughing.

Again the music stopped for a minute.

"Now," said the Donkey, "you can't

change heads again, that's contrary to the rules, but if you have anything else to propose, I am ready to listen to it."

At this Charley's head burst out crying, and the whole school appeared ready to follow its example, only Charley enjoyed the fun. All the same he felt sorry for his own head from the bottom of his heart. So he turned to the Donkey and said, "We have gone so far, we may as well change bodies too, now."

No sooner said than done. They all changed bodies with their partners. Charley's head got his own body back again, and felt and looked quite comforted.

"Now," said the Donkey, addressing Charley, "are you the boy or the Fox?"

"Please, sir; I'm the boy," said Charley.

"Now, how can that be?" said the Donkey. "You first gave your head to the Fox in exchange for his, didn't you?"

"Yes, sir."

"And then you gave him your body in exchange for his?"

"Yes, sir."

"And after changing you still think you are the same as before?"

"Please, sir," said Charley—but he didn't know what more to say.

"Never mind," said the Donkey, "it is a difficult problem, and no wonder it puzzles you. A great deal might be said on both sides, and I should like nothing better than to sit down with a clever lawyer and argue it out. Now we will have a drawing lesson, take your slates all of you and draw a schoolmaster."

All the scholars took their slates and began drawing away very busily.

Charley soon finished his drawing, but he wanted to see some of the other scholars hand theirs up first.

"Are you all ready?" asked the Donkey.

"Not yet, sir," came a chorus of voices.

"I am, sir," said Charley, as he handed up his slate.

The Donkey looked at it, rubbed his eyes,

looked at it again; finally he adjusted his spectacles, and this is what he saw.



"You young scoundrel," said he, dancing with rage, "I'll teach you!"

With the words he sprang from the platform, but at that moment the Cock crew, the school house vanished, the Geese cackled, the Lambs and Kids bleated, and the Donkey, instead of finishing the sentence as he intended to, kept saying "You-eh! you-eh! you-eh!" in fact, he brayed like an ordinary Donkey, dashing out with his heels.

Charley sprang out of the way, and in doing so sprang up in bed. The Donkey kept on braying. There could be no mistake about that, but to make sure, Charley crept to the window, and looking out in the gray dawn, saw him with his own eyes. There too, was the Rooster, whose shrill clarion had roused the echoing morn only a few minutes before.

But it was cold, and Charley crept back into bed and soon fell asleep again, and when his mother awoke him he had forgotten all about his dream. He knew he had been dreaming, of course, but he couldn't remember what it was about, and never could think of it until one day a long time after when he was in school, he heard one of the boys say "two from one you cannot," when he sprang up in his place and said, "Please, sir, you cannot if you don't try."

CHAS. F. AMERY.

## BYRAM AND GHOPAL.

### II.

#### GHOPAL BECOMES A FAQUIR.

LITTLE sleep had Ghopal that night, for he determined on a change of life, and lay long indulging in waking dreams. Before daybreak he started up, fastened on his dhoty,\* took a small supply of unleavened bread, for he was afraid to beg anywhere near his own home, put on a new pair of yellow slippers, ornamented with red morocco, which did not exactly correspond with his Faquir's habit, and before the day had fairly broken, he was on the road, staff in hand, and passed the pottery without a pang of regret. On the morning of the third day, he reached the city of Halla with one solitary pie† in his girdle. He had asked for alms from village to village, and got sufficient bread and rice for his needs, and a pull of the hookah in every village, but of money no one gave him; he found the pie on the road. "After all," said Ghopal, "What does a man need more, that he should consume his days in toiling for it? Clothes are not pleasant to wear this hot weather, and having food and a charpoy‡ on which to lie down at night, let me be a philosopher and content."

Ghopal made these reflections as he sat on his charpoy in the Halla Caravanserai preparatory to lying down for the night. Then taking off his slippers, and leaving them under his bed, he was soon fast asleep.

In the morning he was awakened by the sound of voices, and of travelers moving to and fro preparing for their day's journey, and sitting up in bed, he reached out his hand and took his slippers. But imagine

\* A strip of rag or sash that is tied around the waist, and the free end passed from behind between the legs and fastened at the girdle in front.

† A quarter of a cent.

‡ A light bedstead made of sacking on a frame.

his consternation when he saw that they were alive with white ants, which had eaten hundreds of holes through the uppers, which now required very little to separate them from the soles. "Oh, Brahma!" exclaimed he, as he held up his slippers and looked at them, "how men flatter thee when they say that thou art the friend of men and omnipotent. If thou wert omnipotent thou couldst easily eradicate these destructive pests from the face of the earth, and if thou wert the friend of man thou wouldst do so, for they make all his labors vain, and nothing is safe from their attacks."

"Silence, oh thou impious and foolish one!" exclaimed a voice from a neighboring charpoy, and Ghopal, looking round, perceived a Faquir past middle age, with open, intelligent face, long, iron gray beard, and his head covered with what might have been mistaken for a horse hair rope, but which was really his own long iron gray hair twisted into ropes, and fastened round his head like a turban. Legs he had none, his stumps terminated at the knee.

"Foolish thyself," replied Ghopal, "if thou assertest that the white ant is not a pest without one redeeming quality."

"Oh, ignorant one," exclaimed the Faquir, "What knowest thou of the white ant and the task assigned to him by Brahma? Go and study nature and learn that all living creatures are the friends of man and necessary to his existence."

"Assertion is not argument," said Ghopal, "and I think I know something about the white ant, and need not go far to find a few more living creatures whose friendship I would rather be without. If to get into the beams and rafters of a house and eat out all the inside of them, leaving

a mere shell, is to be the friend of man, then the white ant is his friend. If to destroy everything made of wood, or leather, or paper, or wool, and every other vegetable and animal substance, which man has prepared with toil, is to be the friend of man, the white ant is his friend. If to attack the roots of fruit trees and kill them is to be the friend of man, then the white ant is his friend."

Then said the Faquir, smiling: "It is plain enough that thou art no Faquir, vowed to poverty, but an idle vagabond, assuming the guise, that thou mayest eat thy bread without labor. Come now, thou art a stout,



sturdy fellow, and I will make a contract with thee. As thou seest, I have no legs. My pious father had them cut off, to guard me from the risk of inadvertently trampling on a worm, and all the world knows me as Byram the Legless. Pious Hindoos everywhere give alms liberally to enable me to hire the services of some sturdy knave to carry me from village to village on his shoulders. Thou shalt perform that office, and I will make thee my disciple and dispute with thee by the way. Every day thou shalt be at liberty to find one fault with Brahma and His work. If I vindicate Him and prove thee wrong, thou shalt eat thy fill of food, but of wages thou shalt

have none; if, on the contrary, thou perplexest me with objections which I cannot answer, the money collected in alms shall all be thine."

Ghopal pricked up his ears at this, and advanced to the side of Byram's bed, passed his left arm under his stumps, and with his right arm behind Byram's back, lifted him off the bed and poised him in his arms.

"Thou art no great weight," said Ghopal as he laid him down again, "but tell me, holy Faquir, suppose I win a victory after numerous defeats only, shall I take the alms collected for that day alone, or the accumulation of all the preceding days?" And Byram said, "What need have Faquirs to accumulate money? Pious people give me coppers to pay the wages of the knave who carries me on his shoulders, but as all are anxious to subscribe to so pious a duty, no one knows how much others have given, and I receive tenfold what I need, but all know that whatever the surplus, it is given in charity. The surplus of to-day is given to the necessitous people I may meet to-morrow."

"And by this indiscriminate charity," said Ghopal, "thou frequently doest more harm than good."

"It may be so," said Byram, "but if we act as our consciences dictate, we have no need to concern ourselves with the consequences, many of which no man can foresee. The one thing we may be sure of is, that good and evil deeds invariably bring their own recompense to ourselves."

"Wilt thou in all cases forbear to give alms until thou hast disputed the matter with me, and silenced my objections?" said Ghopal.

"Thou art a shrewd fellow," said Byram laughing, "for I cannot say that my gifts are always bestowed with judgment, but it shall be as thou sayest. The money I have in my girdle shall be given in alms at my discretion, but the collection of to-day and henceforth shall not be touched, for any



cases, until after I shall have answered all thy objections."

"It is a bargain," said Ghopal, who even during the discussion had ample evidence of the little esteem in which he was held in comparison with his new acquaintance.

Every party of travelers as they prepared to leave the Serai, approached Byram's cot with meal and rice, or raisins or dried dates, unleavened bread, or a bowl of milk, and set them before him, and when the offerings were brought Byram turned with a smile to the donors, and touched each gift with his right hand to signify thankful acceptance. But of Ghopal they took no heed.

Then Byram called a Munshi or Scribe, and said, "Oh, Munshi, I have entered into a compact with this man, and do thou now

commit it to writing that all men may know the parties to the contract and the terms, and that there be no disputes hereafter."

Byram smiled when Ghopal described himself as Ghopal the potter, for he knew well he was no Brahmin.

When this was done, Byram set aside about a tenth part of all the gifts he had received, and, handing it to Ghopal, bade him take it to the great square in front of the Serai and scatter it for the birds and insects, and on his return Byram divided the bread and dates and raisins, and reserving one portion for himself gave the other to Ghopal, together with a bowl of milk; and they sat apart and ate their morning meal in silence, for a Brahmin may not eat with a potter.

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#### EARTH BUILDERS.

THERE are many people who roam through the forest or over the prairie, who see the fruitful soil everywhere bringing forth food for man and beast, who know that the same state of things has existed as long as man has lived on earth, but who never dream that an enormous amount of living energy was required to prepare the soil for man's occupancy, and that an equally enormous sacrifice of life is needed to maintain the soil in fruitful condition.

The farmer's experience has given him some clue to the truth—he knows if he keeps cropping the soil for all it will yield, without returning anything to it, its fertility will soon be exhausted. He knows, in fact, that crops want food to make them grow, that they find some of this food in the soil, and that after this food is all used up, it is no use trying to till the land any more until it is manured, or dressed with a fresh supply of plant food.

The farmer knows too that when land becomes so poor that it is no longer profit-

able to cultivate, it improves by lying fallow a few years. The soil gets fresh plant food from the air.

This can only be done by the agency of plants and animals. The life-work of every plant and tree and blade of grass that grows, is to live on the air and convert it into its own substance. The life-work of every insect and bird and beast that lives, is to convert the plant substance into animal substance. In doing this, all these creatures take something more from the air—not the same sort of food that plants take from it, but something different. This something, called nitrogen, which animals take from the air, is mixed in their stomachs with the vegetable food.

If plants and trees were simply to die where they live, they would not render the soil fertile; what they take from the air would go back to the air, and nothing would go back to the soil except the little they take up by their roots; just as when wood is burnt, nothing goes back to the

earth but the ashes which came from it. Peas and indigo and tea and coffee are exceptions, they take nitrogen from the air like animals. But almost every plant that grows is eaten by some creature, either in its green state, or when dry, or while it is going to decay. In this latter stage it is eaten by worms and other creatures, some of them so small that they are not visible without the aid of a microscope.

But everything is eaten, and although in the process of digestion something goes back to the air again, a large portion goes to enrich the soil with plant food, rendering it more fertile. A cow eating a ton of grass or hay, assisted by what it takes from the air, will make as much manure as will supply plant food to two or three tons of fresh grass.

And so it is that when the farmer finds his crops getting poorer and poorer every year, and leaves the land fallow, the worms and other creatures in the soil eat all the plant roots and dead leaves, and create plant food which provides for a crop of weeds; insects come to eat the weeds, and birds to eat the insects, and in a few years the fertility of the soil is restored in whole or in part. The worms and minute creatures in the soil convert the plants into what is called the vegetable mould, and the birds preying on worms and insects supply what is necessary to render the soil fertile for grain crops. The black soil is really not vegetable mould, because it has all passed through the worms and soil microbes, as the minute creatures are called, but until lately no one knew that.

This then is the secret of the earth's fertility. Every creature that lives returns more to the soil than it takes from it; it gives it all back with something added which it takes from the air—finally it gives its own body. Consequently, in a state of nature, the soil always tends to grow richer from year to year, from generation to generation.

If a new continent were suddenly to rise

from the ocean, man, oxen and horses could not live on it, because there would be no soil to grow grass or grain on. But some plants, and even some trees, want very little from the soil, they take almost everything from the air. The pine tree, you know, will grow in the cracks of rocky mountains. Such plants and trees would soon find all the food they want. By the time a vegetation of this sort had covered the surface, it would provide food for countless insects, which in their turn would become food for birds. In time the insects would cover the surface with black mould, and the birds, enriching it with their droppings, would render it fit to grow grass and grain, and thus prepare it for man and beast.

The old doctrine of transmigration of souls was a myth, and the modern view that all the noblest animals have descended from the lowliest cannot be proved; but the doctrine of transformation of bodies is a living reality—the self-same substances which plants take from the air enter into the living substance of animals, and are changed from living tissue to dead tissue, from animal tissue to vegetable tissue, and back again through a never ending series.

Perhaps the most wonderful fact in this connection is that one of the substances, called carbon, exists in the air in a quantity not sufficient to cover the whole dry land of the earth with mature forest at one time. The plants and animals of one generation must die, to set free the carbon needed for the next generation, so that the carbon, which constitutes more than a fourth of the bodies of living plants and animals, is the very self-same carbon which entered into the substance of the plants and animals of the pre-adamite ages, and of every generation that has lived since.

Nature is very lavish of all the other substances derived from the air. The rains and rivers of this country wash away about four inches of its surface every century,

and thus a great part of the plant food, which plants and animals take from the air, is carried to the ocean, necessitating the constant and universal activity of life and death to replace it by fresh drafts from the air; but nature is very economical of her carbon—animals give it back to the air with every breath, and plants as constantly take it in by their leaves.

But there is one substance necessary to men and animals, that is the phosphorus which enters into the formation of their bones and brain, which does not exist in the air, nor originally in the rocks. For this necessary substance we are indebted to the fish, which abstracted it from the waters of the ocean, used it to form their own bones, rendered it insoluble in water and left it at the bottom of the ocean, so that, when the continents were upheaved, the ocean mud was full of it; plants take it from the soil, and men and animals get the necessary supply in their food, and thus it is that man, the highest branch of the tree of life, has inherited the substance of his body, not only from all the past generations of life on earth, but he has also inherited some of his substance from the fishes which lived and died in the ocean which once flowed over this continent, and from the great creatures which lived on the dry land—the giant saurians of a bygone age. These giant reptiles, some of them fifty or sixty feet long, which swam in the water, paddled in the mud, and roamed over the dry land, and some of which flew through the air, left us their bones as an inheritance, so that we are their heirs.

The roots of the tree of life stretch downward and backward and derive their support from the earliest creatures that first put on the mystery of life in air and sea, when as yet no part of the earth's crust had raised itself above the ocean's level.

Every creature that lives is an earth builder; living it adds daily to the earth's crust; dying it builds its body into it.

Every drop of water in ocean, lake or river is full of living creatures, invisible to the naked eye; but dying by millions every minute, they fall to the bottom until their remains cover it with a bed of mud of vast thickness. Nothing lives in vain; creatures individually most insignificant, play most important parts as earth builders, and man could no more have existed without the lowly creatures which lived on earth before him, than the topmost branches of a tree could exist if there were no trunk and roots.

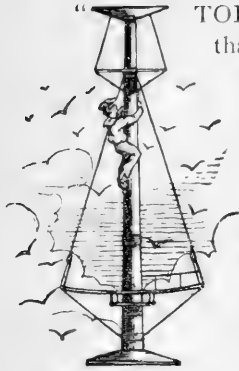
And thus not only in the past, but in this present, the creatures most important to man are the microscopic dwellers in the soil. The farmer may dress his land with stable manure, but unless these minute creatures were present to pass it through their own system, and create a mould of uniform quality, his returns would be but small.

Some experiments on the value of these minute creatures in converting leaf mould into plant food were recently undertaken by M. Laurent, and published in the London *Lancet*, as follows:

"Seeds of buckwheat were sown in four different kinds of mould. In the first flower-pot natural mould was employed; in the second the same earth sterilized and then inoculated with bacteria of the soil; in the third simply sterilized mould; and in the fourth sterilized mould with the addition of chemical manure. Precautions were taken to prevent contamination of the four receptacles (*Journal de Pharmacie et de Chimie*, No. 7). The production of wheat in each of the pots respectively was in the proportion of 94, 96, 23, 66. In all the experiments the third series was inferior to the others. The value of microbes in soil rich in organic detritus seems thereby to be proved."

Who would have supposed that such insignificant creatures could render man such important services?

## "SAILOR JACK."



"TOLD ye this morning that that little cloud in the west boded no good, and it's me own opinion that there'll be a gale blowing before we're many minutes older. One o' you lads skip aloft and take in them sails, and be quick about it, too, before they get so heavy with the rain that I'll have to come and do it myself."

"I'll do it," eagerly cried twelve-year-old Jack, who was heart and soul wrapped up in anything that smacked of nautical adventure, and was always the first to offer to undertake any seaman's duty, especially if it had a spice of danger about it. So he did "skip aloft," singing and whistling snatches of sailors' songs as he went. He soon stopped this, however, as it took all his breath and strength to face the biting wind, and cling to the wet and slippery spars.

The little black cloud had spread itself like a great heavy curtain over half the sky by this time, and large drops of rain were falling fast and thick. The gale had come, sure enough, and was here in all its force now,

lashing the waves into great breakers, and nearly blowing the little sailor off his perch.

Far off across the angry waters he could see a line of trees which fringed the coast, and just beyond lay the farm house of his dearest and best boy friend, with whom he had often hunted squirrels and possums in those very woods.

It was hard work for a boy of twelve to haul in the heavy, wet sail, but he rather pitied his friend Harry for not being able to share the fun and danger; and as he looked down, far below, at the surging breakers and the dashing spray, he felt a thrill of delight and an exultant sense of

freedom, together with a little pride, as he thought that he, little as he was, could do something toward managing the little craft, and helping her to battle with the fierce elements.

Perhaps you think that Jack was a runaway sailor boy? Oh, nothing of the kind. A life on the sea was his own free choice, to be sure, or rather, it would have been had he had to choose, but this little vessel had been his only home since he could remember, and he wouldn't have ex-

changed it for any place on earth.

When his work was done, he turned to come down the mast again, but alas! there was no ship after all, it was only a fancy



Jack had, while pulling up a third story window awning before the storm should break, and perhaps tear it into ribbons. The angry sea had changed to the wind-tossed rye field, and the spray to the flying dust from the turnpike, while the only thing real is the wood and Jack himself, whose head is always filled with dreams of the sea. The slippery spars are the now wet window sill, and the mast, which he is now rapidly descending, has changed to the steep bannisters.

"Come down, me hearty," cries Bridget

from below, "sure Oi've a noice hot supper for yez down here, and yer mamma's been axin' for ye this half hour."

With a sigh of regret, "sailor" Jack enters the dining room, exchanging for a hot "rainy night" supper, his delightful visions of

"A wet sheet and a flowing sea,  
And a wind that follows fast."

The initial cut represents Jack as he pictures himself to himself. In the central cut he is represented as others see him.

THISTLE.

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SUBSCRIBE TO THE "AUDUBON."

THE AUDUBON MAGAZINE was designed to serve two very important purposes. The first was to create a rational interest in birds and convey such instruction as to their usefulness to man as would tend to create a popular sentiment in favor of bird protection. The second was to create a fund sufficient to cover the incidental costs of the movement, and provide for its unlimited extension without any appeal to the public for funds in aid.

At the very low price at which the AUDUBON is published it goes without saying that a very large circulation will be required to cover the cost of publication, to say nothing of leaving a margin to meet the incidental expenses of expansion. It may be said, too, with equal justice, that a very large circulation is necessary to achieve the objects of the Society, by the creation of an intelligent and widespread popular sentiment in favor of bird protection.

It was confidently hoped that every member of the Society who could afford it would contribute his or her fifty cents a year to render the magazine a success, the more so that simply as a work of instruction in natural history the AUDUBON is by far the best and cheapest publication in the mar-

ket. It is a magazine which young people can read with pleasure and profit, and we appeal to every member of the Society not only to subscribe to the AUDUBON, but to use his or her personal influence to introduce it into the families of friends, remembering always that birds have their allotted tasks, the performance of which is essential to human welfare; that the birds on this continent are being rapidly exterminated, and that no legislation can be potent to arrest the evil, unless supported by an educated popular sentiment; further that the wider circulation of the AUDUBON MAGAZINE is necessary to the creation of that sentiment. The AUDUBON is already being used as a supplementary reader in a few schools, and we trust our friends in the educational service will do their best to render its employment general. Local secretaries can do and have done a great deal to increase our circulation. We are indebted to their good offices for the great bulk of the subscriptions we have received, but this is a matter in which every member should realize that it is only by general co-operation that the desired end can be achieved.

If all will strive to help the AUDUBON to a "good start," it may be relied on to make its own way later.

# THE AUDUBON NOTE BOOK.

## MEMBERSHIP RETURNS.

THE number of registered members on March 31 was 26,751, showing an increase during the month of 4,353 members, being about a thousand in excess of the greatest number registered in any previous month. The following table shows the proportion in which the several States of the Union and Canada contributed to this result, viz.:

New York.....	935	Maine .....	57
Pennsylvania.....	546	Maryland.....	38
Massachusetts.....	305	Vermont.....	10
New Jersey.....	206	Minnesota.....	26
Illinois.....	201	Georgia.....	25
Indiana.....	196	California.....	25
Michigan.....	739	District of Columbia.....	20
Ohio.....	167	Texas.....	10
Kansas.....	65	Virginia.....	11
Connecticut.....	64	West Virginia.....	5
Iowa.....	43	Colorado.....	8
Missouri.....	47	Tennessee.....	1
New Hampshire.....	46	Florida.....	1
Rhode Island.....	93	Canada.....	349
Wisconsin.....	44		

4353

## "LITTLE TOM."

HE was only a bird, little Tom, and a small one at that; but when his owner lost him, she found that he had a big place in her heart.

He was a canary, but instead of being of an uniform yellow color, he was beautifully marked; bright yellow and green were his colors, exquisitely shaded, his head being adorned with a bright green cap.

Little Tom was never confined to his cage, he had full liberty to roam about the house, and confidence begot confidence. I think he was fond of his mistress, at any rate he looked on her attentions as his proper right, and did not hesitate to take liberties with her.

Did she sleep too long in the morning, Little Tom would alight on her head and try to raise the heavy eyelashes, or in some way impress her with the importance of ministering to his needs, for he was a great advocate of early breakfasts.

Seated on her shoulder and picking seed from her hand or from between her lips he was very happy; but he sometimes became very angry. At such moments he would frown, drawing his green cap down over his eyes, flap his wings, screech, and prepare for battle, and when thus roused, none of the family cared to meddle with him. All knew by experience what a powerful sharp little beak he had, and how ready he was to use it when roused by a sense of wrong to vengeance.

Yes, little Tom was a part of her life in those days, his cunning ways endeared him to her, and she never thought of losing him, nor of the blank in her heart his loss would create, but his hour came; the little bird with his exquisite grace and cunning ways and gush of melody was destroyed by an old Maltese cat.

Years have passed, but little Tom is not forgotten, and to his influence upon his owner the Easton (Pa.) branch of the Audubon Society owes its origin. This branch will ere long have a numerical strength of a thousand, thanks to the organized activity of its boy members, with Albert M. Tomson at their head.

ANNIE FEIT DAVIS.

## ROBINS NORTH AND SOUTH.

A NEW YORK correspondent, who has been traveling in Virginia, expresses surprise at finding the robin there esteemed only as an article of food. Strange as this may have appeared to him, it must be remembered that the robin is looked upon very differently in the North and in the South, and this is because the bird itself and its associations are changed. The robin of the South is by no means the robin of the North; there is almost as complete a transformation as that of the bobolink of Northern meadows into the rice bird of Southern fields.

In the North the robin is a domestic bird; it nests confidently in the lilacs by the porch, is busy all day long in the yard and fields about the house, and at sunset sounds its cheery call from the topmost bough of the pear tree. From its first coming as one of the heralds of the glad springtime, and through the summer, it is a familiar and cherished part of the outdoor surroundings of every country home; of all birds it holds first place in the affections of old and young; and when the country boy goes to the city and grows up amid brick-walled streets, he always sees the home pair of robins in the picture of the little white farmhouse, memory so often recalls.

But summer ended, over the robin comes a change; he forgets his song, leaves his haunts in the door-yards, grows wild and shy, shuns mankind, and takes to the woods and swamps. Then going South, the birds gather in flocks, and lose the individuality which has so much to do with making them recognized and welcome in the North. They are no longer domestic in their ways, and there are no tender associations to protect them and stay the hand of the gunner. The mockingbird, not the robin, is the home bird of the South. Perhaps if the mockingbird,

leaving his music and his manners at home, should betake himself to the North, with companions in flock, all plump and delicious for a potpie, he might fare no better than the robin at the South; and then the traveler from Virginia or Georgia or Florida, encountering mockingbirds on New York hotel tables, would have good ground to suggest, as our correspondent does, that the residents of one section of the country should spare the birds dear to the people of another section. When the Audubon Society shall have accomplished its mission, all useful and beautiful birds will be protected everywhere, and like all citizens of a common country, enjoy security and immunity when they take a notion to travel.

#### MY PET RATS.

RATS are considered as vermin, and justly so. But I have a regard for every creature, and having nothing better to do, cultivated rats. I have a pair, Tiny and Tim, who afford me a good deal of amusement. They live in a box on my table, and are very clean and sociable. I find, after a good deal of observation, that the female is the more mischievous. The male is content to sit alone, and let his better half go foraging, keep house and do things generally. She stows away food for him, and he contentedly helps himself when nature prompts, but never comes out unless compelled to by thirst. I make it a rule to let both drink three times a day out of a cup on a marble table, from which they cannot fall, as they dare not jump down without measuring the distance they jump up. They are very intelligent and do many tricks which are easily taught them, such as sitting up, coming at call, etc. Each knows his or her name. Their great enemy is my setter, who does not relish the attention paid them.

GEO. P. WESSELHOEFT.

#### DO NOT KILL THE OWLS.

MANY years ago, when I owned a farm, owls were accustomed to come to my barn in late autumn, and remain in the barn during the entire winter. I never allowed one to be killed nor to be frightened by any one, as they destroyed more mice than a cat would catch. I had been taught that owls could not see during the time between sunrise and sunset. But I learned by personal observation that they can see in the daytime as well as I can. Here is a case in point. My barn was forty feet long, having posts eighteen feet high, with steep roof. I went on the mow, at the south end of the barn, to pitch some sheaves of oats to the barn floor. An owl was standing on the purlin beam at the north end of the barn. The purlin beam is the highest beam in a barn, only a few feet below the peak of the roof. Whenever I

pitched sheaves from the mow I always watched for mice, which were killed with the pitchfork. On this occasion, as I took up the first sheaf with the pitchfork, I saw a large mouse winking and blinking as any person winks and adjusts his vision when he steps from a dark room to the sunlight. But before I could throw that sheaf of oats down, and get the pitchfork ready to strike the mouse, that owl came like a dart from the further end of the barn (not less than forty feet distant), swooped down on and caught the mouse, and returned to his perch. Any person who is familiar with barn-mice knows that they are swift of foot; consequently, if an owl must fly forty feet and seize a mouse, before the little victim could get ready to run away, the bird would have to fly swiftly, which it did. That mouse was held in the claws until it was quite dead, when the owl tore its prey to shreds and devoured every part but the skin. Since that time, I have always said, do not destroy the owls.

SERENO E. TODD.

#### THE GARDEN BIRD.

FAR away in the ocean, near Australia, there is a lonely island called New Guinea. It is so unhealthy that only one race of Malays, with a few negroes, are able to live there. But notwithstanding it is so uncongenial to mankind, it is the very paradise of birds, whose rare and brilliant plumage flashes in the sunlight as they flit from tree to tree like living gems. It is the well beloved home of all the most gorgeous birds of paradise, whose vivid colors fill the air with visions of wondrous beauty, as their light and airy feathers, some of scarlet and some of gold, float upon the breeze.

Among all these wonderful birds is one curious little jay, all clothed with blue and golden feathers. It builds its nest very near the ground, and in front of it erects, as a playground for itself and its pretty mate, a sort of arbor, through which they run and dance, spreading their wings and displaying their lovely plumage. A traveler in this unfrequented island tells us that in one place he saw the trunk of a tree which had fallen, and been broken in the middle so as to take the form of a tent. This had been appropriated by these little birds, its rough bark had been concealed by long branches of green, as though it were twined with living vines, and all the place in front was brilliant with flowers, which had been gathered from the woods and stuck into the ground, making a beautiful garden in front of the arbor. As soon as the flowers wilted, the birds pulled them up, carried them away and decked the garden again with fresh flowers from the woods. Thus they have gained the name of the Garden Bird.

C. G. T.

## THE AUDUBON SOCIETY FOR THE PROTECTION OF BIRDS.

THE AUDUBON SOCIETY was founded in New York city in February, 1886. Its purpose is the protection of American birds, not used for food, from destruction for mercantile purposes. The magnitude of the evil with which the Society will cope, and the imperative need of the work which it proposes to accomplish, are outlined in the following statement concerning

### THE DESTRUCTION OF BIRDS.

Within the last few years, the destruction of our birds has increased at a rate which is alarming. This destruction now takes place on such a large scale as to seriously threaten the existence of a number of our most useful species. It is carried on chiefly by men and boys who sell the skins or plumage to be used for ornamental purposes—principally for the trimming of women's hats, bonnets and clothing. These men kill everything that wears feathers. The birds of the woods, the birds of the field, the birds of the marsh and those of the sea are alike slain, at all times and at all seasons. It matters not if the bird be a useful one which devours the hurtful insects which destroy the farmer's crops, or a bright-plumaged songster whose advent has been welcomed in spring, and which has reared its brood in the door yard during the summer, or a swift-winged sea swallow whose flight along the shore has often with unerring certainty led the fisherman to his finny prey—whatever it be, it must be sacrificed to the bird butcher's lust for slaughter and for gain. Besides the actual destruction of the birds, their numbers are still further diminished by the practice of robbing their nests in the breeding season.

Although it is impossible to get at the number of birds killed each year, some figures have been published which give an idea of what the slaughter must be. We know that a single local taxidermist handles 30,000 bird skins in one year; that a single collector brought back from a three months trip 11,000 skins; that from one small district on Long Island about 70,000 birds were brought to New York in four months time. In New York one firm had on hand February 1, 1886, 200,000 skins. The supply is not limited by domestic consumption. American bird skins are sent abroad. The great European markets draw their supplies from all over the world. In London there were sold in three months from one auction room, 404,464 West Indian and Brazilian bird skins, and 356,389 East Indian birds. In Paris 100,000 African birds have been sold by one dealer in one year. One New York firm recently had a contract to supply 40,000 skins of American birds to one Paris firm. These figures tell their own story—but it is a story which might be known even without them; we may read it plainly enough in the silent hedges, once vocal with the morning songs of birds, and in the deserted fields where once bright plumage flashed in the sunlight.

### BIRDS, INSECTS AND CROPS.

The food of our small birds consists very largely of the insects which feed on the plants grown by the farmer. These insects multiply with such astounding rapidity that a single pair may in the course of one season be the progenitors of six billions of their kind. All through the season at which this insect life is most active, the birds are constantly at work destroying for their young and for themselves, tens of thousands of hurtful creatures, which, but for them, would swarm upon the farmer's crops and lessen the results of his labors.

A painstaking and ardent naturalist not very long ago watched the nest of a pair of martins for sixteen hours, from 4 A. M. till 8 P. M., just to see how many visits the parent birds made to their young. He found that in that time 312 visits to the four young were made, 119 by the male and 193 by the female. If we suppose only six insects to have been brought at each visit, this pair of birds would have destroyed, for their young alone, in this one summer's day, not far from 2,000 insects. The important relations which our birds bear to the agricultural interests and so to the general welfare, are recognized by the governments of all our States. Laws exist for their protection, but these laws are rendered inoperative by the lack of an intelligent public sentiment to support them. They are nowhere enforced. It is for the interest of every one that such a public sentiment should be created.

It is time that this destruction were stopped.

### PURPOSE OF THE AUDUBON SOCIETY.

To secure the protection of our birds by awakening a better sentiment, the Audubon Society, named after the greatest of American ornithologists, has been founded. The objects sought to be accomplished by this Society are to prevent as far as possible—

- (1) The killing of any wild bird not used for food.
- (2) The taking or destroying of the eggs or nests of any wild birds.
- (3) The wearing of the feathers of wild birds. Ostrich feathers, whether from wild or tame birds, and those of domestic fowls, are specially exempted.

The Audubon Society aims especially to preserve those

birds which are now practically without protection. Our game birds are already protected by law, and in large measure by public sentiment, and their care may be left to the sportsman. The great aim of the Society is the protection of American non-game birds. The English sparrow is not included in our lists.

### PLAN OF THE WORK.

Obviously the Society cannot supply any machinery of compulsion to lead individuals and communities to a higher regard for bird life and to efforts for its protection. Nor are compulsory measures thought necessary. The wrong is tolerated now only because of thoughtlessness and indifference. The birds are killed for millinery purposes. So long as fashion demands bird feathers, the birds will be slaughtered. The remedy is to be found in the awakening of a healthy public sentiment on the subject. If this enormous destruction of birds can once be put in its true light before the eyes of men and women and young folks, if interest be aroused and sentiment created, the great wrong must cease. To so present the case to the people as to awaken this corrective sentiment is the special work contemplated by the Audubon Society. The methods adopted are very simple. Pledges are furnished, subscription to which constitutes membership, and certificates are issued to members.

### TERMS OF MEMBERSHIP.

The signing of any of the pledges will qualify one for membership in the Society. It is earnestly desired that each member may sign all three of the pledges. Beyond the promise contained in the pledge no obligation nor responsibility is incurred. There are no fees, nor dues, nor any expenses of any kind. There are no conditions as to age. The boys and girls are invited to take part in the work, for they can often do more than others to practically protect the nesting birds. All who are interested in the subject are invited to become members, and to urge their friends to join the Society. If each man, woman or child who reads this circular will exert his or her influence, it will not take long to enlist in the good work a great number of people actively concerned in the protection of our birds. It is desired that members may be enrolled in every town and village throughout the land, so that by the moral weight of its influence this Society may check the slaughter of our beautiful songsters. The beneficent influence of the Audubon Society should be exerted in every remotest by-way where the songs of birds fill the air, and in every crowded city where the plumes of slain songsters are worn as an article of dress.

### ASSOCIATE MEMBERS.

As there are a very great number of people in full sympathy with the Audubon movement, and ready to lend it their moral support, but who refrain from joining the Society simply because they find it distasteful to sign a pledge, it has been determined to form a class of Associate Members. Any one expressing his or her sympathy with the objects of the Audubon Society and submitting a written request for membership to any local secretary, will be enrolled on the list of Associate Members. All such applications for membership received by local secretaries of the Society should be forwarded to the General Secretary for registration.

### LOCAL SECRETARIES.

The Society has local secretaries in cities, towns and villages. The local secretary will furnish this circular of information and pledge forms; will receive the signed pledges, keep a list of the members, forward a duplicate list with the pledges for enrollment and file at the Society's office; and will receive in return certificates of membership, to be filled out and signed by the local secretary and given to the members. No certificate of membership will be issued to any person except upon the receipt of a signed pledge at the office of the Society. Where no local secretary has yet been appointed, individual applicants for membership may address the Society at its office, No. 40 Park Row, New York.

If there is no local secretary in your town, you are invited to act as such yourself, or to hand this to some other person who will accept the office. Upon application we will supply copies of this circular and pledge forms.

### THE AUDUBON SOCIETY CERTIFICATE.

The Society furnishes to each member a handsome certificate of membership. This bears a portrait of the great naturalist, John James Audubon, after whom the Society very appropriately takes its name.

The office of the Society is at 40 Park Row, New York city. All communications should be addressed

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What do Jack and Jill go up the hill after water for? Isn't the water down hill? Baby is outgrowing BABYLAND.

OUR LITTLE MEN AND WOMEN comes next. No more nonsense. There is fun enough in sense. The world is full of interesting things; and, if they come to a growing child not in discouraging tangles

but an easy one at a time, there is fun enough in getting hold of them. That is the way to grow. OUR LITTLE MEN AND WOMEN helps such growth as that. Beginnings of things made easy by words and pictures; not too easy. The reading habit has got to another stage.

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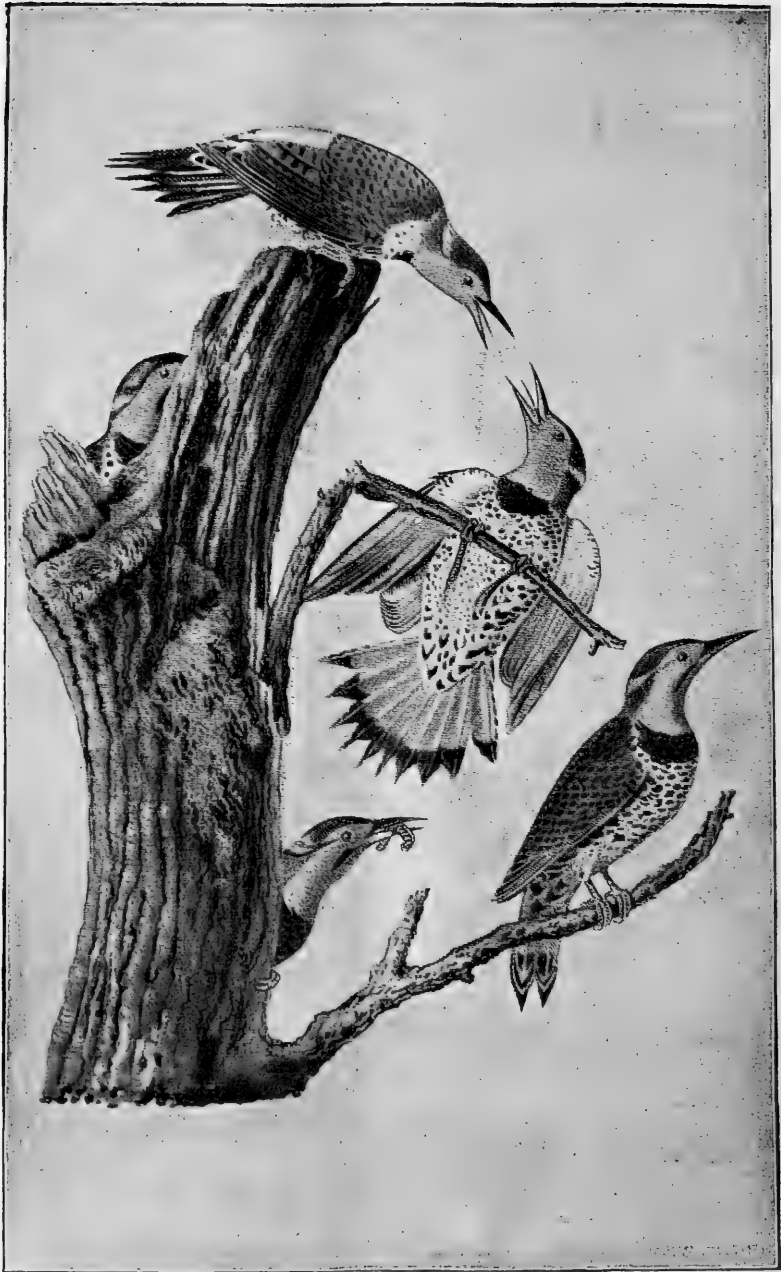
The reading habit is now pretty well established; not only the reading habit, but liking for useful reading; and useful reading leads to learning.

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GOLDEN-WINGED WOODPECKER.

( *Colaptes auratus* (LINN.) )

# THE AUDUBON MAGAZINE.

VOL. I.

JUNE, 1887.

No. 5.

JOHN JAMES AUDUBON.

v.

IT was in October, 1820, that Audubon started from Cincinnati with an expedition which had been sent out to make a survey of the Mississippi River. He was furnished with letters of recommendation from General Harrison and Henry Clay, and had in mind a long excursion through the Southern States, which was to include Mississippi, Alabama, Florida and Arkansas. Captain Cumming was at the head of the surveying party. The journey from Cincinnati to the mouth of the Ohio was made in a flat boat and occupied fourteen days.

Arriving at Natchez, Audubon made this town his headquarters for a time, and received much kindness there. Mr. Berthoud, a relative, resided here, and did much to make his stay pleasant. Natchez seems to have delighted the naturalist, not less on account of its beautiful environs and the abundance of its bird life, than by its size, it having then 3,000 inhabitants.

Although his surroundings were in many respects pleasant, he was greatly troubled by the lack of funds, for he had been unable to collect money which was due him at Cincinnati, and was really penniless. An incident which occurred here shows how reduced were his fortunes. It happened that his shoes, and those of one of his companions, were worn out, and neither of the two had money enough to purchase a new pair. Audubon stopped at a shoemaker's and

stated the case, informing him that they were without money, but offering to sketch portraits of the shoemaker and his wife in return for two pair of boots. The offer was accepted, and in a short time the portraits were finished, and the travelers were furnished with new foot gear.

Some time in December, 1820, the naturalist left Natchez for New Orleans in a keel boat with Mr. Berthoud, in tow of a steamer. Here, by an unlucky accident, a portfolio of his precious drawings was left behind, and its loss caused much anxiety, but the prompt dispatch of letters to Natchez resulted in its recovery, and on his arrival at New Orleans he found the portfolio awaiting him there. The voyage down the Mississippi was full of charms for the naturalist, and he writes of it in most enthusiastic terms.

Upon reaching New Orleans he at once set out to find work, but at first without success. At length, however, he was fortunate enough to obtain an order for a portrait from a well-known citizen of New Orleans, and this proving a good likeness he received a number of orders, which at once put him in funds, and enabled him to give some time to his favorite pursuits. He obtained a number of new birds here.

In March he learned of the conclusion of the treaty between Spain and the United States, by which a considerable portion of the Southwest was ceded to the latter

nation, and hearing that an expedition was to leave Natchitoches next year to survey the boundary line, he determined to try to obtain permission to accompany it as naturalist and draughtsman. He therefore wrote to Mr. Monroe, who was then President, asking for this appointment, but received no reply. Audubon remained in New Orleans until June of 1821, and his life there was one of ups and downs. Sometimes he was penniless, and at others had enough for his wants. He started to return to his family in Kentucky on the 16th of June, but while on his way up the river he accepted the position of instructor in drawing to the daughters of a Mr. Perrie, who owned a plantation at Bayou Sara, in Louisiana. Here his duties were very light, and a considerable portion of his time was occupied in roaming the woods looking out for new birds. The time passed pleasantly. Just about a year after his departure from Cincinnati, he left Bayou Sara for New Orleans. Here he rented a house and sent to Kentucky for his family. In an entry in his journal October 25, he gives a statement of what he has accomplished during the year. He says: "Since I left Cincinnati, October 12, 1820, I have finished sixty-two drawings of birds and plants, three quadrupeds, two snakes, fifty portraits of all sorts, and have subsisted by my humble talents, not having a dollar when I started. I sent a draft to my wife, and began life in New Orleans with forty-two dollars, health, and much anxiety to pursue my plan of collecting all the birds of America."

In December Mrs. Audubon and her children reached New Orleans, and the reunion of the family after fourteen months of separation was a great delight to all of them. But now once more money troubles began to oppress the naturalist, and before long his affairs became so desperate that Mrs. Audubon took pupils to help matters

along. In March her husband determined to return to Natchez, where he believed his prospects for obtaining work would be better. He reached this city March 24, 1822, and after some discouragements and delays, obtained an appointment as drawing master in a so called college at Washington, nine miles from Natchez. He sent for his sons and put them to school here. But although he had work, he was dissatisfied, for his employment left him little time to work at his birds. On the whole, his time at Natchez was so far well spent that he was earning some money, and after a while Mrs. Audubon joined him there, and for a short time was governess in a clergyman's family; but at length Audubon's desire to proceed with his work could no longer be restrained, and his wife's faith in him induced her to propose that she should remain in Mississippi as governess in the Percy family at Bayou Sara, while her husband should go to Europe and perfect himself in painting in oil colors. This course was finally determined on, and in October, 1823, Audubon left New Orleans for Kentucky, taking with him his son Victor, a boy not yet fourteen years old.

This journey was notable as terminating in a walk of about two hundred and fifty miles, made, not over roads, but through forests, canebrakes and along stony river beds, and was accomplished in ten days. From the village of Trinity, where, on account of low water, the steamboat was forced to stop, four of the passengers started to walk to Louisville; but before the journey had been completed Audubon and his young son had left their companions far behind, and were the first to reach Louisville. Here Audubon succeeded in getting his son into the counting house of a friend, and then engaged to paint the interior of a steamboat. That autumn and the winter of 1823-4 was spent in Kentucky painting to accumulate funds for his travels, and in April, 1824, Audubon found himself in Philadelphia.

## THE GOLDEN-WINGED WOODPECKER.

**T**HIS is a bird which has many titles. Most of our common birds have different English names in different parts of the country, but perhaps none have as great a variety as this species. Here is a list of thirty-six which was recently sent to the Natural History department of the *Forest and Stream*, by Mr. W. W. Colburn, of Springfield, Massachusetts :

1. Clape.
2. Crescent Bird.....West.
3. Cave-Duc.....Maine.
4. English Woodpecker.....Long Island.
5. Fiddler.....Cape Cod.
6. Flicker.....In general use.
7. French Woodpecker.....New Hampshire.
8. Harry Wicket.....New Hampshire.
9. Hick-Wall.....Connecticut.
10. High-hold.....In general use.
11. High-holder.....In general use.
12. High-hole.....In general use.
13. Hittock.....Canada.
14. Gel Specht.....Pennsylvania.
15. Ome-tuc.....Maine.
16. Partridge Woodpecker.....New England.
17. Pigeon Woodpecker.....New England.
18. Pique-bois-jaune.....Louisiana.
19. Piute or Peerit.....New England.
20. Sap-sucker.....Florida.
21. Shad Spirit.....New England.
22. Tapping Bird.....Massachusetts.
23. Wake-up.....New England.
24. Weather-hen.....Vermont.
25. Wild-hen.....Maine.
26. Will-Crisson.....South.
27. Woodcock (misnomer).....New England.
28. Wood-wall.....New England.
29. Wood-pigeon.....New England.
30. Woodpecker Lark.....Georgia.
31. Wood-quoi.....Connecticut.
32. Yaffle.....Connecticut.
33. Yarrup.....Middle States.
34. Yellow Hammer.....In general use.
35. Yellow Jay.....New Hampshire.
36. Yucker.....In general use.

Most of these names are given from the habits of the bird, or from some physical characters, or arise from some popular idea, which is founded on a supposed habit.

Thus "high-hole" and "tapping bird" refer to the nesting place of the bird and to its custom of drumming on the limbs of trees; "crescent bird," "*pique-bois-jaune*," "yellow hammer" and "yellow jay" to its plumage, "clape," "piute," "yarrup," "yucker," and perhaps "flicker" to its cries.

One of our most beautiful and most abundant birds, the "yellow-hammer" is found with us of the Middle States almost the whole year round. In Connecticut and southern New York, we have seen it every month in the year, though it is unusual to find it earlier than April or later than November.

The courtship of the Golden-winged Woodpecker is very amusing. The ardent male pursues the female through the forest, and alighting on the branch near her, moves backward and forward before her with most grotesque bowings, uttering all the while his shrill cackling notes which Audubon compares to "a prolonged and jovial laugh, heard at a considerable distance, and which may be fairly represented by the syllables *whit'-too, whit'-too, whit'-too* rapidly repeated many times."

The Golden-winged Woodpecker builds its nest in a hole, dug usually in a dead tree, sometimes quite high up from the ground, and at others so low down that one can reach it with the hand. On the chips which form the floor of this hole, the eggs are laid. These are about the size of a pigeon's egg, and are pure white and beautifully smooth and glossy; the shells are so translucent that sometimes, when fresh, the color of the yolk shows through, giving the eggs a beautiful creamy tinge. Just how many eggs the "high-hole" lays is not certain, but we are sure that they are far more numerous than those of most wild birds. The greatest number of which we have ever heard as being taken from

*The Golden-winged Woodpecker.*

any one nest were reported by Mrs. Violet S. Williams, of Coralville, Iowa, who says in a note to *Forest and Stream*: "A collector of this place has thirty-five eggs which he obtained from a single nest of a Golden-winged Woodpecker, while another collector obtained ten from the same nest, making a total of forty-five eggs from a single bird in one season. I will copy his notes, as it may interest some of your readers: 'May 13, 1884, found nest and obtained six eggs; to-day, May 17, took 3; May 23, 6; May 28, 1; June 2, 5; June 9, 3; June 13, 4; June 19, 2; June 26, 5.'"

Scarcely less remarkable is a case reported in the same journal, of the finding by Mr. Stewart Ogilby of a nest of this species which contained nineteen young ones, alive and in good condition.

When the young ones are pretty well grown they often scramble up to the mouth of the hole and even out on the tree and the branches near at hand. From these perches they watch for the approach of their parents as they return with food, saluting them, as they draw near, with shrill cries of welcome and entreaty.

The food of the "yellow-hammer" is chiefly insects. They devour great numbers of those species which infest our forest trees, but do not depend wholly on these for food. They spend more time on the ground than do most of our woodpeckers, devouring great numbers of ants, and even digging industriously in the ground for those creatures which live just beneath the surface. Often their bills are incrustated with earth to the nostrils, showing how energetically they have been at work among the grass roots. But although their food is principally insects, they live to some extent on fruit. In the late summer they frequent the choke-cherry trees, and in the autumn, when the dogwood berries are ripe, the trees which bear them are favorite stopping places for the migrating "high-holes," and on these berries they feed very amiably with the

robins, cedar birds and other species that frequent them. They eat the fox grapes too, and the berries of the blue gum and of the cedar. They are credited, also, with sometimes attacking the corn when it is "in the milk," and tearing open the tops of the husks, but we have never known of their doing this. On the whole they are useful birds, and do little or no harm. They should never be destroyed.

Its great abundance and its striking colors have made the Golden-winged Woodpecker a favorite ornament for hats, but it is to be hoped that the depraved taste which sanctioned this barbaric style of ornamentation has become a thing of the past.

The Golden-winged Woodpecker is about twelve inches in length and twenty in spread of wings. The bill is long and slightly arched. The feet are different from those of most birds, having two toes before and two behind. The upper part of the head and neck are light purplish-gray, a transverse band of scarlet passes about the back of the head. The upper parts are greenish-brown barred with black. There is a tuft of white feathers at the root of the tail. The tail coverts are white, spotted with black; quills of the wing and tail black; their shafts orange. Sides of head and neck are cinnamon color, tinged with gray. There is a black streak on either side of the throat, and a crescent of the same color on upper breast. The lower breast and body are yellowish-white, each feather with a circular spot of black. The under sides of the wings and tail are golden yellow. Bill brown above and light blue beneath. The iris brown. The female differs from the male in being slightly smaller and in having the breast crescent smaller and less distinctly marked, and in lacking the black patches on the sides of the throat.

The illustration, reproduced from Audubon's plate, represents a family of Golden-winged Woodpeckers on an old, dead tree.



## BYRAM AND GHOPAL.

### III.

#### GHOPAL AS BYRAM'S DISCIPLE.

**B**REAKFAST ended, Byram called two poor women who had come into the Serai, and sat waiting for the conclusion of the meal, and bade them take away the remnants, and all the uncooked food, and then bade Ghopal prepare to take him the round of the Bazaar preparatory to leaving the city.

Ghopal was soon ready, and approaching Byram's cot the latter took a grip of Ghopal's hair, and sprang to his shoulders with an activity you would hardly have given him credit for, but he was very light and wiry.

The news of the contract had reached the Bazaar before them, and the merchants were very much amused over Ghopal's vain hopes, for although Byram described himself as "the legless one," he was universally spoken of as Byram the Wise, or Byram the Disciple of Brahma; and no one believed that Ghopal would ever get the better of him in argument.

Every shopkeeper gave a copper, and although some gave only one-quarter of a cent, and no one more than three cents, the total contribution amounted to a trifle more than three rupees, equal to a dollar and a half. At the corner of the Bazaar there was a money changer with his table, and Byram, taking the coppers from his girdle, exchanged them for silver. Ghopal's eyes glistened with pleasure and astonishment at the sight of so much wealth, for four rupees, or two dollars a month, was the most he had ever earned by hard work. He was so elated that he did not heed Byram's weight, and was anxious to set off at once on their journey, for Byram never staid long in one place, and had told Ghopal that they were to sleep that night at a village about ten miles distant.

At the outskirts of the town they came to the house of a Brahmin, and Byram asked for water. The Brahmin filled an earthen chatty and handed it up to Byram. After he had drunk, the Brahmin replenished the chatty and handed it to Ghopal, who drained it and then threw it on the ground and broke it; for although he was a potter and made pots for Brahmins to drink from, he could not raise them to his own lips without defiling them.

The Brahmin then handed his hookah to Byram, who took a few whiffs, and Ghopal, placing a live coal in the chillum of his own hookah, turned his back upon the city, and trudged steadily along the dusty road.

During the first mile, not a word was spoken on either side. Byram was lost in calm reflection, and Ghopal was speculating on his chances of being able to claim the three rupees at eventide. It was difficult to refrain from broaching a subject of so much interest, but he was a shrewd fellow, and remembering that Byram had to convince him or forfeit the money, he smiled to himself as he thought what a good joke it would be if the Brahmin, lost in meditation, should forget the whole matter.

The sun was now rising high in the heavens, and as Ghopal wiped the sweat from his brow, he bethought him of the saying of the Faquir at Halla, that "they only are wise men who earn their bread by the sweat of other men's brows." There appears to be no escape from labor for me, thought he; for carrying a Brahmin on one's shoulders from town to town is quite as tiresome as kneading clay. Perhaps some day I shall find the secret of riding on other men's shoulders!

Mile after mile he plodded along the dusty road in silence, and towards noon drew near a forest of acacias, which, interspersed with other trees, extended from the road to the river.

"Let us rest awhile in the shade of the forest," said Byram, "and see what the white ants are doing. We will finish our journey when the day gets cooler."

It was cool and pleasant in the shade of the forest, and our travelers had not penetrated far into its depth before they saw a tree, which had been blown over by the wind, but which, having some of its roots



in the ground, was still green. This made a capital seat for Byram, who sat on the trunk resting his head against the roots, while Ghopal stretched himself on the ground and was soon fast asleep.

Ghopal slept more than an hour, and then opening his eyes and looking toward the upturned roots of the tree, was not a little astonished to observe that Byram had vacated his post. But the Faquir was not far off. Laboriously he had crept to the other end of the trunk, where he had again seated himself, with his back against a branch. Seeing Ghopal sit up, the Faquir called him to him, and pointing to a heap of dry dirt just below him, asked Ghopal if he knew how it came there.

"No very hard riddle that," said Ghopal. "Here," pointing with his staff, "a big branch was broken off when the tree fell, and that branch had already been eaten up by the white ants, all but a thin outer shell, which they filled up again with dirt. With the shock of falling the branch was broken in pieces and the dirt fell all in a heap. The trunk is hollow, too; here, where the branch broke off, is a great hole, and white ants going in and out."

"You see that fallen trunk," said Byram, pointing to a low ridge about fifty paces distant. "Let us go and examine it."

On nearing the fallen trunk they saw that it was a trunk in broken outline only. Nothing but a very thin shell remained, and this had broken down in many places. A very little labor sufficed to break down the last vestiges of the log, leaving a ridge of earthy looking matter in its place.

"What do you think has become of the wood?" asked Byram.

"Your friends, the white ants, have eaten it," replied Ghopal.

"And what is this ridge that now takes the place of the log?"

"That, I suppose," said Ghopal, is the remains of the tree after passing through the white ants."

"Yes," said Byram, "but mixed with some earth which the white ants apparently eat to facilitate digestion. Now," continued he, "as all the timber of this forest, from time immemorial, has been eaten by white ants, the surface must have been covered to a considerable depth. Is it not so?"

"Yes," said Ghopal, "I should think they could cover the surface with a considerable coat of this stuff in a century; a couple of inches perhaps."

"But," said Byram, "if you dig a hole three or four feet deep you reach sand or gravel, or stiff clay, or something not fit to grow plants or crops on."

"That is true," conceded Ghopal.

"Then," said Byram, "if the white ants have been a century covering the surface of this forest two inches deep with their droppings, how long do you suppose it would take them to cover the forest floor to a depth of two or three feet?"

"I don't know," said Ghopal, meditatively, "may be a thousand years, may be four or five thousand years or more."

"Well, allow that the white ants have built up the upper two feet of the soil with their droppings in the last five thousand years. What sort of crops do you suppose men could raise in the sub-soil if all the top two feet of soil were removed?"

"But," said Ghopal, "if the white ants had not been there the timber would have rotted and made soil."

"Not so," said Byram, "you can grow nothing in rotten wood except worthless fungi, but unless the wood is covered up by the soil it will not remain, it crumbles away to nothing, just as if it were burnt in the fire. Nothing goes back to the earth except the ashes which the tree took from it in growing; all that it got from the air goes back to air, unless some living creature eats it. Now which makes the best manure for crops any way," asked Byram, "animal or vegetable refuse?"

"Animal refuse, most assuredly," said Ghopal.

"Then," said Byram, "try to estimate the services rendered to man by creatures that from the foundation of the world have been busy converting every particle of timber that dies into good animal manure, mixing it with soil, or burying it beneath the surface. Do you suppose man could ever have raised crops upon the bare sub-soil; do you suppose man could have existed unless the white ants and other small creatures had prepared the earth for his necessities?"

"You present the matter in a new light," said Ghopal gravely. "I will meditate on it; but it is now time to set out on our journey."

The high road was soon gained and Ghopal plodded along sturdily, but no more with the light springy step of the morning. Then he had great hopes that he would win the three rupees in Byram's girdle, but now these hopes had vanished. The top soil to a considerable depth was certainly made by white ants, that was clear enough, and what appeared equally clear was that neither man nor beast could live on earth if that soil were removed. The journey was long and weary. Byram appeared to grow heavier at every mile, and at times Ghopal asked himself whether it would not be wiser to return to the pottery.

But after reaching the Serai, and eating a hearty supper of bajree bread and milk, and soothing himself with his hookah, his spirits revived.

"I have lost the first throw," said he, "but it will go hard with me if I don't put him into a corner before many days are over. But who would have thought that those wretched little white ants were so useful to man? Who would have dreamed that they make the soil we live on?"

"You do not claim the money, I suppose," said Byram, before he lay down for the night.

At this the travelers in the Serai laughed merrily, for although Ghopal felt his discomfiture too sorely to discuss the matter, his contract with Byram was the news of the day, and had provoked general discussion.

"No, Byram," said Ghopal, "I too am a man of understanding, and know when the facts are against me. I gave judgment on the facts which had come under my experience; on those facts my judgment was sound. In the light of fresh facts I reserve my judgment and admit that your little white ants deserve a place among the gods. Still, I would have thought better of them if they had spared my slippers."

## MAINTAINING THE BALANCE OF LIFE.

**I**N the attempt to acclimatize animals from other countries, the first conditions of success are that climate shall be suitable, food abundant, and the imported animal so generally adapted to his environment that he will be able to hold his own in the struggle for existence with the indigenous animals subsisting on similar food. Sometimes, in the case of successful acclimatization, the value of the experiment to man depends on its being kept within due bounds, that is to say, on the presence of predaceous animals, which, increasing in the ratio of the new means of subsistence afforded them by the introduced animal, shall serve to restrain the successfully acclimated species within due bounds, and thus preserve the balance of life.

It is only in thinly settled countries free from beasts of prey that we are brought face to face with the fact that animals do tend to increase by geometrical progression, and that even those which increase least rapidly, as the horse and the ox, would in a comparatively few years, reach the limits of their subsistence in any country, however vast its area, and require to be exterminated before man could protect his crops or secure any adequate area of pasture for his own flocks and herds.

Some thirty or forty years ago, when travel over the settled parts of Australia was performed wholly by stage coaches, it was an openly expressed maxim among the stage owners that "horseflesh was cheaper than horse food." In pursuance of this maxim, horses were driven their daily stage of eight or ten miles and turned loose to feed in the bush. Sick horses and mares heavy with foal were left to roam at will until they should be again fit to work; other horses strayed away, and in a very few years there were little troops of wild horses roaming all over the country, sometimes

settling for months on the best grazing and best watered lands of the squatters' runs. It was not worth while to run them down and lasso them—the squatter had no sufficient market for his domestic stock; but twenty years later this little incident of a squatter's experience became a very formidable one, calling for prompt measures to avert the common ruin of horse and cattle and sheep farmers all over the country. The wild horses then, in troops of several hundred, took possession of all the water holes in the dry season, and roaming from place to place kept in admirable condition, while the herded cattle by thousands died of drought. The difficulty was met determinedly, and by combination among the squatters the wild horses were hunted and shot down systematically.

Under favorable conditions a troop of horses will double its number in five years, and on this estimate a single pair of horses would increase to five hundred in forty years, and to two thousand in fifty years, but systematically hunted they are easily shot or driven from the haunts of men.

Undeterred by the lesson taught by this evidence of the tendency to natural increase among horses, the squatters of New Zealand, having neither kangaroos nor opossums, and pining for something to shoot, introduced the English rabbit into their stations. Why should they not? The rabbit affords capital shooting, and although his flesh is not highly esteemed it nevertheless constitutes an important item of food supply in its English home. Its fur too has some small value. Rabbits are by no means a nuisance in England, they are not protected by game laws, and although of course they feed more or less on the crops, the farmer sees both pleasure and profit in leaving a strip of gorse or patch of moorland for his rabbits, which in many cases

furnish his table two or three days a week. But their introduction into New Zealand is by no means regarded as a blessing, now that experience has shown not only that they are easily acclimatized in that country, but that in the absence of ferrets, stoats, weasels, polecats, foxes, or other predaceous animals suited to maintain the balance of life by increasing numerically with their means of subsistence, the law of geometrical progressions holds as good for rabbits as for horses, only in an enormously higher ratio. Under favorable conditions, that is to say with ample food supply and no foes, a pair of rabbits will multiply four fold in one year, at which rate a single pair would increase to two millions in ten years, and to two thousand millions in fifteen years.

By shooting and trapping, these figures are being to some extent modified, but although man is more than a match for horses or tigers, he cannot spread himself out in the ratio of the geometrical progression of rabbits, nor cope with them unaided.

If along with each hundred pair of rabbits the New Zealand squatters had turned loose a pair of ferrets or polecats, the former would never have become a national pest, as they now admittedly are. They are rapidly tending to become the "bloat-ed monopolists" of New Zealand, and the sooner the colonists give their attention to the acclimatization of polecats, ferrets and other animals of that class, the better for the well-being of the colony.

Some years after the establishment of rabbits in New Zealand, and before they were recognized as a danger to the agricultural future of that country, the Queensland farmers introduced them into their colony. The conditions are by no means the same, for although Queensland has no ferrets or minks or animals of that genus, it has the dingo or wild dog, and innumerable snakes large enough to prey on rabbits, so that although rabbits cannot possibly monopolize the country as they are doing in New Zea-

land, the balance of life will be obtained by a very undesirable increase in snakes and wild dogs.

This result has not been foreseen in the colonies; the one anxiety is lest the rabbits should overrun Australia as they are overrunning New Zealand, and an enormous outlay for close wire fencing is being incurred to confine the danger to Queensland, but it may be predicted with confidence that the tendency of the rabbits to increase will be kept in check by a corresponding increase in the snakes which prey on them.

In this country we are blindly tending toward similar results, by a somewhat different method. We do not refer to the proposed importation of European hares. There is nothing to apprehend from that measure if carried into effect. If easily acclimatized they would form a valuable addition to our game supply, and the mink may be relied on to maintain a just balance, and prevent any undue increase.

But we have in North America field mice, shrews, and other small rodents, with a measure of fecundity quite equal to that of rabbits, and equally ready to become the "bloat-ed monopolists" of this country, if man will only interfere and exterminate the hawks and owls which prey on them. The earth is preserved in a fitting condition for human progress, by the maintenance of the balance of life among the lower creation, and any attempt to upset that balance by exterminating birds or the smaller predaceous animals, should be engaged in very cautiously.

In this country we may exterminate wolves and panthers with impunity, because we ourselves are capable of performing their functions, and can keep the creatures they prey on within due bounds, but when it is proposed to exterminate hawks, owls, or insectivorous birds, we should hesitate to act until we are quite sure that we are capable of successfully grappling with the geometrical increase of mice and insects by our own unaided resources.

## FIFTY COMMON BIRDS,

AND HOW TO KNOW THEM.

## I.

WHEN you have saved a man's life you naturally take a new interest in him, and feel that you would like to know him; and so it is with the birds the members of the Audubon Society have been trying to rescue. You are so in the habit of discriminating between men, and studying their individual peculiarities, that it appears a comparatively easy matter to know them; but with birds the case is entirely different. There are so many kinds, and yet they seem to look and to sing exactly alike. Your task seems a hopeless one at the outset. After a little, a new world of interest and beauty opens before you, but at first the difficulties you meet are almost overwhelming.

The best way is the simplest. Begin with the commonest birds, and train your ears and eyes by classifying every bird you see, and every song you hear. Generalize roughly at first, and finer distinctions will easily be made later. Suppose, for instance, that you go out in the fields on a spring morning. From seven till ten is the best time for beginners, and it is well to commence with the birds you will see when you have a house in sight. Stand still a few moments and you hear what sounds to you like a confusion of songs. You think you can never tell one from another. But listen carefully and you will notice a difference at once. Some are true *songs*, with a definite melody—and tune, if one can use that word—like the song of some of the sparrows, who always give three high notes and then run down the scale. Others are only monotonous *trills*, always the same two notes on the same key, varying only in length and intensity; such as that of the chipping bird, who makes one's ears fairly ache as he sits in the sun trilling away

with the complacency of a prima donna. There is always plenty of talking going on, chipping and chattering that do not rise to the dignity of a song, but add to the general confusion of sounds. This should be ignored at first, and only the louder songs listened for.

When the trill and the elaborate song are distinguished, other classifications are easily made. The ear then catches the difference in the quality of songs. On the right the plaintive note of the meadowlark is heard, while out of the grass at the left comes the rollicking song of the light-hearted bobolink.

Having made a beginning with your ears, the training of the eye can be taken up in the same way. Here the crude distinctions of size and color are the first steps. As the robin is the best known bird, he serves as a convenient unit of measure, an ornithological foot, so to speak. If anything from a hummingbird to a robin, is called *small*, and from the robin to the crow *large*, a ground for practical distinctions is made that will be useful in getting your bearings. And when you watch carefully for colors, the birds will no longer look all alike. The *bright* birds can be put by themselves—the oriole with his orange and black coat, the scarlet tanager with his flaming plumage, and the common bluebird, who, as Mr. Burroughs says, has "the earth tinge on his breast and the sky tinge on his back"\*—all these can be classed together; while the sparrows, flycatchers, thrushes and vireos can be distinguished from the bright, as the *dull* colored birds.

When the roughest part of the work is done, and your eye and ear easily catch the

\*"Wake Robin," p. 12.

most obvious differences in size, color and sound, the interesting part of your work begins.

You will soon learn to associate special birds with certain localities, and once knowing their favorite haunts, you find other clues to their habits; and before long they stand out before you as distinctly as individuals. By going among the birds, watching them closely, comparing them carefully, and writing down all the peculiarities of every new bird seen while you are in the field, locality, song, size, color, details of markings, food, flight, eggs, nest and habits, you soon come, naturally and easily, to know the birds that are living about you. The first law of field work is EXACT OBSERVATION, and this is learned soonest by habitually writing down all the details you need for identification.

With these hints in mind, take an opera or field glass, and go to look for your friends. Don't start out before breakfast at first, because the confusion of the "matins" is discouraging—there is too much to see and hear. But go as soon after breakfast as possible, for the birds quiet down and go into the woods for their nooning earlier and earlier as the weather gets warmer.

You will not have to go far before you find your first bird:

#### THE ROBIN.

He is, as every one knows, a domestic little fellow, and very fond of society. He considers it no liberty to take his dinners in your front yard, and build his house in a crotch of your piazza with the help of the string you have inadvertently left within his reach.

Next to the crow, he is probably the best known of our birds; but some of his city friends have never been fortunate enough to meet him, and as he is to be our "unit of measure," it may be well to describe him carefully.

He is nine to ten inches long, and as he is a general favorite, and has the courage of his conviction that man is a "good fellow," he fares very well, and keeps fat on cherries and strawberries if the supply of fish worms runs low. Everything about him bespeaks the favorite of fortune. He is not always looking for food like the woodpeckers, nor flitting about with nervous restlessness like the warblers; but has plenty of repose of manner, although he has a nervous habit of jerking his tail when he is excited.

He has time to meditate when he chooses, but like other sturdy, well-fed people, his reflections generally take a cheerful turn; and when he lapses into a poetical mood, as he often does at sunrise and sunset, sitting on a branch in the softened light and whispering a little song to himself, his sentiment is the healthy, every day home sort, with none of the sadness or longing of his cousin thrushes, but full of content and appreciation of the beautiful world he lives in.

Unlike some of his human friends, his content does not interfere with his activity. He is full of vigorous life, and his voice is always to be heard above the rest of the daybreak chorus. He has plenty of industry and energy, too, for every season he quite cheerfully shoulders the responsibility of seeing three or four broods of bird children through all the dangers of cats, hawks and first flights; keeping successive nests full of gaping mouths supplied with worms all the summer through.

His proverbial red breast belongs to his English cousin; and it must be confessed that his is a homely reddish-brown, and that his back is a dull blackish-gray. But perhaps if he had been beautiful he would have been vain, and then alas for the robin we know and love now.

His wife's breast is still less red; in fact she looks as if she had been out in the rain so much that most of her color had been washed

off, and when their children first come out in the world, they are more strikingly homely than their parents, perhaps, because we have known the old birds so long that, like some of our dearest friends, their plainness is beautiful to us. In any case, the eminently speckled young gentlemen that come out with their new tight-fitting suits and awkward ways do not meet their father's share of favor.

Perhaps the nest they come out of accounts for their lack of polish. Even Mr. Burroughs regrets its coarseness.\* It is stout and strong, built to last, and to keep out the rain; but with no thought of beauty. The outside is a framework of twigs and stems of large weeds. Then comes a plastering of mud, that the bird moulds with her breast till it is hard and smooth. Inside is a soft lining of dried grass. This is the typical nest, but of course, there are marked variations from it; Mr. Burroughs speaks of one nest composed entirely of hair and grass.† From its nature, the nest has to be firmly fixed in the crotch of a branch, or close to the body of the tree, where its weight will be supported; and if it happen to be built over a blind, or window frame, it is always securely fastened.

You may look for robins in almost any locality, but they generally prefer dry open land, or the edge of woods; being very averse to the secluded life of the other thrushes, who build in the deep woods.

The flight and song of the robin are in keeping with his general character. His flight is rapid, clear cut and straight. Unlike many of the birds, he flies as if he were going somewhere. His voice is a strong clear treble, loud and cheerful. He is not a musician, and has no one set song. His commonest call has two parts, each of three notes run together; the first with a rising, the last with a falling inflexion: *tril-lä-rëé'*, *tril-lä-räh'*; *tril-lä-rëé'*, *tril-lä-räh'*. But

he has a number of calls, and you have to be very familiar with the peculiar treble quality of his note to avoid confusing it with others.

#### THE BLUEBIRD

is usually found further from the house, and your attention is attracted to his cry as he flies over the field. It is a plaintive contralto call, just the opposite of the robin's. Mr. Burroughs describes his first song in early spring as "a note that may be called the violet of sound, and as welcome to the ear, heard above the cold damp earth, as is its floral type to the eye a few weeks later."\* He quotes Lowell's lines:

The bluebird, shifting his light load of song  
From post to post along the cheerless fence."

In "A Bird Medley" Mr. Burroughs says: "The bluebird cannot utter a harsh or unpleasant note. Indeed, he seems to have but one language, one speech for both love and war, and the expression of his indignation is nearly as musical as his song."†

The bluebird is smaller than the robin, although of a similar build; and his flight is more undulating. If you catch a glimpse of his breast as he goes over your head, you will see that it is brick red, changing to white below; and as he flies down and turns quickly before alighting, you will get a flash of dark blue from his back. It is a rich color in the male, but the tints are all softened in the female, giving the faded effect noticed in the mother robin, and characteristic of the majority of female birds.

The bluebird is much shyer than the robin, and generally hides his nest in a hole of some fence rail, dead stub or tree; although he occasionally builds in knot holes in the sides of barns or even in bird boxes. Sometimes when the nest is in a stub or tree, it is so shallow that the father and mother birds feed their young from the outside, clinging to the sides of the hole

\* "Wake Robin," p. 15, *The Return of the Birds*.

† "Wake Robin," *Birds' Nests*, p. 126.

\* "Birds and Poets," Chap. I., p. 45.

† "Birds and Poets," Chap., *A Bird Medley*, p. 96.



and reaching in with their heads to drop the food into the open mouths below.

For a charming description of the habits and character of the bluebird read Mr. Burroughs' chapter on "The Bluebird," in "Wake Robin," and pp. 39-42 of "Sharp Eyes," in "Locusts and Wild Honey."

KEEL-TAILED BLACKBIRD; CROW BLACKBIRD; PURPLE GRACKLE.

In the field or about the house, wherever one is, this noisy fellow is sure to insist on recognition. His voice is cracked, and is painfully suggestive of the creaking of a door, or a machine that needs oiling. Mr. Burroughs says: "His voice always sounds as if he were laboring under a severe attack of influenza, although a large flock of them heard at a distance on a bright afternoon of early spring produce an effect not unpleasing. The air is filled with cracking, splintering, spurting, semi-musical sounds, which are like pepper and salt to the ear."\*

The crow blackbird is a half larger than the robin, toward whom he acts the part of the big boy bully, in the most cold-blooded way. He comes north soon after the robin, torments him while he is building, and then amuses himself by breaking up his nest, throwing out the eggs and young until driven away by some exasperated human lover of justice. He is a great awkward fellow. Like the crow, and a few other birds, he walks instead of hopping, but as he ambles along on the branch of a tree, one feels that he might better hop, he makes such stupid work of it. When he flies, he can be known at a distance by the peculiar way in which he uses his tail. He is called the keel-tailed from the circumstance. From the horizontal he gives it a vertical direction, so that he can steer with it, as you would with a rudder. If he is flying straight ahead you do not notice it, but the moment he turns or wants to guide himself you see his tail change into a keel.

\*"Wake Robin," Chap., Spring at the Capital, p. 158.

When you get near him the falsity of his name of blackbird is revealed; and at the same time you discover his chief virtue—his beauty. He has a remarkably handsome iridescent coat, "bronzy, purplish or violet," but always intense and beautiful.

Bold, as well as quarrelsome, he would build in the center of a village if he were tolerated, but from his cruelty to the robin he is frequently driven away.

CHIPBIRD OR CHIPPY; HAIRBIRD; CHIPPING SPARROW; SOCIAL SPARROW.

Although one of those "little gray birds" that vex the soul of the tyro, chippy is well known as the smallest and most familiar of our sparrows. He has a reddish-brown cap, a delicate white line separating it from his eye and cheek. His back is streaked with grayish-brown and black, and his wings are crossed by narrow whitish bars. Underneath he is a pure light ash color, the absence of markings distinguishing him from the tree sparrow and others of his less domestic cousins.

His trill, too, is individual. He has no song, like his rustic looking cousin, the bush sparrow, whom he resembles in some respects, but trills away monotonously—by the hour, one is inclined to think—with cheerful perseverance worthy of a better cause.

He is called the hairbird because his nest, built in shrubbery, is made of dried grass lined with cow or horse hair, and when you think of the industry and observation required to find this hair, you will not only be convinced of the powers of inherited habit, but will conclude that the little fellow has been appropriately named. His eggs—four to five in number—are a pretty bluish color, delicately speckled with brown and black.

Chippy is characterized by his intelligence. The turn of his head, the quick glance from his eye, show that his familiar

bravery is due to no thoughtless confidence, but is based on keen observation and bird wit. He is always about—in the garden, on the lawn, and around the house. The back door, with its boundless possibilities in the line of crumbs, attracts him strongly. An instance is given where he came regularly every day at the time when the chickens were fed, sat on the fence till the first rush and scramble were over, and then flew down among the hens to get his dinner. Where he finds friends he will not only twitter on the lawn, haunt the back door, and get acquainted with the hens, but come on to the front piazza within a few feet of the family, if they humor him with an offering of crumbs.

## SONG SPARROW.

A larger cousin of chippy's—about half the size of a robin—the song sparrow differs from him in almost every particular. We admire chippy for his bravery and intelligence, but we do not love him as we do this simple little fellow, with his homely cheeriness. In the spring he comes north a few days after the robin and although the chill from the snow banks gives him a sore throat that makes his voice husky; you will hear him singing away, as brightly as if he had come back on purpose to bring spring to the poor snow-bound farmers. Even his chirp—of rich contralto quality compared with the thin chip of his little cousin—has a genuine, happy ring that raises one's spirits; and when he throws up his head and sings the sweet song that has given him his name, you feel that the world is worth living in.

His brown coat has little beauty, but his dark breastpin, surrounded by brown streaks, sets off his light gray waistcoat to great advantage; and the brown topknot that he raises when he gets interested, gives him an air of sympathetic attention that is very winning.

His song is the first set song that is likely to attract your attention as you listen to the birds near the house. It consists of one high note repeated three times, and a rapid run down the scale and back.

In choosing the site for his nest, the song sparrow is a true philosopher, adapting himself to circumstances with easy grace. At one time he contents himself with making a rude nest of straw at the bottom of a roadside brush heap; at another he builds in a willow, using the woolly catkins to soften his bed; and when particularly fortunate, he has been known to protect his young and indulge his own æsthetic sense by nesting in a sweet-brier bush. Mr. Burroughs speaks of the sparrow's careful workmanship on page 100 of "Birds and Poets."

## REDWING BLACKBIRD.

The large flocks of blackbirds seen coming north in the spring are confusing at first, but if you use your opera glass carefully—and though its rapid adjustment is so troublesome at the outset that one is tempted to trust to his own eyes, a good glass is really almost indispensable—you will soon be able to discriminate the character of the majority of the birds of a flock.

Sometimes the crow blackbird and the redwing fly together, but they more commonly go in separate flocks. At a distance, the flight of the two species is perhaps the most distinctive feature—the "keel-tail" steering apparatus of the crow blackbird marking him anywhere. Then the keel-tailed is a half larger than the robin, and the redwing a trifle smaller than that bird. Known more familiarly, the redwing lacks the noisy obtrusiveness of his awkward cousin, and generally prefers the field to the dooryard. Here, as Emerson says,

"The redwing flutes his *o-ka-lee*."

and that in itself would be enough to distinguish him.

Aside from this, however, his red wing marks him as effectually as a soldier's epaulets. In the male, the scarlet shoulder cap makes such a striking contrast with his shining black coat that the careless observer does not notice its border of brownish-yellow, even when it shades into white, as it does in some of the eastern species. In the female, the contrast is not so great. In the first place, she is not such a pure black

as the male, having brownish streaks that, even at a distance, give her a duller look. Then her epaulets are more of a salmon color than scarlet. Still the effect is very pleasing, and it is only a matter of taste if one does not admire her as much as her husband.

The redwing nests in tufts of sedge, low bushes, or other places in open fields.

FLORENCE A. MERRIAM.

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### ANNIE'S NEW HOME.

SHE had not always been lame. A few years before, no foot so light, no step upon the stairs so swift and sure as Annie's. But one cruel winter's day, a slip on the icy pavement changed all her life, and from a brisk, bonny lass she silently faded into a pale, patient cripple. Her father had died long ago, and her mother, after a weary struggle against adverse fate, gladly followed him. The neighbors were kind, of course, and Mrs. Lynch, the widow, took Annie into her home; but it was not like having one's own mother. Kindness, not love, prompted every act. The days passed very slowly and monotonously for Annie. Every morning she was helped into her cushioned chair by the window, and there she sat all day, with no outlook except at a blank wall, while her patient fingers fashioned the artificial flowers that helped to pay her board. It seemed so strange that she should be so terribly afflicted that it made her sad sometimes, and she could not help murmuring a little, but she was generally very patient, and then there was always Jim to be thankful for.

He was the idol of Annie's life, and his devotion to her was beautiful to see. His hands, though big and rough, were gentle as a woman's when they touched Annie; his deep voice softened and his heavy step

grew light when he entered Annie's room. As for Annie, he was not only her brother, but her father, mother, and a whole host of other relations besides. He was her light and strength and very life. He worked in the mines, and was away all day, and sometimes all night, but when he did come home, no matter if it was midnight, then and then only the sun shone for Annie.

Jim was always trying to think of something that would shorten her long, weary hours. One day he would bring her an apple whose polished sides fairly glistened. Again it would be a flower, a rose or a pansy, which Annie always put before her and copied at once, and she always thought that none of her flowers were so natural as those she copied from Jim's bouquets.

One bright, warm May Sunday, he took her to the country. What a day that was for Annie! It was years since she had been beyond the grimy, smoky streets of the mining town, and she could only faintly remember how the country looked. She could call up dim memories of fields of fresh green grass, of flowers really growing, and of soft warm air musical with the songs of birds, but it all seemed very distant and unreal. How she had looked forward to this day. Jim borrowed the overseer's wagon, took the cushions from Annie's chair and made a seat for her, and together they drove away,

out of the dirt and noise into the sweet fields, starred with violets and bluettes, and where the air was laden with the perfume of lilacs and apple blossoms. Jim did all the talking, Annie said very little, but her eyes were never still. They saw every minutest detail, and the reality far exceeded her dreams. As they were driving slowly homeward, the old brown horse, who was stumbling along half asleep, suddenly swerved to one side. Jim, leaning forward to find out the cause, exclaimed:

"Oh, its a bird, a baby robin. Do you want it Annie? You can keep it in that old cage Mrs. Lynch has, and by and by it will grow tame, and be a nice pet for you."

Annie clapped her hands with delight at the idea, and Jim carefully picked up the bird, and they took it back wrapped up in a handkerchief.

The next night when Jim came home from work, Annie thought he was more quiet than usual, and finally he said:

"Annie, how would you like to have a little home in the country, just you and me together?"

"Oh! Jim!" said Annie, clasping her hands and flushing with excitement, "What do you mean?"

"Well, yesterday, when we were out there in the fields, I suddenly thought that if I got this promotion Mr. Jenks spoke of, perhaps we could afford to have a little home somewhere out there. Mrs. Lynch would come with us to look out for the house, you could raise chickens—that would be something to keep you busy all day, and I venture to say there wouldn't be any chickens in the market as fat as yours—only I don't suppose, with your tender heart, you'd ever let any be killed." And Jim's hearty laugh made the glasses on the shelf dance and jingle.

From that time Annie thought of nothing else. She talked of it by day and dreamed of it by night. She told her few friends of it, and what she was going to do when they

had a home in the country. And at last it really seemed as if the dream might come true. Jim got his promotion and his salary was raised. They drove out together to the country and finally found a little cottage that seemed as if it had been made for them. It had a pretty sloping roof, and a little porch covered with rose vines, and a nice chicken yard, and, best of all, it was not too far away for Jim to walk in and out every day. They were both delighted, and decided to take the cottage at once.

There was no lack of interest in Annie's life now. She and Jim had so much to talk about, and so many things to plan, that finally Mrs. Lynch declared Annie talked in her sleep about tables and chairs. She was not strong enough to go out to the cottage often, but every Sunday Jim went out, and he made a little plan of each room, and Annie wrote down just where she wanted every piece of furniture. Her own chair was to stand by the sunny kitchen window, and above it should hang the robin's cage. He had not been happy in his cage, nor become tame. Perhaps, like Annie, he longed for the fresh, breezy airs of the country, for the rustle of the green leaves and the scent of flowers.

At last everything was ready, and they were to move the next day. Annie was sitting in her easy chair waiting for Jim to come and pack the last few things. She was so happy that she could not believe it true. When she shut her eyes she could see the little sunny kitchen, the table set for supper, and herself sitting in the doorway, watching for Jim to come. And then, when Jim came, she knew just how he would say, "Well, little sister, isn't this nice? How are the chickens?" And then he would run up-stairs, whistling at the top of his voice—Hark! What was that? A dull, jarring rumble, then a little silence, and then cries and screams of women.

Annie's heart stood still for a second; then went on again at double rate, and she

started from her chair. The sound was not unknown in that little mining town. Annie had heard it once before, when she was very young, and she had never forgotten it. It meant death—sudden, terrible death—to strong, hearty men; it meant crushed lives, broken hearts and hopeless futures to poor women, wives and mothers of miners. Already crowds were running through the streets toward the mines, and the cry "The mine has caved!" filled the air.

Annie limped to the door, and pulling it open tottered out. Mrs. Lynch, who had been paying a farewell visit to a neighbor, came running toward her.

"Oh! Mrs. Lynch," gasped Annie, "which is it? Is it Jim's shaft?" It seemed as if her very life hung on Mrs. Lynch's answer.

"Annie! Oh, poor child, poor child;" and Mrs. Lynch, whose husband had been killed in just such a way, burst into tears.

That was enough, Annie was answered. She gasped for breath, and caught at the door post for support. Then suddenly she started forward, "Oh! it may not be true. I must go, I must find out for myself. Jim! Jim!" Then her strength seemed to fail, and she sank down at Mrs. Lynch's feet sobbing, "I cannot, I cannot." Mrs. Lynch lifted her up and carried her back into the room, and then there came a time of horrible waiting.

The reports from the mine were conflicting. One man hurrying by would say that hundreds were killed; the next one said there was hope of saving all; the rescuers were working as hard as men could work to reach the shaft. Then came word that it would be days before the men could be found, and then almost at once came news that they had been reached and that some were alive. The slow night wore away and daylight broke—the day that the new life was to have begun for Annie and Jim. As she saw the first beam of sunlight come in at the window, Annie turned her head aside and two bitter

tears rolled down her cheeks. But she could not cry—the weight on her heart that seemed crushing out her very life, was too great for tears.

Presently Mrs. Lynch rose and stole out, and Annie was left alone. She lay there in her chair and watched the shadows of the window bars slowly creep along the wall. She felt strangely weak and numb. She could not understand why she did not suffer more. How could she sit there, quiet and tearless, when Jim might be lying dead, crushed under some terrible beam. Or perhaps not dead, but prisoned, helpless, only to suffer lingering tortures worse than death. As this thought came to her, she started forward with a groan, and her eyes fell on the robin pining in his cage, his head bent, and his eyes dull, looking so unhappy.

"I will let him out," thought Annie, and she rose slowly and painfully, and limped across the room to where the cage stood on a chest of drawers, and carried it to her chair.

She felt so strangely weak that she could hardly open the window, but at last she managed to, and then she opened the door of the cage and waited. At first the robin did not see, but suddenly he understood that freedom lay there before him; he hopped out, stood for a moment on the window ledge, then fluttered unsteadily down toward the ground and was lost to sight.

Annie, lying in her chair, followed him with her eyes until he had vanished, then a still, sweet smile crept on to her lips, the thin hand dropped from the cage door, her eyes opened wider and wider—

Up the street, nearer and nearer, and then into the house, came the slow tramp of men carrying a heavy burden; in many a home there were tears and anguish, mourning for those who had gone before; but for Annie and Jim, safe in that new home where suffering and sorrow are unknown, there would be never any more parting, nor any more tears.

N. B. G.

# THE AUDUBON NOTE BOOK.

## AN AUDUBON BADGE.

FROM time to time we have had inquiries as to whether the Society has any distinctive medal or badge, and in many cases there has been a very strongly expressed desire for something of the sort, which might be worn on the person as an open declaration of principles. Latterly these applications have been so numerous that we have been tempted to consider the matter from the practical standpoint, and have decided on a design which we publish below. It is a brooch pin in coin silver, with raised letters and monogram as in the design, the cost, fifty cents.



The preliminary costs of preparing the die, etc., would be something considerable, and we should not feel justified in undertaking it unless assured that there would be something like a general demand for the badge. All our readers who are in favor of the new departure are consequently invited to send in their applications, and local secretaries are solicited to ascertain the wishes of such of their members as are easily accessible.

C. F. AMERY, General Secretary.

## MEMBERSHIP RETURNS.

THE number of registered members on April 30 was 29,956, showing an increase during the month of 3,206 members. New York and Pennsylvania maintain their relative positions as first and second, and the Southern and Western States contribute as usual only units or tens. New Jersey would have shown a considerable falling off but for the exertions of Principal E. O. Hovey, of Newark High School, who enlisted most of the members credited to the State in April. Since the close of April the Society has lost a valuable coadjutor in the person of Miss Anna F. Davis, of Easton, Pa., whose charge of an aged mother leaves her no leisure for the duties of local secretary, but we may hope to replace her, and her loss to the State has been compensated for by the acquisition of Dr. R. L. Walker, of Mansfield Valley, who enlists all his patients, and prescribes THE AUDUBON for their ailments. There are still some two or three thousand Michigan members

awaiting registration. The returns for the month by States and Territories are as follows:

New York.....	8,31	District of Columbia.....	32
Pennsylvania.....	460	Kansas.....	71
Illinois.....	223	Arkansas.....	23
New Jersey.....	230	Minnesota.....	21
Ohio.....	238	Iowa.....	11
Indiana.....	191	Connecticut.....	56
Massachusetts.....	98	Wisconsin.....	48
Michigan.....	41	California.....	1
Maryland.....	13	Nebraska.....	1
Rhode Island.....	46	Georgia.....	1
Virginia.....	26	Florida.....	4
Maine.....	30	Dakota.....	5
Missouri.....	29	England.....	1
New Hampshire.....	10	Dominion of Canada.....	350

3,206

C. F. AMERY, General Secretary.

## LOST AND FOUND.

ONE pleasant summer afternoon, as Mr. and Mrs. W. were taking a stroll in Brooklyn's beautiful cemetery, Greenwood, they were overtaken by a shower. Standing beneath the spreading branches of a large tree, under which they had sought shelter, they were surprised to receive upon their shoulders a shower of birds. The force of the wind and rain had dislodged a robin's nest and a brood of young, almost fully grown, but scarcely able to fly, had fallen from the tree.

Mr. W. took one of them in his hand, saying to his wife, "We will take this one home and put it in a cage." Mrs. W. assented thoughtlessly, and when the rain had ceased they started away with their little captive. They had not proceeded far, however, when they observed that the parent birds were following them, coming close to them and crying piteously. Mrs. W.'s heart was touched, and she appealed to her husband to let the little one go free, but he wanted the robin, and assured her that the old birds would soon forget their grief. The robins followed them until they had passed through the cemetery gate, never ceasing their cries.

Reaching home the little captive was placed in a gilded cage and tenderly cared for, but Mrs. W. could not enjoy her evening meal, and when she retired she was unable to sleep. She could not drive that cry of the mother bird from her ears. She called to her husband in the middle of the night and entreated him to take the little creature back to its mother in the morning. Touched by his wife's sorrow

he promised to do so, and at six o'clock he carefully wrapped the young bird in a cloth, and walked two miles to the spot whence he had taken it.

To his surprise and delight the entire robin family were assembled, as if to meet him. He placed the young bird upon the ground, and the joy manifested by the parents at the unexpected return of their lost one was something he could not describe, and well repaid him for his morning journey. They actually screamed with delight as they fluttered around and caressed the little creature, and Mr. W. was almost as happy as the birds, witnessing their enjoyment of the reunion.

Mr. and Mrs. W. felt that they could never forgive themselves for the grief they had so thoughtlessly caused the robin family to suffer, and I am happy to say, that when the pledge of the Audubon Society was placed before them, they unhesitatingly signed their names, and are to-day proud to be numbered among its members.

MRS. J. DUER.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

#### IN THE EVERGLADES.

I TAKE the *Press*, a sprightly little paper published in the most southern incorporated town upon the mainland of Florida—for of course the large and growing city of Key West is much further toward the tropics—Fort Myers, on the Caloosa River, to wit, and only sixty miles west of the Everglades. The *Press* is a little paper, but large enough for several advertisements for unlimited numbers of birds and bird skins. Also, for items such as this: "Jim Bledsoe and Bill Rollins start next week for Lake Okeechobee on the hunt for bird skins. They say they know some mighty fine 'rookeries,'" by the last word meaning the roosting places, *i. e.*, homes of the poor unsuspecting herons, etc., that once brightened up an otherwise too monotonous landscape. These advertisements call especially for egrets. If Florida permits the slaughter to continue she will make a terrible mistake, beyond recall. Her egrets will be gone but her regrets will never die.

What a relentless pursuit. "Fashion" in New York slays her millions in the remotest corners of the globe. Lake Okeechobee and the Everglades are to-day full of blood, torn feathers and screams of anguish, that staring little corpses may cry for vengeance from the bonnets of what we satirically term the "gentler" sex. O fashion, O woman, how many crimes are done in your names! May the AUDUBON accomplish its glorious mission in (1st) teaching us to admire and appreciate the infinite grace and variety of animated creation, and (2d) that in this matter "Want of thought is want of heart."

T. MAY THORP.

#### NATURAL HISTORY MUSEUM RECEPTION.

THE Board of Management of the Natural History Museum of New York gave its annual reception on Tuesday, May 10, exhibiting to the public for the first time the beautiful collection of eighteen species of American birds, collected and prepared by Mr. Jenness Richardson, late of the Washington (D. C.) Museum, each species amid surroundings modeled from nature by Mrs. E. S. Mogridge, formerly of the South Kensington Museum, England.

The birds were mute, but each group with its surroundings exquisitely modeled from nature, the nest just exactly where a bird's nester would look for it, each nest full of eggs, and a well preserved male and female of each of the eighteen species represented, perched in the immediate vicinity, looked so lifelike that one was prepared to see the birds start from their perch at any minute, or to hear them break forth in song.

First in order came the robins, then wood thrushes, brown thrashers, yellow warblers, redstarts, Louisiana water thrushes, swamp warblers, oven birds, red-eyed vireos, white-eyed vireos, field sparrows, song sparrows, swamp sparrows, seaside finch, sharp-tailed finch, cardinal birds, rose-breasted grosbeaks, long-legged clapper-rail.

The charm of the collection and its value for educational purposes consist in the perfect reproduction of the surroundings, amid which the several species build their nests. The nest of the Louisiana water thrush, concealed beneath an overhanging bank, the oven bird with its quaint nest in woodland grove, the nest of the sharp-tailed sparrows amid the coarse grass and reeds of the salt marsh, were all reproduced with conscientious fidelity to nature.

With this collection accessible to the public, there is no need for the embryo ornithologist to trudge afield gun in hand, shooting every bird he sees for "scientific purposes." The birds can be as well studied in our public museums as in private cabinets. The amount of collecting for the *bona fide* scientific purpose of keeping our museums supplied is very trifling, and a student having learnt all that can be learnt from a study of dead specimens, should take the field, not with the murderous shotgun, but with the field glass, and surveying the birds from a distance, study their habits while they disport themselves in unrestrained freedom.

The opening of the museum was a great success, attracting some five thousand persons. In the evening there was some discussion of the proposal of opening the museum on Sunday, and it was gathered that the Board did not favor the proposal, but would submit to it if the Board of Apportionment would meet the necessary costs.



## THE AUDUBON SOCIETY FOR THE PROTECTION OF BIRDS.

THE AUDUBON SOCIETY was founded in New York city in February, 1886. Its purpose is the protection of American birds, not used for food, from destruction for mercantile purposes. The magnitude of the evil with which the Society will cope, and the imperative need of the work which it proposes to accomplish, are outlined in the following statement concerning

### THE DESTRUCTION OF BIRDS.

Within the last few years, the destruction of our birds has increased at a rate which is alarming. This destruction now takes place on such a large scale as to seriously threaten the existence of a number of our most useful species. It is carried on chiefly by men and boys who sell the skins or plumage to be used for ornamenta purposes—principally for the trimming of women's hats, bonnets and clothing. These men kill everything that wears feathers. The birds of the woods, the birds of the field, the birds of the marsh and those of the sea are alike slain, at all times and at all seasons. It matters not if the bird be a useful one which devours the hurtful insects which destroy the farmer's crops, or a bright-plumaged songster whose advent has been welcomed in spring, and which has reared its brood in the door yard during the summer, or a swift-winged sea swallow whose flight along the shore has often with unerring certainty led the fisherman to his finny prey—whatever it be, it must be sacrificed to the bird butcher's lust for slaughter and for gain. Besides the actual destruction of the birds, their numbers are still further diminished by the practice of robbing their nests in the breeding season.

Although it is impossible to get at the number of birds killed each year, some figures have been published which give an idea of what the slaughter must be. We know that a single local taxidermist handles 30,000 bird skins in one year; that a single collector brought back from a three months trip 11,000 skins; that from one small district on Long Island about 70,000 birds were brought to New York in four months time. In New York one firm had on hand February 1, 1886, 200,000 skins. The supply is not limited by domestic consumption. American bird skins are sent abroad. The great European markets draw their supplies from all over the world. In London there were sold in three months from one auction room, 404,464 West Indian and Brazilian bird skins, and 756,389 East Indian birds. In Paris 100,000 African birds have been sold by one dealer in one year. One New York firm recently had a contract to supply 400,000 skins of American birds to one Paris firm. These figures tell their own story—but it is a story which might be known even without them; we may read it plainly enough in the silent hedges, once vocal with the morning songs of birds, and in the deserted fields where once bright plumage flashed in the sunlight.

### BIRDS, INSECTS AND CROPS.

The food of our small birds consists very largely of the insects which feed on the plants grown by the farmer. These insects multiply with such astounding rapidity that a single pair may in the course of one season be the progenitors of six billions of their kind. All through the season at which this insect life is most active, the birds are constantly at work destroying for their young and for themselves, tens of thousands of hurtful creatures, which, but for them, would swarm upon the farmer's crops and lessen the results of his labors.

A painstaking and ardent naturalist not very long ago watched the nest of a pair of martins for sixteen hours, from 4 A. M. till 8 P. M., just to see how many visits the parent birds made to their young. He found that in that time 312 visits to the four young were made, 119 by the male and 193 by the female. If we suppose only six insects to have been brought at each visit, this pair of birds would have destroyed, for their young alone, in this one summer's day, not far from 2,000 insects.

The important relations which our birds bear to the agricultural interests and so to the general welfare, are recognized by the governments of all our States. Laws exist for their protection, but these laws are rendered inoperative by the lack of an intelligent public sentiment to support them. They are nowhere enforced. It is for the interest of every one that such a public sentiment should be created.

It is time that this destruction were stopped.

### PURPOSE OF THE AUDUBON SOCIETY.

To secure the protection of our birds by awakening a better sentiment, the Audubon Society, named after the greatest of American ornithologists, has been founded. The objects sought to be accomplished by this Society are to prevent as far as possible—

- (1) The killing of any wild bird not used for food.
- (2) The taking or destroying of the eggs or nests of any wild birds.
- (3) The wearing of the feathers of wild birds. Ostrich feathers, whether from wild or tame birds, and those of domestic fowls, are specially exempted.

The Audubon Society aims especially to preserve those

birds which are now practically without protection. Our game birds are already protected by law, and in large measure by public sentiment, and their care may be left to the sportsman. The great aim of the Society is the protection of American non-game birds. The English sparrow is not included in our lists.

### PLAN OF THE WORK.

Obviously the Society cannot supply any machinery of compulsion to lead individuals and communities to a higher regard for bird life and to efforts for its protection. Nor are compulsory measures thought necessary. The wrong is tolerated now only because of thoughtlessness and indifference. The birds are killed for millinery purposes. So long as fashion demands bird feathers, the birds will be slaughtered. The remedy is to be found in the awakening of a healthy public sentiment on the subject. If this enormous destruction of birds can once be put in its true light before the eyes of men and women and young folks, if interest be aroused and sentiment created, the great wrong must cease. To so present the case to the people as to awaken this corrective sentiment is the special work contemplated by the Audubon Society. The methods adopted are very simple. Pledges are furnished, subscription to which constitutes membership, and certificates are issued to members.

### TERMS OF MEMBERSHIP.

The signing of any of the pledges will qualify one for membership in the Society. It is earnestly desired that each member may sign all three of the pledges. Beyond the promise contained in the pledge no obligation nor responsibility is incurred. There are no fees, nor dues, nor any expenses of any kind. There are no conditions as to age. The boys and girls are invited to take part in the work, for they can often do more than others to practically protect the nesting birds. All who are interested in the subject are invited to become members, and to urge their friends to join the Society. If each man, woman or child who reads this circular will exert his or her influence, it will not take long to enlist in the good work a great number of people actively concerned in the protection of our birds. It is desired that members may be enrolled in every town and village throughout the land, so that by the moral weight of its influence this Society may check the slaughter of our beautiful songsters. The beneficent influence of the Audubon Society should be exerted in every remotest by-way where the songs of birds fill the air, and in every crowded city where the plumes of slain songsters are worn as an article of dress.

### ASSOCIATE MEMBERS.

As there are a very great number of people in full sympathy with the Audubon movement, and ready to lend it their moral support, but who refrain from joining the Society simply because they find it distasteful to sign a pledge, it has been determined to form a class of Associate Members. Any one expressing his or her sympathy with the objects of the Audubon Society and submitting a written request for membership to any local secretary, will be enrolled on the list of Associate Members. All such applications for membership received by local secretaries of the Society should be forwarded to the General Secretary for registration.

### LOCAL SECRETARIES.

The Society has local secretaries in cities, towns and villages. The local secretary will furnish this circular of information and pledge forms; will receive the signed pledges, keep a list of the members, forward a duplicate list with the pledges for enrollment and file at the Society's office; and will receive in return certificates of membership, to be filled out and signed by the local secretary and given to the members. No certificate of membership will be issued to any person except upon the receipt of a signed pledge at the office of the Society. Where no local secretary has yet been appointed, individual applicants for membership may address the Society at its office, No. 40 Park Row, New York.

If there is no local secretary in your town, you are invited to act as such yourself, or to hand this to some other person who will accept the office. Upon application we will supply copies of this circular and pledge forms.

### THE AUDUBON SOCIETY CERTIFICATE.

The Society furnishes to each member a handsome certificate of membership. This bears a portrait of the great naturalist, John James Audubon, after whom the Society very appropriately takes its name.

The office of the Society is at 40 Park Row, New York city. All communications should be addressed

THE AUDUBON SOCIETY,  
No. 40 Park Row, New York.



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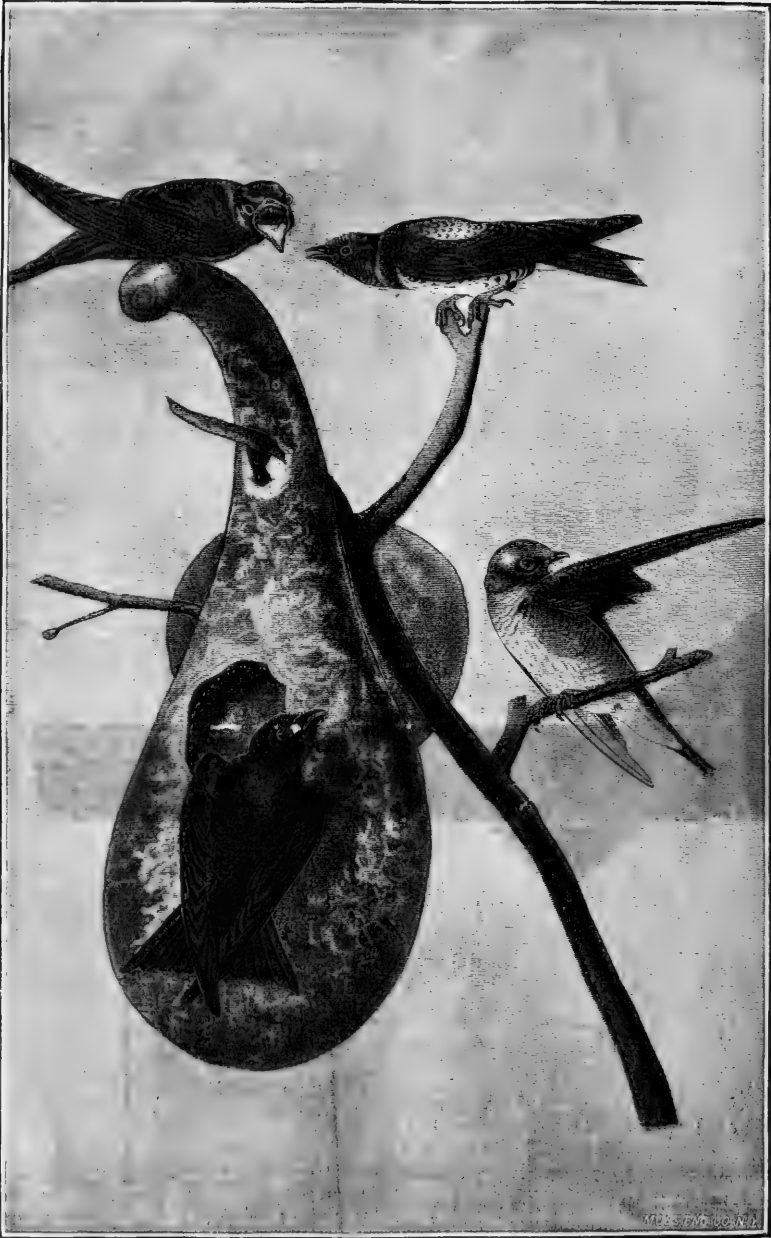
The reading habit is now pretty well established; not only the reading habit, but liking for useful reading; and useful reading leads to learning.

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THE PURPLE MARTIN.

(*Progne subis* (L.))

# THE AUDUBON MAGAZINE.

VOL. I.

JULY, 1887.

No. 6.

JOHN JAMES AUDUBON.

VI.

AUDUBON had now fairly started on the journey which was ultimately to lead him to the successful accomplishment of his great work; but the way before him was long and difficult, and his triumph came only after years of delay and disappointment. Nothing but his indomitable energy enabled him to conquer the obstacles and discouragements which at every step stood in his way.

He reached Philadelphia April 5, 1824. Here he made the acquaintance of a number of men who were his fast friends ever afterward. Chief among these were Sully, the painter; Prince Charles L. Bonaparte, the ornithologist; Le Sueur, the naturalist; Dr. Harlan and Mr. Edward Harris. Here, too, he met his old friends Rosier and Joseph Mason. He at once began to look for an engraver who should reproduce on metal his drawings of birds, but was quite unsuccessful. In the meantime he supported himself by giving lessons in drawing. The Prince of Canino expressed his doubt about the possibility of properly engraving the plates in this country, and recommended that the work should be done abroad. Unable to accomplish anything in Philadelphia, he went to New York, having with him letters of introduction to persons residing there, but his efforts to find an engraver were quite as unsuccessful as they had been in Philadelphia, and though he

received much kindness, and his drawings were everywhere admired, he soon became discouraged and started for Albany to present letters to De Witt C. Clinton and Dr. Beck. Both of these gentlemen were absent, and as his funds were getting low, he determined to see Niagara, and then to return South. His comments on the then villages of Rochester and Buffalo read curiously to-day. Of the former he says: "Five years ago there were but few buildings here, and the population is now five thousand;" and of Buffalo: "This village was utterly destroyed by fire in the war of 1812, but has now about two hundred houses, a bank, and daily mail."

After a few days at Niagara Falls, Audubon sailed from Buffalo for Erie, Penn., and proceeded thence on foot to Meadville, Penn. Here his money gave out, and he took steps to replenish his purse by portrait painting, and with his usual success. Proceeding southward to Pittsburgh, he spent a month there, collecting birds and making drawings, and toward the end of October started down the Ohio in a skiff. Rainy weather, however, soon put an end to this mode of traveling, and at Wheeling he sold his skiff and took passage in a keel boat for Cincinnati. Here he was obliged to borrow money to get to Louisville, and before long he determined to return to Bayou Sara, open a school, and

defer the pursuit of his ornithological project until he had accumulated sufficient money to carry out his plans. It was late in November when he reached Mr. Percy's plantation at Bayou Sara, and once more held in his arms his beloved wife. It was not long before he had established classes in dancing and fencing, which brought him a considerable income, which, with the savings of Mme. Audubon, enabled him to foresee a successful issue to his great ornithological work.

In May, 1826, having left his wife and son at Bayou Sara, Audubon sailed for England on the ship *Delos*. The voyage, though interesting, as shown by the journal, was uneventful, and on the 20th of July Audubon landed in Liverpool. On presenting some of his letters he was received with great cordiality, and was introduced to many eminent people, all of whom admired his work and seemed anxious to aid him. He exhibited his drawings at the Liverpool exhibition, and afterwards at the Royal Institution, and received about £100 as the result. From Liverpool he proceeded to Manchester, where his drawings were again placed on exhibition.

On October 25 the naturalist left Manchester for Edinburgh, where his stay was a succession of brilliant successes and his work met with instant appreciation. Here he almost at once made the acquaintance of literary and scientific men who were in a position to be of the greatest assistance to him. Such were Professor Jameson, Dr. Knox, Mr. Francis Jeffrey, Sir William Jardine, Sir Walter Scott, Professor Wilson (Christopher North), Lord Elgin, Mr. Selby, the ornithologist; the Earl of Morton, Dr. Brewster and many others. As elsewhere, his drawings attracted great attention in Edinburgh, and a committee from the Royal Institute of Edinburgh offered him the use of their rooms for the exhibition of his drawings. He soon received an offer from Mr. Lizars, an engraver, to publish the first

number of his "Birds of America," with life-size figures, and the work was at once put in hand. In the meantime the exhibition of his drawings was bringing him in some money. His portrait was painted and placed on exhibition, Professor Wilson wrote an article about him and his work, for *Blackwood's Magazine*, and the whole town was talking of him. The first proofs of the initial number of his work were ready late in November, and in December some of them had been colored and seem to have delighted him. All the while he was painting with energy, and preparing papers on the habits of various birds.

Toward the close of his stay in Edinburgh, in March, 1827, Audubon issued his prospectus, and the courage and hopefulness of the man are well shown by the tone of this document. As his wife says: "He was in a strange country, with no friends but those he had made within a few months, and not ready money enough in hand to bring out the first number proposed, and yet he entered confidently on this undertaking, which was to cost over a hundred thousand dollars, and with no pledge of help, but on the other hand, discouragements on all sides, and from his best friends."

After leaving Edinburgh, Audubon visited a number of manufacturing towns and secured a few subscribers at £200 each. At length he reached London, and here he was more successful. Here he met Mr. Havell, the engraver, who finally carried through his great work to its completion.

In June, 1828, he received letters from Mr. Lizars, his Edinburgh engraver, intimating that there were difficulties in the way of completing the work then, and an arrangement was made with Mr. Havell for coloring the plates in London. The work was now fairly under way, for subscriptions had been liberally taken in London, the King and the Duchess of Clarence being among the subscribers there.

## THE PURPLE MARTIN.

THE Purple Martin is the largest of the swallow tribe. He is also one of the most useful of this extremely serviceable group of birds. Not only does he destroy vast numbers of hurtful insects, but from his ready adaptability to changed conditions, and his willingness, if encouraged, to make his home on or near man's dwellings, he becomes the guardian of the poultry yard. No hawk or owl or eagle is daring enough to approach a farmhouse where one or more pairs of this courageous and swift-winged species are rearing their broods. If a bird of prey, ignorant of the presence of these protectors, comes near to see what opportunity there may be to pick up one of the young chickens that are wandering about the door yard, the Martins discover him at once, and sally forth with angry twitterings, to give battle to the intruder. Their powerful wings bear them swiftly toward their enemy, who, too late, turns to fly. They easily overtake him, and dart down from above, buffeting him savagely. The intruder wastes no time in trying to give battle to his small but dreadful assailants, and with all the speed that he can command, hurries to the nearest shelter. When he reaches the woods or some thicket into which he plunges, the victorious Martins rise high in air, and side by side, calling to each other with notes of triumph and congratulation, wing their way back to the home which they have so boldly defended.

But the Martin is not a quarrelsome fellow at all. He is just a sturdy, hard-working citizen of the bird world, who is determined to stand up for what he considers his own rights, and who is afraid of nothing that flies. Sometimes when he arrives from the south in April, he finds that the home in which he reared his brood last summer has been taken posses-

sion of by a pair of bluebirds or perhaps by English sparrows. If this is the case, he prepares without loss of time to eject the usurpers, and he usually succeeds in doing this very easily. Then he pulls out and throws to the ground all the material that has been brought into the chamber by the previous occupants, and goes calmly ahead with his own housekeeping arrangements. It is rather an amusing spectacle to see a conquering Martin, perched in the entrance of his home, chattering threateningly at a lot of sparrows, who sit about abusing him with all the strength of their small lungs, but quite powerless to do anything to help themselves.

The Purple Martin arrives from his winter home, far to the south of the United States, early in February, and soon spreads over the whole of the country, reaching the falls of the Ohio, according to Audubon, about March 15, and New York about the middle of April.

Before the settlement of this country, the Martins reared their young in holes in the trees, or in rocks, and even now, in wild regions, they make use of the holes excavated in trees by the woodpeckers. Often, however, the farmers, appreciating the services rendered by this useful bird, put up houses for it, and these are occupied by the same colony year after year. The birds dwell together in the utmost harmony, and seem never to quarrel among themselves.

Their nests are prepared soon after their arrival and are simple affairs of dried grass, just enough to keep the four or six white eggs from resting on the floor of the house. When the young are hatched the old birds are kept very busy supplying food to the yawning throats that ever cry for more. Some observations made by Mr. O. Widmann, of St. Louis, and published several

years ago in the *Forest and Stream*, give an idea of the unceasing way in which the old birds perform this labor, and of the vast number of insects—many of them hurtful—which are destroyed daily by a pair of these useful birds. Writing from St. Louis under date of July 2, 1884, he says:

It may be interesting to many of your readers to know more about the family cares of our birds. In order to find out how often young Martins are fed by their parents, and at what times the principal meals are served, I watched my sixteen feeding pairs

day, and the young Martins may well call it their dinner.

After this the parents took a well-deserved rest, but when the sun neared the horizon they were all off again, preparing for supper, which was not so hearty as one might expect.

As a rule, the older the birds in the nest, the oftener they are fed, and from the size of the insect which the parents bring, the age of the young may be judged.

The youngest birds are fed at longer intervals with crushed insects, mostly small beetles, from the craw. About a fortnight old, they are fed from the bill with soft insects of the size of large flies; but insects with stings, such as bees and wasps, are never

WEATHER CONDITIONS.	TIME.	No. 7	No. 12	No. 17	No. 5	No. 11	No. 10	No. 24	No. 25	No. 22	No. 16	No. 36	No. 1	No. 14	No. 26	No. 19	No. 6	T'l.	
A. M.																			
75°, calm, clear.....	4 to 5	11	1	9	4	4	10	7	5	6	2	6	6	6	4	3	1	85	
74°	5 to 6	12	5	9	9	12	12	8	7	4	5	8	6	6	6	4	5	118	
77° to 84°, wind light, S.	6 to 7	19	4	16	15	9	22	12	10	7	7	8	9	12	11	6	4	171	
84° to 85°	7 to 8	22	17	22	18	14	17	9	11	7	14	14	8	8	10	6	5	202	
85° to 86°	8 to 9	26	18	16	19	18	21	9	14	13	13	19	9	7	10	11	9	232	
86° to 87°	9 to 10	28	25	22	27	25	17	15	15	20	22	12	14	11	7	6	10	276	
87° to 89° wind increasing S.	10 to 11	27	32	20	20	27	20	12	9	13	17	17	13	6	10	5	7	255	
89°	11 to 12	17	18	23	14	24	10	16	14	18	17	12	10	3	4	6	5	217	
P. M.																			
92°, storm approaching, wind shifting to W.	12 to 1	28	27	22	22	17	23	15	13	20	14	13	10	11	4	6	5	250	
83°, rain commencing at 1:25	1 to 2	16	17	13	12	9	7	5	7	7	8	8	6	7	3	5	2	132	
78°, rain ceases at 2:45	2 to 3	7	5	8	7	9	4	12	10	11	7	7	2	9	12	3	6	119	
80°, clearing, calm	3 to 4	41	38	35	45	31	38	35	40	32	24	22	23	18	15	14	8	459	
79°	4 to 5	25	32	20	22	14	17	14	13	13	6	11	5	8	11	8	5	224	
79° to 82°, wind S. W.	5 to 6	7	20	11	15	12	12	9	14	12	11	7	10	10	3	7	6	166	
82° to 87°, calm, clear	6 to 7	11	14	23	15	12	15	24	11	10	14	12	8	4	9	7	5	194	
81° to 80°, calm, clear	7 to 8	15	11	11	11	17	4	15	10	10	10	9	10	16	15	6	7	177	
		312	284	280	275	254	249	217	203	203	192	185	149	147	134	103	90	3277	
Number of visits by male.....		119	164	140	128	127	92	83	119	98	61	73	39	63	58	57	33	1454	
Number of visits by female.....		193	120	140	147	127	157	134	84	105	131	112	110	84	76	46	57	1823	

during an entire day, June 24, from 4 A. M. till 8 P. M., marking every visit of the feeding parents, males and females, separately.

The Martins began hunting at 4:15, but no food was brought until 4:30.

The accompanying table shows that our young Martins had to put up with a light breakfast, but the visits became more and more frequent as the sun and mercury climbed up, and reached their liveliest time between 9 and 10 A. M., *i. e.*, lunch time. After that a lull was noticeable, broken only by an approaching storm, which brought new life into the feeding business, but for a short time only, and to be reduced to a minimum during the light rain, 1:25 to 2:45. Even after the rain had ceased, little feeding was done until the sky began to clear up and the sun reappeared.

From that moment the number of visits swelled with great rapidity, and kept me hard at work for over an hour. It was the substantial meal of the

brought. When four weeks old, large dragonflies, grasshoppers and butterflies make the principal food. The young Martins do not leave their box until they are six weeks old.

The table itself needs no further explanation, except that the occupants of the sixteen boxes were of all ages, from one week old in No. 6 to five weeks old in Nos. 12, 16, 17.

The number of hungry mouths has something to do with the frequency of the visits. No. 7, which heads the list, has four young ones (four weeks old), while most of the other boxes have three. No. 16 has only two.

This gentleman, who has made a very careful study of this interesting species during the whole of its stay near St. Louis, gives in the same journal a most interesting account of the roosting habits of this bird when on its southward migration. This



takes place late in the month of August, and for several weeks previous to their departure the Martins in great armies resort to the willows growing on the sandbars on the opposite side of the river to roost. From Mr. Widmann's description it would seem that the number of birds is quite beyond estimate. Previous to retiring to their sleeping places on the twigs of the willows, they sit upon the sandbars until it is almost dark, and then in a body take flight and disappear among the shrubs.

The voice of the Martin is not unmusical. He has a cheerful twitter at all times, and his note at the breeding season really

deserves to be called a love song, it is so sweet and pleasing. Its flight is easy, light and graceful, differing in this respect from that of the chimney swift, recently described in this magazine, which seems to be somewhat labored, though in reality it is not so.

The Purple Martin is from  $7\frac{1}{2}$  to 8 in. in length and measures 16 in. across its extended wings. The color of the male is deep bluish-black with purplish reflections. The female is paler throughout, and lacks the iridescence of the male, its throat and breast are dark gray and the other under parts lighter gray. The young are gray streaked with darker.

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#### SONG BIRDS IN EUROPE AND AMERICA.

IT has been repeatedly stated by writers who have had the opportunity of making the comparison that the United States is very deficient in song birds as compared with Europe—the British Islands in particular. One writer even goes so far as to say that “it may be safely asserted that in the midland counties of England the skylark alone, even in the month of March, sings more songs within the hearing of mankind than do all the songsters of the eastern United States”—which, of course, is an exaggeration. The same writer\* says: “It is, no doubt, very patriotic to prove that the woods and fields of North America are as vocal with bird song as those of England. The attempt has been made, but it is only necessary to cross the Atlantic, stay a month in the British Islands, and then return, taking frequent country walks on both sides of the water, to become convinced that the other side has all the advantage in quantity of bird song. Let us grant that the quality is equal—

though it is difficult to understand where in America the peer of the nightingale can be found—let us grant that the United States possesses a list of song birds larger than that of the British Islands—all this does not prove that the quantity of bird song is greater. \* \* \* In England bird voices are everywhere. The chaffinch is more abundant than the sparrow save in the centers of cities, and his cheery notes can be heard at all times; the robin redbreast is common in suburb and village and is not chary of his voice; and as for the skylark—it is hard to go anywhere in the country without hearing him. How is it here? Does any one pretend that bird song is common in the suburbs of our cities? Do robins and catbirds, our most plentiful singing birds, often treat us to a song as we sit on the piazza of our semi-detached cottage, or as we walk adown the tree-lined streets?”

It is not stated in the article from which the above is quoted where the writer's observations in this country were made,

\* W. H. Lockington, in *The Churchman*.

except that a "Pennsylvania wood" is incidentally referred to. It is difficult to believe, however, that he can have had much, if any, experience with other portions of the country east of the Mississippi, for his comparisons certainly will not hold good for a large number of localities both east and west of the Alleghanies, however applicable they may be to the immediate vicinity of our larger Eastern cities. His comparison is also unfair in that, while questioning the existence in America of any "peer of the nightingale," he neglected to inquire where, in England—or the rest of Europe for that matter—can be found even any approach to our mocking-bird, although since it is tacitly granted that in the two countries the quality of bird song "is equal," we can afford to pass this by. It may also be remarked that the comparative number of species which can properly be ranked as songsters belonging to the United States east of the Mississippi River is about twice as great as that belonging to the entire extent of the British Islands, counting in each case every species the male of which utters notes peculiar to the breeding season, or, in other words, has a song, however rude. It is conceded by the writer to whom I have referred that the quality of their song is equal. Is there not, therefore, apparently some inconsistency in the statement that the United States is so greatly deficient in bird song as compared with England? Or, should the statement be true, is it not an anomaly which requires explanation? Although no explanation has, so far as I am aware, been attempted, the reason seems very obvious. In the first place, it would be almost impossible in most parts of thickly populated England, for a bird to sing without being heard by human ears. In the second place—and what is by far the most important factor in the case—birds in England have for many generations been protected in numerous ways,

until, in their almost absolute immunity from the perils to which they are in this country constantly exposed, a comparatively large number have become accustomed to the society of man. Laws protecting all kinds of song birds, and their nests and eggs are there enforced with a strictness which is absolutely unknown in any portion of the United States; and, in the numerous carefully policed public parks and thoroughfares and extensive private grounds, which ample wealth and long cultivation have made a veritable paradise for birds, they live in full knowledge of their security, and with nothing to check their natural increase. The extreme scarcity of predatory birds and mammals, which have been for a long time nearly exterminated throughout England, has also assisted to bring about that affluence of bird life which is so justly the pride of the English people.

In the United States, notwithstanding the derogatory comparisons which have been made—and which, it is true, will, for reasons stated above, apply to the vicinity of our more densely populated centers, and also to regions of extensive forests—a condition at least closely approaching that which is claimed as peculiar to the British Islands may be found in certain favored sections; that is, in those parts where bits of deciduous woodland and open country alternate, with plenty of local variety in the landscape. Such a description will apply to a very large portion of the United States situated between the Alleghanies, on the one hand, and the Great Plains on the other, although not by any means exclusively to that region. The writer was once informed by a young Canadian ornithologist—a specially observant "field naturalist" with a remarkably fine ear for bird notes, and able to imitate many with great exactness—that during several years' residence in England he never heard finer nor more abundant bird music than on the

prairies of Manitoba, where the melodious and powerful warblings of the Western meadowlark were, to his ear, superior in richness and strength to the song of the famed nightingale, while the silvery trills of the Missouri skylark also exceeded in sweetness the more powerful, but far from musical, rattling warble of the English species.

The writer has on many occasions heard, early on mornings in May and June, grand concerts of bird music, which probably would challenge comparison, both as to quality and quantity, with any to be heard in other portions of the world, excepting, probably, the highlands of Mexico, which are said, and probably with truth, to be without a rival in number and quality of songsters. The following list is copied from my note-book, and was made during the progress of such a concert, the birds named singing simultaneously in my immediate vicinity. The locality was not a particularly favorable one, being two miles from a small village, and at least three-fourths of the vicinity either heavy woodland or wooded swamp. The date May 12, and the locality southwestern Indiana:

Four cardinal grosbeaks, three indigo buntings, numerous American goldfinches, one white-eyed vireo, one Maryland yellow-throat, one field sparrow, one Carolina wren, one tufted titmouse, one gray-cheeked thrush, one yellow-breasted chat, one Louisiana water-thrush, one red-eyed vireo, and two mourning doves—in all thirteen species, and at least twice that number of individuals! And here is a list of birds heard singing one day in June, about the edge of a prairie in southern Illinois: Two mockingbirds, one brown thrasher, three yellow-breasted chats, one warbling vireo, one Baltimore oriole, several meadowlarks, numerous dickcissels and Henslow's and grasshopper sparrows, one lark sparrow, one robin, one towhee, one catbird, one

wood thrush, one oven-bird, one summer tanager, several tufted titmice, one red-eyed vireo, one Bell's vireo, one white-eyed vireo, one cardinal grosbeak, one indigo bunting, two Maryland yellow-throats, one field sparrow, and one prairie lark—the latter a true lark, singing while suspended in mid-air, exactly in the manner of a skylark; in all, twenty-five species and perhaps fifty individuals. Is such a rich medley of bird music often, if ever, excelled in England? It is true that neither the skylark nor the nightingale nor the song thrush were included, but they were each represented, and well represented too; the first, if not by the prairie lark, whose manner of singing is identical, but whose song is comparatively feeble, then by his namesake the meadowlark, of which Wilson—himself a Scotchman—says that, although it “cannot boast the *powers of song*” which distinguish the skylark, “yet in richness of plumage *as well as in sweetness of voice* \* \* \* stands *eminently its superior*” (italics our own); the second by the mockingbird, whose song is unrivalled for its combination of richness, variety, compass, volubility and vivacity; and the third by the brown thrasher, whose energetic, powerful and untiring melody is said to closely resemble in modulation that of the song thrush. Not less than half a dozen of the remaining species are songsters of very pronounced merit, probably equalling, in one quality or another of song, the best of European singers, excepting that celebrated trio, the nightingale, song thrush and skylark.

It thus appears that the apparent deficiency of singing birds in the United States is an artificial rather than a natural condition, characteristic, so far as the settled or cultivated portions are concerned, of the more densely inhabited centers, where birds have been actually driven off by the persecutions of the pot-hunter, to whom anything with feathers is game, and by the

indifference of the population in general. There can be no question that the boxes put up in the parks of our larger cities for the imported European house sparrow, which has not a single commendable quality, would have attracted bluebirds and house wrens, two of our most attractive and useful birds, until these would by the present time have become as common and familiar as their true representatives in England—robin redbreast and kitty wren. The purple martin—grandest of the swallow tribe—could in the same way have been attracted in large and useful numbers to the very centers of our largest cities.

Alexander Wilson, the "Father of American Ornithology,"—a Scotchman, by the way—and Thomas Nuttall, an Englishman, both praise our bluebird in unqualified terms, and also the house wren, the purple martin and some others. Hear what another Englishman (Captain Saville G. Reid, Royal Engineers), says of our bluebird, as observed by him in Bermuda, where it is resident, and, in accordance with the English custom, rigidly protected:

' This is, to my mind, the most delightful of birds, and certainly the flower of the limited flock of Bermuda residents; its brilliant plumage, vivacious manners and pleasant warble render it an object of interest to all, while its confiding and fearless nature in the breeding season, and the number of noxious insects it destroys, cause it to be strictly protected throughout the islands. The male bird in spring, when the sun's rays illumine his dazzling blue plumage, is perfectly lovely; he flashes across the road like a ray of azure light, and seems actually to blaze with intense color from among the sombre foliage of the cedars."

There is no bird in England—not even the semi-domestic robin redbreast—which is more easily encouraged to seek human society than the bluebird; certainly none

are so beautiful and none more lovable in every way. The modest little chipping sparrow is even more easily encouraged, and it is equally deserving of encouragement, for, though neither beautiful in plumage nor sweet of voice, he has a trim little form, a saucy red cap, and the most confiding manner, often, in the villages and at the farm-houses, attending the meals of the family and picking up crumbs which are thrown out the door, or, should the table be set out on the verandah or beneath the arbor, gathering them from among the feet of those sitting at the table. This trim little bird, which can so easily be made a household pet, is extremely useful in destroying injurious insects, is particularly beneficial to the garden, and is specially fond of the cabbage worm, of which one pair would keep a moderate sized garden quite free. The house wren is, as his name implies, one of our semi-domestic birds, and, being exclusively insectivorous, is one of the most useful, while his cheerful, sprightly warble renders him excellent good company. Wilson characterizes the song of the house wren as "loud, sprightly, tremulous, and repeated every few seconds with great animation," and says that "in strength of tone and execution, it is far superior" to that of the English species. The purple martin, largest, handsomest and most musical of all the swallow tribe, is not only an agreeable companion, but is also extremely useful as a destroyer of insects, which exclusively constitute its food, and as a protection to the farmer from hawks and crows, against the depredations of which there can be no better safeguard, since not one of these predatory birds dares approach the vicinity of a pair, much less a colony, of purple martins.

The birds which are specially mentioned above are, with the robin and catbird (and, west of the Alleghanies, the bluejay), pre-eminently our most familiar species; but there are many others which are most at

home in our orchards or among the shade trees along the streets of villages and towns, or even sometimes within large cities. A good example of this latter class is the warbling vireo, which Nuttall characterizes as a bird "almost confined to our villages and even cities." He says that it is "rarely observed in the woods; but from the tall trees which decorate the streets and lanes, the almost invisible musician, secured from the enemies of the forest, is heard to cheer the house and cottage with his untiring song," and that he has heard it singing as late as October 2. Its song, says Mr. Thomas McIlwraith (in "Birds of Ontario"), "is soft, subdued and flowing, like the murmuring of a hidden brook in the leafy month of June." The beautiful yellow warbler is one of our commonest orchard birds; and if the bluebird is the most delightful of our birds, this is the most lovely, with his plumage of mellowest gamboge-yellow, streaked with richest chestnut-red on breast and sides, and pretty, cheerful song. He is not only beautiful and tuneful, but useful as a destroyer of insects infesting fruit trees, which constitute his only food.

This list of familiar, attractive and useful songsters might be greatly extended; but enough have been mentioned to show that the United States is not so badly off in the matter of song birds as might appear. We have them in abundance, but they are treated with indifference—or, what is worse still, *snubbed* by the perverted sentiment which prefers the detestable house sparrow to the bluebird, the house wren or the purple martin. When that worse than useless foreign vagabond was introduced to this country, boxes were immediately put up for his accommodation, and every means taken to protect him. Yet, none of our native birds, no matter how useful, beautiful or melodious, was considered worth the trouble. Had the same steps

been taken to encourage and protect those of our native species which are most worthy of such attention, there is no question that our towns and villages and city parks would by this time have become full of bluebirds, wrens and other attractive and useful birds, whose place is now taken by that rank weed among birds, the European sparrow. Successful as has been the introduction of the latter pest, attempts have been made to naturalize various European song birds, but they have all proven failures, as might have been expected had the matter been properly considered. It should be remembered, in this connection, that the climate of this country is exceedingly different from that of Europe—especially the British Islands—which is characterized by milder winters and cooler summers, while our winters are severe and with frequent changes of temperature, and our summer heat of tropical intensity. Therefore, few of the resident European species could stand the vicissitudes of our climate. Again, birds which in the mild climate of England are resident throughout the year would, if brought to this country, be forced to migrate or else perish; while migration being but an inherited instinct, followed by the predecessors of existing individuals of each species for thousands of generations, this instinct serves them to no purpose in a strange country, but, on the other hand, is apt to lead them to destruction, since, when the season for migration arrives, they are as apt to fly directly out to sea as not, and thus be destroyed.

Let us, therefore, instead of continuing to deprecate our supposed scarcity of song birds and attempting the remedy by futile importations of foreign species, encourage and rigidly protect those which the bounty of nature has provided for us, and of which we have every reason to be proud.

ROBERT RIDGWAY.

## HINTS TO AUDUBON WORKERS.\*

### FIFTY COMMON BIRDS AND HOW TO KNOW THEM.

#### II.

**W**HEN you begin to study the birds in the fields and woods, you should make yourself as much a part of the scenery as possible, so that they will not be frightened by something striking and unusual.

The majority of birds are not afraid of man as a figure, but as an active, aggressive object. The observance of a few simple rules will help you to become inconspicuous.

First—Avoid very light-colored clothing.

Second—Walk slowly and noiselessly.

Third—Avoid all sudden, jerky movements.

Fourth—Avoid all talking, or speak only in an undertone.

Fifth—If the bird is singing, and stops on your approach, stand still for a few moments and encourage him by answering his call. If he gets interested, you can often creep up within opera glass distance without his objecting.

Sixth—Make a practice of stopping often, and standing perfectly still. In that way you will hear voices that would be drowned by your movement; and the birds will come to the spot without noticing you, when they would fly away in advance if they were to see and hear you walking toward them.

The best way of all is to select a favorable place, and sit there quietly for several hours, to see what will come. Then you get at the home life of the birds, not merely seeing them when they are on their

[Owing to an oversight the complete title of Miss Merriam's series of bird sketches was not given in the June AUDUBON, but appears this month. Several of our common birds, sketches of which have already appeared in the MAGAZINE, will be omitted from Miss Merriam's series.—EDITOR AUDUBON MAGAZINE.]

guard. For careful observation in general, three rules may be given.

First—In clear weather be sure to get between the sun and your bird. In the wrong light a scarlet tanager or an indigo bird will look as black as a crow.

Second—Gaze. Let your eyes rest on the trees before you, and if there is any movement, you will soon discover your bird.

Third—Beware of the besetting sin of observers. Never jump at conclusions. Prove all your conjectures.

If you take these simple precautions, the success of your work will be greatly increased.

#### PHŒBE.

If you class the robin, the bluebird, and blackbird together, on account of their striking colors, and distinguish the sparrows by their striped backs, the common flycatchers will readily stand out as unstriped, dull, dark, grayish birds, that have light breasts. Knowing that their vocal organs are undeveloped, you are not surprised by the abrupt call of the phœbe. Although it resembles a jerking repetition of *phæ-be'*, *phæ-be'*, it is not exactly what the word would indicate. The first part of the call is comparatively clear, but the second is a longer rasping note, making the whole more like *phæ-rêé'*, *phæ-rêé'*, with a heavily trilled *r*.

When the birds first begin coming north you will hear this, and you will soon recognize it from barns and sheds, or on lawns, in open fields, and along the sides of streams. When you have traced the call to its source—and it is an excellent habit to see every bird whose notes attract your attention—the dull slate-colored coat and the whitish vest, with its washing of pale yellow, is soon forgotten in watching the curious habits of the little fellow.

Somewhat longer than a song sparrow—two thirds as large as a robin—he is strikingly unlike that cheery, busy little bird. There he sits on a branch, in an attitude that would scandalize the neat songster. His wings droop listlessly at his sides, and his tail hangs straight down in the most untidy fashion. He seems the personification of negligent indifference; but if you focus your opera-glass upon him, you will see that his wings are vibrating, and his tail jerking nervously at intervals. Suddenly he starts into the air, snaps his bill loudly over the unsuspecting fly he has been lying in wait for, and just as suddenly settles back on his branch, with a spasmodic jerk of the tail.

And now, as he sits there, looking about for another victim, you have a good chance to study him through your glass, and observe the peculiarities of the bill that gave such a resounding "*click*." If you noticed the bills of the robin and bluebird, you saw that they were long, thin and slender—well fitted for their worm diet—while the sparrows, who live mostly on seeds, had the short, stout, characteristic finch bill. The flycatchers' bills are especially adapted to catching the insects upon which they live. At the base there are long, stiff bristles, and the upper half of the bill hooks over the lower one so securely at the end, that when an insect is once entrapped it has a small chance of escape.

The phœbe is very fond of making its nest on the beams of horse sheds and under bridges, apparently indifferent to the dust and noise of its position.

The nest is an unusually pretty one, and looks very soft and luxurious. Both the moss that trims it, and the long horse hairs that hang from it add to the appearance of careless ease. Even the five large white eggs have a generous air.

Mr. Burroughs describes its nest and habits in "Wake Robin," pp. 16, 63, 139, and "Birds and Poets," p. 37-38.

## MEADOWLARK.

To a great many people the meadowlark is only a voice, but if you follow the rule laid down at the beginning of your work and are determined to see as well as hear, you will have little trouble in finding the owner of the plaintive call, that rises so mysteriously out of the grass.

Focus your glass on the meadow and then listen carefully for the direction of the sound. The lark is a little larger than a robin, but, as he is very much the color of the dead grass that covers the ground when he first comes north, and the dry stubble left after the summer mowing, he is hard to see. When you have found him, you discover that his general brownish-yellow color is relieved by a bright yellow throat, below which is a large black crescent. When he flies, you recognize him as one of the few birds characterized by white tail feathers. He nests in the field, laying his white speckled eggs in a coil of dried grass on the ground.

The peculiarities of his labored flight are exactly described in Shelley's "Ode to the Skylark," when he says, "Thou dost *float* and *run*." Flying seems hard work for him, and he does as little of it as possible. When he starts up from the meadow, he goes in a straight oblique line to the tree he wishes to reach.

The famous song of the European lark may be superior to that of our own, but the mournful melody of the meadowlark is full of poetic suggestions. He is the hermit thrush of the meadows, as solitary and pensive where the light-hearted bobolink's song jostles the sunbeams, as the lonely hermit is in his dusky forest cloister.

## CATBIRD.

The catbird is one of the most interesting, and at the same time, most exasperating of birds, to the tyro. Like some people, he seems to give up all his time to the



pleasure of hearing himself talk. He is a first cousin of the mockingbird—whom he resembles in person much more than in voice—and the relationship may account for the overweening confidence he has in his vocal powers. As a matter of fact, his jerky utterance is so strikingly harsh that some one has aptly termed it asthmatic.

The catbird is unmistakably a Bohemian. He is exquisitely formed; has a beautiful slate-gray coat, set off by a black head and tail; by nature he is peculiarly graceful; and when he chooses, can pass for the most polished of the cultured Philistine aristocracy. But he cares nothing for all this. With the laziness of a self-indulgent Bohemian, he sits by the hour with relaxed muscles, and wings and tail drooping listlessly. If he were a man, you are convinced that he would sit in his shirt sleeves at home, and go on the street without a collar.

And his occupation? His cousin is an artist, but he—is he a wag as well as a caricaturist, or is he in sober earnest when he tries to mimic a Wilson's thrush? If he is a wag, he is a successful one, for he deceives the unguarded into believing him a robin, a cat, and—"a bird new to science!" How he must chuckle to himself over the enthusiasm with which his notes are hailed in their different characters, and the bewilderment and crestfallen disgust that come to the more diligent observer when he finally catches a glimpse of the garrulous mimic.

He builds his nest as he does everything else. The great loose mass of coarse twigs, heaped together and patched up with pieces of newspaper or anything that happens to come in his way, looks as if it would hardly bear his weight. He lines it, however, with fine bits of dark roots, and when the beautiful green eggs are laid in it, you feel sure that such an artistic looking bird must take a peculiar pleasure in the contrasting colors.

High trees have an unsocial aspect, and

so we find him in low bushes on the edge of a river, or even by the side of the garden, enjoying the sun and his own company.

In "Wake Robin," in the chapter on the "Return of the Birds," Mr. Burroughs gives an interesting instance of the maternal instinct of the catbird.

#### CUCKOO; RAIN CROW.

A third larger than a robin, the cuckoo is a long, slender, olive-brown bird with a white breast, and white spots known as "thumb marks" on the under side of his tail.

Unless you follow him to his haunts you rarely see him. Now and then, perhaps, you catch a glimpse of his long brown body, as he comes silently out of a clump of bushes to disappear with swift straight flight in a heavily leaved tree or mass of shrubbery where he suspects a fresh supply of insects.

His presence is generally remembered by the proverbially prophetic call to which he owes the name "rain crow."

His nest and eggs resemble those of the catbird, but in general a greater contrast could not be imagined than between the two birds.

Mr. Burroughs gives an especially happy description of him in his "Return of the Birds." He says: "The cuckoo is one of the most solitary birds of our forest, and is strangely tame and quiet, appearing equally untouched by joy or grief, fear or anger. Something remote seems ever weighing upon his mind. His note or call is as of one lost or wandering, and to the farmer is prophetic of rain. Amid the general joy and the sweet assurance of things, I love to listen to the strange clairvoyant call. Heard a quarter of a mile away, from out the depths of the forest, there is something peculiarly weird and monkish about it. Wordsworth's lines upon the



European species apply equally well to ours:—

‘O blithe new comer! I have heard,  
I hear thee and rejoice;  
O cuckoo! Shall I call thee bird?  
Or but a wandering voice?

‘While I am lying on the grass,  
Thy loud note smites my ear!  
From hill to hill it seems to pass,  
At once far off and near!

\* \* \* \*

‘Thrice welcome, darling of the spring!  
Even yet thou art to me  
No bird, but an invisible thing,  
A voice, a mystery.’”

#### BLACK-CAPPED CHICKADEE; TITMOUSE.

Read Emerson’s “Titmouse” and you will recognize this charming little creature without the help of your glass. Not only in the spring and fall, but in the coldest winter days his bright “*chick-a-dee-dee—dee-dee*,” that Thoreau calls “silver tinkling,” rings through the air. When you hear it, if you look carefully over the tree, you will see a fluffy little body with a black hood that is relieved by whitish side pieces; a vest to match the sides of the hood; and a dark gray coat for contrast.

He is flitting about hither and thither, clinging to the side of a tree one minute, and picking at the moss on a branch the next; and you will hardly catch more than a glimpse of his black cap and gray and white clothes, unless you come nearer to him. If you care for a better view you need not be afraid of frightening him, for he has the most winning confidence in man, inspecting the trees in your front yard or those in the woods, with the same unconscious unconcern.

You are inclined to think that the busy chickadee takes no time to meditate, and sees only the bright side of life; and when you hear his plaintive minor whistle echoing through the woods, you wonder if it can have come from the same little creature

whose merry *chick'-a-dee-dee'* you know so well.

This little atom at full breath,  
Hurling defiance at vast death

never does anything by halves. When he is happy, he is the best company one could hope for, on a winter’s walk; when he is busy he seems the realization of perpetual motion; and when he gives up his ordinary pursuits and prepares to rear a family, he goes to work in the same generous fashion. He leaves civilization with its many distractions, and goes into the woods. Even there he is not content to sit on the top of a nest; and as his bill is too delicate to be used as a saw, he fits up an old woodpecker’s hole in the side of a stump or a dead stub, and retires from the world with the determination of a hermit.

In lining his nest he shows the delicacy of taste one naturally expects from him. Although the bottom of the nest is a foot or more below the hole, it is far prettier than most of the bird homes that are on exhibition in the forest. Bits of fresh green moss give it a dainty air, and bring out to the best advantage the dark gray of the squirrel or rabbit fur that makes it snug and warm. One is tempted to wonder where the fur came from, and if the ardent chickadee tweaked it out of the back of some preoccupied squirrel. Perhaps the demure little recluse has a spice of wickedness after all, and his satisfaction in his secure retreat has something of exultant mischief in it.

#### YELLOWBIRD; AMERICAN GOLDFINCH; THISTLEBIRD.

Like the chickadee, this is one of the captivating little birds that make Audubon workers feel most strongly the barbarism of the bird-wearing fashion. A trifle larger than the titmouse—say a third as large as a robin—his slender form fits him for flying about in the air, while the chickadee, who spends his time flitting around the

tree trunks and branches, is naturally plump and fluffy

In summer the goldfinch's black cap, black wings and tail set off his bright yellow body to the best advantage, but in September he loses his beauty, and, until the next April or May, looks very much like his plain little wife. His black trimmings are gone, and he has become flaxen-brown above, and whitish-brown below, altogether commonplace in appearance. Perhaps it is his annual humiliation that gives him such a sweet disposition!

He has the characteristic finch bill—a short stout cone well adapted for cracking the seeds that form the largest part of his diet. He is called thistlebird because of his fondness for the seeds of the thistles, and you will soon discover that his favorite perch is a thistletop.

He builds quite late in the summer, generally in July, sometimes choosing a low apple tree and sometimes a crotch in the branch of a larger tree, for his nest. But wherever it is, the nest is always a dainty

compact little one, lined with just such soft, downy things as one would imagine such a bird would select. There is only room for four or five eggs, and these are very pale blue, unspotted.

In summer the yellowbird reminds you strongly of the canary, and his song carries the resemblance still further. His tender, plaintive call, however, is much sweeter than any of the notes of a canary.

*Bay-bee'*, *bāy-ēe-bēē*, he sings out while on the wing, and the rhythm of the notes corresponds to that of his peculiar undulating flight, which Mr. Burroughs has described with such careful detail.

Of all our common birds, with the exception of the hummingbird, the little goldfinch is the daintiest, the most fairylike. As he flutters his wings a few times, and then lets himself float down on the air, too happy to do anything but enjoy the blue sky and sunshine, he seems a veritable bird Ariel. Think of taking the life of such an exquisite little creature, to wear him on your hat!

FLORENCE A. MERRIAM.

### JIM.

JIM was our pet bird. I called him that after my boy Jim at home, far off in the States. Some day, when you grow up, my little friends, you will know what a man's love for his children is, and may you be spared the pain of separation from an only son! Which would you like to hear about first, the boy Jim or the bird Jim? Probably the boy, because you will want to know why he was away up in the North, while his mother and I, and our little daughter Ruth, lived in South America, in a city named Rio de Janeiro. This is the reason why: You know that Brazil is a great coffee-growing country, do you not? Well, my business was shipping coffee to the United States, and so we had to live in the tropics, where the people are neither indus-

trious, nor active, nor progressive, and where there were no good schools.

Jim was eight years old—just the age to learn, I am sure you are thinking—so we were forced to send him home to a school in New York State, while Ruth, our bright, dark-eyed girl, was still so young that we kept her with us yet awhile. We knew well that the day would come, ere long, when we would have to send her, too; but we never spoke of it.

Our house stood in a winding, rough-paved street, on a high hill leading up from the city, and overlooking the blue bay, inclosed in its frame of mountains, whose peaks are so rugged and fantastic in shape and outline. We could see the ships come in from sea, and sometimes, with the help

of a field glass, we could even distinguish their names. We had a garden in front of the house, and one on either side, and one in the rear. In this latter garden we kept dozens of chickens—rare, fine breeds—and you should have heard how our bird Jim mimicked the timid “cheep! cheep!” of the tiny chicks, and the important, motherly “cluck! cluck!” of the old hens, as they went bustling around the yard. Jim came to us in this manner:

There is a time of year, in all hot countries, when it becomes dangerous to remain in the cities, on account of the yellow fever. One summer, when I had taken my family up into the mountains to a place called Palmeiras, little Ruth one day found a wounded bird in the woods, near the house, where she was walking with Antonio, our *copeiro*, or man-servant. The bird was a big, plain, gray fellow—not handsome at all—and had evidently been bitten by a snake or tarantula, a large, hairy and very poisonous kind of spider—or some one of the venomous creatures that abound in the South American forests. Ruth picked him up and carried him home, and she nursed him, with our help, until in a few days he was hopping about and chirping, and was almost able to fly. There was a celebrated naturalist traveling in Brazil at this time—a man of sweet and kindly nature, who loved children, as well as all the rest of creation, and of whom the little ones were never afraid. You can all ask your mothers his name, little people, and read his books, when you are older, and learn about his wonderful knowledge and his discoveries, and above all what a good man he was. Well! This great and good man came to make us a visit of a few days, at our cottage, and small Miss Ruth, nothing dismayed, at once brought her half-sick bird, wrapped up in a shawl, to show him. The professor was delighted. “Why, my child, you have rescued a *Sabia da Pria*, the Brazilian mockingbird,” he said;

“you are a very fortunate little girl. Do not let him get away. Ask your father to buy you a large cage for him, and when he gets well, as he soon will, you will see what a famous singer he will prove to be.” Ruth clapped her hands and danced around the room for very pride and happiness. To think that she, her own little self, had found this precious *Sabia*!

Now, Ruth already possessed a perfect menagerie of dogs and cats and birds, and a scrap of a monkey, and a naughty rooster that was the terror of the neighborhood, and what not, but she did not tire of her old pets when a new one was given to her, as so many children do. She was a loyal, faithful little soul, and if Jim was her greatest favorite it was not because he was the latest arrival in her family, but because she had saved his life.

Jim did grow to be a famous singer. I had a roomy, comfortable cage made for him to live in, and as he was a young bird, he soon grew perfectly at home in his new quarters, and seemed bright and contented and strong. He began to sing at once, every day a little more, every day treating us to prettier songs than before. After two or three months had passed over his head he began to astonish us and everybody with his exquisite wild notes and his fresh imitations, for you know, children, that these birds are called mockingbirds because they mimic or mock every sound they hear. There was nothing, from the mewling of cats, the barking of dogs, braying of donkeys, neighing of horses, and other noises, down to the cry or crow of a baby, or human laughter, but what Jim could imitate, and well, too. It would have made you all laugh to hear him. But besides these funny imitations, Jim could pour forth from his plain gray throat a flood of long, entrancing melody that I have never heard equalled, and as he was a loud, brilliant and joyous singer, not in the least shy, he could be heard, when we took him back

to the city, after the intense heat and the fatal fever season were over, far down the hill and far up the hill and "across the hills and far away." And everywhere around our region people would say, "There goes little Ruth Mayfield's wonderful bird Jim, singing away to his heart's content."

In my few leisure hours I had tried to cultivate Jim's voice, too, and with such marked success that he could whistle "The Star-Spangled Banner" correctly and clearly when he chose. He did not always choose, though, and sometimes when we most wanted him to "show off," no coaxing nor persuasion would induce him to whistle it. He was like some little boys and girls that you and I know of, wasn't he? I believe that if my wife or I had had the time, or if Ruth, who possessed a perfect ear for music, had been old enough to teach him, Jim could have been taught to whistle any tune. You know, though, that to train any pet requires unwearying patience and time at one's command.

Altogether, Jim was a marvel, and he was so tame and had such an affectionate disposition, united with his many accomplishments, that we all grew much attached to him, especially Ruth. She was very proud and very fond of him. Here is a letter she sent home to her brother. The words, if not the writing and spelling (she was only six years old), are strictly her own :

"MY DEAR BROTHER :

"I hope you are well and enjoying yourself. I have a new bird, Jim papa named him. He is ugly. He is big. He has some long legs stiff, and he jumps from perch to perch. He is not quiet one single minute. Papa bought a great big cage, which

is all he could live in [the only size that would hold him she means]. I admire him better much than all my pets. [You see, she would not acknowledge she loved him the best.] Mamma says I must give you their names. Jollie is a English lark Capt. Gardener brought to me. He is sad to go home again. Punch and Judy is two cardinals, and has red heads. Faith, Hope and Charity, and Pride and Prejudice [Pide and Pejjidish, in Ruth's language], which is canaries, and sings beautiful, in spite of Jim. Bijou is a monkey marmoset, who is cross and snaps, but he don't come up to Dom Pedro, a rooster, who fought a boy. I called my lovely mastiff, that came on the ship, Monsieur, and Toddles is a little sweet Scotch terrier—oh! so small! Haven't I got a fine lot? Jim's cage is grinded up to the top nights, so that no rats, nor cats, nor *bixos* will eat him up, and he can whistle the Star-Spangled Banner [that Ruth pronounced Tar-Pangled Banner], and he can whistle and sing the greatest in the world. Good-bye. From your affectionate little sister,

"RUTH MAYFIELD."

As Ruth stated, though perhaps you did not quite understand what she meant, we were so afraid lest any harm should come to our Jim from *bixos* (a Brazilian word, which means any kind of hurtful or despised thing, or animal, or insect), we had his cage fastened to ropes in the ceiling, and every night we lifted him gently up by means of pulleys. One night we heard a fearful crash. We hurried out into the room where Jim slept, and found that his cage had fallen clear down to the hard tiled floor. Whether it was that the rafters of the old house were rotten and had given way, or whether the rats had gnawed the ropes, or indeed what had caused the accident, we could never just tell. Certain it was that the cage was prostrate and Jim, our brave, noble singer, lay dead. The fall had broken his neck.

H. E. MAYFIELD.



# THE AUDUBON NOTE BOOK.

## MEMBERSHIP RETURNS.

THE number of registered members at 1st of June was 32,670, showing an increase of 2,714 for the month, distributed as follows:

New York.....	643	Minnesota.....	13
Pennsylvania.....	540	Louisiana.....	82
Massachusetts.....	225	Connecticut.....	28
New Jersey.....	171	West Virginia.....	4
Ohio.....	130	District of Columbia.....	12
Michigan.....	121	California.....	1
Missouri.....	193	Vermont.....	6
New Hampshire.....	45	Tennessee.....	30
Kansas.....	72	Georgia.....	24
Kentucky.....	17	Maryland.....	10
Florida.....	2	Iowa.....	15
North Carolina.....	12	New Mexico.....	2
Rhode Island.....	26	Montana.....	1
Illinois.....	78	Wisconsin.....	10
Maine.....	38	Dominion of Canada.....	113
Colorado.....	27	European Countries.....	23

2,714

C. F. AMERY, General Secretary.

## SLAUGHTER IN FLORIDA.

AN extract from a letter written from Pinecastle, Florida, by Mr. J. Summerlin, gives some idea of the difference in numbers of the Florida birds now and a few years ago. No law and no sentiment protects the birds in that State, and they are butchered annually by tens of thousands. It is to be hoped that the Florida Legislature, which is now in session, may soon take steps to remedy this evil. Mr. Summerlin says: "Through my long meanderings I watched closely for birds and deer. I saw but a few hundred birds where formerly I had seen from ten to twenty thousand. I met plenty of hunters with buggies and wagons loaded with bird plumes. The birds were killed at a season of the year when they were rearing their young. On passing the rookeries where the hunters had been a few days previous, the screams and calls of the starving young birds were pitiful to hear. Some were just fledged, while others were so young that they could make but little noise. But all must inevitably starve to death. I asked several of the hunters how many young birds were thus destroyed through their cruelty, and their estimation was two to four young birds for each plume they had secured. I cannot describe the horror it gave me to hear the pitiful screams of the dying little birds. From the number of plumes the hunters had it is but fair to estimate that within thirty days, in Brevard county alone, twelve hundred birds have been shot for their plumes. Cannot our legislators put a stop to this destruction of the birds, as they are innocent

and do no one any harm, while their beautiful plumage is one of the attractions of Florida. In the southern part of the State the birds begin pluming in February. Then the hunting begins and continues until May."

## THE AUDUBON BADGE.

IT has been decided to issue the Audubon badge proposed in our June Note Book. Almost everybody seems to want it; the young because it is ornamental and distinctive, and the older ones because it is a silent assertion of principles, and calculated to provoke inquiry, paving the way to a natural and easy



discussion of the Society and its objects. To the young, moreover, it will be a constant reminder of their pledges. The badge will be of coin silver as already stated. The die is in course of preparation, and orders will be registered forthwith. Price fifty cents. Send postal note or stamps to Forest and Stream Publishing Co., 40 Park Row, New York.

## A LITTLE GIRL'S OWL.

RIVERSIDE, Ohio, June 2.

*My dear Amy*—Do you remember the old tree that we used to climb last summer? Two owls have built a nest in it, and they have little ones. Last week one of the little owls got out of the nest and lost his way and we found him and we brought him home and put him in the hen coop in the yard. The next day what do you think we found? At the door of the coop a big fat mouse just killed. The next day two dead birds were lying by the coop. The old owls have found out where the little owl is and they come at night and bring him food. I think we shall keep him until he gets tame. I have never seen a pet owl, have never you? Don't you forget to write to me about your birthday.

Your loving cousin,  
LUCY E.—

This letter was never intended for publication; it reached Cousin Amy as directed, and we hope interested her, but she lost it. Fortunately it was found on the street by one of our correspondents, who thought it would be a nice letter to send to all the readers of the AUDUBON. We do not know Lucy E., but for all that, we feel quite sure it is a true story. Evidently the old bird was satisfied that Lucy wanted to care for the young one and fill a mother's place,

but what could Lucy know about feeding young owls? If the mother bird had fed the young one herself at night, Lucy would be none the wiser, but by putting the dead mouse and small birds down outside the coop she gave Lucy full instruction in her duties. Let us hope she did not get small birds for it, but that she kept the trap constantly set and provided the owlet with an abundance of good fat mice.

#### SMASHED BIRDS.

THE following extracts from a paper by Mrs. H. R. Haweis recently printed in the London magazine *Belgravia*, will be sure to interest all members of the Audubon Society:

A corpse is never a really pleasant ornament; most people with a real feeling for beauty will agree with me. Holbein painted one with terrible truth to nature. Other old masters, equally great, painted many corpses, but they were all painted with a motive—to startle, not to tickle, the pulses. All the ideas awakened by such an image are *charnelle*, not joyous; and the primary object of all decorations is to give joy and pleasure, to appeal through the eye to the happiest emotions, which a corpse does not do—even when it has glass eyes. \* \* \*

When I was in America two years ago, in many ways the pleasantest tour I ever made, I found a fashion rife which had not yet submerged England, the fashion of wearing huge birds, mostly in a rather smashed state, on the head gear. When I went into a car of a morning, I could not help immediately counting half a dozen smashed birds; I changed to a second, nine smashed birds met my gaze; went into a third, sixteen smashed birds. Along the street every other woman had a smashed bird on her head, every bonnet shop was full, and at Boston, where, the weather being rainy, black waterproofs were commonly worn by all classes, this gay-colored smashed bird peering from the macintosh hood, ever and aye, struck me as quite comic. I have seen a gray parrot put to this use, and I constantly saw gulls towering two feet from the face. \* \* \*

Since then the disease has reached England. We too spatchcock on us, back or front, monstrosities which set some of us wondering whether they are most heartless or most hideous. The raggedest girl can clap a smashed bird on her smashed bonnet, and she does it. If she cannot afford to buy one, she can trap a young sparrow, tread on it, and pin it to her unkempt head. The richest leader of fashion is radical enough to keep her in countenance, for in England equality of women is a furor; and there no longer exists the prejudice that "what everybody does" is "vulgar"—indeed, vulgarity is a cult in more ways than one, by reaction. From America comes our levelling tendency, from America our smashed bird. Let us take from America now the example set by her most cultivated ranks, and discourage the indiscriminate slaughter of creatures so useful and beautiful in their proper places, in order to put them to an unnatural use in pursuit of—it sounds ironical to say beauty and joy—so we must say ugliness and pain. America's Audubon Society did not actually precede our Selborne Society; but it is fifty times as active, and therefore fifty times as useful.

Now, the reason I did not like these smashed birds was (1) because I am acquainted with live birds, and the agonized attitudes vexed my eye. The poor impaled beasts seemed to cry aloud from the hat, "Help me! I am in torture." They seldom had their limbs in the right places; generally the head down, one wing up, the other—well, occasionally on the contrary side of a bow—and the legs splayed out like horns. Miserable it was to an art student. (2.) A big bird, even when properly placed, legs below, head up, and a wild hilarity in its eye, is a considerable weight, and such a burden is out of place at the edge or front of a hat. A living bird could not stand there; the head could not bear the weight. A live pigeon weighs one pound, a gull from two and one quarter to five pounds, and therefore its being there in effigy contradicted the canons of good taste.

Visiting North Devonshire not long ago, Lee and Morthoe, I noticed that never a bird's song struck the ear; one never saw a bird. I was told the wise and intelligent natives had long waged war on small birds; and what was the result? Why, that hardly a single walk could be taken in the woods for the mass of slugs that lay all over the rich grass everywhere, sometimes in uncounted numbers, only four or five feet apart—slugs so huge that they reminded one of snakes, only that a snake is less disgusting, and has better manners; at least it will politely remove itself when it sees you coming. The brutal slug is like the slimy lonnger, heavy with drink or selfishness, who will bar your way without apology, when there is no road but past a public house.

Pretty Lee was a purgatory to me thus; which ever green glade I sought to penetrate, Fafner barred my progress, and stretched and yawned in his vile content at being too horrible to crush. Why were these disgraceful slugs fattening all over Devon? Because the birds were writhing on hats or hanging in tatters on barn doors. And snails, earwigs, all the grubs and beetles one can think of avenged the birds on the farmers' crops and the gentry's pleasaunces. The "caterpillars innumerable" eat more than the birds did. In vain the indignant farmer's wail! God is "on the side of the big battalions," even when the army is of slugs, and it is of no use praying for good harvests while we make them impossible. Much of the failure of crops and the fall in the value of land and home produce is directly traceable to our interference with the proper balance of nature in her creatures.

However, were the fashion of wearing mangled birds and beasts on the head really pretty and pleasant to the educated eye, no consideration for farmer or innocent pedestrian could be expected to touch the thoughtless votaries of *la mode*. Still less can they be touched on the sentimental side—have not some leathern girls danced at balls with a trimming of robin redbreasts on their half-clad forms?—and questions of cruelty are certainly best discussed distinct from questions of beauty. I have never been unphilosophic enough to argue the question of dress from the moral side, though I may nurse a private opinion that a moral side exists and has a most deep influence, because dress is an index to character. And it is only because so many pretty faces on both sides the Atlantic have been spoilt by this smashed-bird exorcism of sick fancy, that I venture to allude to the farmer as above, who deserves scant pity, no doubt, while himself remains the worst naturalist.

My readers may be glad to know that when rural property and rural pleasure in America were seen to be in danger through thoughtless shooting by boys and indiscriminate trapping by milliners' envoys, when entire species were disappearing from the groves and fens, the lovely hummingbird exterminated in several places, the innocent bobolink and others becoming extinct, the American Ornithologists' Union got an act passed for the protection of birds other than game birds, and their nests and eggs. (The game birds were already under protection.) The Audubon Society set itself to create a public sentiment in support of the law. The active members endeavored to enlighten the crass ignorance of the common people by instructing them in the important functions performed by birds in planting seeds, fertilizing virgin and poor soil, devouring young grubs, chrysalides, and flies on the wing, and many more ways. They popularized "dry" scientific reports on natural history of all kinds, and taught those classes whose liberty was restrained by the prohibitive acts *why* legislation was vital, and what would be the consequences of indifference. The Society rapidly grew to immense proportions, and one of the first effects was the reduction of the odious fashion of wearing smashed birds. \* \* \*

### THE EDITOR'S TALK.

*The Band of Mercy and Humane Educator*, published by the Young American Humane Union of Philadelphia, and edited by Mrs. Charles Willing, who contributes a goodly share of the original matter, is a modest little monthly of eight pages octavo. Mrs. Willing has not been able to give *The Band of Mercy* that wide circulation which its general excellence merits and which she craves, not for the sake of the dollars and dimes, but because its pleasant pages contain seeds of pure and healthy thought which she would like to see fertilizing and shaping the characters of the young people in all the pleasant land of Penn. We are told that the subscriptions barely cover the costs of a single month's issue. This is not as it should be; not as it would be if the little sheet were better known. It is full of charming stories, original and culled, every one of which possesses an educational value.

It does not take very long to skim through *Our Dumb Animals*, but one turns from its perusal refreshed. Written in advocacy of mercy to our dumb friends, there is no taint of maudlin sentimentality about it, but every line is breezy, healthful and robust, with a vein of pleasant humor peering through the crannies. Every sentence of matter pertaining to the affairs of the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals is accentuated by the strong individuality of its robust founder and president, Geo. T. Angell, and the gleanings, which by the way are always conscientiously acknowledged, bear no less evidence of good judgment in their

selection. It is necessary to the success of such an undertaking as the Mass. Soc. P. C. A., that its director should have the faculty of putting his hands into other people's pockets. Many accomplish more or less in this direction by dint of laborious effort and in spite of every attempt to elude them, but Geo. T. Angell stands out as an artist in this department. The slipping in of his hand is accompanied by such an agreeable sensation that when thus engaged people crowd around him like children around a fond father engaged in a game of romps with them, shouting, 'me next;' and the money thus won could hardly be applied to a worthier purpose. The dry statistics of achievement do not in any sense represent the measure of good work done. That must be sought in the growing sentiment that is ever contracting the field for repressive measures. We congratulate Geo. T. Angell on having found a field of labor so favorable to his own healthy development.

It is pleasant to us to see success achieved by others working on the same lines as we and in kindred fields. The success of our big brother *Forest and Stream* in creating a sentiment among sportsmen in favor of game protection, the substitution of clay-pigeons for live birds at shooting matches, together with the rapid development of humane societies, are indications that a healthy sentiment is permeating all classes, and prophetic of success to be achieved in the field we have made exclusively our own. And this is a wide field. With us it is no mere plea for mercy to the creature under our control. We found a people blindly believing that the birds which were given to man to be with him, were so many competitors with him for the fruits of the earth—standing between him and sole possession, and it is our chosen task to undermine this fatal delusion and guide the nation to the realization of the fact that all birds, each in its own way, perform functions so vitally essential to human well-being that our own best interests are involved in their continuance.

IN consequence of the press of matter this month, both "Charley" and "Byram and Ghopal" have had to stand over. As regards Byram and Ghopal, they are only casual acquaintances as yet and will not be much missed; moreover, they who are interested in them may be assured that they will have abundant opportunity to travel many a stage in company with them. As to Charley, he indulges in such extraordinary adventures that nobody knows what will be the end of him. He was all right at last accounts, and left us a couple of his journeys, which will be published as early as we have space for them.



## THE AUDUBON SOCIETY FOR THE PROTECTION OF BIRDS.

THE AUDUBON SOCIETY was founded in New York city in February, 1886. Its purpose is the protection of American birds, not used for food, from destruction for mercantile purposes. The magnitude of the evil with which the Society will cope, and the imperative need of the work which it proposes to accomplish, are outlined in the following statement concerning

### THE DESTRUCTION OF BIRDS.

Within the last few years, the destruction of our birds has increased at a rate which is alarming. This destruction now takes place on such a large scale as to seriously threaten the existence of a number of our most useful species. It is carried on chiefly by men and boys who sell the skins or plumage to be used for ornaments—principally for the trimming of women's hats, bonnets and clothing. These men kill everything that wears feathers. The birds of the woods, the birds of the field, the birds of the marsh and those of the sea are alike slain, at all times and at all seasons. It matters not if the bird be a useful one which coveys the hurtful insects which destroy the farmer's crops, or a bright-plumaged songster whose advent has been welcomed in spring, and which has reared its brood in the door yard during the summer, or a swift-winged sea swallow whose flight along the shore has often with unerring certainty led the fisherman to his finny prey—whatever it be, it must be sacrificed to the bird butcher's lust for slaughter and for gain. Besides the actual destruction of the birds, their numbers are still further diminished by the practice of robbing their nests in the breeding season.

Although it is impossible to get at the number of birds killed each year, some figures have been published which give an idea of what the slaughter must be. We know that a single local taxidermist handles 30,000 bird skins in one year; that a single collector brought back from a three months trip 11,000 skins; that from one small district on Long Island about 70,000 birds were brought to New York in four months time. In New York one firm had on hand February 1, 1886, 200,000 skins. The supply is not limited by domestic consumption. American bird skins are sent abroad. The great European markets draw their supplies from all over the world. In London there were sold in three months from one auction room, 404,464 West Indian and Brazilian bird skins, and 356,389 East Indian birds. In Paris 100,000 African birds have been sold by one dealer in one year. One New York firm recently had a contract to supply 40,000 skins of American birds to one Paris firm. These figures tell their own story—but it is a story which might be known even without them; we may read it plainly enough in the silent hedges, once vocal with the morning songs of birds, and in the deserted fields where once bright plumage flashed in the sunlight.

### BIRDS, INSECTS AND CROPS.

The food of our small birds consists very largely of the insects which feed on the plants grown by the farmer. These insects multiply with such astounding rapidity that a single pair may in the course of one season be the progenitors of six billions of their kind. All through the season at which this insect life is most active, the birds are constantly at work destroying for their young and for themselves, tens of thousands of hurtful creatures, which, but for them, would swarm upon the farmer's crops and lessen the results of his labors.

A painstaking and ardent naturalist not very long ago watched the nest of a pair of martins for sixteen hours, from 4 A. M. till 8 P. M., just to see how many visits the parent birds made to their young. He found that in that time 312 visits to the four young were made, 119 by the male and 193 by the female. If we suppose only six insects to have been brought at each visit, this pair of birds would have destroyed, for their young alone, in this one summer's day, not far from 2,000 insects. The important relations which our birds bear to the agricultural interests and so to the general welfare, are recognized by the governments of all our States. Laws exist for their protection, but these laws are rendered inoperative by the lack of an intelligent public sentiment to support them. They are nowhere enforced. It is for the interest of every one that such a public sentiment should be created.

It is time that this destruction were stopped.

### PURPOSE OF THE AUDUBON SOCIETY.

To secure the protection of our birds by awakening a better sentiment, the Audubon Society, named after the greatest of American ornithologists, has been founded. The objects sought to be accomplished by this Society are to prevent as far as possible—

- (1) The killing of any wild bird not used for food.
- (2) The taking or destroying of the eggs or nests of any wild birds.
- (3) The wearing of the feathers of wild birds. Ostrich's feathers, whether from wild or tame birds, and those of domestic fowls, are especially exempted.

The Audubon Society aims especially to preserve those

birds which are now practically without protection. Our game birds are already protected by law, and in large measure by public sentiment, and their care may be left to the sportsman. The great aim of the Society is the protection of American non-game birds. The English sparrow is not included in our lists.

### PLAN OF THE WORK.

Obviously the Society cannot supply any machinery of compulsion to lead individuals and communities to a higher regard for bird life and to efforts for its protection. Nor are compulsory measures thought necessary. The wrong is tolerated now only because of thoughtlessness and indifference. The birds are killed for millinery purposes. So long as fashion demands bird feathers, the birds will be slaughtered. The remedy is to be found in the awakening of a healthy public sentiment on the subject. If this enormous destruction of birds can once be put in its true light before the eyes of men and women and young folks, if interest be aroused and sentiment created, the great wrong must cease. To so present the case to the people as to awaken this corrective sentiment is the special work contemplated by the Audubon Society. The methods adopted are very simple. Pledges are furnished, subscription to which constitutes membership, and certificates are issued to members.

### TERMS OF MEMBERSHIP.

The signing of any of the pledges will qualify one for membership in the Society. It is earnestly desired that each member may sign all three of the pledges. Beyond the promise contained in the pledge no obligation nor responsibility is incurred. There are no fees, nor dues, nor any expenses of any kind. There are no conditions as to age. The boys and girls are invited to take part in the work, for they can often do more than others to practically protect the nesting birds. All who are interested in the subject are invited to become members, and to urge their friends to join the Society. If each man, woman or child who reads this circular will exert his or her influence, it will not take long to enlist in the good work a great number of people actively concerned in the protection of our birds. It is desired that members may be enrolled in every town and village throughout the land, so that by the moral weight of its influence this Society may check the slaughter of our beautiful songsters. The beneficent influence of the Audubon Society should be exerted in every remotest by-way where the songs of birds fill the air, and in every crowded city where the plumes of slain songsters are worn as an article of dress.

### ASSOCIATE MEMBERS.

As there are a very great number of people in full sympathy with the Audubon movement, and ready to lend it their moral support, but who refrain from joining the Society simply because they find it distasteful to sign a pledge, it has been determined to form a class of Associate Members. Any one expressing his or her sympathy with the objects of the Audubon Society and submitting a written request for membership to any local secretary, will be enrolled on the list of Associate Members. All such applications for membership received by local secretaries of the Society should be forwarded to the General Secretary for registration.

### LOCAL SECRETARIES.

The Society has local secretaries in cities, towns and villages. The local secretary will furnish this circular of information and pledge forms; will receive the signed pledges, keep a list of the members, forward a duplicate list with the pledges for enrollment and file at the Society's office; and will receive in return certificates of membership, to be filled out and signed by the local secretary and given to the members. No certificate of membership will be issued to any person except upon the receipt of a signed pledge at the office of the Society. Where no local secretary has yet been appointed, individual applicants for membership may address the Society at its office, No. 40 Park Row, New York.

If there is no local secretary in your town, you are invited to act as such yourself, or to hand this to some other person who will accept the office. Upon application we will supply copies of this circular and pledge forms.

### THE AUDUBON SOCIETY CERTIFICATE.

The Society furnishes to each member a handsome certificate of membership. This bears a portrait of the great naturalist, John James Audubon, after whom the Society very appropriately takes its name.

The office of the Society is at 40 Park Row, New York city. All communications should be addressed

### THE AUDUBON SOCIETY,

No. 40 Park Row, New York.

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BABYLAND. Babyland rhymes and jingles; great big letters and little thoughts and words out of BABYLAND. Pictures so easy to understand that baby quickly learns the meaning of light and shade, of distance, of tree, of cloud. The grass is green; the sky is blue; the flowers—are they red or yellow? That depends on mother's house-plants. Baby sees in the picture what she sees in the home and out of the window.

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What do Jack and Jill go up the hill after water for? Isn't the water down hill? Baby is outgrowing BABYLAND.

OUR LITTLE MEN AND WOMEN comes next. No more nonsense. There is fun enough in sense. The world is full of interesting things; and, if they come to a growing child not in discouraging tangles

but an easy one at a time, there is fun enough in getting hold of them. That is the way to grow. OUR LITTLE MEN AND WOMEN helps such growth as that. Beginnings of things made easy by words and pictures; not too easy. The reading habit has got to another stage.

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The reading habit is now pretty well established; not only the reading habit, but liking for useful reading; and useful reading leads to learning.

Now comes WIDE AWAKE, vigorous, hearty, not to say heavy. No, it isn't heavy, though full as it can be of practical help along the road to sober manhood and womanhood. Full as it can be? There is need of play as well as of work; and WIDE AWAKE has its mixture of work and rest and play. The work is all toward self-improvement; so is the rest; and so is the play.

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THE WOOD THRUSH

(*Turdus mustelinus* GMEL.)

# THE AUDUBON MAGAZINE.

VOL. I.

AUGUST, 1887.

No. 7.

JOHN JAMES AUDUBON.

VII.

IN September, 1828, the naturalist left London for Paris. One of his first acts on reaching that city was to call, in company with Swainson, on the great Cuvier, whose advice and recommendation were of the greatest service to him. He also met Geoffroy St. Hilaire. Cuvier's report on Audubon's work to the Academy of Sciences was extremely favorable—even laudatory. Coming from the pen of so learned a man, it carried the greatest possible weight. Audubon soon found, however, that the price of the work was so large that there was little hope of obtaining many subscribers in France.

At the end of October, 1828, he returned to London, and settled down to a winter of hard work, during which he painted among other things the large picture of the eagle and the lamb, and the dog and pheasants. Meantime the work on his plates had been going on without interruption. For some time, however, his thoughts had been turned toward America, and in the early spring he decided to revisit this country, and after a long and stormy voyage in the packet ship *Columbia* he arrived in New York in April. Most of the summer and autumn was occupied in excursions to New Jersey and Pennsylvania for the purpose of studying the birds of the different regions, and then crossing the Alleghanies he went by steamboat to Louisville, where he saw his son Victor, and then

to Bayou Sara, where his wife was. Here he remained until January, always busily occupied in studying the habits of birds, looking for new species, and making drawings of those birds and mammals which were needed to complete his series. His earnestness and energy excited the wonder of those to whom the delights of studying nature were unknown. Having made many needed additions to his collections, he began to think of returning to England to look after the progress of his work there. Early in January he started for Louisville, accompanied by Mme. Audubon, and after a short stay there, went to Washington, where he met President Jackson and many other well-known men of the time. Stopping on the way at Baltimore and Philadelphia, he went on to New York, where he and his wife embarked for England. In London he found his work progressing to his satisfaction, and learned that his subscription list had fallen away scarcely at all. There, too, he learned that he had been elected a Fellow of the Royal Society, an honor which he highly appreciated.

Now money began to be needed to push on the work of engraving his plates, for some of his subscribers failed to pay their subscriptions promptly. Audubon, therefore, had recourse once more to his facile pencil, and soon obtained the necessary funds. Then, with Mme. Audubon, he

started out to find new subscribers, and after visiting several English towns, finally arrived at Edinburgh, where they spent the winter.

Soon after his arrival in Edinburgh, Audubon began the preparation of his "Ornithological Biography of the Birds of America." In this he was somewhat at a disadvantage, on account of his imperfect knowledge of English. He was fortunate enough to secure for assistance in this work the services of William MacGillivray of Edinburgh, a naturalist and anatomist fully qualified to correct the somewhat rough manuscript which Audubon turned over to him. The work went on through the winter, and by hard and unceasing effort the first volume was completed early in March, 1831, and was enthusiastically received.

In September, 1831, Audubon returned once more to America; this time with the object of proceeding to the South and West, where he felt sure there were many varieties of birds wholly unknown to him. The winter he spent in East Florida, and late in the following summer, accompanied by Mme. Audubon and his two sons, he made a journey to Maine, of both of which excursions he has left most interesting accounts, which will be referred to later.

In the autumn Audubon decided to send his son Victor to England to superintend the engraving of the "Birds," and to look after his English interests, wishing himself to spend another year in America.

That winter and the next summer Audubon spent in Boston working on old drawings, making sketches of new birds, and taking short excursions to the surrounding country, the longest of which was to Labrador, a journey occupying three months. On his return, after resting in New York for three weeks, and sending thirty drawings to England, the indefatigable naturalist started once more for Florida, taking with him Mme. Audubon and his son John

In Philadelphia, instead of gaining subscriptions for his book, he was arrested for an old partnership debt, and had it not been for the kind offices of his friend, William Norris, he would have been imprisoned. This occurrence inspired him with some rather bitter reflections in regard to his former business transactions. After this unpleasant experience they journeyed slowly southward, stopping in Washington to try to arrange for Government aid in an expedition to the Rocky Mountains, which he even then contemplated. He received but little encouragement from General Cass, then Secretary of War. Proceeding southward they reached Charleston, where they were hospitably received by the Rev. John Bachman. The expedition to Florida was for the time abandoned, and the winter was spent near Charleston. Then, owing to pressing letters from his son Victor, urging his return to England, Audubon journeyed north, and in April, 1834, with his wife and son John, he sailed from New York for Liverpool. There is very little of interest to record for some months after Audubon's arrival in England. His time was spent in looking for subscribers to his book, and in work connected with it until the autumn of 1834, when he removed his family to Edinburgh, where they spent eighteen months, during which time Audubon was principally occupied in writing.

After leaving Edinburgh the Audubon family settled in London, and there the naturalist left his wife and eldest son, while he with John returned to America to make his long deferred journey to the South. It was doubtless a great joy to Audubon to be once more in America, and he spent some months in visiting Boston, Philadelphia and Washington, and in renewing his acquaintance with his old friends, but the serious object of his journey was not forgotten, and the early autumn of 1836 found him in Charleston. He made short excursions to the neighboring sea islands and to Florida,

but owing to the Seminole war, which was then raging, he was unable to penetrate far into the interior of the country. Finally he left Charleston for Texas, with the object of exploring the coast of the Gulf of Mexico.

It was during this winter spent in Charleston that his work on the "Quadrupeds of North America" was begun. The Texas expedition, which occupied two months, was not particularly satisfactory, and was a great strain upon Audubon's strength. He was

glad to return to Charleston, where he rested for a short time, and then he again visited England.

Only allowing himself a short time with his family, Audubon went to Edinburgh, where he once more devoted himself to work upon his "Ornithological Biography." Having completed this work, which was published in May, 1839, he left Edinburgh for the last time, and with his family returned to New York, where the remainder of his days were spent.

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#### THE WOOD THRUSH.

**B**Y far the sweetest songster among the more familiar birds of our Northern forests is the Wood Thrush. His notes are few in number, but their wild, sweet melody is incomparably superior to that of our best known songsters. The metallic rattle of the bobolink is rich and pleasing, the sad quavering whistle of the meadowlark is very sweet, the pipe of the song sparrow and the twitter of the bluebird, first songs of spring, have a charm that is all their own, but none of these sounds, delightful though they be, can match the tones of the Wood Thrush, as with drooping wings, perched on one of the loftiest branches of some great tree, he salutes the rising or the setting sun.

The Wood Thrush is usually regarded as a solitary bird, an inhabitant of the deep forests, where he dwells by himself. This idea, while it fits well enough with his surroundings in some cases, is not always true. The Thrush does prefer large forest trees, but is quite as much at home in open meadowy lands, where the trees stand far apart and there are wide stretches of lawn varied with clumps of undergrowth. In such localities the birds may often be found in abundance, and be seen and heard to great advantage.

Although its summer range extends north to New England and to Canada West, the

Wood Thrush is rather a southern species, scarcely reaching the State of Maine. It is found as far west as Dakota and in eastern Kansas, and winters on the Gulf Coast and in Central America. It usually reaches the Middle States early in the month of May, making its appearance at about the same time as the catbird and the Baltimore oriole. At first it is a little shy about showing itself, and the observer is often first notified of its arrival by hearing its sweet notes in the early morning.

Not long after its coming the mating takes place, and preparations for nest building are begun. The chosen situation varies greatly. Sometimes the nest is placed high up on the stout limb of a towering forest tree, or again on one of the lower limbs of a young hemlock, or sometimes even on a slender sapling and not more than three or four feet from the ground, but whatever its position, it is always securely saddled either on a crotch or a large limb, so that its position is very firm, and there is but little danger of its being dislodged by the storms of summer. It is formed without of dried leaves, with small twigs and the stems of weeds. Upon this foundation is placed a mat of dried grass, and then a coating of mud, which, as in the case of the robin, is shaped by the bird's breast into a deep cup.

The lining consists of fine black fibrous roots, which form a fine background to set off the four or five beautiful light blue eggs. When the nest is approached the parents manifest great distress, flying rapidly from branch to branch, and uttering a somewhat low guttural *cluck* or *quank*. If the nest is visited frequently, however, they seem to become accustomed to the stranger, and at length receive his visits with equanimity.

The Wood Thrush seems to have a great fancy for using in the construction of its nest bits of newspaper and white rags. These are worked into the foundation, and often the ends of the strips of cloth may hang down a foot or eighteen inches below the nest, and thus frequently lead to its discovery. A somewhat amusing instance of its fondness for building material of this description came under our notice some years ago. An old Irish serving woman had removed the lace border from her best cap, and after washing it, had spread it on the grass near the house to dry and bleach in the sun. A few hours later, when she went to get it, it was nowhere to be found, which seemed very mysterious, as none of the other clothes had been disturbed. The owner of the cap border concluded that it had been stolen, and was loud in her denunciations of the thieves who would take the property of a poor lone woman. These thieves were detected a few weeks later in a pair of Wood Thrushes, whose nest was found about sixty yards from the spot from which the article had been taken. Hanging from the foundation of the nest was the stolen cap border, which, after the young had left the nest, was restored to its owner, not at all the worse for its use as building material.

The young of the Wood Thrush are fed almost wholly on insects, of which these birds must destroy a great many. The earth worm forms a considerable portion of their food, and the birds may frequently be seen hunting for these in the grass, precisely

after the manner of the robin. Just as he does, the Wood Thrush hops a few steps, then pauses and stands for an instant, with his head cocked on one side, as if listening; then he gives a few vigorous digs at the ground with his sharp bill, and presently drags to the light a long worm, which he bears off in triumph to his hungry family.

The young Wood Thrush is easily reared in confinement. He thrives on crumbs of bread or crackers soaked in milk, and on finely minced raw beef. Berries are acceptable to him, and he likes an occasional raisin. A pair that we once had in an aviary were the tamest of the thirty or forty birds in the large cage, and would often alight on head, arm or hand, as we were preparing the food or putting things in order. They were always on the watch for one operation, that of filling the water dishes. It often happened that while this was being done a little water would be spilled, and as it soaked into the sand on the floor and disappeared, the birds would fly down and peck at it very energetically, evidently thinking that because it moved it must be something alive. It was interesting to watch the progress made in music by one of these youngsters during his first winter. He began to sing during the late autumn, and at first his notes were a mere murmur, scarcely audible at a distance of a few feet. Gradually they became louder and more definite, though as yet not partaking at all of the character of the Wood Thrush's song, but toward spring his improvement became much more rapid, and by the time the wild thrushes had returned he was really a very fair singer.

All who have written about the Wood Thrush have been enthusiastic in praise of its song. This is heard chiefly in the early morning, up to 10 o'clock, and at evening just before sunset. It is not unusual, however, to hear the songsters at any hour of the day in cloudy, damp weather; and during a rain storm, just before it clears



off, the woods are likely to be vocal with their sweet notes. The song continues from the time of their arrival in spring until the late summer, which is perhaps only another way of saying that it lasts through the breeding season.

At the approach of autumn the families break up, and from this time on the birds are seen only singly. Now their diet undergoes a change, and they feed more on berries, those of the dogwood, the choke cherry and the juniper being favorites with them.

When migrating, the Wood Thrush never moves in flocks. Each bird pursues its journey by itself, and all move deliberately southward, seeming to prefer to travel by short stages along hedgerows and through the woods rather than to take—at least during the hours of daylight—more extended flights.

The investigations of Professor S. A. Forbes have shown that the Wood Thrush

destroys some useful insects, those which prey upon noxious species, but on the whole it is probable that the balance is in favor of this beautiful songster. Certainly, even if this were doubtful, his sweet voice should turn the scale in his favor, and he should be sedulously protected.

The Wood Thrush is about 8 in. in length, and measures 13 across its extended wings. The tail is short and is composed of twelve feathers. The feathers of the head can be erected into a slight crest. The color above is a bright reddish brown, the tail and wings a little darker, and the rump inclining to olive. The eyes are surrounded by a whitish ring. The lower parts are white, thickly spotted, except on the throat, middle of the breast, belly and under tail coverts, with blackish brown. The bill is brown above and flesh color below, and the feet and legs flesh colored. The iris is dark brown. Our illustration is after Audubon's plate.

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#### BYRAM AND GHOPAL.

##### IV.

THE following morning the Faquirs arose betimes, and as there were numerous travelers at the Serai, it was not long before meat offerings and drink offerings were laid before Byram.

Byram ate sparingly, but Ghopal, who had never had so well-spread a table, ate voraciously. After he had filled himself with bread and milk and rice, he was very skillful in finding corners for the dried dates; but all things earthly must come to an end, and so at last did Ghopal's breakfast. As on the previous morning, there were poor women of low caste in waiting, who removed all that remained, and our travelers were abroad betimes, making the round of the bazaar, where the news of their arrival had been published over night. The shopkeepers gave their coppers freely, but the

bazaar was not a large one, and the whole collection barely reached one rupee (fifty cents).

Near the outskirts of the town they heard a woman weeping bitterly, and Byram said, "Let us go in and inquire into this matter."

They entered the door, which led by a narrow passage into a small court yard, where a woman was sitting on a charpoy, weeping.

"What ails thee, good woman?" asked Byram.

"Alas, holy Faquir," said she, "my husband is far away, and my only child is dead, and I have no money to buy wood to burn his body."

"What caste are you?" asked Byram.

"We are of the goldsmith caste, natives of the Bhagirathi Valley," said the woman,

"and strangers here, and my man has been absent six months and I have no tidings of him."

"Have you no jewels?" asked Ghopal.

"No, worthy Faquir," said she, "the bunya has them all for my debt, and will not advance half a rupee (twenty-five cents) for wood."

Then Byram took out a rupee from his girdle, and handed the woman, saying, "Go and get wood and burn the child, and get food for thyself, and when that is done it may be thy husband will return."

"Oh, holy Faquir," said the woman, "I cannot kiss thy feet, for thou hast none, but



let me kiss the feet of him that bears thee about to deeds of mercy," and she flung herself on the ground and would have kissed Ghopal's feet, but Ghopal sprang backward, and Byram said:

"Not so, good woman, go and burn thy child and give thanks to Brahma who sent us."

Then they left the town and went on their way to the next town in silence. After they had traveled a mile or so, Byram asked:

"What thinkest thou, Ghopal, of my charity to the woman? Was the rupee well applied?"

"The money was thine," said Ghopal,

and I find no fault with the manner of its disposal."

"But supposing," said Byram, "I had had no money but that on which thou hast a lien, what objection wouldst thou have raised in this case?"

"The burning her child's body was a pious duty," said Ghopal, "and I can find no fault with thy charity, but hadst thou sought to relieve her with the money on which I have a lien, the thought of my loss might have sharpened my wits."

Another mile or so was passed in silence, which was abruptly broken by Ghopal asking, "Say, Byram. There must be a great many people in all India?"

"About two hundred millions," said Byram.

"Most of them very poor?" asked Ghopal.

"Yes," said Byram, "there are a great many very poor people."

"Quite a number of people must die every day?"

"Yes—about twenty-five thousand people, old and young, die every day."

"And a great many of these leave wives or children or parents who, like the Sunari,\* want money for wood to burn their dead?"

"Every day's sun sets on many troubled hearts," said Byram.

"Perhaps in all India there may have been five hundred such cases of distress as the poor Sunari's this day?"

"It is quite possible," said Byram.

"And to how many of these do you suppose Brahma sent a benevolent Faquir to relieve that distress?"

Byram was silent a few moments, and then asked:

"Say, Ghopal, how many people do you suppose there are in all India ready to devote their lives to Brahma, and apply their means to relieve the sufferings of his creatures?"

"Well, I suppose not a great many," said Ghopal.

\* Goldsmith's wife.

"Do you suppose there is one for every case of distress that arises?"

"I fear," said Ghopal, "there are a hundred cases of distress for every person willing and able to relieve it."

"Consequently," said Byram, "Brahma has not a messenger available for every case. If any man wants to devote himself to the relief of suffering, Brahma will direct him to the necessitous. If relief fails to reach all who are in distress, it is not because Brahma lacks sympathy, but because he lacks messengers."

Again Ghopal plodded on in silence until they came to a little clump of acacia trees standing by a well, in a field, a short distance from the road.

"Let us go in and get a drink of water and rest a little," said Ghopal.

"Good," said Byram, and they went in, and the farmer and his men, who were at the well, hastened and set the charpoy for Byram; and they themselves with Ghopal sat on the ground and smoked a few whiffs from the hookah in turns.

The conversation with the farmers was not very elevating; they asked the price of grain in distant towns, not because they wanted to know, but simply to make conversation, and our travelers, having rested and refreshed themselves, proceeded on their journey.

But scarcely had they gone a hundred paces, when, before reaching the high road, Byram called "Halt!" with a suddenness which startled Ghopal, and filled him with a dread suspense; for the thought flashed through his mind that Byram must have dropped the money from his girdle.

"You should look where you are going," said Byram quietly, "you came very near treading on that worm there, a little in advance to the right."

"Was that all?" said Ghopal.

"All!" exclaimed Byram. "What, think you, would my father's pious act avail, if I could see with indifference another tread

on a worm, or if I had failed to arrest thy footsteps when thou wert in the very act of setting thy foot on a worm inadvertently?"

"Thy father was doubtless a very pious man," said Ghopal, pursuing his way, "but pardon me if I add that, in respect of the act which made thee dependent on me, his piety was too exalted. A worm, too, the meanest of all living creatures! Surely Brahma cares little for worms."

"Brahma gives evidence of his care for all his creatures, the least as well as the greatest, by providing food for them, and from every creature he exacts a service in return for his food. That Brahma cares for the worm is due simply to the benevolence of his disposition, but that man should care for the worm is a matter of moral obligation, for the service which Brahma exacts from the worm is for man's benefit, and is so important as to place us under deep obligations to these lowly creatures, which are certainly not mean if we measure them by the importance of their labors to human welfare."

"Human welfare!" echoed Ghopal, "Why, what can an earthworm do for man! I yield the point freely as regards the white ants, they are intelligent little creatures, for although they cannot talk, they must have a great deal of sense to live in communities with king and queen and soldier and citizen classes, and orderly forms of social government. Besides, all that the white ant does for man is to eat timber, and that the worms, I am sure, cannot do."

"Nevertheless," said Byram, "the worms are more immediately important to man than even the white ant. The soil prepared by these latter is the best soil for timber, but not stimulating enough for grass and grain; the soil created by the worms is, on the contrary, adapted to grass and grain crops."

"But how do the worms make soil?" said Ghopal. "They do not eat timber, and

the upper soil, as you showed me, is made of timber after transformation by the white ants."

"All good soil," said Byram, "is made of animal and vegetable remains, mixed with the sand and clay of the earth. As long as the earth was covered with forest, the white ants and other creatures which prey on dead wood had the most important world's work thrown on their shoulders, but when man cleared away the forest and began to cultivate the plain, Brahma sent him the earthworm to help him."

"Well," said Ghopal, after a short pause, "what does the earthworm do?"

"In the first place," said Byram, "he eats the grass roots as fast as they decay, and all other animal and vegetable remains, which are buried in the soil, and what is left on the surface he himself buries, so as to make it damp and soft. In the next place he eats the soil itself along with the organic remains. There, look at that little pyramid," continued Byram, directing Ghopal's attention to a worm's casting about three inches high on the side of the road, "pick it up and examine it."

As Ghopal lifted it a worm rapidly wriggled out of it and disappeared in his hole, which was immediately below the casting.

"Did you ever examine one before?" asked Byram, seeing Ghopal examining it curiously and in silence.

"Never," said Ghopal, "it is wonderful. Say now, Byram, did a worm make this?"

"Yes," said Byram, "not only did the worm you saw build this mound, and that within the last ten days, but all that earth has passed through his body in that period, mixed with as much vegetable and animal matter as he wanted for food. All the top soil passes through his stomach, as often as it gets mixed with enough undigested vegetable and animal matter to render it nutritious; and as the workers bring their castings to the surface, where they soon get broken down, they are constantly covering

up every leaf and blade of grass and dead insect that lies on the surface, and thus passing it through that first stage of slow decay which fits it for their digestive organs. If a farmer throws a load of half-rotted stable manure and straw on the land, it will take several years to decay, and then want twenty plowings to mix it thoroughly with the earth, so that every blade of wheat would find equal nutriment; but the worms pass the whole through their stomachs in one season, and mix it far more intimately with the soil than man could do it. But that is not all. The animal and vegetable matters, after passing through the worm's stomach, have a higher value as manure than they had before. Then you must consider, too, the number of worms which die every year and enrich the soil with their own bodies."

The discussion was continued over the whole journey, and now that Ghopal's attention was directed to the worms' castings, he was astonished at their number, and the enormous importance of the work the worms were engaged in, but what astonished him most of all was that his eyes had so long rested on these castings without seeing them, or dreaming of the changes they wrought in the earth's surface, or the importance of the worm's labors to man.

"By the Holy Brahma," said Ghopal, as they neared the end of their day's journey, "but I begin to think that I, and not only I, but all the men I ever met, are fools. Tell, O Byram, how didst thou learn all these things? Did Brahma himself instruct thee?"

"Yes, truly," said Byram, "but not by word of mouth; for man's ear is not attuned to the voice of Brahma that he should understand him. He gave us eyes to behold his creatures, and as much intelligence as enables me to conclude that everything that Brahma has created is for man's benefit, if he had only understanding and insight to recognize it."

At that moment Ghopal espied a wild bee's hive, and coveted the honey, but as he had experience in robbing wild bees, he contented himself with longing. Presently he exclaimed, "O, wise Byram, dost thou verily assert that the bee's sting is a benefit to man?"

"The bee," said Byram, "is most assuredly a blessing to humanity, and his sting was not given him without a wise purpose."

"I do not doubt," said Ghopal, "that the sting is very useful to the bees. It helps

them to defend their honey—but you said but a moment since that everything that Brahma had created is for man's benefit. I will dispute that point with thee and challenge thee to show any benefit which the bee's sting has conferred or is likely to confer on man."

"We are at the town now," said Byram, "and the worm has given thee subject for reflection for one day. I will consider the subject of the bee's sting and dispute with thee on the morrow."

## HINTS TO AUDUBON WORKERS.\*

### FIFTY COMMON BIRDS AND HOW TO KNOW THEM.

#### III.

##### BOBOLINK ; REEDBIRD ; RICEBIRD.

THE bobolink, as he is known in the Northern States, is a black bird with a creamy buff patch on the back of his neck, and white blotches on his shoulders and at the base of his tail. Seeing him for the first time people are struck with the fact that the light colors usually found on the breast are on his back, and say he looks as if his clothes were turned around. In the fall moult the bobolink loses his striking plumage, becoming yellowish-brown, like the female. In this condition he goes to the rice fields, where he is known as the ricebird.

The bobolink is a meadow bird, living and nesting in the grass. He has the labored flight of the meadowlark, but has not her habit of flying in a direct oblique line from the ground. When he soars he does it in a peculiar way, turning his wings down, so that from a distance he looks like an open umbrella. When he is getting ready to light in the grass, he puts them up sail fashion, and the umbrella seems to be turned inside out. Indeed, from the skillful way in which he uses his wings and

tail to balance and steer himself, one might think he had been trained for an acrobat. The bobolink sings in the grass, and on low trees and bushes, but his most animated song is given on the wing.

On page 9 of Thoreau's "Summer," and page 102-104 of Burroughs' "Birds and Poets," you will find interesting descriptions of the bobolink's song, which, as Mr. Burroughs says, varies somewhat according to locality.

The most exuberantly happy of all our birds, he seems to contain the essence of all the summer joy and sunshine. "*Bobo-linkum-linkum-dea-dea-dea*" he warbles away, the notes fairly tumbling over each other as they pour out of his throat. Up from the midst of the buttercups and daisies he starts, flies along a little way, and sings this joyous jubilate with such light-hearted fervor that he is glad to sink down on the stem of some sturdy young timothy before giving his last burst of song.

##### BELTED KINGFISHER.

If you are in the vicinity of a river or stream at any time, and think you hear an alarm clock going off, you want to look

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about for a kingfisher. He is the most marked of the trillers, having a loud, rapid call that, as Mr. Burroughs so aptly expresses it, suggests an alarm. Thoreau spells it out as "*cr-r-ack-cr-r-ack*." He is generally on the wing as he makes it, and if you look up in time, you will see a large, ungainly, navy blue bird, with a white collar, a heavy, crested head, and such a short tail that you wonder what makes him fly so queerly—his wings seem to be too far back. But if he lights on a dead stub by the water, so that you can see his compact, oily plumage, so well adapted to cold plunges, you will think him a very handsome fellow in spite of the fact that he is topheavy. He sits like the flycatchers, but without any of their nervousness, and watches the unsuspecting fish that are coming toward the surface. Before they know what has happened they are in his great bill, wriggling about helplessly, as he flies through the air back to the stub where he will devour them at his leisure.

In Thoreau's "Summer," under the date of June 12, is a careful description of this fishing habit. He says: "Scared a kingfisher on a bough over Walden. As he flew off, he hovered two or three times thirty or forty feet above the pond, and at last dove and apparently caught a fish, with which he flew off low over the water to a tree."

He generally builds his nest in holes along the banks of rivers and streams, and the eggs are a beautiful ivory white. As the kingfisher spends most of his time on the wing, his feet are small and weak. Mr. Burroughs says of him:

"The halcyon or kingfisher is a good guide when you go to the woods. He will not insure smooth water or fair weather, but he knows every stream and lake like a book, and will take you to the wildest and most unfrequented places. Follow his rattle and you shall see the course of every trout and salmon stream on the continent. \* \* \* His time is the time of the trout, too,

namely, from April to September. He makes his subterranean nest in the bank of some favorite stream, and then goes on long excursions up and down and over woods and mountains to all the waters within reach, always fishing alone, the true angler that he is, his fellow keeping far ahead or behind, or taking the other branch. He loves the sound of a waterfall, and will sit a long time on a dry limb overhanging the pool below it, and, forgetting his occupation, brood over his own memories and fancies."

#### OVENBIRD; GOLDEN-CROWNED THRUSH.

Another form of the trill is given by the ovenbird. It has not the peculiar "alarm" quality of the kingfisher's cry, but is very loud and rapid. Mr. Burroughs has aptly described it by the word *teach-er*. It seems to beat upon the air as it grows louder and louder, increasing in intensity, volume and rapidity until the end. Mr. Bicknell speaks of it very happily, and at the same time describes the rarer song of the bird. He says: "The ordinary song of the ovenbird, but for its inseparable association with the quiet recesses of summer woods, would certainly seem to us monotonous and commonplace; and the bird's persistent reiteration of this plain song might well lead us to believe that it had no higher vocal capability. But it is now well known that, on occasion, as if sudden emotion carried it beyond the restrictions that ordinarily beset its expression, it bursts forth with a wild outpouring of intricate and melodious song. This song is produced on the wing, oftenest when the spell of evening is coming over the woods. Sometimes it may be heard as an outburst of vesper melody carried above the foliage of the shadowy forest and descending and dying away with the waning twilight."

Mr. Bicknell speaks only of the two distinct songs, but I have heard the two combined. The outbreak of high, rapid, confused notes being interlarded with the

low-pitched conversational trilling *teach'er, teach'er*. By increasing the confusion, this adds greatly to the effect of excitement spoken of by Mr. Bicknell. Though most common at evening or in the night, I have frequently heard this medley in both morning and afternoon.

The rhythm and volume of this interesting song in its simplest form may be suggested by the syllables *wheel'he, wheel'he, wheel'ha, he'he'ha*, increasing in volume toward the middle and diminishing in intensity again at the close, unlike the ordinary trill.

Ordinarily the trill is the clue that helps you in looking for the ovenbird. When you hear it close at hand, and you fail to see him on a tree, look about carefully on the ground among the bushes; and if you see a bird, the size of the white-throated sparrow, walking, scratching like a hen among the dead leaves, or tossing them aside with his bill, you may be quite sure that you have found your friend. On closer inspection he proves to have an olive-green back and a white breast, spotted thickly like a thrush's. His crown is orange-brown and has two black stripes converging toward the bill. This, however, is generally obscure.

The house of the ovenbird, from which he gets his name, varies in style of roofing, but the commonest type of architecture may well be represented by the first nest I ever found. It was a bright morning in June, and while walking through the edge of a grove of young maples, a brown shadow started up from under my feet and disappeared in the woods. On looking down I saw, by the side of a blooming Solomon's seal, what at the first glance seemed to be a bunch of dry leaves—one of the thousand that are pushed up by mice, or the crowding spring flowers, and that you flatten down every few steps in an undergrowth woods. The hint given by the fleeting shadow, however, could not be ignored,

and I stooped down to examine the bunch. I felt it over eagerly—one, two, three sides, no opening; the fourth, my fingers slipped in—it was the famous ovenbird's nest that I had been looking for ever since I was a child. In an instant I was on my hands and knees peering into the mysterious hole. How interesting! There lay five exquisite little eggs, their irregular brown speckles centering in a crown about the larger end. What a wonderful architect the little creature seemed! Her snug house had an arched roof lined so smoothly with soft dry leaves as to suggest a fretwork ceiling. What a tiny palace of beauty the golden-crowned queen of the thrushes had made! What mystery that bunch of leaves contained! The little brown lady might have been sitting at the mouth of a fairy cave. The next day three of the eggs were hatched, and such absurd looking little things might well have been taken for bird gnomes. They seemed all mouth and eyeball. Little red appendages took the place of wings, and tufts of gray down on the skin covering the eyeballs answered for a coat of feathers. Even when they were feebly throwing up their heads and opening their great yellow throats for worms, their eyes were closed fast, giving them an uncanny appearance.

The same day I had the good fortune to stumble upon another nest. This was of substantially the same character, though built more of fine roots. I made several visits to the first brood, and when the little ones had flown, found to my surprise that the grass around the mouth of the nest had been pulled together, so as to leave only a round hole just large enough for the bird to go in and out. Why had this been done? For some time I was quite at a loss to account for it, but I had noticed from the outset that this bird acted differently from any mother ovenbirds I had ever seen. During all my visits to her nest I had never known her to utter a syllable or

come near me, while the others had always smacked their bills incessantly and flown about in the most distraught manner. Now, could this have been from superior intelligence, and had she taken this surer method, as she supposed, for protecting the young from the danger of my inspection?

The most terrified ovenbird that I have ever seen I found on the hillside of a dense portion of the same woods. She began her suspicious smacking as soon as we came in sight, but although we hunted for the nest very carefully we could not find a trace of it. We sat down on a log and waited for her to show it to us, but that did no good. She confined herself to a radius of about three rods, but selecting saplings at extreme points would fly from one to the other, inspecting us anxiously; all the while wagging her tail nervously up and down and keeping up a monotonous smacking. Finding her as incorrigible as the mosquitoes, and realizing the approach of the dinner hour, my friend and I decided to start for home. But in our case the gods favored the cowardly, for as we were brandishing our maple twigs in the faces of the pursuing punkies and mosquitoes, we suddenly started up the little family we had been hunting for. They ran out from among the leaves under our feet and scudded off in all directions. My two dogs started after them, and in the rush and scramble that followed we had all we could do to save the little creatures' lives. In the midst of the confusion the terrified mother bird flew down on the ground and began trailing in the most pitifully excited manner. She spread out her wings and tail, dragging them along the ground as if she were quite helpless. But finding that we would not accept that decoy, and seeing that her little ones had hidden away under the leaves, she tried another plan; and walked once slowly back and forth for about a rod on the side away from her young. As the dogs were perfectly quiet now, and we had

not moved since the first alarm, she then made a detour and risked an examination of the place where the little birds had disappeared. By this time, having seen what we wanted, and feeling that we had given the poor mother enough anxiety for one day, we left her to gather her children together again.

In watching the ovenbird I have been surprised to find how irregular individuals are in their time of nesting. On June 11 I found a family of full-grown young being fed in the branches of a maple tree. The same day I found a nest full of eggs. June 12 three of these eggs hatched, and I found a nest of young a quarter grown. June 13 I found the little family that I have just described well out of their nest. These could hardly have been first and second broods, as they were in all stages of development. This same difference I have since found in the nesting of robins, vireos, chipping birds, song sparrows, and others.

DeKay speaks of the ovenbird as a shy, solitary bird, but I have found it anything but shy. In the spring it sings fearlessly wherever I meet it, and on June 29 one came within fifteen feet of me looking for worms for her young. She inspected me carefully when she caught sight of me, and then flew up on the sapling where the little bird was, fed it and flew off to an adjoining tree, where she scraped her bill in the most unconcerned manner.

The young resemble their mother in general appearance, but their heads are lighter, and their backs are speckled as well as their breasts.

#### SCARLET TANAGER.

The scarlet tanager and the rose-breasted grosbeak are both exceptions to the general rule that brilliantly-plumaged birds have little song. No burning coal could have more intensity of color than the full-plumaged male in summer. He literally dazzles one's eyes. And still he has a loud song



resembling that of the grosbeak, although it is not so sweet. It is a harsh guttural *kree-kree-eah* in rhythm suggesting, as it has been aptly expressed, the swinging of a pendulum. His call is a loud *chuck-ah*, or, as Mr. Bicknell gives it, *chip-chir*.

It may be an interesting example of the law of natural selection that during the nesting season the plumage of the female is the complemental color of that of the male—olive-green above, and greenish-yellow below. How could she ever live with such a fiery husband if her eyes did not find relief in her own coloring? Even then, it would seem that her eyes had to be accustomed by degrees, for in his youth her gay cavalier is relieved by green, yellow and black, the colors he returns to every fall in his adult stage. The tanagers nest in trees, and lay four or five dark-speckled eggs.

#### ROSE-BREADED GROSBEEK.

The full-plumaged male grosbeak is a bird that you will recognize anywhere. He is almost as large as a robin. His head,

neck and back are black; and a patch of exquisite rose or carmine stands out brilliantly against the black of the throat to which it is joined, and the white of the breast in which it is set. When he flies he shows white blotches on his tail, and carmine under his wings.

His wife is as good a foil to him as the plain little purple finch is to her handsome husband. She looks decidedly like a sparrow, and has patches of saffron-yellow under her wings, where the male has carmine. They both have equally heavy finch bills. His is yellow, and he scrapes it on the side of a branch as a man would sharpen a knife on a whetstone—first on one side and then the other.

The song of the grosbeak is loud, clear, and sweet, with a rhythm like the tanager's, but longer, and the rough edges rounded off. It has the oriole quality. His call is as characteristic as the *chip-chir* is of the tanager. It is a thin, unsteady *kick*, and generally prefaces his song. He is found in lower trees and more open ground than the tanager.

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### THE TRADE IN BIRD SKINS.

WE do not attach very much importance to figures, for we can judge for ourselves in the streets and shops of London, Paris, New York, and other large cities and towns, what must be the sacrifice of bird life; nevertheless we give a few items derived from various authentic sources. Between December, 1884, and April, 1885, there were sold in one London auction room 6,228 birds of Paradise, 4,974 Impeyan pheasants, 770 argus (Monal), 404,464 West Indian and Brazil birds, 356,389 East Indian birds, besides kingfishers, parrots, bronze doves, fruit-eating pigeons, jays, rollers, regent bird, tanagers, creepers, chats, black partridges, golden orioles, pheasants, etc.;

and various odds and ends such as ducks' heads, toucans' breasts, and sundry nests. "Wanted 1,000 dozen seagulls" (Adv., *Cork Constitution*). "Wanted 10,000 pairs jays', stirlings' and other wings." From America we get the following: A Broadway dealer says, "We buy from 500,000 to 1,000,000 small American birds every year. Native birds are very cheap." Concerning terns Mr. Dutcher says, "3,000 were killed at Seaford, L. I., and 40,000 at Cape Cod in one season." One taxidermist prepares 30,000 skins for hats and bonnets every season. Maryland sent 50,000 birds, many being Baltimore orioles, to Paris for a single season; a New York taxidermist con-

tracts for 300 skins a day, for his trade with France; Ohio Valley, 5,000 skins. We might add pages of such facts. It is rather the fashion in England to say that these American figures are of no interest. But most of the birds are killed in America in a great measure for export to England, and thus the destruction of bird life is kept up

by English women. Existence to the Baltimore oriole and our robin redbreast is equally enjoyable, why cut it short? A bird-skin stuffed, wired, and supplied with eyes, lasts a few weeks and is then thrown aside as "out of fashion." The excuse for taking a life is, indeed, mean and paltry.—*Selborne Society Letters.*

## CHARLEY'S WONDERFUL JOURNEY.

### IV.

"GOT you at last," exclaimed Charley, as he felt a vigorous pull at his line. The fish only jerked out a yard or two of line and then stopped. Charley was afraid it had got away when he began to reel up without feeling any strain, but the fish was only swimming toward the boat, and when Charley had reeled in short he saw the fish alongside and lifted it into the boat, when it let go and dropped quietly into the bottom. Charley examined the hook—the worm was all right, so he made another cast.

He fished away so long without even getting a nibble that at last he got tired, and nearly lost all patience. Every now and then he lifted the hook to see if the bait was gone, but the worm was all right

"You'll never catch a nice fish with that horrid little worm," said a voice behind him.

"Why, I caught you with it," said Charley, looking around, somewhat surprised.

"Me!" said the mermaid, for it was a mermaid sitting on the stern seat. "You don't suppose I put that nasty dirty worm in my mouth, do you? I only took hold of the line and let you lift me in, because I was tired of the water so cold and damp, and wanted to come into the boat with you for company."

"Oh, well, I didn't know," said Charley, "but what else can we get for bait? I have nothing but earthworms."

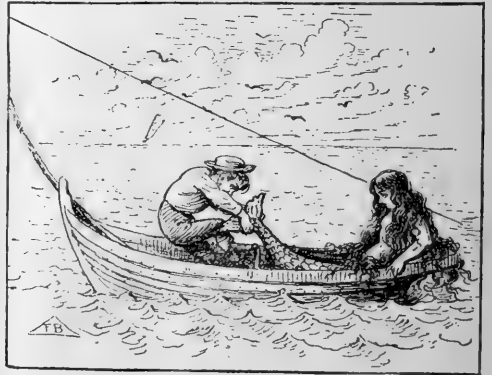
"Fish would be better," said she.

"Yes, but I can't get one," said Charley.

"I'll tell you what," said the mermaid.

"You just help me off with my tail. I don't want it any more now, and that will do to catch a big one."

She showed Charley how to lay hold of the tail, then she held on to the seat, and



they tugged and tugged until the tail came off like a boot, and set free her pretty little feet.

Then she jumped down and helped Charley to bait the hook, and dropped it overboard and let it drift down with the current.

After a while something came and took the bait, and the reel began to go round like mad. It was a long line, there must have been more than a mile of it.

"Give him the butt," said the mermaid, when the line was nearly all run out. "O, Charley, whatever you do give him the butt."

Charley did as she told him, and the boat began to glide through the water like an arrow.

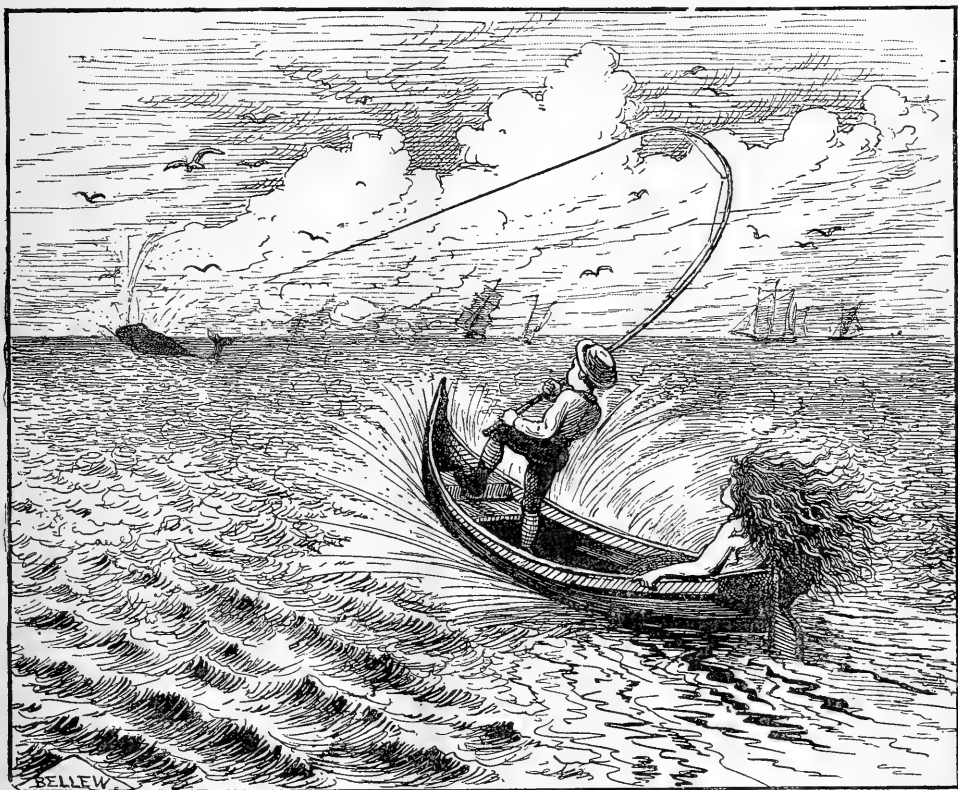
"Oh, my, isn't this fun," said the mermaid. "Just look at the banks how they are flying by, I am sure we must be going a hundred miles an hour."

Charley looked first at one bank and then at the other, but both banks were far away;

it was impossible to tell. "He'll get tired by and by," said she.

"Now Charley," cried she at last, "wind in as fast as you can, the whale has stopped for breath and the boat will soon be up to him. Now give me the rod while you throw a harpoon into him," continued she as the boat came right up alongside of the whale.

Charley did as he was told, and as he



and when he looked again he could see neither bank—they were far out at sea.

"I think it must be a whale," said Charley.

"It's very like a whale," said the mermaid.

By this time the fish was a mile ahead, going like mad, but Charley knew what he was about and gave him the butt all the time.

The mermaid came and sat down by him, and how long they were flying over the sea

threw the harpoon with all his might it went right into the whale, which started off again like lightning.

When the whale got tired and let the boat come up close again Charley gave him another harpoon, and this he kept on doing until the whale refused to budge. "He is as dead as a barn door nail," said the mermaid.

"Is a barn door nail deader than any other nail?" asked Charley.

"Is this a moment for idle conundrums?" asked the mermaid, reproachfully. "We have a long way to go and a great deal to do yet, better wind in the line while I steer around him until we come to his jaws."

So Charley kept winding in the line, and the mermaid steered along the coast until they came to a great cavern in the bank.

"Here we are," said she. "We'll drop anchor here in the bottom of the cavern and take in cargo. The black is the whalebone and the white is the ivory, and we must try to get it all on board."

As soon as they had it all on board the mermaid set the sails and away they went.

"Where shall we go next?" said Charley.

"Why, to the islands, of course," said the mermaid. "What would be the good of the whalebone and the ivory unless we traded it away?"

So they sailed away until they came to the first island, and the natives came down to the shore and traded a cargo of coconuts for the whalebone and ivory, and once more the mermaid up sail and away.

"Where next?" said Charley.

"Oh, we'll go to another island and trade away the coconuts," said she, "there's always something to be made by trade."

"If you're tired," continued she, "lie down and go to sleep."

Charley lay down and dreamily watched the mermaid standing in the stern and steering the boat, which dashed along at a rapid rate over the waves.

Then he began to nod, and was just falling off to sleep when he was startled by hearing some one say "Git."

When he looked up it was not the mermaid who was steering at all. It was Aunt

Maria. It wasn't a boat either, but Aunt Maria's rockaway, and there was Cousin Bob lying asleep on a bundle of rugs.

Charley tried to wake him, but it was no good, Bob only rolled over and wouldn't wake.

"Where are we going, Aunt Maria?" asked Charley.

"Why, we're going home, of course," said Aunt Maria. "Git. If this old horse wasn't so lazy we would be there now. Better go to sleep again."

Charley fell asleep again, and when at last he awoke in the morning it was broad daylight, and this time he really was surprised—he was in his own chamber, and there was Bob lying asleep alongside of him.

Charley shook him a bit to wake him, but Bob only rolled on his other side just as he did in the rockaway, but the next moment he opened his eyes, remembered where he was, sat up in bed and looking at Charley said, "Hello."

"Hello," replied Charley, "how did you come here? Didn't you come home in the rockaway with me last night?"

"Oh, what a story," said Bob, "you wasn't in the rockaway at all, you was asleep in bed when we came."

"That's bad grammar," said Charley, "anyhow."

"I don't care if it is," said Bob; "bad grammar isn't so bad as telling lies."

"I'm not telling lies," said Charley, "I am only telling what happened when I was asleep," and he told Bob how he caught the mermaid.

Bob only laughed, and when Charley told him how he baited with the mermaid's tail and caught a whale, Bob said "Git."

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You call them tnieves and pillagers, but know  
 They are the winged warders of your farms,  
 Who from the cornfields drive the insidious foe,  
 And from your harvest keep a hundred harms.

LONGFELLOW, *Birds of Killingworth.*

## BIRDS AS FERTILIZERS.

PROFESSOR BROWN, in his examination before the Agricultural Commission of Ontario (1881) on the profits of raising beef cattle for market, stated that the class of cattle he raised for market realized \$88 at twenty-nine months old, the cost of food consumed at market prices being \$147. At thirty-six months the beasts were worth \$103, the costs being \$184, showing an apparent loss of \$59 at the lower, and of \$81 at the greater age. The Professor nevertheless maintained that the value of the manure converted the apparent loss into a real gain. The cattle realize about sixty per cent. on costs of their food, and the manure is roughly estimated at another sixty per cent., showing a net profit of twenty per cent.

But as a matter of fact, the manure is worth more than the cost of the food consumed in producing it. Locate two farmers, on moderately fertile farms, alike in condition. Let the one keep no stock and let the other keep his farm well stocked with cattle, which he allows to grow old and die from year to year without seeking any direct return from them. In a few years the first farmer's land will be exhausted and cease to yield any remunerative returns for his labor, while the second's will steadily increase in value, the extra crop due to the manure being always in excess of that consumed in producing it.

Every living creature—every plant—returns more to the soil than it takes from it, and when it is considered that birds are making manure all the year round, that their manure is richer than that of cattle, that they require no care, that they dress the land themselves, and tax the farmer for less than ten per cent. of the food they consume, there is no escape from the conclusion that it is far more profitable to keep birds than cattle. Every bird yields a profit to the farmer; the one great trouble is that

there are not enough of them, the other trouble is that the farmer's eyes are closed to the facts. When it is a question of food consumed in the ripening grain fields, the birds are credited with enormous capacities of consumption, but when it becomes a question of the value of the manure returned to the land, the farmers are inclined to pooh-pooh the labors of the birds in this direction as of no consequence, never considering that the measure of their voracity at harvest time, when they engage the farmer's attention, is also the measure of their returns to the soil, and the true standard by which to measure the value of their returns all the year round. It is profitable to keep stock and feed it all the year round for the sake of the manure; how much more so to keep birds which are fed by the farmer only about one month in the year, and which, during the remainder of the year, or as much of it as they remain with us, feed on the farmer's enemies, weed seeds and insects, keeping both in check, and rendering them in their turn beneficial by converting their substance—all that they have taken from the soil and atmosphere—into organic food, which is easily assimilated by future crops.

Life on earth began with those low types which were independent of pre-existent organized food; that is, with plants or animals or life types not easily assignable to either kingdom, which were capable of assimilating their substance directly from the unorganized elements—carbon, oxygen, and hydrogen, with or without nitrogen. Man and the higher animals cannot draw subsistence from air and water, they must have food already organized, and it is only by the constant succession of life and death beginning with these lowest life types which are capable of assimilating their food from the elements direct, that the soil of the earth is fitted for the support of higher life types.

# THE AUDUBON NOTE BOOK.

## FIGHT BETWEEN SNAKE AND BIRD.

THE following curious story is taken from a California newspaper. The bird mentioned is no doubt the small southwestern shrike, a variety of *Collyrio ludovicianus*:

"Edward Perry, of this city, while near Florence on Wednesday, witnessed a prolonged fight between a small butcher bird (about the size of a mocking-bird), and a spotted snake about three feet long. Mr. Perry came upon the combatants, how long after the fight began he did not know, but witnessed its conclusion at the end of an hour. The snake would coil up and strike at him, but without effect. Then the bird would dart at the reptile and strike it on some part of the body. Then the snake would raise its head several inches and keep its forked tongue in motion back and forth for a full minute. This was the bird's opportunity, and he profited by striking the snake on the body. Twice the bird went to a small stream and took a drink, returning to the contest with renewed vigor. At last the snake grew weary, and a sudden dart by the bird at its head caused the loss of an eye. The snake then for the first time tried to get away and writhed in pain. Soon the bird saw another chance, and this time knocked out the other eye. When the bird discovered that his victory was complete it went away, when Mr. Perry went to the snake and saw that its eyes were out."

## MEMBERSHIP RETURNS.

THE total registered membership at close of June was 36,024, showing an increase of 3,354 members during the month from the following sources:

New York.....	1113	Kansas.....	30
Massachusetts.....	912	Nebraska.....	20
Pennsylvania.....	222	Vermont.....	20
New Jersey.....	97	Indiana.....	33
Michigan.....	535	Iowa.....	13
Illinois.....	107	Minnesota.....	3
Ohio.....	51	Arkansas.....	25
Connecticut.....	41	Kentucky.....	22
Missouri.....	24	Rhode Island.....	2
District of Columbia.....	20	New Hampshire.....	23
Maine.....	30	Wisconsin.....	1
Virginia.....	1	Canada.....	142
Maryland.....	28	England.....	35
Colorado.....	4		

3,354

While most of the States display some relaxation of activity, as is to be expected at this season of the year, it is remarkable that during the month both New York and Massachusetts attain their greatest

development, a result due entirely to the well-planned efforts of one local secretary in each State.

The increase in Massachusetts is confined almost entirely to New Bedford, whose popular local secretary, Mr. Edmund Rodman, visited the schools and addressed the young people, in whom he excited an almost universal interest in the question of bird protection. By this means too he succeeded in reaching the parents, many of whom were persuaded by their children to join the Society.

In New York State there have been many workers operating with more or less success, but it is due entirely to the organized operations of the local secretary of South Brooklyn, Mrs. John Duer, that the Empire State held its lead. Like Mr. Rodman, Mrs. Duer too has been at work among the young people, and not contented with enlisting them has selected from among them a band of assistants, whom she has organized for efficient action, swelling the New York returns by several hundred.

These results have a deep significance; they point unerringly to the conclusion that our young people are easily interested in the question of bird protection and easily brought into sympathy with the aims of the Audubon Society. What has been done in New Bedford and Brooklyn during the last month may be done anywhere and everywhere throughout the length and breadth of the land. We want only workers.

C. F. AMERY, General Secretary.

## LOCAL BIRD NOMENCLATURE.

A VALUED correspondent of the AUDUBON MAGAZINE, who is engaged in the study of birds, desires to make some investigations as to the local names given to a number of our most common species. Our readers will remember that in the sketch of the golden-winged woodpecker or flicker, which we printed in our June number, a list of thirty-six English names applied to this species in various sections of the country was given. Probably few birds have so many names as this, but almost all have several, and to learn what these are and record them is the purpose of our correspondent.

It is hoped and requested that our readers will carefully peruse the list which we give below, and will take off the names of the birds which they recognize, and adding any other names by which these may be known to them, will severally send us their list, marking it at the top "Local Bird Nomenclature," and sign it with the full name and address of the locality from which the list comes, giving town.

county and State. These lists will be duly forwarded to our correspondent for comparison and study, and full credit for all assistance will be given in the results of the investigation, which will be published later.

The following is the list of the common birds, whose local names are desired:

Robin.	Red-headed Woodpecker.
Bluebird.	Yellow-bellied Woodpecker.
Crow Blackbird.	Hairy Woodpecker.
Song Sparrow.	Downy Woodpecker.
Chipping Sparrow.	Nuthatch.
Field Sparrow.	Indigo Bird.
Fox Sparrow.	Red-eyed Vireo.
Swamp Sparrow.	White-eyed Vireo.
White-throated Sparrow.	Warbling Vireo.
Tree Sparrow.	Yellow-bellied Vireo.
White-crowned Sparrow.	Yellow-throated Vireo.
Savannah Sparrow.	Maryland Yellowthroat.
Phoebe.	Redstart.
Least Flycatcher.	Mourning Warbler.
Great-crested Flycatcher.	Blackburnian Warbler.
Wood Pewee.	Yellow-rumped Warbler.
Meadowlark.	Yellow redpoll Warbler.
Chickadee.	Black-throated blue Warbler.
Butcherbird.	Blue yellow-backed Warbler.
Bluejay.	Chestnut-sided Warbler.
Chimney Swift.	Black-throated Green Warbler.
Oriole.	Brown Creeper.
Catbird.	Black and white Creeper.
Cuckoo.	Summer Yellowbird.
Chewink.	Junco.
Barn Swallow.	Crow.
Eave Swallow.	Crossbill.
Bank Swallow.	Purple Martin.
Kinglet.	Hummingbird.
Wood Thrush.	Waxwing.
Wilson's Thrush.	Partridge.
Hermit Thrush.	Woodcock.
Ovenbird.	Horned Lark.
Thrasher.	Orchard Oriole.
Cowbird.	Marsh Hawk.
Kingbird.	Goshawk.
Bobolink.	Pigeon Hawk.
Scarlet Tanager.	Snow Bunting.
Rose-breasted Grosbeak.	Whippoorwill.
Pine Bullfinch.	
Purple Finch.	
Goldfinch.	
Red-winged Blackbird.	

SINCE our article on hawks and owls appeared in the April MAGAZINE, Pennsylvania has decided not to prove an instructive example for the rest of the Union to profit by, and has repealed the law offering bounties for the destruction of rapacious birds. Happily there is no lack of the spirit of ignorant self-sacrifice, and New Jersey is paying such bounties for the destruction of its hawks and crows, that a poor farmer might make a very good living at shooting them while they last. After they have been annihilated a year or two the results promise to be very instructive.

## THE EDITOR'S TALK.

A CORRESPONDENT from Hare's Valley, Pa., wants to know how our Northern birds spend their winter in the South; if they sing and fly about, make nests and rear their young, and generally demean themselves as they do with us.

Well, no; not exactly. When the birds come North in the spring they are full of life and hope and love, which in the males finds expression in song. Males and females work together to one common end, and happy in each other's love and devotion, their heart full of gladness and their heads full of dreamy anticipations, their lives are glorified. Then come the cares of raising a family, the wearing process of sitting, the necessity of providing food for their young, which, wearisome at the outset, taxes their powers more and more every day, until what with the excessive strain upon their physical powers, and the wearing anxiety caused by impending danger to their young, they become so thoroughly worn out that the glory is gone out of their lives, the well-spring of their affections dried up; they care no more for their wearisome young ones which show no return of affection, no appreciation of the sacrifices made for them. They endure rather than long for each other's presence, and in this exhausted condition they go off South. They have no more ideal views of life, they want only food and rest to recuperate. Here their lives are more or less harassed by men and other foes, which make great gaps in their ranks, but those which escape gradually get into good condition, and as they once more wing their way northward their whole frames tremble with the exquisite joys of love and hope. The young birds see life through a glorified atmosphere, and the old forget their experiences and renew their youth.

ONE of the Albany papers publishes a story of a young swallow which having broken its leg had it bandaged with horsehair by the parent birds. I would believe the story if possible, but am disposed to the general view that a swallow sufficiently intelligent to think of bandaging a broken leg, would never overlook the obvious necessity of splitting a straw and making a pair of splints before he bound it with horsehair. Without for a moment imputing bad faith to the originator of the story, I think it much more probable that the nestling broke its leg by entangling it in the horsehair.

WE are very much disappointed that the Audubon badge is not yet ready for delivery. The preparation of a die is a work of unusual difficulty, and apt to be attended with numerous delays, but we still hope to have the medals ready in the first week of August.



## THE AUDUBON SOCIETY FOR THE PROTECTION OF BIRDS.

THE AUDUBON SOCIETY was founded in New York city in February, 1886. Its purpose is the protection of American birds, not used for food, from destruction for mercantile purposes. The magnitude of the evil with which the Society will cope, and the imperative need of the work which it proposes to accomplish, are outlined in the following statement concerning

### THE DESTRUCTION OF BIRDS.

Within the last few years, the destruction of our birds has increased at a rate which is alarming. This destruction now takes place on such a large scale as to seriously threaten the existence of a number of our most useful species. It is carried on chiefly by men and boys who sell the skins or plumage to be used for ornamenta purposes—principally for the trimming of women's hats, bonnets and clothing. These men kill everything that wears feathers. The birds of the woods, the birds of the field, the birds of the marsh and those of the sea are alike slain, at all times and at all seasons. It matters not if the bird be a useful one which devours the hurtful insects which destroy the farmer's crops, or a bright-plumaged songster whose advent has been welcomed in spring, and which has reared its brood in the door yard during the summer, or a swift-winged sea swallow whose flight along the shore has often with unerring certainty led the fisherman to his finny prey—whatever it be, it must be sacrificed to the bird butcher's lust for slaughter and for gain. Besides the actual destruction of the birds, their numbers are still further diminished by the practice of robbing their nests in the breeding season.

Although it is impossible to get at the number of birds killed each year, some figures have been published which give an idea of what the slaughter must be. We know that a single local taxidermist handles 30,000 bird skins in one year; that a single collector brought back from a three months trip 11,000 skins; that from one small district on Long Island about 70,000 birds were brought to New York in four months time. In New York one firm had on hand February 1, 1886, 200,000 skins. The supply is not limited by domestic consumption. American bird skins are sent abroad. The great European markets draw their supplies from all over the world. In London there were sold in three months from one auction room, 404,464 West Indian and Brazilian bird skins, and 356,389 East Indian birds. In Paris 100,000 African birds have been sold by one dealer in one year. One New York firm recently had a contract to supply 40,000 skins of American birds to one Paris firm. These figures tell their own story—but it is a story which might be known even without them; we may read it plainly enough in the silent hedges, once vocal with the morning songs of birds, and in the deserted fields where once bright plumage flashed in the sunlight.

### BIRDS, INSECTS AND CROPS.

The food of our small birds consists very largely of the insects which feed on the plants grown by the farmer. These insects multiply with such astounding rapidity that a single pair may in the course of one season be the progenitors of six billions of their kind. All through the season at which this insect life is most active, the birds are constantly at work destroying for their young and for themselves, tens of thousands of hurtful creatures, which, but for them, would swarm upon the farmer's crops and lessen the results of his labors.

A painstaking and ardent naturalist not very long ago watched the nest of a pair of martins for sixteen hours, from 4 A. M. till 8 P. M., just to see how many visits the parent birds made to their young. He found that in that time 312 visits to the four young were made, 119 by the male and 193 by the female. If we suppose only six insects to have been brought at each visit, this pair of birds would have destroyed, for their young alone, in this one summer's day, not far from 2,000 insects. The important relations which our birds bear to the agricultural interests and so to the general welfare, are recognized by the governments of all our States. Laws exist for their protection, but these laws are rendered inoperative by the lack of an intelligent public sentiment to support them. They are nowhere enforced. It is for the interest of every one that such a public sentiment should be created.

It is time that this destruction were stopped.

### PURPOSE OF THE AUDUBON SOCIETY.

To secure the protection of our birds by awakening a better sentiment, the Audubon Society, named after the greatest of American ornithologists, has been founded. The objects sought to be accomplished by this Society are to prevent as far as possible—

- (1) The killing of any wild bird not used for food.
- (2) The taking or destroying of the eggs or nests of any wild birds.
- (3) The wearing of the feathers of wild birds. Ostrich feathers, whether from wild or tame birds, and those of domestic fowls, are specially exempted.

The Audubon Society aims especially to preserve those

birds which are now practically without protection. Our game birds are already protected by law, and in large measure by public sentiment, and their care may be left to the sportsman. The great aim of the Society is the protection of American non-game birds. The English sparrow is not included in our lists.

### PLAN OF THE WORK.

Obviously the Society cannot supply any machinery of compulsion to lead individuals and communities to a higher regard for bird life and to efforts for its protection. Nor are compulsory measures thought necessary. The wrong is tolerated now only because of thoughtlessness and indifference. The birds are killed for millinery purposes. So long as fashion demands bird feathers, the birds will be slaughtered. The remedy is to be found in the awakening of a healthy public sentiment on the subject. If this enormous destruction of birds can once be put in its true light before the eyes of men and women and young folks, if interest be aroused and sentiment created, the great wrong must cease. To so present the case to the people as to awaken this corrective sentiment is the special work contemplated by the Audubon Society. The methods adopted are very simple. Pledges are furnished, subscription to which constitutes membership, and certificates are issued to members.

### TERMS OF MEMBERSHIP.

The signing of any of the pledges will qualify one for membership in the Society. It is earnestly desired that each member may sign all three of the pledges. Beyond the promise contained in the pledge no obligation nor responsibility is incurred. There are no fees, nor dues, nor any expenses of any kind. There are no conditions as to age. The boys and girls are invited to take part in the work, for they can often do more than others to practically protect the nesting birds. All who are interested in the subject are invited to become members, and to urge their friends to join the Society. If each man, woman or child who reads this circular will exert his or her influence, it will not take long to enlist in the good work a great number of people actively concerned in the protection of our birds. It is desired that members may be enrolled in every town and village throughout the land, so that by the moral weight of its influence this Society may check the slaughter of our beautiful songsters. The beneficent influence of the Audubon Society should be exerted in every remotest by-way where the songs of birds fill the air, and in every crowded city where the plumes of slain songsters are worn as an article of dress.

### ASSOCIATE MEMBERS.

As there are a very great number of people in full sympathy with the Audubon movement, and ready to lend it their moral support, but who refrain from joining the Society simply because they find it distasteful to sign a pledge, it has been determined to form a class of Associate Members. Any one expressing his or her sympathy with the objects of the Audubon Society and submitting a written request for membership to any local secretary, will be enrolled on the list of Associate Members. All such applications for membership received by local secretaries of the Society should be forwarded to the General Secretary for registration.

### LOCAL SECRETARIES.

The Society has local secretaries in cities, towns and villages. The local secretary will furnish this circular of information and pledge forms; will receive the signed pledges, keep a list of the members, forward a duplicate list with the pledges for enrollment and file at the Society's office, and will receive in return certificates of membership, to be filled out and signed by the local secretary and given to the members. No certificate of membership will be issued to any person except upon the receipt of a signed pledge at the office of the Society. Where no local secretary has yet been appointed, individual applicants for membership may address the Society at its office, No. 40 Park Row, New York.

If there is no local secretary in your town, you are invited to act as such yourself, or to hand this to some other person who will accept the office. Upon application we will supply copies of this circular and pledge forms.

### THE AUDUBON SOCIETY CERTIFICATE.

The Society furnishes to each member a handsome certificate of membership. This bears a portrait of the great naturalist, John James Audubon, after whom the Society very appropriately takes its name.

The office of the Society is at 40 Park Row, New York city. All communications should be addressed

### THE AUDUBON SOCIETY,

No. 40 Park Row, New York.



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The reading habit is now pretty well established; not only the reading habit, but liking for useful reading; and useful reading leads to learning.

Now comes WIDE AWAKE, vigorous, hearty, not to say heavy. No, it isn't heavy, though full as it can be of practical help along the road to sober manhood and womanhood. Full as it can be? There is need of play as well as of work; and WIDE AWAKE has its mixture of work and rest and play. The work is all toward self-improvement; so is the rest; and so is the play.

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SPOTTED SANDPIPER.

( *Actitis macularia* (LINS.) )

# THE AUDUBON MAGAZINE.

VOL. I.

SEPTEMBER, 1887.

No. 8.

JOHN JAMES AUDUBON.

VIII.

THE sun of Audubon's life was sinking westward and the indomitable spirit and energy were breaking, but still he could not resign himself to idleness. He began preparing his last great work, which was a reduced copy of the English publication.

For many years one of Audubon's greatest desires had been to see the great plains of the West and the Rocky Mountains. It was a hope which was always with him, and now, when the infirmities of age were beginning to creep upon him, he felt that no time must be lost if he would realize this long cherished wish. So, after settling his family in their home at Minnie's Land, in what is now called Audubon Park, he turned his face toward the West.

It was in March, 1843, that he left New York for Philadelphia, where he was joined by his friends, Edward Harris, Isaac Sprague, Lewis Squires, John G. Bell and Jedediah Irish, who were to be his companions on his long journey. The party proceeded to Cincinnati and St. Louis, and ascending the Missouri River reached Fort Leavenworth early in May. The journey up the river was full of interest for Audubon, and the journal of the trip contains a very full account of all that was seen. Fort Union, at the mouth of the Yellowstone, was reached June 1, and this was the furthest point attained. Three months were spent here—months that were full of profit and pleasure

to the naturalist. New birds and new mammals were obtained in considerable numbers, hunting expeditions were organized, and the Indians were studied. The region proved so full of interest that Audubon was anxious that some of his younger companions should remain there during the winter. For himself this was impossible, since his strength would not endure the rigors of a Northern winter, and he returned home, reaching New York early in October.

Notwithstanding his age and failing strength, Audubon had no sooner returned from the West than, with his usual energy, he began to work again, and in a little more than two years the first volume of the "Quadrupeds of North America" made its appearance. This was his last work, the remaining volumes of the "Quadrupeds" having been prepared chiefly by his sons, Victor and John Woodhouse.

The declining years of Audubon's life were passed in New York city at his beautiful home on the Hudson River, an estate comprising about twenty-four acres, lying between 155th and 158th streets and Tenth avenue and the river. Here, with his wife, his children, and his children's children, the naturalist lived simply but very happily, surrounded by those wild creatures among which had been spent so much of the grand life that was now drawing peacefully to its close. The woods were full of birds, and

deer and elk rambled over the grass and beneath the ancient trees. Here, as he himself wrote in 1846, "Surrounded by all the members of my dear family, enjoying the affection of numerous friends who have never abandoned me, and possessing a sufficient share of all that contributes to make life agreeable, I lift my grateful eyes toward the Supreme Being and feel that I am happy."

Toward the close of his life his sight began to fail him, so that he could no longer see to draw, and we may imagine what a deprivation it was to him to be obliged to lay aside his pencil. He bore his affliction with wonderful patience and sweetness, but it was the beginning of the end. In 1848 his mind, for sixty-eight years so vigorous and active, entirely failed him, and it was not until the day of his death, three years later, that the light of intelligence shone again from those eyes, heretofore so keen and piercing.

Cared for and protected by loving hearts and tender hands, he passed down into the Valley of the Shadow of Death, and on the morning of January 27, 1851, the long, adventurous, useful life ended.

In a sketch of this nature it is not necessary to enlarge upon Audubon's work, nor to demonstrate its importance to science. The world has already given its verdict as to these points; the name of Audubon has been inscribed high up on the roll of fame. Wilson, Bonaparte, Swainson and Nuttall all did their part toward making known the birds of America, but Audubon differed from all these as the artist differs from the skilled mechanic. In their drawings, however exact, the birds suggest immobility, in Audubon's, arrested motion. Their figures lack the true artist's insight, which, penetrating beyond form, size and color, enabled him to depict the birds as instinct with life, character and motion. Besides this, it was Audubon's happy lot to live near to Nature's heart, and to have her whisper to him se-

crets that she withheld from others. William Swainson, in writing of the work in the *Natural History Magazine* in May, 1828, did but justice to the artistic aspect of Audubon's work when he said:

"It will depend upon the powerful and the wealthy, whether Britain shall have the honor of fostering such a magnificent undertaking. It will be a lasting monument not only to the memory of its author, but to those who employ their wealth in patronizing genius, and in supporting the national credit. If any publication deserves such a distinction, it is surely this, inasmuch as it exhibits a perfection in the higher attributes of zoological painting never before attempted. To represent the passions and the feelings of birds, might, until now, have been well deemed chimerical. Rarely, indeed, do we see their outlined forms represented with anything like nature. In my estimation, not more than three painters ever lived who could draw a bird. Of these the lamented Barrabaud, of whom France may justly be proud, was the chief. He has long passed away; but his mantle has, at length, been recovered in the forests of America."

Indomitable energy and perseverance were two most striking attributes of Audubon's character, and joined with these was an enthusiasm and freshness that old age could not subdue. His temperament was sanguine, and he was never worn out by delays, never defeated by disappointment. He had an abiding faith in himself, and in the ultimate accomplishment of his work. For years he labored alone, facing with smiling courage obstacles which would have crushed hope out of the heart of a man less vigorous.

One person there was who from the beginning shared his hopes and fears, who encouraged him in times of depression and doubt, who labored in order that he might have money with which to carry on his investigations, and who, whether by his side

or separated from him by the width of an ocean, was ever his closest friend and his firmest supporter. To Lucy Audubon, his beautiful wife, as much as to the naturalist himself, do we owe the great works which have made famous the name of Audubon. Many of those who read these pages will remember her majestic yet benign presence, and can understand the power for aid which so strong a character as hers must have exerted on the light-hearted and enthusiastic husband, whom she survived for twenty years.

In beautiful Trinity Cemetery, within hearing of the lapping waters of the broad river, on whose banks they had lived together, and hardly a stone's throw from the house where their declining years were passed, John James Audubon and Lucy, his wife, repose side by side. No towering shaft rises toward heaven to mark their resting place or commemorate their deeds, but on the gray granite of a simple vault is carved the name

AUDUBON.

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#### THE SPOTTED SANDPIPER.

**R**UNNING swiftly along the sandy beach of the seashore, or probing the mud on the margin of some quiet pool, or balancing himself on a rock that rises above the surface of a brawling stream, you may find the Spotted Sandpiper any day from the early spring to the late summer. One of our commonest birds throughout the whole country, he is equally abundant along the surf-beaten sands of Long Island, the sluggish sloughs of Illinois, the mud-laden, hurrying waters of the great Missouri River and the streams of California, and wherever found he is the same familiar trustful little fellow, always busy about his own affairs, and having no time at all to attend to those of other people. There is one exception to this rule, and if his nest is approached, or he imagines that you are about to harm his downy young that on unsteady legs are following him and his wife about, learning how to make their living, then indeed the Spotted Sandpiper makes a dismal outcry, and both parents fly about you with piercing shrieks which tell plainly enough the story of their distress and the affection which they feel for their brood.

At such times the mother resorts to every artifice to lead the enemy away from her young. She flutters on the ground almost

at your feet, as if she were badly hurt and quite unable to fly, but if you attempt to catch her she manages by a few desperate wing beats to elude your grasp, and again struggles just before you, trembling and panting and with feebly beating wings, as if the effort she had just made had really been the last of which she was capable, and now you had only to step forward and take her in your hand. If you attempt it, you will find that she can still struggle onward, and so, step by step, she will lead you from her children, who, at the first sharp note which warned them of danger, squatted on the ground and remain perfectly motionless. As they are slate gray in color it is almost impossible to distinguish them from the stones among which they lie concealed. After the dangerous intruder has been drawn far enough from the spot where the young are hidden, all the mother's vigor returns to her, and she flies away in triumph to return in a little while, and call the young out of their hiding places. It is a pretty sight to see the reunion of the little family and to observe the air of proud satisfaction with which the mother leads them away.

Besides being one of our most common birds, the Spotted Sandpiper is a species of

*The Spotted Sandpiper.*

wide distribution, being found from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean, and equally abundant in Alaska and Florida. The bird is also found in the West India Islands and in Mexico, and Central and South America. Its range may therefore be said to be America at large.

The Spotted Sandpiper is known by a variety of names. Of these "Peet-weet" manifestly refers to its shrill double-noted cry; "Tip-up" and "Teeter" to its curious bobbing or balancing motion, raising and lowering its tail as it stands; while "Potato Snipe," by which name it is known in certain parts of Long Island, is given from its habit of feeding in the potato fields, where it destroys great numbers of insects.

This species breeds almost everywhere in temperate North America, and its nest may be found high up on the Rocky Mountains, as well as near the streams on the plains below, and on the coast. Although breeding both in Labrador and Alaska, it was not found by Dr. Richardson in the fur country, but it has been taken on the Mackenzie River.

This species reaches the Middle States from the South early in April in small flocks, which soon separate into pairs. Nesting is begun in May, and the site chosen varies much with the surroundings. Sometimes the nest is close to the bank of some little brook or still pool, and at others it may be at quite a distance from the water in a pasture, under a hedgerow, or among the weeds on the edge of a potato field. Nuttall saw one in a strawberry bed. In such locations a little hollow is scraped in the ground, and on a rough lining of a few blades of dried grass the eggs are deposited. Sometimes the nest is more elaborate and better finished, for Audubon describes those found by him on an island in the Gulf of St. Lawrence as being quite large and well lined. Others still, found on the coast of Labrador, were even more worthy the name of nests, being made of dry moss

and carefully lined with duck's feathers and dried grass. These nests were concealed under ledges of rock, and were so well hidden that they probably would not have been discovered, had it not been that the birds flew out as the naturalist was passing by.

The eggs of the Spotted Sandpiper are always four in number. They are much pointed at the small end, and when lying in the nest the small ends are all together in the middle and the large ends toward the outside. The eggs are a dull cream color or grayish-yellow, and are thickly spotted with blotches of dark brown and black, which are much more numerous about the larger end. Like those of many snipe-like species, the eggs are very large in proportion to the size of the bird, being an inch and a quarter in length, and very wide at the larger end.

The young leave the nest as soon as they are hatched and follow the mother as her chickens do a hen. Their food is at first flies and small insects, and as they grow older, water insects, snails and small shells. After the young have become able to fly, the family still remain together, and being joined by other individuals, they keep in flocks, often of a dozen individuals, until the approach of cold weather, in October or early November, when they begin their journey southward.

The flight of the Spotted Sandpiper is rapid and sustained, and when a flock is flying by, they swing from side to side, showing now their dark backs and again the white of their under parts. Sometimes they huddle closely together and again spread out. They circle and turn with surprising quickness. As soon as a flock alights the birds scatter out, running along the shore or upon floating drift stuff, hunting for food, and often wading out in the water until it is too deep for them to touch the bottom, when they swim easily and quite rapidly. When shot over the water, and only wounded



they often attempt to escape by diving, using their wings for progression under water. They sometimes alight on the branches of trees, where they walk lightly and easily, and we have frequently seen them perch upon the slender pliant willow twigs projecting from newly repaired "beaver houses" in the Missouri River and other Western streams. Audubon says that he has seen them on haystacks, where they seemed to be catching insects.

The Spotted Sandpiper is a gentle and unsuspecting little bird, and readily answers and moves toward an imitation of its call note. In this way these birds are often lured within shooting distance of boys with guns, who thus kill many of them, but they are too small to be coveted by the grown up gunner, who disdains to shoot at such tiny birds.

Within a few years past, however, many Spotted Sandpipers have been killed for hat decoration, and their distorted skins

have adorned the headgear of many good but thoughtless women.

The Spotted Sandpiper is about seven inches in length, and of this the bill occupies one inch. In color this bird is glossy olive brown above, sometimes with greenish reflections. The feathers of the top of head and neck are marked with dark spots along the shafts of the feathers. Those of the back are faintly barred with wavy black. The quills of the wings are dusky brown, all except the two outer ones being marked with a large oval spot of white on the inner web. Tail feathers like the back, but tipped with white and with a subterminal black bar. A line over the eye and the entire under parts white, thickly dotted with sharp circular black spots on the breast, reminding one of the spots on the breast of a thrush. Bill pale yellow, tipped with black. Feet, flesh color. The young of the year lack the spots below and are generally duller and grayer than the adults.

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#### OUR SMITH COLLEGE AUDUBON SOCIETY.

IT may seem a very simple thing to form an Audubon Society, but some extremely perplexing questions arise when you come to the practical work of organization.

How many boys or girls care for ornithology? What can there be about an Audubon Society that is picturesque or entertaining? If it is to have life, meetings must be held; but what can they be about? Shall you read reports on the proselytes the members have made—lists of names often too meagre to receive attention? Dry bones tied with red tape! Who would come to the meetings? The Society would come to an end as soon as the birds were temporarily protected by a change of fashion.

No. People must know and love the birds, or false logic and worldly argument

will make them indifferent to their destruction. You must interest them in the birds themselves. But how? By reading prosy descriptions from ornithological tomes full of measurements of "tarsus," "middle toe," "claw," "bill above," "along gape;" and statistics concerning remiges, culmen, spurious primaries, and the freedom of the "basal joint of middle toe for terminal fourth on outside, for half on inside?" Ordinary boys and girls have no desire to become ornithologists, but are easily interested in out-of-door life. So take them into the fields and let them see how the birds look, what they have to say, how they spend their time, what sort of houses they build, and what are their family secrets.

When we decided to do this, we determined the success of our future Society.

We said that our work must have two distinct phases from the outset:

First—Proselyting.

Second—Field work.

But we said it tentatively, for the Audubon Society, now numbering over thirty thousand members, had been founded only a week or so then; and of our three hundred college girls, hardly half a dozen had heard of it, or had acknowledged to themselves any especial interest in birds.

With the instinct of agriculturists we began by preparing the ground. We buttonholed our intimate friends, and got them to buttonhole theirs. We cut from newspapers the slips that were beginning to appear on bird destruction, and distributed them with telling effect; we had the question brought up in our Science Association meetings, and discussed in the biological laboratory. Gradually our list of friends increased. Two of the faculty took up our cause; little groups of students would meet to read each other the startling statistics; and one of the chief movers found one day a discarded plume in her letter box. The time was ripe. Something must be done to feed the interest. Too many questions were pending to allow of formal organization, and so a mass meeting was decided upon. Notices were posted, inviting all the college, but our hopes were more than realized when our tellers reported seventy girls and "five Faculty." To our freshman friends that mass meeting must have seemed a marvel of spontaneity, but junior year has shown them the necessity of wire-pulling, and the exposure of our schemes will be no shock to them now. To let our first meeting drag would have been fatal. So the subjects we wanted discussed were arranged in their proper order, popular girls and the best speakers being selected to talk on them. Extracts and statistics were given them to illustrate their topics, and they were impressed with their cues, to avoid delay. We even went

so far as to select the chairman, and those who should move her appointment. The result was that everything went off without a hitch or a pause. A usually shrinking senior took the chair with business-like self-possession; another senior who had never been known to speak in a meeting, rose before her friend was fairly seated, and elaborated the "Need of Bird Protection" with a calmness that amazed her intimates; a popular leader of Germans and picnic parties captured the society element by the rare display of her earnestness in discussing the "Moral Side of the Question," while another college favorite won over the tender-hearted by showing the "Cruelties of the Fashion;" the one ornithologist among the students told us of the many forms of interest coming from the study of birds; the delights of field work were pointed out by one of the professors; and after a suggestive talk by a member of the Faculty on the position birds occupy in literature, and the pleasure their study brings in that direction, the meeting was adjourned amid a burst of enthusiasm.

That day a city milliner inquired anxiously if the college authorities had forbidden the use of birds, so many hats had been brought to her to be retrimmed. After this we were sure of support, and the business of organization was an easy matter. Committees were appointed to draw up the constitution, report on a name for the Society, and so on. It seemed more for the interest of the main Society that all branches should be known by the same name throughout the country, so when Dr. Grinnell assured us that we could be a perfectly independent branch, we rejected the more individual titles of "Merle and Mavis Club," "The Pterodactyl" and others, in favor of "Smith College Audubon Society." The election of officers involved more wire-pulling, and "eel skins" were distributed among our friends, who brought the candidates into notice. On March 17,

1886, the constitution was adopted, the president, vice-president, secretary, treasurer and executive committee were elected—the field work committee being left for appointment by the Council—and we became formally organized as a college society, scarcely three weeks from the beginning of our work, and, as we prided ourselves, some time before the establishment of the Wellesley Society.

By this time the end of the term was approaching, and ethics, theses, Plato, Kant, Hegel and others were jealously claiming our attention.

The "S. C. A. S." grew during vacation, however, and when we got back and heard that Mr. Burroughs was coming to begin field work with us, we felt sure of success. He was in Northampton three days, and took us out in classes of from ten to forty, whenever we could get away from recitations. The first morning, about forty started out at half-past five, and the same afternoon thirty of us climbed Mt. Tom with him. It was early in the spring for birds, and our numbers were enough to have frightened back to the South the few that had ventured North; but the strong influence of Mr. Burroughs's personality and quiet enthusiasm gave just the inspiration that was needed. We all caught the contagion of the woods. With gossamers and raised umbrellas we would gather about him under the trees, while he stood leaning against a stump, utterly indifferent to the rain, absorbed in incidents from the life of some goldfinch or sparrow, interpreting the chipping of the swift as it darted about overhead, or answering the questions put to him, with the simplicity and kindness of a beneficent sage.

After he left, we lost no time in arranging our spring field work. A committee of four gave up certain hours to taking the girls out, a sub-committee of nine being especially trained to relieve them as the classes increased in size. The work was

carried through enthusiastically, and was eminently successful. The object was not to produce ornithologists, but to create habits of exact observation and arouse sympathetic interest in birds. The sections of observers were made as small as possible to facilitate the work. Pocket note books were distributed, so that all the characteristics of the birds could be taken down in the field, and general classifications and other points given by the heads of sections could be put down for reference when the girls went out to study by themselves. Blank migration schedules from the Ornithological Division of the Department of Agriculture were supplied to those who cared to arrange their notes themselves.

Early in the season large supplies of Audubon circulars and pamphlets were placed in the college houses.

At the May meeting, one of the naturalists of the town gave us an interesting talk on nests, telling us where to find them, and how to distinguish them. At the June meeting, the president of the Society gave a sketch of the life of Audubon, and this was followed by a report of the work of the term, which excited general discussion of the notes made by the different members, and was very entertaining.

At the end of the first three months the Society had eighty-nine members. Fifty of these had been in the field, and twenty-three handed in notes to be collaborated and sent to the Department of Agriculture. Seventy-six species of birds had been reported on; fifty-six nests had been found, including twenty-two kinds; and a great many interesting and valuable notes had been collected. The treasury held over twenty dollars as the result of the twenty-five cent membership fee. In the line of proselyting, thousands of Audubon papers had been distributed, a society had been founded in Kansas, and certainly a hundred outside converts had been made.

The summer vacation, bringing with it

the attempt to force the fashion of feather millinery back again, called for the best efforts of our workers, and ten thousand circulars were sent out by a few of the most zealous, while letters and newspaper protests were used to spread the opposition.

When college opened in the fall, although the class of '86, with whom the Society originated, had gone, the "S. C. A. S." was found in the same vigorous condition, and fifty observers took up field work at the outset. The interest increased through the year, and the meetings were varied by

discussions of field work, essays by observers, and popular articles from those naturalists who have the art of putting others into the spirit of the woods.

In fact, the "S. C. A. S." has become one of the established institutions of the college, and it is safe to predict for it a long career of usefulness, for it is helping to make of our girls who have been blinded by the absorbing public school training, women who shall see, and that in the deepest, fullest sense ever emphasized by Mr. Ruskin.

FROM BEHIND THE SCENES.

#### WHOLESALE DESTRUCTION OF BIRDS IN FLORIDA.

NO one familiar with the story of Pharaoh and the plagues of Egypt would openly advocate the extermination of the birds of this continent; but while thousands look on at the process with calm indifference, unconscious that birds play any important part in the economy of nature, there are other—and on this point better informed—people who realize clearly some of the possible consequences of such extermination, but who pooh-pooh the idea that the annual demand for five or ten million bird skins can in any way affect the permanent supply.

With such people it is useless to argue from general principles, and if facts are adduced they are generally ready to dispute them on the ground that they have been collected by incompetent observers, or to assert that they are explicable on some other theory; but a careful report upon the so-called rookeries of Florida (the erstwhile winter home and breeding grounds of innumerable waterfowl, divers and waders) by W. E. D. Scott in the April and July numbers of *The Auk* is conclusive as to the disappearance of all birds of this class from our Southern lowlands, and leave no room for the plea of incompetence to form a con-

clusion. Mr. Scott is a naturalist, familiar with the region of which he treats, and the evidence which he adduces as to the rapid disappearance of waterfowl from the Florida lowlands and waters, is not the testimony of theorists, sentimentalists or casual observers, but the very best of all evidence for our purpose, viz., that of men who pursue the collection of skins as a calling.

But we will first call Mr. Scott himself to the bar. Mr. Scott went down in 1886 to visit localities with which he had already familiarized himself in 1880. As a naturalist and trained observer he had carried away with him on his first visit a perfectly distinct impression of the region as he then saw it. Let him now speak for himself as to the sense of contrast awakened by his second visit after a six years' interval. Writing of the smaller of the Anclote Keys (two islands in the Gulf of Mexico) he says:

"Six years ago the smaller of these two keys was a rookery for countless pairs of birds. There were literally thousands of them. The several acres of breeding ground are closely wooded with mangrove and other trees and bushes, and each tree or bush of any size contained several nests. \* \* \* besides, during May and June, hundreds of pairs of frigate birds (*Fregata aquila*) though these, as far as I am aware, did not breed. \* \* This morning in passing

these islands I saw but four pelicans (they were flying by), two or three frightened herons, and a few gulls and terns. \* \* \* Once at this time of the year a perfect cloud of birds were to be seen hovering all day over the islands, so tame and unsuspecting that they had little or no fear of man, but now the place is almost deserted by birds, and the few that are left have become, by being hunted, as wary as the traditional deer."

The above extracts give Mr. Scott's first impressions as to the changes wrought by skin collectors, impressions which further wanderings did nothing to remove. The same day (April 30, 1886) he passed another deserted heronry, which had many herons breeding on it in 1880, and the next day he reached John's Pass, where he particularly wished to observe a rookery visited in April six years before.

"At that time (he writes) I made two visits of a day and a night each in this same rookery, and among the myriads of birds that are breeding and roosting the particular abundance of the roseate spoonbill, the reddish egret and all of the common herons, as well as the white ibis, will never be forgotten. It is enough to state without going into great detail, that in one flock at that time were at least two hundred wonderfully colored spoonbills, and that the number of the other species were many times greater."

Now observe what he says of the state of affairs in 1886:

"Looking carefully over both (islands) I could see no birds where we anchored, but as the sun began to get low in the west, a few—possibly fifty in all—shy and suspicious herons straggled in to roost on the smaller of the two keys, and a flock of fish crows were the only visitors at the larger. \* \* \* No spoonbill, not a single white ibis—in fact an utter transformation from the happy and populous community of only a few years before."

Every day's observation is but a weary repetition of the same experiences. Referring to his cruise through Charlotte Harbor he writes:

Captain Baker, who sailed the sloop, an old sponger and fisherman who had been familiar with all of this country for twenty-five years or more, pointed out to me among these islands, four at different points, where he assured me vast rookeries had existed. One of perhaps sixty acres he said he

had seen so covered with "white curlew" that, to use his own words, "it looked from a distance as if a big white sheet had been thrown over the mangroves." And though we passed by, as I have said before, islands that plainly showed, by excrement still on the ground, that once countless numbers of birds had lived there, sailing probably over about forty miles in all, I did not see a rookery that was occupied even by a few birds, and I only saw a few stray gulls, pelicans, and two herons in the whole day's cruise. About 4 o'clock, P. M., we reached a little settlement at the mouth of Pease Creek, called Hickory Bluff, and I went ashore to get what information I could regarding birds.

The postmaster and several other citizens with whom I talked all agreed that five or six years before birds had been plenty at the rookeries, and that it was no trouble to get hundreds of eggs to eat or to kill as many birds as one cared to. But that for the past two years birds had been so persecuted, to get their plumes for the Northern market, that they were practically exterminated, or at least driven away from all their old haunts. I further learned that all of the gunners and hunters in the country round, had up to this year reaped a very considerable income from this source. Birds were killed, and the plumes taken from the back, head, and breast, and the carcass thrown to the buzzards. Fort Myers, on the Caloosahatchie, was the central local market for this traffic, where several buyers were always ready to pay a high cash price for all plumes and fancy feathers. The force of resident buyers was increased during the winter of each year by taxidermists (?) and buyers from the North, who came, in some cases at least, provided to equip hunters with breech-loaders, ammunition, and the most approved and latest devices for carrying on the warfare. One man, who had come down in this way for the past four years, was down South now, and regularly employed from forty to sixty gunners, furnishing them with all supplies and giving so much a plume or flat skin, for all the birds most desirable. The prices, I was told, ranged from twenty cents to two dollars and a half a skin, the average being about forty cents apiece.

During his stay here he was visited by two plume hunters, from whom he obtained a great deal of information as to the condition of things, past and present. One of them, Abe Wilkerson, was on his way to some lakes far up the river, where he hoped to find large rookeries of the little white egret.

His method of obtaining birds (he told Mr. Scott)

was with a 22-cal. Winchester rifle. With this he could go into a rookery and secrete himself, and by using the lightest kind of cartridge get many more birds than with a shotgun, as the report is hardly greater than the snapping of a branch, and is scarcely noticed by the birds. In this way he said he had been able in a large rookery down south to get over four hundred "plume birds" in less than four days.

During the first week of Mr. Scott's sailing among the islands he saw only what may be called the final results of plume hunting, but guided by Mr. Wilkerson he found his way later to an island which had just been worked by the plume hunters. We will let him describe the same in his own words:

A few herons were to be seen from time to time flying to the island, and presently I took the small boat and went ashore to reconnoitre. This had evidently been only a short time before a large rookery. The trees were full of nests, some of which still contained eggs, and hundreds of broken eggs strewed the ground everywhere. Fish crows and both kinds of buzzards were present in great numbers and were rapidly destroying the remaining eggs. I found a huge pile of dead, half decayed birds, lying on the ground, which had apparently been killed for a day or two. All of them had the "plumes" taken with a patch of the skin from the back, and some had the wings cut off; otherwise they were uninjured. I counted over two hundred birds treated in this way. \* \* \* This was the rookery that Mr. Wilkerson had spoken of; within the last few days it had been almost destroyed, hundreds of old birds having been killed and thousands of eggs broken. I do not know of a more horrible and brutal exhibition of wanton destruction than that which I witnessed here.

Now let us hear what Mr. Frank Johnson, a professional "bird plumer," has to say on the subject. Mr. Scott interviewed him of course, and the bird plumer talked freely—almost feelingly.

He was hunting plumes, particularly of the snowy heron, American egret, and reddish egret, as they brought the highest prices, but he killed to sell to the "taxidermists," as he called them, "almost anything that wore feathers." He said he wished there was some law to protect the birds, at least during the breeding time, which would not be violated. He added, however, that as everybody else was "pluming," he had made up his mind that he might as well have his share.

He was killing birds and taking plumes now for

Mr. J. H. Batty, of New York city, who employed many men along the entire Gulf coast from Cedar Keys to Key West. When asked what Mr. Batty purchased, it was again "almost anything that wore feathers, but more particularly the herons, spoon-bills, and showy birds." \* \* \*

A fortnight later, while at Punta Rassa, Mr. Scott again met Abe Wilkerson, who had returned from the Myakka Lakes, at which he expected to secure so many little white egret plumes. He reported very little success—about seventy-five plumes—for although he had found large rookeries, the birds (he said) had been so persistently hunted that they had become very wild.

But what need to pursue the subject further? The war of extermination has been waged so successfully that the very plume hunters, seeing their occupation gone, are pleading for protection in the breeding season.

The lowlands of Florida, the marshes, the rivers, the islands of its long indented coast line, which but seven years ago were teeming with bird life over their wide area, are now one vast expanse of dreary desolation—cities of the dead, rendered only still more strikingly desolate by the mournful cries of the few solitary survivors. Is it not time to check this wanton destruction, and endeavor by a rigid protection of the little remnant to restore the condition of earlier years? There are other than sentimental reasons for this course. The lives of these birds are not purposeless. They take their food in the water and accumulate their droppings on the land. In this manner barren rocks and sands are dressed with organic remains rich in phosphates that have not been derived from the soil, but which the birds have for ages been storing up for the future support of the population of the State.

A war of extermination against these birds is a war against God and Nature, and reflects no less discredit on the government which tolerates it supinely, than on the individuals who prosecute it for gain.

## HINTS TO AUDUBON WORKERS.\*

### FIFTY COMMON BIRDS AND HOW TO KNOW THEM.

#### IV.

WHEN you begin to study the warblers, you will probably come to the conclusion that you know nothing about birds, and can never learn. But if you begin by recognizing their common traits, and then study a few of the easiest ones and those that nest in your locality, you will get less discouraged, and, when the flocks come back at the next migration, will be able to master the peculiarities of a larger number.

Most of them are very small—much less than half the size of a robin—and are not only short but slender. Active as the chickadee or kinglet, they are good examples of perpetual motion, flitting about the trees and undergrowth after insects without consideration for the observer who is attempting to make out their markings.

As a group, they are dashed with all the colors of the rainbow, a flock of them looking as if a painter had thrown his palette at them. You can see no rhyme or reason in the confusing combinations, and when you find that their colors differ entirely according to age and sex, you despair of ever mastering them.

Why they should be called warblers is a puzzle, as a large percentage of them have nothing worthy the name of a song, nothing but a thin chatter, or a shrill piping trill.

If you wish to form a negative conception of them, think of the coloring, song and habits of the thrush. No contrast could be more complete.

The best places to look for them during migration are young trees, sunny slopes, and orchards.

BLACKBURNIAN WARBLER; HEMLOCK WARBLER; ORANGE-THROATED WARBLER.

The Blackburnian is one of the handsomest and most easily recognized of the

warblers. His throat is a rich orange or flame color, so brilliant that you can never mistake him for any of the others. His back is black, with yellowish markings. His crown is black, but has an orange spot in the center; the rest of his head, except near his eye, being the same flaming orange as his throat. His wings have white patches, and his breast is whitish, tinged with yellow. His sides are streaked with black. The female and young are duller, the black of their backs being mingled with olive; while their throats are yellow, instead of orange.

Now and then you are fortunate enough to get a near view of this exquisite bird, but he has an aggravating fondness for the highest branches of the tallest trees. You can see that there is something up there, but as you throw your head back against your collar and strain through your opera glass, you fancy it is some phantom bird flitting about darkening the leaves. The seconds wear into minutes, but you dare not change your position. Your glasses won't help you to see through the leaves, but you feel sure that something will appear in a moment, over the edge of that spray or on the end of that bare twig and it won't do to miss it. So when your neck-ache becomes intolerable you fix your eye on the spot and step cautiously backward till you can lean up against a tree. The support disappoints you, your hand trembles as much as ever, and your neck is growing stiff. You make a final effort, take your glass in both hands, and change your focus, when suddenly you hear a low, fine trill, that you recognize from being accented on the end like a redstart's, coming from a branch several feet higher over your head. Your neck refuses to bend an inch

further. You are in despair. But all at once your tormentor comes tumbling down through the leaves after an insect that has gotten away from him, and you catch one fleeting glimpse of orange that more than repays you for all your trials.

The nest of the Blackburnian is rarely found, but is said to be built, usually, high among the pines. It is made of grass, and lined with feathers, hair or fur. The eggs are of a pale bluish-green, spotted all over with umber brown of varying intensity.

#### BLACK AND WHITE CREEPING WARBLER.

Although much more slender, the creeper is just about the length of the chickadee, of whom he reminds you by his fondness for tree trunks and branches. Instead of flitting about gaily, however, he creeps soberly up and down the length of the trees, circling around as he goes, reminding you strongly of the nuthatch and the brown creeper.

As his name indicates, he is entirely black and white, and for the most part the colors are arranged in alternate streaks, except on the underside of his breast, where there is an area of white. His song is a high-keyed trill, and as he is so nearly the color of the gray bark he is generally clinging to, it is a very grateful help to the discovery of his whereabouts.


Of his song Mr. Burroughs says: "Here and there I meet the black and white creeping warbler, whose fine strain reminds me of hair wire. It is unquestionably the finest bird song to be heard."

In describing the nest and young, Mr. Burroughs says: "A black and white creeping warbler suddenly became much alarmed as I approached a crumbling old stump in a dense part of the forest. He alighted upon it, chirped sharply, ran up and down its sides, and finally left it with much reluctance. The nest, which contained three young birds nearly fledged, was placed upon the ground, at the foot of

the stump, and in such a position that the color of the young harmonized perfectly with the bits of bark, sticks, etc., lying about. My eye rested upon them for the second time before I made them out. They hugged the nest very closely, but as I put down my hand they all scampered off with loud cries for help, which caused the parent birds to place themselves almost within my reach." The nest was merely a little dry grass arranged in a thick bed of dry leaves.

#### BLACK-THROATED BLUE WARBLER.

Like other ladies, the little feathered brides have to bear their husbands' names whether they are appropriate or not. What injustice! Here an innocent creature with an olive-green back and yellowish breast has to go about all her days known as the black-throated blue warbler, just because that happens to describe the dress of her spouse! The very most she has in common with him is a white spot on her wings, and, as if to add insult to injury, that does not come into the name at all. Talk about woman's wrongs! And the poor little things can not even apply to the Legislature to have their names changed!

You do not blame them for nesting in the mountain fastness and the seclusion of our Northern woods, to get away from the scientists who ignore their individuality in this shocking manner. For it is not the fault of their mates in this case. They are as pleasing, inoffensive birds as any in the warbler family, and go about singing their *z-y* guttural  as they hunt over the twigs and branches, without the slightest assumption of conjugal authority.

Mr. Burroughs has given a most delightful and sympathetic description of them. He says: "Beyond the bark-peeling, where the woods are mingled hemlock, beech, and birch, the languid midsummer note of the black-throated blue-back falls on my ear. '*Twea, twea, twea-e-e!*' in the upward slide, and with the peculiar *z-ing* of summer in-



sects, but not destitute of a certain plaintive cadence. It is one of the most languid, unhurried sounds in all the woods. I feel like reclining upon the dry leaves at once. Audubon says he has never heard his love-song; but this is all the love-song he has, and he is evidently a very plain hero with his little brown mistress. He assumes few attitudes, and is not a bold and striking gymnast, like many of his kindred. He has a preference for dense woods of beech and maple, moves slowly amid the lower branches and smaller growths, keeping from eight to ten feet from the ground, and repeating now and then his listless, indolent strain. His back and crown are dark blue, his throat and breast, black; his belly, pure white; and he has a white spot on each wing."

SUMMER YELLOWBIRD; GOLDEN WARBLER;  
YELLOW WARBLER.

If you have caught glimpses of this little fellow as he was building in your orchard or the shrubbery of your garden, you may have wondered about his relation to the other yellowbird—the goldfinch. But when you look at him carefully, you will find that the two are entirely distinct.

The goldfinch is bright canary color, and has a black cap, tail and wings. The summer yellowbird, on the contrary, is a heavier yellow, having no black to emphasize the color, but obsolete brown streaks on the breast that prevent his having a clear yellow look.

The goldfinch is a larger bird, and has the thick bill of the finch, instead of the fine one of the warbler, as he lives on seeds instead of insects.

On the wing, at a distance, the peculiar undulating flight of the goldfinch is enough to distinguish him; and when you are near enough to hear him sing, you will see that his canary-like song bears no resemblance to the warbler trill of the summer yellowbird.

YELLOW-RUMPED WARBLER; MYRTLE  
WARBLER.

During migration the yellow-rumped is one of the most abundant warblers. It is a hardy, robust-looking little creature; the first to appear in the spring and one of the last to leave in the fall.

You can recognize it very easily in spring, because the black zouave jacket it wears over its white vest has conspicuous white and yellow side pieces. In the fall the black and yellow may be obscured, but its yellow rump is always constant, and Coues says he has never seen it without a trace of yellow on the sides and in the crown.

It is a fearless bird, and frequents undergrowth as well as treetops, and if you can induce an adult male to keep still long enough on a spring morning, you will easily make out the yellow crown that sets off his slaty-blue back, and the white chin that gives the effect of a choker.

Sometimes you will see large flocks of the yellow-rumped without any other warblers, but as a general thing you will discover a few other species, and sometimes there will be a dozen different kinds together.

The myrtle warbler has a coarse *z-y* call, and a trill that is heavier than that of the golden warbler. It goes to the Northern States, Nova Scotia, and northward to spend the summer and raise its family, but comes as far south as Florida during the winter. Dr. Brewer says that Audubon studied its habits there during a winter, and, he says, "describes them as very social among themselves, skipping along the piazza, balancing themselves in the air opposite the sides of the house in search of spiders and insects, diving through the low bushes of the garden after larvæ and worms, and at night roosting among the orange trees."

CHESTNUT-SIDED WARBLER.

When I first saw the chestnut-sided warbler, flitting about the upper branches of the saplings in a raspberry patch, he was per-

haps three rods away, and I put his yellow cap and wing bars down as white, and did not see the chestnut bands along his sides at all. I noted his pure white breast, however, and his loud, cheerful *whee-he-he*, *whee-he-he*, so entirely distinct from the ordinary warbler trill or the *z-y* tones of some species. The next day, after looking him up, and finding what ought to be there, by the help of my glasses I discovered what seemed little more than a maroon line beside the wings. In a few days I found another bird whose chestnut sides were as Coues would have them, and I felt the satisfaction that always accompanies such discoveries.

It was a favorite observing ground of mine, where I sometimes surprised the rare mourning warbler as he plumed himself, and sang his morning song in the sunlight; and though I did not succeed in finding the nests that ought to have been a few feet from the ground, in the saplings that bordered the clearing, I found plenty of mother chestnuts with their broods in various stages of growth. They were among the pleasantest acquaintances of the summer. Such charming little birds as they are! My first intimation of what was going on was the sight of one of these dainty little bodies peering at me from under the leaves and twigs, with a mouthful of worms. After hunting about in the low bushes for some time, I finally found a funny grayish baby bird with light wing bars, and wavy gray shadowy markings across its breast. But it was not until the next day that I proved this to be the young of the chestnut-sided warbler. I was watching some vireos in the bushes just in the edge of the clearing, when the mother suddenly appeared. She leaned over, perking up her tail and drooping her wings so as to be able to see me, gave a few little questioning smacks, and then flew down into the bush within a few feet of me, and fed her young without alarm. Fear seems to be an inherited instinct with her,

but her individual confidence is so strong as to conquer it. She is altogether sensible, straightforward, industrious and confiding.

BLACK-MASKED GROUND WARBLER; MARYLAND YELLOW-THROAT.

If your walks lead you through low underbrush, weed-grown river banks, alder swamps, or other damp and rough places, you will very likely notice the loud, quick *whee'-che-tee*, *whee'-che-tee*, *whee'-che-tee* that betrays the presence of the Maryland yellow-throat.

He is often very shy, and you may follow his voice for a long time before discovering anything, but when you have seen him once, you will never forget him. You will very likely find him hopping about on the ground or else near it, for he is truly a ground warbler.

He has a rich yellow chin, throat and breast, a black forehead, and a peculiar, mask-like, oblong black patch on each side of his face, extending from the bill beyond his eye to his neck, and separated from the dark back part of his head by a strip of ash. His back is olive-green. The colors of the female are much duller, as she lacks the black patch and the bright yellow.

Mr. Bicknell, in his admirable essay on the "Singing of our Birds," has called attention to the Maryland yellow-throat's habit of "song flight." He says: "The little black-masked bird seems to believe it necessary that singing should continue through the whole course of the flight, and as the ordinary song, with which it begins, comes to an end while yet the bird is in the air, the time is filled out by a disarranged medley of notes very different from its usual utterance. I have not often seen these performances before midsummer, and the August songs of the species are most frequently those which accompany these flights, which are oftenest indulged in in the late afternoon or toward evening."

If you would see the Maryland yellow-

throat at his best, you must invade the dense tangle of an alder swamp, the last refuge of the fugitive, where you can get only mosaic glimpses of blue sky overhead, and can not distinguish a person twenty feet away; where you must pick your way around treacherous bogs, over fallen tree trunks and slippery logs, as you push through the interwoven boughs; where the wild grapevine, the clematis and the rough clinging galium beautify the sturdy alders; where the royal fern, stretching above your waist, flowers in the obscurity. Here, in this secure cover, our little friend seems to lose his timidity, and blossoms out in the full beauty of his nature. We find him singing to himself as he runs over the alder boughs, examining the leaves with the care of a vireo, or clambering down the side of an alder stalk to hunt at its roots.

*Whr-r-ree'-chee-tee, whr-r-ree'-chee-tee,*

*whr-r-ree'-chee-tee*, the cheery rich song rings through the air, and is echoed from the far-off corners of the swamp. We sit down on an old moss-covered log to eat our lunch, and in answer to my call the sociable little fellow comes nearer and nearer till at last he catches sight of us. With what charming curiosity he peers down at us! What can be his thoughts of these strange intruders as he makes a half circle around us, inspecting us first from one point and then from another!

A little further along I come upon a father bird who is even more friendly. He is feeding his hungry little ones, going about in a business-like way hunting for food, but still taking time for an occasional warble. He sees me, but goes on with his work, after a casual survey, with the calmness of preoccupation, answering my call in a naïve, off-hand manner that is very gratifying.

FLORENCE A. MERRIAM.

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## BYRAM AND GHOPAL.

### v.

WE left our travelers on the outskirts of a town, or rather village, at the end of their day's march. Their destination was of course the Uthak or Caravan-serai, which they had no sooner reached than some of the leading merchants sent in small supplies of food as usual. It must not be supposed that they did this for any Faquir that arrived, but Byram was well known throughout all the land. His father's conduct in cutting off his legs in childhood, to save him from the guilt of trampling on a worm, was regarded as an act of extreme piety, very inconvenient perhaps for Byram, but nevertheless giving him an especial claim upon Heaven and upon the charity of all who wished to stand well with the gods. But this was not all. The majority of Faquirs demand alms

in somewhat peremptory tones, as debts due to the gods, but Byram had never been known to ask alms. On reaching a town he allowed himself to be carried through the bazaar, where he thankfully acknowledged whatever was given him, but if any merchant let him pass without a gift Byram made no comment.

Beyond all this, Byram had not merely a reputation for great piety and for giving liberally in charity to the necessitous, but he was regarded as a very learned man, familiar with the history of States and Empires, with the sacred writings of the Hindus, and with the history of Persia, Arabia and other countries; moreover, he was renowned for his familiarity with the habits of every living creature, especially of birds and insects, and as he was affable in dis-

position and always ready to impart or receive information, he was known everywhere as Byram the Wise. Consequently, wherever he went, food and coppers flowed in freely, and although the loss of his legs rendered him so helplessly dependent on others, there was perhaps not in all India another man so utterly free from care for the future as Byram.

The village to which we accompanied Byram was but a small one, and although the wealthy class, the merchants, have the reputation of being very extortionate and avaricious, they have a great respect for public opinion, and if they disliked giving, they disliked still more to be pointed at for not giving. Some gave a cent and some the third part of a cent; all gave something. On this occasion the total contribution was but thirty-six cents, ample indeed for payment of Ghopal's wages in a country in which the average laborer earns only from six to nine cents a day. But little of the morning was lost in canvassing the bazaar, and before the sun was two hours high our travelers had started for the next town, called Dhowlutpore, the first town of any size since they left Halla.

Ghopal trudged along in silence, wondering when Byram would open the dispute; and what he could possibly say to prove that the bee's sting could benefit man. Then he chuckled to himself as he thought that Byram was not bound to such extreme conditions by the contract, but having, perhaps without due thought, hazarded the remark that everything that Brahma has created is for man's benefit, he was now bound to stand by it, and to hand over the money if he failed to make good his position. Then Ghopal fell to counting over the money mentally, and thinking how rich he would be if it were transferred from Byram's girdle to his own; and the second and third and fourth mile were left behind, and still Byram spake not.

This is a good sign, thought Ghopal.

I have surprised him into defending a position for which he is not prepared, and he is silent because he has no defense.

As Ghopal's hopes rose he got strongly excited, and at length, unable to bear the suspense any longer, he asked Byram if he was prepared to enter on the dispute. "Not yet," said Byram; "I am thinking."

This confession of weakness naturally raised Ghopal's hopes, and again he trudged on in silence until seven miles were left behind.

Here they came to a well near a grove of mango trees, the property of a Brahmin, who came forward and invited our travelers to rest and drink of the water of his well, which was marvelously pure, and partake of his mangoes.



"You are Byram the Wise," said he, addressing Byram, "for although mine eyes have never before beheld thee, I have often heard of thee from my relatives in the Punjab."

"Call me not wise," said Byram, "for this six feet of potter's clay has confused my understanding so that I am at a loss to answer him in dispute."

"It must be a strange dispute," said Atmaram, for that was the name of the well owner, "in which Byram the Wise could not hold his own against a potter. Let thy

servant hear the subject and the point in dispute."

And Byram said, "O Atmaram, I remarked yesterday in conversation with this my disciple, who is of the potter caste, that Brahma had created nothing but what is beneficial to man."

"Of a surety," said Atmaram, "thy disciple would not dispute that point with a man of thy learning."

"Just then," said Byram, "my disciple sighted a wild bees' hive, and deterred from getting the honey by the fear of the bees' stings, he called on me to defend the general proposition in this particular case, and show that Brahma in giving the bee his sting, conferred a favor on man."

Atmaram looked from one to the other, but was not ready with any counsel, and Ghopal hardly knew whether he was standing on his head or his heels.

"Be not over-elated," said Byram, smiling; "a child may puzzle the greatest philosopher with a question, for no man has insight into all the ways of Brahma; but let us rest here until two-thirds of the day be spent, and I will seek counsel of myself in sleep."

After they had drunk and praised the water from Atmaram's well and eaten a couple of mangoes each, Ghopal carried their charpoys\* into the grove, and in the dense shade of the mango trees our travelers were soon asleep.

When Ghopal awoke the sun had long passed the meridian, and seeing Byram was sitting up on his charpoy, he too rose and took a drink of the cool water, which Byram poured out for him from the ghurra at his bedside. Byram was more than usually serene; the perplexity which had overshadowed his brow in the morning had given place to confidence and light, and it was not without some misgiving that Ghopal asked him if he had found an answer in sleep.

\* Literally "four-footed." The bedstead which Orientals occasionally take up and walk away with.

"Not in sleep, Ghopal, but when I awoke refreshed from sleep I saw clearly that Brahma had only taught the bee to make honey that she might allure man to study her ways and learn the lesson taught by her sting. Thou knowest, Ghopal, or may be thou dost not know, that the bees, like the ants, white and black, live together in communities in a high but peculiar state of organization. All the working bees, the honey-makers, are females, but barren. In each hive there is one fertile bee only—the queen bee—who lays thousands of eggs in a season, which are taken care of by the working bees, who feed the young larvæ. To lay so many fertile eggs the queen requires the services of many males. The male bees, or drones, have no other function in life to perform; they do no work, take no care of the young, collect no honey, and being permitted by the working bees to eat their fill during the working season, they have a pleasant time, and learn to regard themselves as superior beings and the working bees as inferior creatures, created only to provide for their enjoyment and necessities. As winter approaches, these drones look with complacency on the well-filled combs, which they regard as their own. From this pleasant dream there comes a rude awakening. The drones may strut about and play the role of a privileged class as long as the workers choose to tolerate it, but they have no sting; the real power lies with the workers, whenever they choose to exercise it, and as soon as the drones have performed the only useful function they are capable of, the workers oppose their visits to the honey. Astonished at such a change of conduct, and at the display of opposition from the workers who have hitherto treated them with deference, and never doubting their own right to the honey, they assert their claims peremptorily and offer to oppose force by force, when the workers immediately fall on them and sting them that they die."

"That proves," said Ghopal, "that the stings are very useful to the working bees, who are doubly indebted to Brahma, firstly for providing them with weapons to defend the fruits of their toil, and secondly for leaving the drones defenseless, but I fail to see how this can benefit man."

"Do you suppose," said Byram, "that Brahma talks to man?"

"Nay, Byram, I have heard thee say that man's ear is not attuned to the voices of the gods."

"True," said Byram, "but man's eye is capable of perceiving and understanding the works of Brahma, the Creator, and if Brahma wants to instruct man in social organization, or any other matter, he furnishes him models for his study. All man's attempts at social organization are liable to err, and result in disorganization and failure, but ever before his eyes is held up the model of a society taught by Brahma himself. The ruling principle of that society is that those who will not work, shall be allowed to eat of the labors of the toilers only so long as they continue to perform functions useful to the community. The moment they cease to be useful their doom is fixed. Every creature created by Brahma is created for the performance of useful functions; the moment these cease, Brahma has no further use for it, and the wheels of his chariot roll over it relentlessly. This is the lesson which Brahma is forever preaching to man by his servants the bees, a lesson to which my eyes have hitherto been closed, and naturally, for I am myself a drone; but now, oh Ghopal, I thank thee for opening my eyes and teaching me my own uselessness. Look at the social organization of all the countries of India. The working classes toil not only for their own support, but for the support of the Rajpoots, whose only useful function is to fight and thin each other's ranks; of the Brahmins, whose function is to teach men the will of the gods, but who themselves do not under-

stand it; and of the Bunyans, who lend the laborers their own money, charge seventy-five per cent. compound interest—a rate so usurious that the toilers pay the amount ten times over without lessening their obligation, and thus place the Bunyans in a position to enslave fresh victims. Oh, Brahma, was my father's act in rendering me a cripple a truly pious one? In intent it may have been, but now for the first time I perceive that my life is a useless one, and for the first time I regret that I am incapable of toil. How different would have been the career of the Hindu people if the first fathers of the race had gone to the bees for instruction, and beheld the will of Brahma, that those who will not work shall not eat of the fruits of others' labors."

"Then you do not hold with Daloor, the Faquir I met at Hyderabad, that that man is a fool who earns his bread by the sweat of his brow?"

"Daloor," said Byram, "aimed at the truth and overshot the mark. The toilers are fools, not because they toil for themselves, but because they allow others to reap the fruits of their labors."

Once more they started on their journey, but the money was still in Byram's girdle, and Ghopal's heart sank within him as he thought that perhaps some of it might be given in charity before he could catch Byram without any good defense.

Steadily and silently he trudged along the road, but never before had he found Byram so heavy as on this evening; but he fought bravely against despondency, and after reaching Dowlutpore and partaking of the bread and milk supplied by the pious and solacing himself with his hookah, his courage revived and he renewed the dispute with Byram, combating him at every step, but only to be more than ever convinced that the bees' treatment of the drones was a valuable lesson for man, and one which all societies of men would do well to profit and take example by.

# THE AUDUBON NOTE BOOK.

## MEMBERSHIP RETURNS.

It has frequently been observed that there is a relation between ethics and climate, and certain it is that the Audubon Society does not expand at its normal ratio with the thermometer coquetting with the "nineties" in the shade. The registrations for July amounted to only 1,429, leaving the Society with a total registered strength of 37,453 at the close of the month. The following is the order in which the several States and Territories contributed to the increase for the month:

New York.....	595	Oregon.....	1
Massachusetts.....	132	Pennsylvania.....	83
New Hampshire.....	11	West Virginia.....	11
New Jersey.....	109	Virginia.....	3
Vermont.....	14	Florida.....	5
Connecticut.....	93	Georgia.....	2
Rhode Island.....	1	Tennessee.....	4
Maine.....	10	Texas.....	1
Illinois.....	40	District of Columbia.....	20
Kansas.....	4	Maryland.....	15
Michigan.....	19	Kentucky.....	15
Ohio.....	71	California.....	3
Missouri.....	4	Canada.....	96
Minnesota.....	2	North Carolina.....	5
Nebraska.....	6	Indiana.....	4
Wisconsin.....	3	England.....	40
Utah Territory.....	7		

1,429

C. F. AMERY, General Secretary.

## THE AUDUBON BADGE,

So long delayed and so impatiently waited for by many, was ready for distribution the first week in August, and we have every cause to be gratified with



its favorable reception. It is a brooch pin of coin silver, with motto and monogram as in the design. Price, fifty cents.

## ENGLISH PRESS ON FEATHER MILLINERY.

It is incorrect to say that the London dealers are offering larger prices this season for sea birds. The fashion of wearing feathers is declining, and, therefore, the dealers are slow to purchase, even at last year's prices, and some of them have cancelled orders. There are not so many gunners engaged in the pursuit this season.—*Yorkshire Post*.

I fear it is of little use—the love of finery swamps kindness in so many women's breasts—or I would

second the plea of a naturalist who sadly draws attention to the heartless destruction of the egrets and herons in Florida.

The "osprey" feathers prized by ladies are produced on the birds during the breeding season, and the sportsmen who supply the demand shoot the old birds and leave the young ones to starve in their nests by thousands.

Dead bird decoration is a barbarous practice, but, if fashion demanded it, some women would wear their own dead babies with as little remorse as they don the corpses of victims in all branches of the animal creation.—*London Weekly Times and Echo*.

## WHAT BIRD IS IT?

A LADY from Rochester writes: "I have been to the country, where I saw and heard so many birds we seldom see or hear at home, although we live in the suburbs. One old friend greeted me—a little brown bird that sings in our orchard. I didn't know his name, although I had been trying for three years to find out. Here was my opportunity. I summoned the farmer and asked him if he knew the bird. "Oh, yes," he replied promptly, "that's a little brown bird that sings around here." "I was so thankful for the information," adds our correspondent.

THE paper in this issue describing the working organization of the Smith College Audubon Society will interest many of our readers. How many of our most ardent supporters, after canvassing schools and finding a majority of the young people easily interested in bird protection, have not felt that something was necessary to keep the interest alive? To all such who have opportunities for field work the example of the Smith College Society may be followed with profit. For those who have not, the information should be sought in books. It is a great mistake to limit the work of the Society to proselytizing.

ALTHOUGH the wood thrush does not usually seek the society of man, there appear to be some exceptions. A correspondent writing from Flushing, this State, early in August, reported a wood thrush's nest with young in a tree close to her house. A week later she reported, "The wood thrush's family has disappeared, and we can only conjecture whether the young ones were able to fly away, or whether they fell from the nest and were caught by the cat." We fear it was an error of judgment on the wood thrush's part to build so near the house.



## THE AUDUBON SOCIETY FOR THE PROTECTION OF BIRDS.

THE AUDUBON SOCIETY was founded in New York city in February, 1886. Its purpose is the protection of American birds, not used for food, from destruction for mercantile purposes. The magnitude of the evil with which the Society will cope, and the imperative need of the work which it proposes to accomplish, are outlined in the following statement concerning

### THE DESTRUCTION OF BIRDS.

Within the last few years, the destruction of our birds has increased at a rate which is alarming. This destruction now takes place on such a large scale as to seriously threaten the existence of a number of our most useful species. It is carried on chiefly by men and boys who sell the skins or plumage to be used for ornamental purposes—principally for the trimming of women's hats, bonnets and clothing. These men kill everything that wears feathers. The birds of the woods, the birds of the field, the birds of the marsh and those of the sea are alike slain, at all times and at all seasons. It matters not if the bird be a useful one which devours the hurtful insects which destroy the farmer's crops, or a bright-plumaged songster whose advent has been welcomed in spring, and which has reared its brood in the door yard during the summer, or a swift-winged sea swallow whose flight along the shore has often with unerring certainty led the fisherman to his finny prey—whatever it be, it must be sacrificed to the bird butcher's lust for slaughter and for gain. Besides the actual destruction of the birds, their numbers are still further diminished by the practice of robbing their nests in the breeding season.

Although it is impossible to get at the number of birds killed each year, some figures have been published which give an idea of what the slaughter must be. We know that a single local taxidermist handles 30,000 bird skins in one year; that a single collector brought back from a three months trip 11,000 skins; that from one small district on Long Island about 70,000 birds were brought to New York in four months time. In New York one firm had on hand February 1, 1886, 200,000 skins. The supply is not limited by domestic consumption. American bird skins are sent abroad. The great European markets draw their supplies from all over the world. In London there were sold in three months from one auction room, 404,464 West Indian and Brazilian bird skins, and 356,389 East Indian birds. In Paris 100,000 African birds have been sold by one dealer in one year. One New York firm recently had a contract to supply 40,000 skins of American birds to one Paris firm. These figures tell their own story—but it is a story which might be known even without them; we may read it plainly enough in the silent hedges, once vocal with the morning songs of birds, and in the deserted fields where once bright plumage flashed in the sunlight.

### BIRDS, INSECTS AND CROPS.

The food of our small birds consists very largely of the insects which feed on the plants grown by the farmer. These insects multiply with such astounding rapidity that a single pair may in the course of one season be the progenitors of six billions of their kind. All through the season at which this insect life is most active, the birds are constantly at work destroying for their young and for themselves, tens of thousands of hurtful creatures, which, but for them, would swarm upon the farmer's crops and lessen the results of his labors.

A painstaking and ardent naturalist not very long ago watched the nest of a pair of martins for sixteen hours, from 4 A. M. till 8 P. M., just to see how many visits the parent birds made to their young. He found that in that time 312 visits to the four young were made, 119 by the male and 193 by the female. If we suppose only six insects to have been brought at each visit, this pair of birds would have destroyed, for their young alone, in this one summer's day, not far from 2,000 insects. The important relations which our birds bear to the agricultural interests and so to the general welfare, are recognized by the governments of all our States. Laws exist for their protection, but these laws are rendered inoperative by the lack of an intelligent public sentiment to support them. They are nowhere enforced. It is for the interest of every one that such a public sentiment should be created.

It is time that this destruction were stopped.

### PURPOSE OF THE AUDUBON SOCIETY.

To secure the protection of our birds by awakening a better sentiment, the Audubon Society, named after the greatest of American ornithologists, has been founded. The objects sought to be accomplished by this Society are to prevent as far as possible—

- (1) The killing of any wild bird not used for food.
- (2) The taking or destroying of the eggs or nests of any wild birds.
- (3) The wearing of the feathers of wild birds. Ostrich feathers, whether from wild or tame birds, and those of domestic fowls, are specially exempted.

The Audubon Society aims especially to preserve those

birds which are now practically without protection. Our game birds are already protected by law, and in large measure by public sentiment, and their care may be left to the sportsman. The great aim of the Society is the protection of American non-game birds. The English sparrow is not included in our lists.

### PLAN OF THE WORK.

Obviously the Society cannot supply any machinery of compulsion to lead individuals and communities to a higher regard for bird life and to efforts for its protection. Nor are compulsory measures thought necessary. The wrong is tolerated now only because of thoughtlessness and indifference. The birds are killed for millinery purposes. So long as fashion demands bird feathers, the birds will be slaughtered. The remedy is to be found in the awakening of a healthy public sentiment on the subject. If this enormous destruction of birds can once be put in its true light before the eyes of men and women and young folks, if interest be aroused and sentiment created, the great wrong must cease. To so present the case to the people as to awaken this corrective sentiment is the special work contemplated by the Audubon Society. The methods adopted are very simple. Pledges are furnished, subscription to which constitutes membership, and certificates are issued to members.

### TERMS OF MEMBERSHIP.

The signing of any of the pledges will qualify one for membership in the Society. It is earnestly desired that each member may sign all three of the pledges. Beyond the promise contained in the pledge no obligation nor responsibility is incurred. There are no fees, nor dues, nor any expenses of any kind. There are no conditions as to age. The boys and girls are invited to take part in the work, for they can often do more than others to practically protect the nesting birds. All who are interested in the subject are invited to become members, and to urge their friends to join the Society. If each man, woman or child who reads this circular will exert his or her influence, it will not take long to enlist in the good work a great number of people actively concerned in the protection of our birds. It is desired that members may be enrolled in every town and village throughout the land, so that by the moral weight of its influence this Society may check the slaughter of our beautiful songsters. The beneficent influence of the Audubon Society should be exerted in every remotest by-way where the songs of birds fill the air, and in every crowded city where the plumes of slain songsters are worn as an article of dress.

### ASSOCIATE MEMBERS.

As there are a very great number of people in full sympathy with the Audubon movement, and ready to lend it their moral support, but who refrain from joining the Society simply because they find it distasteful to sign a pledge, it has been determined to form a class of Associate Members. Any one expressing his or her sympathy with the objects of the Audubon Society and submitting a written request for membership to any local secretary, will be enrolled on the list of Associate Members. All such applications for membership received by local secretaries of the Society should be forwarded to the General Secretary for registration.

### LOCAL SECRETARIES.

The Society has local secretaries in cities, towns and villages. The local secretary will furnish this circular of information and pledge forms; will receive the signed pledges, keep a list of the members, forward a duplicate list with the pledges for enrollment and file at the Society's office; and will receive in return certificates of membership, to be filled out and signed by the local secretary and given to the members. No certificate of membership will be issued to any person except upon the receipt of a signed pledge at the office of the Society. Where no local secretary has yet been appointed, individual applicants for membership may address the Society at its office, No. 40 Park Row, New York.

If there is no local secretary in your town, you are invited to act as such yourself, or to hand this to some other person who will accept the office. Upon application we will supply copies of this circular and pledge forms.

### THE AUDUBON SOCIETY CERTIFICATE.

The Society furnishes to each member a handsome certificate of membership. This bears a portrait of the great naturalist, John James Audubon, after whom the Society very appropriately takes its name.

The office of the Society is at 40 Park Row, New York city. All communications should be addressed

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BROWN THRASHER.

( *Harporynchus rufus* (LINN.) )

# THE AUDUBON MAGAZINE.

VOL. I.

OCTOBER, 1887.

No. 9.

## THE CHARACTER OF JOHN JAMES AUDUBON.

### I.

IN preceding numbers our readers have been made acquainted with the life history and labors of the great naturalist. They have followed him through all his vicissitudes from the cradle to the grave, through twenty years of wanderings in the woods, in which he was sustained only by an enthusiastic love for nature, and a desire to render his life's work a monument which should command the admiration of his own and succeeding generations. They have seen him again and again crippled for want of means, and becoming in turn portrait-painter, dancing-master, school-teacher, but only that he might raise the necessary funds for the pursuit of his grand passion. They have seen him regarded by his neighbors as little better than a talented, shiftless vagabond, but amid all this, toiling steadfastly onward to the goal which he reached to be crowned with honor, to take his place among the great ones of the earth, and to enter on the well won heritage of his labors. But all this is not enough. We have the man's life history, and the nature and measure of the work he did, but something still is wanting to our estimate of the man—we want to know what manner of man he was, what were the salient traits of his character, the mainsprings of his actions.

On this point an eloquent and appreciative writer says: "For sixty years or more he followed, with more than religious devo-

tion, a beautiful and elevated pursuit, enlarging its boundaries by his discoveries, and illustrating its objects by his art. In all climates and in all weathers; scorched by burning suns, drenched by piercing rains, frozen by the fiercest colds; now diving fearlessly into the densest forest, now wandering alone over the most savage regions; in perils, in difficulties, and in doubts; with no companion to cheer his way, far from the smiles and applause of society; listening only to the sweet music of birds, or to the sweeter music of his own thoughts, he faithfully kept his path. The records of man's life contain few nobler examples of strength of purpose and indefatigable energy. Led on solely by his pure, lofty, kindling enthusiasm, no thirst for wealth, no desire of distinction, no restless ambition of eccentric character, could have induced him to undergo as many sacrifices, or sustained him under so many trials, Higher principles and worthier motives alone enabled him to meet such discouragements and accomplish such miracles of achievement."

Another writer on the same subject, and in a similar generous strain, says: "Audubon was a man of genius, with the courage of a lion and the simplicity of a child. One scarcely knows which to admire most—the mighty determination which enabled him to carry out his great work in the face of

difficulties so huge, or the gentle and guileless sweetness with which he throughout shared his thoughts and aspirations with his wife and children."

Of the first of these encomiums it may be said that it was mainly true, but not the whole truth; of the second, that it was true in detail but faulty in perspective. These opinions give us the impression of a strong man entering in youth upon a definite pursuit with settled aims, and striving steadily toward the goal, calm in his self-reliance, sustained by the confidence in his own powers to command success. There are such men, but to class Audubon in this category would be to miss the great lesson of his life. Audubon was endowed with a pure and lofty nature, but his was not a strong character. He displayed traits which command our admiration and love, but his was not a whole, well-rounded nature, embracing even the essential conditions of success. One essential characteristic at least was wanting—the capacity for self-denial; and of Audubon it may be asked as justly as of any man, "To whom was he indebted for his success?" for the great lesson of his life lies in our recognition of the fact that he triumphed in the strength of another, who moulded his character, shaped his aims, gave substance to his dreams, and finally, by the exercise of that self-denial which he was incapable of as a long-sustained effort, won for him the public recognition and reward of his splendid talents. Who shall measure Audubon's indebtedness to the lofty character of his gentle, loving wife?

Evidences of the correctness of this estimate are to be found thickly scattered through Audubon's note book, and we cannot do better than take up the study of the man as he has pictured himself during the few months preceding his introduction to Lucy Bakewell, the gentle, revered "Minnie" of later days.

"I had no vices," he writes in his jour-

nal, "but was thoughtless, pensive, loving, fond of shooting, fishing and riding, and had a passion for raising all sorts of fowls, which sources of interest and amusement fully occupied all my time. It was one of my fancies to be ridiculously fond of dress, to hunt in black satin breeches, wear pumps when shooting, and dressed in the finest ruffled shirts I could obtain from France." \* \* \* \* "All the while I was fair and rosy, strong as any one of my age and sex could be, and as active and agile as a buck."

Here we have a picture of a cultivated young man of fine physique, good health, good looks, trained in habits of self-indulgence and without other object in life than their gratification; attached to the wild life of the woods, in which he shot and painted and dreamed; an artist, but in no sense of the word a worker, a dreamer in love with nature and with himself; with undeveloped capacities, and conspicuous for nothing so much as for the amiable vanity which found its expression in the display of himself in black satin breeches, imported ruffled shirts and pumps, as a shooting costume.

But in accepting this sketch as a true picture of Audubon in his youth, we consciously or unconsciously render homage to the simple truthfulness of the artist who in attempting to present a picture of himself delineated his own character as far as he knew it, with the same rare fidelity to nature that characterized his paintings and descriptions of birds. Here we have something solid to build upon. An unswerving, simple adherence to truth is one of the prime elements of human greatness, a characteristic which cannot co-exist with anything mean or ignoble; and every phase of the man's after life and work indicates clearly that simple truthfulness was a leading characteristic of his nature.

A second characteristic portrayed in the picture is his craving for admiration. Some of Audubon's critics have charged him with inordinate vanity, while his admirers have

indignantly argued that there could be no place in his great nature for such a foible, but the dispute is less about a question of fact than of correctness of definition. The display of vanity by a small or mean man is sure to render him ridiculous, if not contemptible; but when the craving for admiration exists in a lofty nature along with talent and high capacities, it becomes the mainspring of action, the spur to grand achievement, the sustaining power in difficulty and temporary defeat. It is rarely a characteristic of men of science, but very generally ascribable to those who win distinction in arms or art or song.

This desire for appreciation, with its attendant sensitiveness to slights, was certainly a most conspicuous, if not dominant trait in Audubon's character, a weakness truly in so far as it rendered him unduly sensitive, but none the less the prime source of his strength, the one inborn trait of his character to which more than any other he owed his success.

If we now turn again to Audubon's pic-

ture of himself in the light of this analysis of his most salient characteristics, we shall be able to form a better estimate of his native character and capacities. Audubon at this time had placed no higher, no more practical object in life before him than self-indulgence—the gratification of his instinctive cravings; but, on the other hand, his vanity was simply a craving for distinction, and combined with a lofty nature, was just the force necessary to arouse him from his dreamy self-indulgence and spur him on to achieve something which would enable him to command the esteem which he craved. Add to this that his favorite pursuit was a comparatively untrodden field for investigation, that he had successfully cultivated a talent for painting, that he had a grand physique, latent capacities for sustained effort, enthusiasm, and above all, that simple devotion to truth which prevented his accepting any conclusions which were not based on actual observation, and we have all or nearly all the elements necessary to the formation of a great naturalist.

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#### THE BROWN THRASHER.

THE scene represented in the plate which forms the frontispiece of this month's AUDUBON is one of the most powerful of the naturalist's plates, and it has added interest because it portrays an actual incident which came under the naturalist's observation. A black snake has climbed into the bush in which a pair of Brown Thrashers have built their nest, and is about to devour their eggs. With heroic courage the parent birds rush to the defense of their treasures, and with loud cries summon to their assistance others of their kind. The robber is fiercely attacked, but in the struggle one of the parents is caught and crushed in the cruel coils. Undeterred by this, the others keep up the attack, and

in the end, the naturalist tells us, though their nest was overturned and the eggs lost, the snake was defeated and killed, and the crushed bird, though sorely hurt, recovered and was restored to her mate. In a case like this our sympathies are all with the birds, yet who can doubt that the snake has his place in the economy of Nature?

The Brown Thrush, or as it is more often called, the Brown Thrasher, is an abundant bird throughout the eastern United States, its range westward being apparently limited by the Rocky Mountains, among which it was found in Colorado by Mr. Allen up to a height of 7,500 feet. It winters in the Southern States in great numbers, and is there called French Mock-

ingbird or Sandy Mockingbird, to distinguish it from the true mockingbird. In summer it proceeds as far north as Canada, Audubon having seen it in Nova Scotia, while it has been reported as occurring at Lake Winnipeg and along the Saskatchewan River.

This sweet songster breeds throughout its whole range. In Louisiana, according to Audubon, its nest is built in March, while in New York and Connecticut, where it arrives from the South about the last of April, it does not accomplish its house building much before the middle of May, and further to the North it is still later.

The courtship of the female by the male is accompanied by curious and interesting actions. The eager suitor for favor struts about the female with his tail dragging on the ground and bows before her in his efforts to win her favor. If she is kind to him, his whole form quivers with delight and he gives vent to his happiness in bursts of song which are only excelled in beauty and variety by the notes of the famed mockingbird.

Audubon tells us that in the Southern States "the nest is found close to the house of the planter, along with that of the mockingbird," but in our Northern and Eastern States this is, we think, never the case. Here the Brown Thrasher is quite a shy bird and much prefers to build its nest far from the home of man, choosing hedgerows along fields or low bramble bushes at the edges of thickets. The nest is usually placed on, or close to, the ground, and is composed without of coarse twigs, sticks and weed stalks, mingled with dried leaves, strips of bark, and sometimes grass, and is almost always lined with fibrous roots, and occasionally with horse hair. Usually it is a coarse, bulky structure with no pretensions whatever to beauty or elegance. Although the nest is commonly placed on the ground or within a few inches of it, it is sometimes built in a bush, and Mr. Allen

has given us an interesting note of a case where the birds in self-defense were obliged to quite depart from their usual custom in locating their nests. Speaking of this species in Kansas he says: "We found its nests, containing full sets of eggs, at Leavenworth during the first week of May. Here the nests were built in low bushes, the soil being clayey and damp; but at Topeka, toward the end of May, we found nests on the ground, the soil being dry and sandy. At Ft. Hayes its nests were usually placed in trees, sixteen to twenty feet from the ground, to avoid the contingency of floods. The trees here grow principally along the bed of Big Creek; and the stream being subject in summer to sudden freshets, the scattered undergrowth, as well as the low branches of the trees, are thus often submerged, so that any nests built on or near the ground would be liable to be destroyed by the rise of the stream. The driftal *débris* adhering to the trees serves to mark the 'high water' line, and we rarely found a bird's nest below this limit. These birds, that usually breed near the ground, in bushes or on the low branches of trees, thus modified their habits to suit the exigencies of the locality."

The eggs of this species are from four to six in number, and are yellowish or greenish in color, thickly sprinkled with fine dots of brown. The young are readily reared by hand, and do well in captivity, and being such sweet songsters they are a favorite cage bird. They begin to sing in the autumn and by the following spring have attained their full powers.

Their habits in captivity are quite interesting, and we may quote quite fully on this point from Audubon and Nuttall. The former says: "My friend Bachman, who has raised many of these birds, has favored me with the following particulars respecting them: 'Though good-humored toward the person who feeds them, they are always savage toward all other kinds of birds. I



placed three sparrows in the cage of a Thrush one evening and found them killed, as well as nearly stripped of their feathers, the next morning. So perfectly gentle did this bird become that when I opened its cage it would follow me about the yard and garden. The instant it saw me take a spade or hoe, it would follow at my heels, and as I turned up the earth, would pick up every insect or worm thus exposed to its view. I kept it for three years, and its affection for me at last cost it its life. It usually slept on the back of my chair in my study, and one night the door being accidentally left open, it was killed by a cat." Nuttall having spoken of the affection and the jealousy manifested by one of these birds which he had reared and kept uncaged for some time, says: "I may also add, that besides a playful turn for mischief and interruption in which he would sometimes snatch off the paper on which I was writing, he had a good deal of curiosity, and was much surprised one day by a large springing beetle or *Elater* (*E. ocellatus*), which I had caught and placed in a tumbler. On all such occasions his looks of capricious surprise were very amusing; he cautiously approached the glass with fanning and closing wings, and in an undertone confessed his surprise at the address and jumping motion of the huge insect. At length he became bolder, and perceiving it had a relation to his ordinary prey of beetles, he, with some hesitation, ventured to snatch at the prisoner between temerity and playfulness. But when really alarmed or offended, he instantly flew to his perch, forbid all friendly approaches, and for some time kept up his low angry *tsherr*. My late friend, the venerable William Bartram, was also much amused by the intelligence displayed by this bird, and relates that one which he kept, being fond of hard bread crumbs, found, when they grated his throat, a very rational remedy in softening them by soaking in his vessel of water; he likewise by

experience discovered that the painful prick of the wasps, on which he fed, could be obviated by extracting their stings." One of these birds which we had in captivity greatly enjoyed being taken out of his cage at night and carried about the room perched on the forefinger to capture the flies at rest on the kitchen walls.

The Brown Thrasher, as has been intimated, is a courageous bird, devotedly attached to its mate and young and ready under all circumstances to do battle in their defense. All four-footed enemies who approach the nest are fiercely attacked, and even its human persecutors might be appalled by the fury of the parents' onslaught. The males are somewhat given to fighting among themselves, and during the mating season severe battles often take place for the favor of some coveted female.

The food of this species consists chiefly of insects, worms and beetles being favorite articles of diet with it, but it also eats the berries of the sumach as well as those of the dogwood, the choke cherry and the wild grape.

The Brown Thrasher usually rears two broods of young, and soon after those of the second hatching are able to take care of themselves, the families separate. The migration southward begins about the first of October, and the birds journey singly, making short low flights along the hedges or through the woods.

These birds are very fond of dusting themselves in sand or dust after the manner of the common fowl, and may often be surprised at this in country roads. In such cases they do not usually fly away, but run with surprising quickness into the nearest thicket, where they remain concealed until the danger is past. They are also very fond of bathing in water, and after doing this ascend by hopping from branch to branch to the topmost spray of some neighboring tree, where with all their feathers spread out to the sun and the breeze, they

make the air vocal with their harmonious strains.

The Brown Thrasher is 11½ inches in length and 13 in extent of wings. Its bill is black, the base of the lower mandible being dark blue. The eye is yellow. The feet are brown. The general color of

the upper parts is bright reddish brown. The wings are crossed with two white bars margined in front with black. The lower parts are yellowish white spotted on the breast and sides with triangular dark brown spots. The under tail coverts are pale brownish red. The tail is very long.

## HINTS TO AUDUBON WORKERS.\*

### FIFTY COMMON BIRDS AND HOW TO KNOW THEM.

#### V.

##### REDSTART.

**L**ARGER than some of the warblers, the redstart is about the size of a chippy. In habit, however, he is more like the flycatchers than the sparrows. Indeed, it is probably from his flycatcher-like way of starting up unexpectedly that he received his name; for then you see the blotches of rich salmon that mark his wings and tail, which are hidden when he is quiet.

His back and throat are black. Each side of his breast is ornamented with a patch of bright salmon-red. The female has no black on her breast, is olivaceous above, and light yellow where the male is salmon.

Like the flycatchers, they are fluffy in appearance, and sit with their wings drooping at their sides. Their diet also consists of insects. But although they have so many mannerisms of the flycatcher, they are true warblers in the mad way in which they career about, opening and shutting their tails fan-fashion, turning somersaults, flitting from branch to branch, giving a little burst of song, and then fluttering around again chasing helter-skelter among the bushes; suddenly falling through the leaves as if they had been shot, only to snap up their hapless prey and dart off to begin their manœuvres over again.

They are very winning, friendly little

creatures, and build pretty nests of fine roots, birch bark and flower cotton, or similarly dainty materials. According to individual preference, they make their houses in crotches of apple trees, low roadside bushes, or in saplings in open woods. They take good care to select bark the color of the tree, and in that way defy any but the sharpest scrutiny. The little housewife will sometimes fly to her nest with strips of bark four inches long in her bill. When her gray house is nearly finished she has a pretty way of sitting inside and leaning over the edge of her nest to smooth the outside with her bill and neck, as if she were moulding it.

The redstart's song is a fine, hurried warbler trill that he accents on the end as if glad it was done.

Te - ka - te - ka - te - ka - te - ka - teek'.

One morning, as I was watching a young hairy woodpecker, the alarm of a redstart attracted my attention. She eyed me from all sides, keeping up her nervous, worried cry. It was so significant that I began looking in the crotches for its nest, and finding none, concluded that the young were out. The mother kept flying about me, and the father—a young male with the scarlet just coming out on the sides of his breast—showed a moderate amount of paternal anxiety. Suddenly I discovered

one of the baby birds, a scrawny, gray little thing, sitting on the dead branch of a fallen tree. As I came near him his mother's distress was pitiful. She flew about as if distraught, now trying to attract my attention in the opposite direction by crying out and fluttering her wings beseechingly. Then, finding that I still persisted in looking toward the little fellow, flying down between us, and trying to interest me in her, so that I would follow her away. I was very anxious to see if she would "trail," and so was merciless. I walked up toward the trembling young bird and raised my hand as if to take him. At that moment I turned to look at the mother, and she was trying another device. She assumed indifference, as if divining that my interest in her was greater than in her little bird; but all the time her eyes were fixed on me, and just before the little one flew away from my approaching hand she darted down and flew about wildly, trailing, as I had hoped. It was pitiful to see her distress, and having taken a good look at her I retreated as fast as possible.

Instead of spreading her wings and tail and dragging them on the ground as the ovenbird does, she spreads and drags her tail, while she flutters her wings with a tremulous motion. This is much more effective—suggestive of weakness and helplessness to the hungry animal who finds a fat, full-grown bird more appetizing than a scrawny youngster—suggestive of anguish to the man, to whom it seems an appeal for mercy. The love of knowledge seemed a feeble excuse for giving a poor little mother such a scare, but I consoled myself by thinking that she would be all the more wary when real danger threatened.

KINGBIRD; BEE MARTIN.

The kingbird is noticeably smaller than the robin, but is larger and more compactly built than most of the flycatchers. His back is a dark blackish-ash. Most of his

breast is a clear white. He has a crest that partially conceals a flame-colored crown. The end of his tail is bordered with white, so that when he spreads it out in flying it gives the effect of a white crescent.

He has a peculiar flight, holding his head up and using his wings in a labored way, as if he were swimming. When looking for his dinner he has a way of fluttering obliquely up into the air, displaying his shining white breast and fan-shaped tail to the best advantage; and then, probably after securing his mosquito course, soaring deliberately down to his tree.

His note is a peculiarly harsh, scolding twitter. All the disagreeable qualities of the flycatchers seem to center in this bird. His crown proclaims him king, not by right, but by might—such a bickering pugilist, such a domineering autocrat as he is! The crow's life becomes a burden when his tormentor gives chase; and the smaller birds find themselves driven at the point of the bill from the fences they had considered public highway.

Mr. Burroughs says: "He is a braggart; and though always snubbing his neighbors, is an arrant coward, and shows the white feather at the slightest display of pluck in his antagonist. I have seen him turn tail to a swallow." It is a very common sight to see a crow trying to escape from a worrying kingbird; the great creature seems to have no thought of resistance, but takes to his wings at the first alarm. The chase that follows suggested to Thoreau "a satellite revolving about a black planet." But he is very charitable, and believes that the kingbird is only trying to protect its young.

In Baird, Brewer and Ridgway's "History of North American Birds" the same opinion is expressed by the author of the article on the kingbird. He says: "My own observations lead me to the conclusion that writers have somewhat exaggerated the quarrelsome disposition of this bird. I have never, or very rarely, known it to

molest or attack any other birds than those which its own instinct prompts it to drive away in self-defense, such as hawks, owls, eagles, crows, jays, cuckoos and grackles."

It is certainly much commoner to see it quarreling with such birds, but on two successive days in the latter part of June I saw it chasing a red-headed woodpecker and a bluebird. Indeed, more than half a century ago Wilson witnessed the same thing, which he thus described: "I have also seen the red-headed woodpecker, while clinging on the rail of a fence, amuse himself with the violence of the kingbird, and play bo-peep with him round the rail, while the latter, highly irritated, made every attempt, as he swept from side to side, to strike him, but in vain."

In regard to its animosity toward the purple martin, Dr. Brewer says: "The purple martin is said to be the implacable enemy of the kingbird, and one of the few birds with which the latter maintains an unequal contest. Its superiority in flight gives the former great advantages, while its equal courage and strength render it more than a match. Audubon relates an instance in which the kingbird was slain in one of these struggles."

But whatever may be the exact limit of his quarrelsomeness, it stops short of home; old kingbirds certainly are very tender guardians of their young.

This summer the children of a neighboring hamlet showed me a nest in an old apple tree, and one of the boys climbed up to find out what it was made of. It was empty then, but the young had not left the tree, and the poor father and mother were in the greatest distress. They circled about overhead, and their harsh cries, louder and more piercing than ever, were pitiful to hear. Poor creatures! It was no fault of theirs that they could not tell the difference between a robber and a boy in search of knowledge. They saw a boy climbing up

to their nest, close by their little ones. It was enough to terrify the bravest bird.

Think what a time they had had deciding that this branch was the best in all the orchard for their nest; how hard they had worked picking up pieces of dead grass and fastening them together for the outside; what a hunt they had had for stray horse-hairs to soften the roots they used for lining; then, when it was done, think of the long days in which the patient mother had sat brooding over the five pretty white eggs, of whose dark speckles she was so proud. How she had talked to her fond husband about the wee birds that at last broke through the shell and opened their mouths for flies. Then think how busy and anxious the old birds were kept getting food enough for the hungry youngsters; what hard work it was to find anything in the long rainy days when there were no insects in the air. How the mother staid on the nest in the worst thunderstorms and kept her little ones dry, though the blinding lightning threatened to splinter the tree; think what frights she had sitting there all alone dark nights, when cats and owls came prowling about after her children, and how either she or the father bird always had to keep watch in the day time to drive off the squirrels, blackbirds, hawks and owls that came to look for them. Think of all these things and remember how fond they were of their pretty babies; how distressed by the dangers that threatened them, and you can understand their fright when they saw us—great murderous giants as they took us to be—coming straight to the place where they were hiding their darlings.

But when they were flying about most wildly and screaming the loudest, the little birds, who were the cause of all this anxiety, sat among the leaves, erect and stolid, apparently indifferent to the cries of their father and mother, as well as to the fact that their white breasts were betraying their whereabouts. Perhaps it was the result of

discipline, however, and they were only keeping still for fear their mother would scold them. In any case, the danger was very real to the old birds, and their minds were not relieved till the boy had come down from the nest and we had walked far enough away for them to convince themselves that their children were all alive and safe.

Then they remembered that it was lunch time, and started out after food. They would fly down to the haycocks that stood in the meadow next to the orchard, sit there reconnoitering for a moment, and then jump down into the grass to snap up the unwary insect they had espied. Flying back to the young, they would flirt their wings and tails as they dropped the morsel down into the big gaping red throats. And then in an instant would be off again for a hunt in the air, or about another tree. And so they kept hard at work, looking everywhere, till the appetites of their voracious infants were satisfied.

As to the exact food of the kingbird, I quote from Baird, Brewer and Ridgway: "The kingbird feeds almost exclusively upon winged insects, and consumes a vast number. It is on this account one of our most useful birds, but, unfortunately for its popularity, it is no respecter of kinds, and destroys large numbers of bees. \* \* \* \* Wilson suggests that they destroy only the drones, and rarely, if ever, meddle with the working bees."

De Kay, in the "Ornithology of New York," extends the range of diet, and says it "Feeds on berries and seeds, beetles, canker-worms, and insects of every description. By this, and by his inveterate hostility to rapacious birds, he more than compensates for the few domestic bees with which he varies his repast." To this De Kay adds the interesting statement that, "Like the hawks and owls, he ejects from his mouth, in the shape of large pellets, all the indigestible parts of insects and berries."

## PURPLE FINCH.

The purple finch is about the size of the song sparrow. He is as fond of singing up in a maple or an evergreen as chippy is of trilling on the lawn, and the result is much more satisfactory, although he does not sing as well as the song sparrow. Now and then you get a sweet liquid note, but for the most part his song is only a bright warble, without beginning or end. The song sparrow, on the contrary, begins, strikes his upper note three times, and then runs down the scale, finishing off usually with a little flourish; but the purple finch seems to sing in circles, without much musical sense—nothing but a general feeling that the sun is warm and bright, and there are plenty of buds and seeds to be found near by. Thoreau puts the song in syllables as—*a-twitter-titter-titter-wee, a-titter-titter-wee*. His song is at its best when he is in love. Then it has more expression and sweetness, resembling the whisper song of the robin; and when he bows and dances before the little brown lady he is trying to win for his bride, his pretty magenta head and back, his rosy throat and white breast, with his graceful ways and tender song, make him a very attractive suitor. The brown-streaked, sparrowy-looking little creature who seems to ignore him at first, can scarcely help feeling flattered by the devotion of such a handsome cavalier, and you feel sure that his wooing will come to a happy end.

With the exception of the nesting season, the purple finches are generally found in flocks, their favorite haunts being woods and orchards.

## WOOD PEWEE.

In size, coloring and habit you will hardly distinguish the wood pewee from the phœbe, although the pewee is somewhat smaller. It sits in the same loose-jointed, indifferent fashion, on a dead branch or twig in the woods, darting up spasmodically, snapping

its bill over an insect, and then dropping back to its old position with a jerk of the tail and a flutter of the wings.

The nest of the pewee, however, is essentially woodsey and distinctive. It is an exquisite little structure, saddled on to a lichen-covered limb. It is built of fine roots, delicate stems of grass and seed pods being covered with bits of lichen or moss that are glued on with its own saliva, and make it look like a knob on the branch. It is a shallow little nest, and the four richly crowned creamy eggs, though tiny enough in themselves, leave little room for the body of the brooding mother bird.

The characters of the two birds also seem to offer a complete contrast. The phœbe is so eminently prosaic and matter-of-fact, that we naturally connect it with the beams of barns and cow sheds; while the pewee, associated with the cool depths of the forest, is fitted to inspire poets, and to stir the

deepest chords of human nature with its plaintive, far-reaching voice.

It has moods for all of ours. Its faint, lisping



suggests all the happiness of domestic love and peace. At one moment its minor



with the liquidity of a "U" of sound is fraught with all the pathos and yearning of a desolated human heart. At another, its tender, motherly



with which it lulls its little ones, is as soothing to the perplexed and burdened soul as the soft breathing of the wind through the pine needles, or the caressing ripple of the sunset-gilded waves of a mountain lake.

FLORENCE A. MERRIAM.

## BYRAM AND GHOPAL.

### VI.

**D**HOWLUTPOOR, or the city of the wealthy, as its name implies, had been a very prosperous town in times past, but was now no longer of any great importance. There were not more than eighty or a hundred shops in the Bazaar, and the population did not exceed two thousand; but it was the center of a good farming district, and as the farmers were very heavily in debt to the money lenders, and the rate of interest uniformly seventy-five per cent. compound interest, the people had enough to eat and the money lenders were prosperous. Of course the money-lenders never recovered the original debts with all the exorbitant interest. It was more than any people could pay; but in the course of centuries they had found out exactly how much, or rather how little, was enough to

keep the farmers alive, and they were wise enough not to trench on that little. Indeed, these usurious leeches often enjoy a reputation for great liberality, and perhaps they are no worse than the privileged classes in other countries. For the absolute necessities of life, a Hindu can always go to his creditors with confidence; they have an interest in keeping him alive, but in our Western countries a man's creditors are the last persons he would think of applying to for relief in his necessity.

To this decayed city of Dhowlutpoor came Byram and Ghopal as the sun went down, and many of the money lenders who were seated under the peepul tree at the entrance to the town greeted Byram as he came within hearing, and inquired of his health; and Byram in his turn inquired

after the welfare of the citizens, and then continued on his way to the Serai, but one of the Bunyans called a lad and bade him go to the Bazaar and inform the people that Byram the Wise was at the Serai, and request them to send supplies; and to his own son he sent orders to furnish two pounds of rice and a quarter of a pound of *ghee* or clarified butter, and *musala* or curry powder and spices.

A young Brahmin presented himself also and volunteered to prepare a repast for Byram, and ere long our travelers were seated at their suppers. This ended, the hookahs were lighted, and many of the townspeople gathered about Byram and entered into conversation and inquired of him about the places he had seen and the people he had met on his travels since they had last seen him. But Ghopal was weary, and as soon as he had finished his pipe he stretched himself on the cot, and ere long the hum of voices around him was mingled with his dreams.

Ghopal had eaten a hearty supper, and strange and fantastic were the dreams that disturbed his slumbers. He dreamed that he was dead, and that his spirit had transmigrated into a working bee, and that Moneram, his creditor, was a drone in the same hive. All the summer long he regarded him with indifference and treated him with friendly deference, but when the autumn came, and Moneram and other drones attempted to encroach on the winter stores of honey, a wild, uncontrollable impulse of fury took possession of him, and he fell upon the Moneram drone and stung him. When he looked round he saw that the other working bees had acted similarly by the other drones, and now nothing remained but to throw their dead bodies out of the hive. Then consciousness ceased for a while, and when Ghopal's attention was next directed to himself he found he was no longer a bee, but a young fawn trotting along by the side of his dam.

Time passed on and he got a pair of branching horns, and ceased to remember that he had ever been other than a stag; but one day, as he roamed the woods in company with half a dozen females, he suddenly halted appalled, face to face with a tiger, in which he recognized his old creditor, Moneram. For a moment he stood riveted to the spot, paralyzed, while he began to cast up mentally how much the fifty rupees came to at compound interest, and whether there was enough meat on his haunches to settle the account. The next instant he turned and dashed through the forest, fear lending speed to his feet. In vain—the pursuing tiger was close behind, and now suddenly a precipice yawned in front. Ghopal paused not to think, but plunged despairingly over, and kept on falling for an interminable length of time, conscious, too, that the tiger was falling through the air after him. Mile after mile they fell through space, until Ghopal gave up expecting to reach bottom, but after a time he found he was standing on firm ground, but concealed in grass that reached high above his head. Ghopal listened, for he knew the tiger could not be very far off. All was deathly still; not a movement, not a reed stirred. The tiger was crouching probably—it may be on this side, it may be on that—perhaps preparing for the fatal spring. The sweat rose in beads to Ghopal's forehead; his knees knocked together, his heart almost stopped its pulsations, when the silence was broken by a most unearthly roar, at which Ghopal fairly awoke with terror to find that the roar proceeded from a camel that some Beloochee travelers were loading in the dim twilight that heralded the approaching dawn.

It was a great relief to Ghopal to find that it was only a dream, although he thought that very likely it was a revelation of what might happen in the course of his transmigrations. On the whole, he was disposed to take great comfort out of the

fact that there were some stages of existence in which the workers got the better of the drones.

He could sleep no more, and very soon Byram opened his eyes. The shadows vanished. Travelers were setting out on their journeys. Our travelers devoted themselves to their morning meal, the birds were fed, the fragments and uncooked food given to the poor, only Byram wrapped a lump of raw sugar in paper and folded it in his cummer bund; and after a few pulls at the hookah the sun rose above the horizon, and Byram getting into the accus-



tomed saddle, the round of the Bazaar was soon made, and about a rupee and a quarter—62 cents—added to Byram's store.

The first two miles of the journey was well shaded with mango groves, but beyond that, as far as the eye could reach, the plain was devoted wholly to agriculture, and treeless, excepting for the few solitary acacias which stood sentinel, each of its especial well. A draught of water was indulged in at one of the last gardens, but without dismounting, and now Ghopal set his best foot foremost, and trudged along with his wonted burthen.

The way was long and weary, the road heavy with dust, and as the sun rose high

in heaven, Ghopal from time to time passed his hand across his brow and pressed off the sweat that oozed out in beads, which chased one another down his cheeks.

By ten o'clock our travelers had compassed a good half of their journey to Mora, the next town of importance on the main road, and selecting a well, nicely shaded by a well-grown acacia tree, they came to a halt. There was a charpoy under the acacia, on which Ghopal deposited his burthen, and then lying down beside it he was soon asleep. \* \* \* \* When he awoke Byram was resting on his elbow, intently watching the movements of some ants. Ghopal sat up, and following the direction of his gaze, saw a number of ants making for the acacia tree beneath which he was lying. "What," inquired he of Byram, "is the particular world's work on which these little people are engaged this morning?"

"I do not understand their language," said Byram, "but one of them—this fellow over here—has been up the tree, and apparently made a discovery, for immediately on descending he set off in search of help, and every one that he meets goes to the tree, and mounts it as confidently as if he had received full and reliable information, as of course he has. Hundreds have already ascended the tree, numbers are constantly arriving, and still the discoverer is spreading the news of his discovery in all directions."

"Do you think the discoverer can tell his brethren what he has seen?" asked Ghopal; "they cannot talk."

"They certainly cannot converse together as men do," said Byram, "but just as certainly they have ample means of communicating all their ideas to each other. They appear to talk by means of their antennæ, but whatever the means, nothing can be more certain than that they understand each other, and that this regiment of ants ascending this tree is doing so in conse-



quence of communication from the ant I pointed out to you, and what is more, they all know what they are going for. While I have been watching I have observed that all that have been communicated with, except one little party of about a dozen or so, have obeyed the summons, so that the discovery is evidently something out of the common."

"It will not take much labor," said Ghopal, "to see what it is. The ants, I can see from here, are all stopping at that fork up there, and they must have found a hole in the tree, for they all disappear."

"Be careful you do not tread on any of them," said Byram, as Ghopal began to ascend the tree. Ghopal made no answer, but very soon he was at the fork indicated, trying to penetrate its mysteries with eye and nose. Then he broke off a small dry branch, and after some poking, succeeded in raising the dead body of a small squirrel, which he laid hold of with his finger and thumb and pulled out of the hole, but quickly dropped to the ground, for it was covered with ants.

Some of the little people got bruised or had their limbs injured by the fall, and these hobbled off to make room for active workers, and very soon the carcass was covered with as many ants as could find room to seize a mouthful in their little jaws.

"There," said Byram, "you see the creatures next to man in the scale of intelligence."

"You do not surely mean to say," asked Ghopal, "that you would rank the ants above the dog or the elephant?"

"I do not think there are any points of comparison," said Byram. "If we understood the ants' language, or methods of communication, we should not only find them capable of understanding our social organization, but ready to condemn it as inferior to their own in many respects; but however freely we might be able to com-

municate with dogs or elephants, we should find such subjects beyond their comprehension. Some of the ants keep slaves, some of them keep nectar insects, which they take the nectar from daily, just as men keep cows for milking. Sometimes two communities of ants engage in war with each other. Then, again, they are a provident people, laying up store of food for the winter, and in fact act so much like men that they must necessarily think as men do on such subjects."

"Have they any money-lenders among them?" asked Ghopal.

"No," said Byram; "fortunately they are free from the human failing of avarice. There is nothing like lust of gold among them, but they experience lust of power just as men do. That is what prompts them to make war on other communities. The conquerors become a privileged class, and make the conquered perform the heaviest work. In fact, they have tried so many experiments in social life that it would be very interesting to discuss such subjects with them and get the views of enlightened ants on the social problems of the age. In some respects they are certainly superior to men. They cannot control fire, nor turn it to any useful account, as even savage nations can; but in the matter of government and social organization they are on a par with civilized nations."

"But what do they do for men?" asked Ghopal; "anything like the white ants and the worms?"

"Every creature that lives," said Byram, "contributes all its life, with its droppings and finally with its body, to the enrichment of the soil. The ants perform an important share of the general duty, for no creature can crawl anywhere to die but the ants will soon find it. This labor of scavenging, shared in by the ants, the jackals and the vultures, is a most important one for man. If it were neglected, the air would be poisoned by putrid exhalations from decay-

ing bodies; but by eating and converting it into plant food, they prevent waste as well as keep the air pure."

The sun was now long past the meridian.

Leaving the ants to dissect the squirrel and dispose of the fragments, Ghopal shouldered his now familiar burthen and set out for Mora.

## CHARLEY'S WONDERFUL JOURNEY.

v.

"YOU appear to be a stranger to these parts," said the Kangaroo, as he suddenly halted before Charley, "why, I declare I never saw anybody like you before."

"I know you very well, sir," said Charley, raising his hat politely, "you're the Kangaroo."



"Well, I suppose we are all Kangaroos, except the opossums and the birds. Everybody that jumps on two legs must be a Kangaroo. But sakes alive, I never saw anybody like you *behind!* What on earth have you done with your tail? How can you jump without it?"

"We don't use tails for jumping with," said Charley.

"Then what do you use them for?" asked the Kangaroo.

"Why, for making soup principally," said Charley.

"Making soup with your tail!" exclaimed the Kangaroo, "why, I never heard of such a thing. How do you make it?"

"Oh, you put the tail into a pot with some water and boil it, and then you put some salt in it and some onions, and when it is boiled long enough it is ready to eat."

"And did you make soup of your tail and

eat it?" asked the Kangaroo somewhat incredulously.

"I? Oh no, I never had any tail," said Charley, "boys and girls do not have tails."

"Then how could you make tail soup, if you never had any tail?" asked the Kangaroo.

"Oh, we use ox tails at home," said Charley, "but I have read that kangaroo tails make the very best soup."

"Well, we're never too old to learn," said the Kangaroo, "but what puzzles me most is how you manage to jump without your tail. Come along and let me see how you do it."

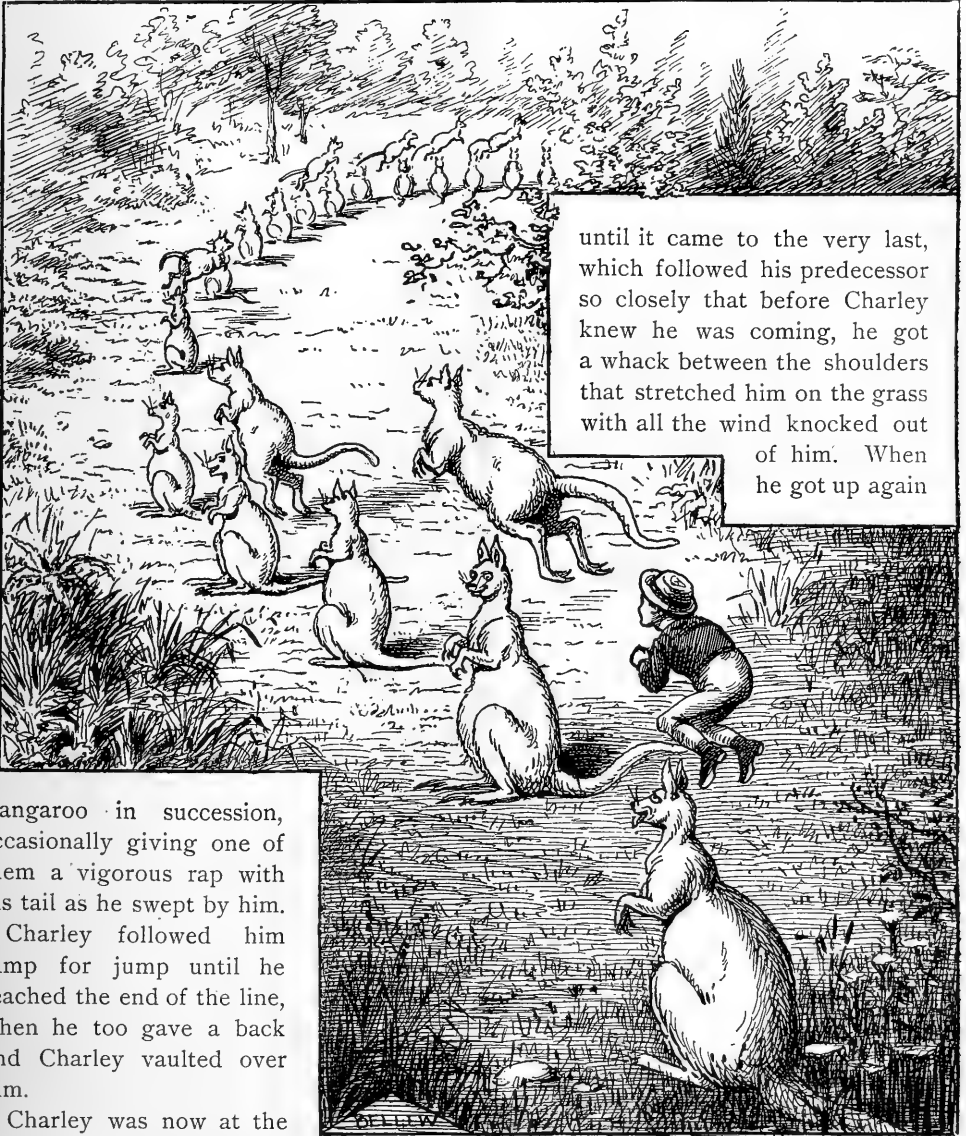
The Kangaroo led the way, but Charley was alongside of him in an instant, and jumped a neck and neck race with him. The Kangaroo put up steam and increased his jumps from ten feet to fifteen; Charley revelled in the new mode of progression and was not to be beaten. A river barred the way, and the Kangaroo in the excitement of the race went for a broad place, and landed so close to the edge of the bank that the earth crumbled beneath him; but Charley landed well up the bank, and seizing the Kangaroo's arm as he did so, saved him from falling back into the river. The next moment they emerged from the timber into an open plain, and there before them was a whole colony of Kangaroos playing leapfrog, a long line of them stretching away as far as the eye could reach.

"Keep still," shouted Charley's companion, as the nearest Kangaroo, having been vaulted over by all in succession, was about

to start on his vaulting tour, "keep still, we're coming."

And away he went, vaulting over each

though many of the Kangaroos grazed him with their tails as they passed, none of them had managed to give him a fair whack,



until it came to the very last, which followed his predecessor so closely that before Charley knew he was coming, he got a whack between the shoulders that stretched him on the grass with all the wind knocked out of him. When he got up again

Kangaroo in succession, occasionally giving one of them a vigorous rap with his tail as he swept by him.

Charley followed him jump for jump until he reached the end of the line, when he too gave a back and Charley vaulted over him.

Charley was now at the head of the row, and had to give back to all in succession, and having watched his leader, and the way he flapped his tail, and the dexterity with which the standing Kangaroos avoided the passing stroke, he too was on his guard, and al-

though the Kangaroos were quite a long distance off, and Charley seeing a grove of small trees with what looked like very large fruit hanging from the branches, strolled toward it and found that what looked like large

fruit were loaves of bread, so he picked a long loaf, tasted it, and finding it very sweet, sat down to refresh himself after his unusual exertions. "If I only had a good bowl of milk," exclaimed he.

"If you want milk," said the 'Possum, "there's a cocoanut grove just beyond, and my young ones will soon throw you a few nuts down. Here you, Joeys, scramble off and fetch some cocoanuts for the stranger."

The cocoanuts were soon brought; the 'Possums dexterously inserted their finger nails in the eyes, and opened a passage for the milk. Charley widened them with his knife, and emptied three or four of them with gusto, washing down his bread fruit at the same time.

"What can that mean?" said the 'Possum, as he pointed to an open glade about a quarter of a mile distant, the view of which was shut out by a screen of low trees. "There are little pillars of smoke all over the plain."

Charley and the 'Possums crept quietly up to the screen of trees, and concealing themselves got a full view of all that was going on in front of them, and a strange sight it was. In a space of perhaps an acre in extent, the Kangaroos had lighted fifty or sixty small fires of dry branches, and on every fire was an earthen pot supported on three stones. The pots of course were full of water, and in front of each fire was a Kangaroo with his tail simmering in the

water, and all changing from leg to leg in a manner that showed they were very uncomfortable.

"What ever can they be doing?" said the 'Possum. "I never saw anything like it."

"I know," said Charley. "They're making kangaroo-tail soup, and I'd bet anything they haven't put any salt in."

By this time the water was so hot that the Kangaroos could stand it no longer. First one took his tail out, and then the others in quick succession. As soon as the cold air struck them the Kangaroos danced around like mad. Then they took their tails in their hands and examined them, and, when they saw the hair and skin come off, their faces became so expressive that Charley thought he had better leave.

"There he is!" shouted one of the Kangaroos before Charley had got fifty yards. "There he is!" shouted all in chorus.

Charley started to run, but they gained rapidly on him, and were close behind him when he reached the river. He cleared it in grand style, and at once settled down into jumping instead of running. He now began to gain on the Kangaroos, although as he looked over his shoulder he found that the old man whose acquaintance he first made was only a few jumps behind him.

Presently a dense hedge of low trees barred his path; it was useless to turn aside; he put on a tremendous spurt, cleared the hedge at a bound, but as he alighted on the other side a prickly sensation ran up his leg, which felt as if it were asleep. He stood still and breathless. The next minute the old man Kangaroo bounded clear over the hedge and alighted a couple of yards in front of him.

There was not a moment to lose, the other Kangaroos were close behind, and with a determined effort of the will, Charley straightened his leg, cleared the Kangaroo at a bound, trying to kick him as he passed.



But the Kangaroo, seeing no one in front of him, turned sharply around, took in the situation in an instant, and with a dexterity born of constant practice in leapfrog, adroitly avoided the well-meant kick.

The instant Charley touched the ground the Kangaroo was over him, and lashing out viciously as he swept through the air brought his tail down on Charley's cheek with a force that made him reel and fall backward. As he looked up he saw a dozen Kangaroos in mid-air clearing the hedge. "He is down!" they exclaimed in chorus. The old man turned on him with a face white with rage. Charley struggled

to rise—in vain. A moan escaped him, and in that moment of terror he heard his name uttered in the tender and pathetic accents of his mother's voice, threw out his arms toward her, and the next instant awoke trembling in her fond embrace.

"Oh mother," said he, "how fortunate you came just at that minute; if you had been only a quarter of a minute later, I should have been torn to pieces."

"I tell you what it is," said his father later in the day when he heard of it, "if that boy has any more dreams like that, you'll have to give him a smart dose of physic."

#### ECONOMIC ORNITHOLOGY.

THE special Division of the Agricultural Department at Washington, under Dr. C. Hart Merriam, has issued its preliminary report on economic ornithology, giving the general result of its investigations to date.

The protection of hawks and owls is urged in the strongest terms, on the plea already familiar to readers of the AUDUBON, that although these birds *feast* occasionally on chicken, they *subsist* on mice, beetles, grasshoppers, etc., benefiting the farmer to such an extent that their occasional depredations in the poultry yard are insignificant in comparison.

The English sparrow comes in for the most unqualified condemnation, but it occurs to us that the investigation does not appear to have been conducted in the same scientifically impartial spirit that resulted in the acquittal of the hawks and owls. The Department has called for facts and opinions as to the merits and demerits of this impudent little settler, and is in possession of a mass of replies, amounting, it is said, to four hundred printed pages, all condemnatory, but when it is remembered that only twelve months ago it would have been easy to collect as general and violent

a condemnation of hawks and owls, the condemnation of the sparrow appears premature. On the same grounds we are disposed to take exception to the sweeping conclusion that all birds subsisting on grain are inimical to man, those only being beneficial which prey on mice and insects.

These conclusions suggest the view that if we could only get rid of the mice and insects, we could well afford to spare the birds, but Charles Darwin's investigations into the life labors of the earthworm points to widely different conclusions, and open up a new field for investigation.

The conclusion that hawks and owls were the farmer's worst enemies was reached by drawing general conclusions from isolated facts, while a fuller knowledge of the life habits of these birds has presented them in quite another aspect; and as granivorous birds can prey on the crops only at certain restricted periods, we must ascertain the economic importance of their habits at other seasons before it will be safe to reach conclusions.

The whole subject is one of the greatest interest, but want of space compels us to postpone further reference to it in this issue.

# THE AUDUBON NOTE BOOK.

## MEMBERSHIP RETURNS.

THE registered membership of the Society on Aug. 31 was 38,981, showing an increase during the month of 1,527, drawn from the following States and Territories:

New York.....	429	Kansas.....	22
Vermont.....	6	Michigan.....	6
New Hampshire.....	17	Minnesota.....	3
Pennsylvania.....	92	California.....	3
Massachusetts.....	216	District of Columbia.....	16
New Jersey.....	23	Indiana.....	8
Maine.....	50	North Carolina.....	20
Rhode Island.....	4	Maryland.....	9
Connecticut.....	49	Virginia.....	46
Ohio.....	45	Georgia.....	92
Wisconsin.....	22	West Virginia.....	5
Iowa.....	201	South Carolina.....	1
Illinois.....	10	Florida.....	3
Mississippi.....	1	Tennessee.....	12
Missouri.....	1	Canada.....	46
Kentucky.....	7	England.....	48
Nebraska.....	3	France.....	1

C. F. AMERY, General Secretary. <sup>1,527</sup>

## AS BAD AS ENGLISH SPARROWS.

EARLY last spring I bought a pair of Baltimore orioles and put them into an aviary containing a variety of birds—waxbills, weaverbirds, silverbeaks, and others. The cage or aviary was a space about 14 ft. long, by 12 ft. wide and 10 ft. high, partitioned off in a large room by a wire screen. Within it I had placed an old dead plum tree, and a few roots, stumps, etc., for the birds to perch on. After putting in the two orioles, I left them until the next morning. The first thing I noticed on entering was a dead waxbill on the floor. On examination I found both its eyes gone and a small hole in its head. Believing the bird had died a natural death (it was over six years in my possession, and they seldom live longer than that) I thought no more of the matter. Its wounds I thought had been inflicted after death. The next morning some boys brought me a common house wren, with a crippled wing, saying they had found it on the street, and I put it in with the other birds. That same afternoon a lady friend told me there was a dead bird in the cage. On picking it up it proved to be the poor little wren with both its eyes picked out. I was positive it had not died a natural death, as I had been watching it eat not half an hour before. After thinking the matter over for some time, I concluded to watch and see who was doing the mischief. Getting behind a curtain on the opposite side of the room from where the cage was, I sat down and waited. For over an hour

everything seemed to be going on smoothly, and I was just concluding to give up my vigil, when I heard a great fluttering. Stepping out from behind the curtain I saw the male oriole chasing a small African zebra finch around the cage. So intent was he on seizing his prey that he paid no attention to me whatever, although I struck the wire quite smartly with a light cane I had in my hand. Before I had time to enter the cage, he had the poor little thing in a corner with his sharp bill buried in its head. Of course I immediately took the orioles out and put them in another large cage with a lot of catbirds, thrushes, Japanese robins, etc., and there they are yet. Although continually quarreling with the other birds over the food, they are too cowardly to show open fight.

C. T. METZGER.

## EFFECT OF THE ECLIPSE ON BIRDS.

ALTHOUGH the scientific results of the observation of the solar eclipse in the neighborhood of Berlin are insignificant, some interesting reports are given by a correspondent of the effects upon the lower animals of the untimely obscuration of the sun. Foresters state that the birds, which had already begun to sing before the eclipse took place, became of a sudden quite silent, and showed signs of disquiet when darkness set in. Herds of deer ran about in alarm, as did the small four-footed game. In Berlin a scientific man arranged for observations to be made by bird dealers of the conduct of their feathered stock, and the results are found to deviate considerably. In some cases the birds showed sudden sleepiness, even though they had sung before the eclipse took place. In other cases great uneasiness and fright were observed. It is noticeable that parrots showed far more susceptibility than the canaries, becoming very silent during the eclipse, and only returning very slowly to their usual state.—*London Globe*.

## THE AMERICAN HUMANE ASSOCIATION.

THIS society will hold its eleventh annual convention at Rochester, N. Y., on October 19, 20 and 21, and delegates from the Audubon Society are invited to be present. We shall be very glad to receive communications from any of our local secretaries desirous of representing the Society at the convention. The Rochester Society will do all in its power for the entertainment of visitors. The headquarters of the Society will be Powers' Hotel, terms \$3 a day, but timely notice being given, an effort will be made to secure a reduction of rates and also of railway fares.

**A MAN, A SPARROW AND A SURPRISE.**

THE Tolland county *Leader* says: "A Rockville man, who is no lover of sparrows, while passing along Elm street one day last week, discovered upon a lawn one of the little feathered rascals, so wet and bedraggled by the rain which had poured during the afternoon that it was unable to fly. He stooped to pick it up, intending to convey it to a place of safety but the bird hopped away a few feet. Another attempt was made to capture it, and again a miss was made. By this time the 'Good Samaritan's' blood was up, and he vowed that he would catch that sparrow or perish in the undertaking. So, gathering himself together, he made a rush and a grab, but before he could seize the bird a big white cat streaked in front of him, her claws closed upon the bird, while puss executed a somersault. An umbrella flourished vigorously in her face failed to frighten her away, and before the would-be rescuer could recover from his surprise the cat's teeth had closed upon the sparrow, and puss made off as swiftly and silently as she had come."

**SKUNKS AND POTATO BUGS.**

SOME years ago, while living at home in Vermont, a group of men were discussing as to whether or not turkeys or any of our domestic birds would eat the potato bug; when a trapper in the party remarked that he knew an animal that would, and went on to say, that while looking for a favorable place to trap skunks, he visited a strip of tillable land that for years has been largely planted to potatoes. The soil is a sandy loam, making it an easy burrowing ground, with many decayed pine stumps scattered over it. On one side a great wood, and on the other a large swamp furnished secure retreat for the shy birds and animals.

He found many burrows about the stumps scattered through the fields, and noticed a great amount of excrements near the entrances, which were full of the harder parts of the potato beetle, showing clearly what was the principal diet of the skunk in that locality. I afterward took occasion on one of my walks to verify it, and found great quantities of the horny wing-cases of the beetle among the excrements deposited just outside the door of the skunk's dwelling.

M. E. HALL.

JEFFERSON, IOWA.

**SPARROWS AND ROBINS AT THE BATH.**

SOME friends from Cleveland, O., visiting me, speaking of English sparrows, say they have driven nearly all the native birds—mentioning robins in particular—away. Now I detest the little rascals as much as any one, but I have had great fun watching them this summer. I keep a dish that holds two quarts filled with water, and have it on the lawn

where I can see it as I go about my work. The robins took immediate possession, and such splashing and spattering as they would make. As soon as the robin began his bath, numbers of sparrows would come and look on, but if they came too near, Bob would drive them away. During the hot weather they got bolder, and I have often seen from three to five of them sitting around the edge of the dish, and the robin in the middle splashing away as if they were not there, or as if he enjoyed it so much himself he hadn't the heart to refuse them the few drops they got in that way. When sparrows bathe they act as though they were novices in the art, and I told my daughters, they looked, when all perched around the dish or on the trees and bushes near, as though they were taking lessons.

I never saw them attempt anything like driving but once. Then a sparrow flew down and lit on the robin, and he immediately flew, but it was all done in such a flash I could not tell whether he meant to drive or get in with him. We had to fill the dish three or four times a day.

M. A. CLINTON.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

SWALLOWS' INTELLIGENCE.—In a neighbor's bungalow in this district, two of our common swallows (*Hirundo javanica*) built their nest, selecting as a site for the purpose the top of a hanging lamp that hangs in the dining-room. As the lamp is either raised or depressed by chains fixed to a central counter-weight, these chains pass over pulleys fixed to a metal disk above, on which the nest was placed. The swallows evidently saw that if the pulleys were covered with mud, moving the lamp either up or down would destroy the nest; so to avoid this natural result they built over each pulley a little dome, allowing sufficient space both for wheel and chain to pass in the hollow so constructed without danger to the nest, which was not only fully constructed, but the young birds were reared without further danger.—*Ceylon Letter*.

SEAGULLS AND HERRINGS.—To the infinite credit of the Manx Legislature (says the *London Globe*) a penalty of £5 is inflicted upon any one who shoots one of these birds (seagulls), which accordingly enjoy an immunity from slaughter by that hideous travesty of the British sportsman, the seaside shooter. Let him beware how he attempts to practice his favorite amusement at Douglas, Ramsey, Peel, Castletown. The fishermen will be down upon him to a man in defense of the bird which serves as their guide to schools of herrings off the coast. As the armada of closely-packed fishes advances, it is always accompanied by a number of swooping gulls, and the Manxman then knows that the harvest of the sea is waiting to be reaped.



## THE AUDUBON SOCIETY FOR THE PROTECTION OF BIRDS.

THE AUDUBON SOCIETY was founded in New York city in February, 1886. Its purpose is the protection of American birds, not used for food, from destruction for mercantile purposes. The magnitude of the evil with which the Society will cope, and the imperative need of the work which it proposes to accomplish, are outlined in the following statement concerning

### THE DESTRUCTION OF BIRDS.

Within the last few years, the destruction of our birds has increased at a rate which is alarming. This destruction now takes place on such a large scale as to seriously threaten the existence of a number of our most useful species. It is carried on chiefly by men and boys who sell the skins or plumage to be used for ornamental purposes—principally for the trimming of women's hats, bonnets and clothing. These men kill everything that wears feathers. The birds of the woods, the birds of the field, the birds of the marsh and those of the sea are alike slain, at all times and at all seasons. It matters not if the bird be a useful one which devours the hurtful insects which destroy the farmer's crops, or a bright-plumaged songster whose advent has been welcomed in spring, and which has reared its brood in the door yard during the summer, or a swift-winged sea swallow whose flight along the shore has often with unerring certainty led the fisherman to his finny prey—whatever it be, it must be sacrificed to the bird butcher's lust for slaughter and for gain. Besides the actual destruction of the birds, their numbers are still further diminished by the practice of robbing their nests in the breeding season.

Although it is impossible to get at the number of birds killed each year, some figures have been published which give an idea of what the slaughter must be. We know that a single local taxidermist handles 30,000 bird skins in one year; that a single collector brought back from a three months trip 11,000 skins; that from one small district on Long Island about 70,000 birds were brought to New York in four months time. In New York one firm had on hand February 1, 1886, 200,000 skins. The supply is not limited by domestic consumption. American bird skins are sent abroad. The great European markets draw their supplies from all over the world. In London there were sold in three months from one auction room, 404,464 West Indian and Brazilian bird skins, and 356,389 East Indian birds. In Paris 100,000 African birds have been sold by one dealer in one year. One New York firm recently had a contract to supply 40,000 skins of American birds to one Paris firm. These figures tell their own story—but it is a story which might be known even without them; we may read it plainly enough in the silent hedges, once vocal with the morning songs of birds, and in the deserted fields where once bright plumage flashed in the sunlight.

### BIRDS, INSECTS AND CROPS.

The food of our small birds consists very largely of the insects which feed on the plants grown by the farmer. These insects multiply with such astounding rapidity that a single pair may in the course of one season be the progenitors of six billions of their kind. All through the season at which this insect life is most active, the birds are constantly at work destroying for their young and for themselves, tens of thousands of hurtful creatures, which, but for them, would swarm upon the farmer's crops and lessen the results of his labors.

A painstaking and ardent naturalist not very long ago watched the nest of a pair of martins for sixteen hours, from 4 A. M. till 8 P. M., just to see how many visits the parent birds made to their young. He found that in that time 312 visits to the four young were made, 193 by the male and 193 by the female. If we suppose only six insects to have been brought at each visit, this pair of birds would have destroyed, for their young alone, in this one summer's day, not far from 2,000 insects. The important relations which our birds bear to the agricultural interests and so to the general welfare, are recognized by the governments of all our States. Laws exist for their protection, but these laws are rendered inoperative by the lack of an intelligent public sentiment to support them. They are nowhere enforced. It is for the interest of every one that such a public sentiment should be created.

It is time that this destruction were stopped.

### PURPOSE OF THE AUDUBON SOCIETY.

To secure the protection of our birds by awakening a better sentiment, the Audubon Society, named after the greatest of American ornithologists, has been founded. The objects sought to be accomplished by this Society are to prevent as far as possible—

- (1) The killing of any wild bird not used for food.
- (2) The taking or destroying of the eggs or nests of any wild birds.
- (3) The wearing of the feathers of wild birds. Ostrich feathers, whether from wild or tame birds, and those of domestic fowls, are specially exempted.

The Audubon Society aims especially to preserve those

birds which are now practically without protection. Our game birds are already protected by law, and in large measure by public sentiment, and their care may be left to the sportsman. The great aim of the Society is the protection of American non-game birds. The English sparrow is not included in our lists.

### PLAN OF THE WORK.

Obviously the Society cannot supply any machinery of compulsion to lead individuals and communities to a higher regard for bird life and to efforts for its protection. Nor are compulsory measures thought necessary. The wrong is tolerated now only because of thoughtlessness and indifference. The birds are killed for millinery purposes. So long as fashion demands bird feathers, the birds will be slaughtered. The remedy is to be found in the awakening of a healthy public sentiment on the subject. If this enormous destruction of birds can once be put in its true light before the eyes of men and women and young folks, if interest be aroused and sentiment created, the great wrong must cease. To so present the case to the people as to awaken this corrective sentiment is the special work contemplated by the Audubon Society. The methods adopted are very simple. Pledges are furnished, subscription to which constitutes membership, and certificates are issued to members.

### TERMS OF MEMBERSHIP.

The signing of any of the pledges will qualify one for membership in the Society. It is earnestly desired that each member may sign all three of the pledges. Beyond the promise contained in the pledge no obligation nor responsibility is incurred. There are no fees, nor dues, nor any expenses of any kind. There are no conditions as to age. The boys and girls are invited to take part in the work, for they can often do more than others to practically protect the nesting birds. All who are interested in the subject are invited to become members, and to urge their friends to join the Society. If each man, woman or child who reads this circular will exert his or her influence, it will not take long to enlist in the good work a great number of people actively concerned in the protection of our birds. It is desired that members may be enrolled in every town and village throughout the land, so that by the moral weight of its influence this Society may check the slaughter of our beautiful songsters. The beneficent influence of the Audubon Society should be exerted in every remotest by-way where the songs of birds fill the air, and in every crowded city where the plumes of slain songsters are worn as an article of dress.

### ASSOCIATE MEMBERS.

As there are a very great number of people in full sympathy with the Audubon movement, and ready to lend it their moral support, but who refrain from joining the Society simply because they find it distasteful to sign a pledge, it has been determined to form a class of Associate Members. Any one expressing his or her sympathy with the objects of the Audubon Society and submitting a written request for membership to any local secretary, will be enrolled on the list of Associate Members. All such applications for membership received by local secretaries of the Society should be forwarded to the General Secretary for registration.

### LOCAL SECRETARIES.

The Society has local secretaries in cities, towns and villages. The local secretary will furnish this circular of information and pledge forms; will receive the signed pledges, keep a list of the members, forward a duplicate list with the pledges for enrollment and file at the Society's office; and will receive in return certificates of membership, to be filled out and signed by the local secretary and given to the members. No certificate of membership will be issued to any person except upon the receipt of a signed pledge at the office of the Society. Where no local secretary has yet been appointed, individual applicants for membership may address the Society at its office, No. 40 Park Row, New York.

If there is no local secretary in your town, you are invited to act as such yourself, or to hand this to some other person who will accept the office. Upon application we will supply copies of this circular and pledge forms.

### THE AUDUBON SOCIETY CERTIFICATE.

The Society furnishes to each member a handsome certificate of membership. This bears a portrait of the great naturalist, John James Audubon, after whom the Society very appropriately takes its name.

The office of the Society is at 40 Park Row, New York city. All communications should be addressed

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No. 40 Park Row, New York.



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THE NIGHTHAWK.

( *Chordeiles virginianus* (GMEL.) )

# THE AUDUBON MAGAZINE.

VOL. I.

NOVEMBER, 1887.

No. 10.

## THE CHARACTER OF JOHN JAMES AUDUBON.

### II.

AS has been said before, Audubon's was no well-rounded, complete character; loving he was, but wanting in the capacity for self-sacrifice; generous, but without any controlling sense of duty. Let us deal gently with this last-named shortcoming, for had he been animated by a high sense of duty to his gentle wife he could not have allowed her to eat the bread of dependence and to struggle unaided in the battle of life for well nigh twenty years of her married life; he would have sacrificed his predilections, bent his neck to the common yoke in some more or less distasteful business pursuit, and both he and she would have missed the crowning triumph of their lives.

And indeed Audubon would have been quite incapable of this desertion on his own motion. He needed his wife's unqualified approval, and her expression of unbounded faith in the value of his labors to justify his desertion to himself, and we must appreciate the measure of self-denial this required of her before we can begin to realize the ideal nobleness of the woman who reverently sacrificed the domestic hearth and devoted her life, her energies, her talents, to affording her husband the opportunity to complete his labors, and to aid him with the material means necessary to secure the world's recognition of them.

Down to the loss of the remnant of his

fortune through that "infernal saw mill," as he styled it, he had been roaming about the woods and observing and painting his loved birds, but not as a means to a practical end for the benefit of his wife and family. As he told Wilson at Louisville and reasserted in his diary, he had at that time no thought of publishing. He was simply indulging tastes for which he had a craving amounting to a passion. He knew, too, that his indulgence in this passion led him to be regarded as a vagabond; and while this estimate stung him to the quick, and although he felt in the secret recesses of his heart that his pursuit was lofty in comparison with the all-absorbing race for wealth, he must nevertheless have suffered keenly from a mistrust of his own judgment.

But when Wilson called on him for a subscription to his work, which he was then preparing to publish with material inferior in quantity and quality to that which Audubon had already collected, the latter built on the possibilities of turning his own collections to account, and on a vastly more magnificent scale; but even then he laid out no plan of operation to secure means to the desired end. On the contrary, he just went on dreaming until, his last cent sunk in ill-judged enterprises, he was thrown entirely on his own resources for the support of his wife and family. This

was the turning point of Audubon's life. Up to this moment all his labors as a naturalist had been simply the enjoyment of his leisure, and it would naturally have been supposed that in the position in which he was then placed he would have devoted himself entirely to retrieving his position and providing for his family. He made the effort, and being a man of talent and culture, soon secured a position in which he was enabled to maintain his family in comfort, but ere long he drifted away to the woods again, and this time with a definite purpose. The pastime of his leisure was to become the business of his life. He had now before him the definite task of adding to his collections and completing his observation of the birds of America, a congenial task which should bring him name and fame, in addition to the more material reward of labor.

But while we do justice to the enthusiasm with which he prosecuted the work, to the dauntless spirit with which he confronted all obstacles, to the sanguine temperament which made him cheerful amid reverses, and to the tireless industry with which he diverted his intervals of leisure to procuring means for carrying on his work, we should never lose sight of the fact that it was his wife's faith in his work and genius which gave substance to his dreams, her prudence which foresaw and prepared for the final difficulties, her self-denial which devoted him to the work, and furnished him with the means of success, won by her own rare energy and talents.

That Audubon thoroughly appreciated the devotion of his wife, and felt encouraged by her sympathy with his pursuits and her faith in his ultimate success, goes without saying; but when the day of triumph came at last, it is very doubtful if he realized that his success was in any way due to his wife's efforts. He had such a contempt for money, such a want of appreciation of the self-denial necessary to its

accumulation, and such an imperfect realization of its importance, that he could form no just estimate of the value of his wife's coöperation. His work had been submitted to the best judges of Europe, had been appreciated and won distinction for him. That work was his own; the publication of his book, the recognition and reward of his genius. "His sweet Lucy had believed in him from the first, and now he had justified her faith in him by his success," and could lay his well-earned triumphs at her feet. But Audubon's was one of those rare natures which success only tended to expand and elevate. The craving for appreciation, the keen sensitiveness to the opinions of others which characterized the period of his struggles, was succeeded by the calm consciousness that the labors of his life were dignified and worthy, and recognized by all the world as such. The whole character of the man expanded in the sunshine of success, he ceased to be concerned with what others thought of him, and was better prepared to appreciate the character of others.

And now gradually there appears to have dawned on him a correct estimate of the character of his devoted wife, and of the important part she had played in the achievement of his success. He had never meanly sought to disparage, he had simply never realized it; he was the more blinded by the fact that she had been foremost in rendering homage to his genius; but when his eyes were at length directed to the truth, when he realized that he owed his success to the self-denying devotion of the wife whose proffered incense he had been receiving as his due, the self-consciousness of the man vanished, he was lifted out of himself and constrained to bow down and reverence a character whose unselfish greatness dawned on him as a new revelation. Audubon was humbled by the discovery, but elevated also; the emotion of reverence pointed to an ideal standard of excellence

outside of himself, and went far to form and strengthen his character. He needed this calm reliance on his wife's strength, for his own nature was essentially self-indulgent, and all self-indulgent natures are weak.

And yet how necessary was such a man as Audubon to the development of his wife's character. The sunshine of later years lent softness to it, but it was in the hard battling with the storms of adversity that it gathered strength, in the long years of self-denial for duty's sake that it expanded to its full proportions. He laid his genius on the altar, she her lofty character and wifely devotion; and as they breasted the fierce storms of adversity together their union became so complete that

the individuality of each was merged in the other, forming that ideally perfect union so rarely witnessed.

Men went to see Audubon and render homage to his genius, and came away impressed with the gentle and guileless sweetness of his wife and the tender reverence he displayed to her. For the greater number, Audubon filled the foreground of the picture so completely, that the devotion to his wife in later years is credited to the noble simplicity of his character, without a suspicion that this reverence was her just due, but here and there some one with keener insight than the others has given vent to the impression "that Audubon owed more to his wife than the world knew, or ever would know."

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#### THE NIGHTHAWK.

THIS bird seems to be singularly unfortunate in its common names, one of them being an absurd survival of ancient superstition, and others attributing to it characteristics which it does not possess. No doubt it was called Goatsucker by the early settlers of America because of its resemblance to the European nightjar, which from time immemorial has been supposed by the ignorant and vulgar to rob the goats of their milk at night. Its name of Bullbat alludes to the groaning sound which it makes at certain seasons of the year, and which bears some resemblance to the low bellow of a bull, and to its common habit of flying in the dusk of the evening. *Crapaud volant*, or Flying Toad, which Audubon gives as its name among the Louisiana Creoles, perhaps refers to the same sound, which is not unlike the low-pitched tones of a toad or frog. Nighthawk, although perhaps less objectionable than any of the titles given to the bird, is still a misnomer,

for it is not a hawk, nor is it exclusively a night bird.

Conspicuous enough toward evening, and sometimes during the whole day, especially when the weather is gloomy and the sky is overcast, the Nighthawk is yet a bird about which most people know very little. Except during the migration in autumn, when in favorable weather it may often be seen on the wing at all hours of the day, it is most active during the twilight hours. It darts about through the upper air with a firm, light, yet sustained flight, often uttering its shrill-squeak, and sometimes descending like a falling bolt from a great height toward the earth, and then turning suddenly upward, produces the loud booming sound already alluded to, which, if heard near at hand, is very startling. This sound is regarded as characteristic of the mating season, yet we have heard it as late as the first days of August. There is a difference of opinion among ornithologists as to the

way in which this sound is produced, some believing it to be vocal and others considering that it is caused by the wings when the bird suddenly checks itself in its downward flight. The Goatsucker of Europe is said to make a somewhat similar noise when perched, which would seem to confirm the belief that the sound is made by the voice.

The Nighthawk is a bird of wide range, being found in summer as far north as the shores of Hudson's Bay, and in winter extending its migrations south to Brazil. The typical form, or a closely allied variety, is found from the Atlantic coast to the Pacific.

This bird does not pass the winter in the United States, but coming from the south enters Louisiana about the first of April. A month later it has reached the Middle States, but according to Audubon is not seen in Maine before June. As soon as they arrive, they make their presence known by their vociferous cries and by their active and beautiful flight through the air. Audubon's description of its motions at this season is so graphic as to be well worth quoting. He says: "The motions of its wings, which are peculiarly graceful, and the playfulness which it evinces renders its flight quite interesting. The bird appears to glide through the air with all imaginable ease, assisting its ascent, or supporting itself on high, by irregular hurried flappings performed at intervals, as if it had unexpectedly fallen in with its prey, pursued, and seized it. Its onward motion is then continued. It moves in this manner, either upward in circles, emitting a loud, sharp squeak at the beginning of each sudden start it takes, or straight downward, then to the right or left, whether high or low, as it presses onward, now skimming closely over the rivers, lakes or shores of the Atlantic, and again wending its way over the forests or mountain tops. During the love season its mode of flight is particularly interesting; the male may be said to court his mate entirely on the wing, strut-

ting as it were through the air, and performing a variety of evolutions with the greatest ease and elegance, insomuch that no bird with which I am acquainted can rival it in this respect.

"It frequently raises itself a hundred yards, sometimes much more, and apparently in the same careless manner already mentioned, its squeaking notes becoming louder and more frequent the higher it ascends; when, checking its course, it at once glides obliquely downward with wings and tail half closed, and with such rapidity that a person might easily conceive it to be about to dash itself against the ground. But when close to the earth, often at no greater distance than a few feet, it instantaneously stretches out its wings, so as to be nearly directed downward at right angles with the body, expands its tail, and thus suddenly checks its downward career. It then brushes as it were, through the air, with inconceivable force, in a semicircular line of a few yards in extent. This is the moment when the singular noise produced by this bird is heard, for the next instant it rises in an almost perpendicular course, and soon begins anew this curious mode of courtship."

It is often the case that birds whose powers of flight are very highly developed are scarcely able to walk at all, and conversely, some birds which are swift runners or expert swimmers are almost without the power of flight. The Nighthawk belongs in the first of these categories. Its feet are ridiculously small and weak for the size of the bird, and are besides placed very far back, so that it can scarcely walk at all. When at rest, it seems to rest on its breast, and does not stand on its feet. It is often seen perched on the limb of a tree or on a fence rail, not across the support, as is the case with most birds, but lengthwise of it.

The Nighthawk builds no nest, but deposits its two oval gray-freckled eggs on the bare ground. It seems careless in its choice of a position, and we have found



them on a naked rock, on the grass in a pasture land, on a dry sandbar in a river, and on a high rocky table land among the sage brush. Not infrequently they deposit their eggs on the flat roofs of city houses. The eggs are so nearly the color of the ground on which they rest that they are not likely to be discovered except by accident or by the actions of the parent bird as you pass near her. When the nest is discovered, the mother tries to lure you away from it by feigning to be wounded, and flutters and tumbles about on the ground at your feet, trembling and panting, with open mouth, keeping just out of reach, until she has led you some little distance from her eggs or young. Then her flights become a little longer, and at length she soars away to be seen no more until you have left the neighborhood. The young of the Nighthawk, like the eggs, harmonize so well in color with the ground, that it is not easy to discover them, even though your eyes may have rested almost on the exact spot from which the mother rose.

The food of this species consists wholly of insects. They devour great numbers of beetles, moths, grasshoppers, crickets and mosquitoes, and are thus extremely useful birds. Notwithstanding this well-known fact, great numbers of them are shot during the autumn when they are migrating, principally in mere wantonness, their swift flight

making them an attractive target for the gunner.

It is a very common, though erroneous, belief that the Nighthawk and the whip-poorwill are the same bird. They belong to the same family and are near relatives, but are quite distinct.

The Nighthawk is  $9\frac{1}{2}$  inches in length and  $23\frac{1}{2}$  inches across its outspread wings. The bill is very short and feeble, measuring only  $\frac{1}{4}$  inch along its ridge, but its mouth is enormous, opening to behind the eyes. As might be expected in a bird which is to a certain extent nocturnal in its habits, its eyes are very large. The wings are long, extending when closed beyond the forked tail. The claw of the middle toe is notched, or comb-like. The ground color of the plumage is brownish black, barred and sprinkled with white and cream color. A conspicuous white bar extends across the five outer primary quills. The tail feathers are barred with brownish gray, and the four outer ones on each side are marked with a white spot toward the tip. A broad triangular white band marks the throat and sides of head. The lower tail coverts are white, sparsely barred with black. The female is somewhat smaller than the male, has the wing spot smaller, the white throat band much obscured by brownish and blackish markings, and lacks the white spots on the tail feathers.

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#### UNDER THE LIGHTHOUSE.

**B**ENEATH the tall white lighthouse strayed the children  
 In the May morning sweet;  
 About the steep and rough gray rocks they wandered  
 With hesitating feet;  
 For scattered far and wide the birds were lying  
 Quiet and cold and dead;  
 That met while they were swiftly winging *southward*  
 The fierce light overhead.

CELIA THAXTER.

## HINTS TO AUDUBON WORKERS.\*

### FIFTY COMMON BIRDS AND HOW TO KNOW THEM.

#### VI.

##### COWBIRD.

THE cowbird is one of the smaller blackbirds. The male has an iridescent body and purplish-brown head and neck. The female has no brilliant coloring, and is decidedly dingy in appearance.

About the size of the kingbird, the cowbird imposes upon its brothers in the same systematic manner. It employs subtle measures, however, and the result of its work is much worse than that of the kingbird's. Coues says of its habits: "Like the European cuckoo, it builds no nest, laying its eggs by stealth in the nests of various other birds, especially warblers, vireos and sparrows; and it appears to constitute, furthermore, a remarkable exception to the rule of conjugal affection and fidelity among birds. A wonderful provision for the perpetuation of the species is seen in its instinctive selection of smaller birds as the foster-parents of its offspring; for the larger egg receives the greater share of warmth during incubation, and the lustier young cowbird asserts its precedence in the nest; while the foster-birds, however reluctant to incubate the strange egg (their devices to avoid the duty are sometimes astonishing), become assiduous in their care of the foundling, even to the neglect of their own young. The cowbird's egg is said to hatch sooner than that of most birds; this would obviously confer additional advantage."

In describing the song of the cowbird, Mr. Bicknell says: "It has an indefinite beginning, which is continued into a high attenuated note, ending with a sound curiously like that of bubbling water. This irresistibly suggests a bubble-like bursting

forth of sound after a long audible inhalation. \* \* \* The singular bodily action which accompanies the vocal expression of the cowbird conveys the suggestion that the air sacs of the body are brought into play in the production of song. The ducking of its head, the spasmodic motion of its tail, the half-opening of its wings, the swelling of its body, which collapses with the culminating notes; all this, seems to point to the utilization of the air sacs—to their inflation and the muscular expulsion of the contained air—in the execution of its singular vocal performance."

##### INDIGO BIRD.

In his extremely interesting paper in the July number of the AUDUBON MAGAZINE, Mr. Ridgway shows what a mistake people have made in depreciating our American songsters. With equal justice an article might be written calling attention to the brilliant plumage of many of our Northern birds. The oriole, bluebird, goldfinch, purple finch, barn swallow, scarlet tanager, red-headed woodpecker, yellow-bellied vireo and numbers of our warblers would excite wondering delight if they should bear South American or European labels. Indeed, we need to establish a fashion of appreciating our national gallery of beauties among birds as well as among roadside flowers.

One of our most brilliant every-day beauties, and one whose song also merits close attention, is the indigo bird. Only in a poor light is he as dull as our common indigo. In the sunlight his coat is the most intense, exquisite blue, the shade of which varies as he moves, and is described by Thoreau as "glowing indigo;"

by De Kay as "sky blue, showing in some lights a greenish tint;" by Baird in his "Birds of North America," as "bright ultramarine blue;" by Ridgway in the "History of North American Birds," as "blue, tinged with ultramarine on the head, throat, and middle of breast; elsewhere with verdigris-green;" and by Coues as "indigo blue, intense and constant on the head, glancing greenish with different lights on other parts." To this Coues adds more details, with a description of the female. He says: "Wings and tail blackish, glossed with greenish-blue; feathers around base of bill, black; bill dark above, rather paler below. \* \* \* Female above plain warm brown, below whity-brown." \* \* \* She has a very pretty tinge of blue on her shoulders and tail feathers, but if the light is not right to bring this out, the peculiarly warm brown, which is almost burnt sienna, is enough to distinguish her from the ordinary brown birds whom she approaches in size and build. Her habit of jerking her tail from side to side is also characteristic.

The indigo bird is one of our most energetic and untiring songsters. He is usually seen on the top of a bush or a small tree not more than twenty or thirty feet from the ground; sometimes in the edge of the woods, or in a clump of bushes beside the road, but oftener, Nuttall says, in the garden, where his breezy, sunny song shows that he is making the most of all the light and air that are to be had. He revels in sunshine, and like the scarlet tanager and red-eyed vireo, sings as loudly through the noonday heat as in the cooler hours. His vivacious roundelay has been variously syllabified, but the rhythm and tone may be suggested by *che-ree' che-ree' che-ree' che-ree' che-rah' rah-rup'*. The last half varies greatly, sometimes being *che-rah' rah-ah-rup'*, or *che-rah' che-rip' cherup'*. Very often the song ends with an indescribable, rapid flourish of confused notes. Nuttall says that during the nesting, the father bird

shortens his song, but this is not always so, as I have heard the full song from the beginning till the end of the season.

This June a pair of indigo birds built in the edge of the woods only a few rods from the house, but I think they never ceased to regret their temerity. The nest was a pretty little bunch of dry leaves and grass, its deep, narrow cavity lined with hair. It was wedged into the fork of a tiny beech, only six inches from the ground, and not more than three feet from the carriage drive. The mother would sit perfectly quiet when wagons passed, but as soon as she found that I had discovered her nest she would fly off in distress whenever I happened to be walking by. To verify the apparently conflicting statements concerning the color of the eggs, and satisfy myself that in some lights the pure white changed to a beautiful greenish-blue, I went several times before they were hatched; and when the birds appeared, went still oftener to watch their growth. But unlike the vireos and sparrows, the mother never got used to me, and to the last suspected me of—I don't know what murderous intentions—darting off into the low bushes with her metallic *cheep, cheep*, as soon as she caught sight of me, and almost refusing to feed her babies till I had gone back to the house. Her husband, though of rather a suspicious temperament, could not share her alarm; he chirped and jerked his tail about, but his anxiety had a perfunctory air.

Earlier in the season I saw a very marked instance of this difference in temperament. I was walking through the edge of a clearing when I started up a mother indigo bird, apparently looking for a good site for her nest. She was much excited, and flew about hither and thither, crying *cheep, cheep*, and twitching her tail nervously. She made so much noise that her husband heard her, and came flying home to find out what was the matter. He did not think either my dogs or I looked belligerent, but he followed

her about from limb to limb to be on hand in case anything should happen. It was very evident that he did not sympathize with her fears, as he neither cried out nor jerked his tail; and after he had chased her here and there, up and down, back and forth, for some time, he turned toward her on the branch and looked at her as much as to say, "Oh! you tiresome creature; why will you be so absurd? Don't you see they're not going to hurt you?"

His contempt had no effect, however, and—he opened his mouth at her! This threat of conjugal authority subdued her, and at last she meekly flew off into the woods with him.

#### LEAST FLYCATCHER.

If you have been in the country, or even in some of our smaller towns during the spring and summer, you have probably noticed the reiteration of a peculiarly abrupt call of two notes—a *che-beck' che-beck'* coming from the apple trees and undergrowth. If you have followed it up you have discovered a small gray bird, in coat and habit a miniature of the phœbe and wood pewee, jerking his tail and whole body with his emphatic call.

This small bird seems to be a piquant satire on the days of tournament and joust, when knights started out with leveled lances to give battle to every one they met. He is a fearless little warrior, snapping his bill ominously as he charges, full tilt, at his enemy.

Last summer I heard this snapping, together with loud calls of *che-beck'*, coming from a thicket, and went to see what was going on. There, in a low willow, I found a family of young, sunning themselves while their mother brought them their dinner. It seemed a very peaceable scene, but a picket fence ran along just back of the

willow, and I soon discovered that this was the tilt yard. Whenever a song sparrow or pewee happened to light there, and stretch its wings for a sun bath, the fierce little mother would suddenly appear, dart at the inoffensive bird, and fairly throw him off the fence with the abruptness of her onset.

After unseating her enemy she would fly off as fast as she had come, career about in the air till she had snapped up a fly or miller, dart back, thrust it into one of the open mouths with a jab that threatened to decapitate the little one, and seemed to mean, "There, take it quick if you've got to have it," and with a flirt of the tail and wings, before I had time for a second look, would be off in hot pursuit of another insect.

I wanted to see if she would be afraid of me, and so crept up by the fence, almost under the little birds. Two of them sat there side by side, in the most affectionate manner, nestling down on the branch and showing their soft white feathers to the best advantage. They did not mind me, and closed their eyes as if the warm sunlight made them sleepy. All of a sudden their mother flew up to one of them with a fly, but the sight of me startled her so that instead of giving it to him she sprang up on top of his head and was off like a flash, almost tumbling him off from the branch, and leaving him looking very much scared and bewildered. As soon as her nerves recovered from the shock, she came back again and went on with her work as if I had not been there.

The father seemed to be as restless and pugnacious as the mother, and, if appearances were to be trusted, was quarreling with his neighbors in a tree near by, while his wife guarded the picket and fed her young.

FLORENCE A. MERRIAM.

## BYRAM AND GHOPAL

### VII.

AS they neared the town, Byram several times pricked up his ears and listened. Finally he asked Ghopal if he did not hear any sounds of distant revelry. Ghopal had heard nothing, but ere long the sound of tom-toms fell distinctly on his ear.

"Some wedding, perhaps," said Ghopal.

"I think not," said Byram. "Do you not see something like a cloud between us and the town?"

"Yes, truly," said Ghopal, "and what is more, it is advancing toward us. You are right, O Byram. The tom-toms are not being beaten for a wedding, but to drive off the hosts of locusts that are come up over the land. Here they come; we are among the advanced guard of the destroyers already."

As he spoke the locusts came flying against our travelers. They alighted on the fields on either side, they filled the air as high as the eye could reach, obscuring the daylight, while from far and near came the clanging of the tom-toms, the shouting of many voices raised in the vain hope of preventing the locusts from alighting. Vain hope indeed, for they were already weary with their flight, and apparently incapable of going further. Those that fell, soon covered every blade of the young crops; the fields were alive with them, but the clouds appeared no thinner. Far as the eye could reach the air was filled with their swarms, while crows and hawks and minas and smaller birds flitted among them, gorging themselves.

"Say, Byram," said Ghopal, exultingly, "these people do not appear very thankful to Brahma for sending the locusts; but I suppose they are blessings more or less disguised?"

"A flight of locusts," said Byram, "is

rarely welcomed by man, but their visitation is not an unmixed evil."

"So much I am willing to concede at the outset," said Ghopal. "Creatures that cover the ground so densely and clear the herbage so effectually, must pay tithes with their droppings; but the question between us, now that the seed is sown and the crops well above ground, is, "Does it benefit man to have them consume them, as they are doing?"



"The Indus is a dangerous river," said Byram; "many a village has been carried away by it, but when we come to strike the balance of the account, we must admit that Sind and the Sindees owe everything to the Indus; but Mora has arrived,\* and we must defer our dispute for the present."

Scarcely had they entered the town before they were recognized by a party of shopkeepers and farmers who, to the number of about fifty, were discussing the visitation.

"Oh, Byram," said one of the shopkeepers, "you have brought trouble with you this time!"

"How so?" said Byram. "Brahma sent

\*The Sindees, on reaching a town, always speak of the town as having arrived.

his locusts from the north—a strong army—for which be thankful; us he sent from the south with good counsel.”

“Oh, Byram the Wise,” said a woman, advancing, “men say that thou art charitable and never turned a deaf ear to the needy. Look at me, a widow, whose field was sown only ten days ago, and now all will be destroyed by morning, and where shall I get seed to renew it?”

“Tell me, good woman,” said Ghopal, before Byram could reply, “do you think you could manage with one pie?”\*

“Why do you mock me?” replied the woman. “Will a pie buy half a bushel of grain, or is not the price already seventy-five cents a bushel, in consequence of the locusts, as men say?”

“I am not mocking thee,” said Ghopal, “but a Faquir’s rags do not often conceal as much money as would supply the needy with a pie a head, in a visitation of locusts. Count the people whose fields are destroyed and tell us how many there are.”

“Go to your homes now,” said Byram, “and to-morrow I will rest here and take counsel of the bankers and shopkeepers in this matter, but be of good cheer. There remain just twelve days for millet sowing, and all the cotton that has spread its second pair of leaves will sprout afresh after the locusts have left.”

The people were by no means disposed to a hopeful view of the situation, but the shopkeepers, good people who thrive on their neighbors’ necessities, were congratulating themselves that they would now get double rates for the surplus grain of the year, and extolled Byram’s wisdom loudly. Very soon, too, the usual supplies began pouring in, an old woman came to prepare Byram’s food, and our travelers were left to repose after their journey.

The next morning the shopkeepers spread the news around that Byram the Wise would halt in Mora for that day and give good

counsel in respect of the visitation of locusts, and that they, the shopkeepers, would take heed to it, and that the people should do so also.

Accordingly, about an hour after sunrise, the farmers having finished their morning meal, began to flock into the town, and Byram inquired of them what the locusts had done during the night.

“Come out and see,” said the people; “you have a stout fellow to carry you.”

So Byram sprang on Ghopal’s shoulders, and they went out and strolled through some fields on which the locusts had been feeding all night. The ground was literally strewn with them, and every green blade skeletoned and freighted to the ground.

“They will leave nothing,” said the farmers; “by to-morrow every blade, every green thing will have disappeared.”

“And in its place,” said Byram, “will remain a heavy dressing of manure that will double your crops. The locusts are passing southward; to-morrow you may plow in their droppings and sow fresh seed.”

“And to-day,” said Ghopal, “if you are wise, you will get out your oxen and rollers without a moment’s delay, and the locusts that you will crush into the earth will enrich the ground still more than the droppings. Make the best of a bad bargain, and take all you can out of the locusts.”

“Nay, not so,” said Byram. “Brahma will dispose of the locusts when they shall have completed the task he has assigned them, but it is not for man to take the life of any living thing thoughtlessly.”

“But how are we to get fresh seed?” said the people. “Some Bunyas from Nowshera have already arrived, and they talk of fixing the price of jowari at three rupees (one dollar and fifty cents) a bushel.”

“How can the farmers pay three rupees a bushel for seed grain?” said another. “When the harvest comes the Bunyas will buy the crop at forty cents and take four

\* The third of a cent.

bushels for one, besides the interest, which will raise it to five bushels."

"It is folly to cast the blame of high prices upon the Bunyas," said one of their number who was present. "When grain is scarce and everybody wants it, the price must be high, whether the Bunyas will or not."

"I will discuss this question of prices with the Bunyas on my return to the Serai," said Byram, "and do you prepare to resow your fields without delay. To-morrow is an auspicious day, and with the blessing of Brahma, you shall have abundant crops this year, and your land be renewed. A flight of locusts when the land is covered with a heavy green crop will benefit the land as much as a five-year fallow."

"That may be true enough," said an old farmer. "I remember when the locusts came five years ago, just a week later than to-day, the fields were resown the very last day or two of the season, and the crops were moderate, but the next year we had the finest harvest that had been known for years, and the crops have been pretty good since—better at least than they were before the locusts, when a third part of the fields laid fallow because the soil was exhausted. Yes, the locusts may be lucky for the crops, but the Bunyas are in league with Brahma, and charge interest on his blessings at the same rate as on their own loans."

"Not so," said a Bunya, "we depend for our success on good seasons just as much as the farmers, and share their good and bad fortune with them."

"Quite true," said the previous speaker. "Brahma sends good and ill fortune to be shared among the Bunyas and cultivators, and the Bunyas take as much good fortune as fairly counterbalances the ill fortune which they manage to allot to the farmers as their share."

At this there was a laugh, and Byram, reflecting that when a people can joke over their misfortunes they are in the best mood for remedying them, proposed a return to

the Serai, and a consultation with the shop keepers to fix the price of seed grain.

The whole body of merchants, to the number of several hundred, responded promptly to the summons, as did also the cultivators and people of all castes, for all were interested in the matter.

When they were all assembled they asked Byram to open the meeting, which he did in a few words:

"Every one knows," he said, "that after land has been cropped some years the crops get poorer and poorer from year to year, until the farmer is compelled to manure or fallow it. In this country farmers have no manure, it is all burned for fuel, but at intervals Brahma sends a flock of locusts, which dress the fields and render them fruitful for a few years. The locusts take whatever green stuff is on the land and convert it into manure, at a profit to the farmer. They pay good interest on what they take. But the farmer gets neither principal nor interest until the next crop, and for this he is dependent on an advance of seed from the Bunyas. Now if the Bunyas charge as much interest as the locusts pay, the farmer will gain nothing by the visitation, but if the Bunyas are moderate, both they and the farmers will be enriched. What say you, Gunnoo Lall?" asked he, turning to a portly old banker; "have the merchants agreed on the price of grain?"

"There is news that the locusts have devastated the whole country southward of Mooltan, and there is some talk of fixing the nerrick of jowari millet as high as eighty cents a maund."

At this there was a great outcry among the people, some of whom said they would rather leave their land untilled than pay such a monstrous price.

"That is too high a figure," said Byram. "The rate yesterday was thirty-six cents, and if stocks are heavy it would be wiser not to increase the price, which but for the locusts would have fallen before harvest

time to twenty or twenty-four cents. It will be something for the Bunyas to get full prices for all the grain on hand, and with the blessing of Brahma, the farmers will be able to pay it and live."

"But the stocks are not heavy," said one Bunya, who was immediately supported by a score of others; and then began a general clamor, everybody talking at once, in loud, disputatious tones. Byram took no part in it, and the discussion was continued until sunset, Bunyas and farmers breaking up into little knots, discussing and arguing among themselves and with each other. At sunset they had arrived at a dead-lock, the farmers asserting that more than forty-eight they would not give, the Bunyas that less than sixty-four they would not take.

"Better refer the matter to the arbitration of five," said Gunnoo Lall."

"Agreed," said the Bunyas.

The leading farmers discussed the proposition a few minutes and then said:

"We, too, are agreed. Let there be two bankers, two farmers, and let Byram the Wise give the casting vote."

The proposal satisfied all parties, the arbitrators were selected, and after an hour's talk which did not in any way affect the issue, Byram announced that forty-eight cents a maund had been fixed for seed grain for the next three days.

Bunyas and farmers were alike pleased that the matter had been so satisfactorily settled. The Bunyas said that Byram had been influenced more by consideration for the poor than by strict justice, but this, of course, was intended for the ears of the farmers, to make them think they had got the best of the bargain.

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#### AN EARNEST APPEAL TO "YOUNG AMERICA."

**B**OYS, spare the birds. What I am going to say will not be addressed to the ingrain bad boy; for him there is little hope for reform. The boy who feels pleasure in killing a poor innocent bird, or in robbing it of its eggs, or its young, is not far removed from the Pomeroy boy, who took pleasure in enticing little children into cellars, and other out of the way places, and then killing them. To such boys I have not a word to say; they are past redemption, and unless they repent and reform, the devil, in his own good time, will surely get them.

But there is another class of boys, who are naturally kind and tender-hearted. To such boys I would say, become missionaries to other boys, who practice unkindness through thoughtlessness and the bad example of innately bad boys. Persuade these kindly disposed boys to come and go with you, and be disciples of the Audubon

Society, teach them to preach a crusade against cruelty to animals in general, and birds in particular.

To thinking, kind-hearted men it is unnecessary to say anything. I judge others by myself. When I was a thoughtless boy, led on by the example of other thoughtless and bad boys, I used to throw stones at birds; aye, and rob their nests, too, and now that I am an old man, I feel exceedingly sorry that I did it.

I well recollect that, once of a time, I shot a robin. He flew some distance, and fell in the tall grass. I went and picked him up and found that I had inflicted a fatal wound in his breast. The poor wounded bird looked up into my face so imploringly, that it caused me to shed tears, and now, to-day, at the age of eighty-five years, I am haunted by the pitiful imploring look of that poor, innocent, dying bird, and feelings of deep remorse come over me when-



ever I see a robin. I would be willing to make great sacrifices to be made guiltless of the wanton murder of that poor innocent bird.

Now boys, as it was and is with me, so it will be with you by and by. If you slaughter the poor birds through thoughtlessness now, when you shall come to realize the great sin of wantonly taking the life of a poor innocent bird, you will never to the day of your death cease to regret it.

Now just here I desire to make a special plea in behalf of the so-called catbird. Boys are taught to "hate catbirds." To hate and persecute catbirds seems to be an article in their creed. This strong unreasonable prejudice seems to be a bad feeling inherited from their fathers. I have observed it through the four generations of boys and men that I have known.

Now why is this so? To be sure, the catbird will steal your cherries; but then he is no more to blame in that regard than the robin, and many other kinds of birds that are useful to man. He is entitled to his share of the fruit, as but for him and other kinds of birds, the worms would have destroyed the very trees that the cherries grow upon.

And then you have heard him mew like a cat, hence his vulgar name, and the almost universal boy prejudice against this very interesting bird.

If you are an observant boy, as you should be in regard to all things, you will have noticed that this bird never makes the cat-like cry except when provoked to do it by some one disturbing him, or his and his mate's nest. It is his mode of swearing at his enemies.

I once had the same prejudice in common with other boys; but, since I have become better acquainted with him, I have come to love him above all other birds. His far-famed Southern cousin, the mockingbird, in melody can't play second fiddle to him.

Perhaps you have never noticed his song; if not, you have missed a rare treat, and if you desire to hear the sweetest song made by any known American bird, you just wait till next spring; find where a pair of these birds have their nest; visit the place in the early morning; you will find the male bird perched on the highest tip of the tallest tree in the neighborhood of the nest, where his wife is breeding the coming young family, and you will be ravished by such a marvellously thrilling melody of bird song as you never dreamed or had any conception of before. The song is not so varied as that of the mockingbird, but O! how much sweeter. Now, if you prefer form to feathers, you will admire his graceful shape as much as his unrivalled song.

Some naturalists have followed the vulgar idea and have named this bird *Turdus felivox*. Others have named it *Orpheus carolinensis*. There are still other names, but the last named is the most befitting, and should be adopted to the exclusion of all other names. The Grecian Orpheus never sang more true to nature than does our *Orpheus*.

But, call him by what name you will, don't shoot him, don't stone him, don't rob his nest, spare him and protect him; for independent of his unsurpassed vocal powers, with which he ravishes your ears, he richly earns his living in orchard and in garden, and does little or no harm to any one.

Again I say, boys, spare the birds, and above all other birds protect the wrongfully despised and hated catbird. Do him justice; don't call him by a low, vulgar nickname; he deserves the name of Orpheus, the sweetest singer of ancient Greece.

To all boys, and to men as well, good or bad, I would say, if your tastes tend in that direction, shoot any game birds in proper season, but at no other time, and then as many as you may need for the table of yourselves or your friends; but not one bird more than you so need.

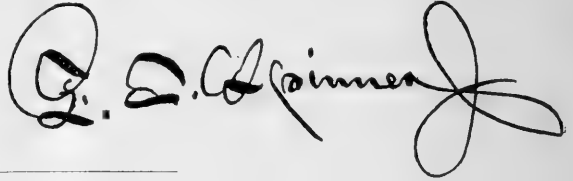
As to the English sparrow, kill him, wherever you find him, in season and out of season. He is a tramp, and a marauder of the worst kind. He has never been known to do any good, and is of no use, except to be served up on toast. He wages a constant warfare upon better birds, and destroys the grain and fruit of the farmer and the gardener. Therefore, I say, give him no quarter, but go for him as you

would for any other thief and robber. Here, now, is a chance for the bad boy to exercise his bad propensities, and at the same time accomplish a great good. Let him go for the English sparrow.

Now, boys, you just follow my advice, and you will be respected by all good men, and will deserve to be happy now and hereafter.

I am, the friend of the boys and the birds,

IN CAMP AT PABLO BEACH, Florida, Sept. 26, 1887.



#### ALL NIGHT ON A MOUNTAIN.

YOU may talk as you please about camping out and all that sort of thing, but I shall never forget the first night I spent out of doors. It was one summer several years ago, and we were staying up in the mountains. In the same house with us were two other boys, Charley Huston and Will Campbell, and it wasn't long before we were pretty good friends, and together we explored the whole neighborhood.

Well, one day we started on a long walk. We went down our mountain (the one the hotel is on) to the river; here there is a little ferryboat that crosses the river four times a day, once over and back in the morning, and again in the afternoon. We got in and went across, and proceeded to climb the mountain opposite ours.

Neither Will nor I had ever been there before, so everything was strange and new to us. But Charley knew all about it, as he had spent the previous summer in the same place, and had often walked over with his father. So of course he was guide; but as far as that goes, he always *was* guide, for he was a little older, a good deal quieter, and a great deal wiser than either Will or I.

He had a funny, quiet way about him that seemed to say, "I'm going to boss this thing," and no matter how much a fellow might rebel against it, he was just as firm as a rock. Will and I had gotten used to it by this time, and didn't mind it, so that this day, when he said, "We'll take this path," we did not say anything, but simply followed.

About midday we came upon a certain stream, where he said we were to eat our dinner. I wonder why it is that sandwiches, or even dry bread, no matter how stale, will taste so good in the woods, while at home we would turn up our noses at such poor fare. I do not remember ever having eaten any dinner with a better appetite than I did that day, although our bread had fallen into a small mountain creek we had crossed, and was still soggy and very heavy.

After dinner we started to come home again, but by a different route from the one we had previously taken; indeed, as well as I remember, we went around the mountain instead of over it. It was longer but much pleasanter, as there was not so much uphill work about it.

It was about four o'clock when Charley,

who was ahead, called our attention to a bird's nest overhead.

"What kind is it, Charley?" I asked, for, having lived in the city all my life, I did not know one bird's nest from another.

"It's a wood thrush's," he answered, "one of the finest singers we have."

"Oh, my!" I said, "do you suppose there are any eggs?"

"Not now, it's too late, but I guess there are young birds; yes, there must be, for here comes the mother with something in her mouth."

We watched the pretty brown creature as she fed her little ones, with a great deal of interest, until Charley said:

"Come, fellows, or we'll miss the boat; it's getting late."

"No, sir," I said, "I'm going to have a look at these birds first. Come on, Will, give us a boost, will you?" and I began to shin up the tree.

"Well, look at them, then, but hurry up," said Charley, and I'll wait down here for you."

So Will and I climbed up into the branches and gazed with awe into our first bird's nest.

"Why, ain't they ugly!" said Will, and he was right, too, for it almost frightened me when I looked down their great gaping mouths.

"I say, Will," said I, "I wonder how it would do for us each to take one and raise it in a cage?"

"Let's," said Will, "for you know Charley said they made splendid singers."

No sooner said than done, we immediately transferred two miserable babies from the nest into a pocket-handkerchief. Then we told Charley what we were about, but instead of being pleased he was very angry.

"You wouldn't do such a thing, would you? Let the poor little things alone."

But we insisted, and debated as to whether we should take a third, in case one should die.

"How can you be so cruel, Ned?" he

called from below. "I didn't think it was in you. Put those birds into the nest this minute and come down here."

"I won't!" I shouted back. "I'm going to take one home to my sister, her canary died last winter."

He got very angry, and, after scolding a good deal, went off and left us, saying he wasn't going to miss the boat if we were.

We had no fear of missing the boat, but by the time we slid down the tree with our treasures, Charley was nowhere in sight.

The path, if it could be called a path, was longer and rougher than we supposed, and we had to walk slowly, so as not to



joggle our birds, so by the time we got to the river, the boat had gone.

Here was a pretty mess, sure enough, there was no other boat we could take, and no one lived on the mountain, so we just had to sit down and think about it. Finally I said that the only thing we could do, would be to walk up the river about five miles where there was a village, there we could get a boat, cross the river and take the train back to the hotel.

This was not a very pleasant prospect, you may be sure, especially after all the walking we had already done that day; but there was nothing else to be done, so we started out, lugging our poor little prisoners with us.

We had hardly gone two miles, when Will sank down and said:

"Oh, Ned; I can't walk another step, I've a blister on my foot as big as a hen's egg."

I proposed going on alone, and getting a boat, and then I would pick him up on the way back, but he wouldn't let me. So we had to sit down and rest, and then I thought, "Perhaps I can persuade him to go a little further." But that did not work, for long before he began to be in the least rested, it had grown so dark we could scarcely see.

Poor Will, I don't wonder he was tired, he was a whole year younger than I was and not half as strong, and a walk like that is enough to tire out any eleven-year-old boy.

We did not much fancy the idea of staying out all night, and what made it more disagreeable was the howling of a wildcat not far off.

We tried to look on the bright side of things, but it was hard work; we would keep thinking of home and what they were doing there. Mrs. Campbell, who was an invalid, was probably sitting in the corner of the porch that was most sheltered, and mamma pacing the terrace with Effie, wondering what made me so late.

And so the sun set, and the twilight deepened, and night came on; and with it the queer summer night noises, which one don't mind at home, safe in bed, but objects to most decidedly out in the woods alone, particularly if a wildcat leads the concert.

They made such a din, that, tired as I was, I could not for a long time get a wink of sleep. I rather envied Will, who slept as peacefully through it all as if he was at home in his own bed.

After a long time I got used to the noise and dropped off. I do not think I dreamed anything, but I woke up about half an hour before dawn with the idea that mamma was

calling me, so I sat up with a start, and oh, how dark and lonely the woods were. The concert had stopped and all was as still as death. The silence, I think, was worse than the noise.

I turned to Will, who had not changed his position, and felt almost inclined to wake him to keep me company. I am glad now that I did not do such a selfish thing. At last the sense of utter loneliness got the better of me, and I leaned my head on my arms and cried, yes, cried hard, although I was twelve years old, and big for my age. I never felt so badly in all my life. So I cried for mother and I cried for home, and I felt better for it.

When I was pretty nearly through, I heard a faint little noise. I stopped and listened, and then I heard a faint little peep, such a lonely, forsaken, homesick little peep, that it went straight to my heart and cut like a knife.

Of course I knew what it was, and it sent me right down into the blues again, just as I was getting better, when I remembered how the mother bird had cried that afternoon when we robbed the nest. And then I thought of how those poor little birds must have felt, out away from home all night, as long as I felt so badly myself, and how much more helpless they were than we, till I wondered at, and despised myself for being so heartless and cruel. And then came the thought of my mother, and of what she would say if I told her. I fancied I saw her face grow grave as she said:

"Oh! Ned, Ned; I did not think my son would do so mean and so cruel a thing."

It made me feel awfully bad, and I made up my mind that just as soon as it was light enough I would put them back in the nest if I had to walk ten miles to do it. As soon as it was light enough to see, I went to look at my prisoners, and oh! what a sight met me. One of them was dead and the other was crying piteously. What if one of us had died that night on the moun-

tain side. Think of poor mamma or Mrs. Campbell if Will or I had been brought home dead.

With a great lump rising in my throat I tried to dig some worms for the remaining bird. I found a few, but he refused to eat them. So with a heavy heart I picked up the handkerchief and started out to look for the nest, leaving Will still sleeping. I found it, hardly a mile away, so I climbed up and dropped the live birdie into the nest, and the dead one I wrapped up in the handkerchief again, and buried it tenderly at the foot of the tree. Then I turned to come away with a lighter heart.

Just as I did so the sun came up over the hills, and there burst from the forest the most beautiful music I had ever heard. At first it was low and sad, as though the birds were singing a requiem over the grave of

the little thrush, then more voices joined it, until it became a glorious chant, which followed me all the way back to where Will was sleeping.

As soon as he woke we started for the river, for we did not intend to miss the boat this time. It was a slow, painful journey, for we were both so stiff and sore we could hardly walk. But we got there in time, and my! weren't we glad to step on to the other shore.

We found out afterward that Charley had come over in the boat the evening before and had sent a search party over to the mountain to look for us, but as we had started to walk up the river, we did not hear them hallooing for us.

And so ends the story of my first and last robbery of a bird's nest.

E. B. BARRY.

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#### THE RICE BIRD.

A CENTURY or more ago, the people of the Southern States took up arms against the rice bird; genuine fire-arms, too, charged with gunpowder, of which they have exploded so enormous a quantity, that the very atmosphere ought to be reeking with the smoke of "villainous saltpetre" and tremulous with the reverberations of incessant fusilades.

At seed time, when the birds are winging their way northward, and again a few weeks before harvest, when the young birds are making their first flight to the southern paradise, the air is rent with the din of fire-arms from gray dawn till eventide; hundreds of thousands of birds, if not millions, are shot annually, and it may be some sort of satisfaction to the planter to inflict ruthless justice on the predatory foe, but in so far as concerns the economic results of the crusade, it is beyond all dispute that the rice birds thrive on powder and shot, and

were never more numerous than at present. There is nothing anomalous in this; the rice bird is one of our native birds, capable of holding his own in the struggle for existence, he is consequently constantly trenching on the limits of his food supply both North and South, and all the shooting of the planters has no other effect than to save them from the wholesale destruction that must inevitably result from exceeding those limits. The most energetic shooting has no other effect than to maintain some approach to uniformity in numbers, and if the planter would take into consideration the amount of damage sustained by trampling down the rice in the pursuit of the foe, he would find it more profitable to submit to their depredations, relying on the facts that rice culture will spread, but the rice birds can never increase beyond the limits of their food supply in that season in which it is scarcest.

# THE AUDUBON NOTE BOOK.

## MEMBERSHIP RETURNS.

THE registered membership of the Society on Sept. 30 was 39,750, showing an increase of 767 during the month from the following sources:

New York.....	231	California.....	17
Connecticut.....	19	Kansas.....	26
Massachusetts.....	83	Minnesota.....	1
Pennsylvania.....	29	Illinois.....	45
New Hampshire.....	38	Alabama.....	2
New Jersey.....	28	Washington Territory.....	2
Rhode Island.....	2	District of Columbia.....	1
Maine.....	14	North Carolina.....	1
Vermont.....	5	South Carolina.....	6
Ohio.....	72	Maryland.....	14
Kentucky.....	3	Virginia.....	28
Wisconsin.....	1	Georgia.....	30
Colorado.....	4	Canada.....	37
Iowa.....	15	England.....	5
Michigan.....	7	Turkey.....	1

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C. F. AMERY, General Secretary.

## MIGRATORY NOTES.

WITH the season of southward migration the young birds' troubles begin. From far beyond the reach of human vision the migrating birds sight the glimmering lighthouses and bear down upon them in fatal unconsciousness of the danger, only to dash their little lives out on the irons which guard the lenses from injury.

Fifteen hundred small birds were found dead at the foot of the Statue of Liberty one morning, and from further south accounts reach us of unpremeditated self-immolations on a similar scale.

The instinct which prompts migratory birds to fly toward lighthouses has doubtless been given them for a useful purpose. Some have supposed that they are guided on their course by certain stars toward which they are lured by a passionate impulse, until they sink exhausted by the way, to find themselves in a land of sunshine and plenty. If this is the case; if night after night is spent in the weary, hopeless longing to merge themselves in the bright distant sphere that comes no nearer, one may imagine the wild delirium of exultant delight with which they approach the lighthouse beacon, every pulse vibrating with desire to merge themselves in its warm, delicious, brilliant glow. Every nerve is strained to the utmost, the glowing light comes nearer—they are there—there is a heavy thud, consciousness is suspended, their little lives are battered out upon the impaling iron, and one after another they fall to the ground dead. Happily the speed with which they dash themselves against the protecting irons generally results in instantaneous death.

Men and nations, too, have an instinctive craving for light, and have been equally lured to their destruction by the glamor of false lights.

## CRANKS.

THE genus "crank" is divided into many species and sub-species, but one of the most common and most obnoxious types is that of the poor, deluded wretch who persists in venting his malice for some imagined slight.

The Audubon Society has for more than eighteen months been pestered by such a crank, who writes paragraphs for country papers warning people not to sign the Society's pledges as the agents or local secretaries are swindlers (or conjurers?) who convert the pledges into promissory notes.

Perhaps the writer is a bird skinner, perhaps he has offered his services as a local secretary and been rejected, we know not. All we know is that the paragraphs bear internal evidence of malice.

The swindle is said to be perpetrated "under the guise of a so-called society for the protection of birds."

Unfortunately for the writer, if his aims really are malicious, local secretaries are local and well-known residents of the localities in which they act, and rarely solicit the signatures of other than personal acquaintances. The Society has no agents going about the country in quest of members. There is no need. The Society numbered five thousand members when these paragraphs first appeared; now it numbers forty thousand. Who shall say how much we are indebted to our crank friend for publishing us in out of the way places?

## "MANUAL OF NORTH AMERICAN BIRDS."

WE have received a copy of the "Manual of North American Birds," by Robert Ridgway. It is a grand work of 600 pages, octavo, supplemented by an index and 123 plates containing nearly 500 outline drawings of generic characters admirably executed.

For the naturalist it is sufficient to say that the work is ready; for the sportsman and dilettanti naturalist it may be added that this work, projected and commenced by Professor Spencer F. Baird, and carried out by Mr. Robert Ridgway, is a standard work of reference representing the highest type of systematic ornithology, a work which in the language of its preface is intended as a "convenient and satisfactory means of identifying any American bird in all its variations of plumage." Professor Baird has left us, but he lived to see the completion

of the work in the preparation of which he retained to the last a lively interest, which neither harassing cares nor physical suffering could damp. The whole plan and treatment of the work bears the impress of his own character, simple, exact, orderly, scientific, but these characteristics could not have been impressed upon it, excepting by one who shared them in common with him. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. Price \$7.50.

### THE EDITOR'S TALK.

THE signature of General Spinner, whose pleasant lecture to boys is published on another page, will recall to some of our readers the pleasure it has afforded them in time past to become possessed of documents bearing his signature in the days when he was at the head of the Treasury. This is the General Spinner who, during his long service in that Department, earned for himself the appellation of "Watch Dog of the Treasury," an expression which in few words conveys a higher tribute to the stern, unflinching fidelity with which he guarded the nation's trust, than could be spread over a volume of studied encomium. The General's official services belong to history. He is now a young man of 86, young because he is still overflowing with mirth and sympathy—sympathy with young people and with birds also, and with all nature, animate and inanimate, and of course he is a warm supporter of the Audubon Society. He is no friend of the English sparrow, because he accepts the popular view that these impudent little foreigners, without beauty or song, are destroying or driving away the native birds, whose presence gladdens both eye and ear. Whether the General is right or wrong is not of much consequence. The sparrows are rapidly reaching the limits of their food supply, and this reached, two-thirds of their numbers must die every year; a necessity which renders their culinary treatment an important branch of economic ornithology. The General's recommendations, if carried into effect, so far from exterminating the sparrow, will simply afford a test of his merits, which will be sure to result in his protection during the breeding season.

A NEW SOUTH WALES paper is credited with a story now going the round of the American press to the effect that an American woman, Mrs. Mackay, having determined to possess a mantle made of the breasts of the bird of Paradise, has arranged to send a couple of "sportsmen" to New Guinea to obtain the needed supply, estimated at five hundred skins. Of course all ladies who wear feather millinery must directly or indirectly employ skin hunters to shoot the birds, and one who buys a single skin

for her hat breathes as open a defiance of the better sentiment of the age as she who wears five hundred; the question of wholesale or retail indulgence is dependent on length of purse. Nevertheless we hope that for the credit of American women the story is not true. A woman who could seek to draw attention to herself by such an exhibition on her person of the evidences of wealth, must be necessarily unconscious of the impression she would create among people of good taste abroad; but it is hard for the average American woman to read such statements without feeling mortified at the reflection that foreigners accept such stories in good faith, and base their estimate of American women on incidents which, if true, are equally as characteristic of the *nouveau riche* in monarchical as in republican societies.

CORRESPONDENTS occasionally omit to give their address, or they send in packets of signed pledges without any communication, and very likely charge the Society with neglect for failing to reply, or to send certificates. A Brooklyn (N. Y.) correspondent sent in some 25 pledges early in October, but as they were unaccompanied by any communication and had no street addresses on them, we do not know where to send certificates.

PROPOSED improvements in Trinity Cemetery will necessitate the removal of Audubon's remains from their present resting place. There is to be a new avenue laid out to be called Audubon avenue, at the head of which it is proposed to erect a monument worthy of the great naturalist; but it is understood that the New York Academy of Sciences favors the transfer of the remains to Trinity Church.

MR. H. S. MARLOR, of Brooklyn, Conn., has bought sixty acres of woodland, which he appropriates as a harbor of refuge for birds.

WHAT I FOUND IN THE BIRD'S NEST.—One morning as I and my dog were strolling in the woods to see the birds, I happened to spy a bird's nest in a pine tree. I hastily climbed up to the nest to take a look at it, and just as I was going to put my hand in it I heard a squeaking noise, and out jumped two woodmice and four or five young ones. My dog Joe then jumped upon the little ones and killed three of them. One of the old ones ran up a birch tree, and as I went to grab her she bit my finger, and I threw her upon the ground; she then ran into a hole in a stump. I then went home very much pleased with my adventure. I remain your loving friend, HARRY W. YOUNG (South Hingham, Mass.).

## THE AUDUBON SOCIETY FOR THE PROTECTION OF BIRDS.

THE AUDUBON SOCIETY was founded in New York city in February, 1886. Its purpose is the protection of American birds, not used for food, from destruction for mercantile purposes. The magnitude of the evil with which the Society will cope, and the imperative need of the work which it proposes to accomplish, are outlined in the following statement concerning

### THE DESTRUCTION OF BIRDS.

Within the last few years, the destruction of our birds has increased at a rate which is alarming. This destruction now takes place on such a large scale as to seriously threaten the existence of a number of our most useful species. It is carried on chiefly by men and boys who sell the skins or plumage to be used for ornamental purposes—principally for the trimming of women's hats, bonnets and clothing. These men kill everything that wears feathers. The birds of the woods, the birds of the field, the birds of the marsh and those of the sea are alike slain, at all times and at all seasons. It matters not if the bird be a useful one which devours the hurtful insects which destroy the farmer's crops, or a bright-plumaged songster whose advent has been welcomed in spring, and which has reared its brood in the door yard during the summer, or a swift-winged sea swallow whose flight along the shore has often with unerring certainty led the fisherman to his finny prey—whatever it be, it must be sacrificed to the bird butcher's lust for slaughter and for gain. Besides the actual destruction of the birds, their numbers are still further diminished by the practice of robbing their nests in the breeding season.

Although it is impossible to get at the number of birds killed each year, some figures have been published which give an idea of what the slaughter must be. We know that a single local taxidermist handles 30,000 bird skins in one year; that a single collector brought back from a three months trip 11,000 skins; that from one small district on Long Island about 70,000 birds were brought to New York in four months time. In New York one firm had on hand February 1, 1886, 200,000 skins. The supply is not limited by domestic consumption. American bird skins are sent abroad. The great European markets draw their supplies from all over the world. In London there were sold in three months from one auction room, 404,464 West Indian and Brazilian bird skins, and 356,389 East Indian birds. In Paris 100,000 African birds have been sold by one dealer in one year. One New York firm recently had a contract to supply 40,000 skins of American birds to one Paris firm. These figures tell their own story—but it is a story which might be known even without them; we may read it plainly enough in the silent hedges, once vocal with the morning songs of birds, and in the deserted fields where once bright plumage flashed in the sunlight.

### BIRDS, INSECTS AND CROPS.

The food of our small birds consists very largely of the insects which feed on the plants grown by the farmer. These insects multiply with such astounding rapidity that a single pair may in the course of one season be the progenitors of six billions of their kind. All through the season at which this insect life is most active, the birds are constantly at work destroying for their young and for themselves, tens of thousands of hurtful creatures, which, but for them, would swarm upon the farmer's crops and lessen the results of his labors.

A painstaking and ardent naturalist not very long ago watched the nest of a pair of martins for sixteen hours, from 4 A. M. till 8 P. M., just to see how many visits the parent birds made to their young. He found that in that time 312 visits to the four young were made, 119 by the male and 193 by the female. If we suppose only six insects to have been brought at each visit, this pair of birds would have destroyed, for their young alone, in this one summer's day, not far from 2,000 insects. The important relations which our birds bear to the agricultural interests and so to the general welfare, are recognized by the governments of all our States. Laws exist for their protection, but these laws are rendered inoperative by the lack of an intelligent public sentiment to support them. They are nowhere enforced. It is for the interest of every one that such a public sentiment should be created.

It is time that this destruction were stopped.

### PURPOSE OF THE AUDUBON SOCIETY.

To secure the protection of our birds by awakening a better sentiment, the Audubon Society, named after the greatest of American ornithologists, has been founded. The objects sought to be accomplished by this Society are to prevent as far as possible—

- (1) The killing of any wild bird not used for food.
- (2) The taking or destroying of the eggs or nests of any wild birds.
- (3) The wearing of the feathers of wild birds. Ostrich feathers, whether from wild or tame birds, and those of domestic fowls, are specially exempted.

The Audubon Society aims especially to preserve those

birds which are now practically without protection. Our game birds are already protected by law, and in large measure by public sentiment, and their care may be left to the sportsman. The great aim of the Society is the protection of American non-game birds. The English sparrow is not included in our lists.

### PLAN OF THE WORK.

Obviously the Society cannot supply any machinery of compulsion to lead individuals and communities to a higher regard for bird life and to efforts for its protection. Nor are compulsory measures thought necessary. The wrong is tolerated now only because of thoughtlessness and indifference. The birds are killed for millinery purposes. So long as fashion demands bird feathers, the birds will be slaughtered. The remedy is to be found in the awakening of a healthy public sentiment on the subject. If this enormous destruction of birds can once be put in its true light before the eyes of men and women and young folks, if interest be aroused and sentiment created, the great wrong must cease. To so present the case to the people as to awaken this corrective sentiment is the special work contemplated by the Audubon Society. The methods adopted are very simple. Pledges are furnished, subscription to which constitutes membership, and certificates are issued to members.

### TERMS OF MEMBERSHIP.

The signing of any of the pledges will qualify one for membership in the Society. It is earnestly desired that each member may sign all three of the pledges. Beyond the promise contained in the pledge no obligation nor responsibility is incurred. There are no fees, nor dues, nor any expenses of any kind. There are no conditions as to age. The boys and girls are invited to take part in the work, for they can often do more than others to practically protect the nesting birds. All who are interested in the subject are invited to become members, and to urge their friends to join the Society. If each man, woman or child who reads this circular will exert his or her influence, it will not take long to enlist in the good work a great number of people actively concerned in the protection of our birds. It is desired that members may be enrolled in every town and village throughout the land, so that by the moral weight of its influence this Society may check the slaughter of our beautiful songsters. The beneficent influence of the Audubon Society should be exerted in every remotest by-way where the songs of birds fill the air, and in every crowded city where the plumes of slain songsters are worn as an article of dress.

### ASSOCIATE MEMBERS.

As there are a very great number of people in full sympathy with the Audubon movement, and ready to lend it their moral support, but who refrain from joining the Society simply because they find it distasteful to sign a pledge, it has been determined to form a class of Associate Members. Any one expressing his or her sympathy with the objects of the Audubon Society and submitting a written request for membership to any local secretary, will be enrolled on the list of Associate Members. All such applications for membership received by local secretaries of the Society should be forwarded to the General Secretary for registration.

### LOCAL SECRETARIES.

The Society has local secretaries in cities, towns and villages. The local secretary will furnish this circular of information and pledge forms; will receive the signed pledges, keep a list of the members, forward a duplicate list with the pledges for enrollment and file at the Society's office; and will receive in return certificates of membership, to be filled out and signed by the local secretary and given to the members. No certificate of membership will be issued to any person except upon the receipt of a signed pledge at the office of the Society. Where no local secretary has yet been appointed, individual applicants for membership may address the Society at its office, No. 40 Park Row, New York.

If there is no local secretary in your town, you are invited to act as such yourself, or to hand this to some other person who will accept the office. Upon application we will supply copies of this circular and pledge forms.

### THE AUDUBON SOCIETY CERTIFICATE.

The Society furnishes to each member a handsome certificate of membership. This bears a portrait of the great naturalist, John James Audubon, after whom the Society very appropriately takes its name.

The office of the Society is at 40 Park Row, New York city. All communications should be addressed

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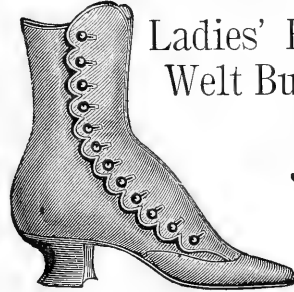
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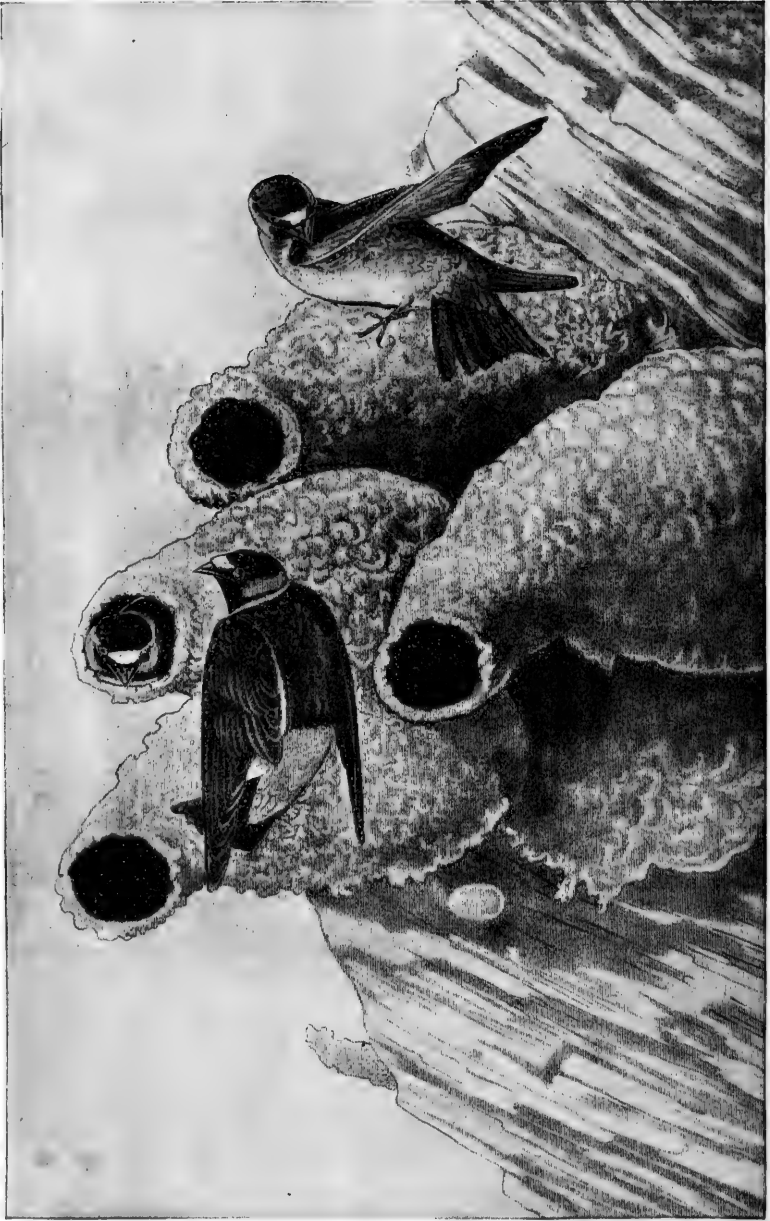
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CLIFF SWALLOW.

( *Petrochelidon lunifrons* (SAY.) )

# THE AUDUBON MAGAZINE.

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NO. II.

## INCIDENTS OF AUDUBON'S LIFE.

THERE are very few among us capable of realizing the full sense of what is meant by wandering alone in the primeval forest. It is very pleasant to join a holiday party for a day's ramble in the woods, or for the ascent of some mountain peak. It is very pleasant to steal away alone along some little frequented path into the hidden depths of the forest, or along the river's bank, tracing it upward to its source in some wild rocky glen; to slake one's thirst in its cool crystal stream; to recline in the shade of some broad-spreading maple, to listen to the rushing of the brook, the song of the birds, the gentle murmur of the wind through the swaying branches high overhead, the hum of insects on the wing, and catching a glimpse of the blue sky through the many-hued foliage, to realize that one is alone with nature. Alone, yes, but not cut off from companionship. It is the sense of being severed from all companionship, of being left to one's own resources to find the way through pathless wilds to some distant objective point; of having to contend alone with all the difficulties and dangers of the way, that appals the imagination with a sense of desolation and fills the inexperienced woodsman with a nameless terror.

To spend years of one's life in such wanderings, a man wants unbounded self-reliance, well-grounded confidence in his own

resources, and a sense of locality which to the ordinary man must appear little short of instinctive.

For such a life in the Western States some fifty years ago a man had to be prepared to confront real dangers at any moment, to engage in encounter with bear or panther or vindictive redskin, or some still more merciless white man whom crime had isolated from his fellows and driven to the outskirts of civilization.

Audubon grew to be familiar with such dangers. A dreamy, enthusiastic student of nature, he had no less the temper of the bold pioneer whom no difficulty or danger swerved from his object; and as a consequence the life of the artist and man of science teems with incidents of awful peril and wild adventure which in themselves present a graphic picture of the Western border life of fifty years ago.

It was on his return journey from the upper Mississippi to Hendersonville that Audubon passed through the most thrilling experience of his lifetime. Night had overtaken him on the prairie, but he plodded onward along the Indian trail until he came to some woodland, and caught sight of a firelight toward which he pressed on in the confidence that it proceeded from the camp of some wandering Indians. As he drew nearer he found that it came from the hearth of a small log cabin, before which a tall fig-

ure was passing and repassing as if busily engaged in household arrangements.

"I reached the spot," says Audubon, "and presenting myself at the door, asked the tall figure, which proved to be that of a woman, if I might take shelter under her roof for the night. Her voice was gruff, and her dress negligently thrown about her. She answered in the affirmative. I walked in, took a wooden stool, and quietly seated myself by the fire. The next object that attracted my notice was a finely formed young Indian, resting his head between his hands, with his elbows on his knees. A long bow rested against the log wall near him, while a quantity of arrows, and two or three raccoon skins, lay at his feet. He moved not, he apparently breathed not. Accustomed to the habits of the Indians, and knowing that they pay little attention to the approach of civilized strangers, I addressed him in French, a language not unfrequently partially known to the people of that neighborhood. He raised his head, pointed to one of his eyes with his finger, and gave me a significant glance with the other; his face was covered with blood.

"The fact was that an hour before this, as he was in the act of discharging an arrow at a raccoon in the top of a tree, the arrow had split upon the cord, and sprung back with such violence into his right eye as to destroy it for ever.

"Feeling hungry, I inquired what sort of fare I might expect. Such a thing as a bed was not to be seen, but many large untanned buffalo hides lay piled in a corner. I drew a time-piece from my pocket, and told the woman that it was late, and that I was fatigued. She espied my watch, the richness of which seemed to operate on her feelings with electric quickness. She told me there was plenty of venison and jerked buffalo meat, and that on removing the ashes I should find a cake. But my watch had struck her fancy, and her curiosity had to be gratified by an immediate sight of it. I

took off the gold chain which secured it around my neck and presented it to her. She was all ecstasy, spoke of its beauty, asked me its value, and put the chain round her brawny neck, saying how happy the possession of such a watch would make her. Thoughtless, and as I fancied myself in so retired a spot, secure, I paid little attention to her talk or her movements. I helped my dog to a good supper of venison, and was not long in satisfying the demands of my own appetite.

"The Indian rose from his seat as if in extreme suffering. He passed and repassed me several times, and once pinched me in the side so violently, that the pain nearly brought forth an exclamation of anger. I looked at him, his eye met mine, but his look was so forbidding that it struck a chill into the nervous part of my system. He again seated himself, drew his butcher knife from its greasy scabbard, examined its edge as I would that of a razor suspected dull, replaced it, and again taking his tomahawk from his back, filled the pipe of it with tobacco, and sent me expressive glances whenever our hostess chanced to have her back toward us.

"Never until that moment had my senses been awakened to the danger which I now suspected to be about me. I returned glance for glance to my companion, and rested well assured that whatever enemies I might have he was not of their number.

"I asked the woman for my watch, wound it up, and on the pretense of wishing to see how the weather might probably be on the morrow, took up my gun and walked out of the cabin. I slipped a ball into each barrel, scraped the edges of my flints, renewed the primings, and returning to the hut, gave a favorable account of my observations. I took a few bear skins, made a pallet of them, and calling my faithful dog to my side, lay down with my gun close to my body, and in a few moments was to all appearance fast asleep.

"A short time had elapsed when some voices were heard, and from the corners of my eyes I saw two athletic youths making their entrance, bearing a dead stag upon a pole. They disposed of their burden, and asking for whisky, helped themselves freely to it. Observing me and the wounded Indian, they asked who I was, and why the devil that rascal (meaning the Indian, who they knew understood not a word of English) was in the house? The mother, for so she proved to be, bade them speak less loudly, made mention of my watch, and took them to a corner, where a conversation took place, the purpose of which required little shrewdness in me to guess. I tapped my dog gently, he moved his tail, and with indescribable pleasure I saw his fine eyes alternately fixed on me, and raised to the trio in the corner. I felt that he perceived danger in my situation. The Indian exchanged the last glance with me. The lads had eaten and drunk themselves into such a condition that I already looked upon them as *hors de combat*, and the frequent visits of the whisky bottle to the ugly mouth of their dam, I hoped would soon reduce her to a like state. Judge of my astonishment when I saw the incarnate fiend take a large carving knife, and go to the grindstone to whet its edge. I saw her pour the water on the turning machine, and watched her working away with the dangerous instrument, until the cold sweat covered every part of my body, in despite of my determination to defend myself to the last. Her task finished, she walked to her reeling sons and said, 'There, that'll soon settle him! Boys, kill yon —, and then for the watch!'

"I turned, cocked my gun locks silently, touched my faithful companion, and lay ready to start up and shoot the first who might attempt my life. The moment was fast approaching, and that night might have been my last in this world, had not Providence made provision for my rescue. All was ready. The infernal hag was advanc-

ing slowly, probably contemplating the best way of dispatching me, while her sons should be engaged with the Indian. I was several times on the eve of rising and shooting her on the spot, but she was not to be punished thus. The door was suddenly opened, and there entered two stout travelers, each with a long rifle on his shoulder. I bounced up on my feet, and making them most heartily welcome, told them how well it was for me that they should have arrived at that moment. The tale was told in a minute. The drunken sons were secured, and the woman, in spite of her defense and vociferations, shared the same fate. The Indian fairly danced for joy, and gave us to understand that as he could not sleep for pain he would watch over us.

"You may suppose we slept much less than we talked. The two strangers gave me an account of their once having been themselves in a similar situation. Day came fair and rosy, and with it the punishment of our captives.

"They were quite sobered. Their feet were unbound but their arms were securely tied. We marched them into the woods off the road, and having used them as Regulators were wont to use such delinquents, we set fire to the cabin, gave all the skins and implements to the young Indian warrior, and proceeded well pleased toward the settlements."

At the period at which this incident occurred, "Regulator Law" was the high tribunal in the Western States. A savage and outcast population fringed the settled territories, and among these the most dastardly crimes were current. "Regulator Law" was administered by a body of American citizens, and was akin to a vigilance committee in its self-assumed functions. The punishment of felons who could defy or were likely to escape the law of the land was the special duty of the Regulators, and the name acquired a terrible significance in the Western wilds.

## THE CLIFF SWALLOW

THE Republican or Cliff Swallow is one of several species of North American birds, whose habits have been essentially modified by the settlement of this country by the white man. Before his advent in America, this species built its mud nests only on the perpendicular faces of cliffs and precipices, as it still does in many of the wilder sections of our country; but, as houses and outbuildings became numerous, it was quick to see the opportunities offered by such edifices for its nests, and, perhaps also recognizing in man a protector, it came at length to build its nest and rear its young under his roof. This done, and the habit of making use of houses for his purpose having been established, it soon followed that the range of the Cliff Swallow became much extended. Formerly there were wide stretches of country where there were no natural building places for these birds—and so where they never nested and were seen only during the migration—but as soon as they had learned to take advantage of the new building places constantly being erected for them, they constructed their nests in such regions and became summer residents where heretofore they had been only birds of passage. It has been affirmed that the Cliff Swallow is not indigenous in the East, but is an immigrant from the West, where indeed it is most abundant, its bottle-shaped nests being seen in great numbers on the cliffs which overhang many Western rivers. Professor Verrill, however, has shown that this species was found in New England as long ago as the year 1800, and Dr. Coues writing on the same subject says: "That the settlement of the country has conduced to the general dispersion of the birds during the breeding season in places that knew them not before is undoubted; but that any

general eastward migration ever occurred, or that there has been in recent times a progressive spread of the birds across successive meridians, is less than doubtful—is almost disproven. Birds that can fly like the swallows, and go from South America to the Arctic Ocean, are not likely to cut round via the Mississippi, houses or no houses." He then goes on to say that the apparent absence of these birds in the Southern States is due only to the fact that the country is not adapted to them, and expresses the belief that the birds in their migration pass over this region, although they do not stop to breed.

Although the Cliff Swallows, like the purple martin and the chimney swifts, have come to avail themselves of constructions erected by man for their building places, it must not be supposed that even in the more thickly settled portions of the country they abandoned their former habits, for Professor Verrill in 1861 found a large colony of these birds building on the limestone cliffs of Anticosti, and the same thing may be seen to-day in the West, where houses are abundant. These birds have simply adapted themselves to a new set of conditions. They have discovered that civilization offers them a new place for building where they are safe from many of the dangers to which in their natural breeding places they are exposed, that when they nest on barns and houses, violent rain storms do not soften the walls of their dwellings so that they fall by their own weight, nor are their enemies, winged and four-footed, as likely to attack them; and being wise little creatures, they make the most of their opportunities.

The Cliff Swallow is a bird of wide range. It may pass its summers on the shores of the Arctic Ocean, and its winters on the hot plains of Old Mexico. It is found



everywhere from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean. Space seems nothing to it. It is here to-day, and to-morrow may have utterly disappeared, not to return for seven or eight months. An admirable discussion of this and other subjects connected with these birds may be found in Dr. Coues's "Birds of the Colorado Valley," to which the reader is referred.

Soon after its arrival in spring, which is usually in the latter part of April, the colony of Cliff Swallows break ground for their houses. This is no figure of speech, for the birds do literally dig up earth and construct their nests of it, just as in a city a builder makes his house of brick. The lining, which consists of a little dried grass and feathers, we may consider as the furniture of the house, perhaps the carpets, blankets and sheets.

It is curious and interesting to watch the Swallows after they have settled their matrimonial affairs and are ready to begin the construction of their dwellings. By this time they have selected the site for the colony's home, which may be the rough overhanging face of a beetling cliff, or just beneath the eaves of a farmer's barn, or under the overhanging roof of his house. There is a great deal of discussion over the matter, you may be sure, and before it is decided, the spot chosen is carefully examined by the birds, who twitter and call each other, and cling with fluttering wings and outspread tail to the surface against which the nests are to be fastened, while others sweep by in swift flight, examining with keen eyes every inch of the space to see if it will answer their purpose. When the selection is finally made, all the Swallows rise in the air, and with a great twittering, as if congratulating each other that they have accomplished so much, they fly away to prepare for the work which is to follow.

They have already selected the spot whence to obtain their building materials,

and soon you may see them in large numbers standing about some muddy, half-dried puddle, which has remained in the road since the last rain, or by a pool on a sandbar in the river, or on the muddy edge of some quiet bay, where there is no current and a mixture of mud and sand is being left here by the receding waters. If you are lucky enough to be about at just the right time, and can approach close enough to bring the tiny workers within easy range of your opera glass, you can see for yourself what Dr. Elliott Coues so happily describes in the following paragraph:

"Watching closely these curious sons and daughters of Israel at their ingenious trade of making bricks, we may chance to see a circle of them gathered around the margin of a pool, insecurely balanced on their tiny feet, tilting their tails and ducking their heads to pick up little 'gobs' of mud. These are rolled round in their mouths till tempered and made like a quid in globular form, with a curious working of their jaws; then off go the birds and stick the pellet against the wall. \* \* \* The birds work indefatigably; they are busy as bees, and a steady stream flows back and forth for several hours a day, with intervals for rest and refreshments, when the Swallows swarm about promiscuously a-flycatching. In an incredibly short time the basement of the nest is laid, and the whole form becomes clearly outlined; the mud dries quickly, and there is a standing place. This is soon occupied by one of the pair, who now stays at home to welcome her mate with redoubled cries of joy and ecstatic quivering of the wings as he brings fresh pellets, which the pair in closest consultation dispose to their entire satisfaction. In three or four days, perhaps, the deed is done; the house is built. \* \* \* \*"

Its form varies greatly, but the most perfect nest is considered the bottle-shaped, which is more nearly oval, one end of the egg being glued to the wall

for support, and the other being prolonged into the generally downward directed neck. Nowadays, however, and especially under the eaves of dwellings, we are more likely to find nests without any roofs at all, mere cup-shaped structures, fastened by one side to the wall, since the projection beneath which they are built affords shelter from the elements. Indeed, whether the support of the nest be natural or artificial, an effort seems usually made to so locate the structure that it shall be in a measure protected from the rain. As already hinted, the sun-dried mud when wet is not the most secure material for a house, and it is not unusual after a violent storm to find at the foot of some cliff the wreck of many once happy Swallow homes, where fragments of nests, broken eggs, and dead featherless nestlings show what destruction has overtaken one of these aerial towns.

The four eggs, white, spotted with dark brown, are equally the pride and delight of both parents, and while the mother bird lovingly broods them in her warm, dry home, the father is abroad, swinging constantly through the air, catching insects which he brings home to feed his mate. She welcomes him with cries of joy, and perhaps for a little while he sits on the doorstep of the house and tells her what he has seen during his last excursion, and then after a little rest, hurries off again on another hunting expedition. When the young are hatched both parents are kept busy in providing them with food, and ere long one or more of the little ones may be seen at the mouth of the nest awaiting the parents' return. The young are ready to fly usually about the last of July, and as soon as they have had sufficient practice to make it safe for them to undertake the long journey southward, usually in New York and Connecticut about the last of August or first of September, the Swallows, after great preparations and many long practice flights, take their course to warmer climes. The

young Swallows are easily affected by cold, and we have seen, during a northeast storm in August, a whole row of them sitting on a window sill on the leeward side of a house, looking as bedraggled and uncomfortable as possible. They evidently did not know man as an enemy, and looked up with the most perfect confidence into the face of an observer who came to the window.

The food of the Cliff Swallow, like that of most species of this group, consists wholly of insects, which it generally pursues and seizes on the wing, though in the high mountains of the West we have seen it in the early morning feeding on the ground upon insects which had been chilled by the frost of the preceding night. Dr. Coues, in the work already cited, calls attention to the vastness of the number of annoying or injurious insects which these birds destroy, and preaches a sermon on the folly and wickedness of destroying them, which might be read with profit by the thoughtless. He concludes with these forcible words: "Things both useful and beautiful are not so common that we can afford to sacrifice them in vain. The rowdy boys and all the crew of tramps and potters of the gun who shoot Swallows for sport may be seriously admonished that these birds are worth more to society than their idle vicious selves."

The Cliff Swallow is  $5\frac{1}{2}$  inches in length and about 12 in extent of wings. The top of the head, a spot on the throat and the back, are lustrous steel blue. A collar, grayish brown, separates the blue-black of the head and back. Forehead marked with a semilunar band of white or brownish red. Chin, throat and sides of head brownish red. Other under parts rusty gray, fading to white on the belly. Wings and tail brownish black. Bill black, feet brown. The male and female are alike. The young are paler throughout, and lack the black spot on the throat.



“BEAM OF THE SUN, COME HERE. I WILL NOT HARM YOU.”

## PRINCESS RUBY-THROAT.

THE STORY OF A HUMMINGBIRD.

THE Princess Ruby-Throat belonged to a certain race of fairies who lived in the most beautiful country in the world. Cold and frost were unknown in this fair land, and its inhabitants had nothing to do but enjoy themselves continually, for nature furnished such an abundance of food that work was unknown.

It was not even necessary to build houses to live in, for the trees and flowers afforded such pleasant places of retreat that, had it not been for the needs of the fairy babies, no one would ever have thought of making separate homes.

As it was, the dwellings consisted of only one room, which was so tiny that it could just hold one mother fairy and two babies comfortably, and they were never used very much after the children grew large enough

to fly about and choose their own places of resort.

This race was considered the most beautiful of all the races of fairies, and indeed they ranked so high in this regard that they were looked upon by the others as almost a superior race, of whom it would be silly and ridiculous to be jealous, for the very first glance would immediately prove to any one that such beauty must be as rare as it was exquisite.

It was true that it had been whispered among them that great travelers spoke sometimes of another race of fairies living far across the great sea, that equalled them in fine looks and graceful motion; but then who was so foolish as to believe all that travelers said? Perhaps it was not true at all. The fairies doubted it, and looked so

indignant when it was mentioned, that it was always thought best to let the subject drop.

Among all the race none was more renowned for loveliness and grace than the Princess Ruby-Throat, so called because of the brilliant red jewels that she wore constantly at her throat, and it is certain that she deserved all the praise showered upon her, for she was not only beautiful but also extremely amiable.

She had never been known to take part in any of the frequent quarrels that disturbed the peace of her neighbors, and she had more than once been seen to leave a flower bell filled with particularly fine honey rather than dispute its possession with some other fairy who came flying up just as she was getting ready to enjoy her treat.

Ruby-Throat plainly looked upon the whole world as a place to be happy in, and devoted her whole life to pleasure. She said that youth was the time for enjoyment, and that she did not intend to have any care about anything until she grew old and it was forced upon her.

And so day after day was to her but a succession of delights. When she awoke in the morning her first thought was for her dress, for she always gave the greatest care to her apparel, and prided herself upon the elegance of her attire. When she had arranged her toilet to her satisfaction she would float lazily up to a dewy leaf whose glistening surface formed an admirable mirror, and poising herself on her gauzy wings, admire her beauty to her heart's content.

Then she would fly off to her favorite trumpet flowers, and drink deep draughts of the delicious honey which they had been holding, as she supposed, for her especial use.

Breakfast over, she would journey from blossom to blossom, merely for the sake of their fresh beauty, for she enjoyed the loveliness of others as much as she did her

own, and admired every flower that raised its head up to her friendly eyes. She would flutter in ecstasy around the velvet petals of the red rose, and would hang over the snowy radiance of the lily thrilled with delight, while even the dainty-hued wild violet would receive her delicate attentions. But Ruby-Throat did not enjoy the flowers alone. She enjoyed also the shady streams that flowed so quietly over the grassy meadows, and the deep stillness of the forest. In fact, if she was needed for any purpose, her friends never knew whether to look among the crimson peach blossoms or the plumes of the fern, or the wild dells where the water dripped over the brown rocks that were the haunt of timid birds, for the young princess seemed to be everywhere at once, and to enjoy one place as well as another.

Occasionally she would make a visit to the Gray Giants who lived not far away, but this she did more from waywardness than anything else, for they were so exceedingly homely as to be disagreeable to look at, and their manners and customs were also most offensive. Besides, she had been advised by her mother never to venture into any kind of danger, and as Ruby-Throat dearly loved excitement, she sometimes went near the Giants just for the fun of having them run after her. There was no real danger, for the princess was so swift of motion she could easily elude a whole army of giants, but still she liked to fancy that there was a little bit of risk in entering their dominions. One day, when she felt in the mood for something lively, she wandered off toward the domain of the Gray Giants and looked curiously at their gloomy castles. She could hear the piteous moans of the many captives who were confined in these dreary dungeons, and for the first time in her life she appreciated the blessing of being able to fly about just as she pleased.

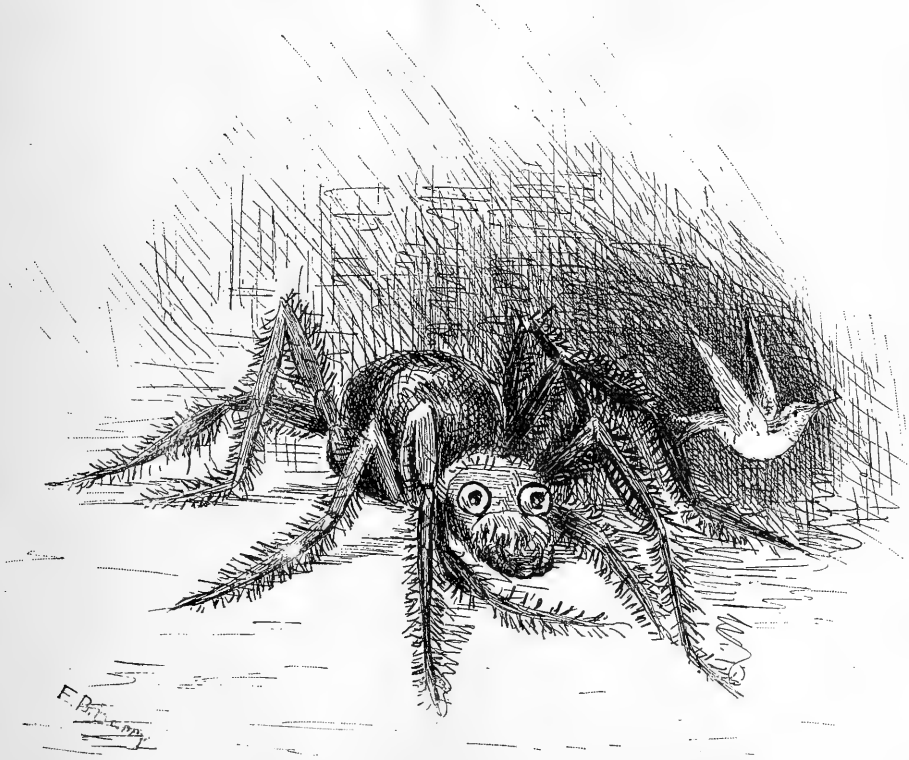
She felt so happy to think that she was not a prisoner in a dark cell that she forgot

all about the Giants for a moment, and alighting on a twig of laurel, stretched her little wings one after the other from very satisfaction.

But presently she flew off again, and this time she approached the castles nearer than she had ever been before. She flew round and round one of the largest ones several

knew that the Giant was on his way to meet the intruder.

Ruby-Throat turned with the speed of lightning and fled through the court. But swift as was her flight, the Giant almost caught up with her, and a thrust from his poisoned spear might have ended her life had not she escaped in time.



BUT SWIFT AS WAS HER FLIGHT, THE GIANT ALMOST CAUGHT UP TO HER.

times, and at last, urged on by her irresistible curiosity, entered its gates, and passed once or twice around the outer court. Then she paused and listened, but the moans of the hapless prisoners inside alone fell upon her ear. Emboldened by this, she ventured still further, and entered the large corridor that led to the Giant's own apartment, but hardly had she taken a step before she regretted her imprudence.

For almost instantly she heard a heavy tread re-echoing through the halls, and

Sobered by this adventure, she flew home very quickly, and spent the rest of the day in congratulating herself upon her good fortune in escaping the Giant, and vowed that she would never go near those doleful precincts again.

But there was one place that Ruby-Throat always visited with great pleasure, for here she frequently met a little earth child who was her dearest friend. This was in a shady hollow, where bright berries grew and the flowers bloomed constantly.

Ruby-Throat had found it out one day when the sun was unusually warm and she had flown to the woods for shade. While she fluttered round the beautiful spot enjoying keenly all its beauties, now bending over the golden moss, and now caressing the shy white violets, she heard a voice speaking so sweetly that she thought it must be the flowers talking.

"Beam of the Sun," said the voice, "come here, I will not harm you. Ah, do not think it; I will only love you."

Ruby-Throat glanced around suspiciously. Where could that voice come from? The flowers seemed to be listening, too, as though they heard strange tones.

At last Ruby-Throat espied a brown-faced, brown-haired, brown-eyed little maid standing back among the shadows, and stretching timidly out a tiny brown palm.

And the voice belonged to her, for she kept repeating all the while, "Beam of the Bright Sun, come hither and let me teach you to love me."

Ruby-Throat fluttered her wings uneasily. This was evidently an earth child; she had heard of such creatures, but would it be safe to make her acquaintance? Perhaps she would prove more dangerous than the Gray Giants.

But at last, won by the sweet voice and gentle eyes, she ventured nearer and nearer to the little maid, until she could look deep into the brown eyes, and then all fear vanished, for she saw that they were as pure and guileless as the white violets at her feet.

The earth child smiled. "Rose of Noon," she said, addressing the fairy in her sweetest tone, "tell me, do you know Nita, who went away last year while the strawberries were ripe?"

"Nita? who is Nita?" asked Ruby-Throat, more and more charmed with this winning creature, who called her such flattering names.

"Nita was my little playmate," answered

the child; "and she died last year just as the strawberries turned reddest. But I thought perhaps she had come to you, for our people say that when we die we become like you."

This was such great news to Ruby-Throat that she was silent with amazement.

"I think it must be beautiful to become one of you," the child went on. "Perhaps after I die I shall be your sister; how would you like that?"

Ruby-Throat gave a little cry of joy.

"Nothing could be more delightful," she said; "you are so very amiable, and you would no doubt turn into a beautiful fairy."

The child seemed pleased at this and looked at Ruby-Throat admiringly, and from that time their friendship progressed rapidly.

It was to this friend that Ruby-Throat flew after her adventure with the Gray Giant, for her feelings had been sadly outraged by the encounter, and she wanted to hear the child's pleasant voice, which always sounded as sweet to her as the song of the thrush in the dewy morning. She flew round and round the little shady nook, but the earth child did not appear, and she was just going to start off home again when she heard the well-known voice.

"Queen of the Day Star," come hither; I have brought you some sweets;" and there stood the child with a vial of golden honey in her hand, which she was offering to her little friend.

Ruby-Throat flew to her, and caressed her lovingly, and then took long draughts of the delicious honey which the child told her was gathered all from the dainty snowdrops and pretty crocuses which grew in her own little garden.

And Ruby-Throat never ceased until she had sipped the very last drop, and was not then satisfied until the child promised her more on the morrow.

Then she hovered around her little dark friend, who petted and caressed her and

called her pretty names until it was time for her to go home, and then with promises to meet the next day they parted.

But at the appointed hour, when the earth child came singing through the woods, with flowers in her hair, and the amber honey gleaming through the crystal vial, little Ruby-Throat failed to make her appearance.

"Gem of the Day, where art thou?" cried the child, looking round in bewilderment, for the fairy had never before failed to come at her call.

But she waited in vain, and at last went sadly home, for her little friend was even then lying stunned and bruised in the cruel net which had caught her, and in a moment deprived her of the liberty without which her young life seemed only cruel mockery.

Poor Ruby-Throat! When she came to herself and looked around that strange place to which her captor had brought her, her heart grew sick with fear. She was too weak and stunned to feel like moving at first, but as her strength came back to her she felt a little ray of hope, for she saw that her prison was not all surrounded by those thick, ugly walls, but that here and there were openings through which the blue sky and green trees appeared.

She began to think that her captivity was all a mistake, and looked around with interest to see what the place was like, while her wings were getting back some of their wonted strength. She saw with surprise several of her old friends in this place, whom she had missed for some time. Here were Emerald-Throat and Topaz, her cousins, and there on a little perch sat Azure-Crown, looking at her with friendly recognition.

Ruby-Throat saw that there were innumerable other occupants of the room besides those of her own class. There were robins, and thrushes, and goldfinches, and orioles, and then there were beautiful butterflies,

and giant moths, and gold and silver fishes. There were also flowers and palms, and gold-green mosses, but Ruby-Throat forgot everything else in her astonishment at seeing that the butterflies and moths did not move but seemed glued against the wall; that the fishes had to be content with tiny little lakes where it seemed they had no room to move in, and that the singing birds all sat quietly on gilded perches, while their wings must have been aching for a long flight through the breezy woods.

But when Ruby-Throat felt able to fly and tried to pass out through one of those open spaces, she found this mystery all explained, for her flight was barred, by what? She did not know, but something kept her from flying outside, though the sky and the trees seemed so near, and she felt just as helpless as she had felt one day when she saw a fairy just like herself looking at her from the bottom of the spring, and she could not get to her though she tried and tried, till her wings were wet and ached with weariness. And so she found she was a prisoner here just as much as when she lay in that fatal net whose meshes were stronger than any ever woven by the fiercest Gray Giants that had ever lived, and as the poor princess realized this her heart sank again, and she felt as though life was too bitter to bear.

And as the days passed it grew still harder, although her captor brought her bright flowers and honey as sweet as any she had ever tasted, for one by one her friends sickened and died—first Emerald-Throat, and then Topaz, and last of all Azure-Crown, while she was left alone among strangers. She noticed that as each of her relatives died the more attentive to her her captor became, and that he tried in every way to make her contented and happy; but she was too miserable to be comforted, and only cared to die too, so that she could wake up perhaps in some other world where such cruelty was unknown.



It is very certain that death would soon have put an end to all her misery, had not something happened one day which made life seem worth having again.

As she sat on her perch one morning, listlessly looking at the soft clouds which were floating across the sky, she heard a voice which thrilled her with delight.

It was the earth child, and in another moment she was at Ruby-Throat's side.

"Poor prisoned Star," said the gentle voice, "wouldst thou seek again thy home in heaven? Then fly, Beam of Day!" and before she could think Ruby-Throat found that the barrier that had kept her in had disappeared and that she could indeed fly out toward the drifting clouds that she had watched with such longing.

The earth child fled, too, her light footsteps scarcely echoing through the gloomy stone courts, and how Ruby-Throat regained her freedom was a puzzle to her captor as long as he lived.

But the princess never forgot, and remained faithful to her child friend while life lasted. Her presence was sweeter to her than the flowers, and her voice dearer than the voice of the sweetest bird, as she talked to her of the time when she too would be a beautiful spirit with wings to fly through the clear air, and how they could roam together through that wonderful country of their dreams, where the sunlight lay always golden, and no harmful thought ever came to mar its loveliness and peace.

HENRIETTA CHRISTIAN WRIGHT.

#### A WORD FOR THE ENGLISH SPARROW.

THE English sparrow is generally regarded with so much disfavor that it is almost accounted treason to say a word in his defense. Yet he has his virtues as well as his vices, like his defamers.

I feel that I am qualified to make this assertion, as I have been an interested watcher of a colony of sparrows which have made their house in a large tree in my garden, and as the branches overshadow my window, I am able to keep myself well informed of their proceedings.

How quiet they are now in October compared with their summer mood. I notice a number of small birds in the tree—members of the warbler family I think—but the sparrows do not molest them, for their jealously guarded young have flown, and the nests are empty.

Early in the season, however, disagreements would arise, and I have heard loud talking between rival claimants for some eligible building site. Occasionally the dis-

putants would come to blows, and settle the question of proprietorship by a *coup de main*, in which the whole community would join, while the spasmodic jerkings of their tails showed the intensity of their emotions.

But I am glad to say that this aggressive spirit was not the prevailing one among them, and when the rights of property holders were secured the general harmony was seldom disturbed.

These little failings in *Passer domesticus* have gained him many enemies, but he has another side to his character, and I will now speak of his virtues, which consist in destroying insects, but with this he is never credited, and the fact that he rears his young on insect food, which I have ascertained from personal observation, is also entirely ignored. As the nesting season extends from May till September, it is incalculable the number of insects that one pair of sparrows will destroy in a season.

Our little brown friend is also very intel-



ligent and affectionate, of which I have had abundant proof, having brought up several sparrow children that I have found in my garden unable to fly, and I could not leave them in their helplessness to fall a prey to the cat. No two were alike in character, each one was as distinct from the other as my neighbor's little Harry and Willie and Carrie.

The sparrows evidently appreciated my kindness to their offspring, and manifested a degree of intelligence in the matter truly remarkable.

I was watching a pair of these birds one day feeding a little one on the ground, which apparently caused them a great deal of anxiety, as it would go into the road.

Suddenly the parents flew up to my window, and looked steadily at me. I said, "Do you want me to get the baby? Very well, I'll come," but I purposely delayed, to see what they would do further, when the female became impatient, and went to the basement window, pressing her breast against the glass, and striking it repeatedly with her bill, at the same time uttering loud cries. Fortunately a member of the family who understood the bird's appeal was in the dining room at the time, and the adventurous baby soon found himself in a wooden cage on my window sill, when the parents resumed feeding it as if nothing had happened out of the common, and as if it was an every-day occurrence for sparrows to knock at the doors and windows of houses, and request the inmates to take care of Little Fluffy.

I was generally successful in rearing the nestlings I picked up, and they soon learned to enjoy the delights of a sand bath, so much so indeed that I really was afraid sometimes they would rub all their feathers off (the few they had) but a water bath was always an epoch in their existence. I would hold them poised on my finger over a saucer

of water, and the more intelligent of them would cling to my hand with one foot, while they would ascertain the depth of the water with the other, and when they found it was only knee deep it did not require much urging to induce them to enter boldly in.

One young lady was so intemperate in the use of the bath that she had scarcely ever a dry thread—I mean feather—upon her. When I turned on the faucet, the sound of the running water would throw her into ecstasies, and she would spread her wings and plunge about on the floor in delighted anticipation of the coming luxury.

Fond as I grew of the little creatures, I gave them their liberty as soon as they were strong on the wing. Not that I ever caged them, except at night, for the sight of a caged bird always pains me, and at the risk of being thought tedious I feel that these details would be incomplete if I failed to record the sayings and doings of our little pet, named Doll Baby. She was the beauty of the family; the rich color of her plumage was quite phenomenal, and like other young ladies, seemed desirous of showing her fine clothes to the admiring throng. So I liberated her in one of the city parks.

I missed my little pet very much, and about a week afterward I turned my steps to the park, and as I approached the spot where she had flown from my hand, I called "Baby! Baby!" in the vain hope of seeing her, when to my unbounded delight and surprise, the little creature came flying toward me. It was a tender meeting, but my friend did not look happy. She had found the world was not all sunshine, even to a little birdie, and I felt that the time for us two to part had not come yet, so I folded my veil round her and brought her home, not at all ashamed of the emotions that had been stirred in my heart by the love of an English sparrow—only a sparrow.

EMMA THORNTON.

## HINTS TO AUDUBON WORKERS.\*

FIFTY COMMON BIRDS AND HOW TO KNOW THEM.

### VII.

AFTER spending a morning with a flock of warblers, trying to fix your glass on the spot overhead where the leaves stirred, striving to catch the colors of the cap and wing bars of the little object fluttering through the branches of a sapling three or four rods away; making your neck ache looking for the vexatious flitters that hunt in the tops of the highest trees; following the hint of a faint *chip* here, while you keep your eye on half a dozen of the rarer warblers that have just come in sight over there; losing track of the whole flock as you stop to study the habits of one; and then having to trudge the woods over, straining your ears till convinced that you are deaf, as you try in vain to catch the *chick-a-dee-dee* of the titmouse, or the *yank, yank*, of the nuthatch, which would give a clue to the whereabouts of the runaways—after a morning spent in this way, you will come back to the thrushes with a feeling of restful relief.

In the first place, they are large enough to be seen, and give you the full benefit of their size by keeping near the ground. Then, if you find one, he is very likely to stay, and let you inspect him. Moreover, it is possible to identify him without knowing about each individual tail feather and wing marking. Besides all this, you gain self-respect in associating with the thrushes. When you have chased after a flock of warblers half a day, only to find, on comparing your notes with descriptions in the books, that what you saw applies equally well to three or four widely differing species, your opinion of yourself dwindles unpleasantly. Depressing doubts creep into your mind. But with the thrushes the case is reversed. You can write essays in your note book while they sit and look at you. You can arrange their songs in flats and sharps to

suit your fancy, and they will not demur. Indubitably, you must treat them with respect. But whoever thought of making a noise in the presence of a philosopher, or taking liberties with a sage? You feel flattered by being allowed to watch them at a distance, and when you get home and find Ridgway's Manual ready to endorse your identifications, your self-respect is restored.

Still, there are difficulties in discriminating between the thrushes, and I confess they puzzled me at first. I began by studying the wood, the hermit, and the tawny. They all had brown backs, white speckled breasts, and beautiful voices. But very soon I found that they could be easily distinguished by variations in the shade of brown on their backs, by size and arrangement of the speckles, and by the quality of their songs.

#### *In Coloring of Back.*

The brown of the *wood* is reddest on head and shoulders.

The brown of the *hermit* is reddest on the tail.

The *tawny* has a uniformly tawny back.

#### *In Speckling of the Breast.*

The *wood* is heavily speckled with large brown spots, except on a plain middle area.

The *hermit*, in keeping with his smaller size, is less heavily marked, with smaller speckles, and has a plain area underneath, as well as on his neck and breast.

The *tawny* is only lightly spotted on the sides of his breast, and has a tawny chin and throat.

#### *In Character of Song.*

The *wood* has a loud, rich, broken song.

The *hermit's* resembles the wood's in quality, but is much superior. It has a trill inserted in each phrase.

The *tawny* has a low sweet song consisting of a succession of trills, in descending scale.

In many places the wood thrush is found in the most open ground, and the hermit in the densest forest, but during a cold snap

on April 26, 27 and 29, 1884, Mr. John H. Sage saw several migrating hermit thrushes in the streets and about the dooryards in Portland, Conn., and Mr. Brewster has found the wood thrush at home and abundant in the mountains of western North Carolina.\* Indeed, the haunts of the different thrushes vary greatly, and not only in different parts of the country, but with individual preference in the same section. This is markedly the case with the

WILSON'S THRUSH; VEERY; TAWNY THRUSH.

I know one that sings in a locust tree close to a house by the side of the road, apparently indifferent to the baying of hounds, and the noisy play of children. And I have found others that were shy, even in the seclusion of an alder swamp.

I know five haunts of the veery in one woods. Two are in dry second growth, one of them being on the western exposure of the woods, where the coldest winds sweep over the hill, and little is heard except the woodpecker's reveille, and the pensive note of the wood pewee. Here their chief occupation is turning the dry leaves aside with their bills, and scratching among them, hen fashion, for worms.

The three other places are moist ferneries, two of them being in the most protected part of the woods. One is in a grove of maple saplings, where the sun streams in to light up great masses of the arching hairy mountain fern, and warm the moss-covered drumming log of the partridge. Another, is an old swamp on whose border a giant hemlock stands. Here the red morning sunlight creeps up soon after the birds are awake, and touches caressingly the smooth trunks of the beeches. It always seems as if the veery were more sociable here than on the dark western side of the woods. If you find one running along on the dark moss, you are sure to see another standing among the ferns; if you stop to see how the sunlight shimmers

through the young hemlocks, a friendly *kree-ah* from a bush near by will prepare you for the low song that trills in descending scale through the cool morning air, and breaks the hush of sunrise, as one after another of the peaceful songsters takes it up and carries it along.

In this swamp, on the soft decayed wood in the top of an old stump, five or six feet from the ground, one of the veery's nests was found, and I think that careful search might have revealed others. But although such places seem best suited to the sweet choristers, I have found a nest in a locality as dissimilar as could be imagined. It was on the edge of a raspberry patch, where the sun beat down nearly all day long. The nest was deserted when I found it. Such a pretty structure as it was! Within a foot or so of the ground, wedged in between the sides of a young beech, it was made almost entirely of old leaves, and completely disguised by the crisp brown ones still clinging to the twigs. The lining was of dead leaves, roots and stems. The four eggs were a beautiful unspotted robin's egg blue. What a pity it seemed that such an attractive little home should be broken up! Who will ever know its tragedy! Perhaps the lonely father bird still haunts the woods mourning for his little mate!

In his own quiet way, the veery is a peculiarly sociable bird. So, although his song is the least remarkable of the three thrushes, his conversational notes and calls are both varied and numerous. His regular song is a series of trills descending the scale, and may be rendered as a trilled *trea, trea, trea*. Another form of this is *tree, tree, trum, rea, rea*.

Last spring I was greatly puzzled by hearing in the woods what seemed like the bleating of a lamb; and although I soon suspected its source, it was some time before I saw the veery making this peculiar sound. It resembles a bleat so nearly that it can be fairly represented by the syllables *ba-ah-ah*.

\* *The Auk*, Vol. III., No. 2, p. 178, April, 1886.

Mr. Brewster says it is a common phrase of the Wilson's from the mountains of North Carolina to Maine and Labrador. I have heard it modified into a rapid run resembling *titarce*. As far as I have observed, this bleating call is usually connected with flight, or motion of some kind.

The commonest calls of the veery when undisturbed are *kree-ah* and *kree-up*. His *kree'-whee-a* is in a higher key and suggests alarm. One day I went through the bushes where a family of young were hiding. The mother sat on a branch looking down in dismay, anxiously wagging her tail. *Whee-ah!* she called, and then added in undertone what seemed to be a warning, and sounded like *be still, be still!*

Sitting on a stump in the raspberry patch, I have drawn a number of veerys about me by imitating their *kree-ah*, and one of the rarest forest concerts I ever listened to began with this call. It was on a June afternoon, when the sunbeams slanted lazily through the heavy summer air, tipping the fern fronds, and giving a touch of golden enchantment to the brown leaves that strewed the ground. *Kree-ah, kree-up*, came the sweet rich call, first from one side and then another, till a dozen thrushes gathered. Then from their leafy covers rose the grave beautiful song. It seemed the choral of a dream, in which each note came forth as an inspiration.

#### HERMIT THRUSH.

In literature and in the field the tawny and hermit thrushes are constantly confounded. The most marked differences have been given, but there are a few lesser points that may be of use in distinguishing them. The back of the hermit is olive, while the tawny, as his name indicates, has a tawny back. The hermit has the habit of raising his tail and then letting it drop straight down. The tawny raises his tail higher, and lowers it only to the horizontal. The hermit is solitary and shy; the tawny sociable and comparatively confiding. The

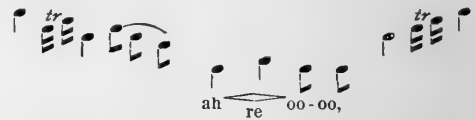
veery nests in various places; the hermit, almost always on the ground in a swamp, building with leaves, sedge and moss.

The call of the tawny is greatly varied; the hermit has a peculiar, nasal *chuck*, which, Mr. Bicknell says, suggests "the note of a distant blackbird."

The low, sweet, trilled song of the tawny bears little resemblance to the loud, richly modulated song of the hermit; but as they have been mistaken for each other, it may be well to give the approximate relations of time and note, in musical phrase. Like the song of the tawny, the hermit's is divided into three parts, going down the scale. But the trill is, here, only the middle of each phrase.



Variations from this occur in broken songs as:



At a little distance, this is probably the most beautiful song of our woods. Mr. Burroughs says to him it is the finest sound in nature. In the Adirondack region the retiring hermit is appropriately known as the "swamp angel."

Comparing his song with that of the wood thrush, Mr. Burroughs says: "The cast of its song is very much like that of the wood thrush, and a good observer might easily confound the two. But hear them together and the difference is quite marked: the song of the hermit is in a higher key, and is more mild and ethereal. His instrument is a silver horn which he winds in the most solitary places. The song of the wood thrush is more golden and leisurely. Its tone comes near to that of some rare stringed instrument." In another place he says: "Through the general chorus of wrens and warblers I detect this

sound rising pure and serene, as if a spirit from some remote height were slowly chanting a divine accompaniment. This song appeals to the sentiment of the beautiful in me, and suggests a serene religious beatitude as no other sound in nature does. It is perhaps more of an evening than a morning hymn, though I hear it at all hours of the day. It is very simple, and I can hardly tell the secret of its charm. 'O spheral,

spheral!' he seems to say; 'O holy, holy!' \* \* \* interspersed with the finest trills and the most delicate preludes. It is not a proud, gorgeous strain, like the tanager's or the grosbeak's; suggests no passion or emotion—nothing personal—but seems to be the voice of that calm sweet solemnity one attains to in his best moments. It realizes a peace and a deep solemn joy that only the finest souls may know."

FLORENCE A. MERRIAM.

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### A TALKING CROW.

ONCE had a neighbor who owned a talking crow. The bird had been taken from its nest when very young, and was confined in a cage, receiving much attention from the various members of the household. His owner's name was Arthur Watson, and Mrs. Watson, standing one day in the door calling to her husband at dinner time, was much surprised to hear Dick repeat "A-r-t-h-u-r," imitating very closely her prolonged tone and rising inflection. After this the bird received more attention than ever, and rapidly learned to say words and sentences. He became so tame that he was finally released from his cage and flew about the village at will, making friends with everybody. His favorite mode of salutation was to fly down by the side, or in front of the person he wished to address, screaming out in a shrill falsetto, "Old black cro-ow has come!" dwelling upon the word crow with a prolonged crescendo that gave the sentence a very peculiar effect. Sometimes he would simply throw back his head and say "Hello, Ed," in quick sharp tones, repeating it until he received an answering "Hello," when he would fly away apparently satisfied. Strangers were frequently startled by his abrupt address. On one occasion a neighbor was having his house repainted, and Dick flew over early in the morning to see what was

going on. One of the painters was a stranger in the neighborhood. He was standing on the ladder, thirty feet from the ground, when he heard the rushing of wings as Dick flew and alighted on the edge of the roof, screaming out his favorite sentence, "Old black cro-ow has come!" The perplexed wielder of the brush was so frightened that it was with difficulty he kept from falling.

The boys taught this wise bird to play hide-and-seek with them, and in the winter he would go with them coasting. He was very happy when he could join the children in any of their sports. Dick was very mischievous withal, and would steal spoons and other small shining objects, hiding them under the barn or in any out-of-the-way place that pleased his fancy. He especially delighted in pulling up seedlings that had been transplanted, and in taking clothes pins off the line, indulging in frantic glee when the garments fell to the ground.

It is said that a crow will learn to talk if a small cord under the tongue be cut; but Mr. Watson always claimed that Dick's vocal powers were a complete surprise to every member of the family, and had not been in the least facilitated by operation or special instruction.

Dick shared the fate of most pets of that description, and was accidentally shot.

MARY E. SHULTS.

# THE AUDUBON NOTE BOOK.

## MEMBERSHIP RETURNS.

THE registered membership of the Society on Oct. 31 was 40,783, showing an increase of 1,033 during the month, due to the following sources:

New York.....	233	Texas.....	3
Massachusetts.....	217	Kansas.....	5
New Hampshire.....	64	Iowa.....	48
New Jersey.....	9	Illinois.....	16
Maine.....	43	Nebraska.....	1
Connecticut.....	18	Missouri.....	5
Vermont.....	10	Ohio.....	4
Pennsylvania.....	46	Michigan.....	47
District of Columbia.....	11	Indiana.....	1
North Carolina.....	19	California.....	1
West Virginia.....	25	Nevada.....	2
Virginia.....	2	Wisconsin.....	1
Florida.....	1	Colorado.....	3
Maryland.....	10	Tennessee.....	59
Georgia.....	31	Canada.....	93
Kentucky.....	4	Foreign.....	1

1033  
C. F. AMERY, General Secretary.

## THE PROPOSED MONUMENT TO AUDUBON.

AT the recent meeting in New York of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, the fact that the remains of the great naturalist Audubon lie in an obscure and little visited portion of Trinity Cemetery, New York city, and that his tomb is unmarked by any distinguishing monument, was brought to the attention of the members. The demands upon the time of all in attendance at that meeting were so great, that no action was taken by the Association, although the most lively interest was expressed by individual members, and the propriety of marking the resting place of the founder of American ornithology by a suitable monument was appreciated.

The Audubon plot in Trinity Cemetery will probably be disturbed by the continuation westward of One Hundred and Fifty-third street. The trustees of the cemetery have with commendable liberality assigned the Audubon family a new lot close to One Hundred and Fifty-fifth street, in full sight of Audubon Park, and near the end of Audubon avenue, when this shall be continued from the north; and they are in hearty co-operation with the monument enterprise.

At the first autumn meeting of the New York Academy of Sciences, a committee was appointed to solicit funds, and make all arrangements for a monument. Vice-President Trowbridge then appointed as the committee, Prof. Thomas Egleston of the School of Mines, Chairman; Prof. Daniel Martin of Rutgers Female College, and Dr. N. L. Britton of Columbia College. This committee has organized

with Dr. Britton as secretary and treasurer, and is now ready to receive subscriptions, which will be properly acknowledged. Checks should be made payable to N. L. Britton, treasurer; and post office orders should be drawn on Station H, New York city.

The committee estimates that between \$6,000 and \$10,000 will be required to erect and engrave a shaft worthy the memory of America's great naturalist, and while confident that this amount will be forthcoming, desires to have interest taken in the project by scientists in all departments in all portions of the country.

After the Academy of Sciences had taken up the matter of erecting a suitable monument to America's greatest ornithologist, the American Ornithologists' Union held a meeting at Washington at which a committee consisting of Messrs. Geo. Bird Grinnell, Wm. Dutcher and G. B. Sennett, all of this city, was appointed to act in concert with the committee of the New York Academy of Sciences to secure funds to aid in the erection of the proposed monument.

It was the feeling of the meeting that all ornithologists and others interested in birds would be glad of an opportunity to contribute to the fund.

We too think that some of our forty thousand members will be glad of an opportunity to contribute to the fund. We could raise the monument ourselves by a subscription of twenty-five cents a member, but there are others desirous of contributing, and we are not asked to monopolize the undertaking, but simply to contribute toward it, so while we are prepared to appreciate a liberal response we hope that none of our members will subscribe to the fund excepting those who reckon it a privilege to be associated with the undertaking.

Checks should be made payable to N. L. Britton, treasurer of the committee as above indicated.

## STUDY OF NATURAL HISTORY IN SCHOOLS.

MR. GEORGE M. MINCHIN, of the Royal Indian Engineering College, contributes the following to the *Selborne Society Letters*:

"To any one who knows something of the habits and names of birds, the ignorance displayed by many of his friends concerning their very names, size, color, etc., is often astounding. Several of my friends, for instance—men of physical science, skillful metaphysicians, literary men—do not know the difference between a goldfinch and a bullfinch, or between a grouse and a pheasant! The same ignorance extends to the animal kingdom generally; and

although it seems to be tolerated, and indeed rendered necessary by the ordinary course of education in schools, it is, in reality, a scandalous blot on our educational system.

"The remedy is extremely simple. Introduce among the school books a short manual of natural history, dealing rather with the interesting characteristics of animals than with the science of their structure—just those things which interest youth without producing a strain on the intellect—and the result will be a far more widely spread knowledge of the inhabitants of our fields, streams, and woods than that which now prevails. Another result will be a greater sympathy with the non-human portion of life, and a diminution of that cruelty to animals which is one of the very worst characteristics of our people, a cruelty which is, sometimes at least, a result of some infinitely absurd superstition, as in the case of the treatment of young yellow-hammers in parts of Scotland.

"Indeed, the omission of the teaching of natural history (in an easy and interesting shape) in our schools fits ill with the vast importance now attained by biology, a science of immense possibilities, and one which is 'advancing by leaps and bounds.'"

#### WHAT THE KANSAS MAIL BROUGHT US.

BEVERLY, Lincoln Co., Kan., Nov. 9, 1887.

*Audubon Society:*

DEAR SIRS—As many are writing about their pets I thought I would write about mine, too.

I have a sparrow that I caught one evening after school.

I think a cat had caught him once, for one wing was bruised and the skin was torn on his head, but he is all right now.

I put him in a cage with some canaries and he began to eat as soon as he saw the canaries eating.

He now hops about in the cage like the canaries, but is still pretty wild.

I also have a male brown thrush, over a year old. He does not sing much but is very amusing.

If a stick or anything loose is left in his reach, he will pull it into his cage if possible.

We once had a crow blackbird and I think he was the funniest pet we ever had.

One day he got into a gallon can which had a little green paint in the bottom and got nearly covered with it.

He would roost in some trees in front of the house and in the morning he would come to the door for his breakfast.

One day he disappeared and I think a cat got him, for he never came back.

It was in the summer so he did not go south.

Ever your friend, DAVIS A. BOYLES.

#### A DISHUMANIZING AMUSEMENT.

"NOT once or twice only, at the sea-side, have I come across a sad and disgraceful sight—a sight which haunts me still—a number of harmless sea-birds lying defaced and dead upon the sand, their white plumage red with blood, as they had been tossed there, dead or half-dead, their torture and massacre having furnished a day's amusement to heartless and senseless men. Amusement! I say execrable amusement! All killing for mere killing sake is execrable amusement. Can you imagine the stupid callousness, the utter insensibility to mercy and beauty, of the man who, seeing those bright, beautiful creatures as their white, immaculate wings flash in the sunshine over the blue waves, can go out in a boat with his boys to teach them to become brutes in character by finding amusement—I say again dishumanizing amusement—by wantonly murdering these fair birds of God, or cruelly wounding them, and letting them fly away to wait and die in lonely places?"—*Archdeacon Farrar, in a sermon preached at Westminster Abbey.*

At the Boston meeting of the American Ornithologists' Union, recently, a letter was read from Mr. William Lloyd, of Texas, telling of his observations in the arid region of western Texas to determine what birds indicate proximity to water and at what distance. The observations extend over four years and Mr. Lloyd gives the following list "as certainties," with the greatest distance at which each occurs from water: "Cardinal, one mile; warblers (including chat), one mile; vireos, two miles; mockingbirds, two and one-half to three and one-half miles; blue grosbeak, the same; orchard oriole, Bullock's oriole, and nonpareil, each three miles; Carolina dove, three to five miles; black-capped titmouse, four miles; Texas cardinal, six miles. This only applies to summer, and will not hold in winter or during migrations." The letter further states that Mr. Lloyd has put the result of his observations to practical use.

THE *Journal of Geneva*, a Swiss newspaper, contained, during a severe "cold snap" last spring, the following advertisement: "Notice to the Charitable.—On account of the heavy snow-fall and the extreme cold, the resident birds, and birds of passage, in Geneva, make this pressing appeal to a generous public. They earnestly request that the reader will place, in some place not likely to be covered with snow, a plate containing seeds, or a modest provision of bread crumbs. In return for this favor, they hereby engage, as soon as the warm weather returns, to wage unrelenting war against destructive insects of every variety." This pathetic advertisement was very generally "answered," and the birds of Geneva fared very well as long as the snow lasted.



## THE AUDUBON SOCIETY FOR THE PROTECTION OF BIRDS.

THE AUDUBON SOCIETY was founded in New York city in February, 1886. Its purpose is the protection of American birds, not used for food, from destruction for mercantile purposes. The magnitude of the evil with which the Society will cope, and the imperative need of the work which it proposes to accomplish, are outlined in the following statement concerning

### THE DESTRUCTION OF BIRDS.

Within the last few years, the destruction of our birds has increased at a rate which is alarming. This destruction now takes place on such a large scale as to seriously threaten the existence of a number of our most useful species. It is carried on chiefly by men and boys who sell the skins or plumage to be used for ornamental purposes—principally for the trimming of women's hats, bonnets and clothing. These men kill everything that wears feathers. The birds of the woods, the birds of the field, the birds of the marsh and those of the sea are alike slain, at all times and at all seasons. It matters not if the bird be a useful one which devours the hurtful insects which destroy the farmer's crops, or a bright-plumaged songster whose advent has been welcomed in spring, and which has reared its brood in the door yard during the summer, or a swift-winged sea swallow whose flight along the shore has often with unerring certainty led the fisherman to his finny prey—whatever it be, it must be sacrificed to the bird butcher's lust for slaughter and for gain. Besides the actual destruction of the birds, their numbers are still further diminished by the practice of robbing their nests in the breeding season.

Although it is impossible to get at the number of birds killed each year, some figures have been published which give an idea of what the slaughter must be. We know that a single local taxidermist handles 30,000 bird skins in one year; that a single collector brought back from a three months trip 11,000 skins; that from one small district on Long Island about 70,000 birds were brought to New York in four months time. In New York one firm had on hand February 1, 1886, 200,000 skins. The supply is not limited by domestic consumption. American bird skins are sent abroad. The great European markets draw their supplies from all over the world. In London there were sold in three months from one auction room, 404,464 West Indian and Brazilian bird skins, and 356,389 East Indian birds. In Paris 100,000 African birds have been sold by one dealer in one year. One New York firm recently had a contract to supply 40,000 skins of American birds to one Paris firm. These figures tell their own story—but it is a story which might be known even without them; we may read it plainly enough in the silent hedges, once vocal with the morning songs of birds, and in the deserted fields where once bright plumage flashed in the sunlight.

### BIRDS, INSECTS AND CROPS.

The food of our small birds consists very largely of the insects which feed on the plants grown by the farmer. These insects multiply with such astounding rapidity that a single pair may in the course of one season be the progenitors of six billions of their kind. All through the season at which this insect life is most active, the birds are constantly at work destroying for their young and for themselves, tens of thousands of hurtful creatures, which, but for them, would swarm upon the farmer's crops and lessen the results of his labors.

A painstaking and ardent naturalist not very long ago watched the nest of a pair of martins for sixteen hours, from 4 A. M. till 8 P. M., just to see how many visits the parent birds made to their young. He found that in that time 312 visits to the four young were made, 119 by the male and 193 by the female. If we suppose only six insects to have been brought at each visit, this pair of birds would have destroyed, for their young alone, in this one summer's day, not far from 2,000 insects. The important relations which our birds bear to the agricultural interests and so to the general welfare, are recognized by the governments of all our States. Laws exist for their protection, but these laws are rendered inoperative by the lack of an intelligent public sentiment to support them. They are nowhere enforced. It is for the interest of every one that such a public sentiment should be created.

It is time that this destruction were stopped.

### PURPOSE OF THE AUDUBON SOCIETY.

To secure the protection of our birds by awakening a better sentiment, the Audubon Society, named after the greatest of American ornithologists, has been founded. The objects sought to be accomplished by this Society are to prevent as far as possible—

- (1) The killing of any wild bird not used for food.
- (2) The taking or destroying of the eggs or nests of any wild birds.
- (3) The wearing of the feathers of wild birds. Ostrich feathers, whether from wild or tame birds, and those of domestic fowls, are specially exempted.

The Audubon Society aims especially to preserve those

birds which are now practically without protection. Our game birds are already protected by law, and in large measure by public sentiment, and their care may be left to the sportsman. The great aim of the Society is the protection of American non-game birds. The English sparrow is not included in our lists.

### PLAN OF THE WORK.

Obviously the Society cannot supply any machinery of compulsion to lead individuals and communities to a higher regard for bird life and to efforts for its protection. Nor are compulsory measures thought necessary. The wrong is tolerated not only because of thoughtlessness and indifference. The birds are killed for millinery purposes. So long as fashion demands bird feathers, the birds will be slaughtered. The remedy is to be found in the awakening of a healthy public sentiment on the subject. If this enormous destruction of birds can once be put in its true light before the eyes of men and women and young folks, if interest be aroused and sentiment created, the great wrong must cease. To so present the case to the people as to awaken this corrective sentiment is the special work contemplated by the Audubon Society. The methods adopted are very simple. Pledges are furnished, subscription to which constitutes membership, and certificates are issued to members.

### TERMS OF MEMBERSHIP.

The signing of any of the pledges will qualify one for membership in the Society. It is earnestly desired that each member may sign all three of the pledges. Beyond the promise contained in the pledge no obligation nor responsibility is incurred. There are no fees, nor dues, nor any expenses of any kind. There are no conditions as to age. The boys and girls are invited to take part in the work, for they can often do more than others to practically protect the nesting birds. All who are interested in the subject are invited to become members, and to urge their friends to join the Society. If each man, woman or child who reads this circular will exert his or her influence, it will not take long to enlist in the good work a great number of people actively concerned in the protection of our birds. It is desired that members may be enrolled in every town and village throughout the land, so that by the moral weight of its influence this Society may check the slaughter of our beautiful songsters. The beneficent influence of the Audubon Society should be exerted in every remotest by-way where the songs of birds fill the air, and in every crowded city where the plumes of slain songsters are worn as an article of dress.

### ASSOCIATE MEMBERS.

As there are a very great number of people in full sympathy with the Audubon movement, and ready to lend it their moral support, but who refrain from joining the Society simply because they find it distasteful to sign a pledge, it has been determined to form a class of Associate Members. Any one expressing his or her sympathy with the objects of the Audubon Society and submitting a written request for membership to any local secretary, will be enrolled on the list of Associate Members. All such applications for membership received by local secretaries of the Society should be forwarded to the General Secretary for registration.

### LOCAL SECRETARIES.

The Society has local secretaries in cities, towns and villages. The local secretary will furnish this circular of information and pledge forms; will receive the signed pledges, keep a list of the members, forward a duplicate list with the pledges for enrollment and file at the Society's office; and will receive in return certificates of membership, to be filled out and signed by the local secretary and given to the members. No certificate of membership will be issued to any person except upon the receipt of a signed pledge at the office of the Society. Where no local secretary has yet been appointed, individual applicants for membership may address the Society at its office, No. 40 Park Row, New York.

If there is no local secretary in your town, you are invited to act as such yourself, or to hand this to some other person who will accept the office. Upon application we will supply copies of this circular and pledge forms.

### THE AUDUBON SOCIETY CERTIFICATE.

The Society furnishes to each member a handsome certificate of membership. This bears a portrait of the great naturalist, John James Audubon, after whom the Society very appropriately takes its name.

The office of the Society is at 40 Park Row, New York city. All communications should be addressed

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Franklin and Hawley Streets Boston





PORTRAIT OF AUDUBON.

PAINTED BY HIMSELF.

# THE AUDUBON MAGAZINE.

VOL. I.

JANUARY, 1888.

NO. 12.

## AUDUBONIAN SKETCHES.

### I.

IT may be remembered by those who read *The Auk* for October (1886), that the writer published therein a paper entitled "On an old portrait of Audubon, painted by himself, and a word about some of his early drawings." A frontispiece illustrated that number, being a reduced portrait of Audubon, the original of which he had painted himself, which original came temporarily into my possession at Fort Wingate, New Mexico, where I had had a photograph made of it, and subsequently electrotyped the latter.

The article in *The Auk* fully explains the way by which it came about that such a rare privilege was extended to me, with other matters relating thereto. Now the present circulation of *The Auk* is not as great as it will surely come to be some day, and as no doubt many widely separated members of the AUDUBON SOCIETY never saw the portrait of our great ornithologist referred to above, the thought struck me, that it would contribute to their pleasure to republish this picture in THE AUDUBON MAGAZINE. This, as you see, with the ready assent of Dr. Grinnell, I have done for you.

The good people who loaned me this original portrait of Audubon, also presented me with three of his original boy-drawings; these are still in my possession, and I have had them one and all photographed for publication in the present connection.

In describing this old portrait and these three drawings in *The Auk* I said: "It will be remembered by those conversant with the life of Audubon, that sometime during his youth he spent a year or more with his parents at Nantes, France. His wife tells us in his biography, that while at Nantes, this famous young devotee of nature made a hundred drawings of European birds. These were brought back by him in his portfolio on his return to America, and it proves to be three of these juvenile efforts that I now have in my possession. Rare old treasures they are to be sure, and would that I could commit to paper the quickly-passing thoughts they inspire in my mind, as I hold them up one at a time before me!

"They cause us to wonder whether Audubon really dreamed, as he worked away over these crude productions, of the man he was to be some day. And we wonder, too, as we examine them, at the rapidity of his artistic development and improvement.

"They are each and all drawn by a combination of crayon and water-colors upon a thin and not expensive kind of drawing-paper, now brittle and soiled by age. Audubon had evidently numbered these drawings of his, and these numbers are 44, 77, and 96, a European magpie, a coot, and a green woodpecker, respectively.

"As I have said, the earliest of these drawings is the one of the magpie, and let



THE EUROPEAN MAGPIE.

ORIGINAL DRAWING OF AUDUBON, MADE WHEN HE WAS A BOY.

us look at it for a moment. It is life size, as they all three are, and the bird is represented standing on the ground, being drawn lengthwise on the paper. The execution is quite crude, though the naturalist 'sticks out' in it, for notwithstanding the somewhat awkward position the bird is in, there is life in it. The ground is simply a wash of pale green and brown, while over on one side of the paper he has 'tried his brush,' having made some rough concentric circles with paint dabs about them. Beneath this drawing we find written in lead-pencil in two lines, 'La Pie, Buffon,' 'Pye, Piot Magpye, Pianet, english,' and over to the left-hand corner, 'No. 44.'

The second picture is that of a coot, and is here a marked improvement upon the magpie. Far more pains have been taken with the feet, legs, bill, and eye, though little has been gained in the natural attitude of the bird. It is also represented standing upon the dry ground, which is here of a pale, violet wash, unbroken by anything in the shape of stones or vegetation. Except very faintly on the wing, no attempt has been made to individualize the feathers, the entire body being of a dead black, worked in either by burnt cõrk or crayon. Beneath this figure has been written in lead-pencil, but gone over again by the same hand in ink, "La foulque ou La Moselle—Buffon, Riviere Loire Joselle—" "English—the Coot."

As is usually the case among juvenile artists, both this bird and the magpie are represented upon direct lateral view, and no evidencẽ has yet appeared to hint to us, of the wonderful power Audubon eventually came to possess in figuring his birds in their every attitude.

There is a peculiar pleasure that takes possession of us as we turn to the third and last of these figures, the one representing the green woodpecker (*Gecinus viridis*). It is a wonderful improvement, in every particular, upon both of the others. The de-

tails of the plumage and other structures are brought out with great delicacy and refinement of touch; while the attitude of the bird, an old male, is even better than many of those published in his famous work.

The colors are soft and have been so handled as to lend to the plumage a very flossy and natural appearance, while the old trunk upon the side of which the bird is represented, presents several evidences of an increase of the power to paint such objects.

We find written in lead-pencil beneath this picture, in two lines, and in rather a Frenchy hand, "Le Pic vert, Buffon," "the Green Woodpecker—British Zoology."

When Mrs. Walker, the lady who presented me with these drawings, forwarded them, I received from her a very valuable letter, and in it she tells me that "there was a portfolio of quite a number and variety of birds left with my father by Mrs. Audubon, but they have been given to different members of our family. He left a half-finished portrait of his wife and two sons, a portrait of himself in oil colors, taken by himself with the aid of a mirror, and a life size American eagle; were they now in my possession I would most willingly send them for your inspection.

"Mrs. Audubon was governess in my father's family for several years, also in that of a neighbor's of ours. I presume you are aware she supported herself and sons by teaching during the years of Mr. Audubon's wanderings through America in pursuit of his collections. I was but a child at the time. He was with us eight months [in Louisiana], but during the greater part of the time was wandering all over the State, walking the almost entire time;—no insect, worm, reptile, bird or animal escaped his notice. He would make a collection, return home and draw his crayon sketches, when his son John would stuff the birds and such animals as he wished to preserve. I regret greatly, Doctor, that I cannot gratify you in giving a more minute account of Mr. Au-



THE EUROPEAN COOT.  
ANOTHER OF AUDUBON'S BOY SKETCHES.



dubon's life while with us. But I was too young at the time, and as all of the older members of my family have passed away, I cannot collect such items as I might have done some years since. The two [three] crayons I beg you will accept."

In describing the portrait of Audubon, I said further in *The Auk* that "several months after receiving this letter, Mrs. Walker came to Fort Wingate to visit her daughter, and to my great pleasure brought with her the oil painting of Audubon she speaks of in the letter just quoted. I hold this valued little art treasure in my left hand as I pen these words. It is a quaint and winning

picture, painted on rather thin canvas, and tacked to a rough, wooden frame, some 26 cms. by 31 cms., and evidently home-made. But the hair, *the eyes*, the mouth, the nose are Audubon's! Not only that, but given us by Audubon's hand, and that grand old naturalist's face grows upon us as we look into it. He wears an old-fashioned dark-green coat, and a still more old-fashioned neck-cloth and collar. The background is filled in by rather a rosy-tinted sky, shading off into a blue above."

So much for this rare old portrait, and so much for these precious and original boy-drawings of Audubon.

R. W. SHUFELDT.

## HINTS TO AUDUBON WORKERS.\*

### FIFTY COMMON BIRDS AND HOW TO KNOW THEM.

#### VIII.

##### RED-EYED VIREO.

**A**MONG the songs that come through the open window in summer, there is one that I hear when the midday heat has silenced all the others. It comes from the upper branches of the trees about the house, and is a preoccupied warble of three loud, guttural notes, given with monotonous variety. In rhythm it is something like *he-ha-wha* or *ha-ha-wha*, or, again, *he-ha-whip* in rising inflection, and *he-ha-who* in falling cadence. If I go out and focus my glass on the dull-colored bird moving along over the branches inspecting the leaves in a business-like way, it turns out an exquisite little creature, tinted more delicately than the waxwing, and having much the same glossy look and elegant air. It is a slender bird, about half as large as a robin. Its back is olive, and its breast white, of such tints that when the sunlight is on the leaves it is well disguised, for its back looks like the upper side of the leaf,

and its breast like the under side with the sun on it. If the bird is considerate enough to fly down into the lower branches; as it turns its head to one side, I can make out its ash-colored cap and the lines that border it—first a black one, then a white, and below that, another black line, running through the eye. If its search among the lower branches has been successful, it runs along a limb sidewise, holding its worm out at bill's length, shaking it over the limb as if afraid of dropping it before it is ready to eat.

But although one becomes attached to the cheery bird that sings at its work from morning till night, in park and common, as well as about the country house, the best way to know it is to follow one of the family into the edge of the woods where it builds its nest. Such an exquisite little workman as you discover it to be! It wonders how the ovenbird can like to nest on the damp ground, and how the redstart can wedge its house into a crotch—how can

\* COPYRIGHT, 1887, BY FLORENCE A. MERRIAM.

she ever keep her babies quiet without a cradle! The coarse mud-plastered house of the robin fills it with superior surprise. For its part, it usually chooses a lithe slender sapling that responds to all the caprices of the wind, and from the fork of one of its twigs hangs a dainty birchbark basket. For lining, it picks up leaf-bud cases, the curving stems of the maple seeds—wings the children call them—and now and then a spray of hemlock. With the artist's instinct it puts the strips of brown bark next the lining, and keeps the shining silvery bits for the outside. Sometimes it puts in pieces of white, crisp, last year's leaves, and often steals the side of a small wasp's nest to weave in with the rest. For ornament, bits of white cobweb-like substance that look as if taken from cocoons, are fastened on here and there. What could you have more daintily pretty? Nothing, after the four white oval eggs with their delicate wreath of brown dots are laid on the maple wing stems in the bottom. On such a nest as this, with the tender green leaves to shield her from stray sunbeams, and the wind to rock her gently back and forth, brooding must lose some of its wearisome monotony; and you are tempted to account for the difference between the nervousness of some bird mothers and the contented trustfulness of the vireo.

One day I came quite unexpectedly upon a nesting mother vireo. Here was a chance to see her red eyes. I leveled my glasses at them and stared with all the rudeness of an enthusiast. Nearer and nearer I crept, but got within two feet of the tree before she stirred. Then she flew off with only a mildly complaining *whee-ough*, and sat down on a tree near by to see what I would do next. What I did do was to discover a wasp's nest about two feet over hers, to wonder at the proximity, and, although it looked as if it was "to let," to retreat with more respectful consideration than I had accorded her.

There were a number of vireo families that I was watching last spring, and one of them built so low that by pulling down the end of the branch I could reach into the nest. One day when I went to examine the eggs, they had turned into a family of such big yellow-throated youngsters that they filled the nest. The mother did not seem to be about, so I sat down with my dogs near by to wait for her. I supposed she was off worm hunting, and would fly back in great excitement when she discovered the intruders. But all at once, almost over my head, I heard a low, crooning *whee-ah!* I turned in surprise, and there was my mother bird, looking down at me with all the composure of an old friend. *Wha-wha-wha*, she said, as she saw the dogs and took in the group again. But as we kept still, and did not offer to molest her children, she soon began looking about for worms, saying *ter-ter-eater* as she worked. She would turn her head and look down at us once in a while with mild curiosity; but although I went back to the nest to test her, she seemed to have perfect confidence in me, not showing the least alarm. Afterward I heard the vireo song from her, and concluded that *she* was the *father* of the family, left on guard while the mother was taking her rest. I thought perhaps that accounted for some of the indifference, but after that, when I went to see them, I found both old birds, and always met with the same trustful confidence. Indeed, they would talk to me in the most friendly manner, answering my broken bird talk with gentle sympathetic seriousness that said very plainly they knew I meant well, and sounded very sweet and winsome in their low caressing tones.

To their enemies, however, these beautiful birds are neither gentle nor confiding. Last June, as I was watching a chestnut-sided warbler from the undergrowth near my vireo's nest, I heard a great commotion among the thrushes and vireos, and hurried out of my cover to see what was the trouble.

I heard a low complaining croon from one of the vireos, and looking up saw to my surprise a gray screech owl flying blindly about among the branches. After a little he stumbled on to a dead limb and sat down, trying to feel at home. But the vireos were crying ominously *'kray, kree-kree-kree-kree,* and when he thought how they had darted down and snapped their bills at him as he came along, he edged uneasily over the branch. Just then my dog came running up noisily through the dead leaves under the tree. What could be coming next! The scared, awkward owl turned his head over to one side and strained his eyes to see. His ears stood up, and his big pupils grew bigger and bigger with fright. He looked like a great booby entrapped by a practical joke. But this was too serious. No owl could bear it. What with a dozen vireos and thrushes threatening him, some wild animal or other rushing about at the foot of the tree—and who knows but he added the pair of big glass eyes almost as large as his own, through which another mysterious object was menacing him? Away he flew, as fast as his blundering wings could flap, followed by the angry vireos, who saw him well out of their neighborhood before they let him alone. The next day I scared up the foolish fellow again in the same place, and found that the nearest vireo's nest was gone! Not a trace was left, nothing but one feather! Had he taken his revenge in the night? The trees were silent, and I had to be satisfied with giving him such a scare as would keep him away in future. For crow blackbirds the vireos show the same hostility, and I fear with almost as good reason.

But although the vireos are such interesting friends and such hearty enemies, there is another reason for admiring them. They are picturesque little artists, and work in charmingly with the landscape. Only last September, when the mountain ash leaves were turning to flame and the

berries were lit up by the sun till they glowed richer than coral, a vireo suddenly came out and, leaning his white breast against a bunch of berries, went to work to swallow a whole coral bead. Another morning, in the spring, one of the little creatures was perched on a dead twig in the top of a tree, and flooded in sunlight till his silvery breast glistened and he seemed to breathe out the spirit of the woods and the sun together in his sweet musing note.

## KINGLETS.

Do you know these dainty little birds that visit us twice a year? Some bright September morning you wake up and find them flitting about the apple trees, and know that fall has come. But they tell you the fact in such a breezy, cheery way that you think only how glad you are to see them. In April they are back just long enough to sing out "How do you do?" and then are off for the north so that summer shan't catch them.

How do they look? Well, they are fluffy little things with grayish olive coats and whitish vests. That is the way I thought of them when I had only a vague idea that one of the family had a golden crest, and the other wore a ruby crown. But one fall, when they came back to the old thorn-apple by the garden, I thought I would learn to know the cousins apart. That morning one little fellow had the tree all to himself. And what a queer gnome he was! A fat ball of feathers, stilted up on long, wiry legs, with eyes that, though oddly set, far back from his bill, were so near together that they seemed to prevent his seeing straight ahead. He would flash one eye on me, and then with a jerk turn his whole body round and flash the other, scolding in the funniest way with his fine chatter. I could not see that he had any crown at all, and so was as much puzzled as ever to decide which kinglet he was.

He and his friends were here by themselves

about two weeks, working industriously all the while—dear little brownies—to clear our mountain ashes and apple trees of insects before leaving us. I came to know them as far off as I could see them, by the restless way they had of lifting their wings, twinkling them in the air, as they hunted about the branches. And how they did hunt! Clambering up a limb, turning from one side to the other, with one big eye close to the bark looking out for insects; fluttering under a twig like a humming-bird, and then catching hold upside down to pick off their victim; flitting about from branch to branch; stopping a moment to eye me inquisitively, and then hurrying on with their work—the pigmies were never idle.

At the end of two weeks I had seen no crown of any kind. But one day I had a surprise. Hearing a little note from a Norway spruce, I looked up and saw a kinglet, but—what was it? Instead of being one of my gnomes, he was the most human, every-day sort of a bird, with a naïve interrogative air that might have argued him an American. Then his tiny, stubby bill stuck out from his big head so as to give him a pert, business-like air that gave my idea of kinglets another shock. What was he? Could I have been wholly mistaken? Was my elf no kinglet at all—was *this* the kinglet? Such a crown! I had comforted myself for my gnome's lack of crown by thinking that it was concealed like the kingbird's, but here—how could such a crown as this ever have been hidden? Why, the black lines came down to his absurd little bill, and the gold between them was plain enough to be seen almost as far off as he himself. I came in bewildered enough, but the moment I saw De Kay's plates I understood it all. This was the golden-crowned, and my pigmies were the ruby-crowned kinglets. After that, the two were here together in great numbers for two weeks, when the ruby left as

he had come, two weeks in advance of the golden.


When they were both here, I used to go out and stand under the apple trees to watch them. Sometimes there must have been twenty in one tree. They were very tame, but rarely found time to look at me. Seen together, the golden is appreciably the smaller; his legs look shorter, and he is not so plump—appears more like an ordinary bird. His back is grayer than the ruby's, and when his wings are crossed on his back you get an effect of bars near the tips. Mr. Golden-crown has a concealed patch of cadmium orange in the center of his crown, but his wife is content with the plain gold, and the children often show neither black nor gold. All the goldens seemed to have less of the wild bluebird habit of lifting their wings when lit, but they hang upside down even more than the rubies, often flying up from one spray to light upside down on the one above. The goldens had a business-like way of getting under a leaf and picking off the insects one after another as fast as their tiny bills could work. Their song is said to be inferior to that of the rubies, which is considered a ten-days' wonder, coming from such a tiny bird.


Before the rubies left I surprised one of them into raising his beautiful scarlet crown. The goldens, being the hardier of the two, not only winter further north, but this fall stayed here through our first snows, long after the rubies had left. One day, when there were several inches of snow on the ground, two of them followed the lead of a winter wren, and when I opened the front door, flew off from a bunch of mountain ash berries that hung on the piazza!

The nest of both the kinglets is often pensile, being hung from the tip of an evergreen branch. It is said to be a "ball-like mass of green moss, lined with hair and soft feathers," the eggs being dull white, finely speckled.

## WHITE-THROATED SPARROW.

Though the white-throats nest in the Adirondacks and other dense northern forest regions, like the kinglet, they come to us for only about a month in spring and fall. In Northampton, Massachusetts, I have heard their clear spring whistles—

  
I - I - *pea-bod-dy*, *pea-bod-dy*, *pea-bod-dy*

  
I - I - I - *pea-bod-dy*, *pea-bod-dy*

coming from the wooded bank of Mill River, from the low bushes of the fields, and the undergrowth of the woods on the outskirts of the city; and in the fall have seen them scratching among the leaves under the evergreens of Round Hill.

In the spring they get here—on the western border of the Adirondacks—about the last of April, when they keep pretty close to the sheltering evergreens, although their spirits are not chilled, and they whistle quite cheerfully to themselves among the boughs. When they come in September, they have lost their song, but are more talkative than ever. The first I knew of their return this fall, I came out into the clearing one day, and found two of them sitting atilt of a blackberry bush in front of me. As they were sitting opposite each other and seemed rather interested in me than otherwise, I had a good look at their white chins and ash gray breasts as well as their black-striped chestnut backs, and their pretty crowns. The crown consists of five lines; a central grayish line is inclosed by two black lines, which are bounded in turn by the whitish line over the eyes. While I was watching the sparrows, their attention was diverted by the barking of a gray squirrel in the woods, but they seemed to listen to him as they did to me, with quiet interest, little more.

A large flock of them stayed here for

about a month, keeping always near the same spots—a brush heap, an old dead tree top, by which water and grain were kept for them, and a raspberry patch a few rods away. From the raspberry patch would come their quarrying note that Mr. Bicknell speaks of, that peculiar *chlink* that gives the sound of a chisel slipping on stone, and which, when coming from a flock at a little distance, gives the effect of a quarry full of stone cutters. As I went through the patch they would fly up from among the bushes, some uttering a little surprised *chree*, some calling *cheep* as they flew noisily by, while others clung, crouching close, to the side of a stem, looking back to see who I was.

The small slate-colored snowbirds, the juncos, were with the sparrows more than any other birds; but the ovenbird, whose premises they had invaded, looked down on them with mild curiosity until it was time for her to go south; and later, a family of chewinks chased them off from the fence by way of turnabout justice. Still, you are tempted to feel that the white-throats need little punishment. They have none of the petulance or arbitrariness of chippy, but with the sweet temper of the song sparrow, these larger cousins have a thoughtful bearing that harmonizes with their spring song, which, like the melodious call of the bluebird, is tinged with sadness.

One morning in September I did not find the white-throats in the raspberry patch, and so went on to an opening in the edge of the woods just south of it. The sun was fairly streaming down, and the half Indian summer haze, melting into the soft lights and shadows of the surrounding green woods, gave a mystic loveliness to the spot. A delicate young birch stretched up, sunning itself; a maple trunk stood in shadow with one spray of a drooping branch dipped in emerald sun dye; the red leaves lodged here and there seemed to be shaken out of sight by the green bushes, but a

fresh breath of wind murmured that summer was past and—was it a footstep? No! It was an army of little autumn pedestrians! A happy host of white-throated sparrows, hopping about on the ground under the bushes. Busy and fearless, their footsteps pattered on the leaves as they hunted the ground over, sometimes coming within two or three feet of me without taking fright. A chipmunk scudded through the bushes after his playfellow without startling them. From every side came their happy *chee-ree*; a cobweb shimmered in the sunlight. What if fall were coming? It brought these little friends of ours!

WINTER WREN.

One October day when the raspberry patch was astir with fluttering kinglets and warblers, and noisy with the quarrying of white-throats, the muttered excuses and *wait, wait* of tardy crows flying hurriedly over from all directions to the caucus in the southwest; I found the piquant little winter wrens bobbing about among the bushes oblivious to everything but their own particular business.

I gave one of them a start as I came upon him unexpectedly, and so, when I caught sight of a second, kept cautiously quiet. But, if you please, as soon as he got a glimpse of me, the inquisitive brown sprite came hurrying along from one raspberry stem to another, his absurd bit of a square tail over his back as usual, never stopping till he got near enough for a good look: There he clung, atilt of a stem, bobbing his plump little body from side to side, half apologetically, but saying *quip* with an air that assured me he was afraid of no giants, however big! When I had admired his mottled, dusky vest and his rusty brown coat with its fine dusky barring, and noted the light line over his eye, and the white edging of his wing; and when he had decided to his satisfaction what I was doing there in the woods, he

went hopping along, under an arching fern, off to the nearest stump. When they are hunting about, their tails standing over their backs, their necks bent forward and their straight bills sticking out ahead, these little wrens have a most determined air! Here you see one examining the sides and top of an old stump, running about, dipping down into the hollow and then flitting off among the bushes, chattering *quip-quap* as he goes. There one flies against the side of a tree to peck at a promising bit of bark, and then clambers several feet up the side of the trunk to show what a good gymnast he is, and further along, one pops up with a worm in his mouth; shakes it well before eating, and then wipes his bill with the energy characteristic of the active, healthy temper of the whole wren family.

I have never heard the summer song which Audubon describes so enthusiastically, but last fall one of the wrens favored me with a creaky little winter song that was really quite sweet with all its shrillness.

On the twelfth of October the ground was covered with snow, and the roads were so white and still I hardly expected to find anything in the raspberry patch. But walking through, I found one of the little wrens, as active and busy as ever. As I stood watching him he climbed into the cosiest cover of leaves that a bush ever offered a bird for shelter, and I supposed he would settle himself to wait for the sun. But no! he examined it carefully, turning his head on one side and then the other, probably thinking it would be a very nice place for some tender sparrow, and then flew out into the cold snowy bushes again.

On the twenty-second of the month, when we had had a still heavier fall of snow, and they found it too cold even to take dinner from a golden-rod stem, one of the confiding little birds came on the piazza right in front of my window to hunt. You should have seen him work! He ignored the crumbs I threw out for him but flitted

about examining all the cracks and crannies where a fly might edge itself into the moulding, and running over the shrivelled vines trained over the piazza. Once he dropped a worm, and you should have seen him come tumbling down after it!

The nest of this brave little Esquimau

is said to be snug and warm, made of moss and lined with soft feathers, and lodged "in crevices of dead logs or stumps in thick, coniferous woods." What a pleasure it would be to follow him north, and study all his pretty ways in the dark forest home, where he furnishes mirth and sunshine.

FLORENCE A. MERRIAM.

## BYRAM AND GHOPAL.

### VIII.

A GREAT many of the Bunyas visited the Serai in the evening, now chatting with Byram, now collecting in little knots and discussing the probable effect of the visitation on prices elsewhere. There were always some about Byram's cot. The idea that locusts were sent by Brahma to improve prices and insure a market for stocks of grain on hand was familiar enough to the Bunyas, but the idea that they were sent to dress the farmer's land and improve his crops was a novel one—and no less interesting than novel. The people generally had been in the habit of regarding a visitation of locusts as a plague due to some oversight or neglect of Brahma; and the Bunyas were not altogether insensible to the reproach constantly leveled at them, that they fattened on other men's calamities. But now that the locusts were said by Byram the Wise to be blessings, and their periodical visits necessary to the maintenance of the fertility of the soil, it was manifestly just that the Bunyas should come in for their share of the benefits. They sat and discussed the matter until it was evident enough to every comprehension that the droppings and dead bodies left behind by the locusts must necessarily fertilize the soil, and with the prospect of selling out all their remaining supply of grain at enhanced prices, their hearts expanded, so that they extolled Brahma and felt that inward satisfaction

which springs from the performance of a good action which has returned a handsome profit.

Ghopal took no part in the discussion. He summed up the collections of the past week in his mind, and yearned to have the



money in possession, but the more he reflected on the light Byram had thrown on the functions of insects in the economy of nature, the more hopeless appeared his chance of getting the money in accordance with the terms of the contract.

If all the fertility of the soil, he mused, is really due to animal remains, and if white ants and worms, or any one of them, can easily pile up an inch or two in a century, they cannot help rendering man a service, living or dying; but suppose these

locusts had come ten days later!—probably they will go south for another ten days, and it will be too late to redeem their devastations by resowing. Suppose they came two or three years in succession! they would breed a famine, and what would it help people dying of famine to know that the land is being improved in fertility?

Such was the tenor of Ghopal's reflections as he sat apart apparently listening to the conversation maintained by Byram. After the townspeople had all withdrawn to their homes, he challenged Byram to a renewal of the discussion.

"Of course," he said, "now that you have opened my eyes to the fact that all the fertility of the soil is due to animal remains, I recognize that even a visitation of locusts has its redeeming features. As regards the present visitation here and now, there is time to sow the land, and the evil may be remedied, but not without heavy cost to the cultivators, most of whom will have to buy grain at double rates or more for seed, and to keep them alive until harvest; but suppose the locusts had come ten days later, it would have been too late to resow the fields, and the people would have starved."

"As regards the enhanced price of grain," said Byram, "that is not due to the rapacity of locusts but to the rapacity of man. But as regards your second objection, it would be better that the locusts throw the soil out of cultivation every time they visit a region than that they never came. When the land can be resown, the visitation is a clear gain to the people at large, and this\* is not affected by the fact that the Bunyas reap all or more than all the profit for themselves. When it is too late to resow, the land is benefited by fallow, and the area affected is always a very small one in comparison with the area of the whole country, so that prices ought not to be affected to more than a very small extent for carriage. The farmers, too,

could afford to lose a season, confident of an improved return from their winter crop, provided they had only to repay bushel for bushel with a small interest for the loan. What crushes the farmers is the advance in prices and the heavy interest from seed time till harvest, when prices fall in the proportion that the harvest is abundant. The worst enemy of mankind is always man."

"These Bunyas must be enormously wealthy," said Ghopal.

"By no means," said Byram. "They demand more interest than their debtors can ever pay, and these, having no hope, have no energy. The land is poorly cultivated and gives the lowest possible return, the cattle are poorly fed and stunted in growth. The creators of wealth are poor, and all who depend on them, Bunyas, Brahmins or Rajpoots, must of course share in the general poverty. The poorest country may retain a wealthy king, but if little wealth is produced, the privileged classes cannot be rich, or at least they cannot be both rich and numerous."

"But we are getting away from the point," said Ghopal. "What I wanted to urge is, that if the locusts come too late for resowing, or two years in succession and create a famine, the people will linger on in slow starvation and many of them die. How in such case would you call their visitation a benefit to man?"

"The Gods,"\* said Byram, "do not appear to trouble themselves about how many die, provided some are left to restock the earth. In this matter they make but small distinction between locusts and men. Of these locusts now here perhaps ninety-nine in every hundred will be dead before harvest, and the gods will not interfere to save them, but the hundredth they are careful to keep alive, and that one in every hundred is enough to breed a fresh

\* Referring to the Hindoo Trinity, Creator, Preserver and Destroyer.



swarm against they be wanted. And so with man. The Gods see them die with indifference, but not all. Some they save alive, and these multiply and spread over the waste regions, and bring them under plow again. If the people burn their manure for fuel and there were no insect nor other creature to dress the land, the whole race of man would die out of the land."

At this point Ghopal emitted something between a snore and a groan, which advised Byram that he had given up the contest. The sage, too, laid his head upon the pillow and was soon asleep.

Ghopal ate his breakfast and fed the birds somewhat mechanically. If he had regular wages, he thought, or only half the collections, he would not mind the wandering life so much, at least not for a year or two; but to carry Byram about from year's end to year's end for nothing but his food, was as bad as being a potter with a debt like a millstone round his neck. Every day the chances of finding flaws in Byram's work appeared more hopeless; still he did not like the humiliation of going back from his contract and asking for wages.

Thus musing, he took Byram on his shoulders and started off to make the usual collections. The Bunyas' hearts were open, and they gave liberally. None gave less than a cent, the majority three cents; and when the round was ended Ghopal, who kept strict count, made the amount a dollar and eighty-two cents, or within a trifle of his month's pay as potter.

Byram changed it for silver at a money-changer's table before leaving the city, and placed it in his girdle, but as soon as they were on the road he addressed Ghopal about it.

"This money," said he, "already nearly five rupees, is more than I ever had in my

life, and is getting burdensome; it troubles me. A Faquir's rags are no fitting receptacle for more than the needs of the day."

"If the money troubles you," said Ghopal, "let me have it; I could carry ten times as much and go the lighter for it."

"That would not be right," said Byram. "Unless you can earn it in accordance with the terms of our contract it belongs to the poor and necessitous."

"Then," said Ghopal, "give it to me as to the poorest and most necessitous. I have no home, no caste; a stranger in a strange land and among a strange people; dependent even for bread on the alms of the charitable. Above all, I have rendered you daily services which give me a higher claim on you than others could advance."

"Powerfully argued," laughed Byram. "Come, now, Ghopal. Take the half of it, if thou wilt, and I will give the other half in charity to the poor, of whom there is never any lack."

"Give five rupees to the first poor people you meet," exclaimed Ghopal, "simply to get rid of it! That surely were not wise. The story would be spread abroad, and before morning a hundred poor families would set out in pursuit of us in the vain hope of relief."

Byram laughed inwardly, but made no reply. As they proceeded on their way Ghopal's attention was drawn to an adjoining field in which the minas by hundreds were feeding on the locusts.

"I have him now," thought he. "If all these insects render man such valuable services that it would be wrong to destroy them, surely the birds must be a mistake, for they are the great destroyers of insects."

"Courage, Ghopal. The money is not growing less, and shall ere long be transferred to your waistband,"

## ALL ABOUT SOME CANARY BIRDS.

**S**PARTACUS died. No one knew what his ailment was. He had been well fed, watered and bathed. Plenty of gravel always lay on the bottom of his pretty fancy cage, and some greenery made him glad at proper intervals. Also a rusty nail discolored the water in his cup whenever it was necessary. He was young, he was handsome, he was an entrancing singer. Yet he drooped for several days, and in spite of efforts to relieve him, he rolled upon his glossy back one morning, kicked his slender toes feebly once or twice, gasped and died. Georgianna's papa said it must be the name. Georgianna's papa had not exactly approved of the name from the first. He used to make pretended mistakes in pronouncing it, the most common one being "Sparagus."

Georgianna was only two years old at that time, and she was a touching little mourner, as she carried the dead bird, wrapped in cloth, to its grave dug in a flower bed. She cried and said, "Don't hurt Spar'tus. Spar'tus seepy, I dess!"

A stick was set up to mark the place, and the bird cage was hung in the garret, where it at once set about catching all the stray particles of dust that floated near it.

This was in August. The next May, one warm day, when papa came home from the store, he brought an odd something that looked like a clumsy paper toy house, with a ring on top. He set it carefully down on the floor and unwound the paper. There was a cage, with a lively young canary inside, just two months old. Quite as handsome as Spartacus. He was yellow, with a dark star on the back of his neck, and papa christened him "Zip." The cage was brought from the garret once more, made clean and ready, its door was opened and set against the opened door of the borrowed cage, and Zip was induced to hop

into his new quarters. The discarded hook was again screwed into the window casing, and Georgianna was made the happy owner of the songster.

Zip grew and prospered. He was tame and yet warlike. He would hop on any family finger, thrust between the wires, and peck it fiercely. Sometimes he would challenge the passer to a fight by sounding a queer little note and sticking his head as far outside the cage as he could reach. He learned to be musical all by himself, unless some bird teacher came at night and taught him, when all the bipeds without feathers were soundly sleeping. And how he did sing!

For more than a year Zip's life was uneventful. He knew no want and seemed to feel no discontent. But one morning, after being cleaned and hung on the side veranda for fresh air, suddenly a pair of catches snapped back, his cage floor dropped, and with one wild flutter Zip was free.

"O, my lovely bird!" screamed Georgianna, with loud weeping, and all the household was dismayed, as they rushed outside and saw the bewildered bird sitting on a branch of the corner maple tree. Could they ever get him again?

Only a wee-bit canary! Yet every heart beat high with resolve to capture the truant. Surely it could be done, since he was out of his cage for the first time in his life. Alas for hope! Zip would answer their calls by chirps, and would turn his slender head one side and look down with a bright, black eye. But he would not come down. And he soon began to try his wings. Let those say who will that the caged bird cannot fly. From branch to branch, from tree to tree, from tree to roof Zip flew, lightly and readily. And from morning until noon, grandma, mamma, Nora and Georgianna followed him about. Mamma offered a good reward to any boy who would climb a tree

and get him. Plenty of boys climbed up, but not one of them earned any money.

A great many people would stop as they passed, and look and say it was too bad and offer some suggestion. An amazing number told how they had lost—and found—canaries. But none of their methods were successful in getting Zip under shelter. His cage hung empty and open over the veranda with its floor securely fastened. But he was not tempted to enter.

When grandpa and papa came home the chase was renewed with fresh endeavor, interrupted by a hasty dinner, after which grandpa declared he would stay home and help catch. He did help—but not to catch. When night came Zip was yet out in the wide, wide world.

At early sunrise next morning Georgianna's papa rose, confident that he would catch Zip napping and bring him down. Not so! In an elm tree, on the topmost branch, wide awake and hopping about in the morning sunshine, was Zip. He looked like a live bit of fall sunshine himself, and he sang joyously.

When the breakfast bell rang he still sang, and papa went toward the house with a disappointed face. As he walked up the steps he glanced at the cage, waiting for its old-time occupant. To his astonishment a canary bird was sitting inside, swinging merrily. Not Zip, but a real canary, with dark feathers and a topknot on its head.

Papa promptly shut the cage and carried it into the house. "Didn't I say I would bring you a bird?" he said to Georgianna, who screamed with pleasure. There were exclamations of wonder from all, and the welcome stranger was hung on Zip's hook in the dining-room, ate of Zip's feed, pecked at Zip's cuttle-bone, and before breakfast was over gave them so loud and thrilling a song that no one could be heard until it was over. Georgianna was a good deal comforted, though she was not resigned to the loss of Zip.

"I have a bird anyway," she said, and at once named it, calling it "Stray" at her mother's suggestion. "I shall have two when Zip is caught," she concluded.

A half dozen people cannot chase two whole days, even for so sweet a pet as Zip. Grandpa went back to business at noon, Nora baked cookies, and mamma shut the outside door, sighing, for a heavy, cold rain began to fall. It continued all the afternoon. They all tried to cheer Georgianna by saying there was plenty of shelter for birds in the big trees. But they all had misgivings, and in her secret heart mamma never expected to see Zip any more. Especially as it grew so chilly when it was near night that they built a light fire. How could the poor, tender bird live? It might survive out of doors in the sunshine, but now!

Just a half hour before supper the door bell rang. Mamma opened the door and saw a boy in a wet coat, covering the made hollow of one hand with that of the other.

"Is this your bird?" asked the boy, showing limp, bedraggled Zip, who lay on his side without a motion.

"Indeed it is!" exclaimed mamma, delighted. "Where did you find him?"

She asked the boy in and took the poor chilled bird into her warm hands, breathing softly on it. Grandma heated some cotton, and wrapping him in it, put him on the floor of a dilapidated cage found somewhere by Nora. Meanwhile the boy told them how he had seen the bird lying by the roadside, under a great tree from which it had been beaten by the rain, and that another boy had told him where it probably belonged.

There was great rejoicing. The boy got a dollar out of the general satisfaction, and when papa came home, and saw the little flyaway hopping about the old cage, seeming no worse for his adventure, he declared the reward was too small.

So Georgianna had two birds? Not at

all. When the newcomer had been with them three days, there came to the door a nine-year-old girl with big, expectant eyes.

"Mamma heard you caught a canary," she said; "and may I please look and see if it is mine?"

"Of course you may," replied grandma. And as soon as the little girl looked she began to cry and to say, "O, Dick! O,

you darling Dick! 'That's just like your cage, and that's just why you went into it.'" And she bore him away, with smiles and thanks that made his giving a pleasure.

As for Zip, he never again escaped. And as I write this tale of his excursion, he chirps and swings, and preens and sings just overhead. But whether he longs sometimes for one more excursion, I cannot say.

MRS. GEORGE ARCHIBALD.

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#### FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS REWARD.

IN our November Note Book we drew attention to a series of paragraphs which for the past year or more have appeared in the country papers of New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania, to the general purport that some one, in some remote part of the State, had been induced to affix his signature to a pledge to refrain from the destruction of non-game birds, and that the document had been converted into a promissory note, generally for a considerable amount. Such a paragraph published in a paper would share the general fate of such news items, and be extracted by one paper after another over a wide area; as soon as it had run its course a similar story would be started as news in another locality. These stories were all so vague as to persons and localities, that it was very difficult to institute any systematic inquiry into their truth or origin, but the result of all our inquiries was that the stories were utterly without foundation, and the persons named generally fictitious. The reference to the Audubon Society showed unmistakable evidences of malice, but the pretense that one of our pledges could be converted into a promissory note, was so absurd that any one seeing the document would sign it without the smallest anxiety on that score.

We were consequently disposed to treat the whole matter with a mere passing ex-

pression of contempt, but since we pointed out that it was only obscure country papers which could be induced to give insertion to such charges, a successful attempt has been made to get them palmed off as news items in the New York dailies. On Dec. 1 the New York *World* published a pretended news item from Jeffersonville, this State, to the effect that a person named had been victimized to the extent of several hundred dollars in this way, and no notice being taken of it, another paragraph was published in the New York *Sun* as a news letter from Seneca Falls, this State, giving a most circumstantial account of how a woman, professing to represent our Society, had called on several residents, Deacons, J. Ps, and other conspicuous persons and got a lot of signatures, which were converted into promissory notes, ranging from a dollar and a half to five hundred dollars. The whole statement was so circumstantial and detailed that it was difficult to believe that it was mere invention, but here as usual all our inquiries lead us to believe that the story is without a shadow of foundation in fact. The people named were addressed in detail, but without eliciting any reply, and even our letters are coming back to us with the intimation that the addresses are not known.

The publishers of the AUDUBON MAGA-

ZINE find it desirable to put a stop to these annoyances, and hereby offer a *reward of five hundred dollars* for evidence leading to the conviction of any person or persons making use of the pledge forms of the Audubon Society for the Protection of Birds, by fraudulently collecting money on them when signed, or by converting said forms into promissory notes, or by any unlawful means whatever. We hold it impos-

sible that the pledge forms could be so used, and we do not believe that they have been, but if they have been or shall be so used, our offer of the reward of \$500 remains open.

The Audubon Society is an incorporated institution, and as such will protect its corporate name, and its numerous authorized agents against the frauds, aspersions and malice of enemies of the cause.

---

THE AUDUBON FOR 1888.

WE have every reason to congratulate ourselves on the reception given to the AUDUBON MAGAZINE, a reception due in great measure to the sympathetic efforts of local secretaries and other friends of bird protection to whom our warmest acknowledgements are due for their friendly co-operation. They have introduced the MAGAZINE to the notice of their friends, many of whom have been struck with the high quality of its entertaining and instructive matter, and the very low price at which it is published.

The AUDUBON MAGAZINE was not launched as a money-making speculation, but as the most effectual means for disseminating such a measure of reliable and useful information about birds, as would tend to excite a general interest in the subject and insure their protection. While aiming at scientific exactness, no effort has been spared to make it attractive to young people, and as it wins its way wherever it is introduced, we look for a wide circulation.

To secure this it is necessary that all friends of the Audubon movement should

aid us in the future as they have done in the past. It will be seen by reference to the list of prizes offered on another page that we are not unmindful of the assistance rendered, and in the interests of bird protection we hope there will be no relaxation of effort until it shall become "familiar as household words" in every home in the country. That is a very imperfect school course that does not include natural history.

There is no way in which the good work of protecting our birds can be so effectively helped on as by increasing the knowledge of the public about them. People must be taught how useful a part of Nature's system the birds are before they will be interested in their protection, and the most effective method of conveying this instruction is by increasing the circulation of the AUDUBON, the only publication in the world which is devoted solely to this object.

This should be a pleasant task for each member of the Audubon Society, and our new arrangements makes it a profitable one as well.

# THE AUDUBON NOTE BOOK.

## MEMBERSHIP RETURNS.

THE registered membership of the Society on Nov. 30 was 42,246, showing an increase of 1,462 during the month, due to the following sources:

New York.....	323	Kansas.....	1
Massachusetts.....	615	Iowa.....	11
New Hampshire.....	4	Illinois.....	17
New Jersey.....	41	Missouri.....	13
Maine.....	48	Ohio.....	47
Connecticut.....	56	Michigan.....	10
Vermont.....	26	Indiana.....	2
Pennsylvania.....	52	California.....	5
District of Columbia.....	3	Rhode Island.....	1
Florida.....	3	Minnesota.....	15
Maryland.....	6	Indian Territory.....	1
Georgia.....	3	Dakota.....	60
Kentucky.....	15	Canada.....	86
Texas.....	1		
			1,462

C. F. AMERY, General Secretary.

## ECONOMIC ORNITHOLOGY.

A REPLY.

*Editor Audubon Magazine:*

The October number of the Audubon Magazine (page 211) contains a notice of the "preliminary report on economic ornithology" recently published in the annual report of the Department of Agriculture for 1886.

In reading this notice I was surprised to see several incorrect statements of fact, and was astonished to find myself accused of expressing opinions that I have never held.

In regard to the English sparrow, the report in question contains the following: "In advance of the publication of the special bulletin on the English sparrow question, which will contain in detail the evidence on which the following statements are based, it is thought desirable at the present time to set forth some of the results of the investigation for the information of the general public," etc. In view of the above, I beg to ask for the facts which led my critic to say: "It occurs to us that the investigation does not appear to have been conducted in the same scientifically impartial spirit that resulted in the acquittal of the hawks and owls." Inasmuch as the report on the English sparrow has not yet been published, I would like to ask what my critic knows about the facts upon which the conclusions have been based, or the spirit in which the investigation has been conducted; also, what led him to assert that the replies received to our circular on the sparrow are "all condemnatory"?

After disposing of the sparrow, the reviewer states: "On the same grounds we are disposed to take ex-

ception to the sweeping conclusion that all birds subsisting on grain are inimical to man, those only being beneficial which prey on mice and insects." I respectfully challenge the editor of the AUDUBON MAGAZINE to show that I have ever expressed, either in print or in conversation, any opinion which can be construed into the views here attributed to me. I beg to protest against this sort of wholesale misrepresentation, which is due, of course, to carelessness on the part of the reviewer, who could not have read the report he has seen fit to criticise.

In conclusion, may I ask if the editor of the AUDUBON MAGAZINE considers it entirely fair to lead his readers to regard as an enemy to the good cause he upholds the very man to whose efforts is largely due the formation of the Bird Protection Committee of the American Ornithologists' Union, from which committee the Audubon Society movement is a direct outgrowth?

C. HART MERRIAM.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Oct. 20, 1887.

While it is plain from the above that Dr. Merriam's position was not correctly defined by us in the inferences which were drawn from his preliminary report on the house sparrow, it is at the same time unfortunate that he should not have been more explicit in stating his position in the text of that report. If, for instance, the testimony received by the Bureau was not all condemnatory, it is strange that in the abstract given us, nothing favorable to the bird should have appeared. We are quite willing to modify our statement, and to say that as the printed "results of the investigation" contain no hint of any testimony favorable to the bird, it is only fair to infer that it was all unfavorable. Perhaps it was such an omission of anything in defense of the sparrow that gave us the impression that the investigation was not strictly impartial. Our remark relative to Dr. Merriam's classification of birds as beneficial or injurious was based on this statement in the report, that "the food of all species consists either of animal or vegetable matter or both, and its consumption must be serviceable or prejudicial to the interests of mankind. Therefore, according to the food it eats, each bird or mammal may be classed under one of two headings—beneficial or injurious. Many species are both beneficial and injurious, and it is impossible to assign them to either category until the percentages of their food elements have been positively determined and the sum of the good balanced against the sum of the evil.

"It is well known that certain birds and mammals are directly destructive to farm crops, causing a loss

of many thousands of dollars each year, and that others are highly beneficial, preying upon mice and insects which are injurious to vegetation \* \* \*."

While a strict interpretation of this by the average reader would bear out our construction of it, we are gratified to be told by Dr. Merriam that he is not willing to be understood as wholly condemning birds whose food is solely vegetable.

#### BIRD HELPERS.

MRS. MARY TREAT, the well-known entomologist, writes in the *American Agriculturist*: I wish to add my testimony in a few words in favor of the various birds that visit our gardens and orchards, in the capacity of helpers, as they feed upon some of the most noxious insects which we have to contend with.

First and foremost among these helpers is the purple martin. It is the general impression that this bird takes insects only on the wing, but it does more than this. I saw numbers of them this past summer taking the rose-bugs from the grapevines. They swooped down and picked them off without alighting. They circled around in companies, back again to the same vine, each one snatching off a bug as it passed. And not only the rose-bug falls a victim to its appetite, but it even stoops to take the Colorado potato-beetle. This has been seen by others in our town, as well as by myself. Put up boxes for the martins, and see that the English sparrow does not get possession.

The oriole is another great helper. It knows how to pull the bag-worm from its case, and does it systematically and rapidly. The tent caterpillar and fall web-worm it also has a liking for; it ruthlessly tears the tents and webs to pieces and destroys untold numbers. Allow no gunner to shoot one of these beautiful, gaily-dressed birds on your premises—not even if the lady of his choice is pining for a skeleton to perch on her hat.

For several years past the leaves of our elm trees have been ruined by the elm-beetle. Last year I noticed the cedar bird devouring the beetle and larvæ. This year our elms are comparatively free from the pests. The leaves are scarcely injured at all, and the cedar birds are obliged to look close to find a beetle. They hunt over the trees in small flocks. They also destroy many other injurious creatures. This bird likes berries. Raise enough for them as well as for yourselves, and they will pay you back with interest.

The catbird and red-eyed vireo both eat the unsavory pear-slug. But it is not necessary to mention the good services rendered by our most common birds, such as the robin, brown thrush, catbird, bluebird and wren, as all observing horticulturists

are aware of the good they do. Our winter birds are also doing good work. The seed-eating ones pick up great quantities of the seeds of noxious weeds, while our woodpeckers, jays and chickadees are constantly on the lookout for hibernating insects. Spare and encourage the birds, both winter and summer, about your home grounds and fields.

THE story that went the round of the English and American papers to the effect that Mrs. Mackay, wife of the California millionaire, had sent two "sportsmen" to the East Indian Islands to procure five hundred skins of the bird of paradise for a mantle, appears to be wholly unfounded in fact, and to have been part of a system of malicious attack to which that lady was undeservedly subjected. As we said at the time, there was nothing in the story if true which rendered the act in any way more reprehensible than the instances of indulgence in feather millinery which meet the eye everywhere; but if one was shocked at the contemplation of an act of bad taste attributed to Mrs. Mackay, what must be the sentiment with which right-minded persons contemplated the malice that could prompt an unfounded story to the discredit of an unoffending person. We have no direct authority for denying the story, but we find it denied in a newspaper clipping sent us by one of our correspondents, and we know enough of journalistic ethics to have full confidence that no member of the daily press would be tempted to shield a maligned person unless authorized to do so.

A PIGEON WALKS NINE MILES.—About the middle of November, Lorenzo Beers of Stratford, Conn., sold a number of tumbler pigeons to E. M. Beardsley of Huntington, Conn. A week or more after their removal two of the birds returned to their old home, and were sent back to Mr. Beardsley, who plucked the quills from one wing of each bird as a precaution against an attempt to fly again to Stratford. On the 15th of December one of the pigeons came walking down the street to the Beers residence, having walked the whole distance, nine miles, from Huntington.

THERE hangs in our office a calendar for the coming year, illustrated with a beautiful vignette, with a spray of poppies in the background. It is chaste in design and perfect in execution—a genuine work of art, designed and engraved on steel by John A. Lowell & Co. It may be duplicated by sending 25 cents to Doliber, Goodale & Co., of Boston.

AN advertisement in a Florida paper asks for 1000 young alligators, 500 pounds of large alligator teeth, 500 roseate spoonbill wings and all the alligator skins in the county. The advertiser is a *naturalist*!

## THE AUDUBON SOCIETY FOR THE PROTECTION OF BIRDS.

THE AUDUBON SOCIETY was founded in New York city in February, 1886. Its purpose is the protection of American birds, not used for food, from destruction for mercantile purposes. The magnitude of the evil with which the Society will cope, and the imperative need of the work which it proposes to accomplish, are outlined in the following statement concerning

### THE DESTRUCTION OF BIRDS.

Within the last few years, the destruction of our birds has increased at a rate which is alarming. This destruction now takes place on such a large scale as to seriously threaten the existence of a number of our most useful species. It is carried on chiefly by men and boys who sell the skins or plumage to be used for ornamental purposes—principally for the trimming of women's hats, bonnets and clothing. These men kill everything that wears feathers. The birds of the woods, the birds of the field, the birds of the marsh and those of the sea are alike slain, at all times and at all seasons. It matters not if the bird be a useful one which devours the hurtful insects which destroy the farmer's crops, or a bright-plumaged songster whose advent has been welcomed in spring, and which has reared its brood in the door yard during the summer, or a swift-winged sea swallow whose flight along the shore has often with unerring certainty led the fisherman to his finny prey—whatever it be, it must be sacrificed to the bird butcher's lust for slaughter and for gain. Besides the actual destruction of the birds, their numbers are still further diminished by the practice of robbing their nests in the breeding season.

Although it is impossible to get at the number of birds killed each year, some figures have been published which give an idea of what the slaughter must be. We know that a single local taxidermist handles 30,000 bird skins in one year; that a single collector brought back from a three months trip 11,000 skins; that from one small district on Long Island about 70,000 birds were brought to New York in four months time. In New York one firm had on hand February 1, 1886, 200,000 skins. The supply is not limited by domestic consumption. American bird skins are sent abroad. The great European markets draw their supplies from all over the world. In London there were sold in three months from one auction room, 404,464 West Indian and Brazilian bird skins, and 356,389 East Indian birds. In Paris 100,000 African birds have been sold by one dealer in one year. One New York firm recently had a contract to supply 40,000 skins of American birds to one Paris firm. These figures tell their own story—but it is a story which might be known even without them; we may read it plainly enough in the silent hedges, once vocal with the morning songs of birds, and in the deserted fields where once bright plumage flashed in the sunlight.

### BIRDS, INSECTS AND CROPS.

The food of our small birds consists very largely of the insects which feed on the plants grown by the farmer. These insects multiply with such astounding rapidity that a single pair may in the course of one season be the progenitors of six billions of their kind. All through the season at which this insect life is most active, the birds are constantly at work destroying for their young and for themselves, tens of thousands of hurtful creatures, which, but for them, would swarm upon the farmer's crops and lessen the results of his labors.

A painstaking and ardent naturalist not very long ago watched the nest of a pair of martins for sixteen hours, from 4 A. M. till 8 P. M., just to see how many visits the parent birds made to their young. He found that in that time 312 visits to the four young were made, 119 by the male and 193 by the female. If we suppose only six insects to have been brought at each visit, this pair of birds would have destroyed, for their young alone, in this one summer's day, not far from 2,000 insects. The important relations which our birds bear to the agricultural interests and so to the general welfare, are recognized by the governments of all our States. Laws exist for their protection, but these laws are rendered inoperative by the lack of an intelligent public sentiment to support them. They are nowhere enforced. It is for the interest of every one that such a public sentiment should be created.

It is time that this destruction were stopped.

### PURPOSE OF THE AUDUBON SOCIETY.

To secure the protection of our birds by awakening a better sentiment, the Audubon Society, named after the greatest of American ornithologists, has been founded. The objects sought to be accomplished by this Society are to prevent as far as possible—

- (1) The killing of any wild bird not used for food.
- (2) The taking or destroying of the eggs or nests of any wild birds.
- (3) The wearing of the feathers of wild birds. Ostrich feathers, whether from wild or tame birds, and those of domestic fowls, are specially exempted.

The Audubon Society aims especially to preserve those

birds which are now practically without protection. Our game birds are already protected by law, and in large measure by public sentiment, and their care may be left to the sportsman. The great aim of the Society is the protection of American non-game birds. The English sparrow is not included in our lists.

### PLAN OF THE WORK.

Obviously the Society cannot supply any machinery of compulsion to lead individuals and communities to a higher regard for bird life and to efforts for its protection. Nor are compulsory measures thought necessary. The wrong is tolerated now only because of thoughtlessness and indifference. The birds are killed for millinery purposes. So long as fashion demands bird feathers, the birds will be slaughtered. The remedy is to be found in the awakening of a healthy public sentiment on the subject. If this enormous destruction of birds can once be put in its true light before the eyes of men and women and young folks, if interest be aroused and sentiment created, the great wrong must cease. To so present the case to the people as to awaken this corrective sentiment is the special work contemplated by the Audubon Society. The methods adopted are very simple. Pledges are furnished, subscription to which constitutes membership, and certificates are issued to members.

### TERMS OF MEMBERSHIP.

The signing of any of the pledges will qualify one for membership in the Society. It is earnestly desired that each member may sign all three of the pledges. Beyond the promise contained in the pledge no obligation nor responsibility is incurred. There are no fees, nor dues, nor any expenses of any kind. There are no conditions as to age. The boys and girls are invited to take part in the work, for they can often do more than others to practically protect the nesting birds. All who are interested in the subject are invited to become members, and to urge their friends to join the Society. If each man, woman or child who reads this circular will exert his or her influence, it will not take long to enlist in the good work a great number of people actively concerned in the protection of our birds. It is desired that members may be enrolled in every town and village throughout the land, so that by the moral weight of its influence this Society may check the slaughter of our beautiful songsters. The beneficent influence of the Audubon Society should be exerted in every remotest by-way where the songs of birds fill the air, and in every crowded city where the plumes of slain songsters are worn as an article of dress.

### ASSOCIATE MEMBERS.

As there are a very great number of people in full sympathy with the Audubon movement, and ready to lend it their moral support, but who refrain from joining the Society simply because they find it distasteful to sign a pledge, it has been determined to form a class of Associate Members. Any one expressing his or her sympathy with the objects of the Audubon Society and submitting a written request for membership to any local secretary, will be enrolled on the list of Associate Members. All such applications for membership received by local secretaries of the Society should be forwarded to the General Secretary for registration.

### LOCAL SECRETARIES.

The Society has local secretaries in cities, towns and villages. The local secretary will furnish this circular of information and pledge forms; will receive the signed pledges, keep a list of the members, forward a duplicate list with the pledges for enrollment and file at the Society's office; and will receive in return certificates of membership, to be filled out and signed by the local secretary and given to the members. No certificate of membership will be issued to any person except upon the receipt of a signed pledge at the office of the Society. Where no local secretary has yet been appointed, individual applicants for membership may address the Society at its office, No. 40 Park Row, New York.

If there is no local secretary in your town, you are invited to act as such yourself, or to hand this to some other person who will accept the office. Upon application we will supply copies of this circular and pledge forms.

### THE AUDUBON SOCIETY CERTIFICATE.

The Society furnishes to each member a handsome certificate of membership. This bears a portrait of the great naturalist, John James Audubon, after whom the Society very appropriately takes its name.

The office of the Society is at 40 Park Row, New York city. All communications should be addressed

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The things to be paid are better than money, because they are more than the money could possibly be. They are better also, some of them, because you never heard of them, and wouldn't have the chance to get them for some time yet.

But the rate! For \$1.25 in new subscriptions we pay \$1 in merchandise! More than that on the average. Some things we get to better advantage than others. We pay as we buy.

Take a well-known example: the Waterbury watch with chain and whistle and agate charm. We call them altogether worth \$3, and pay them for \$4 in new subscriptions. Another well-known example: the Weeden engine, price \$1.25, for \$1.35 in new subscriptions.

Another example not well-known but worth knowing: the Hartman steel-wire

doormat, price \$4, for \$4.50 in new subscriptions. Another: the Bissell Carpet sweeper, price \$3, for \$3.25. Another: the Kerosene Brick, price 35 cents, for 40 cents. Another: a photographic outfit, Horsman's Eclipse, \$2.50, for \$2.75. Another: everything children wear, \$1 for \$1.60. Another: jack-plane pencil-sharpener, 25 cents, for 30 cents. Another: silver-plated ware, \$1 for \$1.10.

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A GREEN WOODPECKER.

ANOTHER OF THE EARLY DRAWINGS OF AUDUBON.

# THE AUDUBON MAGAZINE.

VOL. II.

FEBRUARY, 1888.

No. 1.

## AUDUBONIAN SKETCHES.

### II.

SHORTLY after my articles appeared in *The Auk*, I was favored with a very kind letter from Mr. John Henry Gurney, *père*, of Northrepps, Norwich, England, who presented me with a fine and large photograph of Audubon, taken from the famous oil painting which hangs in the palace at St. Petersburg, Russia. This painting was evidently copied from a photograph of Audubon, the original of which latter is now in my possession, it having been presented to me with the utmost generosity by Mr. Henry K. Coale, of Chicago, the President of the Ridgway Ornithological Club of that city.

The original photograph is now before me, and I should judge from it that Audubon at the time it was taken must have been considerably over fifty years of age, as his hair is nearly white, while his side-whiskers are entirely so. He wears a loose, semi-standing shirt collar to that garment, without any necktie. His black silk vest is unbuttoned half-way down from the top, and his coat is of the old-fashioned black broadcloth style, so commonly worn in his day by gentlemen, and especially by savants, advanced in years. He looks grandly out of the picture here, and the fine old face is one we can dwell upon for a long time without tiring, and our interest is sure to come back to us, as fresh as ever, when we regard the features. It is my intention at present

to have an enlarged portrait made from this photograph some day. Mr. Coale tells me that this picture was presented to Dr. J. W. Velie by Mrs. Audubon herself, and Dr. Velie gave it to Mr. Coale.

I have a copy of the naturalist's life, written by his widow from his journal, which he kept up with more or less fullness during his rambles and journeys. It seems to me I have read the book through as many as a dozen times, and I am sure I am by no means through with it yet. We all know the little work, and revere it. Sometimes, however, we find little snatches here and there which Mrs. Audubon did not record, as they are the observations of others. Mr. Coale has collected and given me a few of these relics, mostly from periodicals and newspapers. One is a reprint, made by himself, from "Gleason's Pictorial," (Vol. III., No. 13, p. 196) and a very quaint old account it is, too, being illustrated by a coarse woodcut of Audubon, when I should say he was about thirty-three or thirty-four years of age.

Another account is published in a Chicago newspaper in August, 1876, by a gentleman living in Henderson, Ky. This writer tells us that, "As near as we can learn, Mr. Audubon moved to the Red Banks, or Henderson, about the year 1810 or 1812. He married Miss Louise [Lucy] Bakewell, of Louisville, who bore him two sons. Mrs. Audubon and the two sons accompanied

Mr. Audubon to his new home, and they all lived here until about the year 1822 or 1823. He was a Frenchman, and possessed of all the energy, fire and vim so characteristic of the French people, he soon embarked in business. His first enterprise was to open a grocery and dry-goods store in a little one-story log house which stood upon the corner of Main and First streets. He lived with his family in a little one-story brick building just in the rear of where the Odd-Fellows' Building now stands. Just where the Post Office is now located was a pond, in which he used to catch one or more turtles every day, which he used in making into his favorite dish, turtle soup. Shortly after this he operated a very large corn and flour mill at the foot of Second street. This mill was of very large capacity for those days; in fact, it would be regarded as of very respectable size these times. In this mill, upon the smooth surface of timbers, were to be found the most life-like paintings of birds, fowls and animals of every description which inhabited this country at that time. Mr. William T. Barrett has now, it is said, the first painting Audubon ever made of the woodpecker. The bird is represented as sitting upon the limb of an old tree, and listening to the familiar call of its partner. So perfect is the picture that persons have frequently mistaken it for a genuine stuffed bird.

"While Mr. Audubon was engaged in the milling business, it was his custom to bathe in the Ohio. This he continued until he became the most noted of all the swimmers who indulged in that delightful pastime. It is said of him that when the first steamboat landed at the town some of her machinery had become disarranged, and the boat had to remain here for several hours making necessary repairs. As might be expected upon so extraordinary an occasion as this, the people turned out *en masse* to see something new under the sun—the steamboat. A number of country visitors imagined the

thing had life in it. Mr. Audubon and other citizens were among the visitors, and during the time they were on board concluded they would indulge in their favorite amusement—swimming. They undressed and began to dive from the side of the vessel. Several members of the swimming party made successful dives from the inside of the vessel next to the bank, coming up on the outside. This was regarded as wonderful. Mr. Audubon walked to the bow of the boat, sprang into the river, and, after some time had elapsed, made his appearance below the stern, having gone clean under from one end to the other. This feat was regarded by all who witnessed it as a most remarkable and dangerous undertaking, and he was awarded the greatest praise for this unequalled performance. It is said he did this several times during the time the boat lay at the bank. Mrs. Audubon was also a great swimmer. Mr. H. E. Rouse told us that he had frequently seen her go into the river at the foot of First street and swim to the Indiana shore. She dressed in a regular swimming costume, and was regarded by all who knew her as the next best to her husband, if not his equal.

"During Mr. Audubon's life in Henderson, he pursued the study of ornithology, frequently going to the woods and remaining there for two or three months at a visit. Upon one occasion he followed a hawk peculiar to this country, and so anxious was he to become the possessor of this bird, he pursued it for two or three days, finally succeeding in killing it. He was never known to stop for streams of any kind; he would swim rivers or creeks in pursuit of any game or bird he might be in search of. At one time he watched a flicker, or what is commonly known as a yellow-hammer, until he saw it go into a hole at the top of an old tree. He immediately climbed the tree and, running his hand into the hole to get the bird, caught hold of a huge black snake.

Pulling it out of the hole, and seeing what it was, he immediately let go, and he and the snake both fell to the ground. Mr. Audubon used to tell this story, with a good deal of humor, to the many who often wondered at the great risk he would take in pursuit of this great study."

When I was a child in arms, my father had his home on Washington Heights; and here the Audubons lived in the very house



MRS. J. J. AUDUBON.

next door to us, where my mother and her sister knew them all intimately.

It was thus that I came in possession of a number of very valuable Audubonian relics. These now consist chiefly of a letter of the naturalist, given me by his wife a short time before she died, she having done me the honor of having written my name across the end of it with her own hand. It was the last one she had in her possession, and as it is directed to Dr. Richard Harlan of Philadelphia, it must have reverted in some way back to the family. At all events, it contains in the P. S. the original description of Harlan's hawk (*B. harlani*), Audu-

bon having reopened the letter to announce its capture and dedication.

As I have elsewhere said, I also have in my possession the courteous little note from Mrs. Audubon presenting me with the above letter; it is dated from Scarsdale, Sept. 2, 1869, and in the postscript she begs that the tremulousness so evident in her handwriting may be overlooked, as she declares that she "is very blind I assure you."



JOHN WOODHOUSE AUDUBON.

This was some five years before Mrs. Audubon died, as we learn from a Louisville (Ky.) paper dated June 19, 1874, which makes the statement that "Mrs. Audubon, widow of the celebrated naturalist, John J. Audubon, died in Shelbyville, Kentucky, yesterday, aged 88. She was a lady of unusual attainments, and constant companion of her husband in his labors and travels, visiting the principal courts of Europe in his company. For many years past, since his death, she has lived with her relatives in this city and State."

Space will hardly admit of my giving here in full the contents of the Audubon

letter in my possession, as the communication is quite a long one, and, moreover, it has already been published (see Nutt. *Ornitho. Bull.*, Vol. V., 1880, pp. 202, 203).

My handful of relics is completed by two other pictures also given to my family by old Mrs. Audubon; one is a picture of herself taken in New York a few years before she died, and the other of her son John Woodhouse Audubon, taken at the same time. I have copied these by photography and here add them to the group shown in the illustrations.

Very often I try and place the living Audubon in our midst to-day and wonder to myself how he would regard matters ornithological of the present time. We must believe he was too much a lover of the woods and fields to have ever become contented with the closet study of ornithology, least of all with an "official" position under the Government to grind out his magnificent works of art, and his soul-inspiring descrip-

tions of them. No, we could never have caged an Audubon—never in the world. We undoubtedly would have had another great volume of plates with the text giving all the unfigured birds of our domains—west and in Alaska. Then I must think he would naturally have passed to the mammalian fauna, as his tastes were evidently in that direction.

We must also believe that he would have looked with favor upon the organization of the American Ornithologists' Union, and heartily lent his aid to the support of its present movements. Even more than this, I believe he would have hailed with welcome the organization of the AUDUBON SOCIETY, and done all in his power to further its ends. For be it said, notwithstanding the numerous birds Audubon must have taken in his long lifetime, he never took the life of a single one unless he had a very definite use for the specimen. Every line in his immortal work goes to prove that fact.

R. W. SHUFELDT.

## HINTS TO AUDUBON WORKERS.\*

### FIFTY COMMON BIRDS AND HOW TO KNOW THEM.

#### IX.

##### SLATE-COLORED JUNCO; SNOWBIRD.

EARLY in September you may have found the juncos, companies of little gray-robed monks and nuns, just emerging from the forests where they cloister during the summer months. Most of them nest as far north as the line from northern Maine to Alaska, but Mr. Chadbourne has found them "from the base to the bare rocky summits" of the White Mountains in July, with "newly fledged young;"\* and they also nest in the Catskills, the Adirondacks, and even in comparatively open deciduous woods on the borders of the Adirondacks.

But though they may build in your locality, as they do here, their habits, like those

of the chickadee, are greatly changed in summer, and you will take more than one casual walk through the woods before you discover them. They are no longer in flocks, but in pairs, and I consider myself fortunate if I can get a timid look from one from among the dead branches of a fallen treetop.

Early last May I was delighted to see a pair on the edge of the raspberry patch, but though they inspected the recesses of a pile of brush, seemed greatly interested in the nooks and crannies of an upturned root and reviewed the attractions of a pretty young hemlock that stood in a moss-grown swamp on the border of the patch, I suspect it was only a feint, and when they came to the grave business of house choosing, they followed.

\* *The Auk*, April, 1887, Vol. IV., No. 2, p. 105.



family traditions and built under a stump, in a hole beneath the root of a tree, under an overhanging bank, or somewhere else on the ground, with a natural roof to keep off the rain. At all events, they left the raspberry patch, and with the exception of one or two that I heard giving their high-keyed woody trill in June, that was the last time I saw any of the family there until fall. Then they came out in time to meet the white-throats, and stayed till after the first snows.

One day in September, I found a number of them gathered around an old barn, some hopping about picking up seeds, and others sitting quietly on the boards and sticks that lay on the ground. Another day they and a number of whitethroats were by the side of the barn, picking up grain that had fallen from the threshing, and not satisfied with what they could find there, some of them flew up on the sill of a small square window that had been left open, and hopping along disappeared from our sight in the dark barn. As the weather grew colder they came, as they do every spring and fall, to see what they could find to eat by the side of the house. Here, they raise their heads with quiet curiosity when you approach, and always seem very gentle, trustful birds, but it is said that they show much caution as well as intelligence in eluding their enemies, and are among the most difficult birds to snare.

The call of the junco is a chip that sounds like a thin smack. Of its songs, Mr. Bicknell says: "The junco has two very different songs; a simple trill, somewhat similar to that of the chipping sparrow; and a faint whispering warble, usually much broken but not without sweetness, and sometimes continuing intermittently for many minutes."

Among the notes of Miss H. H. Boardman, a St. Paul observer, I find, under date of April 7, 1887: "At 8 A. M. saw quantities of juncos, from one of whom a tiny trill, more like a shimmer, quite clear and sweet, about eight notes, and then up, crooning to

itself;" and "April 15, at sunrise, 5:15, a tree full of juncos, twenty or thirty, all singing this peculiar sweet twitter in different tones. The effect of a whole flock is sweet and harmonious."

In an old number of the *Naturalist*, Mr. Lockwood gave an interesting description of the habits of a flock of snowbirds that visited him in New Jersey. He says: "In easy view from my library windows is a spot in the headland of the old orchard, where last autumn grew a tall *Phytolacca decandra*. The tip of the dead plant is but just exposed, and that is hint enough to the little fellows that the dried currant-like berries of the pokewort are to be found in a natural cache under the snow. The way in which a group of five or six birds keep at the spot would indicate that the placer 'pans out well.' How they do dig down into the snow! Dig? Yes, though, very unbirdlike, that is the right word, for it is altogether unlike scratching. Its method of mining, for a bird, seems to me to be original. Our *Junco hyemalis* is a hopper, not a runner, and scratching is, as a rule, not an accomplishment of the hopper family. \* \* \* The bird stiffens out its toes, then makes a jumping shove forward and upward, thus lifting and flirting the snow. The movement is of the whole body, and the action is scooping, not unlike that of a ditcher. It is not a shuffling motion, for it demands too much dexterity, but a true shoveling movement. Like the post-hole digger's shovel with its short blade and long handle, the middle toe of junco is shorter than its tarsus.

"Soon this natural cache was exhausted, and a deep, wide excavation with a small entrance was the result of their patient digging. It was truly a snow cavern. The birds soon learned to feed from a supply put at their service on the window sill. Finding so good a commissariat, they sojourned with us a number of days, the little bevy of not more than seven, keeping always

together, as if by a family compact. Indeed, this is a pretty domestic feature of our Eastern snowbird. Some twenty-five feet from our study windows is a beautiful copse of *Thuja occidentalis*, or arbor vitæ \* \* \* the trees are high and the foliage dense, \* \* \* Hither come our little birds when the day's foraging is done—this is their nightly 'covert from storm and rain'; while strange to tell, their snow dugout is made to serve as a cosy asylum from the cutting wind by day." (*American Naturalist*, Vol. XV., No. 7, p. 519-520.)

He then goes on to say: "Our Eastern snowbird does not hold together long in large flocks, but does like to keep together in small bevvies, or family groups. \* \* \* Is a good deed contagious? These tiny things have caught the knack of charity among themselves! There is a poor little snowbird on a rail; something ails it, for a stalwart junco is carrying food and feeding it with nursely tenderness. To and fro goes the noble little fellow, until the hunger of its nursling is appeased. The bird is in some way lame of wing; and its benefactor knows all about it \* \* a double question is under consideration, namely, hunger and safety, demanding foresight and strategy. If it would, the crippled bird could go to the window sill and help itself; for it has managed to keep up with the family flock, but with painful effort. These two words lighten up the whole case. Even the stalwarts come to the place of feeding not without circumspection and some distrust \* \* \* hence this thoughtful commiseration—that crippled bird must be allowed a position 'surveying vantage.'" (*American Naturalist*, Vol. XV., No. 7, p. 519-521, July, 1881.

#### BLUEJAY.

The bluejay always comes with a dash and a flourish. As Thoreau says, he "blows the trumpet of winter." Unlike the chickadee, whose prevailing tints match the win-

ter sky, and whose gentle *day-day-day* chimes with the softly falling snows, the bluejay would wake the world up. His "clarionet" sounds over the villages asleep in the snow drifts, as if it would rouse even the smoke that drowzes over their white roofs. He brings the vigor and color of winter. He would send the shivering stay-at-homes jingling merrily over the fields, and start the children coasting down the hills. *Wake-up, wake-up, come-out, come-out* he calls, and blows a blast to show what winter's good for. And so he flashes about, and screams and scolds till we crawl to the window to look at him. Ha! what a handsome fellow! He has found the breakfast hung on the tree for him and clings to it, pecking away with the appetite of a Greenland. Not a hint of winter in his coloring! See his purplish back, and the exquisite cobalt blue, touched off with black and white on his wings and tail. How distinguished he looks with his dark necklace and handsome blue crest! There! he is off again, and before we think where he is going we hear the echo of his rousing *phay, phay* from the depths of the woods.

Speaking of the winter birds of Massachusetts, Mr. Allen wrote in 1867: "Among our more familiar resident birds, there are but few species that seem as numerous in winter as at other seasons; of these the bluejay (*Cyanura cristata*, Swains.) is a prominent example. Though unusually social in his disposition, he is yet hardly gregarious. The noisy screams of small scattered parties reach us from the swamps and thickets almost daily, and in the severer weather, individuals make frequent excursions to the orchard and farmer's cribs of corn, the few grains they pilfer being amply paid for in the destruction of thousands of the eggs of the noxious tent-caterpillar.\*

In 1881, Mr. Charles Aldrich wrote from  
\**American Naturalist*, Vol. I., No. 1, p. 45, March, 1867.

Webster City, Iowa: "None of our winter birds are so social as the bluejays. We see them every day during our long, cold winters. Our barnyards are their favorite resorts, where they walk about very familiarly among the poultry and domestic animals, feeding upon the scattered or half digested corn. Last night (Jan. 6), while I was passing a straw stack, a jay went whirling out of a small hole into which it had crawled a foot or more. This morning, as I write, the mercury is down to 24, so I suppose my jay had made the best possible provision to protect himself from the approaching low temperature. These birds and our little chickadees seem able to endure such extreme cold better than any others that remain with us all the year round. Soon after sunrise on any of these cold, clear mornings, they can be heard merrily chirping in the neighboring groves and thickets."\*

In another number of the *Naturalist* he says: "So tame are they here, the little daughter of a friend of mine saw a bluejay very busily pecking at some object, doubtless an ear of corn. Approaching stealthily, she clapped her hands upon his sides and captured him! It is amusing to see them eat a kernel of our large western corn. They cannot swallow the grains whole, and are compelled to break them into two or more pieces. This they do with powerful strokes of their bills, while holding the grain upon the ground or other hard surface, with one foot. These strokes come down as systematically as a blacksmith hits a hot iron with his hammer! Often three or four blows are needed to divide the object, so it can be swallowed and the bird looks round at every stroke to see if the coast is clear. But back in western New York and Pennsylvania, they were shy and secretive, living for the most part in the grand old woods. It seems to me this difference in habits may be largely due to the scarcity of timber in

this region, which makes it a necessity for them to live near the abodes of men. As population increases, their habits of familiarity are increased, and so the bluejay has become one of the tamest and most domestic of our Iowa birds."\*

In this region the bluejay is an irregular guest. Sometimes he is here for only a few days in the fall; often he will visit us when the hawks return in the spring, and tease the young observer by imitating the red-tail's cry. Then, if the fancy takes him, he will spend the winter with us, showing comparatively little of the timidity Mr. Aldrich found in those of western New York.

Last fall they were here for some time, but when I was congratulating myself on having them here for the winter they left, and did not return till the middle of January. Then one of them suddenly appeared on a tree in front of the kitchen window. He seemed to have been there before, for he flew straight down to the corn boxes. The gray squirrels had eaten out the sweetest part of the kernels and he seemed dissatisfied with what they had left, dropping several of the pieces after he had picked them up. But after swallowing a few kernels he took three or four in his bill and flew up in a maple. There he must have deposited some of them in a crotch at the body of the tree, for after he had broken one in two under his claw—striking it with sledge-hammer blows, as Mr. Aldrich describes it—he went back to the crotch, picked up something, flew back on the branch, and went through the process over again. The second time he flew down to the corn boxes he did the same thing—ate two or three kernels, and then filled his bill full and flew off—this time out of sight. What a good business man he would make! All his motions are like this unique performance, time-saving, decided, direct. Once during the morning he flew down to the boxes

\* *American Naturalist*, Vol. XV., No. 4, p. 319, April, 1881.

\* *American Naturalist*, Vol. XV., No. 8, p. 654-655, August, 1881.

from the tree directly over them, and came so straight he looked as if he were falling through the air. He did not seem particularly hungry, for the suet did not please him at all, and the corn was only partly satisfactory. He pecked at the bark of the trees in an indifferent way, too, but I thought he was drinking with more gusto. He seemed to be catching the raindrops that were running down the sides of the trees and filling the crevices of the bark.

After he had been away for a few minutes and the gray squirrels had settled down comfortably for breakfast, he came dashing round the corner in such a hurry he almost flew into the squirrel that had taken possession of the lower box. The first thing I saw was a confusion of blue feathers and gray fur, and then a bluejay flying off to the evergreen, and a gray squirrel shaking his tail excitedly and starting from one side to the other of the box trying to collect his wits. By this time the bluejay had recovered from his surprise, and seeing that it was only a squirrel, hopped about in the spruce as full of business as if the collision had been planned. Not so with the poor squirrel! He jumped up on the highest box, stretching straight up on his hind legs, his heart beating against his sides, his tail hanging down dejectedly, his fore paws pressed against his breast, and his ears standing straight up as he looked off toward the spruce where the bluejay had gone. Gradually the questioning wonder on his face changed to the most comical look of bewilderment. Could that big bird flying about as if nothing had happened be the thing that flew into him, or had he gone to sleep over his corn and had a bad dream? He gradually settled down on his haunches with an expression of utter, inane confusion and finally turned back into his corn box, a complete contrast to the clear-headed bluejay.

But it is not only the squirrels that the bluejays dine with, for one day last winter

the little three-year-old came running out of the dining room in great excitement crying, "Oh, grandpa! come quick! There are three partridges, and one of them is a bluejay!"

Indeed, the other day the bluejays quite took possession of the corn barrels that are the especial property of the partridges. They stand under the branches of a Norway spruce on either side of a snow-shoe path, that runs from the house, and the handsome birds made a very pretty picture flying about and sitting on the barrels, the green of the boughs bringing out the blue of their coats.

But the real home of the bluejay is in dense coniferous forests like the Adirondacks. There we find him with all his family. I shall never forget seeing a flock of the jays on Black Mountain. From the top of the mountain the wilderness looked like a sea of forest-clad hills, with an occasional reef outlined by surf, for the largest lakes seemed like silver tracery in the vast expanse of forest. The impressive stillness was only broken by the rare cries of a pair of hawks that circled over the mountain, for the most part they soared, silent as the wilderness below them. Coming down the mountain into the midst of the "forest primeval," where the majestic hemlocks towered straight toward the sky, and their massive knotted roots bound down the granite boulders that showed on the mountain side—there we found the bluejays in their home. A flock of them lived there together, feeding on wild berries and beechnuts, sporting among the ferns and mosses, and drinking from the brook that babbled along near the trail. What a wonderful home our handsome birds had chosen! But the memory of the spot is hideous. Unmoved by the beauty of the scene, to which the bluejays gave color and life; unawed by the *benedicite* of the hemlocks; betraying the trust of the friendly birds, the boy of the party crept into their very home and shot

down one after another of the family as they stood resistless before him. To-day the pitiful lament of the brave old birds haunt me, for, forgetting to fear for themselves, those who were left flew about in wild distress, and their cries of almost human suffering reached us long after we had left the desecrated spot.

## CROSSBILLS.

Last November, one of the commonest sounds heard on my walks was an odd metallic *kimp, kimp, kimp*, coming from a flock of crossbills far up in the air. They were often so high that I could not see them, and one day several flocks passed over my head, affording only a glimpse of black dots for them all. Their note often came from the hemlocks back in the woods, and on Thanksgiving morning I had the satisfaction of seeing the noisy strangers.

They had come out in the clearing, and lighted near a milk house, some on a tree and others on the ground. I crept up as noiselessly as the crusty snow would allow, and screening myself behind another building watched them for some time. They seemed nervous, for every few minutes they started up simultaneously with a whirr, flew about a few seconds and then settled down again. When they were resting, those that were not chattering, warbled to themselves in a sweet undertone, but when a new company joined their ranks they all began jabbering, and it was a grave question if any of them could hear what they were asking, or their neighbors trying to tell. Then as they broke up into groups and went wheeling about in the air, the glittering gilt deer on top of a barn a few rods away attracted them, and some of them lit on the horns a moment in passing. Several squads flew away, and as the confusion decreased the others grew less restless, and twenty or thirty flew down under the milk house door and began picking up what they could find on the stones.

Such a mixture of colors! The old gentlemen were the handsomest, being some shade of red, while their wives and children were olivaceous or grayish. They seemed like a shifting kaleidoscope of colors, as they hopped about busily hunting for food.

Among them were a few pine finches, and I thought that I heard some goldfinches with those that passed over.

I got the pretty visitors a basket of grain, and scattered it on the crust for them, but they seemed to prefer cone seeds, for they soon flew over to the spruces.

Mr. Allen says: "The crossbills, by the great strength of their maxillary muscles, and their strong oppositely curved mandibles, are able to pry open the tightly appressed scales of the fir cones, and to extract at pleasure the oily seeds, which other birds equally fond of, have to wait for the elements to release.\*

The crossed bills that Mr. Allen refers to, and from which the birds are named, are accounted for by the old legend which says the merciful birds tried to pull the nails from the cross, and in doing so twisted their bills in such a way that they will always bear the symbol of their good deed.

In speaking of the occurrence of the crossbills in South Carolina, Mr. Wayne says in general: "They go in flocks of from six to forty individuals, and fly in the manner of the American goldfinch (*Spinus tristis*), but their flight is generally very high and greatly protracted; their note while on wing is very similar to the cry of young chickens. They always alight in the tops of the pines, and each individual then gets a burr, to see if it contains 'mast'. I have seen as many as three birds on one burr."†

The crossbills are very erratic in habit, and wander over large areas where they do not remain to build. They nest throughout

\* *American Naturalist*, Vol. I., No. 1, p. 44-5, March, 1867.

† *The Auk*, Vol. IV., No. 4, p. 238, October, 1887.

the coniferous forests of the northern United States and Canada, and in mountains of the Southern States, notably in North Carolina, Tennessee, and Kentucky.

Mr. Bicknell describes a nest he found at Riverdale, N. Y., in 1876. He says: "On April 22 I noticed a pair building near the top of a red cedar, about eighteen feet from

the ground. The nest, April 30, contained three eggs, and was composed of strips of cedar bark, dried grass, and stems of the Norway spruce, and was lined with horse-hair, feathers, dried grass, and fibrous roots. The eggs were \* \* a very light blue, slightly sprinkled and blotched at the large end with dark purple."\*

FLORENCE A. MERRIAM.

## CHARLEY'S WONDERFUL JOURNEYS.

### JOURNEY VI.

"COME here, Charley," said the dog, "there's a gray squirrel up in this maple tree, and I want to see you bark him."

"But I wouldn't like to hurt the poor little squirrel," said Charley.

"Oh, I didn't mean you to hurt him," said the dog; "I only meant for you to split the branch he's standing on, with your arrow, and catch him by the foot, and then we can have some fun with him."

Charley drew his bow and drove the arrow clean through the branch, and as the rift closed, he saw that the squirrel was caught.

"Keep quiet," said he, "I'll come up and set you free in a minute, and then we'll have some fun."

Then Charley began to climb the tree, going up quite easily like a squirrel, and when he came to the branches, he stood on one and pulled himself up to the next, then he stood on that and pulled himself up to another, and kept on going up and up, such a long time that he forgot all about the squirrel, and at last when he was thinking about nothing in particular, he heard a voice just above him saying, impatiently, "Make haste, Charley, and unlock the bracelet; I hope you've brought the key with you."

Charley looked up and saw a little bear

fastened to the branch overhead. He was not at all surprised or frightened. Nothing ever surprised Charley. On the contrary, he seemed to recollect that he had been traveling with a key in his pocket, on purpose to set the bear free, and as soon as he reached him he took out his key, and set the delighted bear at liberty.

"I knew you would come," said he, "and I'm so glad; they didn't want me to go to the ball, but they pretended they did, and told me I must wear my bracelets, and when I put them on, they locked me to the tree, and away they went to the bear garden without me. Now let's come along and have a dance."

So Charley and the little bear trotted off, until at last they came to a beautiful garden, with a fence of tall, straight trees growing all round it.

"But this isn't a bear garden," said Charley; "this is a flower garden."

"Oh, yes," said the little bear, "it's a flower garden before you begin, but after you've finished it's a right out bear garden. Here they all are!"

From all sides the bears came trooping into the bear garden, the younger couples catching each other as they met, and whirling around in a waltz, or dancing singly.

\* *American Naturalist*, Vol. X., No. 4, p. 237. April, 1876.

Charley and the little bear embraced and began whirling round too.

"Now stop your fooling," shouted one of the oldest bears, "and select your partners for a country dance; keep time to the music and dance gracefully and decorously." The sets were formed; the old bear retired to a corner, and with no other instruments than his own pipes started the tune.

It was not a very soft or sweet music, something like the bagpipes, perhaps, but it was a very good tune for bears to dance to, and Charley went through the figures, and entered into the spirit of the fun with as much zest as any of them.

During the dance, Charley noticed that besides the musical bear in one corner, there was another bear in another corner, who never danced, but stood looking quite miserable with his hand to his head.

Charley knew at once that this must be the bear with a sore head, but all the same, he wanted to ask him, and when the first dance was over, and the bears linked arms and strolled about chatting to each other, Charley approached the solitary bear, and asked him why he did not dance.

"Oh, I never dance," said he; "I'm the bear with the sore head."

"I thought so," said Charley, "but how did you come to get a sore head?"

"You needn't come asking such questions as that," said the bear, "nobody ever asked such a thing before, and that's two questions you've asked me already."

"But how do you know you've got a sore head?" persisted Charley.

"I give it up," said the bear; "now tell me."

"I can't tell you," said Charley, "because I don't know."

"Don't know!" snarled the bear, furiously, "then what did you come asking such puzzlers for? You must know and you've got to tell me. Come here, all of you," he shouted, "and make him tell me."

"What is it?" asked all the bears in cho-

rus, as they came running at his summons.

The little bear caught Charley and whisked him out of the crowd, while the bear with the sore head was telling his story.

"Oh, if you gave it up, he must tell," they all cried in a breath. "Where is he?"

"Here, eat this quickly," said the little bear, thrusting a nut in Charley's mouth. He ate another himself, and the next moment they were both turned into squirrels, and ran up one of the fence trees, and turned round to see the fun.

You should just have seen the look of astonishment on the bears' faces when Charley and his partner suddenly disappeared from before their eyes. They stopped, looked at each other, and five or six of them couldn't help asking, "Where is he?" "I give it up, I give it up," cried the others all in a breath, "and now you've got to tell us."

The bears who had asked the question made a rush for the fence, but the others were on them in an instant; the next moment they were rolling over and over, biting, growling, clawing, and making things lively in general.

"I told you they'd make a bear garden of it before they'd done," said the squirrel, laughing. Now let's be off home, it must be getting late." \* \* \*

"A pretty time of night to be coming home," said the squirrel's wife as they reached the nest. "I think you might stay at home with your family, and not keep me sitting up here until after midnight."

"I should have been home long ago," said the squirrel, "but I found this poor fellow here running into danger, and just came in time to save him from being torn to pieces by bears."

"Well, what business was it of yours if he chose to run into danger? You're very fond of doing good for people you know nothing about, and neglecting your own family. Let everybody mind their own

business, say I, and if folks choose to run into danger let them run out of it again."

"I am really very sorry, ma'am, that I have been the means of causing you so much uneasiness," said Charley; "and now if you'll kindly turn me back again, I'll go home at once."

"You are certainly very polite and civil spoken," said the squirrel's wife, "and now that I look at you closely I see that you're only a changeling. Well, it's late now and you had better come into the nest with us to-night."

"You are very kind," said Charley, "and I am sure you have a good heart, but I would like to be changed back again and go home."

"Whew!" said the squirrel, "that's more than I can do, and as to a squirrel going all that distance it's out of the question. I have it; the rabbit has a book of magic, and he can tell you how to do it. It isn't far," said the squirrel, turning to his wife, "and I'll just step over with him and be back in a minute."

"I am sure you must be tired," said the squirrel's wife, now completely mollified, "you go to bed, and I'll run over to the rabbits with him." But the squirrel wouldn't hear of this, and Charley being anxious, the two set off at once and soon reached the hole, and entered the rabbits' house, where they found Mrs. Rabbit sitting by the kitchen fire, with the table all laid for supper.

"You quite startled me!" said she, "I'm so nervous sitting here alone o'nights, and my husband stays out so late!"

"Nothing easier," said she, when the squirrel made known their business, "and how fortunate my husband is so late, or he would have eaten all the stewed dandelions, and you must eat that if you want to be turned into a rabbit."

"But I don't want to be turned into a rabbit," said Charley, "I want to be turned into myself again and go home."

"I can't do that," said Mrs. Rabbit, "I must turn you into a rabbit first, and then I can tell you how to regain your own shape. Here, sit up at the table, the dandelions are all ready."

"Well, I must be off," said the squirrel, and away he scampered.

Charley tasted the dandelions. "Oh, how nasty it is," said he; "I don't like that."

"It's only the first mouthful that's so bad," said Mrs. Rabbit, eyeing him with interest. "Swallow one good mouthful, and after that it will taste better."

Charley forced down a mouthful, making a wry face at first, but when it was down he smacked his lips and took another mouthful. "Why, it's simply delicious," said he, and he set to work to finish the dish.

Mrs. Rabbit laughed, for Charley was already turned into a rabbit without knowing it.

"Come here," she said, "and let me look at you. Why, what a pretty rabbit you make. A white rabbit with blue eyes, I declare. Why, you're just lovely! I don't think you're as tall as I am; stand up and measure."

She was so soft and nice as she nestled close to Charley, and then scampered off to entice him to play with her; but Charley was anxious to get home, and asked her what he must do next to regain his own shape.

"I don't just remember," said she, "I have it in a book up there, but it's difficult to read by this light."

But Charley was impatient, so she took down the book and turned over the leaves (they were cabbage leaves). "Here it is," said she, as she came to the place, "you must cross running water, and then you'll regain your own shape."

"Oh, I know," said Charley, "there is the creek that runs down to the mill. Thank you so much, I'll be off now."

"You surely wouldn't venture out at this time of night," said Mrs. Rabbit, who look-



ed really alarmed; "there are foxes about, and it's downright dangerous for rabbits. You had better stay here to-night; I don't know when my husband will be home."

But Charley was inflexible, and although Mrs. Rabbit fondled and coaxed him to stay, he broke away from her, and bounded off toward home.

The scamper over the green grass was delightful; Charley never enjoyed a run more in his life; but suddenly his quick ear caught a slight rustling in a little tuft of long grass, a little ahead and to his left. He swerved off, and the next moment a fox made a dash at him. He bounded forward, the fox missed his spring, and away went Charley at top speed for the creek, the fox after him. Charley reached the creek, sprang in, and found himself in his own proper shape, up to his knees in water. He was not frightened now, but oh, his feet were cold! All the same he couldn't help laughing at the baffled fox.

"Were you looking for anything?" asked Charley.

"Oh no, nothing particular," said the fox. I saw something white glance by, and just ran up to see what it was. Did you notice it? Something like a white rabbit it looked to me."

"I give it up," said Charley. "Do tell."

"Oh, you've been *there*, have you?" said the fox, as he turned tail, and scampered off as fast as his legs would carry him.

Charley tried to laugh, but his teeth were chattering with cold; he hitched up his pants, and made another step forward, and went in up to his middle. The cold was so intense that he awoke. The gray dawn was just breaking, and as Charley sat up in bed and looked round to make sure that he was at home, he saw his naked feet sticking out, and found that he had pulled all the bed clothes up above his middle. He straightened them out as well as he could without getting up, and then drew up his knees and lay awake, recalling all the adventures of the night, until the sun rose high, and his mother came to give him his morning kiss and call him for breakfast.

C. F. AMERY.

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## THE ENGLISH SPARROW DISCUSSED.

GENERAL SPINNER'S "Earnest Appeal to Young America," which appeared in our November number, would have been lauded to the echo, if he had omitted all allusion to the European sparrow, but in drawing the line at that impudent little marauder he has stirred up a considerable measure of dissent, for the sparrow is by no means without friends. We have quite a number of interesting communications on the subject, one of which was addressed by the writer to General Spinner personally, with a request to him to have it published.

The letter has consequently found its way to our columns, and it will be seen that the General, neither softened nor convinced,

has double-shotted his guns, and ranged himself in line of battle.

After the smoke of the conflict shall have cleared away, it will be for our readers to determine to which side the balance of victory inclines.

The English sparrow himself, we have ascertained, takes no stock in the discussion; he has come to stay, and will pursue the even tenor of his way, undismayed by the screaming of the American eagle.

*From Lydia L. A. Very, to General F. E. Spinner.*

NO. 154 FEDERAL STREET, SALEM, MASS.

DEAR SIR—I was reading (with pleasure) your remarks and advice to the boys to spare the birds, when I came to your ending, advising them to kill the poor little English (European more properly)

sparrow. We who have watched the sparrows from the first year of their introduction into the country know them to be useful and interesting. They have freed our trees from canker worms (we do not tar them now), they eat the pupa of the caterpillars (we seldom see a caterpillar now), they destroy the clothes moth in embryo, and they are busy scavengers of our public streets and yards. They are constantly at work, *winter* as well as summer. They do *not* *drive* away our native birds. The foresters in the Washington, New York, Boston and Philadelphia public gardens and commons, all give their testimony to the contrary, saying that robins, blue birds and yellow birds, and others, build by the side of them. The scarcity of native birds is owing to men and boys shooting them, and women's cruelty in wearing them on hats and bonnets.

Besides this, every school boy has to make a collection of birds' eggs, and some take pleasure in their *wanton* destruction.

The only thing I have observed, that most who complain of them have against the sparrow is, they soil the houses, but I think it ill becomes man to complain of any animal for being dirty or quarrelsome or thievish; let him look at his own species. Besides and above all the benefits the sparrows confer on us is this: they have comforted, amused, and interested the old, the young, and the sick. It has been one of our greatest pleasures (in our loneliness and bereavement) to watch and feed them.

All birds have their enemies who wish their destruction. It was not many years ago that some one in London complained of the numerous doves, and tried to effect their destruction. But it was found that some kind-hearted person had left a fund for them to be fed twice a day at Guild Hall, and this prevented it.

In West Peabody there is a farmer who kills robins, and hires boys to do so. His old father (I am happy to say he is dead now) used to go round and punch the bottoms of the robins' nests after they had built them. In some places they make pies of robins. I should as soon think of eating a piece of a baby!

In old times crows were thought nothing of, and every one shot them at will. Now, there is a law in England to protect them, as they kill hard-shelled bugs the smaller birds cannot.

Now I hope you will be convinced a little, that when God made the sparrows, He made them for some purpose, and if we do not know it, it only shows our ignorance. These European sparrows are the ones the Saviour loved and noticed when he pointed to them and said, "Your heavenly father cares too for them."

I am told by English people that they value the sparrow next to the robin, and their numerous sparrows are the reasons they have such heavy crops.

If you would oblige a lady, I wish you would have this published in some paper your way, to let people know the little sparrow has friends.

—————  
*General Spinner's Rejoinder.*

PABLO BEACH, FLORIDA, Dec. 19, 1887.

DEAR LADY—Your very interesting letter, of the 11th instant, has been received. While your sympathy for the feathered biped brigand, the English sparrow, does you credit, I think it is misplaced. I can only account for it, on the supposition that you, like many others of your sex, have a perverted sympathy for the worst kind of criminals. Place a bloody red-handed murderer in prison, and directly you will see a stream of refined ladies passing to the murderer's cell, bearing to him all kinds of dainties, choice flowers, and a profusion of misdirected sentimental sympathy. They pass by the suffering poor; they have no more sympathy for these than they would have for the oriole and the blue bird, that are persecuted by the merciless European sparrow.

You do well to call him the European sparrow, for he is the pest of the whole continent of Europe. He leaves England early in the season, and joins his fellow marauders on the continent. By the agriculturists of all Europe, and of our own country as well, he is considered the greatest of pests, and to them is a positive nuisance.

You have discovered virtues in this vagabond of a bird that naturalists have strangely failed to see.

We in America have sparrows, "to the manor born," that are insectivorous; but, the fraud of a bird, that we are considering, is strictly granivorous. If your birds in Salem are as you describe them to be, they differ from any that I have observed. They must be witches, and under the traditional law of your town should be burned. It is, however, no doubt true, that those sparrows that live in cities behave themselves better than do their rustic cousins. They, of the country, despoil the grainfields and the gardens, while your pets in the cities riot on horse-droppings. There is no accounting for tastes.

But you are not at all singular in your estimate of the city sparrow. He evidently differs from the fellow in the country. I have a young lady friend and correspondent, who is a naturalist, and who has made birds her especial study, who in regard to what I had written concerning the English sparrow, wrote me as follows:

"As to the sparrow—yes. I am a murderer in theory, and here in the country I would be one in

practice. It is only in places like New York that my heart warms to the 'marauder.' Honestly, now, don't you relent when he flies down by your side, when all Broadway is hurrying by? You may think me sentimental, but I own that I am glad to see him there, and I don't want to poison him at all." Perhaps this is the true state of the case. The city sparrow is a genteel loafer, while his country cousins are unmitigated curses.

I wonder have you a garden, and have you tried to grow a bed of early peas? If you have, you have probably noticed that the rascals have some way of communicating the fact to all their fellows for miles around, and soon you will find that they had the generosity to leave the empty pods for your share of the crop.

I have been informed that some States have passed laws making it a penal offense to harbor these marauding tramps. I confess that I favor such a law.

I will not gainsay your estimate of man, that he is dirty, quarrelsome and thievish, for he is ranked as the chief brute of creation. But then, woman be-

longs to the same species, and she is the man's mother.

The doves that you mention, while they are not quarrelsome, are, so far as filthiness and thievishness are concerned, even worse than the English sparrow. I have known much sickness, and even death, to have occurred, in consequence of the use of rain water, shed from roofs that had been soiled by these unclean birds.

You say that the English attribute their good crops to the presence of numerous sparrows. Are you sure these English people were not quizzing you: that instead of the crops of the farms, did they not mean that the crops of the sparrows were so heavy?

You say God made these sparrows for a purpose; now, while I will not dispute your proposition, I beg to remind you that the same may be said of skunks, wolves, rattlesnakes, scorpions, fleas, mosquitoes, and thousands of other animated nuisances.

Very respectfully yours,

F. E. SPINNER.

Lydia L. A. Very,

154 Federal Street, Salem, Mass.



WE are gratified at being able to present the readers of the AUDUBON with a portrait of "the watch dog of the Treasury." General Spinner well deserves a niche in the Audu-

bon temple, for in spite of his decided attitude toward that debatable bird, and bone of contention—the English sparrow—he is a very warm supporter of the Audubon movement.

## A FAMILY ON MY HANDS.

AS I stood leaning over the garden fence one Sabbath evening, admiring a stretch of billowy meadow beyond, my attention was drawn to a startled bird which fluttered from the grasses a few feet distant, and as it alighted on the fence near by, I recognized it as the black-throated bunting (*Euspiza americana*). Suspecting a nest, I made search and discovered one in a thick bunch of clover and timothy, fastened to the tall millet clover stems, about one foot from the ground, and containing five beautiful eggs. A neat little home it was, scented with the breath of the blossoming clover, and swaying gently with every passing breeze; it reminded me of the old nursery rhyme, of "Rock-a-by babies all in the tree top," etc.; indeed I used to be under considerable apprehension lest the "cradle should fall," and always visited it after each storm, but this calamity did not overtake them.

Little Mabel was with me when I discovered the nest, and we agreed that it should be a secret between ourselves; that even master Charlie should not be told, because the "collector" of the family had offered him "a great big nickle" for every nest he discovered, and the temptation might be too great for him; nevertheless, the "collector" did surmise that we had found it, and had the effrontery to attempt to bribe us into telling him; we had the moral courage to resist him, however.

Well, in the course of a week or ten days, there were five little birdies in the nest, and then we did not hesitate to inform the "collector," and, to his credit be it said, he soon became as much interested in the little family as we, and very interesting it was, to watch the parent birds flit back and forth on their ceaseless errands to obtain food for the little hungry mouths. I used to pity them sometimes, they had so much to do, but they seemed very happy nevertheless, and would steal a moment every

now and then to alight on the fence, at a safe distance from the nest, you may be sure, and regale us with their merry *Look at me! see! see! see! Look at me! see! see! see!*

One day, when the birdies were perhaps a week old, little Mabel came running in with the startling intelligence that the reaper was at work cutting the grasses in the field where our nestlings were hidden. My dismay at this announcement can easily be imagined; the parent birds themselves could hardly have been more distressed. Had I saved them from the unsparing hand of the collector, only to have them meet a far worse fate? I simply could not, would not see them cut in pieces by the cruel sickle; and so, painful as the duty was, we tore the little nest from its fastenings, and carried it to a place of safety. The reaper did its work; the sheltering grasses were leveled to the earth, but the nestlings were unharmed.

We carried the nest, as nearly as we could determine, to its former place, made a wall of hay around it, and stood off to watch if the parent birds, which in the meantime had been flitting hither and thither, sweeping low over the place where the nest had been, and evincing the greatest anxiety and distress, would find it. In a few moments, however, the mother bird had discovered her children, and joyfully and hastily settled down upon them. And for ourselves, we were inexpressibly glad that our adopted family had escaped so great a peril. But dangers equally great awaited them. From its exposed position the nest could be easily discovered by the bad boys of the neighborhood; besides there were huge turkeys now stalking these meadows who would "gobble them up" on sight like so many grasshoppers; to say nothing of the dogs and cats and other enemies. What to do I did not know, and in sore dilemma I consulted the

"collector," who had become quite as much interested in the little family as myself. He advised me to move them a few feet at a time until I had them under the shelter of a fence some twenty feet distant. But before this could be accomplished, their hiding place had been discovered by two of the worst boys in Coralville.

I felt that it was all over with my protegés then, but I would make one last effort for their lives. So, calling the boys to me, we had a conversation something as follows:

"Now Joe," I said, addressing myself to the elder, "these little birds have had and are likely to have a perilous time of it; and I am going to ask you to help me protect them from bad boys and other enemies, if you will. It is very interesting to watch them grow and feather out, and you may come and look at them every day if you like. Of course you will not hurt them, will you? I know Jesse will not." "No," said Joe, "I will not touch 'em, I told Mabel I would, but I was just a foolin', 'an I'd just like to see a boy try to molest 'em, I bet he wouldn't do it again." "Course I won't hurt 'em," Jesse said. Satisfied that the birds had two valuable champions in those whom I had naturally expected would be their greatest enemies, I resolved to leave them where they were for the present. In about half an hour I heard an outcry, and voices raised in angry altercation. Stepping out to ascertain the cause, I beheld these two boys most unceremoniously, not to say savagely, conducting a little red-haired, freckle-faced culprit out of the grounds. Not until they had taken him safely beyond temptation and all the fences, did they vouchsafe me a word of explanation. "What do you s'pose he was doin'?" said Joe. "He was a sneakin' up and crawlin' along under the fence to try to get at them birds, that is what he was; but I give it to 'im, I did; he won't try it again, he won't." He did not try it again; nor

did any other boy dare venture near those birds without our consent thereafter.

Feeling that the birds were comparatively safe, yet telling Mabel to look out for them a little, engrossed with other duties I scarcely thought of them again until dusk that evening, when they were brought to my mind by Mabel remarking, "I do not think that mamma bird found her little ones this evening, she was not on them the last time I looked and they were quite cold." "Why, I did not know that she had lost them," I replied. "Oh, I moved them over to the fence this evening, so the bad boys and things couldn't find them, and I s'pose she couldn't either." I hastened out and found that it was too true. The mother bird was fluttering about wholly unable to find her little ones, who were almost perishing with cold. Of course we could not catch her and put her over them, so we brought the little family into the house, wrapped them in flannel and placed them under the kitchen stove; in the morning I found that they had crept out of the nest and were lying on the floor half dead with hunger and cold. I warmed and fed them; then took the nest to its former place, where the mother bird soon discovered it. We did not move them again. One died from the exposure; but the others grew so rapidly that in a few days they had filled the nest to overflowing; how they managed to stay in it as long as they did I cannot imagine. One day Mabel brought one of them to me to show me how large it had grown. I told her to take it back and put it in the nest; she was gone some time when she came running to me with a troubled face, to tell me that she "did not know whatever we were to do with those naughty birdies, every time I put them in the nest they get out again," she said, "and run all over the stubble field." It was then that I breathed a sigh of infinite relief, and felt that my adopted family was safely and happily off my hands at last.

# THE AUDUBON NOTE BOOK.

## MEMBERSHIP RETURNS.

THE registered membership of the Society on Dec. 31, 1887, was 42,987, showing an increase of 741 during the month, due to the following sources:

New York.....	195	Missouri.....	37
Massachusetts.....	49	Ohio.....	37
New Hampshire.....	39	Michigan.....	10
New Jersey.....	13	Indiana.....	2
Maine.....	34	California.....	2
Connecticut.....	33	Rhode Island.....	25
Vermont.....	4	Minnesota.....	5
Pennsylvania.....	76	Virginia.....	1
Florida.....	21	West Virginia.....	11
Maryland.....	6	Nevada.....	1
Kentucky.....	25	Tennessee.....	3
Kansas.....	8	Dakota.....	18
Iowa.....	27	Canada.....	39
Illinois.....	19	England.....	1
			741

The registered number of the Society on Dec. 31, 1886, was 17,723, from which it will be seen that the registrations during the year 1887 amount to 25,264. Our register for associate members has not been very extensively availed of, only 37 members having sent in their names for enrollment.

These figures by no means represent the full strength of the AUDUBON SOCIETY. There is an unaffiliated branch society in Philadelphia with quite a respectable membership; there is the Smith College Audubon Society, whose members, although they are entitled to rank as associate members, have not been registered on our books, and some other local societies which seek the same aims by the same methods, without affiliating themselves to the parent Society.

The real strength of the movement, the value of the Society's labors, must be sought in its influence upon the general public, and if this still leaves something to strive for, something wanting to complete success, there is certainly abundant cause for congratulation. The Society has commanded the attention of womankind at large, and compelled them to weigh its arguments in favor of bird protection, and to think about the moral and æsthetic aspects of dead-bird millinery, and they have thought to some purpose. Ostrich feathers and cocks' plumes are in vogue, and single quill feathers of eagles, turkeys, or other large birds are worn with effect, but the poor little stuffed bird with his glass eyes and distorted limbs has been pronounced bad taste, and relegated to the limbo to which all dead fashions are consigned before they finally disappear.

Yes, the Society has cause to congratulate itself on

some good work done, but it started out with other aims than the mere overthrow of the prevailing fashion of dead-bird millinery. It aimed to strike at the cause of which this was only a symptom. It aimed at combating the popular assumption that birds were of no consequence to man, and might be exterminated without inconvenience; to awaken a general, intelligent and sympathetic interest in bird protection, by teaching their economic importance to man, and by instructing young and old in their characters and life habits.

To this end the AUDUBON MAGAZINE was established; it has been received favorably, and its circulation is steadily increasing as it becomes known. No child's education can be considered complete that does not include a liberal course of natural history; and on the special subject of birds the AUDUBON MAGAZINE is beyond all comparison the best popular reader published.

The Forest and Stream Publishing Company have placed this periodical before the public at their own cost and risk, and we are anxious to secure for it such a circulation that it will in time render the Society self-supporting. This is the one direction in which the friends of bird protection can aid us most effectively. We ask no one to put their hands in their pockets for us, but we do ask all friends of bird protection, all humanitarians, to speak a word in season, in favor of a magazine the proceeds of which are devoted wholly to the costs of spreading the Audubon movement.

C. F. AMERY,  
Secretary Audubon Society.

## ORNITHOLOGISTS VS. COLLECTORS.

A WRITER in a recent number of the *Evening Post* is inclined to be severe on ornithologists, because of some communications in a paper known as *The Ornithologist and Oologist* from a Mr. T. D. Perry of Savannah, in which that gentleman, summing up his oölogic triumphs of the year, claims under the blue grosbeak alone, which he recognizes as a retired, beautiful, and rare species, eleven sets of three eggs, four of four eggs, and several of two eggs, "more (he adds) than I ever took in two seasons combined," and further boasts that he and his friend took eighty eggs of that very rare and beautiful singing bird, the Swainson's warbler, in the same season.

There is ample cause in this wanton destruction, for all the indignation expressed by the writer in the *Evening Post*; but ornithologists must not be held responsible for all that is done in their name by skin

and egg collectors who ignorantly style themselves ornithologists and oölogists. The former may collect both skins and eggs, or cause them to be collected, for purposes of accurate scientific description and comparison, and occasionally, but rarely, a man of science will be reckless of life, and take a specimen for which he has no definite need, but in so far as he does collect, it is always as a means to an end, and that end a worthy one—the advancement of our knowledge of birds; but with the bird or egg collectors, the collection itself is the end; their triumphs are measured by the number and rarity of the species secured.

The collecting of birds and eggs fostered in youth under the mistaken impression that it indicates a taste for natural history, frequently becomes a passion to which the votaries devote all their leisure; and quasi scientific journals are started to keep alive a spirit of emulation among collectors by affording them an opportunity for chronicling their triumphs. The effect of this passion for collecting among boys is perhaps quite as fatal as the fashion of feather millinery among women, and we may expect both to disappear when the natural history and economic importance of birds shall be taught systematically in our schools.

#### A STORY OF THE IMAGINATION.

UNDER the above heading, the *New York Sun* has published an unqualified denial of the Seneca Falls story, in which the prepossessing little widow, Mrs. Ruth Armstrong, was said to have netted about fifteen hundred dollars, by inducing a number of local residents to subscribe to Audubon pledges, which she subsequently converted into promissory notes, and negotiated with Albert Hall, the banker of Sheldrake, who of course demanded his pound of flesh as uncompromisingly as old Shylock.

The story had a very realistic air about it, and was well calculated to impose upon the credulous; but an investigation only served to show that in every detail it was a concoction of the same malicious type, as the less definite ones in which "a farmer in the southern portion of the State," or "a farmer a few miles from here," was said to have had his signed pledge converted into a promissory note.

It was very difficult to trace the authors of indefinite stories such as have been flying about in country papers during the past two years, but the Seneca Falls story, published as it was in a respectable *New York journal*, furnished a clew to the writer, and admitted of complete refutation. The first step in the investigation was to write to the several parties named in the story, and in addition to this we communicated with a respectable firm of

resident lawyers, Messrs. Hammond, McDonald & McDonald, at Seneca Falls, asking them to investigate the stories; and these gentlemen, after careful inquiry, report "that none of the six persons mentioned in the story is a resident of the county, and that there is no truth whatever in the story, nor any foundation for it." Our letters to the victims came back unclaimed.

With these evidences in our possession we communicated with the editor of the *New York Sun*, who was of course anxious to make all necessary reparation. The writer is too insignificant for the Society to proceed against legally, and moreover, we assume that he has been a mere tool in the hands of a party of skin collectors, who, if they are wise, will be careful to give us no further provocation to proceed against them criminally. Men who employ disreputable tools for criminal purposes, may be sure their tools will "squeal" to save their own skins. After this exposure, too, we trust the press everywhere will be on its guard against the admission of any such ridiculous stories into their columns. The conversion of an Audubon pledge into a promissory note is simply an impossibility.

#### A YOUNG ORNITHOLOGIST.

SOUTH HINGHAM, Mass., Jan. 10, 1888.

*Dear Mr. Editor:*

I am 12 years old, and a subscriber to the AUDUBON MAGAZINE. I like it very much, as I am interested in the study of birds. Most every day after school, my dog Joe and I stroll into the woods to see them. I have three or four books relating to birds, and every night I read about some bird in them, and then write about it. I have also a block of paper, on which I am writing now about the chickadee. I have a natural history room up-stairs, in which I keep my papers on birds, and a case of curiosities, butterflies, etc. I am trapping with two boys this year, Warren and Frank Cushing, friends of mine; we call ourselves by the Indian names, Jim, Jack and Joe Anver. We caught eight woodchucks, four muskrats, and one rabbit last year, and hope to meet with as good success this year. In the woods we have a camp, near which we have a camp-fire, and pop corn, and have a fine time. We take up my spaniel Joe, and their Gordon setter Dan, and the dogs seem to take as much interest as we boys in the hunt. Your friend,

H. W. YOUNG.

BOUND VOLUME.—We are now able to supply the first volume of the AUDUBON MAGAZINE, bound in cloth, price \$1.00. Covers may be had for 25 cents, and loose numbers sent to us will be bound for 50 cents.

## EMINENT PEOPLE ON BIRD PROTECTION.

OAK KNOLL, Danvers, Mass., }  
2nd mo., 20, 1886. }

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

I heartily approve of the proposed AUDUBON SOCIETY. We are in a way to destroy both our forests and our birds. A society for the preservation of the latter has long been needed, and I hope it is not too late for the accomplishment of its objects.

I could almost wish that the shooters of the birds, the taxidermists who prepare their skins, and the fashionable wearers of their feathers might share the penalty which was visited upon the Ancient Mariner who shot the Albatross. Thy friend,

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Feb. 20, 1886.

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

I am heartily in sympathy with your purposes for the protection of birds, and should be glad to contribute any influence that I can to that end.

If there were no purchasers there would be no demand, and no reason for slaughtering these winged gems. But as only women create a demand, it rests upon them to stay this wanton destruction. I am sure that it is only necessary to bring before American women the cruelty of this "slaughter of the innocents" that fashion is carrying on, to secure a renunciation of this ornament and the salvation of birds.

On this subject the kind feelings, the taste, and æsthetic sympathy of the whole community are on your side, and if you persevere you will surely win.

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

CORNWALL-ON-HUDSON, N. Y., }  
Feb. 22, 1886. }

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

You have indeed my hearty sympathy in every effort to prevent the slaughter of my innocent little neighbors and friends, the birds. In the destruction of forests and birds, the people of this land are inviting very great evils and inflicting wrongs on posterity which scarcely can be measured. The press should render it impossible for women to sin thoughtlessly and ignorantly in demanding little birds for their adornment. The evil should be brought home so fully to the knowledge of all, that the continued wearing of our useful little birds should become the badge and indication of a callous, vulgar nature. You are doing a humane and patriotic work in exciting public aversion to one of the most cruel and stupid wrongs of the age.

Respectfully yours,

EDWARD P. ROE.

WEST PARK, N. Y., Feb. 20, 1886.

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

I scarcely need assure you that your undertaking to form a society for the protection of our wild birds against the ravages of the milliners and the sham scientific collectors has my warmest sympathy and approval. It is a barbarous taste which prompts our women and girls to appear upon the street with their head gear adorned with the scalps of our songsters; and it is mere vanity and affectation which prompts so many persons to make up cabinets of the nests and eggs of the same. The destruction of our birds from their natural enemies is immense, and this craze of the collectors, and folly of the milliners and their customers in addition, threatens their serious diminution.

I hope you may succeed in creating so strong a public sentiment upon the subject that the collectors of skins and eggs for the unworthy purposes of fashion or to indulge the vanity of pseudo-naturalists may suddenly find their occupation gone.

Please add my name to the list of the members of the AUDUBON SOCIETY. Very sincerely,

JOHN BURROUGHS.

160 W. 59TH STREET, }  
NEW YORK, Feb. 20, 1886. }

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

No one who will take the trouble to give the matter a few moments' serious consideration can be in doubt, I think, as to the wisdom of organizing the AUDUBON SOCIETY, and I am thankful that such a step is contemplated. There is an element of savagery in the use of birds for personal decoration, which is in grotesque contrast with our boasts of civilization. But even the savage stops short, as a rule, with the feathers. It is only Christian people who think it worth while to butcher a whole bird to adorn their head gear. I am sure, however, that this is largely from that unreflecting habit which is a leading vice in people who follow the fashions. But it is a vice; as Hood sang, when he wrote—

For evil is wrought  
By want of thought  
As well as by want of heart.

If the AUDUBON SOCIETY can teach men, and especially women, to think on this subject, half of the battle will have been won. HENRY C. POTTER.

ANDOVER, Mass., Feb. 21, 1886.

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

I am in earnest and indignant sympathy with the motive of any society organized to prevent the murder of birds for decorative purposes.

E. S. PHELPS.



# The Audubon Society.

## THE AUDUBON SOCIETY FOR THE PROTECTION OF BIRDS.

THE AUDUBON SOCIETY was founded in New York city in February, 1886. Its purpose is the protection of American birds, not used for food, from destruction for mercantile purposes. The magnitude of the evil with which the Society will cope, and the imperative need of the work which it proposes to accomplish, are outlined in the following statement concerning

### THE DESTRUCTION OF BIRDS.

Within the last few years, the destruction of our birds has increased at a rate which is alarming. This destruction now takes place on such a large scale as to seriously threaten the existence of a number of our most useful species. It is carried on chiefly by men and boys who sell the skins or plumage to be used for ornamental purposes—principally for the trimming of women's hats, bonnets and clothing. These men kill everything that wears feathers. The birds of the woods, the birds of the field, the birds of the marsh and those of the sea are alike slain, at all times and at all seasons. It matters not if the bird be a useful one which devours the hurtful insects which destroy the farmer's crops, or a bright-plumaged songster whose advent has been welcomed in spring, and which has reared its brood in the door yard during the summer, or a swift-winged sea swallow whose flight along the shore has often with unerring certainty led the fisherman to his finny prey—whatever it be, it must be sacrificed to the bird butcher's lust for slaughter and for gain. Besides the actual destruction of the birds, their numbers are still further diminished by the practice of robbing their nests in the breeding season.

Although it is impossible to get at the number of birds killed each year, some figures have been published which give an idea of what the slaughter must be. We know that a single local taxidermist handles 30,000 bird skins in one year; that a single collector brought back from a three months trip 11,000 skins; that from one small district on Long Island about 70,000 birds were brought to New York in four months time. In New York one firm had on hand February 1, 1886, 200,000 skins. The supply is not limited by domestic consumption. American bird skins are sent abroad. The great European markets draw their supplies from all over the world. In London there were sold in three months from one auction room, 404,464 West Indian and Brazilian bird skins, and 356,389 East Indian birds. In Paris 100,000 African birds have been sold by one dealer in one year. One New York firm recently had a contract to supply 40,000 skins of American birds to one Paris firm. These figures tell their own story—but it is a story which might be known even without them; we may read it plainly enough in the silent hedges, once vocal with the morning songs of birds, and in the deserted fields where once bright plumage flashed in the sunlight.

### BIRDS, INSECTS AND CROPS.

The food of our small birds consists very largely of the insects which feed on the plants grown by the farmer. These insects multiply with such astounding rapidity that a single pair may in the course of one season be the progenitors of six billions of their kind. All through the season at which this insect life is most active, the birds are constantly at work destroying for their young and for themselves, tens of thousands of hurtful creatures, which, but for them, would swarm upon the farmer's crops and lessen the results of his labors.

A painstaking and ardent naturalist not very long ago watched the nest of a pair of martins for sixteen hours, from 4 A. M. till 8 P. M., just to see how many visits the parent birds made to their young. He found that in that time 312 visits to the four young were made, 129 by the male and 123 by the female. If we suppose only six insects to have been brought at each visit, this pair of birds would have destroyed, for their young alone, in this one summer's day, not far from 2,000 insects. The important relations which our birds bear to the agricultural interests and so to the general welfare, are recognized by the governments of all our States. Laws exist for their protection, but these laws are rendered inoperative by the lack of an intelligent public sentiment to support them. They are nowhere enforced. It is for the interest of every one that such a public sentiment should be created.

It is time that this destruction were stopped.

### PURPOSE OF THE AUDUBON SOCIETY.

To secure the protection of our birds by awakening a better sentiment, the Audubon Society, named after the greatest of American ornithologists, has been founded. The objects sought to be accomplished by this Society are to prevent as far as possible—

- (1) The killing of any wild bird not used for food.
- (2) The taking or destroying of the eggs or nests of any wild birds.
- (3) The wearing of the feathers of wild birds. Ostrich feathers, whether from wild or tame birds, and those of domestic fowls, are specially exempted.

The Audubon Society aims especially to preserve those

birds which are now practically without protection. Our game birds are already protected by law, and in large measure by public sentiment, and their care may be left to the sportsman. The great aim of the Society is the protection of American non-game birds. The English sparrow is not included in our lists.

### PLAN OF THE WORK.

Obviously the Society cannot supply any machinery of compulsion to lead individuals and communities to a higher regard for bird life and to efforts for its protection. Nor are compulsory measures thought necessary. The wrong is tolerated not only because of thoughtlessness and indifference. The birds are killed for millinery purposes. So long as fashion demands bird feathers, the birds will be slaughtered. The remedy is to be found in the awakening of a healthy public sentiment on the subject. If this enormous destruction of birds can once be put in its true light before the eyes of men and women and young folks, if interest be aroused and sentiment created, the great wrong must cease. To so present the case to the people as to awaken this corrective sentiment is the special work contemplated by the Audubon Society. The methods adopted are very simple. Pledges are furnished, subscription to which constitutes membership, and certificates are issued to members.

### TERMS OF MEMBERSHIP.

The signing of any of the pledges will qualify one for membership in the Society. It is earnestly desired that each member may sign all three of the pledges. Beyond the promise contained in the pledge no obligation nor responsibility is incurred. There are no fees, no dues, nor any expenses of any kind. There are no conditions as to age. The boys and girls are invited to take part in the work, for they can often do more than others to practically protect the nesting birds. All who are interested in the subject are invited to become members, and to urge their friends to join the Society. If each man, woman or child who reads this circular will exert his or her influence, it will not take long to enlist in the good work a great number of people actively concerned in the protection of our birds. It is desired that members may be enrolled in every town and village throughout the land, so that by the moral weight of its influence this Society may check the slaughter of our beautiful songsters. The beneficent influence of the Audubon Society should be exerted in every remotest by-way where the songs of birds fill the air, and in every crowded city where the plumes of slain songsters are worn as an article of dress.

### ASSOCIATE MEMBERS.

As there are a very great number of people in full sympathy with the Audubon movement, and ready to lend it their moral support, but who refrain from joining the Society simply because they find it distasteful to sign a pledge, it has been determined to form a class of Associate Members. Any one expressing his or her sympathy with the objects of the Audubon Society and submitting a written request for membership to any local secretary, will be enrolled on the list of Associate Members. All such applications for membership received by local secretaries of the Society should be forwarded to the General Secretary for registration.

### LOCAL SECRETARIES.

The Society has local secretaries in cities, towns and villages. The local secretary will furnish this circular of information and pledge forms; will receive the signed pledges, keep a list of the members, forward a duplicate list with the pledges for enrollment and file at the Society's office; and will receive in return certificates of membership, to be filled out and signed by the local secretary and given to the members. No certificate of membership will be issued to any person except upon the receipt of a signed pledge at the office of the Society. Where no local secretary has yet been appointed, individual applicants for membership may address the Society at its office, No. 40 Park Row, New York.

If there is no local secretary in your town, you are invited to act as such yourself, or to hand this to some other person who will accept the office. Upon application we will supply copies of this circular and pledge forms.

### THE AUDUBON SOCIETY CERTIFICATE.

The Society furnishes to each member a handsome certificate of membership. This bears a portrait of the great naturalist, John James Audubon, after whom the Society very appropriately takes its name.

The office of the Society is at 40 Park Row, New York city. All communications should be addressed

THE AUDUBON SOCIETY,  
No. 40 Park Row, New York.



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THE RUSTY GRACKLE.

( *Scolecophagus carolinus* (Mull.) )

# THE AUDUBON MAGAZINE.

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No. 2.

## THE RUSTY GRACKLE.

THE birds with which we are most familiar are those which come to us in spring and spend the summer with us, mating, building their nests and rearing their broods under our very eyes. They are our old acquaintances, and we come to look upon them as friends, whose return we may expect at a certain time each spring, and if their arrival is for any cause delayed, we experience a feeling of real disappointment. The familiar robin, the sweet-voiced bluebird, the active, energetic and scolding wren and the gorgeously habited oriole, belong to this class, and the dweller in the country, if he does not know each one of these and hail his arrival in spring with feelings of delight, must indeed be very heedless. When they have come, their every movement is watched, and the children are all anxious to know when and where the birds are going to build their nests. If a site is chosen near the house what delight is expressed, and how eagerly each operation is watched! What exclamations over the first egg that makes its appearance in the neat structure, and what agonies of anxiety lest some accident should destroy it. Yes, the birds are certainly the children's friends, and the little ones could not have better ones, for association with them can not fail to teach important lessons.

Of those birds which come to us in autumn and spend the winter here, most of us know but little. Many of them do not

reach their winter haunts until the weather has become so inclement that few people care to venture into such places as the winter birds choose for their homes. And yet, even at the bitterest season of the year, the woods and thickets are populous with a life that is all their own, and a multitude of busy, blithe, cheery, winged creatures are hard at work earning an honest living, and seeming to take great pleasure in their ceaseless work.

Besides these two great classes, the summer and the winter residents, there is another large class of birds which are with us for a short time only during spring and fall. To this class belongs the Rusty Grackle.

Although abundant birds at certain seasons of the year, they are never residents with us of the Middle States. The Rusty Grackle comes to us from the north in the early autumn and remains until winter sets in, when the greater number of his kind take their departure for more genial climes. Sometimes a few, perhaps more hardy than their fellows, or, it may be, induced to loiter by some unusually favorable feeding ground, remain with us all the winter, one observer having recorded the capture of several individuals of this species in Connecticut during the months of January and February, but generally the Rusties have all gone by the end of November. While they are with us in the autumn, they are often seen

about the barnyard, standing on the fence, or even walking sedately about among the cattle, looking for insects or picking in the straw in search of scattered grain. Sometimes they may be seen walking over the plowed fields in search of insects in the upturned earth. They are fond of berries, too, and look along the borders of pools and brooks for the water insects and crustaceans, which constitute a considerable portion of their food.

The Rusty Grackles spend the winter in the Southern States, and by the time the winter is half over begin their slow journey northward. We have seen them in New York and Connecticut from the middle of February until well into April, when they disappear and do not return again until September. During their stay with us in spring, the males have assumed their handsome breeding plumage of rich glossy black, and are thus much more beautiful than when in their rusty autumnal dress. At this season, they are much more noisy than in autumn, and often give voice to a simple but pleasant song. Now, too, they seem to prefer swamps and wet places generally, and are sometimes found associated with the red-winged blackbird.

After it leaves us, the Rusty Grackle continues its journey northward, reaching northern Maine about the middle of May. Here some of them remain to breed, while others pass northward to Labrador and to the fur countries, extending their migrations as far north as timber grows. Richardson gives its summer range as extending as far north as the 68th parallel of latitude, and no doubt it breeds almost everywhere throughout the Dominion of Canada east of the Great Plains, where its place is taken by a nearly allied species, the blue-headed Grackle. Audubon tells us that this bird begins to lay about the first of June in Maine and fully a fortnight later in Labrador. The nest is a rough affair on the outside, formed of small weed stems and coarse

grasses, but is neatly lined with finer grass, or, in Labrador, with moss. It is usually placed in a low bush or sometimes on the lower branch of a tree, and contains four or five eggs, greenish in color, mottled and clouded with brownish markings.

The Rusty Grackle does not hop when on the ground like the robin and its near allies, the finches, but walks after the manner of most of our blackbirds and the crows and ravens.

Audubon gives us an interesting account of one of these birds in captivity. He says, "An acquaintance of mine, residing in New Orleans, found one of these birds, a beautiful male in full plumage, not far from that city, while on one of his accustomed walks. It had been shot, but was only slightly injured on one of its wings, and as it was full of vivacity and had a clear brilliant eye, indicating that its health had not suffered, he took it home and put it in a cage with several painted buntings. They soon became accustomed to each other, the Grackle evincing no desire to molest its smaller companions. I saw it when it had already been caged upward of four months, and had the satisfaction to hear it sing repeatedly. It frequently uttered its traveling chuck-note. It was fed entirely on rice. This was the only specimen I ever saw in captivity, and it proved a very amiable companion." Wilson also speaks of these birds in captivity, and says that they are readily tamed.

The plate of the Rusty Grackle, which accompanies this account of the bird, is a reproduction of Audubon's illustration of the species.

The Rusty Grackle is  $9\frac{1}{4}$  inches in length and is 14 inches in alar extent. The full plumaged male is everywhere deep glossy black, with some greenish and bluish reflections. The female is brownish black; the sides of the head above and below the eyes are light yellowish brown, and all the feathers are edged with brownish. The eye is pale yellow, bill and feet black.



SPENCER F. BAIRD.

**B**Y the death of Professor Spencer Fullerton Baird, which occurred at Wood's Holl, Mass., on the 19th August last, America has lost one of the greatest men and most efficient scientific workers this continent has given birth to

Professor Baird was for many of the later years of his life the Secretary of the Smithsonian Institution, and United States Commissioner of Fish and Fisheries, and in each of these offices he perfected so excellent an organization of men and means, and achieved such important results, that his claim to name and fame might very well have rested on his achievements in either department. But when we consider that, valuable as were his labors in these im-

portant offices, they were but a small fraction of his life's work, that as a scientific man his writings had brought him worldwide fame, that the catalogue of his published contributions to science embraced over a thousand titles, and that of every subject of which he wrote he displayed such a knowledge as to render him a final authority, we begin to have some conception of the greatness of the man and to realize how largely he contributed to the maintenance of his country in the race of intellectual progress.

Spencer Fullerton Baird was born at Reading, Pa., Feb. 23, 1823, and at an early age displayed that taste for natural history, which united with his definiteness

of purpose, led him to distinction in his chosen field of research. When fourteen years old, he began, with his brother William, a collection of the birds of Cumberland county, Pa., and the materials then brought together formed the nucleus of the Smithsonian collection of birds. It was at this period of his life that Baird formed the acquaintance of Audubon, who became his warm friend, and whom he materially aided in the labors to which in later years he gave an added value by systematizing their results.

At the age of seventeen he graduated from Dickinson College and entered upon the study of medicine, but he appears to have longed for a broader field of research, and five years later accepted the chair of Natural History, and later that of Chemistry, in Dickinson College. While thus engaged he became associated with Agassiz, with whom he planned a joint work on the fresh-water fishes of the United States, an undertaking which from some cause fell through, but the mere fact that Agassiz entered into the arrangement, is evidence of the ripeness of intellect displayed by his young colleague. The five years spent by Baird as professor in this institution constituted a definite epoch of his life; they were years devoted to the acquisition and consideration of facts brought to light by his own labors and those of others, and these facts were classified and arranged with some efforts at system in the process of collections; but it was not until the close of this period that Baird developed those great capacities for generalization and systemization, which later enabled him, as it were, to build together the achievements of past and contemporary workers into a monument in which all the valuable results of their life labors were so arranged that they were seen to constitute severally important parts in a great whole of truth, order, and beauty.

In every department of natural history

Baird may be said to have stood to his fellow workers in the relation of the architect to the quarryman. No matter how perfect their knowledge of their several specialties, Baird mastered all that they knew, and with rare insight, saw at a glance the relations of truths in one branch of science, to truths in all others, and the general order which rendered it possible to bind all together in one harmonious whole.

In 1850 Baird was elected Assistant Secretary of the Smithsonian Institution, and naturally succeeded to the Secretaryship on the death of Professor Henry, and it was in his conduct of the duties of this office that he found opportunity for the display of that rare administrative ability and capacity for organization, which led to his selection for the post of Commissioner of Fish and Fisheries.

His labors in this department, his success in restocking depleted waters with choice fish, and the enormous economic importance of the results achieved, are topics of the day, and familiar to every one interested in the subject. Having seen what was wanted, designed the necessary measures, and organized a staff to give effect to them, the work really seemed to call for little further attention from him. An hour or two a day was as much as he was in the habit of devoting to this important department, but he was familiar with every detail of the operations.

Professor Baird's contributions to scientific literature were, as already said, very numerous. Between 1850 and 1874 he published several works upon North American natural history, the most important of which, perhaps, was his "North American Birds," published in 1858, a work which Coues characterizes as the most important and decided single step ever taken in North American ornithology, in all that relates to the technicalities of the science, effecting a complete revolution in classification and nomenclature.



As a scientific man Professor Baird enjoyed world-wide fame. Dickinson College awarded him the degree of Doctor of Physical Science, Columbia conferred on him the degree of Doctor of Laws, Melbourne awarded him the silver medal of the Acclimatization Society, France the gold medal of the *Société d'Acclimation*, the Emperor of Germany the first prize of honor (*Erster Ehrenpreis*) of the International Fisheries Exhibition at Berlin, and the King of Norway and Sweden decorated him Knight of the Royal Norwegian Order of Olaf. He was a member of nearly all the leading scientific associations of the world, and genera and species innumerable have been named after him. Honors and distinctions which other men spent laborious days and sleepless nights in striving for, came to him unasked, unsought; he allowed himself to be associated with many societies and institutions, simply because he was too kind to reject a courtesy.

If his genius did not mark him out as a man possessed of powers superior to those of most other contemporary great men, we might be tempted to say that his kindness of disposition, his gentle consideration for the feelings of others, and his extreme simplicity were his leading characteristics, for these traits could not fail to impress themselves on every one with whom he came in contact. On this subject we cannot do better than quote from the personal reminiscences of Chas. W. Smiley in the *Microscopical Journal*:

"If one quality was more prominent in his life than others it was his kindness. He had as kind words for messenger boys as for Senators. He never showed that he felt superior to anybody, and he always appeared to prize the friendship and cordiality of those whom everybody knew to be his inferiors. What often surprised me was that he would spend valuable time in entertaining those who had no such claims upon him. Some book, picture, specimen, letter,

or incident was generally handy to furnish him a text for charming conversation. Some came at length to feel, after his health began to fail, that they ought not to let him use his time thus, for he surely would atone for it in over-work; and so, not compelled by business to confer with him for several days, when one endeavored to lessen the multitude of interviews he was holding, the Professor noticed the absences, and playfully rallied the absentee upon his omissions, as if the former, and not the latter, had been the loser thereby. Whoever came into his friendship came to stay, and he never deserted any in adversity, even when they became troublesome to him.

"I never saw him at all angry, and upon catechising one of his most constant attendants upon this point, the most I could learn was that on one occasion, when a beautifully bound book dropped into the mud, virtually ruining it, the Professor uttered some mild by-word. When a man came at him with a storm of abuse or of misapprehensions, he would sit perfectly quiet until the storm had spent itself and the bearer had said all he could think of, then in the calmest manner he replied so kindly as always to send his antagonist away happy. His kindness extended to wrongdoers and unfaithful employees. He was never known to discharge from the service for incompetency or neglect any person whom he had known personally. When it became evident that one was not doing well, the Professor would try the person in some other capacity. There are those who have thus made very extended rounds in search for their proper spheres.

"Next to kindness may be placed modesty. As it permeated everything, there could be no suspicion of affectation. Even his dress, always neat, was so unostentatious that he was often likened in appearance to a well-to-do farmer. His horse and carriage were the plainest that could be seen at the Smithsonian or the White House.

He was granted the privileges of the floor in the Senate and the House, but he never exercised them. He did not like to dine out with foreign ministers and Government officials, though his rare powers of conversation and his official position would have made him doubly welcome there. He was exceedingly averse to appearing in public meetings. I never saw him on a public platform but once, and he stipulated then that he must not be called upon nor mentioned. When he attended the National Academy or the American Association he would usually be seen in the lobby rather than in the sessions. He refused the presidency of the latter society at the Portland meeting from his aversion to standing before assemblies. When asked if he would attend various celebrations to which he was invited, he generally replied: 'What do you suppose they would care for my presence?' Of all the tickets which he received to stage seats on great occasions, and free seats for great events, he used scarcely one per cent. He attended neither church nor theatre for a dozen years. Barnum's circus was the one only large gathering which he loved to frequent. 'I don't care what the rest of you do; I am going to the circus this afternoon,' he exultingly exclaimed one day a few summers ago. The way he threw off care that day was grand. He never courted the favor of the President, Senators, or Congressmen, and he felt so unequal to paying them the attention he considered them to deserve that he sometimes tried to delegate the task. And yet the intermediaries, whom the Professor evidently considered very important, as I have been told, were regarded by the legislators only as so many errand boys.

"To me the calmness with which he at last faced the inevitable was amazing. For months he knew his condition and the progress of his disease even better than his physicians. Quietly he arranged his estate, selected his successors in all three institutions, gave certain confidential directions in

the interest of his family, but he tried to conceal from them his expected departure. There was no crucifix, no priest, no religious ceremony, no tears, no murmur, no farewell. Only when he had gone was it discovered to what marvellous perfection he had brought his business arrangements. Only then did we learn many things that had been his secrets for months. To my mind even death quailed before him, and, as had occurred so often in his life, so this last visitor, which came as an enemy, melted into a friend. All was calm, peaceful and sublime."

And now what shall be said of the genius of the man? for he had undoubted genius. In his case genius can hardly be defined as the capacity for hard work. It would perhaps be hard to find a brain worker whose results great or small were achieved with less conscious effort.

Baird's genius was akin to Shakespeare's, although displaying itself in another field. It was due to his clear insight into his subject, his ready apprehension of the harmony that pervades all nature, of the measure of relationship and divergence that assigns the proper place to each group of plants or animals and to each member within a group; in fact to his clear broad grasp of the subject in all its relations.

Baird's clear insight in this field can no more be attributed to hard work than Shakespeare's marvellous insight into man's character, and the mainsprings and motives of conduct. The one or the other may have overworked himself by too long a strain upon his physical powers, but the quality of the work done was in both cases the result of clear instinctive insight exerted without conscious effort, but necessarily not without a certain measure of laborious preparation. What the specialist in any department of research might have acquired by the labors of a lifetime, could be summed up and valued by Baird almost at a glance, and its proper place assigned to it in the systemized knowledge of the age.

## HOUSES TO LET.

THE spring time is coming once more ; snow and ice will soon disappear, and Nature burst the fetters which so long have held her spell-bound ; the waters in the ice-bound streamlet will soon be bubbling, bounding or gliding along ; winged insects will once more flit over its surface, and tiny fish disport themselves in its depths ; the trees will be bursting into bud and blossom, the eye be refreshed by the soft green tints that meet it everywhere in forest or on prairie, the heart gladdened by the evidences that the earth is renewing its youth, with un failing promise of fruitfulness ; and to crown all, the wild melody of the birds bursting forth in field and orchard, will compel us mechanically to lift up our eyes, and stir the heart to sympathy and longing, and to a desire to be up and doing, with hope and confidence that summer will soon be here, that the earth will renew her increase, and the seed time be succeeded by harvest.

But the birds ! how do they know it ? So many of them were born only last summer. They lingered on in the only land they knew until food was scarce, until to have lingered longer were death. With what misgivings perhaps did they wing their flight to unknown regions. But they found the sunshine, and seed, and insects, and reveled in plenty, while the Northern States were held in winter's icy grasp. What can prompt them to return to the birth-place from which stern necessity drove them out ? Some of them are arriving even before winter has relaxed his icy grasp ; they come in hope, they stay in confidence, they know that spring time will follow winter, they hold the promise sure.

And how glad the children are to welcome them back ! How their eyes brighten as they see the birds flitting from tree to tree, and recognize once more their half-forgotten minstrelsy. Between the children and

the birds what untold sympathies ! There was a primeval past in which there were no birds, and who can imagine what a dreary life man would have lived on earth if the song birds had not heralded his advent with their glad warblings, taught the race to look up, filled their souls with melody, and roused them to emulate the gay carolings of the birds with their own vocal organs ?

And the return of birds brings gladness to grown-up children also, reminding them of the time when they too shared the wild birds' careless freedom, and thus bringing them into closer sympathy with the children. Many a toil-worn, and more or less care-worn farmer is ready to lend a hand to build a bird's house—to please the children, of course—who yet smiles to find what pleasure he himself finds in the task. And what inventive genius in the matter of birds' houses is displayed by the mother who rarely has a moment to spare from the daily round of duties. What treasures in the way of tomato cans she produces from almost inaccessible shelves in old closets ! What forgotten boxes she brings to light ! What happy suggestions she makes of ways and means to adapt them to the desired ends ! And how father's brow wrinkles as he mentally strains to work out the problems suggested before he takes the task in hand ! The work gets itself done somehow, although all too slowly for the impatient young ones ; but one after another boxes and tomato cans and flower pots are secured to the walls of the house, or suspended from trees, or elevated on poles, and advertise themselves as houses to let ; real birds' houses, if the birds would only recognize them as such, and take possession. But that if ! How the children are balanced between hope and fear pending its solutions ! How they watch the advent of every bird within the

charmed circle! How they strive to attract them with crumbs! How their eyes wander to the "houses to let." What trepidation if a bird alights near one! What crowning joy when at last a pair of bluebirds, or mar-

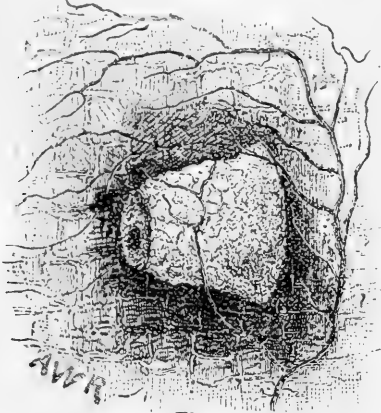


Fig. 1

tins, or wrens, take possession and begin building! What a delightful calm follows excitement, as hope resolves itself into fruition, suspense into realization!

For years past these little birds' houses have been a feature of country and suburban life "o'er all the pleasant land," and now that Audubon Societies have sprung up and are spreading in every village and hamlet, and developing a healthier sentiment among those who erstwhile cared not for these things, we may confidently look for a considerable extension of the custom. We want to guide the way, too, to a more tasteful style of architecture in birds' houses. Those in general use are well enough as means to a desired end, but oftener than not they are unsightly. There is no need for this; tasteful birds' houses may be designed of very simple material. Here is one constructed of a flower-pot, secured to the wall, which without further adornment does admirably for a wall covered with creepers. The simplest method of making them, says our artist, is to fasten a 5-in. pot against a stone or brick wall. The drain hole of the pot is enlarged by chipping off a small piece

at a time with the sharp ferrule end of a file, but to do this successfully the pot must be soaked in water for three hours to soften the ware. Do not try to make the hole exactly symmetrical, but have its outline irregular. Two small holes are also chipped in the sides of the pot, one of the diameter of one-half inch; this hole when the pot is in position is to answer as a window to admit a small quantity of light into the interior of the pot; the other hole, on the under side of the pot, is to be but one-quarter of an inch in diameter, and is for the purpose of admitting a current of fresh air. When it is placed in position the pot is held against the wall to which it is to be fastened by leaning a post or board against it. For a cement for fastening and ornamenting the pot, plaster of Paris is to be preferred to Portland or other cements, the plaster being light and quick setting, which is hastened by adding a small quantity of salt when mixing it. Another advantage the plaster



Fig. 2.

possesses is that it is a non-conductor of heat, so that all danger of the interior of the bird house becoming over-heated is re-

moved. Before applying the plaster to the pot the latter must be soaked in water for one hour, or the plaster will not adhere. If the pot is an old one it must be thoroughly scrubbed with a stiff brush in warm water to remove all minute vegetable growths. Before applying the plaster to the rim of the pot and against the wall, the wall must be thoroughly moistened or the plaster will not adhere. When applying the plaster about the rim of the pot, and against the wall, use it thick and pasty and apply rapidly. After the plaster has set, the board prop is removed and work on another pot begun. When all are in position the plaster is given

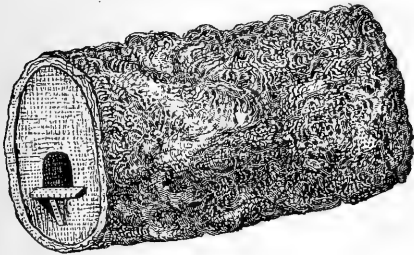


FIG. 3.

six hours to harden and dry before putting on the rough ornamental coating, as the weight of this might break away the pots from the wall. This rough coating is applied with an old tea or table spoon well greased with lard or suet fat, to prevent the plaster from adhering to the spoon and forming into an unmanageable mass. When applying the plaster, small living branches of vines can be imbedded in the plaster, and before the entrance a small twig or rustic branch is fastened for a perch.

After the plaster is thoroughly dry two heavy coats of boiled linseed oil mixed with a "dryer" are applied. The oil protects the plaster from the actions of rains and the atmosphere. The pots can be painted with a dull green or any of the grays or browns that match the colors of the barks of our native trees, or that correspond with the grays or dull browns of our various earths.

Lichens and mosses can be fastened to the houses by imbedding them in the plaster when it is soft.

A hanging bird house can be constructed of a nine-inch flower-pot and an old milk pan, as shown in Fig. 2. A hole is made in the bottom of the pot and pan large enough for a turned picket or round stick to pass through, so as to allow for the fastening of the straw which is to form the thatched roof. A small hole is bored through the

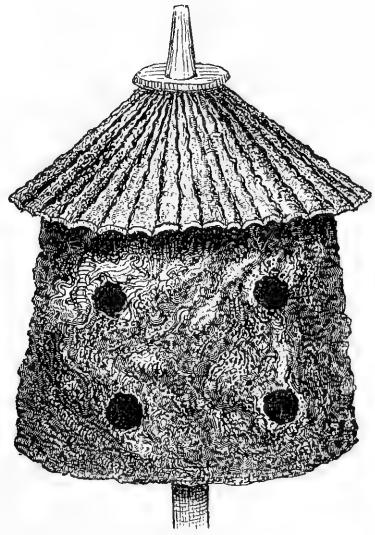


FIG. 4.

picket into which a cross pin of either iron or wood is inserted. On this pin the bottom of the pan rests, otherwise it would slide down the picket. The sides of the milk pan are punched full of holes to allow the plaster to pass through and clinch, as it will not adhere to the smooth surface of the tin.

The pan is to be filled with earth, in which may be planted *Tradescantia*, German ivy, or moneywort, which will droop over and twine in the branches of the "cat screen." Some of the more hardy succulent plants, such as house leeks, creeping Charley, *Sempervivum*, etc., do well in dry locations.

This bird house can also be fastened to

a standard pole, as indicated by the dotted lines in Fig. 2, when it is not desired to suspend it. The cat screen is intended to prevent cats from passing up the pole and also to break the otherwise stiff and ungraceful lines, and as a trellis for vines to entwine on after having climbed or been trained up the standard pole. The cat screen is made of the branches of the black alder, or birch, which are firmly bound to the picket or standard pole, some two feet below the bottom of the pan, against which they press and radiate out as shown. The best and most ornamental branches for making the screens are red birch with the

cones on, spruce with its rich buds, and sweet gum with its curious corky bark.

Other tasteful houses may be made by covering ordinary wooden boxes with the rough bark taken from old oak or chestnut logs. This can be neatly tacked to a frame about the boxes, so as to look like a section of a log as in Figures 3 and 4.

The trouble expended in making homes for our summer visitors will not be wasted. They will amply repay by their sweet songs, their bright ways, and their more important services as insect destroyers, any effort which we may put forth to show them that we are their friends and to bring them close to us.

## HINTS TO AUDUBON WORKERS.\*

### FIFTY COMMON BIRDS AND HOW TO KNOW THEM.

#### X.

#### SNOW BUNTING; SNOWFLAKE.

**T**HIS is the true snowbird, and can never be confounded with the junco. The monastic juncos are closely shrouded in slate-gray robes and cowls, only a short under robe of white being marked off below their breasts. The snowflakes, on the other hand, as their name suggests, are mostly white, although their backs are streaked with dusky and black.

The juncos come about the house in spring and fall, and during the early snows, but the snowbirds, timid and strange, fly over the fields and are associated with the wonderful white days of a country winter, when the sky is white, the earth is white, and the white trees bow silently under the wand of winter till they stand an enchanted snow forest. For, as the flakes drift through the air, the snowbirds, undulating between the white earth and sky, seem like wandering spirits that are a part of the all-pervading whiteness. Thoreau says, "The snow buntings and the tree sparrows are the true spirits of the snow-

storm. They are the animated beings that ride upon it and have their life in it."\*

Mr. Allen, in speaking of our winter birds, says: "The beautiful snow bunting (*Plectrophenax nivalis*, Meyer) is one of the largest, and when whirling from field to field in compact flocks, their white wings glistening in the sunlight, form one of the most attractive sights of winter; and most commonly appearing about the time of heavy falls of snow, and disappearing during continued fine weather, there is in the popular mind a degree of mystery attached to their history, being the 'bad weather birds' of the superstitious. Cold half-arctic countries being their chosen home, they only favor us with their presence during those short intervals when their food in the northern fields is too deeply buried; and being strong of wing and exceedingly rapid in flight, they can in a few hours leave the plain for the mountain, or migrate hundreds of miles to the northward."†

\* Thoreau's "Winter," p. 89.

† *American Naturalist*, Vol. I., No. 1, p. 43, March, 1867.

Late in December I have seen a flock of them flying over the meadows with the rhythmical undulating motion of the goldfinches, twittering *ter-ra-lee, ter-ra-lee, ter-ra-lee* as they went. Now and then they would light for a moment to pick at the seeds appearing above the snow, but soon they would fly on toward the north.

#### HAIRY WOODPECKER.

The habits of the woodpecker family are more distinctive than those of almost any group of the birds we have been considering. Of course the finches suggest a seed-cracking bill, thickset bodies, and comparatively phlegmatic temperaments, that contrast strangely with the delicate bill, the slender frame and nervous temper of the warblers; and the sparrows coming under the finch group, emphasize the difference by their dull colors and heavy flight. So the families of thrushes, blackbirds, swallows, and wrens stand apart; but many of their distinguishing features are found only by careful study, while the most superficial observer cannot fail to recognize the family traits of the woodpeckers.

*Woodpeckers*—the very name proclaims them unique. The vireo daintily picks his measure-worm from the green leaves, and steals birch bark for his hammock; the robin drags his fish-worm from its hiding place in the sod, and carols his happiness to every sunrise and sunset; the sparrow eats crumbs in the dooryard and builds his nest in a sweet briar; the thrushes chant their matins among the moss and ferns of the shadowy forest; the ovenbirds and chewinks “rustle” among the rich brown leaves of the woods; the goldfinch balances himself on the pink thistle or yellow mullein top, while he makes them “pay toll” for his visit, and then saunters through the air in the abandonment of blue skies and sunshine. The meadowlark, looking for breakfast, sends up his song from among the cowslips; the redwing “flutes his *o-ka-*

*lee*” over alders and cat-tails; the bobolink, forgetting everything else, rollicks among the buttercups and daisies; but the woodpecker finds his larder under the hard bark of the trees, and, oblivious to sunrise and sunset, flowering marsh and laughing meadow, clings close to the side of a tree, as if the very sun himself moved round a dead stub!

But who knows how much these grave monomaniacs have discovered that is a sealed book to all the world besides? Why should we call them names? They are philosophers! They have the secret of happiness. Any bird could be joyous with plenty of blue sky and sunshine, and the poets from Chaucer to Wordsworth have relaxed their brows at the sight of a daisy; but what does the happy goldfinch know of the wonders of tree trunks, and what poet could find inspiration in a dead stub on a bleak November day? Jack Frost sends both thrush and goldfinch flying south, and the poets shut their study doors in his face, drawing their armchairs up to the hearth while they rail at November. But the wise hairy woodpecker clings to the side of a tree and fluffing his feathers about his toes makes the woods reverberate with his cheery song—for it is a song, and bears an important part in nature’s orchestra. Its rhythmical *rat tap, tap, tap, tap*, not only beats time for the chickadees and nuthatches, but is a reveille that sets all the winter blood tingling in our veins. There the hardy drummer stands, beating away on the wood with all the enjoyment of a drum major! How handsome he looks with the scarlet cap on the back of his head, and what a fine show the white central stripe makes against the glossy black of his back!

Who can say how much this brave fellow has learned from the wood spirits? What does he care for rain or blinding storm? He can never lose his way. No woodsman need tell him how the hemlock branches tip, or how to use a lichen compass.

Do you say the birds are gone, the leaves have fallen, the bare branches rattle and the fall rains have blackened the trees? What does he care? All this makes him rejoice! The merry chickadee hears his shrill call above the moaning of the wind and the rattling of the branches, for our alchemist is turning to his lichen workshop. The sealed book whose pictures are seen only by children and wood fairies opens at his touch. The black unshaded tree trunks turn into enchanted lichen palaces, rich with green and gold of every varying tint. The "pert fairies and the dapper elves" have left their magic circles in the grass, and trip lightly around the green, velvety moss mounds so well suited for the throne of their queen. Here they find the tiny moss spears Lowell christened, "Arthurian lances," and quickly arm themselves for deeds of fairy valor. Here, too, are dainty silver goblets from which they can quaff the crystal globes that drop one by one from the dark moss high on the trees after rain. And there—what wonders in fern tracery, silver filigree and coral, for the fairy Guinevere!

But hark! the children are coming—and off the grave magician flies to watch their play from behind a neighboring tree trunk. There they come, straight to his workshop, and laugh in glee at the white chips he has scattered on the ground. They are in league with the fairies, too, and cast magic spells over all they see. They spy the up-turned roots of a fallen tree. It is a mountain! And up they clamber, to overlook their little world. And that pool left by the fall rains! Ha! It is a lake! And away they go, to cross it bravely on a bridge of quaking moss. As they pass under the shadow of a giant hemlock, and pick up cones for playthings, the pile of dark red sawdust at the foot of the tree catches their eye, and they stand open-mouthed as the oldest child tells of a long ant procession she saw there one day, and how each tiny

worker came to the door to drop its borings from its jaws. How big their eyes get at the story! If the woodpecker could only give the yellow hammer's sequel to it! But soon they have found a new delight. A stem of basswood seeds whirls through the air to their feet. They all scramble for it. What a pity they have no string! The last one they found was a kite and a spinning air-top for a day's play. But this—never mind—there it goes up in the air dancing and whirling like a gay young fairy treading the mazes with the wind. "How pretty! Just see this piece of moss!" And so they go through the woods, till the brown beech leaves shake with their laughter, and the gray squirrels look out of their round windows in the tree trunks to see who goes by, and the absorbed magician—who can tell how much fun he steals from his lofty post of observation, to make him content with his stub!

Why should he fly south when every day brings him some secret of the woods, or some scene like this that his philosopher's stone can turn to happiness? Let us proclaim him the sage of the birds! If he could only talk! The children would gather about him for tales of the wood sprites; the student of trees would learn facts and figures enough to store a book; and the mechanic! Just watch him once as he works!

A master of his trade, he has various methods. One day in September he flew past me with a loud scream, and when I came up to him was hard at work excavating. His claws were fast in the bark on the edge of the hole, and he seemed to be half clinging to it, half lying against it. His stiff tail quills helped to brace him against the tree, and he drilled straight down, making the bark fly with his rapid strokes. When the hole did not clear itself with his blows he would give a quick scrape with his bill and drill away again. Suddenly he stopped, picked up something, and flew up on a



branch with it. He had found what he was after. And what a relish it was! I could almost see him holding it on his tongue.

Another day in November he had to work harder for his breakfast, and perhaps it was fortunate. The night before there had been a sharp snowstorm from the north, so that in passing through the woods all the trees and undergrowth on the south of me were pure white, while on the other side the gray trees with all their confusion of branches, twigs and noble trunks stood out in bold relief. The snow that had fallen made it rather cold standing still, and I would have been glad to do part of Mr. Hairy's work myself. But he needed no help. He marched up the side of the stub, tapping as he went, and when his bill gave back the sound for which he had been listening, he began work without ado. The bark must have been harder or thicker than the other, for instead of boring straight through, he loosened it by drilling first from one side and then the other. When he could not get it off in this way, he went above, and then below, to try to start it, so that, before he got what he wanted, he had stripped off pieces several inches long and fully two across. He was so much engrossed that I came to the very foot of the stub without disturbing him.

Last summer, in going through the edge of the woods, I was attracted by the cries of a woodpecker, and creeping up discovered a mother feeding her half grown baby. She flew off when she saw me, probably warning the little fellow to keep still, for he stayed where she left him for five or ten minutes as if glued to the branch, crouching close, and hardly daring to stir even his head. Then, as she did not come back, and he saw no reason to be afraid of me, he flew off independently to another limb, and marched up the side arching his neck and bowing his head as much as to say, "Just look at me now!"

## DOWNY WOODPECKER.

The downy looks so much like the hairy that it would be easy to confound them if it were not for the difference in size. The downy is fully two inches shorter than the hairy. As you see him on a tree at a distance, the white stripe of his back is bounded by black, or as Thoreau expresses it, "his cassock is open behind, showing his white robe." Above this is a large check of black and white, and on a line with the ends of his wings, a fine black and white check, while, if he is an adult male, a scarlet patch on the back of his head sets off his black and white dress. Seen only a rod away as I see him from the window, clinging to the side of the tree pecking at the suet hung there for him, the white stripe of his back is marked off above by a black line which goes across to meet the black of his shoulders. From the middle of this another black line goes at right angles, straight up toward his head, so carrying on the line of the white stripe, and forming the dividing line of the two white blocks. This perpendicular line meets the point of a black V so broad as to be almost a straight line. On this V lies the red patch of the back of his head. Over his eye a white line runs back to meet the red patch. What, at a distance, looked like fine ducking at the base of his wings, proves to be wavy white lines running across the black.

The downy comes about us here with the same familiarity as the hairy, and it was only a few weeks ago that the cook brought me one that had gotten caught between the sashes of her window. He was scared, poor little fellow, and wriggled about trying to force my hands open, so when I had taken a look at his pretty brown eyes, I carried him to the front door and off he flew to the nearest tree, where he began pecking away at the bark as calmly as if nothing had happened!

On New Year's morning, as we sat at breakfast looking out on the storm, exclaiming at the twigs and limbs that blackened the snow, and watching the ice-covered branches bowing and tossing in the wind, I caught sight of a downy woodpecker working away on a tree in front of the window as serenely as if it were a balmy summer morning. He hugged the trunk very closely, however, and circled about slowly, pecking at the bark in a cautious manner as if he knew very well the best way to work in a wind. His bravery was contagious, for soon after a partridge—more properly the ruffed grouse—came to the corn boxes in front of the window for his breakfast, and only scudded back under the evergreens to avoid a falling branch. We could see the gray squirrels racing about in the edge of the woods, but they did not venture back to their corn till the next morning, when the storm was less violent.

Of the familiarity of the downy, Thoreau says: "I stole up within five or six rods of a pitch pine behind which a downy woodpecker was pecking. From time to time he hopped round to the side toward me, and observed me without fear. They are very confident birds, not easily scared, but inclined to keep the other side of the bough from you, perhaps."\* Here, the downies are even more fearless. I have stood by the foot of a stub on which a hairy was drilling, and watched a downy hunting over a sapling less than ten feet away. I have also made a great noise sweeping the snow off the piazza without disturbing him in the least, though he was eating suet only a rod away.

Under date of Jan. 8, 1854, however, Thoreau says: "Stood within a rod of a downy woodpecker on an apple-tree. How curious and exciting the blood-red spot on its hind head! I ask why it is there, but no answer is rendered by these snow-clad fields. It is so close to the bark I do not

see its feet. \* \* \* It is briskly and incessantly tapping all round the dead limbs, but hardly twice in a place, as if to sound the tree, and so see if it has any worm in it, or perchance to start them. How much he deals with the bark of trees, all his life long tapping and inspecting it. He it is that scatters these fragments of bark and lichens about on the snow at the base of trees. What a lichenist he must be! Or rather perhaps it is fungi make his favorite study, for he deals most with dead limbs. How briskly he glides up or drops himself down a limb, creeping round and round, and hopping from limb to limb, and now flitting with a rippling sound of his wings to another tree."\*

WHITE-BELLIED NUTHATCH; DEVIL-DOWN-HEAD.

Crossbills, snow buntings, bluejays, pine finches, pine grosbeaks, goldfinches, and sometimes other birds visit us here during the winter, but there are four little friends that stay by us through all the goings and comings, never deserting us, no matter how long the winter. They form a novel quartette, for the chickadee *whistles* the soprano, the nuthatch sings his meagre alto through his nose, and the two woodpeckers—the hairy and the downy—beat their drums as if determined to drown the other parts. But they are a merry band, with all their oddities, and wander about giving concerts wherever they go, till the woods seem to be alive again, and we forget that we have ever missed the summer birds.

When the drums get too much absorbed in their tree trunks, the alto and air go out serenading by themselves, and who knows what gossip they indulge in about the grave magicians' day dreams, or how gaily they swear to stand by each other and never be put down by these drums! They are old chums, and work together as happily as Mr.

\* Thoreau's "Winter," p. 312.

\* Thoreau's "Winter," p. 141-142.

and Mrs. Spratt, the chickadee whistling his merry *chick-a-dee-dee, dee, dee* as he clings to a twig in the tree *top*, and the nuthatch answering back with a jolly little *yank, yank, yank*, as he hangs, head down, on the side of a tree *trunk*. What a comical figure he makes there; trying to get a look at you, he throws his head back and stretches himself away from the tree, till you wonder he does not fall off. His black cap and slate-blue coat are almost hidden, he raises his white throat and breast up so high. "Devil-down-head" he is called from his habit of walking down the trees, for instead of backing straight down or sidling down backward as the woodpeckers do, he prefers to obey the old adage and "follow his nose." A lady forgetting his name once aptly described him to me as "that little upside-down bird." He will run along the underside of a branch with as much coolness as a fly would cross the ceiling.

One of his popular names is "sapsucker," for our nuthatch has a sweet tooth, and when the farmers tap the trees in spring he "happens round" at the sugar bush to see what sort of maple syrup they are going to have. He tests it well, taking a sip at "the calf" where it oozes out at the gashing of the axe, tasting it as it dries along the spile, and finally on the rim of the buckets. But his most interesting name is —*nuthatch!* How does he come by it? That seems a riddle. Some cold November day when you are overcome by *ennui*, and think there is nothing left in the woods to interest you, put by your melancholy longing for summer, and in its place put on a thick pair of boots, and go to visit the beeches. In their tops are the nuthatches, for they have deserted the tree trunks for a frolic. They are beechnutting! And that with as much zest as a party of school children starting out with baskets and pails on a holiday. Watch them now! What clumsy work they make of it, trying to

cling to the beechnut burr and get the nuts out, at the same time. It's a pity the chickadee can't give them a few lessons! They might better have kept to their tree trunks. Think what a sorry time Mrs. Spratt would have had, had she tried to eat the lean! But they persist, and after tumbling off from several burrs, finally snatch out a nut and fly off with it as unconcernedly as if they had been dancing about among the twigs all their days. Away they go, till they come to a maple or some other rough-barked tree, when they stick the nut in between the ridges of the bark, hammer it down, and then, when it is so tightly wedged that the slippery shell cannot get away from them, by a few sharp blows they *hatch* the *nut* from the tree! Through my glass I watched a number of them this fall, and they all worked in about the same way, though some of them wedged their nuts into cracks or holes in the body of the tree, instead of in the bark. One of them pounded so hard he spread his tail and almost upset himself.

The fun was so great a downy woodpecker tried it, and of all the big school boys! The excitement seemed to turn his head, and he attacked a beechnut burr as if he would close with it in mortal combat!

Though without any real song, the nuthatch has a delightful variety of notes. In May his nasal *henk-a, henk-a, henk-a* comes through the soft green woods as a peculiarly peaceful caressing note, and his gentle *yang, yang, yang*, is full of woodsy suggestions. In the last of June, my note-book records the sweet *yah-ha* of the nuthatch, the same *yang, yang, yang*, and his nearest approach to a song, the rapid *yah-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha*. This is probably what Thoreau gives as "To-what, what, what, what."\* He records it in March. In August and September the nasal *yank* is sometimes run into an accelerated half song. Thoreau gives the ordinary winter note as *quah, quah*, and

\* "Early Spring in Massachusetts," p. 70.

while that expresses the mellowness of the note on some days better than *yank*, they are both descriptive, but though different notes may predominate in given months, I heard this morning—January 18—from a flock of nuthatches, every one of their notes I have ever heard at any time of year.

The nuthatch nests in holes in trees or stumps, and its lightly spotted eggs, six or eight in number, are laid on soft felt lining

I am often surprised by discovering the nuthatch at work in places where I despair of finding any birds. One day in December when I went out the snow-covered woods seemed to have fallen into the silent slumber of a child. Not a breath came to blow the white cap from the vireo's nest, or scatter the heaped-up snow resting like foam on the slender twigs. The snow that had drifted up the side of the tree trunks clung as it had fallen. In silence the branches arched under their freight; the rich ochraceous beech leaves hung in

masses under the snow—not a leaf rustled.

Overhead the twigs outlined in snow made exquisite filigree against the pale blue sky. But suddenly, as the forest seemed to be holding its breath, the *yank* of the nuthatch came first from one tree and then another. A family of them were looking for their dinner in the white woods. When the snow covered the upper side of a branch, they ran along upside-down on the under side; when the south side of a tree trunk was white they ran, head down, on the north side; and there, too, was the little drummer—a downy woodpecker, flickering from tree to tree—even here, the merry band was finding a place for itself in nature. As I passed on, fainter and fainter came the note of the nuthatch. I looked back through the woods; the blue sky was veiled by snow clouds, but behind them shone the southern sun, pervading them with that wondrous radiance of white light that only a winter sky can show.

FLORENCE A. MERRIAM.

#### A GNATCATCHER'S STRATEGY.

ALMOST every young naturalist knows what a pretty home the little blue-gray gnatcatcher (*Polioptila caerulea*, Linn.) constructs. Each pair, after mating, seek some tree with a grayish bark, usually an oak, maple or apple, and finding a horizontal limb or convenient fork, they begin their nest, building it principally from hair and the fine fibres of various plants which they weave very closely and compactly together. Finally they cover the whole with a coat of lichens, fastening them on with the finest of wool or the silk of spiders' webs. This lichen covering serves the useful purpose of a mask, rendering the color of the nest almost exactly that of the bark of the tree on which it is built, thus hiding it from the keen eye of the young oölogist walking be-

neath, or the keener eye of the crow or hawk flying above. But there is one eye sharp enough to detect it. For no matter how deep and dark the ravine in which a nest is hidden away; no matter what aid of nature has been called into use in rendering it inconspicuous to the view of other animals, necessity seems to lend a preternatural sharpness to the vision of the female cowbird, enabling her to discover, whenever needed, a safe place of deposit for an egg, destined to become at no distant day an orphan which will be a heavy burden to its foster parents.

The nest of the blue-gray gnatcatcher when completed, is usually very small, and is cylindrical in form, not hemispherical, like that of most other birds. One which

contained five eggs, taken on the 2d of last May, was but  $5\frac{7}{8}$  inches in circumference by  $2\frac{3}{8}$  inches in length, and weighed only 3.7 grams. But the cowbird cares nothing for the size or form of the chosen asylum for her young. If it is only large enough for one egg, it is sufficient for her wants, and she forthwith appropriates it to her use without even a "by your leave" to the rightful owners. And so, very often, among four or five delicate little gnatcatchers, there is found a large chuffy youngster, whose demand for food is incessant, and if supplied in sufficient quantity, he will in a day or two fill the entire nest, and smother beneath his greater bulk the lives of the lawful occupants. It is one of those numerous cases of a struggle for existence in which the most overbearing, ugliest, and strongest survives, instead of the fittest.

However, I suppose that the modern evolutionist would say, that in this case ugliness and brute strength are necessary qualities of the "fittest," and that nature has ordained that the cowbirds shall increase in numbers as the "Jay Goulds" of to-day grow in wealth, only at the expense of their weaker brethren.

But one—or rather two—cowbirds' eggs laid last season did not hatch, and it was of them that I started to write. On the 22d of April, while out for a walk, I discovered a pair of gnatcatchers building in a maple tree about thirty feet from the ground. A week later on passing near the spot, I saw that the nest had assumed massive proportions for one of that species, and on climbing up to investigate, found that it contained a single cowbird's egg. The owners, however, had not deserted it, for they soon appeared, circling rapidly around, and uttering their shrill cries of distress. I left them immediately, merely supposing that they were young birds, not fully up to the

times in nest building, and therefore had formed a large, loosely-constructed nest, instead of a small compact one, as is usually the case.

On the 5th of May I again visited the tree, and found that the birds had abandoned the nest without laying in it, and were building a new one in the top of a tall oak a short distance away. Removing the old nest carefully I carried it home in order to compare more closely its size with the one taken a few days before. Judge of my surprise when, on examining it thoroughly, I found that it was a double nest, or rather a "two-story" one. The lower part, or first floor, was neatly and closely built, and in it was found a *second cowbird's egg*. It had evidently been laid shortly before the nest had reached the usual size of such structures, and the builders, on discovering it, had immediately set to work and covered it entirely over, and then built up the sides of their house about  $2\frac{1}{2}$  inches higher. But, alas, for the expectations of our feathered friends! No sooner had the second floor neared completion than Mrs. Cowbird paid them another visit, and left behind her a reminder in the shape of a new egg. It was too much for bird endurance. They deserted in disgust the home over which they had spent so many anxious moments, and set to work to build a new one, in which, let us hope, they reared their little family unmolested by unwelcome guests. On measuring carefully the double nest I found its circumference to be  $9\frac{1}{2}$  inches; its length,  $4\frac{7}{8}$  inches; and its weight 12 grams, or about  $3\frac{1}{3}$  times that of the one first taken. The upper  $2\frac{1}{2}$  inches was very loosely constructed, and had evidently been built in a hurry to meet the exigencies of the case. The new nest in the oak was too high for close observation, but seemed from the ground to be only of normal size.

# THE AUDUBON NOTE BOOK.

## MEMBERSHIP RETURNS.

THE registered membership of the Society on Jan. 31, 1888, was 43,683, showing an increase of 696 members during the month, due to the following sources:

New York.....	284	Missouri.....	13
Massachusetts.....	114	Ohio.....	19
New Hampshire.....	14	Michigan.....	13
New Jersey.....	59	Rhode Island.....	2
Maine.....	26	California.....	1
Connecticut.....	4	District of Columbia.....	1
Vermont.....	6	Minnesota.....	13
Pennsylvania.....	17	North Carolina.....	30
Maryland.....	2	South Carolina.....	8
Kentucky.....	13	Texas.....	1
Kansas.....	2	Dakota.....	1
Iowa.....	39	Colorado.....	1
Illinois.....	11	Canada.....	2
			696

C. F. AMERY, General Secretary.

## THE DOG AND THE UMBRELLA.

WE had all told a story illustrating some traits of different animals, or recounting some curious fact about them, all but one. He was an old gentleman of almost eighty, but his eye was not dim, and if his natural force was abated, he was yet a marvel of physical vigor and of mental strength. His reminiscences were always interesting, many of them fascinating. He told us a story about a dog.

"About the year 1875," he said, "I visited in an Illinois city and met with this adventure. I was walking along a suburban street, where there was but a single house beyond the corner I had passed. I was carrying my umbrella in my left hand, untied, but not unfolded. In the middle of the street I met a large bulldog approaching. I am an admirer of the well-developed bulldog, and this one was very handsome. As we neared each other I smiled upon him and said: 'You're a fine fellow.' The next instant I was on my back on the ground, his feet on my breast, and his face in mine. There was no one near and all I could do was to call 'murder' as loud as I could. The dog instantly retreated, going on his way as before the attack. I arose from the ground, and taking up my umbrella, was about to resume my way, when the dog looked back, and seeing me up, turned and rushed at me again. My action was the instinct of the moment. Presenting my umbrella as a bayonet, I rushed upon him with a loud outcry. It brought us close to each other—not three feet apart—when lo! he turned and fled.

"My coat was destroyed, my hand scratched, but I suffered no other injury. Relating the circumstance at the dinner-table, my friends persuaded me that I

ought to inform the authorities. I did so, but leaving that afternoon heard no more about it for that time.

"But afterward I learned that the dog was not vicious, but that he had a dislike to an umbrella. Having in the first onslaught knocked it out of my hands he withdrew from me; when I took it up he renewed the attack; and when I charged upon him fear overcame him and he fled. I cannot tell how sorry I was that I had informed upon him, nor how glad that he had escaped punishment and lived to protest against other umbrellas than mine."

MRS. GEO. ARCHIBALD.

## AN ACCOMPLISHED BLUEJAY.

AN old colored man in this place owns a bluejay that he raised from a nestling and to which he is very much attached. Old Joe's jay cuts up some very funny capers that are quite astonishing to one that knows nothing more of him than what is seen of him in the fields; he is an excellent whistler and quite an imitator, he can call the dog so that you would be sure it was some person whistling for him, and, in addition to this, he can imitate the whine of the dog, the chirp of other birds, and in fact the cry of a baby. Joe lets his bird loose in his room, and the other day while he was nailing something, he stepped out for a few minutes, laying down a handful of nails. On his return to the room not a nail was to be found, nor have they been discovered up to date. When found they will probably be in places where no one would think of looking for them.

GREENVILLE, Pa.

W. T. ALAN.

## CLOUDS OF BIRDS.

THE writer of "Under the Rays of the Aurora Borealis" gives a vivid picture of a scene in the Arctic regions. The steamer was passing the northern shore of the Scandinavian peninsula, the great frozen North on the one side, and on the other what seems a continuous mountain wall, falling straight into the sea.

"At length we round the cape of the peninsula, the famous bird-mountain Svaerholtklub, jet black in color, one of the most remarkable sights in the world.

"Along every one of the innumerable terraces, caused by the stratiform formation of the mountain, and all of which run nearly horizontal, white birds sit in rows, like the porcelain jars in a druggist's shop, one above the other, so close that the mountain in many places has the appearance of being covered with snow.

"A jet of smoke issues from the port side, and the

next moment the report of a gun reverberates through the air. In a second we gaze on one of the grandest and most marvellous spectacles it is given human eyes to behold.

"From every terrace and cavity in the mountain snow-white birds issue in millions—looking at first like a gigantic foaming torrent—which rise and descend in enormous flocks, with deafening cries, and so great is their number that at times mountain, sky, and sun are obscured."

#### THEN AND NOW.

*Editor Audubon Magazine:*

Looking over the "Recollections of Mary Somerville," the most distinguished of scientific women in the last generation, I observed her statement as to birds, which is so much in the line of your valuable magazine that I venture to copy it:

"We fed the birds when the ground was covered with snow, and opened our windows at breakfast time to let in the robins, who would hop on the table to pick up crumbs. The quantity of singing birds was very great, for the farmers and gardeners were less cruel and avaricious than they are now—tho' poorer. They allowed our pretty songsters to share in the bounties of Providence.

"The shortsighted cruelty, too prevalent now, brings its own punishment, for, owing to the reckless destruction of birds, the equilibrium of nature is disturbed, and insects increase to such an extent as materially to affect every description of crop. This summer (1872) when I was at Sorrento, even the olives, grapes and oranges were seriously injured by the caterpillars—a disaster which I attribute entirely to the ruthless havoc made among every kind of bird."

E.

#### A CURIOUS FLOATING ISLAND.

HENRY'S LAKE is one of the wonders of the Rocky Mountains. Directly on the summit of the continental divide, in a depression or gap called Targee Pass, is a body of water that was given the above name in honor of an old trapper who made his home on its borders for several years in the enjoyment of sweet solitude.

Henry's Lake is oval in shape and has an area of forty square miles. It is entirely surrounded by what seems to be solid land, and one readily concludes that it has no outlet. On the west side lies a level meadow, which floats on the water, and the hidden outlet is beyond it. Near the rim of the basin, which at no distant day must have been the pebbly beach of the lake, is a shallow pool, out from which flows a creek—the source of the north fork of Snake River.

A species of blue joint grass of luxuriant growth floats upon the water and sends out a mass of large

hollow white roots, which form a mat so thick and firm that a horse can walk with safety over the natural pontoon. The decayed vegetation adds to the thickness of the mat and forms a mould in which weeds, willows and small trees take root and grow. Back from the new border the new land is firm and supports pine and aspen trees of small growth.

An island of the same turf formation floats about the lake. The floating body of land is circular and measures 300ft. in diameter. A willow thicket thrives in the center, interspersed with small aspens and dwarf pines. The little trees catch the breeze and are the sails that carry the island on its orbit. One evening it was within a stone's throw of our camp. At daylight next morning it was five miles away.—*Cor. San Francisco Examiner.*

THE *Humane Journal*, of Chicago, is a bright little publication, and fresh and breezy as becomes a journal of established position and recognized worth. Its illustrations are really of a high order of merit and the literature in good tone, and written to good purpose. Mr. Albert W. Landon, the editor, has some very pleasant and appreciative words in the January number, for Mesdames Gause, Meiser and other helpers of the journal, and the cause it represents. The ladies above mentioned have just returned from a tour of Michigan, where they have been stirring up the clergy, the people and the press to practical efforts for the suppression of cruelty to the dumb beast.

MEASURES for the collection of the funds for the proposed Audubon monument have been organized and the design selected. We hoped to have been able to give a rough sketch of the design in our current number, but the absence from the city of Professor Egleston, President of the Central Committee, has caused delay in getting the electrotypes finished. The general design is a Runic cross, in bluestone, the surface of which will be relieved by figures of typical birds and other allusions to Audubon's labors. The base is to be ornamented by a life-sized medallion of the great naturalist.

A NEW YEAR'S OFFERING FOR THE BIRDS.—An old custom among farmers is to put on the ridge-poles of their barns on New Year's day a sheaf of wheat with heavy heads of grain, intended as a peace offering to the birds. Some of these offerings were seen last New Year's day on New Jersey barns, with flocks of small birds fluttering about them.

WE are indebted to G. Brown Goode, Esq., of the National Museum, and Assistant Secretary of the Smithsonian Institution, at Washington, for the cut of Professor Baird, which has been used to illustrate our notice of that distinguished naturalist.

## EMINENT PEOPLE ON BIRD PROTECTION.

OAK KNOLL, Danvers, Mass., }  
2nd mo., 20, 1886. }

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

I heartily approve of the proposed AUDUBON SOCIETY. We are in a way to destroy both our forests and our birds. A society for the preservation of the latter has long been needed, and I hope it is not too late for the accomplishment of its objects.

I could almost wish that the shooters of the birds, the taxidermists who prepare their skins, and the fashionable wearers of their feathers might share the penalty which was visited upon the Ancient Mariner who shot the Albatross. Thy friend,

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Feb. 20, 1886.

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

I am heartily in sympathy with your purposes for the protection of birds, and should be glad to contribute any influence that I can to that end.

If there were no purchasers there would be no demand, and no reason for slaughtering these winged gems. But as only women create a demand, it rests upon them to stay this wanton destruction. I am sure that it is only necessary to bring before American women the cruelty of this "slaughter of the innocents" that fashion is carrying on, to secure a renunciation of this ornament and the salvation of birds.

On this subject the kind feelings, the taste, and æsthetic sympathy of the whole community are on your side, and if you persevere you will surely win.

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

CORNWALL-ON-HUDSON, N. Y., }  
Feb. 22, 1886. }

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

You have indeed my hearty sympathy in every effort to prevent the slaughter of my innocent little neighbors and friends, the birds. In the destruction of forests and birds, the people of this land are inflicting very great evils and inflicting wrongs on posterity which scarcely can be measured. The press should render it impossible for women to sin thoughtlessly and ignorantly in demanding little birds for their adornment. The evil should be brought home so fully to the knowledge of all, that the continued wearing of our useful little birds should become the badge and indication of a callous, vulgar nature. You are doing a humane and patriotic work in exciting public aversion to one of the most cruel and stupid wrongs of the age.

Respectfully yours,

EDWARD P. ROE.

WEST PARK, N. Y., Feb. 20, 1886.

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

I scarcely need assure you that your undertaking to form a society for the protection of our wild birds against the ravages of the milliners and the sham scientific collectors has my warmest sympathy and approval. It is a barbarous taste which prompts our women and girls to appear upon the street with their head gear adorned with the scalps of our songsters; and it is mere vanity and affectation which prompts so many persons to make up cabinets of the nests and eggs of the same. The destruction of our birds from their natural enemies is immense, and this craze of the collectors, and folly of the milliners and their customers in addition, threatens their serious diminution.

I hope you may succeed in creating so strong a public sentiment upon the subject that the collectors of skins and eggs for the unworthy purposes of fashion or to indulge the vanity of pseudo-naturalists may suddenly find their occupation gone.

Please add my name to the list of the members of the AUDUBON SOCIETY. Very sincerely,

JOHN BURROUGHS.

160 W. 59TH STREET, }  
NEW YORK, Feb. 20, 1886. }

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

No one who will take the trouble to give the matter a few moments' serious consideration can be in doubt, I think, as to the wisdom of organizing the AUDUBON SOCIETY, and I am thankful that such a step is contemplated. There is an element of savagery in the use of birds for personal decoration, which is in grotesque contrast with our boasts of civilization. But even the savage stops short, as a rule, with the feathers. It is only Christian people who think it worth while to butcher a whole bird to adorn their head gear. I am sure, however, that this is largely from that unreflecting habit which is a leading vice in people who follow the fashions. But it is a vice; as Hood sang, when he wrote—

For evil is wrought  
By want of thought  
As well as by want of heart.

If the AUDUBON SOCIETY can teach men, and especially women, to think on this subject, half of the battle will have been won. HENRY C. POTTER.

ANDOVER, Mass., Feb. 21, 1886.

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

I am in earnest and indignant sympathy with the motive of any society organized to prevent the murder of birds for decorative purposes.

E. S. PHELPS.



## The Audubon Society.

### THE AUDUBON SOCIETY FOR THE PROTECTION OF BIRDS.

THE AUDUBON SOCIETY was founded in New York city in February, 1886. Its purpose is the protection of American birds, not used for food, from destruction for mercantile purposes. The magnitude of the evil with which the Society will cope, and the imperative need of the work which it proposes to accomplish, are outlined in the following statement concerning

#### THE DESTRUCTION OF BIRDS.

Within the last few years, the destruction of our birds has increased at a rate which is alarming. This destruction now takes place on such a large scale as to seriously threaten the existence of a number of our most useful species. It is carried on chiefly by men and boys who sell the skins or plumage to be used for ornamental purposes—principally for the trimming of women's hats, bonnets and clothing. These men kill everything that wears feathers. The birds of the woods, the birds of the field, the birds of the marsh and those of the sea are alike slain, at all times and at all seasons. It matters not if the bird be a useful one which devours the hurtful insects which destroy the farmer's crops, or a bright-plumaged songster whose advent has been welcomed in spring, and which has reared its brood in the door yard during the summer, or a swift-winged sea swallow whose flight along the shore has often with unerring certainty led the fisherman to his finny prey—whatever it be, it must be sacrificed to the bird butcher's lust for slaughter and for gain. Besides the actual destruction of the birds, their numbers are still further diminished by the practice of robbing their nests in the breeding season.

Although it is impossible to get at the number of birds killed each year, some figures have been published which give an idea of what the slaughter must be. We know that a single local taxidermist handles 30,000 bird skins in one year; that a single collector brought back from a three months trip 11,000 skins; that from one small district on Long Island about 70,000 birds were brought to New York in four months time. In New York one firm had on hand February 1, 1886, 200,000 skins. The supply is not limited by domestic consumption. American bird skins are sent abroad. The great European markets draw their supplies from all over the world. In London there were sold in three months from one auction room, 404,464 West Indian and Brazilian bird skins, and 356,389 East Indian birds. In Paris 100,000 African birds have been sold by one dealer in one year. One New York firm recently had a contract to supply 40,000 skins of American birds to one Paris firm. These figures tell their own story—but it is a story which might be known even without them; we may read it plainly enough in the silent hedges, once vocal with the morning songs of birds, and in the deserted fields where once bright plumage flashed in the sunlight.

#### BIRDS, INSECTS AND CROPS.

The food of our small birds consists very largely of the insects which feed on the plants grown by the farmer. These insects multiply with such astounding rapidity that a single pair may in the course of one season be the progenitors of six billions of their kind. All through the season at which this insect life is most active, the birds are constantly at work destroying for their young and for themselves, tens of thousands of hurtful creatures, which, but for them, would swarm upon the farmer's crops and lessen the results of his labors.

A painstaking and ardent naturalist not very long ago watched the nest of a pair of martins for sixteen hours, from 4 A. M. till 8 P. M., just to see how many visits the parent birds made to their young. He found that in that time 312 visits to the four young were made, 119 by the male and 193 by the female. If we suppose only six insects to have been brought at each visit, this pair of birds would have destroyed, for their young alone, in this one summer's day, not far from 2,000 insects. The important relations which our birds bear to the agricultural interests and so to the general welfare, are recognized by the governments of all our States. Laws exist for their protection, but these laws are rendered inoperative by the lack of an intelligent public sentiment to support them. They are nowhere enforced. It is for the interest of every one that such a public sentiment should be created.

It is time that this destruction were stopped.

#### PURPOSE OF THE AUDUBON SOCIETY.

To secure the protection of our birds by awakening a better sentiment, the Audubon Society, named after the greatest of American ornithologists, has been founded. The objects sought to be accomplished by this Society are to prevent as far as possible—

- (1) The killing of any wild bird not used for food.
- (2) The taking or destroying of the eggs or nests of any wild birds.
- (3) The wearing of the feathers of wild birds. Ostrich feathers, whether from wild or tame birds, and those of domestic fowls, are specially exempted.

The Audubon Society aims especially to preserve those

birds which are now practically without protection. Our game birds are already protected by law, and in large measure by public sentiment, and their care may be left to the sportsman. The great aim of the Society is the protection of American non-game birds. The English sparrow is not included in our lists.

#### PLAN OF THE WORK.

Obviously the Society cannot supply any machinery of compulsion to lead individuals and communities to a higher regard for bird life and to efforts for its protection. Nor are compulsory measures thought necessary. The wrong is tolerated now only because of thoughtlessness and indifference. The birds are killed for millinery purposes. So long as fashion demands bird feathers, the birds will be slaughtered. The remedy is to be found in the awakening of a healthy public sentiment on the subject. If this enormous destruction of birds can once be put in its true light before the eyes of men and women and young folks, if interest be aroused and sentiment created, the great wrong must cease. To so present the case to the people as to awaken this corrective sentiment is the special work contemplated by the Audubon Society. The methods adopted are very simple. Pledges are furnished, subscription to which constitutes membership, and certificates are issued to members.

#### TERMS OF MEMBERSHIP.

The signing of any of the pledges will qualify one for membership in the Society. It is earnestly desired that each member may sign all three of the pledges. Beyond the promise contained in the pledge no obligation nor responsibility is incurred. There are no fees, nor dues, nor any expenses of any kind. There are no conditions as to age. The boys and girls are invited to take part in the work, for they can often do more than others to practically protect the nesting birds. All who are interested in the subject are invited to become members, and to urge their friends to join the Society. If each man, woman or child who reads this circular will exert his or her influence, it will not take long to enlist in the good work a great number of people actively concerned in the protection of our birds. It is desired that members may be enrolled in every town and village throughout the land, so that by the moral weight of its influence this Society may check the slaughter of our beautiful songsters. The beneficent influence of the Audubon Society should be exerted in every remotest by-way where the songs of birds fill the air, and in every crowded city where the plumes of slain songsters are worn as an article of dress.

#### ASSOCIATE MEMBERS.

As there are a very great number of people in full sympathy with the Audubon movement, and ready to lend it their moral support, but who refrain from joining the Society simply because they find it distasteful to sign a pledge, it has been determined to form a class of Associate Members. Any one expressing his or her sympathy with the objects of the Audubon Society and submitting a written request for membership to any local secretary, will be enrolled on the list of Associate Members. All such applications for membership received by local secretaries of the Society should be forwarded to the General Secretary for registration.

#### LOCAL SECRETARIES.

The Society has local secretaries in cities, towns and villages. The local secretary will furnish this circular of information and pledge forms; will receive the signed pledges, keep a list of the members, forward a duplicate list with the pledges for enrollment and file at the Society's office; and will receive in return certificates of membership, to be filled out and signed by the local secretary and given to the members. No certificate of membership will be issued to any person except upon the receipt of a signed pledge at the office of the Society. Where no local secretary has yet been appointed, individual applicants for membership may address the Society at its office, No. 40 Park Row, New York.

If there is no local secretary in your town, you are invited to act as such yourself, or to hand this to some other person who will accept the office. Upon application we will supply copies of this circular and pledge forms.

#### THE AUDUBON SOCIETY CERTIFICATE.

The Society furnishes to each member a handsome certificate of membership. This bears a portrait of the great naturalist, John James Audubon, after whom the Society very appropriately takes its name.

The office of the Society is at 40 Park Row, New York city. All communications should be addressed

THE AUDUBON SOCIETY,  
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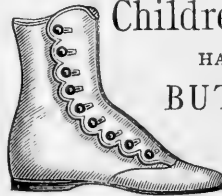
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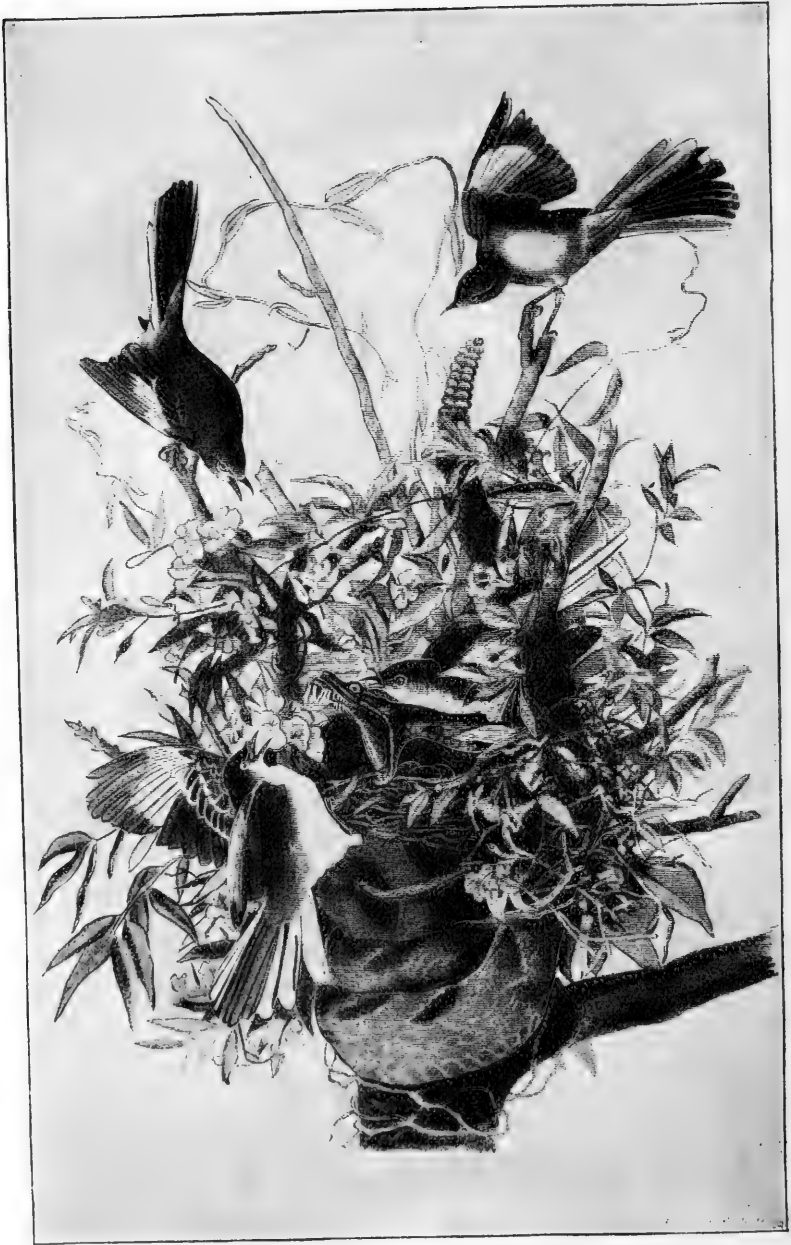
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THE MOCKINGBIRD.

(*Mimus polyglottos* (LINN.))

# THE AUDUBON MAGAZINE.

VOL. II.

APRIL, 1888.

No. 3.

## THE MOCKINGBIRD.

**S**WEETEST of all the song birds of America, the Mockingbird stands without a rival, perhaps in the world. All who are familiar with its melody and have had an opportunity to compare its powers with those of Old World songsters, agree that it surpasses even the famous nightingale in the richness and beauty of its strains. Nuttall says: "With the dawn of morning, while yet the sun lingers below the blushing horizon, our sublime songster, in his native wilds, mounted on the topmost branch of a tall bush or tree in the forest, pours out his admirable song, which amidst the multitude of notes from all the warbling host, still rises preëminent, so that his solo is heard alone, and all the rest of the musical choir appear employed in mere accompaniments to this grand actor in the sublime opera of nature. Nor is his talent confined to imitation; his native notes are also bold, full, and perpetually varied, consisting of short expressions of a few variable syllables, interspersed with imitations, and uttered with great emphasis and volubility, and sometimes for half an hour at a time, with undiminished ardor. These native strains bear a considerable resemblance to those of the brown thrush, to whom he is so nearly related in form, habits and manners; but, like rude from cultivated genius, his notes are distinguished by the rapidity of their delivery, their variety, sweetness and energy. As if conscious of his unrivaled powers of song, and animated by the harmony of his own voice,

his music is, as it were, accompanied by chromatic dancing and expressive gestures; he spreads and closes his light fanning wings, expands his silvered tail, and with buoyant gayety and enthusiastic ecstasy he sweeps around, and mounts and descends into the air from his lofty perch, as his song swells to loudness, or dies away in sinking whispers. While thus engaged, so various is his talent, that it might be supposed a trial of skill from all the assembled birds of the country; and so perfect are his imitations that even the sportsman is at times deceived, and sent in quest of birds that have no existence around him."

The song of the Mockingbird is not limited to the hours of daylight. He sings by night as well, and as sweetly as in the full glare of the sun, his clear full notes being most often heard after the rising of the moon. Indeed, according to Wilson, the hunters in the Southern States, when setting out on an excursion by night, know as soon as they hear the Mockingbird begin to sing, that the moon is rising.

His wonderful powers of mimicry are so well known that it is unnecessary to refer to them at length, but we may quote a fragment of Wilson's graphic description. He says: "In his domesticated state, when he commences his career of song, it is impossible to stand by uninterested. He whistles for the dog; Cæsar starts up, wags his tail, and runs to meet his master. He squeaks out like a hurt chicken, and the hen hurries

about with hanging wings and bristled feathers, clucking to protect its injured brood. The barking of the dog, the mewling of the cat, the creaking of a passing wheelbarrow, follow with great truth and rapidity. He repeats the tune taught him by his master, tho' of considerable length, fully and faithfully. He runs over the quiverings of the canary, and the clear whistlings of the Virginia nightingale, or redbird, with such superior execution and effect, that the mortified songsters feel their own inferiority, and become altogether silent; while he seems to triumph in their defeat by redoubling his exertions.'

The Mockingbird is essentially a creature of the South, and his center of abundance is in the Southern States. It is there, as Audubon so delightfully remarks, that the Mockingbird must be seen to find him at his best. Still, he sometimes journeys during the summer months as far north as Massachusetts, and has been found breeding in the Connecticut Valley near Springfield. In the Southern States the Mockingbird is a resident, and may be found at all seasons of the year. Those which visit the North stay with us only long enough to rear their brood, and then hastily retreat to warmer climes.

In its Southern home this species is tame and familiar, seeming to regard man as a friend and protector rather than an enemy. It sometimes builds its nest near the house, and, Audubon tells us, lives during the winter about the gardens and outhouses, where it may be often seen perched on the roofs and on the chimney tops.

The mating season in Louisiana is March or early April, and the nests are begun immediately after, so that the young are frequently ready to fly by the last of April. Further north they are somewhat later in making their appearance. The nest is built not far above the ground, sometimes upon it, and is carelessly constructed with but slight attempt at concealment. In some re-

spects it resembles that of the catbird, being composed externally of coarse twigs and weed stems, and lined with fibrous roots.

The eggs are from four to six in number, and are light green in color, dotted and blotched with brownish black. Two and sometimes three broods are raised in a season.

If the female leaves her nest for any purpose, and finds on her return that the eggs have been handled, she summons her mate by a mournful note and exhibits much distress, but so far from deserting it, as some people suppose, she sits with redoubled assiduity.

Except during the winter the food of the Mockingbird consists almost entirely of insects, but when cold weather has deprived them of this food they turn their attention to the berries, feeding on those of the cedar, the Virginia creeper, the holly, smilax, sour gum and others.

The Mockingbird is easily reared if taken from the nest quite young, and becomes not only a sweet and constant songster, but an affectionate pet as well. Instances are known where they have lived about the house without being confined, flying away from time to time to feed and associate with their kind, but returning toward night to their home, where they saluted their owner with every demonstration of delight and affection.

The Mockingbird is from nine to ten inches in length, and the spread of its wings measures thirteen inches. The upper parts of the body are dark gray, tinged here and there with brown. A spot of white exists on the primaries, making a large patch on the closed wing. The wing coverts are tipped with white; the three outer tail feathers are mostly white. The under parts are brownish white, palest on chin and belly. Bill, legs and feet are black. Iris yellow. The female differs from the male only in having the colors a little duller, and the white patch on the wing smaller.

## HINTS TO AUDUBON WORKERS.\*

### FIFTY COMMON BIRDS AND HOW TO KNOW THEM.

#### APPENDIX.

AS the birds are hurrying north now, and new forms are seen and new songs heard every day, it may be a help to summarize the facts gathered about our "fifty common birds," so that you can recognize them more readily in the field, and can get clues to the other birds, common and uncommon, that are still to be studied.

You have probably noticed already that the birds migrate at night, and may have speculated on their reasons—the greater prominence of the landscape sign posts, such as rivers and mountains, in the night; the fact that the pot-hunter and the wicked small boy are securely tucked between the sheets then, so that only the kindly astronomer notes their flight; the greater coolness of the night air; and—who can say that the Dipper points no guiding North Star for them?

But wherever speculation leads you, it does not affect the course of the birds, and when morning comes you will find that each bird, or flock of birds, is looking for breakfast in its own favorite locality—not always the sort of spot it chooses to nest in, but one marked enough to show individual taste. As this suggests, of course, the true way to see all the birds that pass is to go carefully through all the varieties of forest and field—dense woods, clearing, marsh and meadow. But if you have not time for this every day, the best way is to have a short beat and go over it, if possible, every morning and evening. Take the sunny side of an open woods, or even an old orchard or garden, and if you watch closely, you will see an astonishing number of old friends before the season is over. And if you know only a few birds, spring is the best time to make new friends. It is altogether easier than fall. The songs are in their perfection,

and plumage is most strongly marked. In the fall, the old birds come back more intent on talking than singing; and then, besides wearing motley themselves, bring with them a troop of youngsters that may be masquerading for all you could guess of their ancestry, unless you knew the secret of their dominos.

Moreover, in April and May the birds give us an excuse for getting out into the spring, and their jubilant happiness covers any poetic lapse, or childish exuberance of spirit our staid *blasé* selves may be startled into. Spring!—let the poets sing of it, and listen to them if you will, but you can never know what they mean or what spring is until you have felt the first tremulous warble of the bluebird, and picked wild flowers in the hermitage of the "swamp angel."

#### GENERAL FAMILY CHARACTERISTICS OF BIRDS TREATED.

##### WOODPECKERS.

Plumage, largely black and white. Bill, strong and long for drilling through bark and wood. Flight, noisy, flickering. Call, loud and shrill. Song, wanting, except as they drum on trees, etc. Habits, phlegmatic, most of time spent clinging, erect, to sides of tree trunks. (Exception, yellowhammer: Plumage, brownish, instead of black and white; nest lower; song, a loud full trill; habits, more like ground woodpecker; haunts ant hills, fields and fence posts, etc.)

##### FLYCATCHERS.

Dull, gray birds with big heads and shoulders. Males and females similar in plumage. Bills hooked at end. Songless or with short song (wood pewee, three notes). Habits, hunt by lying in wait for insects and then springing at them with nervous spasmodic movements. (Exception, kingbird: Largely silent and motionless when not watching for food.)

##### BLACKBIRDS AND ORIOLES.

Plumage, striking, black prominent. (Exception,

meadowlark.) Females generally duller, and in some cases smaller than males. Bills and claws, strong; bills long and conical. (Exceptions, bobolink and cowbird, whose bills are short and conical.)

SPARROWS AND FINCHES.

Fine songsters. Bills short, stout, cone-shaped, for cracking seeds.

*Sparrows*—Comparatively small, dull plumaged birds, with striped backs, males and females similar.

*Finches*—Bright plumaged birds, females duller than males.

VIREOS.

Small olive-green or gray-backed, white-breasted

birds. Bills, long and slender, for holding worms. Songs, loud. Nests, pensile and delicate.

WARBLERS.

Plumage, mostly variegated and brilliant. Females generally duller than males. Song, in many cases only a trill. Food, insects. Habits, nervous, restless.

THRUSHES.

Brown-backed, white-breasted birds, size of robin, or smaller. Bills, long and slender, fitted for worm diet. Habits, phlegmatic; pensive birds, fond of sitting motionless on lower branches of small trees. Finest of American songsters.

ARBITRARY CLASSIFICATIONS OF BIRDS DESCRIBED IN THE FOREGOING ARTICLE.

I. BIRDS FOUND IN CERTAIN LOCALITIES.

1. *About or near Houses*.—Robin, chipping sparrow, song sparrow, junco, chimney swift, crow blackbird, warbling vireo, yellow-bellied woodpecker, tree sparrow, fox sparrow, brown creeper, oriole, phœbe, purple finch, chickadee, catbird, red-eyed vireo, nuthatch.
2. *In Gardens and Orchards*.—Catbird, bluebird, waxwing, cuckoo, oriole, kingbird, kinglets, hummingbird, warbling vireo, yellow-throated vireo, yellow-bellied woodpecker, purple finch, goldfinch, summer yellowbird, warblers, cowbird, least flycatcher, yellowhammer.
3. *In Fields and Meadows*.—Meadowlark, cowbird, nighthawk, crow, bank swallow, barn swallow, cliff swallow, vesper sparrow, field sparrow, bobolink, red-winged blackbird, snowflake, song sparrow.
4. *In Bushes and Clearings*.—White-throated sparrow, song sparrow, chipping sparrow, tree sparrow, field sparrow, white-crowned sparrow, junco, Maryland yellowthroat, kinglets, chewink, brown thrasher, rose-breasted grosbeak, catbird, robin, purple finch, goldfinch, winter wren.
5. *By Streams and Rivers*.—Phœbe, waxwing, bank swallow, kingfisher, yellow warbler, red-winged blackbird, Maryland yellowthroat.
6. *In Woods*.—Thrushes, wood pewee, ovenbird, black and white creeper, woodpeckers, junco, nuthatch, grouse, great crested flycatcher, chewink, whippoorwill, tree sparrow, fox sparrow, brown creeper, scarlet tanager, chickadee, Blackburnian warbler, crossbills, vireos, red-

start, black-throated blue warbler, yellow-rumped warbler, winter wren.

7. *Edge of Woods*.—Rose-breasted grosbeak, cowbird, redstart, wood pewee, woodpeckers, kingbird, cuckoo, ovenbird, bluebird, hummingbird, chickadee, chewink, great crested flycatcher, brown thrasher, yellow-bellied woodpecker, tree sparrow, white-throated sparrow, white-crowned sparrow, fox sparrow, brown creeper, thrasher, vireos, oriole, purple finch, junco, warblers, yellowhammer, winter wren.
8. *Roadside Fences*.—Bluebird, flicker, kingbird, red-headed woodpecker, goldfinch, white-crowned sparrow, field sparrow, vesper sparrow, song sparrow, white-throated sparrow.
9. *Thickets*.—White-throated sparrow, song sparrow, Maryland yellowthroat, chickadee, junco, chewink, brown thrasher, white-crowned sparrow, field sparrow, catbird, Wilson's thrush, warblers (in migration), winter wren (in migration), chestnut-sided warbler.
10. *Pine Woods*.—Warblers, kinglets, chickadee, brown thrasher, whippoorwill, white-crowned sparrow, crossbills, purple finch, nuthatch woodpeckers.

II. SIZE COMPARED WITH THE ROBIN.

SMALLER THAN THE ROBIN.

1. *Less than half as large*.—Kinglets, chipping sparrow, goldfinch, chickadee, nuthatch, Blackburnian warbler, summer yellowbird, Maryland yellowthroat, redstart, winter wren, least flycatcher, hummingbird, tree sparrow, field sparrow, brown creeper, yellow-throated vireo, warbling vireo.



2. *About half as large.*—Swift, red-eyed vireo, ovenbird, crossbills, wood pewee, purple finch, song sparrow, junco, indigo bird.
3. *More than half as large.*—Phœbe, bluebird, waxwing, downy woodpecker, barn swallow, bank swallow, cliff swallow, vesper sparrow, white-crowned sparrow, fox sparrow, white-throated sparrow, bobolink, oriole, scarlet tanager, snow bunting.

ABOUT THE SAME SIZE AS THE ROBIN.

Rose-breasted grosbeak, cowbird, red-headed woodpecker, hairy woodpecker, yellow-bellied woodpecker, chewink, great crested flycatcher, red-winged blackbird, catbird, thrushes, kingbird.

LARGER THAN THE ROBIN.

Yellowhammer, kingfisher, crow, grouse, down thrasher, whippoorwill, meadowlark, cuckoo, nighthawk, keel-tailed blackbird, bluejay.

### III. COLORS.

COLORS STRIKING OR BRIGHT.

1. *Blue backs.*—Bluejay, bluebird (azure blue), nut-hatch (slate blue), kingfisher (slate blue) indigo bird, black-throated blue warbler.
2. *Chestnut or red breasts.*—Bluebird, robin, crossbills (male), scarlet tanager (male), chewink.
3. *Yellow or orange throats.*—Blackburnian warbler, Maryland yellowthroat, summer yellowbird.
4. *Yellow or orange breasts.*—Yellow-throated vireo, summer yellowbird, goldfinch, oriole, meadowlark, Blackburnian warbler, Maryland yellowthroat.
5. *Red patch on top or back of head in males.*—Ruby-crowned kinglet, woodpeckers, kingbird.
6. *Red heads (entire head and neck red or madder-pink.*—Purple finch (old males), crossbills (males).
7. *Birds wholly or largely black (males).*—Blackbirds, crow blackbird, red-winged blackbird, cowbird, redstart (salmon patches on breast, wings and tail), bobolink (whitish patches on nape of neck and back), rose-breasted grosbeak (carmine patch on breast, belly white), crow.

COLORS DULL OR PLAIN.

1. *Upper parts olive-green.*—Breast unspotted: Kinglets (patch of red or yellow in crown), warbling vireo (top of head unmarked), tanager (female), crossbills (females). Breast spotted: Ovenbird (crown patch orange-brown bordered with black)
2. *Upper parts olive-gray.*—Cuckoos (tail very long, bill curved).
3. *Upper parts dusky grayish-olive.*—Phœbe (length

about 7 inches), wood pewee (length about 6 inches), least flycatcher (length about 5 inches).

#### 4. *Upper parts brown.*—

- a. Back without markings of any kind: Indigo bird (female), brown thrasher (breast spotted, tail very long), Wilson's thrush (breast spotted, tail short), hermit thrush (breast spotted, tail short and red), winter wren (back barred).
- b. Back more or less streaked: Meadowlark (below yellow with black collar), female rose-breasted grosbeak (rose of male replaced by saffron yellow), bobolink (female and male in winter, buffish-yellow below), purple finch (female).

Sparrows:

- c. Breast unspotted in adult: Chipping (crown brick red), white-throated (yellow spot in front of eye).
- d. Breast spotted or streaked: Song (no white on tail).
5. *General color chiefly black and white.*—
  - a. In large patches or areas: Snowflake, bank swallow, rose-breasted grosbeak (male), redstart (male).
  - b. In stripes: Black and white creeper.
  - c. In spots (above, white below): Hairy woodpecker, downy woodpecker.
6. *Yellow band across end of tail.*—Waxwing (high crest).
7. *White band across end of tail.*—Kingbird (low crest).
8. *Crown and throat black (size small).*—Chickadee (back dull ash-gray).
9. *General color sooty.*—Chimney swift.
10. *General color slate.*—Junco (belly and outer tail feathers white).

BRILLIANT MALES CHANGING TO DULL COLORS OF FEMALES IN AUTUMN.

Bobolink (becomes almost sparrow in appearance), goldfinch (becomes flaxen-brown above and brownish-yellow below), scarlet tanager (becomes greenish-yellow), yellow-rumped warbler (becomes brownish).

BIRDS SHOWING WHITE ON TAIL FEATHERS IN FLIGHT.

Meadowlark, vesper sparrow, junco, chewink, rose-breasted grosbeak, several warblers.

### IV. SONGS. SINGERS.

1. *Particularly plaintive.*—Bluebird, white-throated sparrow, hermit thrush, meadowlark, wood pewee.

2. *Especially happy*.—Chickadee, song sparrow, gold finch, indigo bird, bobolink.
3. *Short songs*.—Robin, chickadee, bluebird, Maryland yellowthroat, meadowlark, great crested flycatcher, whippoorwill.
4. *Long songs, with definite beginning, middle and end*.—Hermit thrush, indigo bird, thrasher, chewink, song, field, tree, white-crowned and white-throated sparrows.
5. *Long songs, without definite beginning, middle and end*.—Purple finch, catbird, goldfinch.
6. *Long loud songs*.—Oriole, scarlet tanager, ovenbird, rose-breasted grosbeak, chewink, winter wren, brown thrasher.

## TRILLERS.

- (Saying *tee-ka-tee-ka-tee-ka*, or words to that effect.)
- Low*.—Redstart, summer yellowbird, black and white creeper, junco, chippy, brown creeper, swift (saying *chippy-chippy-chirio*), nuthatch.
- Loud*.—Yellowhammer (*if-if-if-if-if-if-if*), kingfisher (alarm), ovenbird (saying *teacher*).

## V. PECULIARITIES OF FLIGHT.

- Conspicuously tail-steering: Keel-tailed blackbird.  
 Undulating flight: Goldfinch, woodpeckers.  
 Circling flight: Swallows and nighthawks.  
 Labored flight: Bobolink, meadowlark and sparrows.  
 Fluttering flight: Chimney swift.  
 Particularly direct flight: Robin, cuckoo, keel-tailed blackbird, kingfisher, oriole.

## VI. BIRDS WITH HABIT OF SONG-FLIGHT.

- Cowbird, bobolink, ovenbird, bluebird, kingbird, swift, woodpeckers, red-shouldered blackbird, indigo bird, song sparrow, Maryland yellowthroat, meadowlark, kingfisher, cuckoo, goldfinch, nighthawk, purple finch.

## VII. MARKED HABITS.

1. *Phlegmatic, meditative, fond of sitting quietly*.—Waxwing, robin, thrushes, white-throated sparrow, meadowlark, wood pewee, woodpeckers.
2. *Restless, constantly flitting about*.—Winter wren, kinglets, chickadee, warblers, crossbills.
3. *Loquacious*.—Catbird, purple finch, crow blackbird, bluejay, red-eyed vireo, ovenbird, swift, chippy, bobolink.

- VIII. BIRDS THAT WALK INSTEAD OF HOPPING.  
 Keel-tailed blackbird, red-winged blackbird, crow, partridge, cowbird, ovenbird, meadowlark.

## IX. SHAPE OF BILL ADAPTED TO FOOD.

1. *Short and stout, for cracking seeds*.—Grosbeak, crossbills (crossed for getting out spruce and pine seeds), purple finch, indigo bird, junco, snow bunting, bobolink, vesper, tree, field, fox, and white-crowned sparrows.
2. *Long and slender for holding worms*.—Thrushes, warblers, orioles, kinglets, brown creeper.
3. *Hooked at end to hold insects*.—Vireos, flycatchers, kingbird, phoebe, pewee.
4. *Long and heavy for drilling holes in trees*.—Woodpeckers.

## X. WHERE CERTAIN BIRDS NEST.

1. *On the ground*.—Meadowlark (meadows and fields), white-throated sparrow, partridge, snow bunting, nighthawk, bobolink, junco, ovenbird, song sparrow, hermit thrush, Maryland yellowthroat, black and white creeper.
2. *In holes*.—
  - a. Holes in trees and stubs: Woodpeckers, nuthatch, chickadee, bluebird, great crested flycatcher.
  - b. Holes in river and other banks: Kingfisher, bank swallow.
3. *In orchards*.—Kingbird, goldfinch, waxwing, summer yellowbird, chipping sparrow, catbird, robin, bluejay, redstart, cuckoo, least flycatcher.
4. *About houses, sheds and barns*.—Robin, phoebe, eave swallow, chimney swift, bluebird (in knot-holes in outhouses or in bird boxes), chipping sparrow.
5. *In bushes*.—Cuckoo, chipping sparrow, catbird, rose-breasted grosbeak, red-eyed vireo, Wilson's thrush, red-winged blackbird, song sparrow, yellow warbler, indigo bunting.
6. *In low trees*.—Tanager, chestnut-sided warbler, yellow warbler, redstart, red-eyed vireo, purple finch, kingbird, hummingbird, least flycatcher.
7. *In high trees*.—Robin, oriole (especially in elms), crow blackbird, purple finch, vireo, wood pewee, Blackburnian warbler, crossbills, hummingbird.
8. *In other birds' nests*.—Cowbird, cuckoo (rarely).
9. *In crevices of logs or stumps*.—Winter wren.
10. *Under bark on trees*.—Brown creeper.

XI. BIRDS THAT ARE SEEN IN FLOCKS WHEN NOT NESTING.

Cedarbird, nighthawk, bobolink, white-throated sparrow, junco, chickadee (small parties), nut-hatch (small parties), bluejay (small parties), swift, crossbill, purple finch, bluebird, goldfinch, kinglet, warblers, snowbird, blackbirds, chimney swift, crow, swallows, vesper sparrow, tree sparrow.

- |                                     |  |
|-------------------------------------|--|
| 19. Purple finch.                   | 35. Myrtle Warbler.                    |
| 20. Crossbill.                      | 36. Chestnut-sided warbler.            |
| 21. Goldfinch (Yellowbird).         | 37. Blackburnian warbler.              |
| 22. Snowflake (Snowbunting).        | 38. Ovenbird.                          |
| 23. White-throated sparrow.         | 39. Maryland yellowthroat.             |
| 24. Chipping sparrow.               | 40. Redstart.                          |
| 25. Junco (Slate-colored snowbird). | 41. Catbird.                           |
| 26. Song sparrow.                   | 42. Winter wren.                       |
| 27. Rose-breasted grosbeak.         | 43. White-breasted nuthatch.           |
| 28. Indigo bunting.                 | 44. Chickadee (Black-capped titmouse). |
| 29. Scarlet tanager.                | 45. Golden-crowned kinglet.            |
| 30. Waxwing (Cedarbird).‡           | 46. Ruby-crowned kinglet.              |
| 31. Red-eyed vireo.                 | 47. Wilson's thrush                    |
| 32. Black and white creeper.        | 48. Hermit thrush.                     |
| 33. Summer yellowbird.              | 49. Robin.                             |
| 34. Black-throated blue warbler.    | 50. Bluebird.                          |

LIST OF BIRDS DESCRIBED, IN ORDER OF RELATIONSHIP.\*

- |                               |                            |
|-------------------------------|----------------------------|
| 1. Cuckoo.                    | 10. Wood pewee.            |
| 2. Kingfisher.                | 11. Least flycatcher.      |
| 3. Hairy woodpecker.          | 12. Bluejay.               |
| 4. Downy woodpecker.          | 13. Bobolink (Ricebird).   |
| 5. Golden-winged woodpecker.† | 14. Cowbird.               |
| 6. Nighthawk.‡                | 15. Red-winged blackbird.  |
| 7. Chimney swift.†            | 16. Meadowlark.            |
| 8. Kingbird.                  | 17. Baltimore oriole.‡     |
| 9. Phoebe.                    | 18. Keel-tailed blackbird. |

FLORENCE A. MERRIAM.

CHARLEY'S WONDERFUL JOURNEYS.

JOURNEY VII.

THE two boys had been in bed a little while, and Charley was just dropping off, when he heard the door at the foot of the stairs open gently, and Fido call his name in a loud whisper.

He knew it was Fido's voice, and whispering to Bob to join him, the two boys slipped on their clothes, and crept silently down the stairs.

"It's a splendid night for a fox hunt," said Fido; a foot of snow on the ground, and a clear moonlight sky. Get out the rocking-horse and we'll have a glorious chase."

Charley opened the front door noiselessly; the two boys led out the horse, and the trio trotted merrily away across the home meadow to the maple grove.

\* Arrangement given accords with the new Check List of the American Ornithologists' Union.

‡ Omitted from AUDUBON MAGAZINE but printed in the Boonville Herald, Boonville, New York, December 15, 1887.

† Ibid, December 22, 1887.

"Now, Bob," said Fido, "you hide in the maples and I'll come and hunt you up, and as soon as I'm on the scent I'll shout 'Tally-ho,' and then 'Let her go Gallagher.'"

Bob disappeared in the maples as he was told, Fido was soon on the track, and ere many minutes had passed, Charley heard the welcome "Tally-ho," dashed his heels into his steed, and galloped through the woods at wild speed.

As soon as he reached the open country, the dog and fox appeared in full view going like the wind, and Fido making the echoes ring again with the music of his voice.

Field after field was crossed, fence after fence negotiated in true sportsmanlike style, creeks cleared at a bound, but Fido could get no nearer to the fox, and Charley no nearer to Fido.

At last they came to some woods, and when Charley got through to the other side,

he found Fido running up and down trying in vain for the scent.

"We must try back," said the dog, "I've lost the scent."

They tried back until Fido picked up the scent, lost it and returned to it two or three times. At last he lifted up his voice, and cried, "Treed, by Jupiter; come along, Charley, here he is up a tree."

"You must be fox next time, Charley," said Bob, "or I won't come down."

"I don't mind," said Charley, "only I can't run on the snow without my snowshoes."

"Well, there they are in the sleigh," said Bob, "and I'll help you put them on."

Charley looked round; he thought he had come on the rocking-horse, but was delighted to find that it was the horse and sleigh, and that his snowshoes were there, as Bob had said.

He had them out in a twinkling; Bob came down and helped him to put them on, and no sooner had he struck out for a run than he glided away like the wind.

Presently he heard the expected "Tally-ho," and increased his speed almost without effort. Trees and landmarks appeared to dash by him with railway speed, and gradually the baying of the dog and the "Tally-ho" of Bob grew fainter and fainter as he left them far behind.

After a time the baying of the dog ceased altogether, and Charley stopped to listen. He shouted, but there came no response. "I will go quietly," thought he, "and give them a chance to catch up."

Charley stepped along easily for some time, and had almost forgotten Fido and Bob, when he heard a sound behind him that for a moment made his heart stand still. It was the whoop of redskins following on his trail.

He stepped along again, not too fast, because he wanted to get a sight of them, and seeing a nice little oak sapling, he pulled it up by the roots as he dashed by. "This

will make a good club," said he, as he took out his knife and trimmed it a bit.

The Indians came nearer until Charley could see their dusky forms—quite a crowd of them—and away he went again with the speed of the wind, but they followed on, neither losing nor gaining ground, and yelling like furies.

Then Charley looked to his right and saw another lot of redskins running to cross his path; then he looked to his left and saw a third party. Right and left, as far ahead as he could see, there were redskins running to cut him off. Behind and on both sides they were closing on him, but there were none straight ahead, and Charley dashed on.

At last they were abreast of him on both sides, and Charley raised his club, and rolled them over like ninepins.

"Charley," cried the screech owl overhead, "bowl them over to right and left, but be careful not to let one fall across your path."

"They are only toy Indians," said Charley as he knocked them over by the score; but at that moment he heard a yell behind him that made his blood curdle. The redskins were close behind him, and another crowd closing in in front. He dashed forward, swung his club with more force than judgment and rolled a redskin across his path.

His snowshoe tripped on him, he fell forward against the crowd, knocking the foremost ones against the second row and these against the third row, and so on, and the next moment there were a hundred rolling in the snow; and while Charley was struggling to rise, his pursuers pounced on him with a yell.

On they came—old men, young men, papposes and squaws—yelling, laughing, shouting and dancing for joy, and telling each other what a glorious run they had had.

They crowded round Charley, especially

the women and children, but the warriors drove them all back, and made them form a circle with Charley in the middle. It was a sad time for Charley.

"Now we have got him," said the chief, "the question is, what shall we do with him?"

which to choose if they had left it to him, but he had no choice in the matter, and he felt very miserable.

Just then one of the women stole up behind him without letting the chief see her, and gave Charley a pinch which made him cry out.



"CHARLEY," CRIED THE SCREECH OWL OVERHEAD, "BOWL THEM OVER TO RIGHT AND LEFT, BUT BE CAREFUL NOT TO LET ONE FALL ACROSS YOUR PATH."

"Oh, do let us have him, said the children; "we'll prick him, and touch him with burning sticks, and have such fun."

But the squaws wanted him that they might pinch him and enjoy the music of his voice when he cried out.

And the young men said that that was all nonsense, they wanted to set him up for a mark to shoot at with their bows and arrows.

And poor Charley wouldn't have known

At this all the women and children yelled with delight, and clamored to the chief to let them have him, and some of the women rushed in and tried to get him by force, and the young men pressed forward and struggled with the women, and there was an awful confusion and quarreling, every one speaking at once, which Charley thought very rude. Indeed, he was going to tell them so, when the chief grew impatient at the quarreling and said, "Here, I've had

enough of this nonsense, I'll soon put an end to your disputes."

And with that he took Charley by the hair and pulled his head back across his knee, and then with a long knife in the other hand prepared to cut his throat.

Charley saw the glittering blade and the cruel purpose in the chief's eye, he felt the point of the knife on his throat, and with one desperate struggle for life and liberty, struck out at the chief's face, and sprang up trembling and astonished—in bed.

"What did you hit me for?" said Bob. "There, take that now," as he rushed on the astonished Charley and struck him.

Charley sprang out of bed in an instant, and the two boys went at each other pell mell, and rolled over together on the floor, and made a racket that soon brought Charley's mother up to see what was the matter.

As she opened the door the boys jumped to their feet and stood glaring at each other with clenched fists.

"He hit me first," said Bob.

"I didn't," said Charley; "he hit me first. When I awoke from my dream, and sat up in bed, he came and hit me for nothing."

"It aint so," said Bob; "he wasn't asleep, he was only shamming. He had his head stretched back on the pillow, and I just put my finger on his throat, pretending to cut it, when he up and hit me a whack on the nose."

"But that was the chief trying to cut my throat with his knife, and I wanted to hit him," said Charley.

"Oh, what a lie," said Bob; "wherever do you expect to go to?"

But the mother pacified the boys as well as she could, and dressed Charley and told him he should tell his dream after breakfast.

"Well, I think this has gone far enough," said Charley's father when he heard it; "dreaming about Indians and squaws and getting his throat cut. Now that boy's got to take a dose of medicine. If he don't there's no knowing what he'll be dreaming next; you mark my words."

And so Charley saw the nasty black physic mixed, and made many wry mouths over it, but he had to take it.

"Sarve you right," whispered Bob. "You shouldn't have gone and said you thought I was an Injun."

C. F. AMERY.

#### THE AUDUBON MONUMENT.

THE preliminary work of the committee appointed to take charge of the erection of a monument to the memory of John James Audubon has been completed. The various scientific societies in this country have been communicated with, and have expressed their readiness to take part in the work of raising funds. The several sub-committees have met and agreed on the design, an impression of which is here given for the information of our readers. The basic block with a medallion of the great naturalist is to be of granite, the shaft terminating in a Runic cross is a monolith to

be executed in North River blue stone. The ornamentation in our sketch is suggestive only of the general idea; it will consist for the most part of birds and animals with which Audubon's name is especially associated, and the selection and drawing of these has been committed to experts. The total cost is estimated at ten thousand dollars, and nothing now remains but to collect the money. The monument will be put in hand and the work progress as fast as funds flow in, and every effort made to prepare for unveiling the monument in the early fall of the year

The monument, designed to honor the memory of the dead naturalist, will reflect no less honor on the living who contribute to it. Scientific societies all over the coun-

committee has already the promise of such liberal support as to relieve them of all real anxiety on the subject.

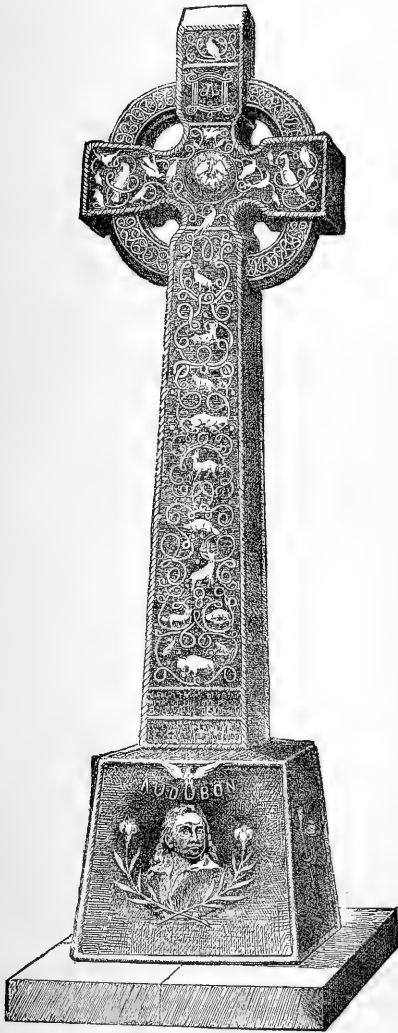
And now for us comes the question, "Shall the Audubon Society be fairly represented on the published roll of the subscribers to the monument, or shall we leave the credit to others, and have it inferred that we are wanting in all sympathy for and appreciation of the great naturalist, whose name we have assumed for our society?"

Large subscriptions are not necessary. Audubon is a national name, a name that Americans are proud of, a name the mention of which awakens national sympathies, and there can be no doubt that thousands will be ready to put their hands in their pocket and do honor to his memory, and as the costs will not exceed ten or perhaps eleven thousand dollars, there is no occasion to call for liberal contributions. What we want is numerous contributions of small sums, that the roll of the subscribers' names, which it is proposed to unfold at the same time as the monument, may be found to be representative of all classes of the community and all sections of the country.

It was proposed at the last meeting of the general committee to prepare photographs of the monument, one of which should be presented to each subscriber, with the name and the amount of subscription written on it, as a lasting memorial of his or her connection with the erection of the monument.

The Audubon Society should be numerously represented on the Audubon subscription roll, and the *Forest and Stream* for the Society desires to head the list with a subscription of \$25.00.

Subscriptions from members of the Society may be sent to us direct, or through the Local Secretaries of the Audubon Society, and we take this opportunity to invite all the Local Secretaries of the Society to interest themselves to secure contributions to the fund.



PROPOSED MONUMENT TO AUDUBON.

try have displayed the utmost eagerness to participate in the undertaking; every one feels that it would be discreditable to stand aside; there is consequently no doubt of its being carried into effect; in fact the central

## TWO LITTLE CAPTIVES.

"RAIN, rain, rain. I wonder if it will ever stop," sighed Bertie at the window. "Say, grandpa, don't you think it might rain at night, so the boys could stay out of doors all day?"

"Well, I don't know, Bertie; the rain does a great deal of good, especially after a dry spell like the one we have had. But don't you think that some little boys might learn to be quiet on wet days, and stay in the house contentedly, without going about growling and making so much noise to wake grandma up?"

"But you see, grandpa, I haven't anything to do. I would be quiet if you would tell me a story."

Grandpa kindly put his paper down and lifted the little boy on to his knee.



"What shall it be about, Bert; fairies and beautiful princesses and giants?"

"Oh, no, they're girls' stories. You might put a giant in, though, and have lots of fighting."

"Very well," said his grandfather, "we'll have a giant and a battle and two captives; will that do?"

Bertie appeared satisfied, so the old gentleman began:

"Once upon a time, not very long ago, there lived a certain man who had a wife and two children. What shall their names be?"

"Rob and Dick," said the little boy.

"Oh, no; one was a girl."

"Well, Jenny, then. Rob and Jenny; go ahead."

"Rob and Jenny were very good children, and had very nice times together, although their father was quite poor; indeed, sometimes they had to go to bed hungry, and both their father and mother had to work very hard to get enough to eat, and came home at night very tired, but even if they did not have as nice things as richer children have, still they were very happy.

"There was only one thing which kept this little family from being perfectly happy, and that was this. Down at the foot of the hill was the castle of a cruel giant, who chased them every time he saw them and tried to catch them to eat. So the poor father and mother were always afraid that some day, while they were away, he would find their house and steal their children. They told the children never to wander far from home, but to play about their own house.

One day, while the father and mother were out, Rob heard an awful noise, and felt the ground shake so that it almost knocked down their little house. He ran to the door to see what was the matter, and what should he see but the wicked giant coming up the hill.

"Ah ha!" he cried, as soon as he saw the little boy at the door, 'I've got you this time.'

"The poor little children ran back as far as they could into the house to get away, but he caught and held them fast in his great big hand, and roared with delight.

"Oh, please let us go," said Rob, 'please, please do,' while poor little Jenny'



held on to her brother and cried out with fright.

“But the monster wouldn’t listen; he just marched off with them down the hill, then he threw them into a bag and shook them together, laughing when he heard their piteous cries. After a while they came to his castle down in the dark valley. Here he pitched them into a deep prison, with iron bars, against which poor Rob threw himself, trying in vain to break them. But he only succeeded in bruising his poor arms and body and delighting his cruel captor. Think how the mother and father felt that night, when they returned tired after the hard work they had been doing that day to earn the supper they were carrying home, with, perhaps, a few dainties for the children. Imagine their feelings when they saw their pretty home ruined, the door broken down and the children gone. In vain they went about the woods, calling them, hoping to find them hiding on purpose to tease. It was no use, the children were gone, gone perhaps for ever. They ran down to the castle with wild cries, and begged its cruel master to give up their children, their beautiful children. But he threatened to shoot them, and in affright they ran away, never to go back to the little house that was home no longer.

“In the meantime Jenny and Rob sat huddled together in one corner of their prison, not knowing what was going to happen next, whether they would be seized, murdered and eaten by the giant, or whether they were doomed to a long life in captivity. Food was thrown into them through the bars, but they could not eat. Could you eat, Bertie, under the circumstances? I think not. They just let it lie there, and refused to touch it. And so they crouched there, hour after hour and day after day, giving each other what comfort they could. Jenny, who was not so strong as her brother, soon gave up, and grew sicker and weaker each day, until at last she just lay on the

floor, moaning ‘Mother, mother’ all day long. Her brother would try to comfort her, and would talk to her of the day when they should escape from the prison and go home to their dear little cottage in the woods; but she would only shake her head sadly, and say, ‘No, Rob, I shall never see mother again.’

“At last the time came when she was too weak to move. Her face, once so plump and rosy, grew pinched and sallow, and her eyes lost all their bright look. Poor Rob had never seen his sister look so before, and he felt very much afraid he was going to lose her. He tried his best, poor boy, to be cheerful for her sake, but it did no good; each day she wandered nearer and nearer to that dark river.

“Every day the wicked giant would come and look in at them, and sometimes he would take a long stick and poke them, trying to make them jump about, when they felt too sick to move. So at last poor little Jenny would scream and cry as soon as she heard his steps.

“One day the little girl was worse, and Rob did not know what to do. He begged her to speak to him, but she would not make a sound. At last he saw her lips move, and bending down, heard her murmur, ‘Good bye.’ In an agony of grief and despair he threw himself against the bars, those cruel bars that had cut him off from life and liberty. If it had not been for them, he and his sister might have been playing together as they used to. The restraint he had put upon himself for Jenny’s sake gave way, and he cried until he was exhausted. At last he got up and went to his sister, hoping that she was not dead, but asleep. He crept up to her, and bending down, whispered her name softly. But the eyelids never stirred, they were shut for ever over the eyes that could never see again. With a low cry of anguish, he threw himself across Jenny’s body, and so the brother and sister dropped together

into that sleep that knows no waking."

"Oh, no, grandpa, no," said the little boy, "don't make them die; make some brave knight come and rescue them and kill the cruel giant."

"Ah, Bertie, that I cannot do, for the story is a true one. What brave knight rescued the little birds you took from their nest last year?"

"Birds! nest!" The boy looks puzzled.

"Yes, child, yes; the young robins you

took last spring are the children of my story, and you who took them are the wicked giant. Not a very big one," the old man smiles, "but a monster in their eyes."

The little boy slips down from his grandfather's knee, and going to the window, looks out into the gathering gloom, trying to see in the twilight the vacant nest in the old oak tree in front of the house, and the two little graves placed side by side at its foot.

ETHELDRED B. BARRY.

#### HELPLESS PETS.

**A**WAY back in the half-forgotten past I was familiar with a poem written on a "Bullfinch Starved to Death in its Cage," and, as though the spirit of the bird were yet speaking to the jailer of the cruelty practiced, the concluding words ran thus: "If you had shown me less cruelty, I would be your prisoner still."

It is no unfrequent thing to see a lady shedding tears at the loss of a canary bird, either from an unknown cause or from the claws and teeth of a domestic cat. Now, being a friend to birds, I am an enemy to birds in cages.

"But," says Mamie, "the canary knows nothing about any other life than that in the cage. It is weak and helpless, and could not get its own living if set free." This is equivalent to saying that the race has been imprisoned so long that it has become weak, helpless and degenerate. It may be a humane thing, in the minds of many, to take care of these little imbeciles and encourage their increase under captivity. There are persons who have time to attend to their wants and have fortitude enough to endure their shrill, rasping notes; but to those who have delighted in hearing real song birds in the open air, singing from trees and meadows, the metallic ear-piercing notes of a canary are excruciating.

I am reminded just here of what my friend

Julia was telling me last winter: "You know Mrs. Blank is so outspoken, indeed, she says bad words and don't care a cent whom she says them to, either. One day when she called and we were having a sociable old chat by the fire, my birds began to sing. You know they always do when people talk or sit down to a meal. Well, they all tuned up and sang like everything. She seemed much annoyed and put her hands to her ears, and all at once started up and rushed to the door, exclaiming, 'I thought I could have a talk with you, but these abominable little devils have set up their clash!' Was not that awful?"

"What was awful?"

"Why, such a speech as that!"

"Oh, yes; but not so awful as the provocation for it."

But notwithstanding the annoyance these pretty little creatures inflict on a sensitive nerve, I speak in their behalf and from pity for the suffering, and the condition of the majority of them. In the winter they are kept in close, over-heated "sitting rooms," where fumes from the kitchen and laundry and even tobacco load the air; often they are watched daily by a murderous cat, and must suffer untold agonies from instinctive fear, until, in many cases, the little palpitating heart is stilled forever, and the arch enemy licks the last drop of its life-blood

from his whiskers as he glances sideways at the empty cage, and purrs with satisfaction: "I have eaten the canary." And why not? the game was within his reach. It was his prey, and he has no conscience.

But it is in the summer that canaries and other caged birds suffer the most. They are baked in the sun as though it were their destiny to be murdered by sunstrokes. Think of it, ye mortals. A bird hung in a cage against the side of a house, perhaps painted white, or some trying color, under the rays of a fierce, blistering sun, from which the chickens and pigs seek the shade of leaves. Possibly, being moved by compassion, you call the attention of the owner to the facts in the case; she will tell you in

her wilfulness and ignorance that "birds like the sun."

Birds sing in the morning and evening in the open air, and in the thickest shade in midday, but most birds are mute and seek cool retreats where the rays of the burning sun cannot enter.

Poor little prisoner! Wild with agony beneath a pitiless sun! Scream on in your crazy appeals for mercy! Your mistress has gone shopping or visiting a neighbor, or is rattling away at a sewing machine, making ruffles and tucks. She tells people that she has a splendid singer, and tells the price she paid the fancier for you, but she knows little of the laws of life or the needs of your constitution, and does not want to learn.

HELEN V. AUSTIN.

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BY ALBATROSS MAIL.

**A** SENSATIONAL story, which for romantic interest rivals any of Rider Haggards' conceptions, hinges on the following scrap of intelligence, scratched in French on a small piece of tin:

"Thirteen shipwrecked men took refuge upon the Crozet Islands on August 4th, 1887."

This tin was found on the beach at Freemantle, South Australia, on the 22d September last, attached to the neck of a dead albatross, and the story having been circulated in the papers, came to the notice of Governor Robinson, who sent a despatch to the English government, who in their turn instructed their ambassador at Paris to communicate the fact to the French government.

By that time the French papers were discussing the probable loss of the three-master Tamaris, owned by the firm of Bordes & Son, of Bordeaux, which left Bordeaux for New Caledonia in the spring of the year, and of which no news had been received in the interim. Her crew numbered thirteen men, thus tallying with the number which

had taken refuge on the Crozet Islands, and as these islands were on the line of the ship's course, and the Tamaris should by calculation have made them during July or August, the presumption is very strong that it is her crew, whose whereabouts has thus been made known.

Every ship sailing in southern seas is followed by albatrosses, which wheel round it on tireless wing, until some animal refuse thrown overboard tempts them to alight, but during the summer months these birds have a wide southern range; far to the southward of the track of any but whaling vessels, and the comparatively few which are seen by mariners, can be only a very small percentage of the whole. The bird with its message attached might have roamed the great southern watery waste for years, without following in the wake of any passing ship; and even had it immediately taken to following ships, the tag would certainly have attracted attention, but the odds against its being read were very great.

Sailors frequently take these birds with hook and line, label them with date of cap-

ture, name and position of ship, etc., and let them go; and a labeled bird might possibly be recaptured in the same way, but if it were too wary to take the hook, it would be only during a calm that a ship's officers would shoot a labeled bird with the object of reading the inscription. Under no other circumstances would the communication be considered of sufficient importance to justify the lowering of a boat to recover the body.

That the dead body of the bird should have been found on the South Australian beach a few weeks after the message was attached to it is little short of miraculous.

There is scarcely an instance on record of man finding the body of an albatross that had died a natural death. Wild birds always steal away to die in secret, and the albatross, being essentially a water bird, and almost utterly helpless on land, would certainly never go ashore to die. A sick albatross, incapable of maintaining itself on the wing, would alight on the water, on the surface of which it can rest with ease and comfort, and we may be sure that the messenger from the Crozet Islands found dead on the Freemantle beach, was either washed ashore, or had been wounded and fell suddenly dead while flying along the coast.

The Crozet Islands are a little group of four or five very small uninhabited islands away south of Madagascar, in fact far south of the usual track of vessels, and are the breeding grounds of albatrosses, penguins, and other sea fowl. As a consequence they afford an abundant supply of food of a sort. The crew of the sealer *Strathmore* lived a long time on one of these islands, subsisting chiefly on penguin flesh and eggs.

Efforts have been made to rescue the unfortunate castaways. The French Minister of Marine at once sent instructions to the commander of the naval division in the Indian Ocean, to despatch the transport *Meurthe* to the Crozet Islands without delay, and to take the unfortunate mariners

to the Island of Reunion for return to France by steamer. Her Britannic Majesty's ship *Thalia*, on its way from England to Australia, also has orders to touch at the Crozet Islands; so we may expect soon to hear of the rescue of the shipwrecked mariners, and to see the albatross allotted a niche in the Temple of Fame.

The Crozet Islands are only about two thousand miles from Australia, and as the albatross is capable of flying sixty miles an hour, and probably of sustaining its flight for twelve hours or more, the messenger might have done the distance in three days; but six weeks elapsed between the date of the despatch, and the discovery of the bird's body on the South Australian coast. In that interval he could have gone round by Cape Horn, and circumnavigated the globe in southern latitudes, visiting every whale boat that came within reach of his piercing eye, and all without painful effort. These birds rest on the surface of the water at night, and oftentimes for hours during the day, and many of them must be inevitably swallowed by sharks.

Since the above was in type, further information has been published to the effect that the French transport *Meurthe* had touched at the Crozet Islands, in compliance with instructions from the French Naval authorities, and that on the small island of Cochous they found traces of the missing crew, who had left a written statement to the effect that they had been some months on the island, and having two boats with them, would try to make Possession Island, eighty miles distant. The *Meurthe* called at that island without finding any traces of the crew. At one of the other islands of the group the *Meurthe* spoke some whalers who had been there some weeks, but they knew nothing of the shipwrecked crew, and for the present it is impossible to determine whether they were lost on the passage from island to island or picked up by some passing whaler.

## BIRD MYTHS.

### I.—*CORVUS*, THE CROW.

HE is a black, unmusical bird, and in our land and generation has a worse reputation, perhaps, than he deserves. The Bible account of Noah's raven is very interesting, and that raven was a crow.

The Siamese have an old fable concerning the crow. Once, it declares, he was far handsomer than he now is. One unlucky day he chanced for the first time to meet a *nok-junk*; that is a peacock, one of the birds called sacred in mythology. Then *Corvus* felt envious of peacock's magnificent plumes, and he foolishly asked the proud peafowl if he might not be dressed as richly as himself. The peacock good-naturedly answered that it could easily be done, telling *Corvus* that he would cover him all over with silver and gold, as men gild and adorn wooden and other images of many kinds.

The ambitious crow gladly assented, and his grand cousin proceeded to smear his feathers with black pitch, which the peafowl said was necessary to make the gold and silver tinsel adhere to them.

After doing so much, the peacock must take a journey to procure the bright materials for "finishing" the crow elegantly. When he returned *Corvus* was feeding upon a dead animal, as was perfectly natural for him, but the sacred, refined, and splendid peacock was shocked and displeased, and so he declined to gild the feathers he had blackened. Thus all ravens which in natural history are crows, have, since that unknown time, inherited only black plumage, unless by a freak of nature one has white feathers, as a black cat mother may have white kittens.

The common crow of Europe was named *Corvus splendens* by naturalists. This grand title seems to agree with another legend, that asserts that all ravens or crows were by nature purely white, and that they lost their fair beauty in consequence of their

meddlesome curiosity; a quality dangerous for any of us to indulge!

In early times among the Greeks and Romans, the children of the wealthy had many kinds of birds for pets. The crow or raven was one of their favorites.

In mythology (mythical religion) there was a raven called the Bird of Saturn, who brought many calamities to the earth; and so, in time, the poets sang dolefully of these dark birds. A poet of our own land, who died young, wrote a very musical and celebrated poem entitled "The Raven."

In the Norseland fables, two crows are representatives of Mind and Memory. They are named *Hugin* and *Munnin*.

Memory stood on the shoulders of Odin, a mighty god and warrior, and in those countries (Norway and Sweden) the crow or raven has always been regarded as a messenger of the King.

Besides the legend I have related, the people of Siam believe that a crow comes with news. When they hear him caw, the wise ones go into their houses and take a lump of boiled rice, colored red, yellow, blue, or green, which they keep in a basket, and throw it upon the roof. If the cawing bird alights to eat of it, then the master of that house supposes that the crow's tidings are for himself. But he never learns what the message is! He guesses and wonders about it till he is tired. A harmless kind of superstition that may be called.

It is true that ravens will carry off bright objects for which they have no use, such as jewelry and small silver articles. Not very long ago a tame raven allowed out of a cage, in Wisconsin, flew down from a branch and grasped in his bill a finger-ring, laid on an outside bench by a woman. He flew far away with the stolen ring, which was never recovered, although *Corvus* returned to his owner, who finally paid for it.

EMILY THACHER BENNETT.

# THE AUDUBON NOTE BOOK.

## MEMBERSHIP RETURNS.

THE registered membership of the Society on Feb. 29, 1888, was 44,308, showing an increase of 625 members during the month, drawn from the following sources:

New York.....	166	Michigan.....	4
Massachusetts.....	48	District of Columbia.....	4
New Hampshire.....	13	Minnesota.....	8
New Jersey.....	40	North Carolina.....	36
Maine.....	38	Indiana.....	17
Connecticut.....	4	Nebraska.....	6
Pennsylvania.....	27	Wisconsin.....	4
Maryland.....	3	Tennessee.....	5
Kentucky.....	38	Georgia.....	1
Kansas.....	10	Florida.....	1
Iowa.....	39	West Virginia.....	21
Illinois.....	21	Canada.....	3
Missouri.....	53	Bermuda.....	1
Ohio.....	13	Mexico.....	1
			625

C. F. AMERY, General Secretary.

## SAVING THE TREE.

*Editor Audubon Magazine:*

One afternoon, about the middle of May, 1886, while sitting at my desk, I chanced to look out of my study window, and saw a Baltimore oriole (*Icterus galbula*) hopping from branch to branch of an ash-leaved maple tree. He was nipping off the leaves and the ends of the new and tender branches and dropping them upon the ground. My first thought was that he was doing great damage to the tree. In my boyhood's days I would have thrown a stone at him. A moment's reflection, however, convinced me that Baltimore would not so disgrace his lordly colors. I laid down my pen and went out to investigate. I found that in every case where a leaf or a twig had been cut off, it was done to get at a destroying larva, and that the bird was a faithful surgeon using his instruments with unerring skill to save the life of the tree. From that time my admiration for the winged Lord Baltimore has steadily increased.

WM. H. TIBBALS.

PARK COLLEGE, 1888.

## A CROSSBILL IN MID-OCEAN.

*Editor Audubon Magazine:*

I received a few weeks ago a copy of your magazine and took pleasure in it. I notice it speaks of the high and extended flight of the crossbills. This recalls an incident which interested me and may interest your readers. A number of years ago, I think it was the summer of 1870, I was coming across the Atlantic in a sailing vessel—the barque *Bounding Billow*. One day we were about in a line from New-

foundland and the Azores, Newfoundland being about 600 miles distant, the Azores somewhat nearer, when a crossbill came on board the vessel. The prevailing winds had been northwesterly, and this in connection with the sort of bird it was led us to believe that it had come from Newfoundland. It must have had a long flight in any case, and while it might have rested on the way, it could scarcely have had any food. As we tried to catch it it flew short flights on the vessel, but would not leave, and we at last caught it by the help, if I remember right, of the food placed near a caged goldfinch we had on board. At any rate it was caught and caged. It did not seem wild but very hungry. It was a great pleasure to see it eat and drink and rest. We brought it to New York and there it was stolen from the vessel.

WALLACE E. MATHER.

PARIS, Oneida County, N. Y.

## THE SPARROW CORRESPONDENCE.

GENERAL SPINNER'S reprobation of the English sparrow in his correspondence with Miss Lydia L. A. Very, has called forth a host of protests which we would gladly publish if they tended in any way to settle the question at issue, but while it appears only just to Miss Very to allow her an opportunity of foiling the General's thrusts, we should only tire our readers if we devoted our columns exclusively to the discussion of this inexhaustible subject.

Whether the English sparrow is or is not a desirable acquisition is a question about which there will always be a difference of opinion, because it will never be possible to determine the extent to which he replaces American birds, but the friends of the sparrow may listen to all the tirades against him, and to all suggestion of measures for his destruction with the most perfect complacency in the calm assurance that the resources of the American people are inadequate to his extermination. The English sparrow has come to stay. Following is Miss Very's letter:

*Gen. F. E. Spinner:*

DEAR SIR—I thank you for your interesting and amusing letter. You are mistaken in your supposition that I am one of those ladies who carry dainties, flowers and misdirected sympathy to red-handed murderers and other criminals in prison. I do not belong to the roast turkey and plum pudding brigade, but my sympathies are wholly with their victims. I think punishment, to be effectual, should be punishment. And now about the sparrow. You must allow me to speak plainly. I think you have been guilty of a great cruelty in inciting boys to kill them.

I know the boy nature thoroughly and know if they are permitted to kill one bird they will kill any or all, even kill the sparrow when she has little ones and leave them to starve. I do not think even you would encourage this. You say the sparrow is strictly granivorous. This is incorrect, as thousands who have watched it can testify. It was not long ago that a small crowd of people in our street were watching a little sparrow trying to kill a large black beetle. The sparrow is not considered a pest in Europe. Had that character been given him, he never would have been brought here. The skunk, which you mention in your list of nuisances, has been killed without mercy, but a writer in the AUDUBON MAGAZINE testifies that he clears his field of potato bugs! Give him credit for that. If we do not see the use of created things I ascribe it to our ignorance, and do not say that the all-wise Creator has made a nuisance. You say that some States have passed laws making it a penal offense to harbor the sparrow. It was not many years ago that there was a law forbidding any one to harbor or feed a fellow being if his skin were colored. There is a higher law overruling man's in regard to men and birds. You say man is the chief brute of creation, but then woman is his mother. True, but then he takes after his father. You say the sparrow is dirty and feeds on horse-droppings. Your favorite robin, when she has her little brood, feeds on the undigested worms that pass through the little ones. I do not consider anything dirty or unclean in the brute creation, but admire the wisdom of the Creator that has planned it so that one creature can be supported on the refuse of another! The little sparrow has made the winter pleasant to old and young, and invalids (who have so few pleasures), with his merry twitters and pretty ways; he is at work winter as well as summer. He eats the lice around the fruit and flower buds (some ignorantly say he is biting off the buds), the elm trees look far better since he has been at work upon them. He is not to blame that he came to this country. Blame those who brought him here if any censure is needed. But let not man be more cruel than old Winter, who, when the little things succumb to the cold, puts them to sleep kindly and lays a white quilt gently over the poor, little frozen bodies. If ever I go forth to fight and want an opponent, it will not be the poor little defenseless sparrow. Yours truly,

LYDIA L. A. VERY.

PRESERVATION OF THE YELLOWSTONE PARK.—A movement has been set on foot by the Forest and Stream Publishing Company to influence Congress by petitions in support of Senator Vest's bill now before the Senate providing for the proper conserva-

tion and control of the Yellowstone National Park. Every one has heard of this fairy region, which contains within its area a collection of natural wonders unequalled in the world, and which is now the last retreat of the little remnant of our buffalo, elk, and other great game; and every one with a spark of patriotic sentiment must naturally wish to preserve this remarkable region to the American people for all time. Senator Vest's bill makes all necessary provision for the preservation of this region, but its passage was opposed last session by the representatives of a few individuals, who want to run a railway through the Park. The effect of this might be to erect drinking saloons, inclose geysers, encourage poaching on the last of the big game, and generally to treat the Park as their own property for conversion into dollars and dimes by levying taxes on all visitors. This is a job which the whole American people is interested in averting, and it can be averted if the Legislature at Washington be made aware that the people are interesting themselves in the subject, and we trust our readers will do their share to contribute to so desirable an end. Forms of petitions in duplicate will be mailed free on application to Forest and Stream Publishing Co., New York, N. Y.

A THOUGHTFUL GREAT LADY.—The Empress of Brazil is one of the great ladies who will not countenance the wearing of birds' feathers or bodies about their persons. Though Brazil is noted for its birds of brilliant plumage the Empress never allows their feathers to be used for any part of her dress. Since she has been at Cannes she has assured a visitor that, "much as she admires the feathers of the magnificent birds of Brazil, she only likes them on their bodies."

CRUELTY PERSONIFIED.—A woman lately returned from Europe brought a reception gown that must have had 200 little brown birds, fastening a rose-colored crepe upon a skirt of white silk. A circlet of the little feathered creatures is for the head. "I believe it would be a good dress for a character to wear at a costume ball," said its owner; "only I wouldn't know what to call it. What would you say for a name?" "Cruelty to animals," replied the friend.

TO COLOR CANARIES RED.—*Editor Audubon Magazine:* Perhaps some of your young readers who keep canaries might like to know how to color the feathers red, and orange. It is very simple. When the birds begin to moult keep them supplied with plenty of red peppers, as much as they will eat, in addition to their regular food. I have a canary who is almost pink. From one of your members.—MONTIE SCHUYLER, JR.

## EMINENT PEOPLE ON BIRD PROTECTION.

OAK KNOLL, Danvers, Mass., }  
2nd mo., 20, 1886. }

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

I heartily approve of the proposed AUDUBON SOCIETY. We are in a way to destroy both our forests and our birds. A society for the preservation of the latter has long been needed, and I hope it is not too late for the accomplishment of its objects.

I could almost wish that the shooters of the birds, the taxidermists who prepare their skins, and the fashionable wearers of their feathers might share the penalty which was visited upon the Ancient Mariner who shot the Albatross. Thy friend,

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Feb. 20, 1886.

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

I am heartily in sympathy with your purposes for the protection of birds, and should be glad to contribute any influence that I can to that end.

If there were no purchasers there would be no demand, and no reason for slaughtering these winged gems. But as only women create a demand, it rests upon them to stay this wanton destruction. I am sure that it is only necessary to bring before American women the cruelty of this "slaughter of the innocents" that fashion is carrying on, to secure a renunciation of this ornament and the salvation of birds.

On this subject the kind feelings, the taste, and æsthetic sympathy of the whole community are on your side, and if you persevere you will surely win.

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

CORNWALL-ON-HUDSON, N. Y., }  
Feb. 22, 1886. }

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

You have indeed my hearty sympathy in every effort to prevent the slaughter of my innocent little neighbors and friends, the birds. In the destruction of forests and birds, the people of this land are inviting very great evils and inflicting wrongs on posterity which scarcely can be measured. The press should render it impossible for women to sin thoughtlessly and ignorantly in demanding little birds for their adornment. The evil should be brought home so fully to the knowledge of all, that the continued wearing of our useful little birds should become the badge and indication of a callous, vulgar nature. You are doing a humane and patriotic work in exciting public aversion to one of the most cruel and stupid wrongs of the age.

Respectfully yours,

EDWARD P. ROE.

WEST PARK, N. Y., Feb. 20, 1886.

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

I scarcely need assure you that your undertaking to form a society for the protection of our wild birds against the ravages of the milliners and the sham scientific collectors has my warmest sympathy and approval. It is a barbarous taste which prompts our women and girls to appear upon the street with their head gear adorned with the scalps of our songsters; and it is mere vanity and affectation which prompts so many persons to make up cabinets of the nests and eggs of the same. The destruction of our birds from their natural enemies is immense, and this craze of the collectors, and folly of the milliners and their customers in addition, threatens their serious diminution.

I hope you may succeed in creating so strong a public sentiment upon the subject that the collectors of skins and eggs for the unworthy purposes of fashion or to indulge the vanity of pseudo-naturalists may suddenly find their occupation gone.

Please add my name to the list of the members of the AUDUBON SOCIETY. Very sincerely,

JOHN BURROUGHS.

160 W. 59TH STREET, }  
NEW YORK, Feb. 20, 1886. }

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

No one who will take the trouble to give the matter a few moments' serious consideration can be in doubt, I think, as to the wisdom of organizing the AUDUBON SOCIETY, and I am thankful that such a step is contemplated. There is an element of savagery in the use of birds for personal decoration, which is in grotesque contrast with our boasts of civilization. But even the savage stops short, as a rule, with the feathers. It is only Christian people who think it worth while to butcher a whole bird to adorn their head gear. I am sure, however, that this is largely from that unreflecting habit which is a leading vice in people who follow the fashions. But it is a vice; as Hood sang, when he wrote—

For evil is wrought  
By want of thought  
As well as by want of heart.

If the AUDUBON SOCIETY can teach men, and especially women, to think on this subject, half of the battle will have been won. HENRY C. POTTER.

ANDOVER, Mass., Feb. 21, 1886.

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

I am in earnest and indignant sympathy with the motive of any society organized to prevent the murder of birds for decorative purposes.

E. S. PHELPS.



## The Audubon Society.

### THE AUDUBON SOCIETY FOR THE PROTECTION OF BIRDS.

THE AUDUBON SOCIETY was founded in New York city in February, 1886. Its purpose is the protection of American birds, not used for food, from destruction for mercantile purposes. The magnitude of the evil with which the Society will cope, and the imperative need of the work which it proposes to accomplish, are outlined in the following statement concerning

#### THE DESTRUCTION OF BIRDS.

Within the last few years, the destruction of our birds has increased at a rate which is alarming. This destruction now takes place on such a large scale as to seriously threaten the existence of a number of our most useful species. It is carried on chiefly by men and boys who sell the skins or plumage to be used for ornamental purposes—principally for the trimming of women's hats, bonnets and clothing. These men kill everything that wears feathers. The birds of the woods, the birds of the field, the birds of the marsh and those of the sea are alike slain, at all times and at all seasons. It matters not if the bird be a useful one which devours the hurtful insects which destroy the farmer's crops, or a bright-plumaged songster whose advent has been welcomed in spring, and which has reared its brood in the door yard during the summer, or a swift-winged sea swallow whose flight along the shore has often with unerring certainty led the fisherman to his finny prey—whatever it be, it must be sacrificed to the bird butcher's lust for slaughter and for gain. Besides the actual destruction of the birds, their numbers are still further diminished by the practice of robbing their nests in the breeding season.

Although it is impossible to get at the number of birds killed each year, some figures have been published which give an idea of what the slaughter must be. We know that a single local taxidermist handles 30,000 bird skins in one year; that a single collector brought back from a three months trip 11,000 skins; that from one small district on Long Island about 70,000 birds were brought to New York in four months time. In New York one firm had on hand February 1, 1886, 200,000 skins. The supply is not limited by domestic consumption. American bird skins are sent abroad. The great European markets draw their supplies from all over the world. In London there were sold in three months from one auction room, 404,464 West Indian and Brazilian bird skins, and 356,389 East Indian birds. In Paris 100,000 African birds have been sold by one dealer in one year. One New York firm recently had a contract to supply 40,000 skins of American birds to one Paris firm. These figures tell their own story—but it is a story which might be known even without them; we may read it plainly enough in the silent hedges, once vocal with the morning songs of birds, and in the deserted fields where once bright plumage flashed in the sunlight.

#### BIRDS, INSECTS AND CROPS.

The food of our small birds consists very largely of the insects which feed on the plants grown by the farmer. These insects multiply with such astounding rapidity that a single pair may in the course of one season be the progenitors of six billions of their kind. All through the season at which this insect life is most active, the birds are constantly at work destroying for their young and for themselves, tens of thousands of hurtful creatures, which, but for them, would swarm upon the farmer's crops and lessen the results of his labors.

A painstaking and ardent naturalist not very long ago watched the nest of a pair of martins for sixteen hours, from 4 A. M. till 8 P. M., just to see how many visits the parent birds made to their young. He found that in that time 312 visits to the four young were made, 112 by the male and 193 by the female. If we suppose only six insects to have been brought at each visit, this pair of birds would have destroyed, for their young alone, in this one summer's day, not far from 2,000 insects. The important relations which our birds bear to the agricultural interests and so to the general welfare, are recognized by the governments of all our States. Laws exist for their protection, but these laws are rendered inoperative by the lack of an intelligent public sentiment to support them. They are nowhere enforced. It is for the interest of every one that such a public sentiment should be created.

It is time that this destruction were stopped.

#### PURPOSE OF THE AUDUBON SOCIETY.

To secure the protection of our birds by awakening a better sentiment, the Audubon Society, named after the greatest of American ornithologists, has been founded. The objects sought to be accomplished by this Society are to prevent as far as possible—

- (1) The killing of any wild bird not used for food.
- (2) The taking or destroying of the eggs or nests of any wild birds.
- (3) The wearing of the feathers of wild birds. Ostrich feathers, whether from wild or tame birds, and those of domestic fowls, are specially exempted.

The Audubon Society aims especially to preserve those

birds which are now practically without protection. Our game birds are already protected by law, and in large measure by public sentiment, and their care may be left to the sportsman. The great aim of the Society is the protection of American non-game birds. The English sparrow is not included in our lists.

#### PLAN OF THE WORK.

Obviously the Society cannot supply any machinery of compulsion to lead individuals and communities to a higher regard for bird life and to efforts for its protection. Nor are compulsory measures thought necessary. The wrong is tolerated now only because of thoughtlessness and indifference. The birds are killed for millinery purposes. So long as fashion demands bird feathers, the birds will be slaughtered. The remedy is to be found in the awakening of a healthy public sentiment on the subject. If this enormous destruction of birds can once be put in its true light before the eyes of men and women and young folks, if interest be aroused and sentiment created, the great wrong must cease. To so present the case to the people as to awaken this corrective sentiment is the special work contemplated by the Audubon Society. The methods adopted are very simple. Pledges are furnished, subscription to which constitutes membership, and certificates are issued to members.

#### TERMS OF MEMBERSHIP.

The signing of any of the pledges will qualify one for membership in the Society. It is earnestly desired that each member may sign all three of the pledges. Beyond the promise contained in the pledge no obligation nor responsibility is incurred. There are no fees, nor dues, nor any expenses of any kind. There are no conditions as to age. The boys and girls are invited to take part in the work, for they can often do more than others to practically protect the nesting birds. All who are interested in the subject are invited to become members, and to urge their friends to join the Society. If each man, woman or child who reads this circular will exert his or her influence, it will not take long to enlist in the good work a great number of people actively concerned in the protection of our birds. It is desired that members may be enrolled in every town and village throughout the land, so that by the moral weight of its influence this Society may check the slaughter of our beautiful songsters. The beneficent influence of the Audubon Society should be exerted in every remotest by-way where the songs of birds fill the air, and in every crowded city where the plumes of slain songsters are worn as an article of dress.

#### ASSOCIATE MEMBERS.

As there are a very great number of people in full sympathy with the Audubon movement, and ready to lend it their moral support, but who refrain from joining the Society simply because they find it distasteful to sign a pledge, it has been determined to form a class of Associate Members. Any one expressing his or her sympathy with the objects of the Audubon Society and submitting a written request for membership to any local secretary, will be enrolled on the list of Associate Members. All such applications for membership received by local secretaries of the Society should be forwarded to the General Secretary for registration.

#### LOCAL SECRETARIES.

The Society has local secretaries in cities, towns and villages. The local secretary will furnish this circular of information and pledge forms; will receive the signed pledges, keep a list of the members, forward a duplicate list with the pledges for enrollment and file at the Society's office; and will receive in return certificates of membership, to be filled out and signed by the local secretary and given to the members. No certificate of membership will be issued to any person except upon the receipt of a signed pledge at the office of the Society. Where no local secretary has yet been appointed, individual applicants for membership may address the Society at its office, No. 40 Park Row, New York.

If there is no local secretary in your town, you are invited to act as such yourself, or to hand this to some other person who will accept the office. Upon application we will supply copies of this circular and pledge forms.

#### THE AUDUBON SOCIETY CERTIFICATE.

The Society furnishes to each member a handsome certificate of membership. This bears a portrait of the great naturalist, John James Audubon, after whom the Society very appropriately takes its name.

The office of the Society is at 40 Park Row, New York city. All communications should be addressed

#### THE AUDUBON SOCIETY,

No. 40 Park Row, New York.



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THE NIGHT HERON.

( *Nycticorax nycticorax newius* (Bonm.) )

# THE AUDUBON MAGAZINE.

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No. 4.

## THE NIGHT HERON.

THE herons are a group of birds well represented in America. They are peculiar and but little known to the casual observer, so that before turning our attention to the subject of this sketch a few words may be said about the family as a whole.

The herons, as is well known, are characterized by long legs, necks and bills, are water-loving birds, living about streams and lakes, from which they draw their subsistence. They are birds of rather sluggish habit, slow-moving and with a slow but powerful flight. On account of their quiet ways, and the fact that their life is spent in out-of-the-way places, they are seldom seen except by ornithologists and gunners. Most of the time they spend standing motionless by a stream on the watch for fish, frogs or lizards, and when anything living ventures within their reach it is almost sure to be transfixed by the sharp bill which the ready bird darts out like lightning to seize its prey.

An interesting account of the habits of some of our South American species of herons is given by Mr. M. H. Hudson, and as the herons quite closely resemble one another in their mode of life, what he says about them will apply very well to those which we know. He says:

"The heron has but one attitude—motionless watchfulness; so that, when not actually on the wing, or taking the few desul-

tory steps it occasionally ventures on, and in whatever situation it may be placed, the level ground, the summit of a tree, or in confinement, it is seen drawn up, motionless, and apparently apathetic. But when we remember that this is the bird's attitude during many hours of the night and day, when it stands still as a reed in the water; that in such a posture it sees every shy, swift creature that glances by it, and darts its weapon with unerring aim and lightning rapidity, and with such force that I have seen one drive its beak quite through the body of a fish very much too large for the bird to swallow, and cased in bony armor, it is impossible not to think that it is observant and keenly sensible of everything going on around it."

The bitterns and more sluggish of the herons, when driven from their haunts, fly only short distances of eighty or a hundred yards, and again alight among the rushes, "whence" Mr. Hudson, describing further the habits of one South American species, says "it is almost impossible to drive or discover them;" and this he found after careful investigation is due to the fact that the bird, grasping a reed by its feet and pressing against it with its tail, lays its breast bone, neck and beak along it in one straight line, which it maintains so motionless that one may pass and repass it within a few inches without recognizing it; the most remarkable part of the perform-

ance being that the bird, although the hunter may go round it and would readily detect it by the variegated feathers of the back, always keeps the sharp edge of its rush-like breast toward him.

The herons are especially characterized by their tireless watchfulness for their prey and for their insatiable voracity. "In other birds," says Mr. W. H. Hudson above quoted, "repletion is invariably followed by a period of listless inactivity, but the heron digests his food so rapidly that however much he devours he is always ready to gorge again," but however abundant may be his food supply, the heron makes no fat, and very little flesh, so that when on the wing he has no superabundant weight to carry.

Another very remarkable characteristic of the herons is the presence of what are called "powder down tracts," patches of dense clammy, yellowish down on their breasts. Of these the true herons have three, and some naturalists have attributed to them the freedom of these birds from lice and vermin, but it is an old popular belief that these patches glow with phosphorescent brilliance in the dark, furnishing the heron with a convenient lantern for his nocturnal fishing excursions.

The Night Heron is widely distributed through the United States, but seems to be more abundant near the seacoast than on inland streams. In the Southern States it may be seen at all seasons of the year, but in New England it is known only as a summer resident. We have found it common in California, both in winter and summer, but it is rarely seen in the interior, though Dr. Coues has reported it from the Red River of the North in Dakota. Its northward migrations carry it a little beyond the United States. Although usually moving south at the approach of cold weather, it seems probable that some individuals pass the winter at least as far north as New York city, for we know of two having been killed in that neighbor-

hood in the month of January. The late Dr. Brown succeeded in keeping one in Boston until the middle of December.

The Night Heron is to a great extent nocturnal in its habits, and besides this it is rather a shy and wary bird. It is therefore not often seen, except by those who visit its roosting or breeding grounds. These are usually in swampy or near large bodies of water, and many nests are usually found together, these birds breeding in colonies which often number several hundred individuals. The nests are sometimes placed high upon tall trees, are rough flat platforms of twigs and are almost altogether without lining. Each nest usually contains four pale green eggs, which measure about two inches in length by one and a half in breadth. The young leave the nest in a couple of weeks after they are hatched and scramble about the branches, to which they cling firmly.

The voice of the Night Heron is rough and hoarse, and from this it has received in many parts of the country the local name *Quawk*. Often at night this call may be heard falling from the air above, and the chirping, barking sound tells that a Night Heron is flying over.

The food of this bird consists of fishes, frogs, tadpoles, newts and various insects, and no doubt it eats mice and snakes, if the opportunity occurs.

Like all the herons, this species is ready to fight if forced to do so, and can inflict severe wounds with beak and claws if incautiously seized. The Night Herons have favorite roosting places to which they repair when they have satisfied their appetite, to rest until the calls of hunger urge them again to start out on their hunting expeditions along the marshes where they feed. One such place we remember in New England, a rocky island rising above the salt marsh which surrounds it and covered with a growth of tall trees. If you walk by this on a summer day you will startle hundreds

of quawks from their perches on the trees, and with hoarse calls of alarm they will wing their way out over the marshy flats of the broad river which lies on one side of their roost. Here among the reeds and tall grass they find the food which best suits them. If you conceal yourself in the underbrush just before the tide becomes high, you will see the birds one by one leave the marsh and come back to the trees, there to sit dreaming until they get hungry again, and the water has fallen low enough for them to feed.

The Night Heron is about two feet in length, measured from the tip of his bill to the end of his tail, and the spread of his wings is more than three and a half feet. The old birds have the bill black, and the eyelids and naked skin in front of the eyes

yellow. The iris is red, the feet yellow. The feathers on top of the head, the fore part of the back and the long feathers of the shoulders are greenish black. The forehead, front of neck, breast and belly are white or cream color. The sides of the neck are pale lilac, and the wings, lower part of the back and tail, pale grayish blue. From the back of the head several long slender white feathers grow backward, as seen in the plate, but these are lost after the breeding season, and do not grow again until the latter part of the next winter. The young birds are quite different in appearance from the old ones. They are plain brownish birds, the edges of each feather being paler than the center. The feathers of the back and wings have each a long spot of brownish white at the end.

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#### BIRDS AT THE BATH.

FORT HARRISON PRAIRIE was very dry during July and August of the past year, and springs of water are very scarce. Having a number of colonies of bees in the orchard I furnished them water fresh every day. Our poultry also liking the shade were furnished with drinking vessels filled daily. The birds could not bear the scorching heat, and sought the shade of the apple trees in large numbers. I soon found that they too needed water. They did not molest the bee trough, but preferred to sip where the poultry drank, if the hens would allow them. I placed shallow dishes where the chicks could not trouble the birds, and the latter required more water than four dozen fowls. A catbird would hop on the edge of the dish, drink all it wanted, then plunge in for a large bath, throwing the water in every direction, hop out, shake itself, and then jump in again, to try to use up all the water. By a little observation I found that one catbird that

was sitting on a nest of eggs, enjoyed a bath twice a day, coming to the dish with mouth open. The robins, thrushes, mockingbirds, yellowhammers, jays, orioles, cedar birds, redbirds and chippies found the dishes a great convenience and came regularly to quench their thirst and cool their breasts.

One hot afternoon a yellowhammer came screaming to the dish for a drink, next two cedar birds, then a mockingbird, and then came a brown thrush which when nearing the dish opened his long bill (and put back his ears if he could) in a spiteful way at one of the cedar birds, causing him to take a seat in the gallery on an overhanging apple tree limb. I doubt if the eyes of man ever beheld before the sight of four varieties of wild birds, drinking out of a dish six inches wide and sixteen inches long. The dishes were shallow, none deeper than two inches. The yellowhammer seemed to be the clumsiest bather, but took great pains to straighten his plumage afterward.



HENRY BERGH.

**I**N the obituary list of the month of March is registered the name of Henry Bergh, the founder and president of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals; a man who, although he achieved no distinction in arms or art or science, was nevertheless the acknowledged peer of the nation's greatest, in any and every department of thought or action.

Henry Bergh was essentially a man of his age, a man who has impressed himself ineffaceably upon his generation, and that too for great good; a man who has moulded the sentiments, and thereby so modified the character of the nation that his life and labors and personal characteristics are of never failing national interest.

Henry Bergh, as would be inferred from

his name, is of German descent. His grandfather, a ship carpenter by trade, came over with his young wife from the Rhineland in the early part of the eighteenth century, and settled at Staatsburg-on-the-Hudson, where he established a shipyard, which proved a successful industry. In this he was succeeded by his eldest son, Christian, who married Miss Elizabeth Ivers, the daughter of a Connecticut gentleman, by whom he had several children, one of whom, born in 1823, is the subject of our sketch. The shipbuilding business, transferred to Brooklyn, came by inheritance to him and his brother Edwin, but Henry sold out his share and commenced a course of study at Columbia College, reading for the law, but never finishing his course. He had



liberal means and appears to have been seduced away from this dry study of the law by a desire to travel. At any rate, on resigning his studies he embarked on an European tour which extended over five years. While still young he married Miss Taylor, a young lady of English parents, and set out with her on a long course of travels over Europe and the East, until wanting rest, they settled for a time in the beautiful Rhineland, the ancient home of his family, where he employed his leisure time in literary pursuits with more or less success. One of his productions, "Love's Alternations," was very favorably received, but he aimed at dramatizing his conceptions, and wrote a number of plays which were condemned by unappreciative stage managers.

Returning to New York in 1861 he accepted the appointment of Secretary of Legation at St. Petersburg under Cassius M. Clay, and from this he was promoted to the post of Vice-Consul, but he sought relief from his official duties in 1864, and returned to America animated by an indomitable determination to establish a society for the prevention of cruelty to animals on the model of that already recently established in England under the auspices of the Earl of Harrowby, whose acquaintance he made in the interval between the resignation of his official appointment and his return to America. He was forty-one years old when he entered upon the life work which has won him a nation's respect and admiration.

The first year after his return to his native land was spent in maturing his plans for the establishment of a society for the prevention of cruelty to animals, and for the suppression of the "cruelists," as he called those who ill-treated the dumb beasts, calling attention to the subject by numerous lectures. The plea for justice and mercy to animals was so novel, among a people whose code of morality embodied the provision "that every man had a right to do

as he liked with his own," that Henry Bergh was opposed as a crank and fanatic, and his personal peculiarities and characteristics subjected to ridicule. But Henry Bergh was essentially a man of his age, his humanitarian sentiments were the product of nineteenth century civilization and softening of manners, and in giving expression to them he but formulated ideas, which called forth a sympathetic response from thousands in whose breasts similar ideas were already rudely shaping themselves. He accordingly found numerous supporters, and a society was formed, which by his indomitable energy and personal influence at Albany he succeeded in getting incorporated on the 10th of April, 1866.

He and his wife immediately conveyed valuable property to the society; others came forward with contributions, the best public opinion was enlisted in behalf of the reformers, branch societies were rapidly established in other States and Territories, and the movement led by one man soon proved itself a complete success.

Louis Bonard, a Parisian, bequeathed a hundred and fifty thousand dollars to the parent society, which has never been in need of funds.

The society soon made its power felt. Laws were enacted making cruelty to animals of all classes an offense, and Henry Bergh, who had been made president of the society, was empowered by the Attorney-General of the State, and District-Attorney of the city, to represent them in all cases of this class. The society had the administration of the law in its own hands, and it soon began to be whispered among the hackmen and drivers of all sorts that the eccentric looking Henry Bergh was "the law and the gospel also in the city of New York."

Indomitable courage was necessary to the enforcement of the laws prohibiting cock fighting, rat baiting, dog fighting and other brutal sports, but Henry Bergh en-

forced them fearlessly, never shrinking from encounters involving personal danger in pursuit of his self-imposed duty.

Since its organization the society has prosecuted over ten thousand cases, and the law is now so generally known that little attempt is made to evade it openly. Public sentiment on the subject has been so thoroughly aroused during the past twenty-five years, that it requires some stretch of the imagination to realize the vast change that has been wrought by the movement inaugurated by the subject of our sketch.

When Henry Bergh began his crusade there was not a State in the Union which had any law making cruelty to animals an offense. Now all, or nearly all, have statutes bearing upon the subject. It may be urged, perhaps, with some show of reason, that poor men and women too are compelled to toil while they are sick and sore, and that a true humanitarianism would have begun with them, rather than with the beasts, but as a simple matter of fact the greater difficulty of fixing the responsibility in the case of suffering humanity is the chief obstacle in the way of providing remedial means, and perhaps the first best practical step in the direction of redress of human wrongs is the rigid enforcement of the law against injustice to the brute creation.

Societies for the prevention of cruelty to children are the natural and inevitable outcome of Henry Bergh's reform movement, for no community that made it an offense to ill-treat the dumb beasts, would long tolerate the pleas of cruel parents that they have the right to do as they like with their own children.

As might be inferred of a man who had worked out so distinctive a career for himself, Henry Bergh's personal appearance was decidedly characteristic. The well rounded dome of his head rose above a face of extreme length, expressive of an unusual admixture of lugubriousness, mirth,

gentleness and firmness, but although he was sometimes irreverently styled "the knight of the rueful countenance," his face was both a pleasant and an intellectual one; he had a tall slight figure, and was fastidious in the matter of dress, but the characteristic individuality of his person appeared to extend to his dress also.

He died at his residence, No. 429 Fifth avenue, on the morning of the 12th of March. He had been suffering for a long time from chronic bronchitis and enlargement of the heart, but although he had been out of the house only a week before his death, the event had been long anticipated. He left no children, but his nephew and namesake Henry, the son of his brother Edwin, has long been associated with him in the conduct of the affairs of the Society, and by the terms of his will it appears that he looked forward with hope that his nephew would succeed him as its president.

The post is no longer one of unusual difficulty, nor one calling for exceptional powers. The humanitarian sentiment of the age has been aroused into activity and organized, and with the whole weight of the law on the side of the organization, its power is practically despotic. Matters were very different in 1866, when Henry Bergh entered the lists single handed against all the combined ruffianism of the country, and called on all good men to rally to his support. Purity of motive, devotion to his sense of right and duty, indomitable energy, courage, perseverance, tact, persuasive eloquence, all these were eminently characteristics of Henry Bergh. In a word he was a leader of men, a man who impressed himself forcibly upon his generation, who exerted a marked influence upon its sentiments and conduct, a man of whom in fact it may justly be said that he has made the conditions of life for man and beast more tolerable; that the world, and especially his own country, is the better for his having lived.

## CITY BIRDS.

TO us who dwell in cities, the hints that nature gives of herself are so faint and few that it scarcely occurs to us to try and make a connected story of them. We walk between our high walls day after day, unheeding the weeds that grow for us in the cracks of the pavement, oblivious of the fact that through the slit between the housetops we can see the stars come out each night, and perfectly unconscious of those go-betweens of flowers and stars, the song birds. Many a time have they looked down from the tree tops on the corpses of their cousins adorning the hats of one-half the passing women, and heard the other half murmur indignantly at the barbarous custom, and vaguely wonder how those same dead birds would look alive. "We bird protectors," say they, "would so gladly know our friends, but how can we? There are no birds here in the city but the pigeons and English sparrows."

Are there not? We continue to walk unheeding, till some day there flits before our astonished eyes a stray woodpecker, who shows us for five delightful minutes his scarlet head, the brilliant black and white of his plumage; you hear his energetic hammering on the elm where he has lighted, you see him walk around its stem as though he owned it; a second later he is gone, and "all creation widens in your view." This is interesting. If there is one bird here, there may be more; if the rest are as handsome as this one, they are worth seeing, and straightway you begin to look for them. You strain your eyes among the dingy trees, to be rewarded sometimes by a glimpse of the warbling vireo; you extend your walks to the suburbs, where in the open space before the houses, you may catch sight of whole troops of jolly robins, hopping, running, gamboling on the grass plots. At first you probably know not so much as their name, but you begin to rea-

lize that there is more to be seen here than you had thought. Accordingly you hunt out an old field-glass from your uncle's army trunk, or you take an opera-glass, or better yet, you take just your own eyes, with the resolve to use them better than ever before, and you begin to make morning excursions—the sooner after sunrise, the better.

When you have done this twice, you are an enthusiast. You come in to breakfast radiant, in raptures, having heard the jubilant morning song of the robin, having found a bluebird's nest in a decaying post of the band pavillion in the park, or having met your first waxwing which you recognized at sight from the description in the AUDUBON, and with which you are hopelessly in love. This, at least, was very much the way in which I began to observe. There is probably no one in the United States who knew so little about birds.

For years the bluejays had been lighting in an apotheosis of blue and white upon the clothes-poles in the back yard; for years the blackbirds had built and paired in the steeple opposite; the pine grosbeak on its southern journey had lit in the maple outside my window, and the purple martins sat in rows upon the telegraph wires, yet I did not even know of their existence. It was the sight of a family of robins that, late one August, reminded me of other days and other scenes, in which I had known a lover of birds, and thought to myself "Why should not I too have friends among the birds?"

It would take a book to tell all that I learned in the next year, and how I learned it. You know how I began, but before long the city streets set too narrow bounds to my explorations; the birds, though charming, were too few to satisfy my new-born zeal for knowledge; it was unpleasant to use a field-glass where there were more spectators than birds, and impossible to

traverse a crowded street with one's eyes leveled at the third story windows. In fine, I longed for a wider field.

But the field was by no means easy to find. The suburbs of a city are neither agreeable nor safe for a solitary wanderer, whose eccentric attitudes, whose field-glass, whose gaze intent on space, and whose rapturous exclamations are calculated to make her anywhere an object of attention. She must have a place not too populous to disturb her pursuits, nor too lonely to afford her protection; it must be sylvan for the birds and urban for herself; it must abound in forests and policemen; it must be near enough to the city for frequent visits, yet not so near as to be unvisited by the shyest dwellers in the woods; it must be safe, secluded, convenient, frequented and rural.

And a place was found which met all these requirements—the cemetery. It lay just on the borders of the city, an inclosure of fifty or sixty acres of rolling ground, the greater part kept like a garden, with long flowerbeds among its clumps of beech and evergreen; in its neglected hollows, crowded with fern and wild sunflower, the bluebirds and goldfinches chased each other, while from the alder thickets on the hillside, song sparrows chorused all the afternoon. On the sunny uplands, flocks of the golden-winged woodpecker—the pigeon woodpecker, with its dove-like eyes—waded through the warm grass; a few acres of wild forest land made a covert of oaks and beeches for a multitude of warblers, and for the rest the bird was hard to suit who could find no place to his mind either among the hemlocks, tangled inextricably with woodbine, or where the graveled walks ran through trim rows of pear trees, or the bittersweet ran wild over the crumbling granite basin of the fountain.

Among the graves I did not wander much. It was from behind a marble head stone in the spring, that I watched with

breathless interest the nest-building of a pair of brown thrashers, in the lower branches of an arbor vitæ, and it was on the point of some white shaft that the robin and the bluejay sat, with conscious pride, to display their charms. But it was not while they posed that one learned to know them best. Down in some of the many valleys where the meadowlarks rose from the long grass, or a hundred yards beyond, where the redstart built among the alders, and the ovenbird and the Maryland yellowthroat tripped and flew; or the hermit thrush in the black depths of a spruce, sang out at sunset—these were the spots where one learned without a book, and carried back to town that sense of relations—an instructive sense of the fitness of time and place—that makes one recognize at a glance the difference between the birds which float and the birds which flutter, the sprightliness of one family, the elegance of another, the vagabond boldness of a third. This bird which steps about with dignity under yon solitary apple tree at the “town-house,” has nothing in common with the other which rustles through its branches and is gone before you can do more than recognize the general roundness, restlessness and kaleidoscopic coloring of the typical warbler.

It is not necessary to know the birds' names, to know the birds themselves. One can do as Adam did and give them names. To one who has been with them for an autumn, long forgotten bits of bird lore, picked up unconsciously, come back. The birds grow familiar and soon they will have classified themselves. Nothing but a wren, we are certain, though we never saw one before, could stick its tail up so straight; nothing but a kingbird would dart out of a tree in that determined way, and then settle quietly down in the same place, like the King of France and his ten thousand men. Those little brownish, mottled birds all unavoidably suggest the English spar-

row. We had no idea there were so many kinds, but they *must* be sparrows, and it is much easier to tell them apart than we should have thought. The snowy front of the whitethroat, the "breastpin" of the song sparrow, the white tail feathers of the grassfinch (vesper sparrow), the red cap of the chippy—all these mark the individuals as plainly as the general coloring marks the family.

I well remember the process, as delightful as it was gradual, by which I made the acquaintance of the chickadees. The first time we met was on the occasion of their arrival in winter quarters, and a whole flock of the wee, downy, tricky things, were celebrating it with all their might. The fluffiness, the bright eyes, the quick movements and the general hilarity of the new comers, made me christen them "titmice" on the spot. I had no idea what a titmouse might be, but feeling that no name could be more appropriate, I gave it to them, and called them so for six months before finding out that I had followed a true instinct. The chickadee is really a titmouse.

No other bird has such an unmistakable way of displaying himself among the winter weeds. He flutters down upon some dry and bending stalk, and swinging round upon it with all the recklessness of a boy on a new trapeze, shakes down the rustling seed in showers, catching it sometimes as it falls. You will see a dozen of them in some empty lot, as happy with their few coarse wild hemp plants as in the fields on a June day—probably happier. As the cold and the snow increase, and seeds grow scarce, they will "take to the road" like bold highwaymen, snatching what they can fairly under the horses' hoofs and seeming to find bits to their liking in the coldest, freshest snowdrifts.

The bluejay is a frequent visitor in town, and so is the hairy woodpecker. His name, by the way, is as hideous as that of most

other members of his family, for the handsome fellows are libeled as the "red-headed," the "three-toed," the "yellow-bellied," and worse, as their common descriptive names. The brilliant tricolor (red-headed) woodpecker is often seen in the parks, and the warbling vireo likes nothing better than to travel from tree top to tree top down a crowded street. Only he is quick and quiet, and if you are to see him, the best way is from an upper window, as he slips out of one hiding place into another.

The most interesting of our discoveries may be made in town. It was in the heart of the business part of the city that I saw a bird which in spite of the weight of evidence against his appearing in that place or at that time, I shall persist in believing that rare visitant, the blue grosbeak. The exquisite cedarbird is quite willing to visit us occasionally, and I have seen a whole flock of them make their headquarters for a week in a poor, bare, straggling tree, standing alone amid forlorn back yards, surrounded by ash barrels and wood sheds. Even the shy brown creeper, whose one object in life, when he is at home, seems to be to put a tree between himself and all observers, will astonish you some morning by gliding in from the woods and slipping around the trunk of the cottonwood on the corner as if he had always lived there.

I have spoken of the comparative ease with which one learns to classify the smaller birds in the two great families of finches (sparrows) and warblers. For the larger and more conspicuous birds, too, one scarcely needs a teacher. We know, the very first time the scarlet tanager flits before us, as he may in the still, shady grounds of the hospital, or high among the trees fringing the water course of the park, that here is the "fire bird." The brilliant grackles, the "red-winged" and "yellow-shouldered" reed birds, you know at first sight are nothing but blackbirds, and again,

there can be no mistaking the business-like way in which a woodpecker flies straight to his tree, and rests there "as if he had been thrown at it and stuck." The woodpecker's charming cousin, the nuthatch, you are almost sure to see, too. He will be walking down a tree, head foremost, his constant and invariable habit. Sometimes it is necessary for him to go up, so as to start over again, but he will not do this if he thinks you are watching him, for he knows that his other performance is a unique accomplishment among birds.

After one has gained a general familiarity with the commonest birds, every glimpse will tell something new; their flight, their food, their song, their favorite perching places, their habits, gain fresh interest for you every day. Such as we know become more sharply and accurately distinguished from such as we do not know, and a single glance will often tell us enough of some new visitor, to enable us, if not to recognize him exactly, at least to tell his connections, and place him approximately where he belongs. On one memorable walk through the river bottom of the Mississippi, I added at least half a dozen birds to my list in this way.

I have given no more than the barest hints to indicate what can be done by a city-bred member of the Audubon Society, but they are hints that can be made a source of much pleasure and knowledge. The series of articles in the *AUDUBON MAGAZINE* has said all that can be said as to the methods of work, besides giving in detail the marks by which to recognize the birds one may see. All that is attempted here is to tell a little of what can be done "in the birding line" even by those who have the fewest opportunities. For those who live in the West, it is interesting to watch for the birds which are less common in the Eastern States, and particularly such as have never been adequately described. There are many scarcely known species on the

plains, and even in the Mississippi Valley one may meet with birds which are distinctively western, though well enough known to all who have given any of their attention to bird study. Two of the handsomest are the brass grackle and the yellow-headed blackbird—both of them striking illustrations of the truth that there is no such thing as a black blackbird. You may find the graceful shorelark in abundance, nesting on the bleak prairies as early as March, and coming down fearlessly to the roadside. These three, with the rose-breasted grosbeak, the bluejay, the northern shrike and the golden-winged woodpecker, are among the most beautiful of the Minnesota birds.

I have given a list in conclusion of some fifty of the birds oftenest seen, giving the locality. The first of these divisions, the birds seen in the city limits, is necessarily the smallest, and each succeeding list, if completed, would contain most of the birds mentioned in those preceding it. Thus, under D, I might put almost all the fifty; I have, however, given only two birds which I met nowhere but in the course of an occasional drive through the lake and farm country round St. Paul, Minn.

*List A. Birds Seen in City Streets.*—Purple martin, white-bellied swallow, robin, junco, chipping sparrow, goldfinch, chickadee, red-poll'd linnnet, waxwing, bluebird, warbling vireo, purple grackle (crow blackbird), hairy woodpecker, downy woodpecker, pine grosbeak, brown creeper, bluejay, ovenbird.

*List B. In the Parks.*—Tricolor woodpecker, golden-winged woodpecker, nuthatch, Baltimore oriole, wood pewee, scarlet tanager, least flycatcher, yellow-rumped warbler, crown sparrow.

*List C. In the Cemetery.*—Wood thrush, hermit thrush, phœbe bird, black and white creeper, yellow-bellied woodpecker, brown thrasher, catbird, Maryland yellowthroat, redstart, kingbird, yellow-winged sparrow, song sparrow, Blackburnian warbler, red-eyed vireo, red-bellied nuthatch, rose-breasted grosbeak.

*List D. In Environs of City.*—Brass grackle, bobolink, indigo bird, grass finch, fox sparrow, shorelark, meadowlark, yellow-headed blackbird, shrike (butcher bird), kingfisher.

HARRIETTE H. BOARDMAN.

## HOW I LEARNED TO LOVE AND NOT TO KILL.

BY A MEMBER OF THE AUDUBON SOCIETY.

I KNOW that I was not an exceptionally cruel boy, and yet there was a time when I took delight in killing, just for the sake of killing, everything that could run or swim or fly. I do not think that any one ever told me it was wrong or showed me in any way how useless or cruel it was to go banging about the fields with my gun, ready to take the innocent life of any and every moving thing, be it bird on branch or tiny young squirrel not yet aware of the dangers and wickedness of this great rolling world.

How I ever managed to shoot the beautiful creatures, without getting a great pain in my own heart, I am sure I cannot tell you now, but I am certain that I must have had a very strange and different kind of a heart then—sound asleep perhaps, all the time. It seems to have taken a long time to teach me how brutal a thing I was, but I shall try and tell you how it came about, though it was not all at once, as you shall see.

One day in midwinter, when the snow lay deep in the woods, three of us were out rabbit hunting. I was standing in an open spot waiting for a sound of the dogs, when all three of them came yelping out of the brush close upon the heels of a terrified little rabbit, which was making but poor speed through the drifted snow. Almost more excited than the dogs, for I was only twelve years old, I raised my gun and fired just as the foremost dog pounced upon the little creature, and having rescued my prize from Hector, put him carefully into the wide deep pocket of my new hunting coat. I killed two other rabbits that morning, and at last approached the old farmhouse where my companions had arrived before me. I put my gun in the house and came out to

display my game. I drew out one rabbit from the left pocket, and one from the rear pocket, quite proud of my success as a sportsman, then I went down into the wide deep pocket for my third and last rabbit. Out he came and was dropped upon the porch beside the others, when to my astonishment and the great glee of my companions, up jumped Brer Rabbit and went scampering off toward the woods, as fast as his poor cramped legs would carry him.

Certainly he had well earned his liberty after that terrifying day's ride in the clutches of his worse foe, but it would never do to be laughed at, anything rather than lose my reputation as a butcher, so running in for my gun I went hurrying after Mr. Bunnie, following his tracks in the snow. It was hard work for the poor tired little fellow, just escaped from such a dreadful experience, and he had but reached the margins of the wood, floundering along in the deep snow, when this awful boy came running and panting after him. There he sat resting on the clear white drifts, the beautiful little fellow, apparently quite dazed by the wonderfully bright world to which he had been so miraculously restored; but there was no eye for his beauty and no sympathy for his sad plight in the monster there behind. I remember, even now, as I raised my gun to fire, how a sudden pity came into my heart for the poor little tired and defenseless creature, so soon to be free again and back with his lonely fellows in the burrow, but there were the boys already laughing at me, and so *bang* went my gun. Still Bunnie jumped wearily on, for I had missed him. Certainly any but a monster might have had mercy after that, but there were the boys laughing harder than ever, and the spirit of my wicked old ancestor

Bloodyhand urging me on to slay, so putting my gun this time close to the little chap I ended his terrible fright with his life.

That was the last rabbit I ever killed. All that evening a great sorrow grew in my heart for the poor little fellow, so beautiful there in the white snow drift. I hated myself for my cruelty, and at length, unable to check the tide of my regret, burst into tears, and sat there by the fire sobbing bitterly, though I would not tell the other boys the cause. They would laugh at me again, laugh at me even because I was pitiful. What would I not have given only to restore the life of that one little animal, so innocent, so harmless and so beautiful? For days I was haunted by the thought of how I had chased that little rabbit only to slay him when "all the pleasure of possession ended as soon as he was dead."

During the following summer my father took us all to White Bear Lake in Minnesota, where, before the completion of the railroad, everything was wild and undisturbed. There was a Captain Carter who used to shoot well with the rifle, and it seemed to be one of his greatest ambitions to kill a loon, that large and beautiful bird known to naturalists as "the great northern diver," because of the remarkable way in which they dive and remain under water. So quick indeed is this great bird, that it is almost impossible to hit one of them with a ball, for they dive at the flash, and are gone from the surface before the shot reaches the ripples they have left behind.

I soon learned to love the loons; they were such strangely shy creatures and filled me with longings for the far off and lonely places reached by their swift flight. Hard enough was it for a loon to leave the lake, and only with a good wind to aid, could this strange bird lift himself over the treetops, but once in air, with a strange cry like a weird laughter, he would circle round and round, and at length shoot away like an arrow for some distant and more lonely

spot, disappearing from my longing sight, for somehow I always wanted to go with the loons.

One day Captain Carter had shot many times at a large loon—until exasperated by his failure, he determined upon a new way of loon hunting. Putting up a board screen to hide the flash of his rifle, he at length succeeded in hitting the bird in the left wing. The loon nevertheless dived, but being too badly hit to remain long under, came repeatedly to the surface, and was at length captured, still alive, by the delighted captain, who brought his prize to the little hotel, where he was soon surrounded by a crowd of curious and exclaiming guests.

I think it was certainly one of the most pathetic sights I have ever seen. There on the ground sat the beautiful bird, head erect, with the white ring round its coal black throat, and the softest melancholy in the large eyes, that were fixed with longing on the far away lake. Unable to stand on the land, it lay there wounded and helpless with such a dignity that all were moved who saw it.

"Captain," said a gentleman in the circle, "I'll give you ten dollars to set that bird free."

The captain hesitated.

"Gentlemen," said the captain, "I would gladly do as you desire, for I feel as badly about this as any of you, but the bird is too deeply wounded to live—it is too late."

This incident made a deep impression upon me, and I have ever since had such a sentiment in regard to the loon, that though often in camps further north where food was scarce, I have discouraged my Indian camp followers from killing him. One evening, however, I lay camped on an island in Ogitchie Muncie (Kingfisher) Lake. The Indians had gone off in the birch canoes in search of our supper, for our flour was exhausted and indeed we were all very hungry. The lake was smooth as a glassy



mirror, there was not a whisper even in the tallest pines. Suddenly, afar across the lake, from the deep recesses of some lonely bay, came a long, low, melancholy cry of a loon, the saddest, wildest cry in all the world. Heard usually at evening when the wind is hushed, this cry was always to me the most pathetic sound, and I longed to comfort the poor lonely bird. Soon after, there was the report of a gun, another and another, and then silence for a long time. I waited for half an hour, and there were no noises until I heard the soft scraping of canoe prows on the sands and knew that the Indians had come back to camp. I sprang up and went down to meet them, and alas! even as I feared, there was Shingibish holding up the dead loon by the neck, and calling out *Mang-mang* (the name of the loon in Ojibway) in evident pride at his success.

I looked sadly at the beautiful bird, smoothed the white feathers on his ruffled throat, and then turning to Shingibish I said: "Bad luck come to us now, Shingibish (diving duck), because you killed your brother."

It turned out even as I said, and on the next day in a storm of wind and rain, my canoe went to pieces on the rapids, and the few remaining luxuries of our provisions were lost beyond recovery. Never after that did they kill a loon, though on great Saganaga Lake they laughed at us and dived about us by hundreds.

There away north of Lake Superior, in the dense forests of Minnesota and Canada, is a region as yet hardly explored. Dark pines and balsams cover the rocky hills and mountains, and great lakes of crystal clearness shine out everywhere between—linked in an endless chain that stretches from the Lake of the Woods to Superior, the greatest of them all.

Here it was, in the heart of these deep

forests, that I was to learn my most beautiful lessons about birds and animals, for here with only a small white tent for a roof, and a few Indians as companions, I lived many days with the wild creatures of the woods. I call them wild creatures, but indeed they were not wild at all, so unused to harm and the cruelties of men and boys, that they hardly knew fear. Every day, when we spread our cloth for dinner in camp, came the little birch birds to perch on the pans and hop jauntily among the dishes—they had never been hurt by any one, why should they be afraid? Squirrels, too, came to dine with us, and I have had the younger ones sit upon my outstretched foot, to nibble at a morsel snatched without fear from our frugal board. They have never been stoned, and shot and hunted to death, why should they not be gentle and tame and trustful as God made them?

Here the ruffed grouse would perch in a tree quite secure until you picked them off with your hand, and the little spruce birds were quite as friendly as a trained canary.

So I established a sort of fellowship with the wild things of the woods, and learned a new and wonderful pleasure in finding myself no longer a fearful enemy to these pretty creatures. I lost all my old desire to kill, for I saw into the homes of little birds and timid animals, and it seemed awful enough and barbarous beyond words, to bring ruin to these charming little families. And so must it be with any one of you who will but take the pains to go and see the wild creature in its home places.

All of you can not perhaps reach the far away places of which I have been speaking, but you can learn the delight of friendship with dumb creatures anywhere in your home woods. When once you have felt this delight, you will throw away your guns, I know, and instead will carry a crust of bread or an apple to the woods.

## BIRD HISTORIES.\*

### "KUKAVITZA"—THE CUCKOO.

WITHIN an ancient country called Servia, watered by the great Danube, and which is now a part of the Turkish Empire, where the people are very fond of quaint legends, the European cuckoo is called *Kukavitza*; and, as we almost might guess, this word, more Russian than Turkish, is the name of a young girl. The legend declares that long ago a young maiden of this name was so sorrowful owing to the death of a brother whom she fondly loved, and mourned so long that she became a bird of the cuckoo kind, a "kukavitza."

In Bohemia several stories of the cuckoo's ancestry are preserved in legendary lore. One seems to be not older than the Christian religion, but there is something of Pagan mythology in its imagery. It says: "One day Jesus of Nazareth was passing a baker's shop, and directed one of his disciples to go in and ask for some new bread. The baker refused to give it; then his wife and their six daughters proved themselves to be charitable by secretly conveying some bread to the hands of the followers of Christ. In reward for this benevolent deception, those seven women were placed in a group among the starry constellations, and named the Pleiades (we must not ask how soon after the bread was given were the women elevated so high). The penurious father was, at the same time we suppose, turned into a cuckoo. Apart from this story it has long been said that the voice of the cuckoo is heard in rural places as long as the Pleiades, the "Seven Stars," are visible in the sky above the horizon. The saying must have come from this legend, or else the legend was woven

into the astronomy of these famous bright "sister stars," as poets have named them. In Bohemia at this day the cuckoo is regarded as a sort of apparition of a baker. And there among the young maidens another story is told of this bird, as follows: The cuckoo once wore a crown of feathers, until at a wedding of two birds, the bridegroom being a *hoopoe*, the crown was loaned to some other bird and was never returned to cuckoo, who ever since cries *kluku*, which signifies "you rascal!"

An Albanian tale of olden days says: There were once two brothers and a sister. The sister somehow by accident pierced one brother's heart with her scissors, and he died. She and the living brother grieved long, until they were transformed into cuckoo birds whose plaintive note *ku-ku, ku-ku*, means "where are you?"

In Slavonic mythology, Zywiec was the ruler of the universe. This god of Paganism, like Zeus, the supreme among the Greeks, the Jupiter among the Romans, used to change himself into a cuckoo in order to tell men how many years they were to live on earth.

Even now, in Poland and other Slavonic regions, it is commonly believed that a person, young or old, is to live only so many years as a cuckoo's note is heard repeated for the first time in spring. At one period the killing of a cuckoo in Poland was a capital crime.

In the writings of an early monk, it is related that a certain brother recluse became weary of his monastic life of seclusion, and solemnly asked a cuckoo to tell him the number of years he was yet to live. The bird answered *twenty-two*. The monk thought this number would allow him a season of the world's pleasures, and afterward time enough to think of the heavenly state, and so he became again a worldling.

\* Our young readers are informed that this series of legendary "histories" in a few words, are not designed particularly to relate the Natural History of the birds mentioned.

Alas! he was called to die much sooner than the bird-oracle had declared, and without religious preparation!

In ornithology there is a genus of cuckoos, and therefore numerous species or kinds. All have not the same melodious, plaintive voice, the soft *hoo-ho-ho*, and another sound uttered while on the wing, like a low trill

on a flute, probably the call for the mate. The "Honey Guide" of Africa is a cuckoo—*cuculus*. One poet calls the cry of the English cuckoo "a wandering voice, seeming to float hither and thither." The female bird seems rather selfish; she lays her eggs in some other bird's nest, leaving them to be hatched by a stranger.

EMILY THACHER BENNETT.

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A PLEA FOR OUR BIRDS.

IN the summer of 18—, my home, for a few weeks, was at a farmer's house among the hills of northern Massachusetts. My favorite retreat, when I could quietly read, write or work, was in a grove a short distance from the house. Taking my camp chair, I could then, "fancy free," do whatever I wished without intrusion or disturbance. The native songsters of the woods, regardless of my quiet presence, made the air vocal with their sweet melody, while the shy squirrels and gentle rabbits would often venture from their hiding places to pick up the crumbs and nuts with which I supplied myself for their benefit.

Below me, for it was on a hillside where my cosy nook was situated, murmured a silver brook through a green meadow where a few native elms spread their graceful branches, among which the bolder and sun-loving birds built their nests and warbled their songs.

A more restful retreat for a tired body and mind could not often be found. The morning hours of a week had been thus delightfully spent with pen, book and needle, enjoying the carols of the sweet vocalists, and making acquaintance of the furry inhabitants of my charming grove.

But alas, one morning as I seated myself on my throne, for I felt like a rural queen over my undisputed realm, I was welcomed by no tones of musical welcome from my subjects. Not one of my four-

footed friends came forth to partake of the bountiful feast I had scattered around me. Grieved at being thus forsaken, I looked around to find an answer to the question, What has happened? I soon discovered the solution, for emerging from the grove I saw a man with a gun over his shoulder, and a basket in his hand, containing, I had reason to believe, the lifeless remains of many of the harmless birds which the day previous had furnished the music for my woodland orchestra. Just then he raised his gun and discharged it, and from the branches of an elm in the meadow, fell fluttering to the ground a golden oriole. He threw it, still alive, into his basket, there to die a lingering death. He then stalked away too far from me to listen to any remonstrances, which would probably have been wholly unheeded had he heard them.

I took my book and work and walked away, my kingdom having lost its charms. As I slowly sauntered through the grove, meditating sadly on this wanton, cruel sport, I heard low cries of distress proceeding from a nest which I had often watched as the patient mother robin sat on it, or flew off to bring food for her brood. On examination I found four tiny birds motherless and hungry, their mother being, I supposed, in the basket of the ruthless gunner, destined to ornament the bonnet of some woman, the mother, perhaps, of lit-

tle children. Could she have heard the wails of these little orphans, so soon to die of starvation, would she ever again adorn her hat with the plumage of birds? Always in the future will such decorations remind me of those piteous cries.

Another season, to avoid the renewal of these painful scenes, I went to the seashore. There I was never weary of the sight of old ocean as it rolled in tidal waves on the beach, the white surf beating in musical rhythm over the fissured rocks. In one of these sheltered cavities I found a seat commanding a view of the crescent-shaped shore for a long distance, and the marshes left by the retreating tide.

Here I spent my mornings watching the sea birds as they alighted to search among the sea weeds and grasses for their food, then soaring aloft till they were lost to sight in the blue ether.

Here might the naturalist find the avocet, or lawyer bird, as it is called, from the flippancy of its tongue, and perpetual clamor as it utters its sharp note of *click, click*; the curlew, with its pale brown plumage and white breast thickly spotted with red, the red-backed and the red-breasted sandpipers searching among the sea weeds for bivalve shells; the willet, whose loud cries of *pill will-willet* sounding almost incessantly along the marshes, may be heard at a distance of more than a mile. It is said that the affection and anxiety of this bird for its eggs and young are truly pathetic. "If a person enters the marsh he is beset by the willet skimming over his head and uttering a loud, sharp, clicking noise, as he approaches his nest."

Here also come the skimmer or cutwater, the greater or lesser tern, small birds of the duck kind; the red-breasted merganser, the beautiful and graceful goosander, which is in great demand for millinery purposes. But alas! it was not the lover of birds for the interest he feels in their habits, who came here with harmless

intent, but the fowler for mere wanton love of sport, or to supply the milliners with the beautiful plumage, whose presence was announced by the screams and sudden flight of the frightened birds.

Alas! for my quiet resting place. Where can I go to enjoy the health-restoring tones of ocean breeze, or the fragrant aroma of the pines and balsams of our inland groves, and escape the sight and sound of the death-dealing gun?

Until fashion, woman's despotic tyrant, is dethroned, and public sentiment is aroused to the cruelty and immorality of this traffic in these innocent songsters of the woods, these scenes will continue to be re-enacted.

Women are not heartless, but they have not been awakened to the extent and enormity of this wholesale slaughtering of the sweet songsters.

When they see the beautiful wings, breasts, and even whole bodies of birds on the counters and in the windows of milliners' stores, the questions where and how they were procured, does not occur to them, thinking, perhaps—if they think at all about it—that the birds shed their skins as snakes do, or that they grow like flowers.

If they realize the pain and barbarity involved in this business, and the sad loss of the music of our woods, soon to be silenced forever, if public sentiment is not aroused to a consideration of this subject, I cannot but think that every true woman would not for a moment hesitate to take the pledge never to wear any decorations obtained at such unmerciful cost; and that she would by every effort of which she was capable, discourage others from so doing.

The Audubon Society of New York is acting nobly in this cause, but it is slow and discouraging to contend with those engaged in this profitable but inhuman traffic.

The Society should have the support of

all earnest, thoughtful women, who by their example and speech should create such an enthusiasm as will produce a magnetic current which will draw into its ever

widening circle so many intelligent women that to see a hat or bonnet ornamented with the wings or breast of a bird will be a novel and uncommon sight.

R. F. BAXTER.

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## SOME CHARACTERISTIC BIRDS.

### A WIDE-AWAKE BIRD.

THE sharp-shinned hawk has been pronounced by Mr. Audubon "the miniature of the goshawk." Not only is this likeness in its appearance, but in the irregular, swift, vigorous, varied, yet often undecided manner of flight, which is at times, however, greatly protracted. It moves by sudden dashes, as if impetuosity of movement were essential to its nature, and pounces upon, or strikes such objects as best suit its appetite, but so very suddenly that it appears quite hopeless for any of them to try to escape.

It is often seen descend headlong into a clump of briars, regardless of all thorny obstacles, and to emerge from the other side clutching in its sharp claws a sparrow or a finch. At other times, two or three of them may be seen conjointly attacking a golden-winged woodpecker, which has taken position against the bark of a tree in fancied security. While defending itself from the attack of one or two of these hawks, the woodpecker is usually vanquished by the efforts of another, which thrusts its legs forward with vivid quickness, protrudes its sharp talons and seizes its victim by the back, which it tears and lacerates. Thus wounded, it falls to the ground with its captor; a disengaged hawk now tears out its vitals with its claws, and the repast of the assailants commences.

Young chickens are often seized by it even in the presence of their keepers, and

as many as twenty or thirty have been carried away by one hawk in as many consecutive days. Birds of various sizes, from the smallest warbler to the passenger pigeon, are included in its food.

The roosting places of these hawks, in ordinary seasons, are in the fissures of rocks, in tall trees in isolated situations, and in precipitous declivities overhanging turbulent streams; but it cautiously retires after daylight has departed, and leaves its resting place before the light of morning. Its nest has not often been invaded by the curious investigator into its habits at the season of incubation. Mr. Audubon says: "I found a nest of this hawk in a hole of the well known 'Rock-in-cave,' on the Ohio river, in the early part of the spring of 1819. It was simply constructed, having been formed of a few sticks and some grass carelessly interwoven, and placed about two feet from the entrance of the hole. The eggs, four in number, were nearly hatched. They were almost equally rounded at both ends, though somewhat elongated. Their ground color was white, with a livid tinge, scarcely discernible, however, amidst the numerous markings and blotches of reddish chocolate with which they were irregularly covered."

He afterward found a nest in the hollow prongs of a sycamore, on the Ohio, near Louisville, and another in the forks of a low oak upon the prairie land near Henderson, Kentucky.

G. B. G.

# THE AUDUBON NOTE BOOK.

## MEMBERSHIP RETURNS.

THE registered membership of the Society on March 31, 1888, was 45,154, showing an increase of 846 members during the month, drawn from the following sources:

New York.....	112	Missouri.....	66
Massachusetts.....	37	Kentucky.....	5
Pennsylvania.....	343	Illinois.....	24
Maine.....	32	Delaware.....	3
Connecticut.....	16	Tennessee.....	1
New Hampshire.....	11	Vermont.....	1
New Jersey.....	8	Colorado.....	1
Ohio.....	24	Georgia.....	2
Michigan.....	22	District of Columbia.....	1
Iowa.....	39	Wisconsin.....	11
Indiana.....	3	Canada.....	43
West Virginia.....	24	England.....	13
Mississippi.....	4		

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C. F. AMERY, General Secretary.

## THE AUDUBON MONUMENT.

THE subscriptions on behalf of the Audubon Monument have not flown in as freely as might have been expected; the funds contributed by the Audubon Society during the month are:

<i>Forest and Stream</i> .....	\$25 00
Miss Florence A. Merriam.....	5 00
Mrs. E. S. Forster.....	1 00
Mrs. H. A. Dodge.....	1 00
Miss Mary D. Dodge.....	50
Mrs. Sophia Hemp.....	25

\$32 75

Leaving us to infer that a great many members of the Audubon Society think twice before giving once. Unless next month's returns show better results we shall be led to conclude that the Audubon Society will hold but a limited amount of stock in the Audubon Monument.

## FOR THE PROTECTION OF SMALL BIRDS.

WE learn from the *Indiana Farmer* that at the presentation of a paper lately to the Academy of Sciences on the importance of legislation for the protection of insectivorous birds, the following resolution was adopted unanimously:

"Whereas we view with alarm the great destruction of native birds for mercantile purposes and recognize, that, without proper legal restraints enforced by public opinion, great injury is threatened the agricultural and horticultural interests of our State by reason of this destruction removing an important check upon the growth of insect life; therefore be it resolved that we respectfully call the attention of the members of the General Assembly of the State of Indiana to the necessity of the enactment of string-

ent and adequate laws for the protection of our wild birds other than game birds; and that a committee of three members of this Academy be appointed to present, for the consideration of the members of the General Assembly, a draft of a law which they think will prove in every way satisfactory, as a means whereby existing evils may be corrected within our commonwealth, and at the same time provide for a proper study of our birds, in their scientific and economic relations."

## NESTS.

NESTS are the structures which animals prepare for the rearing of the young. They are very different, not only when the creature which constructs them belongs to widely separated divisions of the animal kingdom, but often when the animals are of the same class. While some construct very simple nests, those of others are very curious, and delicately framed, others make no nests at all. Among mammals the only nest builders are certain rodents, as rats, mice, squirrels, etc.

The structures of some of these species are as artfully contrived and as beautiful as the nests of birds. It is among birds that nest building is most general. Some birds' nests consist of merely a few straws or leaves collected together, and such material as twigs, straw, moss, hair, etc., are used in nest building. A very singular nest is that of the tailor bird, made by sewing together the edges of leaves.

No reptiles are known to construct nests, their nearest approach to it being to make a hole for their eggs in the sand or some other soft material.

An important article of commerce between the East Indies and China are the nests of several species of swallow. The nests are sold from 2s. to 7s. apiece, and of course are used only by the most wealthy Chinese, who use it for thickening rich soup.

Condors make no nests, but simply lay their eggs in the hollow of a rock, so that they cannot roll out.

The nest of the vulture is made on the most inaccessible heights, and is of larch branches intertwined with wool, hair and feathers. It is flat, and measures four feet across.

The robin begins his nest in the same way as a carpenter would a house; first he makes the framework, then plasters it and lines it with straw or moss.

The nest of the red-bird is very fine, being made

of rags and string woven together and lined with cotton.

Woodpeckers and yellowhammers make their homes in holes made in decayed trees.

Crow blackbirds make no nests. They lay in some raincrow's or other bird's nest, while the owner is away. The quail, starling and meadow-lark build on the ground. Nests are made large or small, according to the size of the builders. Most of them are wonderfully constructed, and display exceeding skill on the part of the builders.—*Carl Evans in Agassiz Record.*

#### AUDUBON WORK AMONG THE INDIANS.

MISS E. B. BARRY, our enthusiastic young representative at Germantown, Pennsylvania, informs us that some time ago she wrote a letter to the Carlisle Indian School in behalf of the Audubon Society, explaining its objects and inclosing some pledge forms. "I heard nothing from them," she writes, "until yesterday, when I received the *Indian Helper*, a paper published and printed by the Indian boys of the school, in which my letter was published in full, together with a few editorial lines, encouraging the boys and girls to sign the pledges." We have one red Indian in our cosmopolitan army of forty-five thousand, but there is now some prospect that with Miss Barry's aid we shall be able to organize an Indian contingent.

MR. DE YOUNG'S SEAGULLS.—There are three seagulls that frequent New Haven harbor and are nearly as tame as the proverbial duck, although not in the least way restrained in their actions. They are simply wild pets, and recognize as their master Mr. E. F. De Young, the purser of the steamboat Northam. When the steamboat is leaving the New Haven dock the gulls will sail in graceful circles just above her until the boat is clear of the wharves, and then they swoop down astern or on the quarter and wait for Mr. De Young to stand treat. That gentleman's appearance on the guards is the signal for delighted squawks from the birds, who will fly in little circles, sometimes so closely bunched as to be in each other's way, but all watching carefully the food in the hands of their friend. Bit by bit the pieces of bread or fruit are thrown to the birds, who sometimes have lively fights over a particularly choice morsel. The treat lasts nearly to the mouth of the harbor sometimes, but when the boat gets that far the gulls, with little cries of seeming gratitude, circle a few times around and return to the vicinity of the docks. For nearly two years Mr. De Young has kept this up, although the birds generally go away for a while in the winter, but always return with the spring. A strange feature of the matter is that Mr.

De Young, when running on the steamboat Continental in the midwinter months, cannot find his pets, but as soon as the Northam begins running in the spring the birds come back, they evidently knowing the difference between the boats as well as their friend.

THE membership of the Audubon Society, which now exceeds 45,000, suggests the employment of a great deal of activity and energy for their enlistment, and it will perhaps surprise many of our readers to learn that more than one of our Local Secretaries have been confirmed invalids. One of these—Frank Pendexter—who died at his parents' house in Intervale, New Hampshire, at the close of March, was prostrated all last summer on a bed of sickness from which there was no hope that he would ever rise again, but as Local Secretary of the Audubon Society, and President of the Marvin Band of Mercy, he was a cheerful and earnest worker, and succeeded in interesting great numbers of his father's guests who made Intervale their summer retreat. One of our correspondents who visited him last summer, writes of him in very kindly terms, and many more of last year's visitors to Intervale will feel sad to know that the gentle, earnest, bedridden boy has finished his work and gone to his rest.

OREGON is taking measures to secure the presence of singing birds in that State. One thousand dollars has been subscribed, and arrangements have been made to import from Germany nightingales, skylarks, bullfinches, chaffinches, goldfinches, thrushes, linnets, starlings, and other birds to the number of 700. They will arrive in time to nest and rear their young, and it is considered certain that they will return to Oregon from their winter migration to the South. State laws will be enacted for their protection.

POT LUCK FROM A RELIGIOUS WEEKLY.—Snow-birds make delicious little morsels when cooked as follows: When plucked, washed, and cleaned, have some large-sized potatoes peeled, and scoop out the insides with a blunt knife. Cut a slice from the end, so the potatoes will stand; put a bird into each, head end first; place a piece of butter into each, and bake in the oven until the potatoes are done. Serve on a hot dish.

MISS CROSS, of Lockport, writes: "We had a debate at school the other day, on which have the more curious habits, birds or insects, and I noticed that several of the children had the AUDUBON MAGAZINE. It is a good little book, and being so cheap enables every one interested in such things to have it. I shall use it at school."

## EMINENT PEOPLE ON BIRD PROTECTION.

OAK KNOLL, Danvers, Mass., }  
2nd mo., 20, 1886. }

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

I heartily approve of the proposed AUDUBON SOCIETY. We are in a way to destroy both our forests and our birds. A society for the preservation of the latter has long been needed, and I hope it is not too late for the accomplishment of its objects.

I could almost wish that the shooters of the birds, the taxidermists who prepare their skins, and the fashionable wearers of their feathers might share the penalty which was visited upon the Ancient Mariner who shot the Albatross. Thy friend,

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Feb. 20, 1886.

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

I am heartily in sympathy with your purposes for the protection of birds, and should be glad to contribute any influence that I can to that end.

If there were no purchasers there would be no demand, and no reason for slaughtering these winged gems. But as only women create a demand, it rests upon them to stay this wanton destruction. I am sure that it is only necessary to bring before American women the cruelty of this "slaughter of the innocents" that fashion is carrying on, to secure a renunciation of this ornament and the salvation of birds.

On this subject the kind feelings, the taste, and æsthetic sympathy of the whole community are on your side, and if you persevere you will surely win.

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

CORNWALL-ON-HUDSON, N. Y., }  
Feb. 22, 1886. }

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

You have indeed my hearty sympathy in every effort to prevent the slaughter of my innocent little neighbors and friends, the birds. In the destruction of forests and birds, the people of this land are inviting very great evils and inflicting wrongs on posterity which scarcely can be measured. The press should render it impossible for women to sin thoughtlessly and ignorantly in demanding little birds for their adornment. The evil should be brought home so fully to the knowledge of all, that the continued wearing of our useful little birds should become the badge and indication of a callous, vulgar nature. You are doing a humane and patriotic work in exciting public aversion to one of the most cruel and stupid wrongs of the age.

Respectfully yours,

EDWARD P. ROE.

WEST PARK, N. Y., Feb. 20, 1886.

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

I scarcely need assure you that your undertaking to form a society for the protection of our wild birds against the ravages of the milliners and the sham scientific collectors has my warmest sympathy and approval. It is a barbarous taste which prompts our women and girls to appear upon the street with their head gear adorned with the scalps of our songsters; and it is mere vanity and affectation which prompts so many persons to make up cabinets of the nests and eggs of the same. The destruction of our birds from their natural enemies is immense, and this craze of the collectors, and folly of the milliners and their customers in addition, threatens their serious diminution.

I hope you may succeed in creating so strong a public sentiment upon the subject that the collectors of skins and eggs for the unworthy purposes of fashion or to indulge the vanity of pseudo-naturalists may suddenly find their occupation gone.

Please add my name to the list of the members of the AUDUBON SOCIETY. Very sincerely,

JOHN BURROUGHS.

160 W. 59TH STREET, }  
NEW YORK, Feb. 20, 1886. }

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

No one who will take the trouble to give the matter a few moments' serious consideration can be in doubt, I think, as to the wisdom of organizing the AUDUBON SOCIETY, and I am thankful that such a step is contemplated. There is an element of savagery in the use of birds for personal decoration, which is in grotesque contrast with our boasts of civilization. But even the savage stops short, as a rule, with the feathers. It is only Christian people who think it worth while to butcher a whole bird to adorn their head gear. I am sure, however, that this is largely from that unreflecting habit which is a leading vice in people who follow the fashions. But it is a vice; as Hood sang, when he wrote—

For evil is wrought  
By want of thought  
As well as by want of heart.

If the AUDUBON SOCIETY can teach men, and especially women, to think on this subject, half of the battle will have been won. HENRY C. POTTER.

ANDOVER, Mass., Feb. 21, 1886.

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

I am in earnest and indignant sympathy with the motive of any society organized to prevent the murder of birds for decorative purposes.

E. S. PHELPS.



## The Audubon Society.

### THE AUDUBON SOCIETY FOR THE PROTECTION OF BIRDS.

THE AUDUBON SOCIETY was founded in New York city in February, 1886. Its purpose is the protection of American birds, not used for food, from destruction for mercantile purposes. The magnitude of the evil with which the Society will cope, and the imperative need of the work which it proposes to accomplish, are outlined in the following statement concerning

#### THE DESTRUCTION OF BIRDS.

Within the last few years, the destruction of our birds has increased at a rate which is alarming. This destruction now takes place on such a large scale as to seriously threaten the existence of a number of our most useful species. It is carried on chiefly by men and boys who sell the skins or plumage to be used for ornamental purposes—principally for the trimming of women's hats, bonnets and clothing. These men kill everything that wears feathers. The birds of the woods, the birds of the field, the birds of the marsh and those of the sea are alike slain, at all times and at all seasons. It matters not if the bird be a useful one which devours the hurtful insects which destroy the farmer's crops, or a bright-plumaged songster whose advent has been welcomed in spring, and which has reared its brood in the door yard during the summer, or a swift-winged sea swallow whose flight along the shore has often with unerring certainty led the fisherman to his finny prey—whatever it be, it must be sacrificed to the bird butcher's lust for slaughter and for gain. Besides the actual destruction of the birds, their numbers are still further diminished by the practice of robbing their nests in the breeding season.

Although it is impossible to get at the number of birds killed each year, some figures have been published which give an idea of what the slaughter must be. We know that a single local taxidermist handles 30,000 bird skins in one year; that a single collector brought back from a three months trip 11,000 skins; that from one small district on Long Island about 70,000 birds were brought to New York in four months time. In New York one firm had on hand February 1, 1886, 200,000 skins. The supply is not limited by domestic consumption. American bird skins are sent abroad. The great European markets draw their supplies from all over the world. In London there were sold in three months from one auction room, 404,464 West Indian and Brazilian bird skins, and 356,389 East Indian birds. In Paris 700,000 African birds have been sold by one dealer in one year. One New York firm recently had a contract to supply 40,000 skins of American birds to one Paris firm. These figures tell their own story—but it is a story which might be known even without them; we may read it plainly enough in the silent hedges, once vocal with the morning songs of birds, and in the deserted fields where once bright plumage flashed in the sunlight.

#### BIRDS, INSECTS AND CROPS.

The food of our small birds consists very largely of the insects which feed on the plants grown by the farmer. These insects multiply with such astounding rapidity that a single pair may in the course of one season be the progenitors of six billions of their kind. All through the season at which this insect life is most active, the birds are constantly at work destroying for their young and for themselves, tens of thousands of hurtful creatures, which, but for them, would swarm upon the farmer's crops and lessen the results of his labors.

A painstaking and ardent naturalist not very long ago watched the nest of a pair of martins for sixteen hours, from 4 A. M. till 8 P. M., just to see how many visits the parent birds made to their young. He found that in that time 312 visits to the four young were made, 119 by the male and 193 by the female. If we suppose only six insects to have been brought at each visit, this pair of birds would have destroyed, for their young alone, in this one summer's day, not far from 2,000 insects. The important relations which our birds bear to the agricultural interests and so to the general welfare, are recognized by the governments of all our States. Laws exist for their protection, but these laws are rendered inoperative by the lack of an intelligent public sentiment to support them. They are nowhere enforced. It is for the interest of every one that such a public sentiment should be created.

It is time that this destruction were stopped.

#### PURPOSE OF THE AUDUBON SOCIETY.

To secure the protection of our birds by awakening a better sentiment, the Audubon Society, named after the greatest of American ornithologists, has been founded. The objects sought to be accomplished by this Society are to prevent as far as possible—

- (1) The killing of any wild bird not used for food.
- (2) The taking or destroying of the eggs or nests of any wild birds.
- (3) The wearing of the feathers of wild birds. Ostrich feathers, whether from wild or tame birds, and those of domestic fowls, are specially exempted.

The Audubon Society aims especially to preserve those

birds which are now practically without protection. Our game birds are already protected by law, and in large measure by public sentiment, and their care may be left to the sportsman. The great aim of the Society is the protection of American non-game birds. The English sparrow is not included in our lists.

#### PLAN OF THE WORK.

Obviously the Society cannot supply any machinery of compulsion to lead individuals and communities to a higher regard for bird life and to efforts for its protection. Nor are compulsory measures thought necessary. The wrong is tolerated now only because of thoughtlessness and indifference. The birds are killed for millinery purposes. So long as fashion demands bird feathers, the birds will be slaughtered. The remedy is to be found in the awakening of a healthy public sentiment on the subject. If this enormous destruction of birds can once be put in its true light before the eyes of men and women and young folks, if interest be aroused and sentiment created, the great wrong must cease. To so present the case to the people as to awaken this corrective sentiment is the special work contemplated by the Audubon Society. The methods adopted are very simple. Pledges are furnished, subscription to which constitutes membership, return certificates are issued to members.

#### TERMS OF MEMBERSHIP.

The signing of any of the pledges will qualify one for membership in the Society. It is earnestly desired that each member may sign all three of the pledges. Beyond the promise contained in the pledge no obligation nor responsibility is incurred. There are no fees, nor dues, nor any expenses of any kind. There are no conditions as to age. The boys and girls are invited to take part in the work, for they can often do more than others to practically protect the nesting birds. All who are interested in the subject are invited to become members, and to urge their friends to join the Society. If each man, woman or child who reads this circular will exert his or her influence, it will not take long to enlist in the good work a great number of people actively concerned in the protection of our birds. It is desired that members may be enrolled in every town and village throughout the land, so that by the moral weight of its influence this Society may check the slaughter of our beautiful songsters. The beneficent influence of the Audubon Society should be exerted in every remotest by-way where the songs of birds fill the air, and in every crowded city where the plumes of slain songsters are worn as an article of dress.

#### ASSOCIATE MEMBERS.

As there are a very great number of people in full sympathy with the Audubon movement, and ready to lend it their moral support, but who refrain from joining the Society simply because they find it distasteful to sign a pledge, it has been determined to form a class of Associate Members. Any one expressing his or her sympathy with the objects of the Audubon Society and submitting a written request for membership to any local secretary, will be enrolled on the list of Associate Members. All such applications for membership received by local secretaries of the Society should be forwarded to the General Secretary for registration.

#### LOCAL SECRETARIES.

The Society has local secretaries in cities, towns and villages. The local secretary will furnish this circular of information and pledge forms; will receive the signed pledges, keep a list of the members, forward a duplicate list with the pledges for enrollment and file at the Society's office; and will receive in return certificates of membership, to be filled out and signed by the local secretary and given to the members. No certificate of membership will be issued to any person except upon the receipt of a signed pledge at the office of the Society. Where no local secretary has yet been appointed, individual applicants for membership may address the Society at its office, No. 40 Park Row, New York.

If there is no local secretary in your town, you are invited to act as such yourself, or to hand this to some other person who will accept the office. Upon application we will supply copies of this circular and pledge forms.

#### THE AUDUBON SOCIETY CERTIFICATE.

The Society furnishes to each member a handsome certificate of membership. This bears a portrait of the great naturalist, John James Audubon, after whom the Society very appropriately takes its name.

The office of the Society is at 40 Park Row, New York city. All communications should be addressed

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No. 40 Park Row, New York.

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BLACK AND WHITE WARBLER.

( *Mniotilta varia* (LINN.) )

# THE AUDUBON MAGAZINE.

VOL. II.

JUNE, 1888.

No. 5.

## BLACK AND WHITE WARBLER.

THE subject of our illustration this month belongs to the important group known to naturalists as Wood Warblers, *Sylvicolidae*. This is with one exception the largest family of North American birds, only the finch family, *Fringillidae*, exceeding it in the number of its species. The Wood Warblers are all small birds, very few of them being over five inches in length, and many of them much less. Most of them are bright and beautiful in color, blue and yellow, orange and black, and white and chestnut, being oddly mingled in their plumage. The sexes are usually unlike, the females being much plainer colored than their mates. Besides this, there are changes of color at different seasons of the year, which may make the bird of the autumn appear entirely different from the same one in spring. Although called Warblers, this is an entire misnomer for most of the species, whose powers of song are limited to rather feeble trillings, which scarcely deserve to be called songs. There are, however, notable exceptions to this rule, such is the noisy yellow-breasted chat, and some of the so-called water thrushes or wagtail warblers, whose vocal powers are of a very high order.

It is unnecessary here to give the characters which mark this family. Their small size and their active habits of fluttering about among the branches of trees make them conspicuous objects, especially during

the spring migrations, when they are to be seen everywhere, and form one of the most attractive features of our loveliest season.

To give some idea of the habits and life characteristics of this group of birds we quote from Dr. Coues, who has happily written of them. He says: "The Warblers have we always with us, all in their own good time; they come out of the South, pass on, return, and are away again, their appearance and withdrawal scarcely less than a mystery; many stay with us all summer long, and some brave the winter in our midst. Some of these slight creatures, guided by unerring instinct, travel true to the meridian in the hours of darkness, slipping past 'like a thief in the night,' stooping at daybreak from their lofty flight to rest and recruit for the next stage of the journey. Others pass more leisurely from tree to tree, in a ceaseless tide of migration, gleaning as they go; the hardier males, in full song and plumage, lead the way for the weaker females and the yearlings. With tireless industry do the Warblers befriend the human race; their unconscious zeal plays due part in the nice adjustment of Nature's forces, helping to bring about that balance of vegetable and insect life without which agriculture would be in vain. They visit the orchard when the apple and pear, the peach, plum, and cherry are in bloom, seeming to revel carelessly amid the sweet-scented and delicate-tinted blossoms, but

never faltering in their good work. They peer into the crevices of the bark, scrutinize each leaf, and explore the very heart of the buds to detect, drag forth, and destroy those tiny creatures, singly insignificant, collectively a scourge, which prey upon the hopes of the fruit grower, and which, if undisturbed, would bring his care to nought. Some Warblers flit incessantly in the terminal foliage of the tallest trees; others hug close to the scored trunks and gnarled boughs of the forest kings; some peep from the thicket, the coppice, the impenetrable mantle of shrubbery that decks tiny watercourses, playing at hide and seek with all comers; others more humble still descend to the ground, where they glide with pretty mincing steps and affected turnings of the head this way and that, their delicate flesh-tinted feet just stirring the layer of withered leaves with which a past season carpeted the ground. We may seek Warblers everywhere in their season; we shall find them a continual surprise—all mood and circumstance is theirs."

The Black and White Warbler is in many ways an interesting bird. His relationship to the ordinary brown creeper, so common in our forests in winter, is not distant, and he seems also to connect the *Carebida* or honey creepers, tiny tropical birds of brilliant plumage, with the true warblers. In many of its habits it closely resembles the brown creeper, and like it gleanes its living chiefly from the trunks of trees, which it ascends by short hops, supporting itself as it goes up, by pressing its tail against the bark, somewhat as the woodpeckers do. It is an active, vivacious bird, almost constantly at work, now clambering about the moss-covered tree trunk in a most business-like way, and again making short dashes into the air to capture some passing insect which its quick eye has noted.

This bird is one of the earliest of its tribe to reach the Northern States, and often makes its appearance in New York and

southern New England about the middle of April, and so before the trees show signs of bursting into leaf, and while the whole landscape is brown and bare. It is then an attractive feature of the woods and fields, and its active movements, and even its thin, nasal song help to brighten up the dreary season of waiting. Later, when his more richly clad companions fill the woodlands and the shrubbery, we should not miss the Black and White Creeper if he were to be taken away, but when he first comes he is very welcome.

This bird breeds with us, though perhaps not in great numbers. He is a ground nester by preference, though sometimes he builds a few feet higher. Audubon tells us of nests in a hole in a tree. Mr. H. D. Minot found one "in the cavity of a tree rent by lightning and about five feet from the ground," as well as one "on the top of a low birch stump." Wherever placed, the nest is a strong, substantial structure, built of dry leaves and strips of bark which are so similar in character to its surroundings as to admirably conceal it, and make it very difficult to detect. Four eggs are usually laid, about  $.7 \times .5$  inches in length. They are creamy white, and are finely dotted with brown and lilac, the spots being most numerous about the larger end.

The Black and White Warbler is about five inches long, and its outspread wings measure seven and one-half inches across. As implied in the name the bird's color is black and white, the white seeming to be the ground color and the black being laid on in streaks. The top of the head is white bounded by a line of black on either side, and this by a line of white passing over the eye. The chin, throat and wings are black, the latter crossed by two white bars. The belly is white. All other parts are streaked with black and white. The bill is black and the feet and legs brown. The females and young of the year lack the black throat, which in them is white.

## ALEXANDER WILSON.

### I.

ALEXANDER WILSON has sometimes been styled the father of American ornithology, but it was not until the year 1804 that he thought seriously of studying for the task of describing and illustrating the birds of North America. Audubon, who was some fourteen years his junior, was then already dreaming of achieving distinction in the same field, and had long been devoting himself to it in amateur fashion. But in the order of publication, Wilson took precedence, bringing out his first volume in 1808, while the first five parts of Audubon's more elaborate work were not given to the public until nearly twenty years later.

Wilson was an enthusiast, and perhaps in his way as much of a dreamer as Audubon, but he was not like Audubon contented with dreaming. His was a clear practical nature, that prompted him to set about the immediate realization of his dreams, and the adoption of all necessary means to the desired end.

Audubon may be said to have been born to the work, Wilson to have drifted into it, and to have succeeded not so much by any special aptitude, as by virtue of an earnestness of character, and an energy of pursuit, which would equally have enabled him to achieve success in almost any other department.

Both Wilson and Audubon were essentially pioneer naturalists, men who went to nature direct, studied the birds in their haunts, drew from the life, and described from personal observation; but while Wilson was equally with Audubon undeterred by distance, danger, or fear of privation, we think it may be safely said that the woodsman's life, in and for itself, had no especial

charm for him, as it had for Audubon. He pursued it only as a means to an end.

The little manufacturing town of Paisley, near Glasgow, in Scotland, in which Wilson first saw the light, has claimed him for her own, but America cannot be unmindful of one who devoted the best years of his life to her service, and achieved results in his chosen field, which bear comparison with anything accomplished by the children of the soil; and now that we have completed our sketch of Audubon, our readers will be glad to have his place taken by another great laborer in the same field.

Alexander Wilson was born in Paisley, the principal manufacturing town of Scotland, on the 6th of July, 1766. His father was a gauze weaver in Paisley, where he spent the greater part of his life, but subsequently to the birth of Alexander he removed to Auchin Bathie Tower, near the village of Lochwinnoch, thinking by more extended and varied employment to improve the condition of his family. There he rented a piece of ground, which he cultivated himself, ran several looms, and did a trade in distilling and smuggling. He bore the character of a shrewd, upright, and independent man, and was generally respected among his neighbors, who were disposed to look on distilling and smuggling with a very lenient eye.

A century ago, when Alexander Wilson was in his youth, the Paisley weavers were as intelligent, well informed, and independent a body of men as was to be found in the United Kingdom. Working by piecework at fairly remunerative rates, they were not constrained to work long hours for a living, and, while a certain portion of them spent their leisure at their clubs

discussing politics and social questions generally, under the influence of Scotch ale and whisky, there was another section which, temperate both in its habits and discussions, sought to reach intelligent and tenable views on these subjects; and many of its members devoted themselves to the study of mechanics, natural history, botany, etc., for which their well-stocked libraries afforded all necessary facilities.

These Paisley weavers were a shrewd, well-informed body of men, many of them even well educated, but self-educated.

On the part of the Scottish peasantry there is a very general ambition to prepare one son for the church, and we are informed that the elder Wilson entertained such designs for Alexander, who at ten years of age was placed under the charge of Mr. Burlas, a student of divinity, who later acquired quite a reputation as an instructor of youth in the higher branches of learning, especially in the various departments of science. But Alexander's mother died soon afterward; his father married again; the family kept on increasing, and finally it was decided that the expenses incident to bringing one of the sons up to a learned profession were too great a strain upon the family resources, and so, at the age of thirteen, the young Alexander, very much to his disgust, was taken from his studies and bound apprentice to Mr. William Duncan, an operative weaver in Paisley.

During these three years of his apprenticeship, he appears to have devoted himself honorably to the duties of his position, but his heart was not in it. He lost no opportunity of indulging in reading, and romance weaving, and of cultivating a taste for versification. Among the Paisley weavers of his day, he was thought as much of for his published poems, as for his more solid achievements as a naturalist, but beyond evidencing a ready faculty for narrating in rhyme, his verses have little real merit.

Having completed his apprenticeship, he labored as a journeyman, only to the extent necessary to supply his needs. Much of his time was spent in reading and in attempts to turn his ideas into verse. After a while, he became journeyman to his father and wrought for a time with more steadiness, but the thought that he had been disappointed in his prospects of a higher profession—his utter distaste for the career chosen for him—and the higher feelings awakened by such literary culture as he had imbibed—all conspired to fill him with discontent and unrest; and so it happened that he was not infrequently seduced away from the task of bread earning to ramble among the woods of Castle Semple, or along the banks of the romantic and beautiful Calder, where he brooded over what he deemed his ill-fated lot, and planned schemes for future advancement.

At this period of his life, Wilson appears to have been a very diffident man, and slow to feel or inspire confidence—a self-conscious young man, in fact, extremely sensitive to the opinion of others; and being of a retiring disposition and shrinking from society, he gave himself up to the study of the Classics and English poets, very much to the neglect of his loom, but very much also to the cultivation of his mind. He found himself, in fact, out of his natural element, and wanting only an opportunity to drift away from it, into something more congenial.

In the course of his rambles by the Calder, his meditations were occasionally interrupted by the timid hare or startled grouse, and in due course a gun became his constant companion. The game laws were then not so strictly enforced as now, and as time wore on, the game afforded practical motive for his numerous wanderings, and Wilson became as much poacher as weaver or dreamer. He was going back to nature and becoming familiar with her.



## REMARKABLE BIRDS.

**A**MONG the remarkable birds is the chauna, whose occiput is adorned with a circle of erectible feathers. The head and upper part of the neck are only covered with down, and it has a black collar. A singular phenomenon is exhibited by the circumstance of its skin, even that covering its legs, being inflated by the interposition of air between it and the muscles, so that it crackles under the finger. This bird feeds principally on aquatic herbage, and the Indians of Carthagena rear some among their flocks of geese and poultry, as they deem it very courageous, and capable of repulsing even a vulture.

The species known as the horned screamer, called camouche in Cayenne, and larger than a goose, bears on the top of its head a singular ornament, consisting of a large and slender movable horny stem. This bird inhabits the inundated grounds of South America, and its very loud voice is heard afar off. It feeds almost exclusively on aquatic herbage. The trachea of this bird has an abrupt bony box or enlargement about the middle.

The avocet, of Europe, is a handsome bird, of slender form, which frequents the seashore in winter, where it feeds by scooping, as it is termed, with its singular bill, drawing this through the mud or sand from right to left as it advances its left leg foremost, and *vice versa*, seizing whatever living prey is thus met with. The mandibles of its beak have often been compared to two thin slices of whalebone.

The ruff, a true sandpiper by the bill and feet, is very celebrated for the furious combats which the males wage in spring for the possession of the females. At this epoch the head becomes partly covered with red or yellow papillæ, and the neck is furnished with a very considerable collar or ruff of lengthened feathers, so variously

marked and colored in different individuals that two can hardly ever be found alike. In this species the male exceeds the female in size, which is unusual among the sandpipers.

The European bittern is found among the reeds, whence it emits its terrific voice, which has caused it to be designated *Bos taurus*. This bird runs with great celerity, like a rail, flies also with unwillingness and with its legs hanging. During the day and when surprised it puffs out its plumage in an extraordinary manner, and strikes with its spear-like bill. In the evening it rises to a vast height in the air, in spiral circles, occasionally bellowing in its flight.

The boat-bill, which inhabits the hot and humid regions of South America, would completely resemble the heron in the strength of its bill and the kind of nourishment resulting therefrom, were it not for the extraordinary form of that organ. But upon close examination it has been found that it is merely the beak of a heron or bittern very much inflated; in point of fact, the mandibles are singularly wide from right to left, and formed like the bowls of two spoons, the concave sides of which are placed in contact. These mandibles are very stout and sharp-edged, and the upper one has a pointed tooth on each side of its tip.

The hoazin, an American bird, greenish brown, and a very curious bird, is perhaps the most insulated species of the whole class. It is found in Guiana, perching along the margin of inundated places, where it subsists on leaves and the seeds of a species of shrub. Its anatomy is altogether unique, exhibiting a peculiar adaptation for deriving nutriment exclusively from foliage. It is said that the gizzard of this bird is no bigger than an olive, while its crop is of enormous dimensions.

The wryneck is a very peculiar bird, feeding principally on ants. Instinctively trusting to the close resemblance of its tints to the situations on which it alights, it will lie close, and sometimes even suffer itself to be taken by the hand, or on such occasions will twirl its neck in the most extraordinary manner, rolling the eyes, and erecting the feathers on the crown and throat, occasionally raising the tail and performing the most ludicrous movements,

then, taking advantage of the surprise of the spectator, will suddenly dart off like an arrow.

The nuthatches, which feed largely on various seeds, are celebrated for the instinct of fixing a nut in a chink while they pierce it with the bill, swinging the whole body as upon a pivot, to give effect to each stroke. These birds lay up stores of food like the tits. Their note is remarkably loud, and disposition fearless.

GEORGE B. GRIFFITH.

#### THE WHITE ANT.

ONE of the very earliest and most important of the earth builders was the white ant; his remains have been found in carboniferous strata, which was ages before the black ants appeared. Both in their social organization and in the structure of their buildings the white ants of India or of Africa to-day may differ widely from their earliest ancestors. The experience of countless ages and the frequent change of the conditions to which they have been subjected cannot have been without its influence on creatures of so high an order of intelligence, but in the character of the work they perform there has been no change.

Through all the ages the white ants have existed everywhere in the forests of warm countries, and have faithfully performed the very important world's work of eating up the trees—trunk, bark and branches—as fast as they died, and converting them into soil for the support of richer vegetation.

The white ants are found in the forests of North America, but not in great numbers. The work of eating up the dead timber is here shared by many other insects and their grubs; but in the forests of India and Africa and other tropical countries the work is performed principally by white ants, which are still so numerous that not a particle of timber is allowed to go to decay.

They eat everything. In the early spring, as soon as the outer bark of the trees begins to crack and dry up, every trunk shows traces of the white ants which are busy eating the dry bark, and leaving in its place a granular earthy shell which peels or crumbles off in the course of a week or two, leaving the trees looking as neat and clean as a new pin. If a branch is decayed the white ants find it, enter it generally at the end, eat galleries through it first, and then clear out all the inside, leaving a shell, which soon gets blown down by the wind. If the decay penetrates into the heart of the tree the white ants follow it, and eat the heart of the tree down to the roots. I have had scores of trees cut down—trees of twelve feet and more in girth—but mere shells of sapwood six or eight inches thick. The white ants had eaten all the heart.

If a tree falls in the forest the white ants just wait until the sap ceases to circulate before they commence to pass it through their little systems. Months may pass by and the fallen trunk look unchanged, but the white ants are boring away in all directions inside, and in a year or two there is only a little ridge to mark where the trunk lay—the timber has all been eaten and converted into a ridge of fine mould, which soon mingles with the soil. This is a very

useful work, because it makes the soil so much deeper and richer; but as the white ants eat dry wood wherever they can find it, without thinking about the consequences, they do a great deal of damage when they get into buildings—and there is no possibility of keeping them out. They make their nests in the mud walls of the natives' houses, and then eat up all the inside of the beams and rafters, until there is nothing but a shell left as thick as paper. Smeathman says that they find out which beams support the principal weight and fill up the inside with hard cement. I have never seen them do this, but they build their pyramids with an outer crust as hard as freestone, and the walls of their underground nests are built of the same material, so I think it very likely that they sometimes select the largest beams to build their nests in, and fashion them with the same material. Whether they pass the earth through their bodies with their food as the earth worms do, or whether they simply prepare it in their mouths, I do not know.

They eat pine and other soft woods so quickly that no one ever uses such wood in India. The deodar, or cedar of Lebanon timber, they will not touch, but no wood is too hard for their little jaws. Nearly all the furniture in India is made of rosewood, and as long as it is moved and dusted every day it is safe, but a common article in the houses of Europeans in India is a round center table on a very solid pedestal, with another solid foot-piece held about three inches from the floor by four feet. These tables they constantly attack; they get underneath the foot piece and build little hollow cylinders as thick as a quill up from the floor, and run up and down inside them, and if they are left unmolested they soon hollow out the foot-piece and the pedestal, leaving nothing but a thin shell.

I once packed a very valuable lot of several hundred books in cases, and stored

them for six months while I went to the hills, and on my return I found the books partially eaten, and all spoiled. They eat leather too, very greedily, leaving nothing but a little layer of fine granular mould. They have been troublesome in the Government treasuries. Hundreds of thousands of rupees are kept piled up in bags of five hundred or a thousand, and sometimes the white ants get in and eat all the bags.

Some years ago an East Indian treasury clerk was two thousand rupees short, and when asked to account for it, said the white ants must have eaten it; but the treasury officer did not believe him, nor would any one else, for although the white ants have strong jaws, they cannot eat silver.

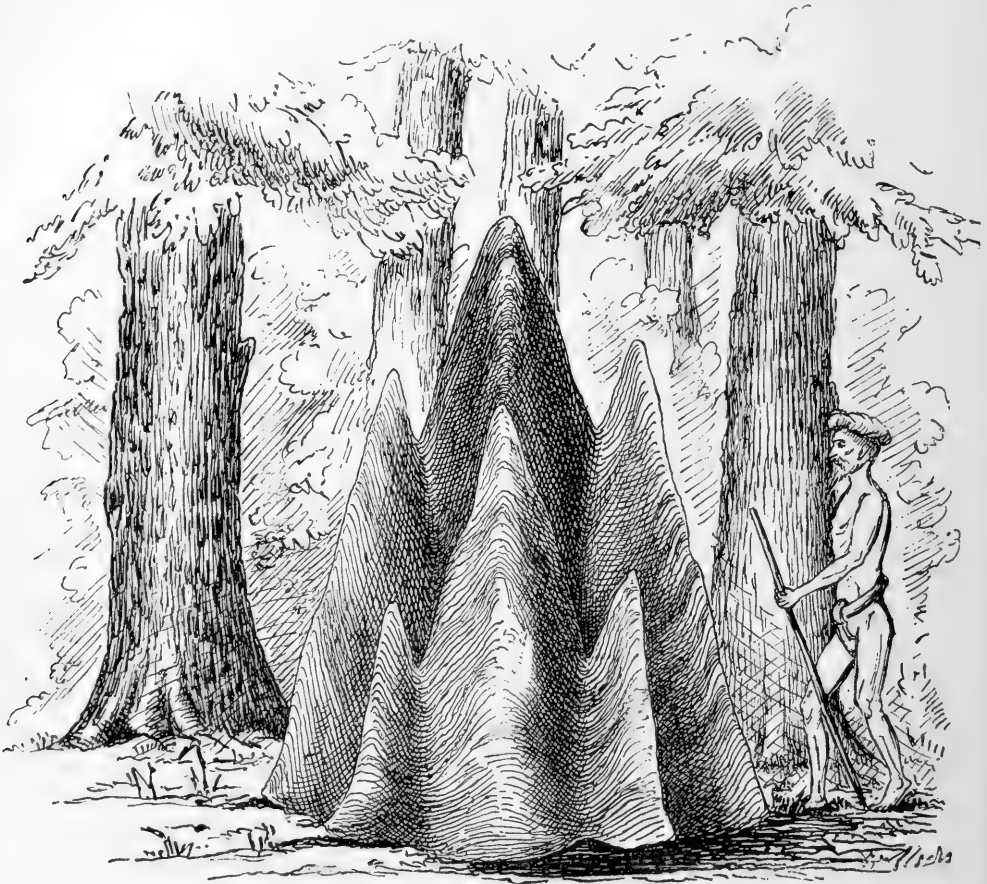
The white ants commonly form their colonies and build their towns below ground, dividing them into a great many apartments for dwellings, store-rooms, nurseries and a royal chamber, with a great many passages running from one to the other; but their most wonderful structures are the pyramids figured in the cut, which they sometimes build above ground in India and in Africa, making them generally five or six feet through at the base, and raising them six or eight feet high. They build these pyramids of quite soft wet mud, but it dries in a few days and becomes as hard as stone. This is because each little pellet is either mixed up or coated with the saliva or secretion of the ant, which cements it all together and hardens it, most likely by chemical action.

They did not build these pyramids in very ancient times, and most likely not until man had been a long time on the earth. We know this because they never build them on the bare ground, but only when they have the stump of a tree to build around, and it is very rare to find a stump unless the tree has been cut down. If they always built their towns above ground in

this way we would say it was done by instinct, but as they generally build in the ground, and only erect a pyramid when they have a convenient stump to begin on, we are sure that they are capable of learning by experience. They never begin a

pyramids stand for many years, but they crumble at last and are mingled with the soil.

White ants are very frequently charged with destroying living plants, and they are certainly often found in positions which



PYRAMIDS OF THE WHITE ANT.

pyramid around a standing dead tree, nor around a fallen log; these they always eat from the inside, but a large stump is very convenient to build on—they have food at hand all the time they are building; while they are eating the stump they build their chamber and passages in the hollow, and when they have eaten all the roots they have convenient hollows for building subterranean chambers and passages. These

lend a color to the belief. In a young plantation of fruit or timber trees a certain proportion die, and if one of the dead plants is pulled up the roots will generally be found infested with white ants, which are consequently blamed for killing the plant; but after careful study of this subject I am perfectly satisfied that they will not touch any part in which the sap is circulating. Directly a root dies they begin

to eat it, and extend their ravages as fast as it dies; but they have no part in causing its death. On the contrary, the secretive powers, and consequently the health of the tree, is maintained by white ants and other creatures, especially soil microbes, eating away the outer bark of the roots as fast as it decays, and converting it into plant food to be again taken up by the roots.

A community of white ants consists generally of a king and queen, a small army of soldiers, and the great body of the community which are the workers. The queen is so fertile that when she once begins to lay her eggs she lays them at the rate of sixty a minute without stopping, that is, eighty thousand a day. Her body is so full of eggs that she is swollen to an enormous size, and the workers keep her confined within the walls of her chamber, the door of which is big enough for them to pass through with the eggs, but far too small for the queen to pass through. In this chamber the queen is waited on carefully by a body of nurses, some of which provide her with food, while the others carry off the eggs to the nursery as fast as they are laid. The workers have not only to provide food for themselves and the king and queen, but also for the soldiers, which mount guard and defend the community from the attacks of other insects, and also for the larvæ and young ants before their jaws are strong enough to gnaw timber for themselves; but by dint of steady industry they do all this, and always have a store of food laid up in the granaries for feeding the young. This stored food is finely divided wood and bark which is most probably rendered fit for the young by the chemical action of the saliva of the workers in preparing it for them. The queen herself is so occupied with laying eggs that she can give no care to her offspring, and probably has no affection for them; but the workers, although

they have no young themselves, show all a parent's care for the young of the community. The soldiers are to some extent a privileged class, as they have not to provide food; but they are few in proportion to the workers, and so are not such a burthen to the community as the standing armies of some Christian nations. They are larger and have very much larger heads than the workers. A white ant settlement is, in fact, a real commune, in which all classes work for the general good, devoting the most of their labor to the care and bringing up of the young.

The world's work of the white ants is to keep timber from decaying and going back to the air, and to convert it into an enduring forest mould fitted for the support of a higher class of vegetation than that which drew it from the air.

This, then, is the task allotted to the white ants. They seize the forest trees as they die, devour them, and convert their substance into plant food with which they enrich the forest floor, preparing it for the time when man shall come and clear the forest, and raise food crops in its fertile soil. All this is done in the course of the daily task of providing food for the support of their own community, in utter unconsciousness of the importance of the world's work they are doing.

What a lesson of encouragement for people who are discontented with the daily round of common duties, and pining to distinguish themselves by some great work which shall benefit humanity for all future ages. What lot could be more seemingly humble than the white ant's? What labors less calculated to favor the support of higher life types and influence the progress of future ages, than the simple round of a white ant's daily duty? And yet, all unconsciously, the white ants have done more important world's work than the lordly elephant.

## CHARLEY'S WONDERFUL JOURNEYS.

### JOURNEY VIII.

"THERE goes another of those dreadful boys," said the wood thrush. "I wonder how many poor birds he has killed!"

"I never killed a bird," said Charley.

"Nor robbed a nest?" queried the wood thrush.

"Certainly not," replied Charley. "I wouldn't do such a thing; I am a member of the Audubon Society."

"That's true, said the wood thrush, "or you would not understand us. Then I suppose you are going to the funeral?"

"Yes, I should like to go," said Charley. "When does it start?"

"It will start directly," said the wood thrush, "I see the mourners are nearly all assembled. Poor little Bobolink," continued he, "yesterday so full of beauty and life and song, to-day a headless, shattered carcass, his feathers and skin stripped off him to adorn the bonnet of some heartless woman!"

In a little pine clearing in the woods the birds were assembled from all the four quarters of the earth, and there in the midst of them on a deftly constructed stretcher, tenderly pillowed with soft green moss, lay all that remained of poor little Bobolink.

The birds as they arrived cast a pitying glance upon the dead, and then stood aside in solemn silence, leaving a clear space around the stretcher.

Presently the wild goose stepped into the open space with a slow and stately tread; his manner was dignified and impressive, and the whole assemblage stood hushed, with bowed heads.

"We are assembled, my feathered friends," he began, "to perform the last sad offices for a departed brother, another victim of woman's pitiless vanity and man's wanton

lust of blood, or it may be lust of gold. Stricken down in the vigor of youth and health, but not until his heart had been wrung by witnessing the wanton massacre of his tender partner, and later the ruthless robbery of his motherless young from the nest, he had his share of life's sorrows. He is now at rest. For us remains the sad task of following the body to its final resting place."

As he ceased a dead and solemn stillness fell on the assembled birds. The next moment the pall-bearers, four crows, raised the stretcher, and at the first step the silence was broken, the woodlands rang again with the rich, full notes of the mockingbird as he recited the requiem for the dead. He told how Bobolink and his wife began their courtship when they came north in the spring, and how they built their nest, and Mrs. Bobolink stayed at home and brooded the eggs while Bobolink foraged for food, and how at last when the young were hatched, Mamma Bobolink had to forage for them too, and how one day she had been shot, and then Bobolink had to do all the foraging himself, while the young ones were growing every day and able to eat more and more, and how, when Bobolink was almost worn out, he came home one day to find the nest gone. Then his heart almost broke and he poured out his sorrow in a wild plaintive melody which attracted a gunner to the spot and cost poor Bobolink his life as the final act of the sad tragedy.

At length they reached the last resting place, an open field at the edge of the woods, all dotted with curious shaped little mounds, with feathers stuck in them. The crows deposited their burthen on a little clear space, the procession broke up, and all the birds gathered round. Then the

wild goose stepped forward and addressed the assemblage :

"Our task is done," said he. "It was good for us to be here; good to be reminded of the uncertainty of life; good to realize that sooner or later we too must all depart to the unknown realms beyond, but our duty done there is no need to linger. Life has its duties—let us hasten to their performance—its joys, let us give vent to them in gladsome notes. Away then, my feathered friends, hasten to your respective duties, the performance of which will banish all thoughts of death



and sorrow, and bring its reward in the calm enjoyment which springs from the consciousness of duty done. Away, brethren, labor and love and song are the lot of the living."

As he ceased he ran a step forward, spread his broad wings, and soared aloft.

All the birds followed his example. For a moment nothing was heard but the flapping of wings. The next moment woodland and meadow resounded with the joyous notes of all the feathered tribes, vying with each other in song, while from high overhead fell the pleasing although less musical note



of the wild goose, the duck, the crane and innumerable waterfowl, winging their way to the marshy shores of some distant lake.

Charley was left alone in the solitary graveyard, and as his eye fell on the spot where the dead Bobolink had rested he saw that a new mound had sprung up, and that what looked like the ghost of a bobolink was chained to it in a position that suggested the most horrible tortures. He advanced nervously for a clear view, and found that the mound was a woman's hat, and that what he had mistaken for the ghost of the bobolink was his stuffed skin and feathers distorted into an excruciating shape and the once beautiful head grinning as if still in pain.

Then Charley saw that all the mounds were hats of various shapes, and presently

they began to move, passing and repassing in long procession; and now Charley found that he was in the city and looking down on the moving crowd of bonnets from an upper window, and as he saw the mangled remains of birds of every clime and color pass and repass, and among them, oh so many of those he had seen at the funeral, the sickening dread came over him that all bird life was banished from the world. "Gone, all gone," he muttered mournfully.

A loud caw close to his ear startled him from his revery and from his sleep too, and springing up in bed he saw the crow fly from his window sill, and opening his window he heard the notes of a bobolink flooding the morning air with his rich and tuneful minstrelsy as he hovered over his nest in the meadow.

C. F. AMERY.

#### BLUEBIRD DICK.

##### I.—"BIRDS OF A FEATHER."

**B**OBOLINK stood by the library window with the end of his nose pressed flat upon the glass. Ten seconds stood he thus; then drawing back, he clapped his hands softly. "Oh, papa! here's a bluebird." Now, the birds had been away for five long months, and here they were again, away back from the sunny South and the land of flowers. What if the snow still lingered on our hillside; what if the wind blew cold and those flying clouds hinted darkly of a coming storm? Did not the presence of this bonnie bird mean something better? Would we not soon have pleasant, sunny days, and our woods and meadows glow in all their wild flower beauty? Why shouldn't little hands (and big ones too) be clapped?

Outdoors Bluebird Dick glanced sharply at the window and then flew to the walnut tree. "It's all right Dot, but we'll have to stay indoors, for another storm's a-brewing." "Oh, this box is very comfortable;

and now, Dick"—as they snuggled up—"you can tell me of this place, of your friends and enemies. Are you sure that's the right family?" "No doubt of it, Dot; those faces at the window are just the same; I saw the same yellow dog in the yard yesterday and the same big Topy duck. There's the old stump where Oakie flying squirrel lives with his chums Brownie and Midget. These are friends, and the only enemies I know are those pesky English sparrows in the elm tree yonder." "Oh, I know the little wretches," cried Dot; "they have plain brown feathers and can't sing anything like their American cousins. When not chasing other birds they are spitting among themselves or rolling about in the dirt. They don't build nests at all; they just build little haystacks." "Ah, you had 'em there, Dot; and yet we are indebted to those very enemies. For when papa and mamma decided to build last spring, that red box in the south gable suited them exactly. They were hardly settled down when the sparrows



stormed the place, and fight as papa would (and he did fight hard) the pirates forced them out. Bobolink seemed troubled about it and said he'd have his papa fix up another box. Sure enough he did, and we are in it now. Much obliged, but you had better not disturb us here," muttered Dick, as he whetted his beak on the floor and looked very cross indeed at the elm tree. "Won't the boys throw stones at us?" "Not now; they did once, I believe, but their mamma told them it was wrong, and if not scared too often we'd come back and build again. Now there she spoke the truth, Dot; for down South last week, Robin told me he'd be along shortly and build a big mud nest in the same old apple tree, and Jenny Wren warned me to keep away from her box by the kitchen. Yes, they'll be here with many others, and I am very much mistaken if any other half acre will have as much bird music." "Don't the folks fire off those big horrid guns and things?" shuddered Dot. "Nary a bang, Dot, except on the Fourth of July; then watch out. But you know that's only for one day." So Dick rattled on, and together they laid plans for the morrow. While thus engaged the storm passed over; the day wore down, and evening with bed time arrived; then the birds carefully dressed their feathers. About the same time a certain little boy next door carelessly undressed himself and hopped into bed. Then each bird drew up a leg well under its body and each head was snugly hid beneath a blue wing. Then the boy drew up both legs, and a warm blanket was tucked around the little white shoulders; and then Bobolink and Dick and Dot alike were soon wrapped in soft slumber.

II.—"GOD SHIELD YE, HERALDS OF THE SPRING."

Morning again; and how can it be described, and the days and times that followed. How balmy the south wind was, and how quickly the snow melted away in

the warm sunshine. How the days grew long and milder. How the wee frogs joyously piped of coming spring, and how the trees and fields donned their green reception robes, which proved that spring had really come. How Robin kept his word and Jennie took possession of her old quarters. How the wood sparrow, blackbird, lark, catbird and thrush, with others, drifted back on this springtide, and the place was flooded with melody, then Dick's prophecy was fulfilled, though Dick was with the dead. How busy Dot was in those earlier days, scarcely taking time to eat or think of love; and how carefully she placed each twig of the nest just so; how Inspector Dick approved the work and most heartily indorsed her finishing touch of four blue eggs. What jolly times Dick had bathing in the swamp; timidly at first, tossing a few drops of water about; then wading deeper, he'd dive and flap his wings and splash like Topsy in the pond. Then at nightfall how Oakie with his comrades sallied forth to have their fun; then Brownie and Midget, slyly creeping up, would touch each other's noses and scamper off like mad. Then the quiet sleepers would be startled by a thud upon the roof, and the sudden vision of two great, round eyes at the door; but reassured by the merry chirp of Oakie, "Halloo! Dick," who would then as quickly vanish. Now firmly standing on the roof, with fore paws doubled in, he'd stretch forward and back like some huge measuring worm; then with a downward leap and legs outspread, he sailed away on the moonlight.

III.—"O WONDROUS BIRTH!"

Dot's breakfast had been served and servant Dick adjourned to the swamp. An extra good bath, then back to the nest, and what do you think he found? One egg was missing, but in its place lay a tiny baby bluebird! Lying there with upstretched neck and mouth wide open, a funny, downy little jack-in-a-box! Oh, my! wasn't Dick glad?

He rushed out and hopped sideways along a limb, then sideways back again. Then the mud house proprietor was notified. "Chick! chick! chick!" shouted Robin rapidly, which plainly meant, "Hurrah, old boy, and my kind regards to Mrs. Dot." Then he carried the news to Jennie. Suddenly he remembered that baby's mouth was open and that it must be awfully hungry.

Hard by on a lilac leaf pensively sat a big, fat fly. All at once, in the twinkling of an eye, its front legs were twirled together; then it turned a semi-handspring and cleverly balanced, while the hindlegs were slowly twisted over and down its back.

Tradition holds that the wild swan "sings melodiously when near about expiring," and the "death song of the Cherokee warrior has long since been recorded;" but the agile fly, in this last great act, outshone them all!

"Isn't it a whopper," spluttered Dick, marching proudly up with his mouth stuffed full of baby's dinner, and that dinner half as big as baby itself! "Go away, you foolish bird," laughed Dot; "this little chap doesn't need a bluebottle yet, and your wet feathers might give him the colic, you know." Dick stared ruefully a moment, but good-naturedly swallowed the fly and his disappointment. "Say, Dot, what do you think of naming the baby Jennie?" "Oh, Jennie sounds pretty nice, but I rather fancy the name of Robin; don't you Dick?" Dick stared somewhat ruefully again and hopped out. "Now, if Oakie only knew this," he thought, "I'd feel tip-top."

IV.—WHOM THE GODS WOULD DESTROY  
THEY FIRST MAKE—ANGRY.

Exciting noon had passed away; then evening quietly came, with Dick subdued though happy. Full twenty times he had rapped on the old stump; twenty times he softly warbled there, but Oakie never wakened. And now the blazing sun went down and tinted the clouds with Dick's own

lovely colors. Then Oakie yawned and stretched one leg, but lazily pillowed his head again on Brownie's shoulder. An hour dragged by, then phantom lights and shadows struggled for the mastery, and while the lark yet plaintively mourned of parting day, the guttural twang of a great frog foretold the reign of night. Then Dick could wait no longer.

"Oakie! Oak!"—but what meant that cry of distress? One startled glance and Dick was speeding homeward. Now hurry, Dick, that swarm of hornets in your house you'll find no common foes. Fly faster, Dick! a single venomous sting would—and Dick swooped down to the rescue. Alas! too late for rescue now. Poor Dot lay slowly gasping out her life, but faithful to the last, her upraised wings still shielded nest and babe. Swelling with rage and grief, Dick turned for revenge. At every stroke of that sharp beak an enemy fell, and with alternate wings he dashed them right and left; but for every one thus stricken a dozen filled its place. They buzzed fiercely round his head, crawled up and bit and crippled his wings—and now he fought for his own life. Inch by inch they drove him back from the loved ones; out of his own door, and further yet, until he fell fluttering to the ground, and even then they darted down and stung him again and again. One faint struggle, and those bruised and blinded eyes were strained wistfully upward; then the wounded head fell back, and when the moon looked down upon that miniature battlefield, the brave little broken heart beneath its coat of blue had stopped beating altogether.

\* \* \* \* \*

Now, little folks, it is true that the hornets killed the bluebirds; Ralph and Bobolink know, and their playmates know it's true. It is true that birds have hearts and brains; they have natural affection and can suffer pain. Do you call those insects cruel?

Wait a moment. While playing near the swamp one evening, three careless lads battered down a hornets' nest; some of the insects were slain, and the remainder, angered of course, and homeless, sought protection from the chilling night dews. The first shelter found was the home of Bluebird Dick; and then they took by force what had been taken from them by force. Boys, don't kill the birds; be careful how you injure any of God's little creatures. Some day, perhaps, you will read about the Ancient Mariner; about this man who, once

upon a time, while young and strong, shot a sea bird called the albatross, and how very, very sorry he was afterward; that after many years, when his steps were feeble and his hair turned white, he could not forget about the death of that poor bird. How he stopped every person that he met, and told them of the cruel deed, and bade them heed, and told them finally that none could pray better or more earnestly than those who best loved our birds and animals.

"For the dear God who loveth us,  
He made and loveth all."

## BIRD HISTORIES.

### THE "BIRD OF JOVE."

JOVE was Jupiter, the supreme god in Roman mythology, the Zeus of the Greeks. The eagle was sacred to this heathen deity, and was also called the "Bird of Heaven." Many ancient nations venerated some particular bird, and many modern nations, the United States among others, accept the lordly eagle as their national emblem. Although native in the free American wilds, we have stolen, or borrowed him, to speak more politely, as a national emblem, from Rome and France. He is our sacred bird. He flies higher over desert and fertile prairie, among craggy or evergreen mountains, than any other feathered creature, although he is not so large as the great condor of the Andes. Naturalists tell us that his plumage is of varied tawny, dull and white hues, and only his legs are yellow; so are some chickens'. Then why is the proud monarch—"king of birds"—named also the "golden eagle"? Of course he has some cousins (species) who are not quite so grand as himself.

In various regions of the earth eagles are regarded as "terrible," and dangerous enemies to man and beast. Young children and lambs have been carried away alive in the talons of these powerful birds to their eyries upon inaccessible cliffs. There

upon a rock outside the nest, their doom is to be torn in pieces for eaglets' food.

Their Creator and ours formed many another beautiful and more delicate bird, for song, happiness and rainbow radiance, not for heartless or ignorant women to wear murderously, as a sign of their vanity; and why he created any birds of prey we need not ask, for even if we do not know we may be sure that they are necessary to the general welfare.

A few years ago, not far from our chief American city, New York, two boys, seven and five years of age, were playing in a field, when suddenly a great eagle came down, as if from a world above and tried to take up the larger boy in his claws. He did not succeed at first, and made another trial; the boy caught up a sickle and defended himself. The audacious bird was wounded under one wing, and gave up the battle. He fell over and died. He was doubtless weakened by hunger, else a blow from his strong beak might have killed the brave boy.

There was once a law of the Orkney Islands to reward any person who killed an eagle, with a domestic fowl from the flock of every family within the parish.

Eagles nest among the high rocks of

many groups of wild ocean islands. They seem to care little whether the regions they haunt are warm or cold; and they are said particularly to like to be monarchs of desert uninhabited regions.

You may have read many wonderful stories of eagles. I have a true one to relate, which some of the young readers of the AUDUBON may not have heard. And many older readers do not know that the child's magazine called the *Little Corporal* was established and gained large success through an "Eagle Army" of children, as they were named, because they each paid ten cents for a colored photograph of "Old Abe," the "War Eagle" of the Eighth Wisconsin Regiment of Volunteers. Yes, it was a live eagle, this "Old Abe," and he

was carried three years in the war of the Union, through all the dangers of camp and battle, by soldiers in that regiment. And he lived some years afterward, tenderly supported in the State House Park at Madison, Wisconsin.

I saw him once in a procession at Chicago, perched high over a wagon, with his white beard and folded wings, looking in wise, solemn attitude as if he would rebuke the whole great land of freedom that ever it had warred against itself. Old Abe Eagle at that time was sacredly guarded, but he was in no danger of trying his wings for a wide excursion; he had adopted civilized life, and felt free enough among the folds of the flag of stars, exhibiting himself to thousands on the streets of a great city.

EMILY THACHER BENNETT.

#### UNUSUAL NESTING SITES.

THE following observations on some unusual nesting sites from the Natural History columns of *Forest and Stream* are from a paper read by Walter E. Bryant before the California Academy of Sciences:

The entire material, with one exception, which comprises the present paper, has been received in brief notes or dictations from Messrs. W. Otto Emerson, A. M. Ingersoll and Chas. W. Knox, leaving the part taken by the author simply that of editor and compiler. The initials following the cases cited are those of the observers, to whom my thanks are due for communicating their interesting field observations.

Arkansas Flycatcher—*Tyrannus verticalis*.—A nest was found built upon a fence-post more than half a mile from the nearest tree. It was secured from observation on one side by a board nailed to the post and projecting above it. (A. M. I.)

Black Phoebe—*Sayornis nigricans*.—A pair built for two consecutive years in a well four feet below the surface. The first year a second nest was built after the first had been taken. (W. O. E.)

Baird's Flycatcher—*Epidonax difficilis*.—A nest was built at the bottom of a hole five inches deep, made by a red-shafted flicker in a live oak. (A. M. I.)

Blue-fronted Jay—*Cyanocitta stelleri frontalis*.—A

strange departure from the usual habits of jays was noticed in Placer county, Cal., where they had persisted in building within the snowsheds in spite of the noise and smoke of passing trains. The destruction of their nests by the men employed on the water train, which makes two trips a week through the sheds during the summer, sprinkling the wood-work and tearing down the nests of jays and robins with a hook attached to a pole, seemed not to discourage them. So accustomed do the jays become to the passing of trains, that they will often remain on their nests undisturbed.

In one season more than two hundred nests of jays and robins were destroyed, so the trainmen say, between Cisco and Summit, a distance of thirteen miles. Some of the nests were but partially built, others contained eggs; these latter ones having probably been overlooked on previous trips.

The nesting of the jays within the snowsheds is, so Mr. Ingersoll supposes, to avoid the persecution of squirrels. None, he thinks, however, succeed in rearing a brood, for of more than thirty nests which he found, nearly all were uncompleted. (A. M. I.)

American Goldfinch—*Spinus tristis*.—In 1884 a grove of young willows that had been occupied the previous season by a colony of tricolored blackbirds was found deserted by them. Many of the blackbirds' nests still remained in forks of the willows

from four to ten feet above the marsh. Six of these old nests were in possession of American goldfinches. The present tenants had loosely filled the nest about half full of cat-tail down and had formed only a slight hollow for the nest proper. Some were found with eggs and in others there were "birds in last year's nests." (A. M. I.)

Samuel's Song Sparrow—*Melospiza fasciata samuelis*.—A nest containing three eggs was found in a round oyster can which had lodged sideways among some driftwood in a willow tree. (W. O. E.)

California Towhee—*Pipilo fuscus crissalis*.—A pair constructed a nest in a five-gallon kerosene oil-can that lay on its side in a shallow ditch. Part of one end of the can had been cut open, giving access to the birds. (W. O. E.)

Barn Swallow—*Chelidon erythrogaster*.—A kind-hearted postmaster in the country nailed a shelf-like board against the porch above the entrance to his office, intending to give the crimson house finches a place to build. A pair of barn swallows took possession of this arrangement and built on top of it a nest composed of straw and feathers. This is the only instance I have known where this species used no mud in the composition of its nest. The position of this nest was less remarkable than the peculiarity of its structure. (A. M. I.)

A barn swallow's nest was built a few feet below

the surface of a well which was in daily use, water being raised by means of a windlass and bucket. The weight of the growing young became so great that it broke the nest from the moist ground, and the young were drowned. A second nest was speedily begun upon a shelf of rock, nearly thirty feet below the surface, and not high above the water. Unfortunately, the result of this second attempt was not learned, for it would be exceedingly interesting to know how, if at all, the young were brought to the surface from so great a depth. (C. W. K.)

Tree Swallow—*Tachycineta bicolor*.—A few years ago I found a nest with young in a crevice under the projecting and decayed deck of a lumber lighter moored in Oakland Harbor.

Hutton's Vireo—*Vireo huttoni*.—A pair of vireos built this year in the outer branches of a live oak, only a few feet above the exhaust pipe from a steam pump, where at times they were compelled to suspend work, owing to the dense vapor which enveloped them. Four eggs were laid in this nest. (C. W. K.)

Long-billed Marsh Wren—*Cistothorus palustris*.—A conspicuous nest, containing eggs, was woven among the almost leafless branches of a young willow, five feet above a fresh water marsh. The false nests were built as usual, but in the coarse grass near by. (A. M. I.)

BIRDS IN DISGUISE.

HERE are thirty-six birds in disguise. Their names are given in the form of anagrams. The anagrams contain the letters which make up the names. By transposing the letters of each anagram, patient and ingenious readers of the AUDUBON MAGAZINE may form the name of the bird it contains. Take for example No. 21, *Pawling*. Transpose the letters and we find *Lapwing*. In the same manner each of the others may be discovered.

For the first five perfect solutions of the list sent in by subscribers to the magazine five silver AUDUBON badges will be sent, one to each one who solves the puzzles. The result will be announced in our August number.

Directions. Number each name to correspond with the anagram. Send the list

with your full name and address to the Editor of the AUDUBON MAGAZINE, No. 318 Broadway, New York.

- |                          |                           |
|--------------------------|---------------------------|
| 1. Granite den soup.     | 19. Make a world.         |
| 2. Go mind brick.        | 20. Dryer birch.          |
| 3. T my wise finch.      | 21. Pawling.              |
| 4. Blow direly.          | 22. Try! Gap! Roar!       |
| 5. Retort riven hang red | 23. Whirlpool Pi W.       |
| 6. Do keep crow.         | 24. Alan's children.      |
| 7. Drink big.            | 25. Sabre! Rend! Obit! R. |
| 8. Our sea eggs.         | 26. Who bit B. E.?        |
| 9. Boil knob.            | 27. Pain's perd.          |
| 10. Rush the mirth.      | 28. Girls tan.            |
| 11. R. dug moonvine.     | 29. Grin him dumb!        |
| 12. Nib's word.          | 30. Long brace O sea!     |
| 13. Her rain pie.        | 31. Reduce kid.           |
| 14. U. go defer surf.    | 32. Heed larks.           |
| 15. Magpi rant.          | 33. Bask, Radical Negro!  |
| 16. A Turk age.          | 34. Near crock,           |
| 17. Sling in sheep.      | 35. Shirt Co.             |
| 18. Grow, parsons!       | 36. Lub Bride.            |

# THE AUDUBON NOTE BOOK.

## MEMBERSHIP RETURNS.

THE registered membership of the Society on April 30, 1888, was 45,651, showing an increase of 497 members during the month, drawn from the following sources:

New York.....	129	Illinois.....	16
Massachusetts.....	55	Iowa.....	7
Pennsylvania.....	103	Minnesota.....	1
New Jersey.....	10	Missouri.....	2
Vermont.....	6	Mississippi.....	4
New Hampshire.....	13	Kentucky.....	1
Connecticut.....	41	Texas.....	19
Rhode Island.....	1	North Carolina.....	7
Maine.....	16	Florida.....	6
Indiana.....	1	West Virginia.....	30
Ohio.....	15	Canada.....	9
Michigan.....	5		

497

C. F. AMERY, General Secretary.

## WARREN'S LEDGER.

THE single sheet circular bearing this title, and described by its publisher as "a periodical devoted to natural history," is an extraordinary evidence of the perversity of moral nature which will sometimes prompt seemingly shrewd people to make unheard of sacrifices to earn a little money dishonestly, when it would be much more easy to earn it honestly.

The Ledger publishes a list of birds which it professes to want at prices ranging from one to ten cents per skin. By offering five or six dollars for rare birds and as much as twenty-five dollars for a pied duck it seeks to impress country boys with the idea that they can make a great deal of money by procuring skins for the enterprising Ledger proprietor. Indeed he assures them that every bird in their vicinity has a market value, and that they can make a very good living shooting for him.

But Mr. Warren of the Ledger evidently does not want bird skins, he lays it down distinctly that he will not buy them from any one who is not a regular subscriber to his circular, which he has the impudence to demand fifty cents a year for, coupled with the further condition that his preserving cotton must be used for stuffing the birds. This, too, costs fifty cents a package, weight not specified. What Mr. Warren wants is to sell his circulars and cotton.

But the character of the circular is best indicated by the fact that it offers from one to ten cents a skin for a long list of birds protected by law. It is thus technically an incentive to the commission of an offense, but hardly a very strong one. There are possibly boys, and men too, who would kill warblers and finches in defiance of the law, and perhaps skin and stuff them for a cent apiece, but Mr. Warren

must be possessed of an unusual amount of persuasive eloquence if he can induce this or any class of persons to subscribe fifty cents for his Ledger.

The poor birds have many enemies, but Warren's Ledger is not likely to prove so formidable a one as some of our friends have supposed.

## CROW AND ANTI-CROW.

ONE of the greatest crows' roosts ever known in northern New Jersey has been formed in a piece of woods near Deckertown, Sussex county. Many thousands of the birds occupy the trees, and their cries in the morning when leaving on their foraging expeditions, and on returning to the roost at night, can be heard for two miles. The farmers living in the vicinity, who believe that the crow is a destructive enemy of theirs, take advantage of their presence in such great numbers to wage a war of extermination on them, and make raids upon the roost nightly, shooting and clubbing hundreds of crows to death. The hunters carry torches, and the startled birds fly about bewildered, uttering deafening cries of terror which, added to the banging of the guns and the shouts of the hunters, make a regular pandemonium of the woods at night. These raids are hotly opposed by some of the farmers of the vicinity, who believe the crow is a friend instead of an enemy to the farmer; but the anti-crow party is the largest, and at last accounts this slaughter of the crows was going on nightly, and will be continued until the roost is broken up.—*Exchange.*

## NO MORE BIRDS IN BONNETS.

LADIES are no longer to wear birds in their bonnets and hats. Thus it has been decreed by fashion. The benevolent edict comes just in time to save the last remaining members of the race of humming birds and birds of paradise. The great forests of India, Brazil, and the banks of the Mississippi have been ransacked and have yielded up their treasures of winged jewelry to adorn the feminine headgear. Now at last there is to be a truce to the massacre, and the pretty denizens of the woods may sing and fly awhile in peace. To estimate the extent of slaughter perpetrated for the sake of womankind's adornment we may take the statement of a London dealer, who admits that last year he sold 2,000,000 small birds of every possible kind and color, from the soft gray of the wood pigeon to the gem-like splendor of the tropical bird. Even the friendly robin has been immolated to adorn the fashionable bonnet.—*London Queen.*

## AMONG THE BIRDS IN TEXAS.

*Editor Audubon Magazine:*

As we live in the land of birds it seems fit that we should be interested in their protection. Our home is embowered amid large spreading oaks, cedars and chinars, besides mulberries (now ripe) which seems to draw all the feathered tribe, and their songs make the air ring with their cheering music, besides apple, peach, pear and plum, all set off with flowers of many hues in front, and ivies and geraniums filling the house with their pleasant perfume. I wish you people, pent up in your great city, could hear and see for a day the birds and their music, which fills the air with song. We have two martin houses and about twenty-five noisy tenants, which chirp, twitter and sing all day long; jays in numbers, bluebirds, bee martins, redbirds, thrushes, wrens, tomtits, snowbirds, blackbirds, yellowhammers, sapsuckers, woodpeckers and many others, all singing at once; but last and loudest and longest and sweetest, as the leader of the band, is our own mockingbird, and every one without regard to the other, singing as if the exhibition depended on himself. And when night comes on, the disconsolate whippoorwill puts in his or her sad refrain, rendered more discordant by the hooting of the swamp owl and the chilling, shivering notes of the screech owl and rumbling of the swallows or chimney sweeps, which well nigh takes the poetry out of the whole tribe, and we feel like turning loose the destroying urchin to quell the riot; but now from his dreamy perch the mocking bird trills, carols, and warbles forth his sweet notes that lull us to sleep, and we thank the Creator for the lovely songsters that drive away eternal silence.

TULLY CHOICE.

KILGORE, Texas, May 10.

## SEALS, SEA LIONS, SEA GULLS.

*Editor Audubon Magazine:*

Have just read an item—can't such fiendishness be stopped by somebody?—"Fishermen in Shinnecock Bay stuff small fish with arsenic or strychnine in order to poison the sea gulls, which they sell to feather dealers," and San Francisco fishermen say the sea lions and seals must be made away with because they eat up 44,000 tons of fish every year.

SAN FRANCISCO.

[Our correspondent is very indignant, and justly so, at the wanton destruction of gulls for the sake of their feathers, and scarcely less indignant at the proposed eradication of the seals and sea lions of the Pacific Coast on the plea that they make away with forty-four thousand tons of fish every year; but we must draw a great distinction between the motives

which prompt to action in the two cases. In the first case we have to do with wanton destruction to gratify vanity in defiance of the generally recognized fact that birds are in some way necessary to human well-being. Here the moral nature is at fault. In the second case the proposal to kill off the seals and sea lions is justified by the assumption that the measure is necessary or at least conducive to human well-being by increasing our food supply. Here it is only the head that is at fault, the fishermen having calculated or got hold of the calculation, on perhaps respectable authority, that the seals and sea lions consume forty or fifty thousand tons of fish a year on the Californian coast, conclude very naturally that the supply of fish available for the fisherman is correspondingly reduced. This hasty conclusion might have some justification if all the fish taken by the seals and sea lions were herbivorous, but as nearly all of them are carnivorous, the calculation requires that against the weight of fish consumed by the seals and sea lions we should set off first the weight which these fish would collectively have consumed had they escaped the seals' and sea lions' jaws, and if this does not balance the account in favor of the seals, we should take into calculation the additional fact that they prey only on fish which in themselves are substantial mouthfuls, while the daintier fish prey in great part upon shoals of young fish requiring a great number for a meal. Attaching due weight to these considerations, there is no reason whatever to suppose that the presence of the seals and sea lions tend to diminish the available stock of fish in the ocean; on the contrary, it is reasonably assumable that their presence may conduce to the maintenance of a liberal supply. As we have argued before in this magazine, there may be some errors in the plan of creation, but they are nothing in comparison with the errors which man falls into in his efforts to straighten things out.]

## THE MOCKINGBIRD AND THE SPARROW.

AN observant gentleman of our city says he thinks that he hears fewer of the South's greatest songsters, the mockingbirds, now warbling than ever before, and believes that the feathered singers are abandoning this section. The only way he can account for their disappearance is the advent in this section of those little pests, the English sparrows. They are turbulent and pugnacious little birds, and all other birds which do not possess the same characteristics make haste to abandon their favorite retreats and leave the sparrows in possession of the field. It would be a real pity indeed if the South's favorite birds should be forced out or exterminated by the English sparrow.—*Natchez (Miss.) Democrat, May 5.*

## EMINENT PEOPLE ON BIRD PROTECTION.

OAK KNOLL, Danvers, Mass., }  
2nd mo., 20, 1886. }

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

I heartily approve of the proposed AUDUBON SOCIETY. We are in a way to destroy both our forests and our birds. A society for the preservation of the latter has long been needed, and I hope it is not too late for the accomplishment of its objects.

I could almost wish that the shooters of the birds, the taxidermists who prepare their skins, and the fashionable wearers of their feathers might share the penalty which was visited upon the Ancient Mariner who shot the Albatross. Thy friend,

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Feb. 20, 1886.

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

I am heartily in sympathy with your purposes for the protection of birds, and should be glad to contribute any influence that I can to that end.

If there were no purchasers there would be no demand, and no reason for slaughtering these winged gems. But as only women create a demand, it rests upon them to stay this wanton destruction. I am sure that it is only necessary to bring before American women the cruelty of this "slaughter of the innocents" that fashion is carrying on, to secure a renunciation of this ornament and the salvation of birds.

On this subject the kind feelings, the taste, and æsthetic sympathy of the whole community are on your side, and if you persevere you will surely win.

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

CORNWALL-ON-HUDSON, N. Y., }  
Feb. 22, 1886. }

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

You have indeed my hearty sympathy in every effort to prevent the slaughter of my innocent little neighbors and friends, the birds. In the destruction of forests and birds, the people of this land are inviting very great evils and inflicting wrongs on posterity which scarcely can be measured. The press should render it impossible for women to sin thoughtlessly and ignorantly in demanding little birds for their adornment. The evil should be brought home so fully to the knowledge of all, that the continued wearing of our useful little birds should become the badge and indication of a callous, vulgar nature. You are doing a humane and patriotic work in exciting public aversion to one of the most cruel and stupid wrongs of the age.

Respectfully yours,

EDWARD P. ROE.

WEST PARK, N. Y., Feb. 20, 1886.

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

I scarcely need assure you that your undertaking to form a society for the protection of our wild birds against the ravages of the milliners and the sham scientific collectors has my warmest sympathy and approval. It is a barbarous taste which prompts our women and girls to appear upon the street with their head gear adorned with the scalps of our songsters; and it is mere vanity and affectation which prompts so many persons to make up cabinets of the nests and eggs of the same. The destruction of our birds from their natural enemies is immense, and this craze of the collectors, and folly of the milliners and their customers in addition, threatens their serious diminution.

I hope you may succeed in creating so strong a public sentiment upon the subject that the collectors of skins and eggs for the unworthy purposes of fashion or to indulge the vanity of pseudo-naturalists may suddenly find their occupation gone.

Please add my name to the list of the members of the AUDUBON SOCIETY. Very sincerely,

JOHN BURROUGHS.

160 W. 59TH STREET, }  
NEW YORK, Feb. 20, 1886. }

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

No one who will take the trouble to give the matter a few moments' serious consideration can be in doubt, I think, as to the wisdom of organizing the AUDUBON SOCIETY, and I am thankful that such a step is contemplated. There is an element of savagery in the use of birds for personal decoration, which is in grotesque contrast with our boasts of civilization. But even the savage stops short, as a rule, with the feathers. It is only Christian people who think it worth while to butcher a whole bird to adorn their head gear. I am sure, however, that this is largely from that unreflecting habit which is a leading vice in people who follow the fashions. But it is a vice; as Hood sang, when he wrote—

For evil is wrought  
By want of thought  
As well as by want of heart.

If the AUDUBON SOCIETY can teach men, and especially women, to think on this subject, half of the battle will have been won. HENRY C. POTTER.

ANDOVER, Mass., Feb. 21, 1886.

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

I am in earnest and indignant sympathy with the motive of any society organized to prevent the murder of birds for decorative purposes.

E. S. PHELPS.



# The Audubon Society.

## THE AUDUBON SOCIETY FOR THE PROTECTION OF BIRDS.

THE AUDUBON SOCIETY was founded in New York city in February, 1886. Its purpose is the protection of American birds, not used for food, from destruction for mercantile purposes. The magnitude of the evil with which the Society will cope, and the imperative need of the work which it proposes to accomplish, are outlined in the following statement concerning

### THE DESTRUCTION OF BIRDS.

Within the last few years, the destruction of our birds has increased at a rate which is alarming. This destruction now takes place on such a large scale as to seriously threaten the existence of a number of our most useful species. It is carried on chiefly by men and boys who sell the skins or plumage to be used for ornamental purposes—principally for the trimming of women's hats, bonnets and clothing. These men kill everything that wears feathers. The birds of the woods, the birds of the field, the birds of the marsh and those of the sea are alike slain, at all times and at all seasons. It matters not if the bird be a useful one which devours the hurtful insects which destroy the farmer's crops, or a bright-plumaged songster whose advent has been welcomed in spring, and which has reared its brood in the door yard during the summer, or a swift-winged sea swallow whose flight along the shore has often with unerring certainty led the fisherman to his finny prey—whatever it be, it must be sacrificed to the bird butcher's lust for slaughter and for gain. Besides the actual destruction of the birds, their numbers are still further diminished by the practice of robbing their nests in the breeding season.

Although it is impossible to get at the number of birds killed each year, some figures have been published which give an idea of what the slaughter must be. We know that a single local taxidermist handles 30,000 bird skins in one year; that a single collector brought back from a three months trip 11,000 skins; that from one small district on Long Island about 70,000 birds were brought to New York in four months time. In New York one firm had on hand February 1, 1886, 200,000 skins. The supply is not limited by domestic consumption. American bird skins are sent abroad. The great European markets draw their supplies from all over the world. In London there were sold in three months from one auction room, 404,464 West Indian and Brazilian bird skins, and 356,389 East Indian birds. In Paris 100,000 African birds have been sold by one dealer in one year. One New York firm recently had a contract to supply 40,000 skins of American birds to one Paris firm. These figures tell their own story—but it is a story which might be known even without them; we may read it plainly enough in the silent hedges, once vocal with the morning songs of birds, and in the deserted fields where once bright plumage flashed in the sunlight.

### BIRDS, INSECTS AND CROPS.

The food of our small birds consists very largely of the insects which feed on the plants grown by the farmer. These insects multiply with such astounding rapidity that a single pair may in the course of one season be the progenitors of six billions of their kind. All through the season at which this insect life is most active, the birds are constantly at work destroying for their young and for themselves, tens of thousands of hurtful creatures, which, but for them, would swarm upon the farmer's crops and lessen the results of his labors.

A painstaking and ardent naturalist not very long ago watched the nest of a pair of martins for sixteen hours, from 4 A. M. till 8 P. M., just to see how many visits the parent birds made to their young. He found that in that time 312 visits to the four young were made, 119 by the male and 193 by the female. If we suppose only six insects to have been brought at each visit, this pair of birds would have destroyed, for their young alone, in this one summer's day, not far from 2,000 insects. The important relations which our birds bear to the agricultural interests and so to the general welfare, are recognized by the governments of all our States. Laws exist for their protection, but these laws are rendered inoperative by the lack of an intelligent public sentiment to support them. They are nowhere enforced. It is for the interest of every one that such a public sentiment should be created.

It is time that this destruction were stopped.

### PURPOSE OF THE AUDUBON SOCIETY.

To secure the protection of our birds by awakening a better sentiment, the Audubon Society, named after the greatest of American ornithologists, has been founded. The objects sought to be accomplished by this Society are to prevent as far as possible—

- (1) The killing of any wild bird not used for food.
- (2) The taking or destroying of the eggs or nests of any wild birds.
- (3) The wearing of the feathers of wild birds. Ostrich feathers, whether from wild or tame birds, and those of domestic fowls, are specially exempted.

The Audubon Society aims especially to preserve those

birds which are now practically without protection. Our game birds are already protected by law, and in large measure by public sentiment, and their care may be left to the sportsman. The great aim of the Society is the protection of American non-game birds. The English sparrow is not included in our lists.

### PLAN OF THE WORK.

Obviously the Society cannot supply any machinery of compulsion to lead individuals and communities to a higher regard for bird life and to efforts for its protection. Nor are compulsory measures thought necessary. The wrong is tolerated now only because of thoughtlessness and indifference. The birds are killed for millinery purposes. So long as fashion demands bird feathers, the birds will be slaughtered. The remedy is to be found in the awakening of a healthy public sentiment on the subject. If this enormous destruction of birds can once be put in its true light before the eyes of men and women and young folks, if interest be aroused and sentiment created, the great wrong must cease. To so present the case to the people as to awaken this corrective sentiment is the special work contemplated by the Audubon Society. The methods adopted are very simple. Pledges are furnished, subscription to which constitutes membership, 2000 certificates are issued to members.

### TERMS OF MEMBERSHIP.

The signing of any of the pledges will qualify one for membership in the Society. It is earnestly desired that each member may sign all three of the pledges. Beyond the promise contained in the pledge no obligation nor responsibility is incurred. There are no fees, nor dues, nor any expenses of any kind. There are no conditions as to age. The boys and girls are invited to take part in the work, for they can often do more than others to practically protect the nesting birds. All who are interested in the subject are invited to become members, and to urge their friends to join the Society. If each man, woman or child who reads this circular will exert his or her influence, it will not take long to enlist in the good work a great number of people actively concerned in the protection of our birds. It is desired that members may be enrolled in every town and village throughout the land, so that by the moral weight of its influence this Society may check the slaughter of our beautiful songsters. The beneficent influence of the Audubon Society should be exerted in every remotest by-way where the songs of birds fill the air, and in every crowded city where the plumes of slain songsters are worn as an article of dress.

### ASSOCIATE MEMBERS.

As there are a very great number of people in full sympathy with the Audubon movement, and ready to lend it their moral support, but who refrain from joining the Society simply because they find it distasteful to sign a pledge, it has been determined to form a class of Associate Members. Any one expressing his or her sympathy with the objects of the Audubon Society and submitting a written request for membership to any local secretary, will be enrolled on the list of Associate Members. All such applications for membership received by local secretaries of the Society should be forwarded to the General Secretary for registration.

### LOCAL SECRETARIES.

The Society has local secretaries in cities, towns and villages. The local secretary will furnish this circular of information and pledge forms; will receive the signed pledges, keep a list of the members, forward a duplicate list with the pledges for enrollment and file at the Society's office; and will receive in return certificates of membership, to be filled out and signed by the local secretary and given to the members. No certificate of membership will be issued to any person except upon the receipt of a signed pledge at the office of the Society. Where no local secretary has yet been appointed, individual applicants for membership may address the Society at its office, No. 40 Park Row, New York.

If there is no local secretary in your town, you are invited to act as such yourself, or to hand this to some other person who will accept the office. Upon application we will supply copies of this circular and pledge forms.

### THE AUDUBON SOCIETY CERTIFICATE.

The Society furnishes to each member a handsome certificate of membership. This bears a portrait of the great naturalist, John James Audubon, after whom the Society very appropriately takes its name.

The office of the Society is at 40 Park Row, New York city. All communications should be addressed

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No. 40 Park Row, New York.



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THE CROW.

( *Corvus americanus* (AUD.) )

# THE AUDUBON MAGAZINE.

VOL. II.

JULY, 1888,

No. 6.

## THE CROW.

THE Crow was long considered a bird of ill omen, and its reputation to-day suffers from this ancient superstition. Among the thoughtless and ignorant this bird has few friends, but its enemies are many. The farmer hates it because he supposes that it does great damage to his crops in springtime, plucking up the young grain in the fields to devour the sprouting seed; later in the season he accuses it of destroying the eggs of the hens and turkeys which have "stolen" their nests and are sitting in the brush heaps and fence corners and on the edges of the wood at a distance from the house; and after the poultry have hatched out their young the Crow is credited with appropriating to his own use a part of the young chickens and ducks which so mysteriously disappear from the farm. No doubt in all these accusations there is some measure of justice; unquestionably the Crow does considerable damage to the farmer. But there is another side to all this. If the Crow does harm he also does good. Who so useful as the Crow in finding out and devouring the cutworm which destroys the tender corn when it is a few inches high, eating through the succulent stalks, and carrying destruction wherever it goes? Who so keen and methodical as the Crow in his search for grubs in early spring over the sward, brown fields which the grass has not yet begun to brighten? The farmer may not know

that snugly buried among the grass roots are the pupæ of many noxious insects, which if permitted to come to maturity would destroy the roots of the grass and other plants, doing incalculable damage; but the Crow knows that these creatures are there, and he knows, too, that they make very good eating, and so with half a dozen of his glossy-coated companions he stalks solemnly about the field, looking into all the places where it seems as if insects might be found, and sometimes with his stout bill sinking a prospect hole in the ground in an especially likely looking spot. This system of forage the Crow keeps up for a good part of the year. Woe to the field mice if he finds their nest snugly concealed at the root of some old stump, under dense tussock, or among the sprouts of a bramble bush where last year's leaves lie thick upon the ground. A stroke or two of his strong beak kills the parent mice, the nest is torn to pieces, and the young and old are carried off to feed his ravenous brood.

The crimes of the Crow consist in his injury to very young crops, and his destruction of eggs and young of poultry and of insect-eating birds. These last are especially exposed to his attacks, and in a season the number destroyed by a single Crow must be very considerable. On the other hand, this bird devours vast numbers of worms, caterpillars, beetles, mice, shrews and

moles, which but for his efficient and never ceasing pursuit would live and reproduce their kind to the enormous injury of the agriculturist. It would be hard to say whether the Crow does most harm or good. The question has been many times ably debated by those in favor of and those opposed to the bird, but it has never been decided, and perhaps never will be. We strongly incline to the belief that he is a benefit rather than an injury to the farmer, but this view is quite opposed to the general opinion held of him.

The Crow has a wide range, inhabiting almost the entire continent of North America, except the Arctic regions. The Crows of Florida and California are slightly different from those of Eastern North America, but these differences are too slight to be noticed except by the practiced ornithologist. In the Eastern States the Crow is with us all the year round, though probably the birds which we see in winter are not the same ones that live here in summer. At whatever season of the year we find them they are the same wary, careful, and yet sedate and dignified birds. If they have the least suspicion that harm to them is intended, they will not permit a near approach, while on the other hand if they feel confident that a person has no means of injuring them, they will sit on a tree and allow him to come very near. In winter when the ground is frozen and covered with snow the Crows are sometimes hard pushed to make a living. At such times they often congregate in great numbers on the seashore, and feed on the clams, mussels and other shellfish left bare by the retreating tide. Here they mingle with the snowy plumaged gulls, and the flocks of black and white birds spend their time together until forced ashore by the rising waters.

About the first of April the Crows begin to build their nests, but long before that—sometimes as early as the first warm days of February—great flocks of them

gather in the tall trees of some wood and hold a convention, which seems to be, in part at least, devoted to the choosing of mates for the ensuing season. The males talk a great deal, and may be seen sailing here and there far up in the sky, and we presume that the females sit about in the treetops and watch the evolutions of their sable suitors. When all preliminaries are arranged and the time for building has come, both male and female begin to gather materials for the nest. This is composed in the main of stout twigs, which are sometimes torn from the living branches, and is lined with mud and moss, over which is placed cedar bark in fine strips, or sometimes hair and wool. The nest is usually placed in a rather tall forest tree, but sometimes a cedar of moderate size is chosen. It is a large and roomy structure, as indeed it must be to contain the four or five nearly full grown young which are ultimately to inhabit it. During the time when the mother is sitting on the pale-green, brown-dotted eggs, her mate carries food to her, and sometimes takes her place on the nest for a time while she flies off to get a little exercise and rest. When the young are hatched, both father and mother have to work hard to satisfy the cravings of their voracious brood. In going to and from the nest the old birds are careful to avoid attracting attention, but its location is often revealed by the cries of the young, which, when they are hungry, keep up a persistent croaking, which is readily recognized by any one who has ever heard it.

The young Crows when first hatched are tiny, naked creatures, remarkable for nothing except their enormous appetites. They grow rapidly, and before long are nearly as large as their parents. When taken from the nest young they make most interesting and amusing pets, being extremely intelligent and becoming perfectly tame so as not to require confine-

ment. They are, however, rather mischievous, and much given to stealing anything that is bright and glistening. A pair of young Crows that came under our observation were perfectly tame, and as soon as they were able to fly were given full liberty. They associated on equal terms with the children, and took part in their games, seeming readily to comprehend their part. At night they roosted in the trees, and in the early morning were to be seen walking about the lawn. They always presented themselves at the kitchen door at the usual time for feeding, which was just after breakfast, and if the servant who had the matter in charge delayed giving them their meal beyond the accustomed time, they called vociferously and soon brought her out. During the time the children were absent at school and there was no one for them to play with, they associated with the men who were at work about the place, riding on their carts and wheelbarrows, gathering food from the freshly turned up earth in the garden, and seeming more at home than any domestic animals on the place except the dogs. They sometimes made themselves a nuisance to the men, especially when the latter were doing anything that required much stooping. The Crows would alight on their backs and try to detach from their trousers the metal buttons, brightened by much wear. At these they would peck and pound with their sharp, strong beaks until the victim would entirely lose patience and strike viciously at them, when they would cleverly dodge the blow and fly off with a caw of derision. These two Crows remained about until winter set in, when they joined a flock of their migrating brothers and disappeared. It is said that some Crows have been taught to pronounce various words.

The Crow is well known for his courage against feathered foes, and he boldly attacks and drives away from the vicinity

of his nest any hawk, owl, or even eagle, which may venture near it. Against the owl the Crow seems to have an especial grudge, and if one of these birds is discovered by one of a flock of Crows, they all turn upon and attack him, beating and buffeting him until he succeeds in gaining some tree with thick foliage, where he is safe from further molestation. Sometimes the great horned owl takes a savage revenge on the Crows by killing and devouring one of their number. We have seen a marsh hawk in winter attempt to catch a Crow, hovering over and trying to seize one of three that sat on the topmost rail of a fence. The Crows seemed not at all alarmed by his demonstrations, and when he clumsily stretched out his claws to grasp one of them, the threatened bird only shifted his position by hopping a foot or two to one side. The hawk soon became discouraged, and flew away after other and more easily captured game.

Years ago when Crows were much more numerous along the North Atlantic coast than they are at present, these birds used to congregate in great flocks in the autumn, and their roosting grounds were well known. These were often in dense cedar swamps, and to and from them at evening and morning enormous numbers of Crows would journey, scattering out during the day to feed over a wide extent of country, again collecting at the roost at night.

Once in a long time a Crow is seen that is almost pure white, but such albinos are very unusual.

The American Crow is eighteen inches long, and its outstretched wings measure over three feet. Its nostrils, which are at the base of the bill, are hidden under stiff, bristly, or hair-like feathers, which are directed forward, or toward the point of the bill. All the feathers are black, being glossy and shiny in the male and somewhat duller in the female. The bill and feet are black.

## ALEXANDER WILSON.

### II.

IT was at this unsettled stage of his career that Wilson, always eager for a change, went to visit his brother-in-law William Duncan at Queensferry, where he remained for a few months assisting his relative in his business and afterward accompanying him on what his biographer describes as "a mercantile traveling tour" over the eastern districts of Scotland.

This trip took him further afield than he had ever been before: new scenes, new incidents expanded his views, a pedlar's life presented itself as a life of independence; and now that he had at length the opportunity of engaging in so congenial a career, he realized for the first time how utterly distasteful was the sedentary employment for which he had been trained.

Full of his new plans, and resolved to attempt "the establishment of his good fortune in the world," as he tells us, he applied to his friends, who assisted him in providing the requisites for a small pack containing silks, muslins, prints, etc., and thus provided, he entered on his new career with a light heart and sanguine expectations of success.

The life itself was not without its charms—alive to the beauties of Nature, it was no mean privilege to be afforded daily opportunities of visiting the places rich in historic interest or scenic beauty that lie scattered over all the extent of the land. "His attention," says his biographer, "was attracted by everything of worth, and he would often leave his pack to visit some place of antiquity, or the former residences of his favorite authors and poets."

During his wanderings as a pedlar he visited every churchyard which lay in his way, transcribing all curious and quaint epitaphs, of which he made a collection of over three hundred, but these with other of his desultory writings were lost in sub-

sequent wanderings without having been given to the world, which is a great pity, for some Scottish epitaphs are very quaint.

While engaged in this occupation Wilson was adding constantly to his collection of poems, in which he described the leading incidents and emotions of his life; and from some of these it is evident that he found the life of a pedlar one that exposed him to cold, fatigue and hunger as well as to many petty annoyances that galled him sorely. It was by no means the life his fancy had painted it; the frequent cold repulses to which he was subjected and the meagreness of the profits resulted in his returning to Paisley somewhat disgusted, and in his attempting to secure fame and fortune by the publication of his poems.

Encouraged by the favorable opinion of Mr. Crichton of the Towns Hospital, he published his poems, set forth the merits of the contents of his pack in the following quaint handbill, and once more started to seek a market for the contents of his pack and for his new volume of poems.

#### ADVERTISEMENT EXTRAORDINARY.

Fair ladies, I pray, for one moment to stay,  
Until with submission I tell you,  
What muslins so curious, for uses so various,  
A poet has here brought to sell you.

Here's handkerchiefs charming; book muslins like  
ermine,

Brocaded, striped, corded, and check'd,  
Sweet Venus, they say, on Cupid's birthday,  
In British-made muslins was decked.

If these can't content ye, here's muslins in plenty,  
From one shilling up to a dozen,  
That Juno might wear, and more beauteous ap-  
pear,

When she meant the old Thunderer to cozen.

Here are fine jaconets, of numberless sets,  
With spotted and sprigged festoons;  
And lovely tambours, with elegant flowers,  
For bonnets, cloaks, aprons, or gown<sup>e</sup>.



Now ye fair, if ye choose any piece to peruse,  
 With pleasure I'll instantly show it;  
 If the pedlar should fail to be favored with sale,  
 Then I hope you'll encourage the poet.

This second journey brought him nothing but bitter disappointment and wounded pride, thoroughly disgusting him with the pack, and convincing him that hawking his poems was no more profitable. Annoyed at the failure of his plans, he returned to his native town nearly penniless, and much depressed in spirits, convinced that a packman is a personage whom none esteem, and almost every one despises. He found the general opinion in which packmen were held was "that they are mean-spirited, loquacious liars, cunning and illiterate, watching every opportunity, and using every mean and low art within their power to cheat." He found, too, that for a packman to pretend to be a poet was only to expose himself to ridicule.

The sale of his poems proving insufficient to provide the necessaries of life, Wilson was obliged to resume the labors of the loom, at which he was tolerably expert, but he worked in a desultory, half-hearted way, and was always in want. This brought on feelings of despondence which affected his health, and gradually reduced him to a very low state. Rousing himself at length, and aided by the kindly counsel and exertions of friends, he again started with pack and poems, and as an additional resource endeavored to procure some writing for the periodicals of the day.

He contributed several pieces in prose and poetry to the *Glasgow Magazine*, and their acceptance brightened his prospects. At this time Wilson wrote the well-known ballad of "Watty and Meg," which was nearly contemporaneous with Burns's "Tam o' Shanter," and was supposed to be the production of that poet, a supposition which raised Wilson's spirits to a very high pitch; and, shortly afterward, in consequence of the *Bee* refusing to publish

Wilson's criticism of "Tam o' Shanter," Wilson sent the manuscript to Burns direct, and received a friendly reply, which led to a subsequent meeting of the two poets, and a pleasant evening at Burns's farm.

Wilson having been introduced by some of his friends to a debating society at the Edinburgh Pantheon, and having on this first occasion been drawn into an unpremeditated speech which elicited considerable applause, he took a regular part in future debates, making all his addresses in poetry.

In this way he became conscious of the possession of more than average ability, but entirely discouraged by his unsuccessful ventures, with a distaste for the loom, with no career open to him, and without habits of steady application, his life promised to be a failure. He recognized the necessity of training himself for some steady employment, and being recommended to fit himself for the position of mercantile clerk, applied for instruction in the necessary branches of arithmetic, in which he was deficient, and persevered for two days, but on the third day he gave it up.

Then came the practical result of this roving, unsettled life—he drifted into the companionship of agitators who were favoring revolutionary principles, and who persuaded him to write squibs reviling and satirizing the conduct of those who were the most offensive to their views of liberty, or obnoxious as employers.

Wilson, thoroughly familiar with all the persons and circumstances, and ready to redress imagined wrongs, was easily prevailed on, and wrote a number of poetical squibs, for one of which he was prosecuted and sentenced to imprisonment in the Paisley jail, and to burn the manuscript with his own hand.

Even while the sentence was being carried out, he became conscious of his error, and years later he referred to his conduct

in the matter as to "the errors of an un-disciplined youth, with more sail than ballast, and often led by imagination."

Under bail for his offenses, bitterly disposed to indulge in further satires, discontented with himself and the conditions which he sought in vain to escape, he conceived the idea of emigrating to the United States and beginning life anew. The idea once entertained took firm hold of him,

and animated by a sufficiently powerful motive, he set to work on his loom with a will, and with the kind assistance of friends was soon in possession of the means to pay his passage to the promised land, for which he set out with his nephew William Duncan, a lad of sixteen, on May 23, 1794, and, after a voyage of twenty-two days, reached the land where he imagined all his wrongs would cease.

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## BIRDS OF THE PRIMEVAL WORLD.

### I.

SOME of our grandfathers and grandmothers were very estimable people; in fact, they are so to this day; but it is astonishing what a lot of things there are that they knew nothing about. Our fathers and mothers have learnt and found out so many things that they sometimes talk as if they knew almost everything, but between you and me, if the truth were only known, it would be possible to write a whole book about the things they know nothing about, and I shouldn't be a bit surprised if the present boys and girls were to grow up, and open their eyes, and find out a lot of those things and turn out to be the cleverest folks that ever lived.

The way things go on in this world is just a riddle, and some people are much sharper at finding out riddles than others, and every now and then one of these sharp fellows finds out one of Nature's riddles, and astonishes people; for when a riddle is once found out, you can't help feeling that the answer is a right one.

Now I want to tell you about some very extraordinary birds that lived ever so long ago; I would not like to say how many thousands of years, because somebody would be sure to jump up and say the world wasn't made then, and then somebody else would be sure to jump up with a sneer, and ask him how long he thought it

took Niagara to cut through a mile of rock? No, it's no good disputing about how long ago, and it's no particular matter. If you see an eagle soaring high aloft, you know that he's a long way off without measuring the distance, and so about those birds I was speaking of, it is quite safe to say that "they lived ever so long ago." Well, these birds used to live in the sea, some of them had no wings and got their living by diving, or, as one might say, by divers' means, and others had long wings like gulls; but the remarkable thing that distinguished them from any birds you ever saw was that, instead of beaks, they had jaws armed with long rows of teeth like a lizard or a crocodile. There can be no doubt about the birds having lived at the time I speak of, because their bones have been found, and their jaws with the teeth in them, and there couldn't be any better evidence than that. What appears stranger still is that all the remains of birds found in that page of the world's history had lizards' jaws and teeth, and, when you turn back the leaves still further (I suppose you know that the world's history is written on thick sheets of rock), there were no birds in the world at all, nothing to speak of in fact except lizards in great variety, and some of these, both small and large, walked on their hind legs, and stretched out their long necks in

search of frogs and other delicacies, and tried to behave themselves like birds.

I am going to tell you something more about these birds directly, and what pages of the world's history their remains are found in, but I want to point out to you first that the whole world's history is, as I said, full of riddles, and when the pages of the great stone book were turned over, and it was found that first came the lizards on four legs, then that they took to walking on their hind legs in the next page, then that there was a lot of birds with lizards' jaws in the next page, and ever after that the birds put away their jaws and teeth and took to wearing beaks as they do to this day, everybody felt that this was a riddle that he was bound to answer somehow. The bones were there and it was no good saying that they never had any flesh on them. Let any wide-awake American boy or girl come home late for dinner and find nothing on the table but turkey bones on all the plates, and you'll find it's no good telling him or her that there had been no turkey for dinner, and so it was with the old-world birds' bones. There is the riddle, and how are you going to answer it?

Well, most people said there must have been another creation before this one, but the geologists, that is, the people who know how to read the writing on the pages of the great stone book, said that that was all very fine, for if there had been one new creation, there must have been a great many, for after you turned back the leaves with the crawling lizards on them, you come to nothing but fishes, and when you turn back still another page, there are fishes, but they have no proper backbone; still nearer the beginning of the book, there were no fish even, but there were still lobsters to be had if there had been anybody to go after them, but the principal creatures that lived in that age of the world were clams and oysters and such like

mollusca—as people call them—and you might think it a great pity that they were so plentiful and no market for them, but that is not the right way to look at it. But when you come to turn back, to the very earliest pages of the book there is nothing so respectable even as a mollusk; in all the world there was perhaps nothing with so much sense as an oyster, and that doesn't amount to much, although he has a beard—nothing, in fact, but creatures without brains or backbones or eyes, or in fact anything else except stomachs and trimmings, that is extensions which did for legs, arms, feelers or anything else. So if there must be a new creation to account for the birds with teeth, that I was telling you about, there must have been ever so many new creations. Perhaps there were, it's hard to say; but I'll tell you how Charles Darwin read that riddle about thirty years ago, and, although almost everybody doubted when he first told it, the more people think of it, the more it looks as if it were the true answer.

He said that God created some little simple cells in the beginning, such as it is not possible to see without the aid of a microscope, they are so small, and that these went on growing and giving birth to others that differed a little from each other, and that owing to the different circumstances they were placed in, some took to getting their living in one way, and some in another, and that this had such an effect on them that after a time they were no more like each other in tastes, habits and appearance than a respectable backwoodsman and a member of the New York Stock Exchange; then he said their children went on growing more and more different, according as their change of circumstances and habits affected them, and in course of time the infusoria, as they call the lower creatures, begat molluscs, and that these went on changing gradually and getting more brains, until in time their young ones

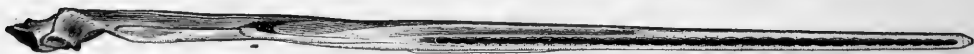
became fishes, and that after ages of time the fishes got backbones, and some of them became more and more like lizards, and, being able to live in either land or water, they went ashore and took to feeding on vegetables, until in the course of ages they never thought of going back to the water except to get a drink, and as some changed one way and some another, and gradually got warm blood, and wanted something to keep the cold out, some grew feathers and

they would grow up to be very different women, but for all that they would both be women; but Darwin answered them that if circumstances and habits would make a little change in twenty years it would make a bigger change in twenty thousand years, and besides that, he said some other things that are pretty hard to answer.

He said, for instance, that all the dogs came from one wild stock something like the wolf, but, although they had been only

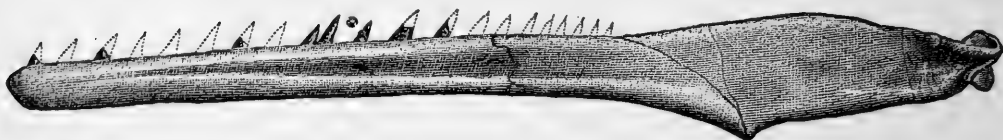


SIDE VIEW.



UPPER VIEW.

JAWS OF HESPERORNIS—HALF NATURAL SIZE.



SIDE VIEW.



UPPER VIEW.

JAWS OF ICTHYORNIS—TWICE NATURAL SIZE.

became birds, and some let their hair grow, and became kangaroos and opossums, and gave up laying eggs as their fathers, or rather I should say, their mothers, had always done before them.

A good many people laughed at this theory of Darwin's, for they said that, although circumstances and habits alter the character of man or any other animal, they cannot alter the species, or sort. It was true, of course, that if a woman died and left two little infant girls, and one was adopted by a family of wealth and refinement, and the other brought up in an institution and then sent to work on a farm,

a few thousand years in domestication, a visit to a dog show showed that they had been changed in ever so many directions. Who would suppose that the mastiffs, the Newfoundland dogs, the blood hounds, and bull dogs, and greyhounds, and Italian greyhounds, and spaniels and pug dogs and toy terriers, all came from one family? And yet there is no doubt that they did. So too with the pigeons. The fan tails, tumblers, carriers, and all came from one family—the blue rock pigeon—and all those changes have been effected in domestication. Then he pointed to the poll cattle of Aberdeen that have given up

wearing horns, which is a great change of fashion for an ox, and he pointed out so many other facts that people hardly knew what to believe. They were willing enough to believe that birds and animals might go on changing until they are no more like their own relations than a red Indian is like a Broadway dude, but as to man having descended from a monkey—no—they couldn't believe that. The white man might have been descended from the Bosjeemen of Africa or some such low race, but not from a monkey. Well, Darwin said he didn't believe that the parents of the first man were exactly monkeys or gorillas, but a something half-way between a gorilla and a Hottentot. In fact he said that as all changes were gradual, there must be a missing link or something between, to connect the forms of life now on the earth with the forms of life found in the rocks. Well, this "missing link" became a great catch-word and was in everybody's mouth, and somebody remarked that if Darwin was right there must be a great many missing links, and for his part he wouldn't believe in Darwin's theory until he saw the missing links between the reptiles and birds, for as the reptiles lived first and the birds were found a little further on in the book,

there must have been a lot of intermediate or half and half creatures between them.

Darwin admitted that that was true, but then, he said, the stone book was so big, and so many of the records had been rubbed out, that one might possibly never be able to read the whole history, but that for all that, if we looked long enough, we should find some of the "missing links" sooner or later, and now, as I set out by telling you, his words have come true. Long ages ago, before this continent rose above the surface of the ocean, when the crests of the Rocky Mountains formed only a reef of islands, the sea that washed them was full of life, and these birds, the divers, and the sailors, with their long-toothed jaws, used to go fishing for a living, and perhaps even for sport in those very waters. There can be no doubt about it, for their bones are found imbedded in the chalk and mud that formed the bottom in those days, but which has since been raised up and covered with vegetation and a fruitful soil, and become fit for the support of a great nation. We give here cuts representing side views and upper views of the jaws of *Hesperornis* and *Ichthyornis*, and will tell more about these birds in our next number.

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#### THE AUDUBON KNIGHTS.

"OH dear! I just wish I was a king, wouldn't I make things spin!" and Alex shut his book with a bang.

"What's the matter?" asked mamma, who was sewing near. "Whose head do you wish to cut off?"

"Nobody's, mamma, but I've been reading about earls and lords and knights of long ago, and how they treated the poor people that they had charge of, and I just wished I was a king, and I'd turn the tables on 'em mighty quick and let 'em find out how it felt."

"That's what Bruce did," put in Jack, who was playing checkers with Seymour. "But I'd rather be a baron myself and be kind to the paupers, and so be a bright and shining example to the rest of them: Go ahead Sey, it's your move."

"You a bright and shining example!" almost shouted Seymour, "listen to the conceit of the fellow, will you? why, you're always the one in scrapes. Hold on! mind what you're about, will you?" he added, "it's my turn yet, you have to crown me, you know."

"Boys," said mamma, looking up at the "Troublesome Trio," as papa called them. "Boys, how would you like it if I should make you knights, and set you to govern certain portions of the farm?"

Three curious faces were turned toward her, and Jack said anxiously:

"You don't mean us to carry soup and jelly to the people in Frog Hollow, do you? or see that the children go to school?"

"Oh no, not at all," and mamma smiled, for Jack disliked missionary work exceedingly. "Your subjects shall be of the feathered tribe. I want you to protect the birds, and see that no depredations are made on their nests. There used to be so many about when I was a little girl, and now we have hardly any, and the few we have are so shy and timid that one can't go near them."

"Do you mean," said Alex, "that we are each to have certain nests to protect?"

"No; you are each to have a piece of land, and you are bound to protect any bird that builds on it. Do you see, it is just as it was long ago. I am your queen, and you are my barons. I present you with the land (just as William did the Norman barons) and you must protect the people. Do you like my plan?"

"First-rate idea; what piece of land are you going to give me?" asked Seymour. The checkers had been forgotten, and both he and Jack sat tipping their chairs back against the wall.

"To you? well, I will give you the north pasture and the strip of woods behind it."

"Thanks, O, most mighty queen, and I, on my bended knee (only I won't bend it, 'cause I bruised it this morning) do here promise and vow to protect it at the risk of my life, to—"

"Oh get out, Seymour, don't be an ape. What'll you give me, mom?" said the eldest of the boys.

"Well, Alexander, to you I will give the old mill and the pasture around it, and

Sleepy Hollow. Jack, you can have Rocky Point and the marsh by the new dam, and the hedge on Willow Lane. Now to-morrow you must explore your land and see how many nests there are already, and all through the spring you must keep account of them, just how many there are, what kind, and how many birds in each. In this way you will learn a great deal about them. And you must hereafter protect them from the village boys and all other enemies."

"Can't I do something too, mamma?"

"Indeed, you may," and mamma stroked the fair curls, well pleased that Philip, the delicate one of the boys, should take an interest in anything that would take him out of doors. "You shall have the garden, and the orchard, and the wall behind the barn—the barn too, if you like."

The next morning the boys started off on their exploring trips. They passed the barn, and went together along the lane with its zig-zag fence, but where the road came to the pond, they separated, and went each to his own province. Seymour, crossing the creek on stepping-stones, and pushing his way through a hedge, began to climb the steep ascent of north pasture, or the high pasture as it was sometimes called. At the top of the hill, parallel with the fence, stood a row of cedar trees, here there was a great chattering going on, and as he drew near, he saw hundreds of blackbirds flying from tree to tree. When he came to look into the matter, he found that a settlement was being made on his property, and several nests were in the trees. After watching them for a while, he crossed the meadow to the woods. Here he heard nothing but birds, birds on all sides, some singing ravishing melodies, some twittering busily at their work, and some scolding angrily. In vain he tried to follow the fairy voices that called to him in an enticing manner to come look at their nests. Through the bushes, over fallen trees, through brambles that caught and held

him fast, he scrambled, looking eagerly for the dainty nests that were too well hidden to be found so easily.

At last, baffled and tired and hot, he sat down to rest. The birds laughed mockingly all around him, but he laughed back, saying, "Never mind, wait till this afternoon, when it's cooler, and I'll fix you."

In the meantime, Alex had been to the old water mill, where a host of barn swallows were making their homes, and a few sleepy owls whirred through the rickety



HE SAW HUNDREDS OF BLACKBIRDS.

roof at the sound of his approach. Then out across the meadow, peering into every bush, and under every tuft of grass for songsters' nests, listening, with a thrill of delight, to the soft warble of the "Orpheus" and the rich note of the robin, coming melodiously from the woods, to Sleepy Hollow, a quiet grove of chestnut, oak, and beech trees, that lay between three high hills—one of them the north pasture itself—to where, in a tall tree, dead long ago, a woodpecker made his nest, sticking his head out now and then, and giving his shrill *Flick-flick-flick*, as though gossiping about the weather.

Jack took his way to Rocky Point, a high peak of rocks that raised up beside the so-called new dam (which was not really new at all, for papa had often been swimming in it when a boy, but only relatively new, in comparison with a still older milldam.) No birds were to be seen or heard here, so he slid down over the rough stones to the swamp that bordered the pond on one side. Here, to his delight, were three little sandpipers, running out over the mossy logs and stones, and tilting themselves about as if they were playing seesaw. After a whole morning's search for their nests, and after falling into the mud three times, he made up his mind that they had none, and resolved to go home, and on the way was much gratified by finding five sparrows' nests in his hedge on Willow Lane.

They all came in to dinner as hungry as hawks, and full of their discoveries.

"There's a whole colony of crow-blackbirds in the cedar trees of the north pasture," began Seymour.

"Yes, and three sandpipers' nests in the marsh (at least the birds were there; I'm going to look for the nests again this afternoon), and no end of hedge sparrows (real nests) on Willow Lane," put in Jack.

"And there's a pair of woodpeckers building in Sleepy Hollow, and some barn swallows in the mill," finished Alex.

"Well, there's a bluebird in the orchard, and three robins in the garden," said little Phil. "I don't know what's in the wall. I got so much interested in watching the bluebird, that I didn't get that far."

"Well, my doughty knights," said mamma, "you have found out where some of your tenants live, you must now see to it that they are allowed to remain there unmolested."

"Yes'm, we will," came the chorus.

At tea they were as much excited as they had been at dinner, for many new and startling discoveries had been made.

"And what do you think, mother?" said

Alex, when, supper over, they sat on the porch and watched the silver moon climb up the evening sky, "while I was watching a lovely catbird (or Orpheus, rather) a little ragamuffin came along—one of your friends from Frog Hollow—and he pulled out a slap-jack, and (he didn't see me) was just going to let fly at my Orpheus, when I grabbed him by the nape of the neck and gave him such a trouncing that he'll not get over it in a hurry."

"Ah! but my dear brother," remarked Jack, "I did better than that. I am afraid your friend will come back again and do a great deal of damage to spite you."

me say that I think you took the wisest steps possible in the matter. But we must go to bed, here's Phillie sound asleep in papa's arms. Good-night, my brave barons. I wish you every success with your 'faire' countries."

The summer passed and autumn came. The boys had learned much in the past four months. Every bird that flew was familiar to them, and they had little books in which they wrote down their observations, and in which they had skilfully drawn maps of their separate provinces, on which were marked the trees that bore the nests.

The birds were gone. After a series of



"I WAS SO MUCH INTERESTED WATCHING A BLUEBIRD IN THE ORCHARD."

"I don't see what else I could have done or how I could have done it better," said Alex, "unless I'd killed him," he added, "and I didn't want to do that."

"Then listen to what I did, and hereafter do not scoff at your brother's 'bright and shining example.' I," and he poised himself gracefully on the railing, and spoke slowly and impressively, "I took a lot of *Audubon pledges* down to *Frog Hollow* and enlisted all the boys, and they've sworn to protect the birds, and they're interested too. Haven't I got a 'goodlie lot of retainers' for my earldom?"

"Bravo!" "Well done!" came from all sides, as he clambered down from his perch and went to his mother, saying:

"There are their signatures, you take charge of them, will you?"

"Certainly, my son," said she, "and let

plaintive farewells, they had winged their way to the sunny south. And then winter came, and with his soft snows filled to the brim all the forsaken little nests.

It was the day before Christmas, and the boys had been gone all afternoon to hunt for greens and holly in the woods, and now it was growing dark and they had not come back, and mamma and little Phil were watching for them from the window. Pretty soon three stout figures staggered up the drive under a load of holly and laurel boughs, and three merry faces were turned toward the window, shaking the snow off, and all talking at once. At last Alex was heard say:

"We've had a splendid time, and we did not forget the birds either."

"The birds! dear; why they went south long ago."



"O no! mamma," put in Seymour, "the chickadees are here, and the sparrows, and we've hung sheaves of wheat all round the porch, in the orchard and on some of the trees in the woods, Swedish style, you know."

And that night, when four drowsy heads were laid on soft pillows to dream of coming splendors, mamma, candle in hand,

went the rounds, and as she bent over the dark heads, she thought of these lines from the "Ancient Mariner":

"He prayeth well who loveth well  
Both man and bird and beast.  
He prayeth best who loveth best  
All things, both great and small;  
For the dear God who loveth us,  
He made and loveth all."

ETHELDRED BREEZE BARRY.

## GOLD BEAUTY.

### THE STORY OF A BUTTERFLY.

**G**OLD BEAUTY'S first recollections were of finding herself in a shady corner of the garden under a lilac bush.

She supposed she had lived before this, but, try as she might, she could remember nothing about it, and so for all practical purposes it is just as well to say that she began her existence on that particular June morning when she first became conscious that she was alive.

Gold Beauty learned so many things that morning that it is a great wonder so much hastily acquired knowledge did not bring her down with brain fever; for, besides finding out that she was alive, she found out there were many other live things all around her—creatures that lived in the grass, creatures that lived in the air, and creatures that lived in the treetops. Everywhere the whole earth was full of living beings, and this seemed wonderful to her. And as she looked around the old garden and saw its rows of pretty flowers, and its clumps of blossoming shrubs, its neat vegetable beds, and its thrifty asparagus patch; to say nothing of the wonderful blue sky that hung over it, and the unceasing music that kept it full of melody, she was well content to find herself in the midst of it, and thought the world a charming place.

At first she wondered whether the things

had always been there, or whether they were new like herself, but this was such a puzzling problem that she soon gave it up, and just enjoyed everything without caring whether it was new or old. The garden was an old-fashioned one, where beauty and utility were happily combined. Sweet peas climbing up the ugly bean poles, and pansies peeping up among the radishes, while sweet mignonette ran round and round the carrots in the friendliest manner, just as Sunday might run after Monday saying, "Here is some lavender, dear, to put among your clean muslins."

Gold Beauty thought that such an arrangement could not be improved upon, and would have scorned a garden where flowers and vegetables stood jealously apart. Thus it is not surprising, considering the circumstances, that she also developed into a very sociable creature, and felt on friendly terms with every one, and admired everything in the garden, herself included.

Not that she was vain, oh no! that would have been silly when there were so many other creatures, so much more beautiful than herself, but she took great comfort in her beautiful green robe with its blue and yellow and pink trimmings, and was glad that her appearance was in harmony with the beauty everywhere around her. And

it was certainly a happy thought to give life to one who enjoyed it as much as she did, for from the flaming oriole that rocked in the topmost branch of the tallest locust tree, down to the little lady-bird that thought she was a great traveler if she journeyed twice around the rim of a damask rose, Gold Beauty loved one and all and was happy in thinking that they loved her in return.

It is true that not many of the tenants of the old garden even had a thought to spare for Gold Beauty, but she had her friends for all that, among the humbler class to which she belonged, for, of course, being only a creeper, she did not expect to be noticed by any one but creepers, and would have been quite overcome with shyness if a flyer had paid her any but the smallest attentions. Yet there were flyers and flyers, Gold Beauty soon found out, and she divided them for her own convenience into two classes: those that lived almost entirely up among the trees where the songs were, and those that seemed to prefer the lower regions and were delighted chiefly with the flowers. She amused herself sometimes with wondering which class she would join if she had her choice. She thought there were many advantages to be considered on both sides. It is true that the low-flyers were in some respects more in harmony with the flowers, being so light and airy that they could balance themselves with ease on the bell of the tiniest lily of the valley, or go to sleep if they liked in the bosom of any convenient rose they might select; they were also exceedingly beautiful with their wings gorgeously painted on either side, in the most glowing colors. Still the high flyers had the songs all to themselves, and could soar up to the very sky, even if their wings were not painted, and Gold Beauty had hard work to make choice between them, and used to get her poor brain quite excited over the problem until she reflected that she was

only a creeper after all, and wings were a matter of no concern to her.

Then she would come back to realities with a jump, and set about her real business of life, which was eating. Yes, it is true, she was such an eater, that it seemed sometimes that she could not find enough in the garden to satisfy her. Not that she was a glutton, oh no; but she belonged to a family of rapid growers, and they really could not help having ravenous appetites.

She would have helped it if she could, for she often found it inconvenient to be always hungry; and often had to give up invitations to tea, because she was ashamed of her appetite; and she grew so fast that her clothes were all the time becoming too small for her. This was her greatest grievance, for she often found herself too large for her old suit before she could get another one ready, and then she was forced to hide herself in some secluded place and go entirely without eating for a day or two, and of course she ceased growing for the time, but at the end she could come forth again clad in fresh raiment.

Although this happened over and over again, Gold Beauty kept on eating as much as ever, for she had made up her mind to grow all she could, as fast as she could, and so get through with it, for she knew that her appetite would never leave her so long as she had to grow.

In her journeyings through the garden for food and pleasure, she came upon many curious things, but nothing puzzled her more than to find every now and then one of those queer-shaped gray towers in which she was told poor captives were kept.

She could never find out why they were put there, or what they had done, and she spent some time in imagining reasons for their imprisonment, wondering occasionally if it could be possible that any of them were put there because they had enormous appetites. This very thought made her

feel so uncomfortable that she would stop eating for a while and take to watching the high-flyers. And here she often found puzzling things too, for she often saw one of her own class carried off by some jaunty high-flyer, and she wondered why it was done. None of the creepers ever came back to tell her, and she often felt aggrieved because none ever carried her up right amidst the songs. But one day when she had taken a longer journey than usual and had, in fact, almost reached the little brook that ran along under the apple trees, and which was separated from the garden by a wide space of green grass, she saw a sight that explained this mystery and filled her heart with terror.

She was reclining on a broad grass blade, enjoying the sunlight, and taking pleasure from the sound of the little brook that was rippling over the pebbles, when she saw a high-flyer sailing rapidly toward her and bearing along with it one of her creeper friends.

Gold Beauty thrilled with excitement, for she thought her time had come, and she was also going to be caught up and taken to the treetops. But she remained instead, quite unseen, owing perhaps to the color of her dress which was the same shade as the grass blade, and the high-flyer, who seemed in this case to be a low-flyer too, dropped right down in the grass, and the curious watcher saw her enter her home, which for some strange reason she had built right down there, and feed her hungry babies with the poor creeper, which they devoured with the greatest relish.

Gold Beauty looked on while her heart swelled with pity. Cruel, cruel, high-flyers, she thought, not to know that the poor creepers did not like to be eaten. She shuddered at the sight and then moved quickly away, for she did not doubt her turn would come next if the heartless mother saw her.

After this Gold Beauty's worship of the

high-flyers was mixed with a little distrust and she took care to keep out of their way. But one day the thought came to her that perhaps she had judged her old idols too harshly, for it was just possible, she thought, that *all* high-flyers did not eat creepers.

Perhaps it was only those that preferred the ground for their homes instead of the breezy treetops, that were so cruel as to feed their children upon innocent living beings. Filled with this idea Gold Beauty immediately considered it her duty to journey among the treetops and see if it were true.

Accordingly she set forth one beautiful day when the air was soft and the old garden seemed full of peace, and made her way to the cherry trees that threw their long arms quite over the garden wall.

To climb such heights was tedious work to a slow-moving creature like herself, but she pressed on, and moved from branch to branch, and tree to tree with the utmost patience. But, alas! all that she saw only confirmed her in the belief that the high-flyers one and all looked upon creepers as things only fit to feed their own petted darlings on, for everywhere she went, and every home she visited showed the same thing—a group of hungry children waiting eagerly for their mothers to bring them hapless creepers for their food.

This all affected Gold Beauty's spirits so that even her appetite began to suffer, and the last place she visited, which contained six ferocious babies, was too great a strain upon her nerves, for she quite gave up, and, a shower coming down at the same time, she made a little pavilion for herself of a leaf and abandoned herself to the most gloomy views of life.

A short time after this, however, she became a little more cheerful, for she suddenly found that she had stopped growing. She knew that this had happened by her complete loss of appetite, and in her joy at knowing that she had ceased to be a slave

to eating she again began to take a little comfort in life. Once more the garden seemed attractive, and, although the high-flyers had ceased to call forth her old, rapturous admiration, the low-flyers still remained as beautiful as ever, and she never wearied of watching their graceful flights or of seeing them hover over the flowers, whose bright hues they rivalled, and drink the delicious nectar upon which they existed. In those days Gold Beauty had no trouble in choosing between the high-flyers and low-flyers, for the latter had become her favorites, and their brilliant presence gave the garden its most delightful charm. But just when Gold Beauty had quite grown up, and expected to spend the rest of her days in peace, fate held a calamity in store for her, more dreadful than any she had ever dreamed of.

The wicked fairy who made it her business to wander around the garden and blight the flowers with mildew, and blast the young buds, and scatter the blossoms to the wind, and kill the fruit, and even sometimes quiet the voice of the little brook, found Gold Beauty out and put her fateful spell upon her. Then began such a time of woe that it is a wonder that poor Gold Beauty ever survived it; for while she knew that the fairy had cast the spell upon her, she was quite powerless to undo it, and could only go on yielding more and more to her wicked charm. This produced such mental anguish that one would have thought the fairy would have had some pity. But she only kept on her cruel work until she had her victim firmly sealed up in one of those gray towers, and no one knows what other mischief she might not have done had not her power ceased there. But even this hard-hearted fairy could do no more than confine her in the tower and leave her there, for there her power ceased.

Poor Gold Beauty! behold her now, stripped of the beautiful green robe with

its golden spots, and clothed in a shapeless garment of dingy gray. Shut out from the old garden with its sunlight and fragrance, and confined in a gloomy prison whose thick walls no ray of light might pierce.

All her bright companions still wandered free and happy through the fair summer days, the flowers still smiled in beauty, and the little brook still sang its careless song, but she saw nothing, heard nothing of all the glad life around her. Ah! who would not pity Gold Beauty now?

And still she did not hear when Summer gathered all her gay children in her arms and bade the old garden farewell; when Autumn came with her gold and sunset treasures and scattered largess over the land, or when Winter sent his frosts and snow and covered the earth with dazzling beauty. Very dark days were those for Gold Beauty.

But the wicked fairy could not have her own way forever, although she kept Gold Beauty in her prison for many weary months. For one day a beautiful spirit came flying into the garden, and went traveling around to see what the wicked fairy had been about, for she knew her very well, and did not doubt she had been up to some mischief.

How indignant the spirit became as she flew from one gray tower to another, and found each one occupied by some poor prisoner. Her first thought was to set them free, and she would have liked nothing better than to bring an army of her soldiers and tear all the gray towers down at once.

But this she could not do, for as the wicked fairy had used magic to confine the prisoners, the spirit must also use magic to set them free, and she set about this so cleverly that no one suspected what she was about until the poor captives were nearly all delivered.

She began with those who had been con-

fined the longest, and this soon brought her to Gold Beauty, who lay despairing in her gloomy cell all unconscious that freedom was so near at hand.

But one day, while brooding over her woes, she suddenly felt that the whole world was full of wonderful music; this was the magic song of the beautiful spirit that had penetrated her darkened prison house, and already begun its work of deliverance.

For, as Gold Beauty listened, it seemed to her that the song was calling her outside, and wooing her to hope again with a powerful but delicious charm. She listened in rapture, for the music seemed filled with sweet remembrances of her former happy life. Again she heard the robins' notes up among the apple boughs, and again she saw the flash of bright wings in the air, while she felt the summer wind once more laden with the perfume of violets.

Her heart filled with wild longing to be free and she struggled to break the chains that she had wound herself in while under the wicked fairy's spell.

And still the song went on calling her to sunshine and freedom in the glad world outside.

Gold Beauty never knew how it came about, but suddenly her whole body was filled with wonderful strength, and her heart endowed with such courage, that she felt she could accomplish anything. One by one she broke her chains, and slowly and with much toil made an opening in the gray wall of her prison. Each new movement toward freedom brought greater hope, and, as she worked, the magic song grew louder and sweeter, until it seemed that there was nothing but music everywhere.

At last the gray wall gave way, and the poor captive once more crept out into the

bright sunlight, and then the song died softly away until it seemed only like the faint trilling of a far off bird, and the beautiful spirit flew away with a happy smile to carry deliverance to some prisoner in another sealed tower.

Gold Beauty lay quiet for a long time after she came out of her prison, for she felt quite worn out with her unusual exertion, but at last the fresh air, and the bright sun, and the sense of freedom made her feel like moving about and visiting some of her former haunts.

And then oh, joy of joys! what did she find out? That the spirit had not only been the means of her deliverance, but that she had also given her wings. And such wings! Golden as the sun, and marked with spots of velvety black.

Gold Beauty lifted them up and down softly, and then spread them with delight. Large wings they were too, and strong, and she knew they would bear her through many a dizzy flight; and, as she tried their power for the first time she discovered something else that gave her pleasure, for she found that she was a low-flyer instead of a high-flyer, and this is just what she would have wished had she been given her choice.

And so all things turned out well at last for Gold Beauty, and in the joy of her new existence she almost forgot that she had ever been a creeper or confined in a gloomy prison.

Gaily she flew from place to place discovering such fresh beauties everywhere that the old garden seemed like a new world—not more beautiful, but different; and filled with an ever deepening charm of which she herself was a part, together with the songs and the flowers, and all the fair things that contributed to render the garden an earthly paradise.

# THE AUDUBON NOTE BOOK.

## MEMBERSHIP RETURNS.

THE month of May closed with a total registered number of 46,484, showing an increase during the month of 833 members, drawn from the following sources:

New York.....	190	Kentucky.....	2
Massachusetts.....	178	Colorado.....	1
Pennsylvania.....	58	Missouri.....	6
New Jersey.....	49	California.....	13
Connecticut.....	58	Kansas.....	15
Maine.....	20	Georgia.....	1
Rhode Island.....	1	North Carolina.....	31
Indiana.....	13	Delaware.....	36
Ohio.....	9	Tennessee.....	4
Washington Territory.....	3	Alabama.....	2
Minnesota.....	16	Canada.....	132
New Mexico.....	1		
			833

C. F. AMERY, General Secretary.

## BIRDS ON THE INCREASE.

FROM a great number of sources we have received the very gratifying intelligence that birds are perceptibly on the increase this year, and the daily press has recorded similar observations, some of their correspondents ingeniously attributing the increase to the mortality among the sparrows during the severe snow storm last March. Unfortunately for this argument the sparrows don't kill birds; the most that is charged against them in this direction is that they disturb and drive away nesting birds and destroy their eggs. All this might affect the number of young birds of the season, but the subject for congratulation is the number of birds that came back from the south to build, and the sparrows had nothing to do with affecting these returns. There is no need to go so far afield in search of a cause when an adequate one is at hand in the restraining influence of the Audubon Society.

## THE POET'S APPEAL.

WE never have had a poet's corner in the AUDUBON MAGAZINE, in fact, as is well known to our contributors, we have religiously and firmly excluded all metrical productions from its columns. In this determination we have of course been animated by the very best of motives, but there are moments when we have been brought face to face with the question, "Is this want of faith in the inspiring influence of poetry the result of superior insight or of some deficiency in your own spiritual natures?"

Modesty and integrity alike urge to an impartial decision, and even at the risk of proving ourselves wrong, we are determined to avail ourselves of an

opportunity that now offers itself for putting the matter to the test. Can poetry inspire to generous action? That is the problem we have determined to solve, and the conditions are eminently favorable to a right decision. Month after month have we appealed to our readers in the most earnest prose language at our command to contribute to the erection of the Audubon Monument, and our appeal has for the most part passed unheeded by, but the poet Isaac McLellan put his pen to paper in good flowing rhyme in behalf of the monument, and under the influence of the stimulus put his other hand into his pocket and sent us liberal largess. Is it not then possible that others may be similarly moved by his poetic appeal? That is precisely the problem for solution, and one which we have determined to solve by publishing it, being willing to be proved wrong for the sake of truth and the money which will have to be put in evidence.

## THE "MAGAZINE" AS AN EDUCATOR.

*Editor Audubon Magazine:*

Will you please thank Miss Florence A. Merriam for me for her "Fifty Common Birds"? I have learned so much this spring, with her help, about the birds. Last year, if any one had asked me what kinds of birds we have in our neighborhood, I should probably have answered, "Oh, robins and catbirds and sparrows." Of course, I knew there were more than those I have just named, but I never knew how many more until I saw them through my opera glasses. Just see my record for the past month. I have italicized the names of those I never saw before this spring.

April 6—Yellow-shafted flicker.

April 14—Chippy, *kinglet* and a pair of juncos.

April 18—Song sparrow, *white-throated sparrow* and a wood thrush.

April 28—Robin building in the honeysuckle on our side porch. Saw the chimney swifts to-day, first time this year.

May 1—Pair of Baltimore orioles.

May 2—*Meadowlark*, *black and white creeper*, *black-throated blue warbler* and a *chewink*.

May 5—Chewink or towhee, catbird (first time this year) brown thrush, belted kingfisher, Baltimore oriole and a white-throated sparrow.

So you see I owe a great deal to Miss Merriam, for it was from her descriptions that I found out the names of my feathered friends.

E. B. B.  
GERMANTOWN, Pa.



THE AUDUBON MONUMENT.

AH, noble Audubon, who lov'd so well  
 Thro' Nature's loveliest, loneliest woods to tread,  
 To paint with matchless brush and loving heart,  
 The birds of song thro' her dominions spread;  
 To track with patient toil the forest glades,  
 A wanderer lone in wildernesses drear,  
 Toiling o'er Northern mount and Southern plain,  
 Unwearied with thy task thro' all the year.  
 Dear to us all is thy illustrious fame,  
 Deep in our hearts we consecrate thy name!

'Mid solemn silence or the sylvan sounds  
 Of woods primeval, thou did'st love to rove,  
 Noting all bird-life of those leafy shades,  
 Rejoicing in their joys, their songs of love.  
 The birds that skimm'd the empty fields of air,  
 The birds that thro' the sombre forests sped,  
 The flocks that o'er the boundless prairies flew,  
 The sea-fowl o'er the salty lagoons spread,

Were all familiar in each tone and hue,  
 Each gorgeous plumage, each melodious note,  
 Each hovering wing that o'er your head would float;  
 Sweet then the task the master's hand to trace  
 Each grace, each glory of the feathered race!

Then let us raise a fair, memorial shaft,  
 Sculptur'd with birds of every race and clime,  
 Grac'd with thy lineaments, thy honor'd name,  
 Memorial of our love thro' future time.  
 Let it arise where first the glow of day  
 Around its shapely pinnacle may fall,  
 And sunset's rosy colors shall suffuse  
 The graven name so precious to us all.  
 There then the birds you lov'd their songs shall pour,  
 Delicious harmonies of wood and vale,  
 Where royal eagle shall above ye soar  
 And evening whippoorwill sound mournful wail.

ISAAC McLELLAN.

## EMINENT PEOPLE ON BIRD PROTECTION.

OAK KNOLL, Danvers, Mass., }  
2nd mo., 20, 1886. }

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

I heartily approve of the proposed AUDUBON SOCIETY. We are in a way to destroy both our forests and our birds. A society for the preservation of the latter has long been needed, and I hope it is not too late for the accomplishment of its objects.

I could almost wish that the shooters of the birds, the taxidermists who prepare their skins, and the fashionable wearers of their feathers might share the penalty which was visited upon the Ancient Mariner who shot the Albatross. Thy friend,

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Feb. 20, 1886.

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

I am heartily in sympathy with your purposes for the protection of birds, and should be glad to contribute any influence that I can to that end.

If there were no purchasers there would be no demand, and no reason for slaughtering these winged gems. But as only women create a demand, it rests upon them to stay this wanton destruction. I am sure that it is only necessary to bring before American women the cruelty of this "slaughter of the innocents" that fashion is carrying on, to secure a renunciation of this ornament and the salvation of birds.

On this subject the kind feelings, the taste, and æsthetic sympathy of the whole community are on your side, and if you persevere you will surely win.

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

CORNWALL-ON-HUDSON, N. Y., }  
Feb. 22, 1886. }

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

You have indeed my hearty sympathy in every effort to prevent the slaughter of my innocent little neighbors and friends, the birds. In the destruction of forests and birds, the people of this land are inviting very great evils and inflicting wrongs on posterity which scarcely can be measured. The press should render it impossible for women to sin thoughtlessly and ignorantly in demanding little birds for their adornment. The evil should be brought home so fully to the knowledge of all, that the continued wearing of our useful little birds should become the badge and indication of a callous, vulgar nature. You are doing a humane and patriotic work in exciting public aversion to one of the most cruel and stupid wrongs of the age.

Respectfully yours,

EDWARD P. ROE.

WEST PARK, N. Y., Feb. 20, 1886.

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

I scarcely need assure you that your undertaking to form a society for the protection of our wild birds against the ravages of the milliners and the sham scientific collectors has my warmest sympathy and approval. It is a barbarous taste which prompts our women and girls to appear upon the street with their head gear adorned with the scalps of our songsters; and it is mere vanity and affectation which prompts so many persons to make up cabinets of the nests and eggs of the same. The destruction of our birds from their natural enemies is immense, and this craze of the collectors, and folly of the milliners and their customers in addition, threatens their serious diminution.

I hope you may succeed in creating so strong a public sentiment upon the subject that the collectors of skins and eggs for the unworthy purposes of fashion or to indulge the vanity of pseudo-naturalists may suddenly find their occupation gone.

Please add my name to the list of the members of the AUDUBON SOCIETY. Very sincerely,

JOHN BURROUGHS.

160 W. 59TH STREET, }  
NEW YORK, Feb. 20, 1886. }

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

No one who will take the trouble to give the matter a few moments' serious consideration can be in doubt, I think, as to the wisdom of organizing the AUDUBON SOCIETY, and I am thankful that such a step is contemplated. There is an element of savagery in the use of birds for personal decoration, which is in grotesque contrast with our boasts of civilization. But even the savage stops short, as a rule, with the feathers. It is only Christian people who think it worth while to butcher a whole bird to adorn their head gear. I am sure, however, that this is largely from that unreflecting habit which is a leading vice in people who follow the fashions. But it is a vice; as Hood sang, when he wrote—

For evil is wrought  
By want of thought  
As well as by want of heart.

If the AUDUBON SOCIETY can teach men, and especially women, to think on this subject, half of the battle will have been won. HENRY C. POTTER.

ANDOVER, Mass., Feb. 21, 1886.

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

I am in earnest and indignant sympathy with the motive of any society organized to prevent the murder of birds for decorative purposes.

E. S. PHELPS.



# The Audubon Society.

## THE AUDUBON SOCIETY FOR THE PROTECTION OF BIRDS.

THE AUDUBON SOCIETY was founded in New York city in February, 1886. Its purpose is the protection of American birds, not used for food, from destruction for mercantile purposes. The magnitude of the evil with which the Society will cope, and the imperative need of the work which it proposes to accomplish, are outlined in the following statement concerning

### THE DESTRUCTION OF BIRDS.

Within the last few years, the destruction of our birds has increased at a rate which is alarming. This destruction now takes place on such a large scale as to seriously threaten the existence of a number of our most useful species. It is carried on chiefly by men and boys who sell the skins or plumage to be used for ornamental purposes—principally for the trimming of women's hats, bonnets and clothing. These men kill everything that wears feathers. The birds of the woods, the birds of the field, the birds of the marsh and those of the sea are alike slain, at all times and at all seasons. It matters not if the bird be a useful one which devours the hurtful insects which destroy the farmer's crops, or a bright-plumaged songster whose advent has been welcomed in spring, and which has reared its brood in the door yard during the summer, or a swift-winged sea swallow whose flight along the shore has often with unerring certainty led the fisherman to his finny prey—whatever it be, it must be sacrificed to the bird butcher's lust for slaughter and for gain. Besides the actual destruction of the birds, their numbers are still further diminished by the practice of robbing their nests in the breeding season.

Although it is impossible to get at the number of birds killed each year, some figures have been published which give an idea of what the slaughter must be. We know that a single local taxidermist handles 30,000 bird skins in one year; that a single collector brought back from a three months trip 11,000 skins; that from one small district on Long Island about 70,000 birds were brought to New York in four months time. In New York one firm had on hand February 1, 1886, 200,000 skins. The supply is not limited by domestic consumption. American bird skins are sent abroad. The great European markets draw their supplies from all over the world. In London there were sold in three months from one auction room, 404,464 West Indian and Brazilian bird skins, and 356,389 East Indian birds. In Paris 100,000 African birds have been sold by one dealer in one year. One New York firm recently had a contract to supply 40,000 skins of American birds to one Paris firm. These figures tell their own story—but it is a story which might be known even without them; we may read it plainly enough in the silent hedges, once vocal with the morning songs of birds, and in the deserted fields where once bright plumage flashed in the sunlight.

### BIRDS, INSECTS AND CROPS.

The food of our small birds consists very largely of the insects which feed on the plants grown by the farmer. These insects multiply with such astounding rapidity that a single pair may in the course of one season be the progenitors of six billions of their kind. All through the season at which this insect life is most active, the birds are constantly at work destroying for their young and for themselves, tens of thousands of hurtful creatures, which, but for them, would swarm upon the farmer's crops and lessen the results of his labors.

A painstaking and ardent naturalist not very long ago watched the nest of a pair of martins for sixteen hours, from 4 A. M. till 8 P. M., just to see how many visits the parent birds made to their young. He found that in that time 312 visits to the four young were made, 129 by the male and 123 by the female. If we suppose only six insects to have been brought at each visit, this pair of birds would have destroyed, for their young alone, in this one summer's day, not far from 2,000 insects. The important relations which our birds bear to the agricultural interests and so to the general welfare, are recognized by the governments of all our States. Laws exist for their protection, but these laws are rendered inoperative by the lack of an intelligent public sentiment to support them. They are nowhere enforced. It is for the interest of every one that such a public sentiment should be created.

It is time that this destruction were stopped.

### PURPOSE OF THE AUDUBON SOCIETY.

To secure the protection of our birds by awakening a better sentiment, the Audubon Society, named after the greatest of American ornithologists, has been founded. The objects sought to be accomplished by this Society are to prevent as far as possible—

- (1) The killing of any wild bird not used for food.
- (2) The taking or destroying of the eggs or nests of any wild birds.
- (3) The wearing of the feathers of wild birds. Ostrich feathers, whether from wild or tame birds, and those of domestic fowls, are specially exempted.

The Audubon Society aims especially to preserve those

birds which are now practically without protection. Our game birds are already protected by law, and in large measure by public sentiment, and their care may be left to the sportsman. The great aim of the Society is the protection of American non-game birds. The English sparrow is not included in our lists.

### PLAN OF THE WORK.

Obviously the Society cannot supply any machinery of compulsion to lead individuals and communities to a higher regard for bird life and to efforts for its protection. Nor are compulsory measures thought necessary. The wrong is tolerated now only because of thoughtlessness and indifference. The birds are killed for millinery purposes. So long as fashion demands bird feathers, the birds will be slaughtered. The remedy is to be found in the awakening of a healthy public sentiment on the subject. If this enormous destruction of birds can once be put in its true light before the eyes of men and women and young folks, if interest be aroused and sentiment created, the great wrong must cease. To so present the case to the people as to awaken this corrective sentiment is the special work contemplated by the Audubon Society. The methods adopted are very simple. Pledges are furnished, subscription to which constitutes membership, and certificates are issued to members.

### TERMS OF MEMBERSHIP.

The signing of any of the pledges will qualify one for membership in the Society. It is earnestly desired that each member may sign all three of the pledges. Beyond the promise contained in the pledge no obligation nor responsibility is incurred. There are no fees, nor dues, nor any expenses of any kind. There are no conditions as to age. The boys and girls are invited to take part in the work, for they can often do more than others to practically protect the nesting birds. All who are interested in the subject are invited to become members, and to urge their friends to join the Society. If each man, woman or child who reads this circular will exert his or her influence, it will not take long to enlist in the good work a great number of people actively concerned in the protection of our birds. It is desired that members may be enrolled in every town and village throughout the land, so that by the moral weight of its influence this Society may check the slaughter of our beautiful songsters. The beneficent influence of the Audubon Society should be exerted in every remotest by-way where the songs of birds fill the air, and in every crowded city where the plumes of slain songsters are worn as an article of dress.

### ASSOCIATE MEMBERS.

As there are a very great number of people in full sympathy with the Audubon movement, and ready to lend it their moral support, but who refrain from joining the Society simply because they find it distasteful to sign a pledge, it has been determined to form a class of Associate Members. Any one expressing his or her sympathy with the objects of the Audubon Society and submitting a written request for membership to any local secretary, will be enrolled on the list of Associate Members. All such applications for membership received by local secretaries of the Society should be forwarded to the General Secretary for registration.

### LOCAL SECRETARIES.

The Society has local secretaries in cities, towns and villages. The local secretary will furnish this circular of information and pledge forms; will receive the signed pledges, keep a list of the members, forward a duplicate list with the pledges for enrollment and file at the Society's office; and will receive in return certificates of membership, to be filled out and signed by the local secretary and given to the members. No certificate of membership will be issued to any person except upon the receipt of a signed pledge at the office of the Society. Where no local secretary has yet been appointed, individual applicants for membership may address the Society at its office, No. 318 Broadway, New York.

If there is no local secretary in your town, you are invited to act as such yourself, or to hand this to some other person who will accept the office. Upon application we will supply copies of this circular and pledge forms.

### THE AUDUBON SOCIETY CERTIFICATE.

The Society furnishes to each member a handsome certificate of membership. This bears a portrait of the great naturalist, John James Audubon, after whom the Society very appropriately takes its name.

The office of the Society is at 318 Broadway, New York city. All communications should be addressed

THE AUDUBON SOCIETY,  
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NEW YORK CITY.





THE PILEATED WOODPECKER.

( *Cophloeus pileatus* (Linn.) )

# THE AUDUBON MAGAZINE.

VOL. II.

AUGUST, 1888.

No. 7.

## THE PILEATED WOODPECKER.

**M**OST of our readers are familiar with the smaller woodpeckers, so common in our forests and orchards, but perhaps few of them have ever seen the great bird which we figure this month. The Pileated Woodpecker, or, as it is sometimes called by the farmer, the Woodcock or Logcock, is as large as a pigeon. It is found in more or less abundance over the whole of North America, wherever heavy timber grows, and yet it is nowhere abundant. One bird, or perhaps one family of birds, occupies a large territory, and even though one may be traveling all day through the forest, he will not be likely to see more than one or two Pileated Woodpeckers. As the woods are cleared away before the advance of civilization, these birds withdraw also, for they are shy and solitary in habit, and are not contented save in the deepest recesses of the loneliest forest aisles. We have found this species more abundant in Washington Territory than we remember to have seen it elsewhere.

Not only is this species fond of the deep forests, but he is a very shy bird as well. He doesn't like to have any one get too near him, and watches with his keen eye the movements of any strange object. We have more often obtained a close view of this bird by his flying to and alighting near us when we were sitting still and entirely ignorant that he was in the neighborhood, than by endeavoring to approach him. His eyes

and ears are both quick, and are constantly on the alert, and usually, no matter how carefully the approach may be made, it will be found that the bird is fully aware of what is taking place, and as soon as he has satisfied himself that he is the object of these stealthy movements, he is off with a loud cackling cry, and has soon put half a mile of distance between the suspected person and himself.

In those localities which suit his tastes, the Pileated Woodpecker is resident the year round. Cold weather has no terrors for him, and he seeks his living just as unconcernedly amid whirling snows and in biting frosts, as during the gentle rains of April or under the torrid sun of August.

In the early spring, these Woodpeckers mate, and begin to prepare a nesting place. They choose some great tree deep in the forest, and attack it with their stout sharp bills, boring in it a hole from two and one-half to three inches in diameter at the mouth and sometimes eighteen inches deep. At the bottom the cavity is somewhat larger than at the entrance, being five or six inches in diameter. Here, on a bed of chips left for a lining to the nest, five or six eggs are deposited, pure white, shining and glossy like porcelain. These eggs are about as large as those of a common pigeon. Both male and female take part in the labor of hatching, and each brings food at frequent intervals to its mate on the nest. After the

young have attained a part of their growth, they often clamber to the mouth of the hole and may be seen looking out.

Even before they have left the nest the young seem to share the wildness of their parents. Mr. Bachman, writing of some that he took from a nest when very young and tried to rear in confinement, says: "They were sullen and cross, nay, three died in a few days, but the others having been fed on grasshoppers forcibly introduced into their mouths, were raised. In a short time they began picking up the grasshoppers thrown into their cage, and were fully fed with corn meal, which they preferred eating dry. Their whole employment consisted in attempting to escape from their prison, regularly demolishing one every two days, although made of pine boards of tolerable thickness. I at last had one constructed with oak boards at the back and sides, and rails of the same in front. This was too much for them, and their only comfort was in passing and holding their bills through the hard bars. In the morning after receiving water, which they drank freely, they invariably upset the cup or saucer, and although this was large and flattish, they regularly turned it quite over. After this they attacked the trough which contained their food and soon broke it to pieces, and when perchance I happened to approach them with my hand, they made passes at it with their powerful bills with great force. I kept them in this manner until winter. They were at all times uncleanly and unsocial birds. On opening the door of my study one morning one of them dashed off by me, alighted on an apple tree near the house, climbed some distance, and kept watching me from one side and then the other, as if to ask what my intentions were. I walked into my study; the other was hammering at my books. They had broken one of the bars of the cage and must have been at liberty for some hours judging by the mischief

they had done. Fatigued of my pets I opened the door, and this last one hearing the voice of his brother, flew toward him and alighted on the same tree. They remained about half an hour, as if consulting each other, after which, taking to their wings together, they flew off in a southern direction, and with much more ease than could have been expected from birds so long kept in captivity."

The food of this species consists very largely of insects of various kinds, which it digs out with its powerful bill from their lurking places in the dead wood or beneath the bark of trees. It also eats fruit of all kinds, chestnuts, acorns and Indian corn. It is charged that it also destroys the ears of corn while yet in the milk, but there can be no doubt that its services to man in the destruction of noxious insects far outweigh any slight depredations which it may make on the crops. It is valueless for food, and is never killed except in pure wantonness, or by ornithologists.

The Pileated Woodpecker is eighteen inches in length, and measures twenty-eight across its extended wings. Its general color is deep glossy black in the male, but dull and smoky in the female and young. The whole upper part of the head is a bright carmine red. A broad band of black runs through the eye, becoming narrow on the forehead. There is a narrow line of white between this band of black and the red of the upper head. Throat white. Another band, yellowish at the base of the bill, and then changing to white, runs down through the cheek meeting the white of throat, and continues alongside of neck to the sides under the wing. Another broad band of red runs back from base of lower mandible. Under side of wing more or less white. The legs and feet are blue. Iris yellow. The female differs but little from the male, but has the band running back from the lower mandible, which is red in the male, grayish brown in color.

WILSON arrived in Philadelphia in 1794, and his first experiences of America were thoroughly disappointing. No employment could be secured at weaving, and although he took any work he could get, he found it very hard to make a living.

In the course of the next four years he tried his hands at many things, became a pedlar again, and was fairly successful, and was in turn copper-plate engraver, pedlar, schoolmaster, wandering a great deal, and in all his wanderings studying the habits of man and beast and bird, as far as he had opportunity, keeping a diary of his observations. As schoolmaster he used all his opportunities for self-instruction, and advanced considerably in mathematics, so that he was enabled to take up surveying, and add to his income by practicing it out of school hours.

But he drifted away from Philadelphia through New Jersey, and in 1801 we find him keeping school in Bloomfield, which he describes as "a settlement of canting, preaching and praying, and snivelling, ignorant Presbyterians, who pay their minister twelve hundred and fifty dollars a year for preaching twice a week, and their teacher forty dollars a quarter for the most spirit-sinking laborious work."

His bright dreams had become clouded, and he was meditating the possibility of returning to old Scotia, when he obtained a better appointment as schoolmaster on the Schuylkill, near Gray's Ferry, about four miles from Philadelphia.

In the first letter he wrote to his parents, after landing in America, he made mention of the birds, whose rich coloring had struck him as in strong contrast to the more sober plumage of birds of the old country, and in all his subsequent wandering he had made such notes of those he saw, as would

suggest themselves to a novice; but settled in his appointment on the Schuylkill, he soon made the acquaintance of his near neighbor, the venerable Bartram, a distinguished naturalist, who had a charming place on the western bank of the Schuylkill, known as "Bartram's botanical garden."

In this charming place, with his condition in life improved, and enjoying the daily intimacy of a man of Bartram's culture, life presented itself from quite a new and more cheerful aspect. He saw the amusement of his leisure subjected to order, and his newly-found friend, a master of the science, which he was both qualified to teach, and ready to impart to one who, like Wilson, felt a greater charm in the contemplation and study of nature than in the pursuits of men.

Mr. Bartram induced him to take up drawing, but his first attempts at landscape and the human figure discouraged him; however, he was prevailed on to make a second attempt on birds and other objects of natural history, and this time he succeeded altogether beyond his anticipations. But the duties of his profession appear to have occupied the whole day, his drawing was mostly done by candlelight, and that, he complained entailed the sacrifice of the pleasures of social life.

He consequently did not apply himself to this new study very assiduously; nevertheless he began to acquire proficiency, and, having an ambitious turn of mind, he compared his drawings with those in such works of natural history as he could get hold of, and the idea of illustrating the ornithology of the United States presented itself to him as a task he was capable of achieving.

Long and earnestly he pondered over the subject before he had sufficient confidence

to make it known to his friend, but at length the venerable Bartram was consulted, and to Wilson's delight and encouragement he not only entered warmly into the plan as tending to advance the study of natural history, but he freely expressed his confidence in Wilson's abilities and acquirements.

The scheme was now unfolded to Lawson, the engraver, with whom Wilson was on terms of intimacy, and met his approbation, but his calculations were a terrible damper on Wilson's sanguine anticipations, so much so, that there was a temporary coolness between them, but a little later Wilson wrote to him saying that he was bent on making a collection of all the birds in that part of North America, and begging him not to throw cold water on the seemingly Quixotic scheme. "I have," he wrote, "been so long accustomed to the building of airy castles, and brain wind-mills, that it has become one of my earthly comforts—a sort of rough bone—that amuses me when sated with the dull drudgery of life."

No plans were immediately matured as the result of this correspondence, but Wilson found heart of grace and began making a collection of birds in his neighborhood, and improving his talents as a draughtsman. His own sanguine temperament could not entertain the possibility of failure, but Mr. Lawson forced his attention to the many practical difficulties, and Wilson saw the expediency of going slowly, and making such progress as he could in his leisure, while still holding on to his school appointment as a means of subsistence.

This brings us down to 1804, at which period Wilson was so much immersed in his new pursuits that the schoolboys sought to win their way to his good graces by presents of dead crows, bullfrogs, and other similarly rare creatures. Writing to Mr. Bartram under date of March 31, 1804, he observes:

"I sometimes smile to think that while others are immersed in deep schemes of speculation and aggrandizement, in building towns and purchasing plantations, I am entranced in contemplation over the plumage of a lark, or gazing like a despairing lover on the lineaments of an owl. While others are hoarding up their bags of money without the power of enjoying it, I am collecting, without injuring my conscience or wounding my peace of mind, those beautiful specimens of Nature's works that are forever pleasing. I have had live crows, hawks and owls; opossums, squirrels, snakes, lizards, etc., so that my room has sometimes reminded me of Noah's ark; but Noah had a wife in one corner of it, and in this particular our parallel does not altogether tally. I receive every subject of natural history which is brought to me, and although they do not march into my ark from all quarters, as they did into that of our great ancestor, yet I find means by the distribution of a few five-penny bits to make them find the way fast enough. One of my boys caught a mouse in school a few days ago, and directly marched up to me with his prisoner. I set about drawing it that same evening, and all the while the panting of its little heart showed it to be in the most extreme agonies of fear. I had intended to kill it in order to fix it in the claws of a stuffed owl; but happening to spill a few drops of water near where it was tied, it lapped it up with such eagerness, and looked in my eye with such a face of supplicating terror as perfectly overcame me. I immediately untied it, and restored it to life and liberty. The agonies of a prisoner at the stake, while the fire and instruments of torture are preparing, could not be more severe than the sufferings of that poor mouse, and, insignificant as the object was, I felt at that moment the sweet sensations that mercy leaves when she triumphs over cruelty."



## INTERESTING BIRDS.

**A**N interesting bird, called the Japim, a species of *Cassicus*, is found in the neighborhood of Para, Brazil. It belongs to the same family of birds as the starling, magpie, and rook, and has a rich yellow and black plumage, remarkably compact and velvety in texture. The shape of its head, and its physiognomy are very similar to that of the magpie; it has bright gray eyes, which give to it the same knowing expression. It is social in its habits, and builds its nest like the English rook, on trees in the neighborhood of man's habitations, but the nests are quite differently constructed, being shaped like purses, two feet in length, and suspended from the slender branches all round the tree, some of them very near the ground. The entrance is on the side near the bottom of the nest. The bird is a great favorite with the Brazilians of Para; it is a noisy, stirring, babbling creature, passing constantly to and fro, chattering to its comrades, and is very ready at imitating other birds, especially the domestic poultry of the vicinity. There was at one time a weekly newspaper published at Para, called *The Japim*; the name being chosen on account of the babbling propensities of the bird. Its eggs are nearly round, and of a bluish-white color, speckled with brown.

The lower branches of the mangrove bushes, especially along the banks of the Magoary river, are frequented by the beautiful bird, "*Ardea helias*." This is a small heron, of exquisitely graceful shape and mien; its plumage is minutely variegated with bars and spots of a great many colors, like the wings of certain kinds of moths. It is difficult to see the bird in the woods, on account of its sombre colors

and the shadiness of its dwelling-places, but its note, a soft long-drawn whistle, often betrays its hiding-place. The Indians say that it builds in trees, and that the nest, which is made of clay, is beautifully constructed. It is a favorite pet bird of the Brazilians, who call it *Pavao* (pronounced *pavaong*), or peacock. It soon becomes tame, and walks about the floors of houses, picking up scraps of food, or catching insects, which it secures by walking gently to the place where they settle, and spearing them with its long slender beak. It allows itself to be handled by children, and will answer to its name "*Pavao! Pavao!*" walking up with a dainty, circumspect gait, and taking a fly or beetle from the hand.

Among nocturnal birds of Brazil the goat-suckers attract our attention. As soon as it is dark, swarms of these birds suddenly make their appearance, wheeling about in a noiseless, ghostly manner, in chase of night-flying insects. They sometimes descend and settle on a low branch, or even on the pathway close to where one is walking, and then, squatting down on their heels, are difficult to distinguish from the surrounding soil. One kind has a long forked tail. In the day time they are concealed in the wooded hills, where the hunter sometimes sees them crouched, and sleeping on the ground in the dense shade. They make no nest, but lay their eggs on the bare ground. Later in the evening, the singular notes of the goat-suckers are heard, one species crying *Quao, Quao*, another *Chuck-co-cao*, and these are repeated at intervals far into the night in the most monotonous manner.

G. B. G.

## BIRDS OF THE PRIMEVAL WORLD.

II.

AS I said before, there were two very different types of bird in those days, the divers and the flyers, and of course you want to know

their names, but as Professor

Marsh, their godfather, gave them the most learned names he could think of, they are rather hard to remember. The divers are called *Hesperornis*, and the high-flyers *Ichthyornis*, and, if you know Greek, you will easily guess what the names mean. You see they are both called *ornis*, and *ornis* simply means a bird; *hesper* means western, and *ichthy* means like a fish, so *Hesperornis* means the bird of the west; but to enable you to understand why they called the other *Ichthyornis*, it must be explained that it was not because it caught fish, but because it had back bones like a fish. If you have ever broken a fish's backbone you will have noticed that it is made of a lot of small bones, each of which is shaped like a cup at both ends, but if you break the backbone of a bird or a hare, you will see that the several bones fit into each other by quite a different ar-

angement. Now when you see a bird with a fish's backbone and a lizard's jaws, you must admit that you have a missing link that agrees very well with the theory that birds did not start into life suddenly, but were the descendants of a long line of ancestry which differ more and more from them as

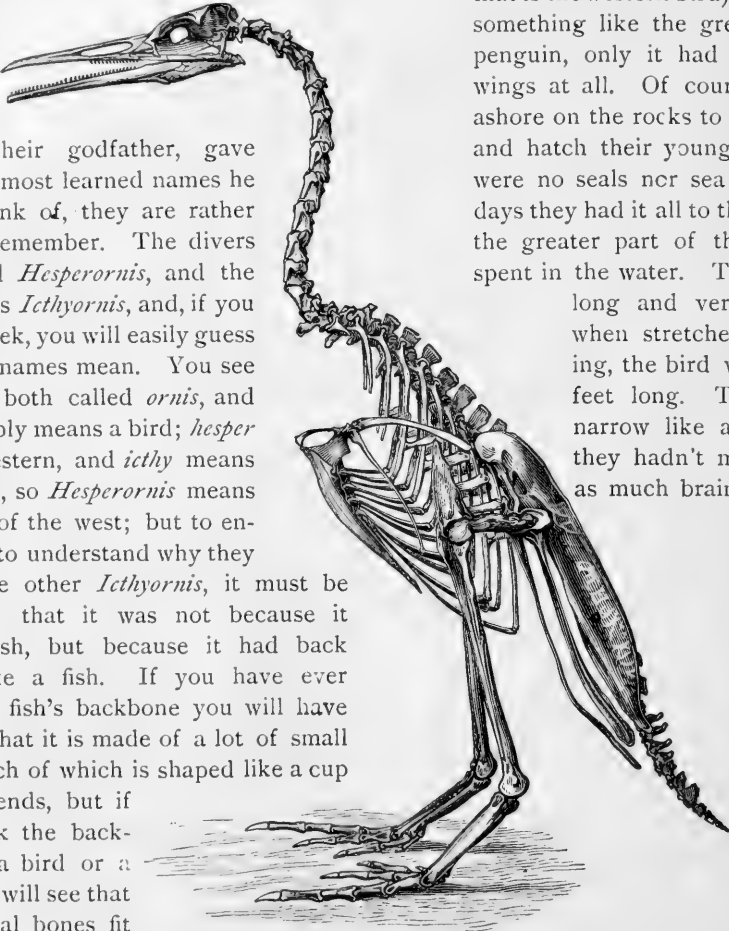
you go further and further back in the family records.

The *Hesperornis* (you will remember that that is the western bird) was a big bird something like the great auk or the penguin, only it had absolutely no wings at all. Of course they went ashore on the rocks to lay their eggs and hatch their young, and as there were no seals nor sea lions in those days they had it all to themselves, but the greater part of their time was spent in the water. Their legs were

long and very strong, and when stretched out in diving, the bird was about six feet long. The skull was narrow like a lizard's, and they hadn't more than half as much brain as a loon, or

any other living bird of their own size. Whatever changes living creatures have gone through since the world began, the highest types of every age have more brains than the highest types of earlier ages. The

head and jaw was about ten inches long; the lower jaw was armed with sharp pointed teeth over its whole length; the upper jaw had teeth too, but not in front. These teeth were not set in sockets like a horse's or a dog's, but in grooves like a reptile's, but the backbone was a genuine bird's. Like the



SKELETON OF HESPERORNIS RESTORED,  $\frac{1}{8}$  NATURAL SIZE.

ostriches and other birds that are not made for flying, there was no keel on the breastbone.

While our friend the *Hesperornis* was diving after his dinner like a dart and making things lively among the smaller fishes, the *Ichthyornis* sailed overhead on tireless wing,

pouncing down occasionally on any little fish that ventured near the surface.

The *Ichthyornis* was comparatively a small bird. Two species have been discovered, one about the size of a plover, and the other nearly the size of an ibis or curlew. These birds had quite slender legs, like most of the shore birds and waders nowadays, and long powerful wings, and of course they had a keel on the breastbone, as that is necessary for the powerful muscles which keep the wings in motion. They had sharp teeth which curved back a little toward

the throat, so that a fish had not much chance of breaking loose after the jaws once snapped on him, but although the *Ichthyornis* had the marks of humble origin in its backbone, it had quite an aristocratic set of teeth, for each tooth was firmly set in its own socket.

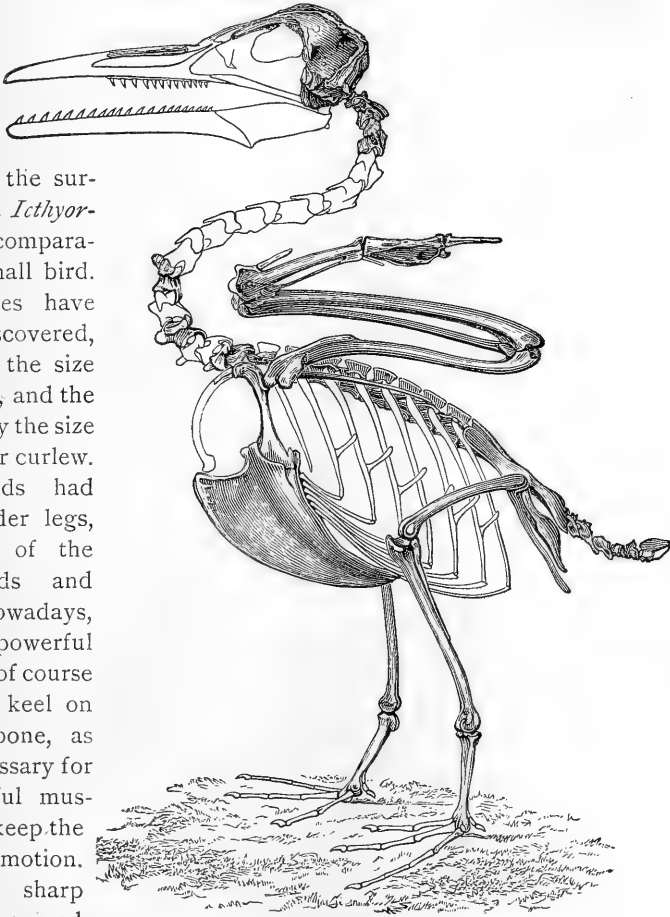
A still more remarkable fossil bird called

the *Archæopteryx* has been discovered in Europe in a little earlier page of the earth's history. First the impression of a feather was found in the rock, recording as plainly as possible that the bird was there when the rock was soft mud. After a while a very complete specimen was discovered, and

wonderful to tell, it had a long tail like a lizard, and the feathers growing on either side of it. The *Archæopteryx* was a land bird and had feet like a perching bird, and the body was covered with true feathers, but in other respects it was more like a lizard with its long tail and toothed jaws.

The wings were not very long, and it is possible that it could not fly upward, but only like the flying squirrels on a downward incline, and as the fingers of its wings were free from each other and armed with sharp claws, it must have been

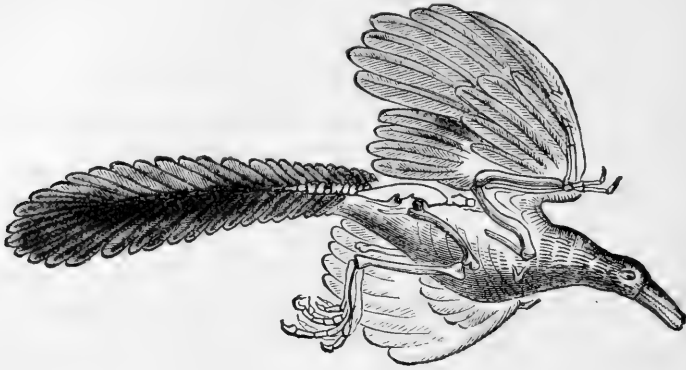
a good climber. And so we must admit that whatever may be thought of Darwin's theory of evolution, there is at any rate not a great dividing line which separates the reptiles from the birds, and that in this case the missing links are really just what Darwin foretold—creatures midway between the birds and reptiles.



SKELETON OF ICHTHYORNIS RESTORED, 1/2 NATURAL SIZE.

Perhaps the generally accepted theory that change of life types from age to age is due to accidental variation, or to the in-

fluence of changing conditions, may not be the correct one. Like the early theories of the astronomers that the sun moved round



ARCHÆOPTERYX RESTORED.

at school may grow up like Newton to put forward a view which will agree with all the facts, and one which everybody will accept.

fluence of changing conditions, may not be the correct one. Like the early theories of the astronomers that the sun moved round

## CHARLEY'S WONDERFUL JOURNEYS.

### JOURNEY IX.

THE old man was sitting down by the edge of the lake leaning his back against a rock, apparently lost in thought; his eye fixed upon the reflection of the moon's rays upon the water. The moon was at her full, and slowly reaching the horizon as if preparing to plunge into the still waters of the lake, while from right beneath the pale orb of night, a long path of silvery light extended to the old man's feet.

As soon as the old man heard Charley's footsteps on the shingle he sprang to his feet, his face brightening until it shone like a second moon as he advanced to meet him.

"I have waited ten thousand years," he said, "and kept the boat ready all the time. I knew you would come at last. Now jump in."

"But where am I to go?" said Charley.

"You just steer right along the moonbeam's track," said the old man, "and you

will reach the other side at the same time as the moon, and you have only to step ashore. Take these two flower pots, give one to the Man in the Moon, who is my son-in-law, and the other to the Maid in the Moon, who is my daughter, and tell them I am waiting for a tribute of their affection."

Charley jumped into the skiff as he was told, laid the two flower pots by his side, took the rudder, and glided away along the moonbeam's track.

As he approached, the moon began to grow bigger and bigger, and spread out on both sides of him as far as he could see, and when he came quite close he was on the other side of the water, and it was all moon.

Where he stepped ashore a broad roadway came right down to the water's edge; walls of solid rock bounded it on either side, making it look like a canal cut out of

the solid rock. "You can never lose your way in a road like this," thought Charley, "and it must go somewhere."

He walked on and on a long, long way, and at last he came to the end, and there was an old man sitting down with a great lump of green cheese in each hand, and first he took a bite off one piece, and then off the other, and kept munching away all the time, without looking to the right or left.

At last he heard Charley's footstep, and turned round very angrily and tried to speak, but he couldn't at first his mouth was so full, but after he had cleared his mouth a little he spluttered out, "What do you want here? Go away."

Immediately he had spoken he thrust the last lump of green cheese into his mouth, and broke off a fresh piece from the ground in front of him.

"I am come from your father-in-law," said Charley, who sent me with this flower pot for a tribute of your affection."

"Wants some of my green cheese I dare say," said the old man as soon as he had cleared his mouth enough to speak. "He won't get any, though—I ain't his son-in-law—never married the Maid in the Moon—ain't such a fool—she'd have eaten more green cheese than I could—have eaten me out of house and home by this time—ain't such a fool, you bet."

He did not say all this at once, because he was eating away all the time, and breaking off fresh pieces from the road. When he got his mouth nearly empty he would say a few words, and then take a fresh bite, and munch away at that before he spoke again. He always spoke with his mouth full, and Charley thought it very rude, of course, but he did not like to say anything.

Charley sat still for some time, the old man munching away, and eyeing him all the while. Several times when his mouth was nearly empty he opened it wide and

was going to speak, but habit was too strong for him, and before he could get out a word he always put up his hand and bit off another piece of cheese. But he did not like to have Charley sitting there, and kept eyeing him suspiciously all the time. At last he cleared his mouth enough to say, "What are you waiting for? Why don't you go?"

"I was waiting till you had done dinner," said Charley, "that I might talk to you."

"Done dinner!" said the old man as soon as he could, "What's that?"

"I mean," said Charley, "that I was waiting for you to finish eating."

"Finish eating!" exclaimed the old man, almost choking with rage and anxiety and green cheese all mingled: "Why should I finish eating? I suppose you want to begin eating, but I won't let you."

"I? Oh! no," said Charley, "I don't like green cheese."

"Don't you?" said the old man, shaking his head. "I wouldn't trust you. Now go away. The Maid in the Moon wanted to eat my green cheese. Drove her away."

"But isn't all the moon made of green cheese?" queried Charley.

"Tisn't true," said the old man. "It's only in this line, and I found it, and I won't let anybody have any."

"But what will you do when it's all eaten?"

"All eaten!" exclaimed the old man, with horror on his countenance, "All eaten!"

"Why, yes," said Charley. "You've eaten out all the road from the beginning until now, and if you go on eating you must come to the end some time. But what's the good of always eating—you can't be always hungry?"

"But I am always hungry," said the old man, with his mouthful as usual, "eating always makes me hungry," and again he bit off great mouthfuls to make up for lost time. All the time he kept eyeing Charley very suspiciously.

"Why don't you go away?" said he at length. "I don't want you to come here and say the green cheese must come to an end—I don't like it. Why don't you go and look for the Maid in the Moon? Go away."

"I suppose," said Charley, "she's at the other end of the green cheese, eating this way."

"What's that?" said the old man with such a start that he gulped down his mouthful, and fairly stopped eating. "I haven't seen the Maid of the Moon since the beginning, and do you say she's been at the other end of the green cheese, eating this way all the time?" With that he thrust another lump of cheese into his mouth, and began munching savagely, and looking down the canal as if to estimate how much green cheese the Maid of the Moon might possibly have eaten.

"If you like the green cheese so much why don't you see how far it goes?"

"You want me to go away that you may stay here and eat green cheese," said he, suspiciously, "but I won't go."

"I don't want to eat your green cheese," said Charley. "I'll go with you; perhaps we shall find the Maid in the Moon."

"Come along then," said the old man excitedly, climbing up out of the canal to the high ground. As soon as he was up he broke off a huge mass of green cheese from the vein, and began munching again.

Charley climbed up, too, and there, not fifty yards in front of him, the hard rock rose straight up in front of the green cheese vein.

"Why, there is the end of the green cheese," said Charley, pointing to the rock, "It doesn't go any further than that."

The man stuffed a fresh piece of green cheese in his mouth, broke off another piece, and ran over to the rocky ridge and examined it, but it was hard rock. Then he tried right and left to see if the green cheese vein had perhaps changed its course,

but it was all rock—hard rock. Then he tried to get behind the ridge, but there, too, was nothing but rock to be seen. A few more years and all his green cheese would be finished, and what would he do then?

As the truth gradually dawned upon him his agony was something dreadful to witness; the green cheese stuck in his throat, he gulped it down, raised another piece to his mouth, but his feelings were too much for him—he dropped the green cheese to the ground, put his hands to his face, and burst into a passionate fit of wailing and weeping.

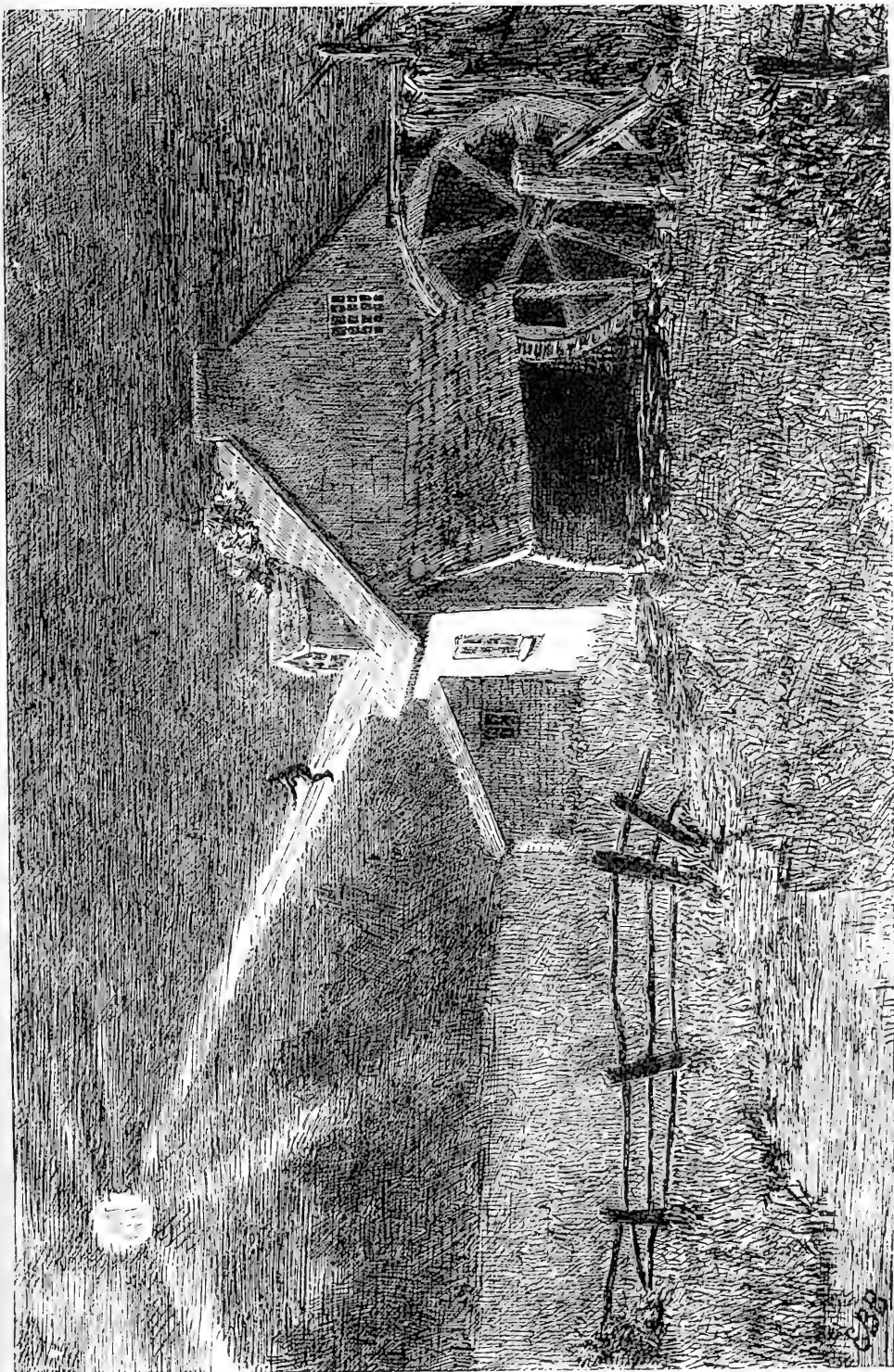
Charley thought this was a good time to go in quest of the Maid in the Moon, and away he started.

On he went over hill and dale, but there was nothing but hard flinty rock anywhere; not a tree, nor a plant, nor a blade of grass, not even a sign of green cheese, but after he had gone a long way he suddenly thought he detected the odor of roses and jasmines. He stopped, sniffed in the air, and found sure enough that it was laden with rich perfumes. He seemed to be entering another world, his step was elastic, he threw up his head, his chest expanded, his whole nature seemed to be lifted up, in fact he felt like a totally different being, and as he walked on eagerly he soon came in sight of a beautiful garden, full of many-hued flowers, exhaling the richest perfume.

As he drew nearer he saw the Maid of the Moon flitting rapidly about the garden, bending all the time over the flowers, but what she was doing he could not make out.

He drew nearer and nearer, and at last got almost close behind her without attracting her attention, and then imagine his astonishment to find that she was weeping a perfect shower of tears—actually watering the flowers with them.

She looked very young and nice; nobody would ever have thought that she was ten thousand years old, and Charley felt so



"I THINK I MUST HAVE DONE IT WHEN I WAS SLIDING DOWN THE MOONBEAM."



sorry for her that he was almost ready to cry, too. At length he said:

"Maid of the Moon, why do you weep? I have brought a flower pot and a message for you from your father."

"Dear old man!" exclaimed she, looking up with joyful surprise. She rained tears all the same, but her smile was so bright that her tears looked like many-hued gems as they fell. "Dear old man!" continued she; "let us come to the damask roses. I must weep tears of joy."

Away they ran to another part of the garden, at which the Maid of the Moon was no sooner arrived than her tears burst forth in a copious shower, and now Charley noticed that as fast as her tears fell flower buds appeared all over the bushes, and grew and burst, until in a few minutes the plot was one mass of brilliant colors, in which the damask far exceeded the green.

"I always like to come here first when I cry tears of joy, it gives the roses such brilliant hues, and makes them exhale such rich perfume, but now let us go to the carnations. Dear old father—Oh I'm so glad!"

"Do you never stop crying?" asked Charley at length, for he began to think that always crying must be almost as bad as always eating; at least it was not bad, he thought, but still he would not like to live with people that were always crying.

"Why should I stop crying?" asked she with surprise, and smiling gently on Charley through her tears, "If I give vent to my emotions of joy or sorrow my tears make the flowers grow, which makes the moon bright and beautiful. If I cry for sorrow, my tears bring forth such beautiful pure white flowers that my heart is glad, and then I cry for joy, and all the flowers spring up as brilliant-hued as they do now."

"But what makes you sorry?" asked Charley.

"In the beginning," she said, "when my father sent me here to marry the Man in the

Moon I was sorry because he would not let me live with him and eat green cheese, and I wandered away here, and sat down, and began to cry bitterly, and all the time I cried the flowers sprang up wherever my tears fell; pure white flowers with delicate perfume; then my heart was glad, and I began to cry for joy, and wherever these tears fell the flowers sprang up brilliant-hued. Then sometimes I felt sorry for the Man in in the Moon that he should spend all his time eating the horrid green cheese, which never satisfied his appetite, but deprived him of all the pleasures of life, and then when I've nothing else to be sorry for, and shed nothing but tears of joy, all the flowers become bright-colored, and I am sorry to miss my white flowers, and again I cry tears of sorrow. Thank Heaven there is always something to be sorry for. Don't earth children ever weep?"

"Yes," said Charley, "sometimes; if they're hungry they cry for their supper."

"Do they? Oh how nice! so do I. I'm getting hungry, too, and I am sure you must be; let us go to the supper garden and cry for supper."

So saying she took Charley's hand, and led him off to a grove like a plantain grove, and as soon as her tears began to fall the fruit ripened; bananas, mangoes, custard apples, bread fruit, and all sorts of nice fruit, but to Charley's dismay she only ripened one fruit at a time, and ate it as fast as it ripened.

"There, that's enough," said she at length, "let us go back to my flowers again. I suppose you are not hungry?"

Charley thought it very unkind of her that she did not give him any of the nice fruit, and when at last she was going away without even thinking of him he could stand it no longer, but burst into tears.

At once the bananas began to ripen, and when Charley looked up again there was a rich, ripe bunch close to his head, and he took the delicious fruit and ate it with ap-



petite, but when he wanted some custard apples he could not cry any more, and had to go away, although his heart was full almost to bursting.

"Never mind," said the Maid of the Moon, "it's no good to eat for the mere pleasure of eating; when you are really hungry you can always cry for your supper."

"I wonder," said Charley, "whether it made the green cheese grow again when the Man in the Moon began crying?"

"What?" said the Maid in the Moon in a tone of excitement which showed itself in the brilliant flame-colored flowers that sprang up at her feet; "Is the Man in the Moon crying? Are you sure? Is the green cheese all finished?"

"It isn't quite finished," said Charley, "but when the Man in the Moon got out of the ditch, and saw that there was an end of the green cheese he sat down and began to cry."

"And did he stop eating that horrid green cheese? Oh, do tell me all about it! and how he came to get up out of the ditch!"

Then Charley told her everything that had passed between him and the Man in the Moon, and how he left him crying bitterly.

"Oh, I'm so glad!" she exclaimed. Those tears may be his redemption, if he only cry until he has a healthy appetite, and then cry for his supper, but perhaps he is gone back to his horrid green cheese again. I can wait no longer. Let us go and see, for he is my betrothed, and whenever he is cured of his craving for the horrid stuff that never satisfies, we shall be wedded in tears of joy."

Then she took the two flower pots that Charley had brought from her father, and planted a rose bush in one, and a plantain stalk in the other. She took the rose bush herself, and soon made the air fragrant with its perfume as she wept over it; the plantain she gave to Charley that he might

cry for his supper if he got hungry. Then they started to see how it was with the Man in the Moon.

When they came in sight of the spot where Charley left the old man crying they could see that it was deserted, but there was a thick clump of bushes with white trumpet-shaped flowers, and they hastened toward it, but as they approached they found the odor of the flowers worse than that of the green cheese, and tears of sorrow rained from the eyes of the Maid in the Moon, and fairly blanched the roses in the pot she carried.

They crept over to the edge of the ditch, and peeped in, and there was the old man munching away the green cheese as fast as he could, and looking ten times older and more miserable than ever at the thought that his green cheese would sooner or later come to an end.

As soon as he saw Charley and the Maid in the Moon his face grew green and horrible with rage, for he thought they had come to steal away some of his treasured green cheese; so they made haste to get out of his way, leaving a pathway of white flowers as they went.

At last Charley felt downright tired and hungry, and sat down, and wept copiously into the pot he carried. The fruit soon ripened, and he ate, and felt refreshed, but tired with his long journey.

"Now, earth child," said the Maid of the Moon sadly, "take the two pots, and go to my father, and tell him that my betrothed still lives for the indulgence of his appetite, but that the green cheese is nearly finished. Then give him this rose bush, watered with my tears, it will tell him all he wants to know of me. The plantain tree you may keep for yourself that you may always be able to get your supper when you cry for it."

"But how shall I find the boat again?" asked Charley.

"Oh, you needn't go back that way," said the Maid of the Moon; "It's much

easier to slide down on a moonbeam. Here, let me hold the pots while you get astride of this one."

Charley handed her the plantain tree, and got astride of the moonbeam, but directly he mounted he began to slide down at a rapid rate. The Maid of the Moon reached out the pots to him, but Charley had to hold on with both hands, and was already out of reach. The Maid wept copiously as usual, but you couldn't judge from that how sorry she was as she stood there holding out the two pots, while Charley was gliding down like a streak of greased lightning. Oh! what a delightful sensation it was, but it came to an end at last. After sliding so long that he never thought of coming to the bottom, he suddenly came

kerflop on the ground, with a shock that made him rebound like a rubber ball. This awoke him. He was lying on the floor by his bed. The moon was shining in at the window, and the moonbeam just reached to his feet.

He was soon asleep again, and when his mother came to wake him she took up his trousers, and noticed that the seam was split.

"Oh! Charley," said she, "why didn't you tell me last night?"

"But it wasn't torn last night," said Charley.

"Then, when did you tear it?" asked his mother.

"I think I must have done it when I was sliding down the moonbeam," said Charley.

C. F. AMERY.

#### WRENS IN A COFFEE POT.

SOME time ago two wrens entered my cabin through some of the numerous cracks, and set to work exploring it. I sat still at my table watching them. Their behavior showed that they were hunting a place to nest. They peeped into every nook and corner, and finally left in a way that seemed to show that they thought they might be able to find better quarters elsewhere. However, in half an hour they returned and began their examinations as before. This time they seemed to reach the conclusion that my cabin would be a desirable place, provided I would move out of it. Having no intention to do this, but wishing to do all I could to please the little birds, I seized an old coffee pot and hung it on a tree near my door, tying it firmly so that the wind would not shake it. In a little while the wrens discovered it and entered it. It appeared to strike them at once as a charming place, a veritable palace, suitable as a residence of the most exacting aristocrats. From their maneuvers

they evidently thought they had struck it very rich, and blessed their stars for so good fortune. I must confess that I too, felt quite a degree of pleasure in perceiving how happy I had made my little visitors. And yet it had all been done by fastening an old worn-out coffee pot in a tree.

In a little while they were busy transporting leaves into the coffee pot, the male laboring as heartily as the female. This shows that he perfectly understood what was going to take place, and what duty demanded of him as a little man. Next day the nest was finished, and it was curious to observe how soft and comfortable they had made it. Inside they had lined it thickly with bits of feathers, shreds of wool, and downy substances picked from the wild flowers; so that to the finger it felt like rich velvet. The next day I found a tiny egg in the nest, and another the day following. After this I failed to count the eggs; for when I looked again a few days afterward the little dame was sitting, and I

would not disturb her. The eggs are white, sprinkled with little brown spots, and they seemed to me very cute.

Now the capers of the little man began to amuse me. Before this, so far as I had known, he had been songless, but now I was frequently called to my door to listen to his singing. He would perch on a branch just above the coffee pot, and pour out strain after strain of most honeyed sweetness, of such melody as no language could give an idea of. He was singing to his love to cheer her in her long and tedious sitting, and that his strains warmed and thrilled her little heart with drops of the sweetest pleasure, permeating every nerve of it, who can doubt? I do not doubt that while she was drinking these in, her little heart was almost bursting with nuptial love, and with the conviction that her little man was just the darlingest love of a fellow in all the world. After thus singing a while he would dart away into the woods.

Only three or four days after the sitting began I was surprised to see one of them enter the coffee pot with a worm in his bill. I thought it marvelous that their eggs should hatch so soon. I waited until this wren had flown away, and then went to the nest expecting to see it full of their babies; but instead, there sat the little dame. And this shows that the thoughtful little man was not only making music to cheer her little heart, but was feeding her while she sat, so that she should have no troubles or cares while engaged in that business. I watched him much afterward, and often saw him bearing in his bill some choice bit for her. I dare say whenever he found a particularly choice morsel in the woods he never ate it himself, but immediately hurried off, with his heart full of happiness, to bear it to his lady love. He is indeed a model little husband, and she a most true and affectionate little wife. What happiness must reign in their household!

And now that their little ones have come, I learn yet another way of this gallant and faithful little fellow. Both now engage in feeding their young; for I judge that the little wife out of her loving heart thinks it would be too hard a task for her little man to feed the whole family without help from her. Therefore she sets to work equally with him, and between the two no doubt the little ones are fed. They usually start from the nest together, but it seldom happens that they return together. When the little man returns first, and has delivered his offerings to the nestlings, he jumps out on a branch and waits for his mate. If she comes not very soon, he grows impatient and calls for her very distinctly. Her name by which he knows her seems to be Titty-tee; for he calls out in a most musical voice as loud as he can: "*Titty-titty-tee, ah, Titty-titty-tee!*" and he repeats this time after time till Titty-tee comes. That he intends this as a call for her seems certain, for he sings entirely differing notes when she is present. Indeed, this musical little lover has quite a multitude of songs, and they are all exquisitely turned. His mate does not sing, though I often hear her answer him with a peculiar note when he calls. When Titty-tee comes and has presented her gifts to the little ones, they hop about in the tree together a little while, seeming to be greatly happy, and then dart away into the woods for more food. Can any one study the ways of these sweet little creatures without loving them? I judge not. And if he take not care some drops of their sweetness may perchance fall into his own heart, and help to sweeten that, too. I have reason to believe that the marriage of these little birds is not for a season, but for life.

This is not the little brown wren I was familiar with when a boy in North Carolina. This one has a longer bill, crooked like that of the curlew, and is much on the order of that of the hummingbird. He

has also a longer tail. The brown wren of the East is, I think, brown all over. This one has a lead-colored breast and belly. The other brown wren is a chubby little fellow, and about as round as a bullet, and

not much bigger. The body of this one is no bigger, but is longer. Their notes are entirely different. I think this wren is probably peculiar to western Texas and Mexico.—*N. A. T. in Forest and Stream.*

#### A TRIP TO THE YOSEMITE VALLEY.

I HAVE just returned from a long drive up the mountains to Redwood district, a country of great trees, some of them six to eight feet in diameter, which compare favorably with the Mariposa and Calaveras trees. We picnicked in an open field fairly deluged in wild flowers. Fancy lying on a soft bed of wild flowers of every color and family with trees of eight feet in diameter for shade! Such was our agreeable experience on a fine, warm, sunny day with the blue Pacific in sight, and the delicious mountain air filling our lungs. Oh! the birds and the flowers! It seems as if I could not cease writing of them. I did not believe it possible that anywhere in the world there could be such a paradise. As in the rich valley of San Joaquin and that of San Gabriel, the little field larks sang loudly to us. They must have been glad also to see us enjoy ourselves like so many children, for they sang most enchantingly. Music suggests music, and far away, we thought of "Thomas," but in the end unanimously decided to give the palm to the little miniature bird orchestra of larks gathered around us, their little throats swelling with melody, piping their sweet hymns of praise to the God of day. We leave here to-morrow for the Yosemite Valley. I will write to you from there.

YOSEMITE VALLEY, CAL.—We went to the foot of the Lower Yosemite Fall (500 feet), and gazed at its wonderful beauty and bathed in its mist; the path to the Fall leading through beds of wild strawberries, just ripening, and so round, cross-

ing the river again close by Barnard's hotel (late Hutchings'—our fellow traveller on the stage). I must here stop to tell you something about the woodpeckers which old Hutchings told us on our route. He says the woodpeckers—birds which we met constantly on our journey to and through the Valley—are "characters" in their way. Among other curious things that they do may be mentioned the following as being interesting, I think: Mindful of the winter months when food will be scarce, they pick up acorns during the season when the oaks are shedding, and put them into holes which they bore in the pines with their long beaks, and when the icy months come and there is nothing else for them to eat, they go in flocks and gather these acorns, which, as each one contains a worm, afford them a delicious and ample supply of food for the hard season. And they have to fight often for this very food which they have so carefully and prudently garnered up, for they have an enemy in the squirrel—little rascal!—who, too lazy and too improvident himself to provide ahead for his wants, will forage on his neighbors, and there is eternally war—war to the knife—between the woodpeckers and the squirrels in consequence. Their bloody battles are often watched, and are, as a matter of course, very interesting indeed. Five or six woodpeckers are often seen attacking one of their thieving foes, who nevertheless will often, in spite of their odds, succeed in capturing the choice morsels so cleverly stored away by the industrious little fellows.

## BIRDS IN DISGUISE.

THE following is the list of birds veiled in the anagram in our June number. The first five correct solutions received in our office reached us in the following order:

Mrs. E. A. Foster, New York city; Jerome Trombley, Petersburg, Mich.; Walter B. Savery, Salem, Mass.; Miss Margaret F. Boynton, Lockport, N. Y.; Russell W. Taft, Williston, Vt. Several other correct solutions were received, with two or three in which "rock crane" was incorrectly given for corn crake.

- |                          |                          |
|--------------------------|--------------------------|
| 1. Granite den soup.     | 1. Pinnated Grouse.      |
| 2. Go mind brick.        | 2. Mockingbird.          |
| 3. T my wise finch.      | 3. Chimney Swift.        |
| 4. Blow direly.          | 4. Yellowbird.           |
| 5. Retort riven hang red | 5. Great Northern Diver. |
| 6. Do keep crow.         | 6. Woodpecker.           |
| 7. Drink big.            | 7. Kingbird.             |
| 8. Our sea eggs.         | 8. Sage Grouse.          |
| 9. Boil knob.            | 9. Bobolink.             |
| 10. Rush the mirth.      | 10. Hermit Thrush.       |

- |                          |                         |
|--------------------------|-------------------------|
| 11. R. dug moonvine.     | 11. Mourning Dove.      |
| 12. Nib's word.          | 12. Snowbird.           |
| 13. Her rain pie.        | 13. Prairie Hen.        |
| 14. U. go defer surf.    | 14. Ruffed Grouse.      |
| 15. Magpi rant.          | 15. Ptarmigan.          |
| 16. A Turk age.          | 16. Great Auk.          |
| 17. Sling in sheep.      | 17. English Snipe.      |
| 18. Grow, parsons!       | 18. Song Sparrow.       |
| 19. Make a world.        | 19. Meadow Lark.        |
| 20. Dryer birch.         | 20. Cherrybird.         |
| 21. Pawling.             | 21. Lapwing.            |
| 22. Try! Gap! Roar!      | 22. Gray Parrot.        |
| 23. Whirlpool Pi W.      | 23. Whippoorwill.       |
| 24. Alan's children.     | 24. Sandhill Crane.     |
| 25. Sabre! Rend! Ob!     | R. 25. Robin redbreast. |
| 26. Who bit B. E.?       | 26. Bob White.          |
| 27. Pain's perd.         | 27. Sandpiper.          |
| 28. Girls tan.           | 28. Starling.           |
| 29. Grin him dumb!       | 29. Hummingbird.        |
| 30. Long brace O sea!    | 30. Barnacle Goose.     |
| 31. Reduce kid.          | 31. Eider Duck.         |
| 32. Heed larks.          | 32. Sheldrake.          |
| 33. Bask, Radical Negro! | 33. Cardinal Grosbeak.  |
| 34. Near crock.          | 34. Cornerake.          |
| 35. Shirt Co.            | 35. Ostrich.            |
| 36. Lub Bride.           | 36. Bluebird.           |

## A VISIT TO AUDUBON'S HOME.

IN her entertaining narrative of the life of Audubon, Mrs. St. John mentions an estate or "plantation" on the Perkiomen as having been occupied by Audubon while he was a resident of Pennsylvania.

A short time since it was the writer's fortune to visit this historic spot, and it may interest admirers of the great naturalist to know something of his old home as it now appears. It is to-day one of the finest among the many splendid farms in a region noted for fertility and beauty.

The valley of the Perkiomen Creek is surpassingly attractive in itself. The left bank of the stream, from its confluence with the Schuylkill as far as the eye will reach, is flanked with a thickly wooded ridge, rising in places abruptly from the water's edge, with many evergreens showing here and there among the more numerous deciduous trees.

Along the opposite side are lovely meadows stretching away far and wide, over which flocks of sheep and cattle roam and feed contentedly and luxuriously, or rest in the generous shade of trees that, from their great size and age, must have graced the landscape in Audubon's time, the whole scene presenting a charming picture of rural peace and plenty.

Local history tells us that here, about the beginning of the present century, Audubon laid the foundation of his great work, here also on April 8, 1808, he married Lucy Bakewell, and here too his eldest son was born.

Preparatory to his removal to Kentucky the naturalist disposed of the farm to Joseph Williams, of Whitmarsh, from whom it passed into the possession of M. R. Ambler, Esq., the present owner.—*W. D. Zimmerman in Forest and Stream.*

# THE AUDUBON NOTE BOOK.

## MEMBERSHIP RETURNS.

THE registered membership of the Society at June 30 was 47,095, showing an increase of 611 for the month, due to the following sources:

New York.....	56	Mississippi .....	10
Maine .....	1	Kentucky.....	1
New Jersey.....	61	Arkansas.....	1
Connecticut.....	36	Dakota.....	4
Vermont.....	11	Wisconsin.....	157
Rhode Island.....	7	Missouri.....	1
Massachusetts.....	45	California.....	20
New Hampshire.....	5	Maryland.....	10
Pennsylvania.....	69	Virginia.....	17
Ohio.....	3	Florida.....	1
Illinois.....	21	Canada.....	29
Michigan.....	2	England.....	1
Minnesota.....	8	East India.....	1
Nebraska.....	33		
			611

C. F. AMERY, General Secretary.

## ROBIN LOTHARIO.

*Editor Audubon Magazine:*

Farmer Geo. P. Smith of ——, Pa., has been for years a staunch bird protector like his neighbor, James Hixenbaugh, aged seventy. Two weeks ago the writer was a guest of Mr. S., and our after-dinner stroll included a visit to Jim's place. Jim's crops were in excellent condition, being chiefly of the cat and thistle bird varieties, interspersed with robins; and these hedged in with thrushes, larks, etc.

"You see," said Jim, "we've no cats or dog to scare the birds, and I like to hear 'em singin' round the house;" then he led the way to the subject of this letter.

Halting within ten feet of the front porch he spread apart the top of a bush and exposed to view a nest, on which lay three young birds; these infants he tenderly removed, and we saw that the nest was full of eggs.

Now, three weeks before, two female robins commenced to build in this bush, and the work progressed smoothly enough until they met at the nest; then sparring for an opening, they knocked the building material from each other's mouths, clinched and fell to the ground. Hostilities were suspended by Sheriff Jim's approach, and work was presently resumed; but they met again, and then another disgraceful affair, and a dozen or more such rounds were fought before the nest was finished. A struggle now ensued for first occupancy, and the unsuccessful bird deposited her egg on the ground; but friend-in-need Jim placed it in the nest. A third egg was laid, and when the alternate bird arrived, she saw that "raise," and went one or two better:

and so the game proceeded, and the stakes increased until the pool was valued at eleven eggs, by actual count of Banker Hixenbaugh. Of course the hatching was initiated by a row, and during this scuffle an egg was jostled out, which Jim appropriated—his ten per cent. commission. In due course of time three young appeared and now, for the first time, Mr. Robin showed preference—for the presiding mother, (and which one was it?) Occasionally (and to his credit be it recorded) he fed the children; and ever, while he sought the market for fresh supplies, the jilted bird appeared with worm in mouth, but forced (alas!) to retire on account of her savage rival. Thus affairs were pending that pleasant June afternoon.

"What do you think of this, Jim?"

"I believe," stroking his beard and looking over his spectacles at the speaker, "it's a clear case of one man with two wimmin."

No covert humor in his tone nor trace of any smile upon his face; perhaps he, too, was touched by the pathos of it all. Poor wifey No. 2! was she not entitled to a portion of the brood? or at least she might have been allowed to cater to the nest; that nest in which she held both stock and heart in trust.

"The nest is full now," continued Jim, "and I'm going to rig up some grass about it; then if any more eggs hatch out mebbly the other female will have a chance to do some feedin'."

Fancy eight or ten such youngsters, all open-mouthed, around that center table, impatiently waiting there, and the mammas bitterly striving to serve the first course of deliciously fat grub worms.

PITTSBURGH, June 16.

R. H.

## SONG OF THE WHIPPOORWILL.

*Editor Audubon Magazine:*

We moved to our farm here in Northern Pennsylvania this spring. We enjoy our rural home constantly. The lovely views, the succession of beautiful flowers in woodlands, meadows and by roadsides, these with the birds are a constant delight. A pair of kingbirds have their nest in an old pear tree close to the house. The nest is on a large limb, some distance from the ground, and near the tip of the limb. We have enjoyed watching them, sitting or standing in the open door; with the field glass we were able to bring them very close to us, so as to see every turn of the eye. The young brood require a great deal of attention now. The parent birds keep up a constant fluttering over the nest, first one and then the other returns from gar-

den or meadow with insects. I see them a great deal in the vegetable garden walking between the "green things growing," and their search seems to be rewarded very soon. There are some small dead limbs on their old pear tree. These are always selected by them to perch on. We never see them sit among the leaves. We are enjoying "Fifty Common Birds and How to Know Them;" I think it will be a great help. But more than anything else we have enjoyed the song of the whippoorwill. This is a most charming vesper song. Happy the man who, leaning on his pasture bars, hears in the "gloaming" this clear whistle coming up to him from the gathering shadows in the valley below. But it is most pleasing to those who having heard it in childhood, and not having heard it for years, come to hear again the wild, sweet, well-remembered notes. How the old memories come thronging back! We sit out on the lawn in the cool of the day, or lounge in the hammock and listen. Now, one note, clear and distinct, sounds out alone, then by twos and threes, then all together. We have but to close our eyes and we are back in our childhood, sitting on the porch. Father has come in from some late chores, and pausing on the porch has said, "Come out and hear the whippoorwill." We sit there in the gathering gloom, and hear the song coming up to us through the fragrant air from the swamp below. Well may we pray with the old man in Dickens's "Christmas Tale," "Lord keep my memory green." Later on in the evening the one who is reading aloud to the family pausing says, "Hark! How plainly you can hear him now." Still later, when the lights are out, and the house still, there floats through the closed blinds on the breeze that fans this "heaven-kissing hill," the same half plaintive note. It comes deliciously sweet to our drowsy senses, then faint and fainter till it mingles with our dreams, as we once more (as we only can in dreamland) walk with those who have "sailed beyond the sunset and touched the happy isles."

UPLANDS, Pa.

LUCY LYMAN PECK.

#### A TRUE INCIDENT.

A LADY and a little girl were looking through a box filled with artificial flowers, feathers and birds for hat trimmings. The lady was well educated, and had always lived in a happy and refined home. The little girl was less than seven years old, and had spent the first part of her short life in a home of destitution and degradation until it became at length necessary to break up the poor family and send her to the "Children's Home" of a county poorhouse. This kind lady, whom the child was now visiting, had taken her from the "Home," and they were now engaged in choosing from the box

something for the trimming of a summer hat for the little girl. The lady had long heard of the Audubon Society's protest against the wholesale slaughter of birds to satisfy the demands of fashion. The child was ignorant of it all, and poor, and to her these bright things were rare and tempting treasures.

"Let's put this pretty feather on the hat," said the lady.

"Poor birdie," said the child, "what made you kill it?"

"I did not kill it," was the reply.

"Who killed the birdie, then?" said the little girl.

"I don't know; a man did, I suppose."

"But," said the child, "what made you let the man kill the poor birdie?"

"I could not help it."

The little child looked up, and then said seriously, "You hadn't ought'er take any feathers from the man that killed poor birdie." The lady was silent, and trimmed the hat with a flower. H. N. D.

#### SWALLOWS AT SEA.

A RATHER curious episode in natural history occurred the other day on board the French steamboat *Abd-el Kader* during the passage from Marseilles to Algiers. Just as the vessel was about two hours out the skies became quite black with swallows. It was then about six o'clock in the evening. The birds alighted in thousands on the sails, ropes and yards of the *Abd-el-Kader*. After a perky survey of the deck from their eminences aloft, they descended coolly on deck, hopped about among the sailors and passengers, and eventually found their way into the cabins both fore and aft. The birds were evidently fatigued after a long flight, and allowed themselves to be caught by the people, who gave them a welcome reception and provided them with food, which they enjoyed heartily. The little winged strangers remained all night on the vessel, and in the morning at seven o'clock the head lookout bird had, no doubt, sighted the Balearic Isles, for the whole flock made for land, after having spent a comfortable and refreshing night on board ship.

MRS. SOMERVILLE AND HER BIRD.—Mrs. Somerville, the well known English woman, writing in 1869 says: "I have still the habit of studying in bed from eight till twelve or one o'clock, but I am left solitary, for I have lost my little bird who was my constant companion for eight years. It had both memory and intelligence, and such confidence in me as to sleep upon my arm while I was writing." Yes, birds have no instinctive fear of man, and will not fly from his approach until after they have learned by experience that he is not to be trusted.

## EMINENT PEOPLE ON BIRD PROTECTION.

OAK KNOLL, Danvers, Mass., }  
2nd mo., 20, 1886. }

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

I heartily approve of the proposed AUDUBON SOCIETY. We are in a way to destroy both our forests and our birds. A society for the preservation of the latter has long been needed, and I hope it is not too late for the accomplishment of its objects.

I could almost wish that the shooters of the birds, the taxidermists who prepare their skins, and the fashionable wearers of their feathers might share the penalty which was visited upon the Ancient Mariner who shot the Albatross. Thy friend,

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Feb. 20, 1886.

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

I am heartily in sympathy with your purposes for the protection of birds, and should be glad to contribute any influence that I can to that end.

If there were no purchasers there would be no demand, and no reason for slaughtering these winged gems. But as only women create a demand, it rests upon them to stay this wanton destruction. I am sure that it is only necessary to bring before American women the cruelty of this "slaughter of the innocents" that fashion is carrying on, to secure a renunciation of this ornament and the salvation of birds.

On this subject the kind feelings, the taste, and æsthetic sympathy of the whole community are on your side, and if you persevere you will surely win.

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

CORNWALL-ON-HUDSON, N. Y., }  
Feb. 22, 1886. }

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

You have indeed my hearty sympathy in every effort to prevent the slaughter of my innocent little neighbors and friends, the birds. In the destruction of forests and birds, the people of this land are inviting very great evils and inflicting wrongs on posterity which scarcely can be measured. The press should render it impossible for women to sin thoughtlessly and ignorantly in demanding little birds for their adornment. The evil should be brought home so fully to the knowledge of all, that the continued wearing of our useful little birds should become the badge and indication of a callous, vulgar nature. You are doing a humane and patriotic work in exciting public aversion to one of the most cruel and stupid wrongs of the age.

Respectfully yours,

EDWARD P. ROE.

WEST PARK, N. Y., Feb. 20, 1886.

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

I scarcely need assure you that your undertaking to form a society for the protection of our wild birds against the ravages of the milliners and the sham scientific collectors has my warmest sympathy and approval. It is a barbarous taste which prompts our women and girls to appear upon the street with their head gear adorned with the scalps of our songsters; and it is mere vanity and affectation which prompts so many persons to make up cabinets of the nests and eggs of the same. The destruction of our birds from their natural enemies is immense, and this craze of the collectors, and folly of the milliners and their customers in addition, threatens their serious diminution.

I hope you may succeed in creating so strong a public sentiment upon the subject that the collectors of skins and eggs for the unworthy purposes of fashion or to indulge the vanity of pseudo-naturalists may suddenly find their occupation gone.

Please add my name to the list of the members of the AUDUBON SOCIETY. Very sincerely,

JOHN BURROUGHS.

160 W. 59TH STREET, }  
NEW YORK, Feb. 20, 1886. }

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

No one who will take the trouble to give the matter a few moments' serious consideration can be in doubt, I think, as to the wisdom of organizing the AUDUBON SOCIETY, and I am thankful that such a step is contemplated. There is an element of savagery in the use of birds for personal decoration, which is in grotesque contrast with our boasts of civilization. But even the savage stops short, as a rule, with the feathers. It is only Christian people who think it worth while to butcher a whole bird to adorn their head gear. I am sure, however, that this is largely from that unreflecting habit which is a leading vice in people who follow the fashions. But it is a vice; as Hood sang, when he wrote—

For evil is wrought  
By want of thought  
As well as by want of heart.

If the AUDUBON SOCIETY can teach men, and especially women, to think on this subject, half of the battle will have been won. HENRY C. POTTER.

ANDOVER, Mass., Feb. 21, 1886.

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

I am in earnest and indignant sympathy with the motive of any society organized to prevent the murder of birds for decorative purposes.

E. S. PHELPS.



## The Audubon Society.

### THE AUDUBON SOCIETY FOR THE PROTECTION OF BIRDS.

THE AUDUBON SOCIETY was founded in New York city in February, 1886. Its purpose is the protection of American birds, not used for food, from destruction for mercantile purposes. The magnitude of the evil with which the Society will cope, and the imperative need of the work which it proposes to accomplish, are outlined in the following statement concerning

#### THE DESTRUCTION OF BIRDS.

Within the last few years, the destruction of our birds has increased at a rate which is alarming. This destruction now takes place on such a large scale as to seriously threaten the existence of a number of our most useful species. It is carried on chiefly by men and boys who sell the skins or plumage to be used for ornamental purposes—principally for the trimming of women's hats, bonnets and clothing. These men kill everything that wears feathers. The birds of the woods, the birds of the field, the birds of the marsh and those of the sea are alike slain, at all times and at all seasons. It matters not if the bird be a useful one which devours the hurtful insects which destroy the farmer's crops, or a bright-plumaged songster whose advent has been welcomed in spring, and which has reared its brood in the door yard during the summer, or a swift-winged sea swallow whose flight along the shore has often with unerring certainty led the fisherman to his finny prey—whatever it be, it must be sacrificed to the bird butcher's lust for slaughter and for gain. Besides the actual destruction of the birds, their numbers are still further diminished by the practice of robbing their nests in the breeding season.

Although it is impossible to get at the number of birds killed each year, some figures have been published which give an idea of what the slaughter must be. We know that a single local taxidermist handles 30,000 bird skins in one year; that a single collector brought back from a three months' trip 11,000 skins; that from one small district on Long Island about 70,000 birds were brought to New York in four months time. In New York one firm had on hand February 1, 1886, 200,000 skins. The supply is not limited by domestic consumption. American bird skins are sent abroad. The great European markets draw their supplies from all over the world. In London there were sold in three months from one auction room, 404,464 West Indian and Brazilian bird skins, and 356,389 East Indian birds. In Paris 100,000 African birds have been sold by one dealer in one year. One New York firm recently had a contract to supply 40,000 skins of American birds to one Paris firm. These figures tell their own story—but it is a story which might be known even without them; we may read it plainly enough in the silent hedges, once vocal with the morning songs of birds, and in the deserted fields where once bright plumage flashed in the sunlight.

#### BIRDS, INSECTS AND CROPS.

The food of our small birds consists very largely of the insects which feed on the plants grown by the farmer. These insects multiply with such astounding rapidity that a single pair may in the course of one season be the progenitors of six billions of their kind. All through the season at which this insect life is most active, the birds are constantly at work destroying for their young and for themselves, tens of thousands of hurtful creatures, which, but for them, would swarm upon the farmer's crops and lessen the results of his labors.

A painstaking and ardent naturalist not very long ago watched the nest of a pair of martins for sixteen hours, from 4 A. M. till 8 P. M., just to see how many visits the parent birds made to their young. He found that in that time 312 visits to the four young were made, 119 by the male and 193 by the female. If we suppose only six insects to have been brought at each visit, this pair of birds would have destroyed, for their young alone, in this one summer's day, not far from 2,000 insects. The important relations which our birds bear to the agricultural interests and so to the general welfare, are recognized by the governments of all our States. Laws exist for their protection, but these laws are rendered inoperative by the lack of an intelligent public sentiment to support them. They are nowhere enforced. It is for the interest of every one that such a public sentiment should be created.

It is time that this destruction were stopped.

#### PURPOSE OF THE AUDUBON SOCIETY.

To secure the protection of our birds by awakening a better sentiment, the Audubon Society, named after the greatest of American ornithologists, has been founded. The objects sought to be accomplished by this Society are to prevent as far as possible—

- (1) The killing of any wild bird not used for food.
- (2) The taking or destroying of the eggs or nests of wild birds.
- (3) The wearing of the feathers of wild birds. Ostrich feathers, whether from wild or tame birds, and those of domestic fowls, are specially exempted.

The Audubon Society aims especially to preserve those

birds which are now practically without protection. Our game birds are already protected by law, and in large measure by public sentiment, and their care may be left to the sportsman. The great aim of the Society is the protection of American non-game birds. The English sparrow is not included in our lists.

#### PLAN OF THE WORK.

Obviously the Society cannot supply any machinery of compulsion to lead individuals and communities to a higher regard for bird life and to efforts for its protection. Nor are compulsory measures thought necessary. The wrong is tolerated now only because of thoughtlessness and indifference. The birds are killed for millinery purposes. So long as fashion demands bird feathers, the birds will be slaughtered. The remedy is to be found in the awakening of a healthy public sentiment on the subject. If this enormous destruction of birds can once be put in its true light before the eyes of men and women and young folks, if interest be aroused and sentiment created, the great wrong must cease. To so present the case to the people as to awaken this corrective sentiment is the special work contemplated by the Audubon Society. The methods adopted are very simple. Pledges are furnished, subscription to which constitutes membership, and certificates are issued to members.

#### TERMS OF MEMBERSHIP.

The signing of any of the pledges will qualify one for membership in the Society. It is earnestly desired that each member may sign all three of the pledges. Beyond the promise contained in the pledge no obligation nor responsibility is incurred. There are no fees, nor dues, nor any expenses of any kind. There are no conditions as to age. The boys and girls are invited to take part in the work, for they can often do more than others to practically protect the nesting birds. All who are interested in the subject are invited to become members, and to urge their friends to join the Society. If each man, woman or child who reads this circular will exert his or her influence, it will not take long to enlist in the good work a great number of people actively concerned in the protection of our birds. It is desired that members may be enrolled in every town and village throughout the land, so that by the moral weight of its influence this Society may check the slaughter of our beautiful songsters. The beneficent influence of the Audubon Society should be exerted in every remotest by-way where the songs of birds fill the air, and in every crowded city where the plumes of slain songsters are worn as an article of dress.

#### ASSOCIATE MEMBERS.

As there are a very great number of people in full sympathy with the Audubon movement, and ready to lend it their moral support, but who refrain from joining the Society simply because they find it distasteful to sign a pledge, it has been determined to form a class of Associate Members. Any one expressing his or her sympathy with the objects of the Audubon Society and submitting a written request for membership to any local secretary, will be enrolled on the list of Associate Members. All such applications for membership received by local secretaries of the Society should be forwarded to the General Secretary for registration.

#### LOCAL SECRETARIES.

The Society has local secretaries in cities, towns and villages. The local secretary will furnish this circular of information and pledge forms; will receive the signed pledges, keep a list of the members, forward a duplicate list with the pledges for enrollment and file at the Society's office; and will receive in return certificates of membership, to be filled out and signed by the local secretary and given to the members. No certificate of membership will be issued to any person except upon the receipt of a signed pledge at the office of the Society. Where no local secretary has yet been appointed, individual applicants for membership may address the Society at its office, No. 318 Broadway, New York.

If there is no local secretary in your town, you are invited to act as such yourself, or to hand this to some other person who will accept the office. Upon application we will supply copies of this circular and pledge forms.

#### THE AUDUBON SOCIETY CERTIFICATE.

The Society furnishes to each member a handsome certificate of membership. This bears a portrait of the great naturalist, John James Audubon, after whom the Society very appropriately takes its name.

The office of the Society is at 318 Broadway, New York city. All communications should be addressed

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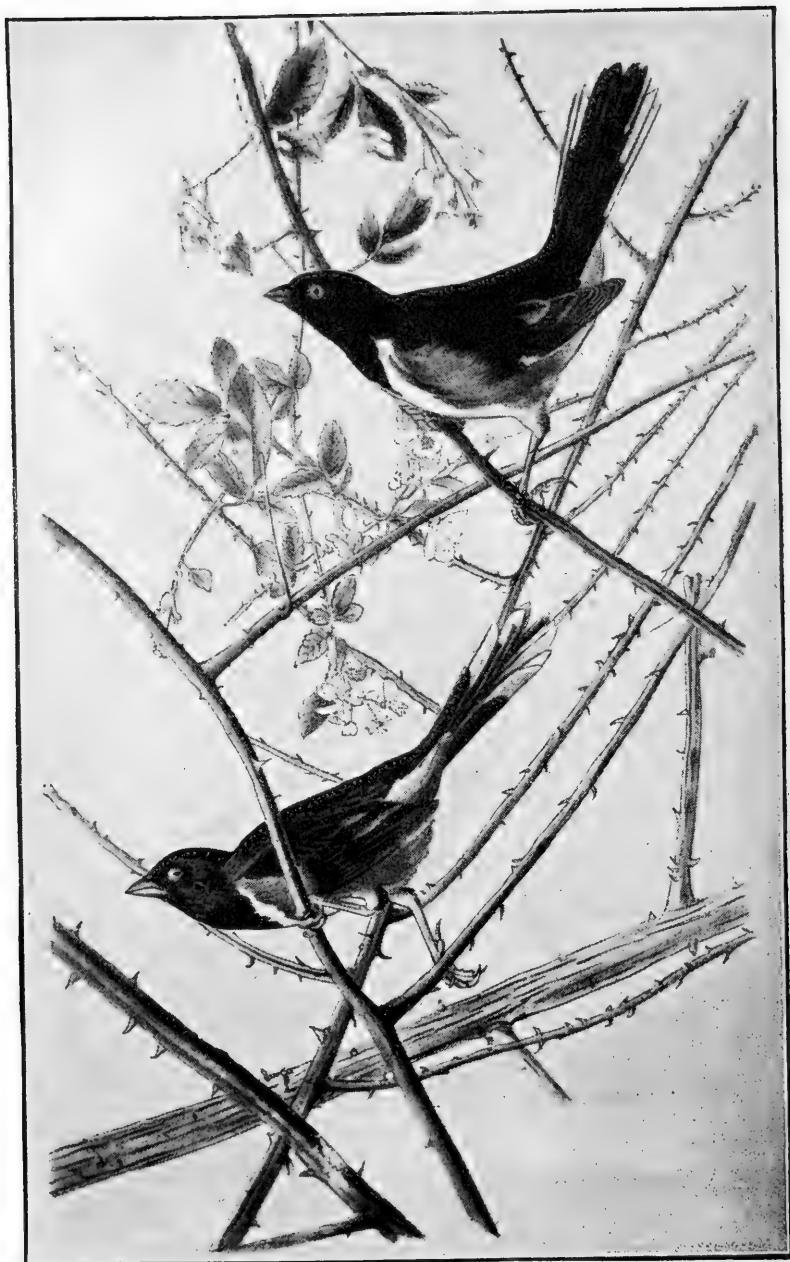
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THE TOWHEE BUNTING.

( *Pipilo erythrophthalmus* (LINN.) )

# THE AUDUBON MAGAZINE.

VOL. II.

SEPTEMBER, 1888.

No. 8.

## THE TOWHEE BUNTING.

ONE of the most abundant summer birds of middle North America is the Ground Robin, Chewink or Towhee Bunting. Although so numerous in our forests and along the hedgerows, it is yet a bird known to few persons except those who make a study of our feathered visitants. It comes quietly in the spring, and, seldom appearing in the fields or about the houses, at once betakes itself to its chosen haunts along the edges of the woods. A favorite resort for these birds is one of the rambling, grass-grown woodroads or cart paths which so often traverse our New England woods. The narrow track is verdant with fresh grass, and on either side near the tumble down stone walls or rail fences, which bound the road, the ground is overgrown with cedars and sumachs, and these are matted together with thorny cat-briers. It is under and among these tangled growths that the Towhee Bunting delights to dwell, and if you go along carefully and quietly any bright summer morning or evening you may hear him busily at work on the ground, scratching among the dry leaves in search of food, or if it is the mating season you will come upon him seated on the lowest branch of some overhanging chestnut, and trilling the simple lay which cheers his mate while she broods her eggs not far away.

The Towhee Bunting makes its appearance with us in the latter part of April,

having passed the winter in the Southern States, where it is found everywhere at that season of the year. Its migrations are performed slowly by short flights, and its wing beats are so rapid that sometimes they may be heard at quite a little distance. At this time it is a busy, restless bird, seeming unwilling to remain quiet for any length of time, and appearing to be impressed with the notion that it must hurry on to its journey's end. And yet for all its apparent haste it seems to loiter. When the Towhees reach their breeding places they arrive singly, never moving in flocks, the males coming first and dispersing themselves over the country, to be followed a little later by their more plainly clad mates.

Soon after the arrival of these latter the birds choose their mates. A site for a nest is selected, usually at the foot of some bush or very young tree, sometimes close to a tuft of high grass; and now both the mates take part in the labor of making the nest. This is begun by scratching out a hollow in the ground as large as a good sized tea cup. This hollow is then lined with dried grasses, and slender weed stalks, sometimes with dried leaves, and over this, to form the real lining of the nest on which the delicate eggs are to rest, are finer grasses, fibrous roots, and sometimes horse or cow hair. The whole is a most compact and comfortable structure, and it is generally well protected from danger of

discovery by the grass and growing leaves and twigs which surround it. In this nest the female lays from four to six closely speckled or mottled eggs. If disturbed during incubation she usually manages to slip off her nest unobserved, and to run some little distance through the grass before taking flight, and is thus sometimes able to throw the observer off the track as to the true location of her nest. Usually, however, this is readily discovered, owing to the habit of choosing a location for it close to some rather prominent object.

The nest of this species is exposed to more dangers than those of tree inhabiting species. Snakes discover and devour both eggs and young, and sometimes the old bird as well, and skunks and foxes also prey upon them, while crows and jays are unremitting enemies. The cow bunting often chooses the nest of the Towhee as a cradle for its egg, and we have found a nest which contained three of the latter, and four which belonged to the owner of the structure. Although the Towhee during the breeding season at the north has only natural enemies to fear, yet when forced south by the approach of winter, this bird is eagerly sought for as an article of food. In Louisiana, where they are very abundant during the fall and winter, they become extremely fat and are shot and sent to market in great numbers. Here they are known as Grassets, and are greatly esteemed for the table, being regarded by epicures much as is the ricebird or bobolink in other localities.

Still, notwithstanding all the enemies against which they have to contend, the Towhees seem to hold their own pretty well, and are very abundant.

The Towhee Bunting is at all times an active, graceful bird, and its long tail bordered with white is conspicuously flirted about as it hops or runs along the ground, or passes by short flights from bush to bush.

In the Northern States the eye of this

bird, when it is adult is usually of a bright red color, that of the young bird being brown. Sometimes, however, the two eyes are of different colors, one being red and the other brown. Wilson speaks of an individual which had one eye red and the other white, and Mr. Allen has described a variety from Florida which has both eyes white.

The names Chewink and Towhee are given this bird from a fancied resemblance of its cry to these syllables. In the West its common cry of anxiety or alarm is not unlike the common note of the catbird, and resembles the mewling of a kitten.

The Towhee Bunting belongs to the genus *Pipilo*, of which there are in North America fifteen or eighteen species and varieties scattered all over the breadth of the continent. They are birds of rather southerly distribution, and only two or three species pass over the border line of the United States into Canada. Most of those found east of the Main Divide of the Rocky Mountains bear a general resemblance to our eastern bird.

The Towhee Bunting is eight and one-half inches long, and measures twelve inches in extent of wing. Its bill is conical and very robust, the wings short and rounded, and the tail long, expanded toward its end and then abruptly rounded. The bill is black, and the eyes bright red. The legs and claws are pale flesh color. The head, neck and upper parts in the male are black. There is a narrow white band across the wing, the outer edge of the first quill of which is white. The margins of some of the secondary feathers are white. The outer tail feathers are mostly white, and are conspicuous when the bird is in flight; the next two have also some white on them near their extremities. The breast is white, the sides rich brownish red, and the belly pale red. The female differs from the male chiefly in having the black of the latter replaced by brown.

## ALEXANDER WILSON.

### IV.

WILSON soon found that he could not indulge in his favorite pursuits consistently with his conscientious discharge of his duty to his pupils. His dream of writing and illustrating a work on ornithology, once it had taken definite shape, and presented itself as a task within the compass of his abilities, became the one idea of his life, to which every other consideration must be subordinated, and to give effect to it, it would be necessary to resign his school appointment. He had no hesitation in making the sacrifice, but before cutting himself adrift he prudently looked about for some means of providing for his necessary expenses. He applied to Mr. Brown, the conductor of the *Literary Magazine*, who accepted his "Rural Walk" and "Solitary Tutor"—two poetical pieces, the latter being descriptive of his own career, his early preparation for the church, his disappointment at being diverted into another and less congenial channel, his struggle to emancipate himself, his emigration, his school house on the Schuylkill, and his favorite haunts in Bartram's woods.

The acceptance of these pieces encouraged him to make a journey on foot to the Falls of Niagara, which he accomplished along with two friends, starting in October, 1804. The lateness of the season exposed them to many hardships on the return journey, a distance of over six hundred miles, which he describes as in great part "through deep snows and uninhabited forests, over stupendous mountains and down dangerous rivers."

This journey neither satisfied nor discouraged him, on the contrary, it appears only to have awakened in him a real design of becoming a traveler, and by his acquisitions adding something to the common stock of knowledge, but he realized keenly

his deficiency in many acquirements necessary to an explorer, especially in botany, mineralogy and drawing, and meditated a preparatory course of study of these subjects, consulting his friend Mr. Bartram as usual.

This, his first journey in the pursuit of material for his natural history, is described in the poem of the "Foresters," afterward published in the "Portfolio," and furnished the materials for his beautiful description and poem of the bald eagle and fish hawk. Other journeys were undertaken in the following year, the most patent and immediate result of which was the destruction of the success of his school. His own neglect was aggravated by the severe winter of 1805, which pressed hard on the settlers.

Writing to Mr. Duncan at its close he says: "This winter has been entirely lost to me as well as to yourself. I shall on the 12th of next month be scarcely able to collect a sufficiency to pay my board, having not more than twenty-seven scholars. Five or six families who used to send me their children have been almost in a state of starvation."

Wilson still remained at Union School, and "managed to maintain himself honestly," as his biographer tells us, but he could not give up the design of illustrating the birds of the United States, though prudence, represented by Mr. Lawson's calculations, still forbade the scheme.

On July 2 of this year he wrote to Mr. Bartram, "I dare say you will smile at my presumption when I tell you that I have seriously begun to make a collection of drawings of the birds to be found in Pennsylvania, or that occasionally pass through it. Twenty-eight as a beginning I send for your opinion. They are, I hope, in-

ferior to what I shall produce, though as close copies of the originals as I could make. One or two of these I cannot find either in your "Nomenclature" or the seven volumes of Edwards. Any hint for promoting my plan or enabling me to execute better I will receive from you with much pleasure. Criticise these, my dear friend, without fear of offending me. This will instruct, but not discourage me. To your advice and encouraging encomiums I am indebted for these few specimens, and for all that will follow. *They may yet tell posterity that I was honored with your friendship, and that to your inspiration they owe their existence.*"

Expressions such as that given above in italics indicate that in spite of his enthusiasm and no mean measure of self-reliance, there was in Wilson a tendency to so modest an appreciation of his own abilities, that at this decisive stage of his career he would hardly have ventured on the struggle for the consummation of his dreams unless encouraged by those in whose judgment he had implicit confidence.

But now a circumstance arose which prevented him from putting his design in immediate execution, and which, perhaps, as suggested by his biographer, favored his success indirectly by hindering him from commencing on his own inadequate resources.

Mr. Jefferson, the then President of the United States, had it in contemplation to dispatch an expedition to explore the country of the Mississippi, and Wilson sought to be appointed as a naturalist to the party. He applied to Mr. Bartram, who cheerfully wrote to the President, recommending his friend, and Wilson forwarded the letter with a communication from himself, in which he set forth that he had been several years engaged in collecting materials and furnishing drawings with the design of publishing a new ornithology of the United States of America, and having collected

and drawn a great many birds hitherto undescribed, he was very anxious for such an opportunity as the proposed expedition afforded, of adding to his stock of knowledge, and collecting fresh materials for his contemplated work.

Wilson had been previously introduced to Jefferson, for whom he felt a species of hero worship, which had been intensified by the receipt of a very cordial and appreciative letter from him in acknowledgment of the drawings of two birds which Wilson had secured on his trip to Niagara, and forwarded to the President after his return.

This letter would lead it to be inferred that Mr. Jefferson himself was a careful student of ornithology; and Wilson with his sanguine temperament must have built high hopes on the success of his application, but no attention was ever paid to it, and neither Wilson nor Bartram ever obtained a clue to the President's neglect, which surprised them greatly.

But he builds foolishly who builds on past courteous communications from kings or presidents. The probabilities are that the courteous and appreciative letter in acknowledgment of Wilson's drawings was written by a secretary or some one of the staff supposed to know something about natural history, and that Wilson's application revived no recollection whatever in the President's mind.

But an opportunity, perhaps still more favorable to Wilson's designs, was on its way to him. Mr. Samuel F. Bradford, bookseller in Philadelphia, was about to publish an improved edition of Rees' New Cyclopaedia. Wilson was introduced to him as one qualified to superintend the work, and was engaged at a liberal salary as assistant editor.

The agreement is dated April 20, 1806, and two days later he wrote as follows to Mr. Bartram expressing diffidence in his ability for the superintendence of such varied subjects:



"This engagement will, I hope, in more ways than one, enable me to proceed with my intended ornithology, to which all my leisure moments will be devoted. In the mean time, I anticipate with diffidence the laborious and very responsible situation I am soon to be placed in, requiring a much more general fund of scientific knowledge, and stronger powers of mind than I am

possessed of; but all these objections have been overruled, and I am engaged."

This proved the stepping-stone to success in the great object of his life, which he soon unfolded to Mr. Bradford, who thought so favorably of the undertaking, and of Wilson's abilities, that he agreed to become the publisher, and furnish the requisite funds.

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#### BIRD LEGENDS.

**A**MONG the various superstitions relating to the animal creation, our feathered friends play an important part, and it may not be uninteresting to retail some of the principal traditions and popular beliefs concerning them.

We will begin with the raven, who takes the place of the eagle in northern mythology. He was sacred to Wodan, and was believed to be his especial companion. Wodan had two ravens, named Huginn and Muninn, who reported to him all the news of the world; and, furthermore, announced to heroes their approaching death. Thence arises the universal belief that the croaking of a raven portends a death. In the Middle Ages, evil spirits were supposed to assume the form of ravens, for when Christianity transformed Wodan into the devil, his winged messenger became uncanny. Sometimes a sight of a raven brings ill-fortune, and sometimes it betokens good; but whoever finds a feather will have luck.

In Swabia, a flight of ravens foretells war, and in the Tyrolese Oetz-Thal, people say that, when ravens fly around some particular pasture, and suddenly dart to the ground, a cow will die within three days. The Tyrolese peasantry declare that the ravens are so clever that "they scent the powder in the gun," and that is the reason it is so difficult to shoot them. According to a Tyrol legend, the ravens and

crows once had snow-white plumage, and were beautiful birds, very proud of their appearance. They were especially fond of frequenting the neighborhood of streams, and bathed a great deal. One day they were thus engaged, when the Holy Child drew near to quench His burning thirst, but the ravens splashing in the water made it quite thick and muddy. Then the Holy Boy said: "Because ye are so ungrateful and so vain of your dazzling white plumage, ye shall henceforth have naught but black feathers unto the end of the world."

In the Lech Valley there is a belief that the ravens never drink during June, because in that month they feed the prophet Elijah. In North Germany, Swabia, and Tyrol, a superstition prevails, that if the eggs are taken from a raven's nest, boiled, and replaced, the old raven will bring a root or stone to the nest, which he fetches from the sea. This "raven stone" is very valuable, for it confers great good fortune on its owner, and has likewise the power of rendering him invisible when worn on the arm. The stone is found in the nests of magpies as well as ravens, and as it makes the nest itself invisible, it must be sought with the aid of a mirror.

In Pomerania and Rügen, the method is somewhat different. The parent birds must have attained the age of a hundred years, and the would-be possessor of the

precious "stone" must climb up and kill one of the young ravens, who must be a cock bird, and not over six weeks old. Then the aggressor descends, taking careful note of the tree. The old raven immediately returns with the stone, which he puts in his son's beak, and, thereupon, both tree and nest become invisible. The man, however, feels for the tree, and on reaching the nest he carries off the stone in triumph. Rügen folks declare that this feat can only be accomplished by the help of the devil, and that the man's soul is the price paid for such assistance.

The Swabian peasantry maintain that the young ravens are nourished solely by the dew from heaven during the first nine days of their existence. As they are naked, and of a light color, the old birds do not believe they are their progeny, and consequently neglect to feed them; but they occasionally cast a glance at the nest, and when the young ones begin to show a little black down on their breasts by the tenth day, the parents bring them the first carrion.

The magpie shares the raven's reputation for sorcery in many places, and he is also supposed to bring bad luck. Silesia is the only exception, for there people think that the chattering of a magpie foretells the arrival of esteemed visitors. In Tyrol, on the contrary, its screaming denotes famine or pestilence. Whenever a magpie screams outside a house in West Prussia or Hesse, it is regarded as a sure token of strife within that same day. A magpie boiled down into soup makes him who eats it lose his senses.

In Lech Valley a curious notion exists, that when nine magpies are seen together, one of them is sure to be a witch. It is unlucky to shoot a magpie in Prussia; and in the Wetterau, the same theory is held respecting the water-wagtails, who are much given to frequenting the neighborhood of cows, "because they were formerly cows themselves!"

Popular tradition states that magpies were originally white birds, and that they owe their black feathers to some enchantment. But the time will come when they will cast off the spell and resume once more their snowy plumage, and then happy days will dawn on the earth. The Emperor Barbarossa sleeps within the mountain so long as the magpies wear their parti-colored plumage; but when they gain their former white hue, he will awake, and will emerge from his subterranean cavern, to reign triumphantly over a great united Fatherland. In Uhland's well-known ballad of the Emperor Barbarossa, it is the ravens who encircle the Kyffhäuser mountain where the Kaiser reposes.

Other ill-omened birds are the jackdaws, whose appearance in flights betokens either tempest or war; and the owl, whose hooting portends death; while in the Prussian Mark, Silesia, and Austria, the same quality is ascribed to the cock when he crows into the house. A crowing hen means ill-fortune, but it can be averted by immediately wringing the neck of the evil prophet. A white cock is a good omen. The Tyrolese peasantry say that, when a cock is seven years old, he lays an egg which produces a dragon.

Peacocks, when they make their disagreeable shrill noise, are said to predict rain, a piece of weather lore embodied in the following couplet:

When the peacock loudly bawls,  
Then we'll have both rain and squalls.

And in Lupton's "Notable Things," we read that the oftener they cry the more rain is signified. Again, the woodpecker's cry denotes wet, a notion which prevails on the Continent of Europe. It has on this account been properly called the "rain bird," and in Northumberland it is known as the "rain fowl." Several items of weather lore are associated with our domestic bird, the cock. Thus, according to an old proverb:

If the cock crows going to bed,  
 He's sure to rise with a watery head.  
 If the cock moults before the hen,  
 We shall have the weather thick and thin.  
 If the hen moults before the cock,  
 We shall have weather hard as a block.

Once more, there is a common idea that if the cock stays on the roost longer in the morning than usual, and crows there, it is a sign of wet weather. Fowls again have their weather lore, and a well-known rhyme reminds us how,

If fowls roll in the sand  
 Rain is at hand,

and a popular couplet in Scotland is to the following effect:

When ducks are driving through the burn,  
 That night the weather takes a turn.

In Scotland there is a superstition that if the raven cries first in the morning, it will be a good day; if the rook the reverse. Thus the subjoined rhyme:

The corbie said unto the crow,  
 "John, fling your plaid awa."  
 The crow said unto the corbie,  
 "Johnnie, fling your plaid about ye."

Swans have generally been considered good weather prophets:

The swans that sail along the silvery flood,  
 And dive with stretching necks to search their food,  
 Then lave their backs with sprinkling dews in vain,  
 And stem the stream to meet the promised rain.

The cuckoo, too, is not without its omens, as is shown by the subjoined piece of advice to the farmer:

When the cuckoo comes to the bare thorn,  
 Sell your cow and buy your corn;  
 But when she comes to the full bit,  
 Sell your corn and buy your sheep.

The screaming of the owl is a bad sign, being supposed to prognosticate stormy, tempestuous weather. Lastly, when sparrows chirp a great deal, and robins do not venture to go far from houses, rain may be considered near at hand.

There is a legend common in Scandinavia that a dishonest handmaiden of the Blessed Virgin purloined her mistress's silver scissors, and that she was transformed into a lapwing for punishment, the forked tail of the bird being a brand of the theft, and that the bird was doomed to a continual confession of the crime by the plaintive cry, "Tyvit, tyvit!" that is, in Scandinavian, "I stole them! I stole them!"

## QUEEN HONEY DEW.

ONCE upon a time a little queen lay quietly in her cradle wondering when it would be time for her to slip out of her silken baby robes, and turn into a grown-up queen; for in Beedom, where she lived, the royal babies did not have to wait years and years to grow up, but as soon as they left the nursery they became full-grown almost instantly, and thus there was no time wasted, and they were ready at once to enter upon the duties of sovereignty.

This saved much expense in the way of tutors and governesses, lawyers and prime ministers, and seemed such a very wise plan altogether, that the inhabitants of that country often wondered why the rest of the

world did not follow their example; but they were such an industrious race that they never had time to go abroad and spread their ideas, and could only hope that every one would grow wise enough some day to do just as they did, not only about queens, but about everything else.

And they really were such wonderful creatures that they were perhaps excusable in thinking their own ways almost perfect; for every great traveler has admitted that nowhere in the world exists a happier and more perfectly governed kingdom than Beedom.

The queen is so revered and beloved that it is not even necessary to provide her

with a body-guard; for whenever she appears among her subjects they one and all hasten to do her homage, and bestow such lavish attentions upon her that she enjoys a royal progress as long as she remains in view. She receives these attentions with the utmost graciousness, and permits herself to be caressed with such sweet dignity that it is easily seen that she holds her power as much by love as by birth, and that the offerings of honey and snow-drop farina, which are tendered her as soon as she appears, are given not from a desire to win her favor, but to show the affection of her subjects.

Such being the happy ways of Beedom, it is no wonder that the baby queens wish to leave their cradles as soon as possible, for among other wonderful gifts they are born with a complete knowledge of all the customs and habits of their kingdom, and are perfectly capable of governing as soon as they are out of the nursery.

Queen Honey Dew was no exception to the rule, and waited impatiently for the moment to come when she could leave babyhood forever. Her nurses were all waiting the moment too, with the tenderest anxiety, and, in fact, the whole country was excited over the matter, for the old queen had died some time before, and all the hopes and ambitions of the people were set upon the baby Honey Dew.

At last the time came. Honey Dew put off her silken baby clothes, left her cradle and stepped out a full-grown queen, and after a few drowsy seconds examined with interest the world outside her curtained nursery.

Nothing seemed strange to her, for, of course, she knew how everything would be; but, nevertheless, she found great pleasure in examining all the arrangements of her palace, and the dwellings of her subjects, and in the afternoon of the same day, it being warm and sunshiny, she set off on a royal progress through her dominions. Her

kingdom lay in the Land of Summer, and was beautiful with running brooks, singing birds, flowers, butterflies and trees, and Honey Dew went from object to object with ever increasing delight.

She had imagined how wonderful it would all be, but had never dreamed of anything so exquisite as the blue depths of the sky, the thousand tints of the flowers, and the sweet odors that filled all the air, and made it seem alive with beauty.

Everywhere she went she found her subjects busily at work, for in this they found their truest pleasure, and always looked with scorn upon any one who tried to shirk his share of the labor. And, indeed, so sure were they that happiness could only be found in work, that they could not have conceived of anything more miserable than to be deprived of their daily labor in the fields, and those of their number who persisted in idleness were generally put to death as a mark of their displeasure.

There were many other dwellers in the Land of Summer besides her own subjects, and Honey Dew often wondered to see so many of them idle or playing when she thought they ought to be at work, and she looked with surprise upon the birds who seemed to be so content to sit singing on the apple boughs rocked by the summer wind, and the butterflies who flew from flower to flower with apparently no thought for anything in the world but the moment's pleasure. Honey Dew was very indignant at such sights, and if the offenders had been her subjects would probably have condemned them to instant death.

As it was, the birds sang on, the butterflies flitted lazily through the air, and the dragon flies flashed in the sunlight, and Honey Dew never imagined that if it had been otherwise the Land of Summer would have lost some of its sweetest charms.

Once she paused as the ruby throat of a hummingbird gleamed through a spray of

grassy leaves, and wondered for a moment if it were not enough to be merely beautiful without always thinking of work, but she quickly dismissed this thought as unworthy the Queen of Beedom, and went on her way, sure that her own people were the wisest and most industrious on the face of the earth. And as the young queen grew older she became confirmed in this opinion, for she found that it took great caution and vigilance on the part of her subjects to keep their wealth secure from the bands of lazy marauders that were constantly on the alert to rob their thrifty neighbors. And she found that even Beedom was not free from jealousies and strife, for the inhabitants spend so much time in work that they grow a little impatient and uncertain in temper, and fly into the greatest rage, sometimes without waiting to see if there is any reason for it or not. Honey Dew grieved over the bad dispositions of some of her subjects, and went so far as to acknowledge to herself that perhaps a little play now and then among the flowers or by the side of a brook might sweeten their natures, and make them pleasanter to live with; but she did not dare speak of this, for she knew it was against the laws of the land, and that she was as powerless to change these as the humblest of her subjects.

But although Honey Dew worried over these troubles she could do nothing to help them, except to place the most vigilant guards around the castle to warn off daily and nightly enemies from abroad, and to try, by extra sweetness and amiability on her own part, to keep her subjects from domestic quarrels.

And it seemed after awhile that her efforts were crowned with success, for there was a long season of peace and happiness, and Honey Dew almost forgot that there was anything in the world but sunshine and flowers.

But one day one of the guards in front

of the palace noticed a stranger lurking around the entrance, and at once presented arms and asked what he wanted.

The stranger replied that he was the subject of a neighboring kingdom, also within the limits of Beedom, and that he was merely on a visit of curiosity, having heard such attractive accounts of Honey Dew and her people that he was desirous of seeing them himself.

The guard made no reply to this, and evidently thought that the traveler might better have stayed at home and gone about his work than wander around simply to gratify an idle curiosity, and the stranger, seeing that his politeness met with no response, very soon took his departure, and the guard hoped he had seen the last of him.

But he had not, for before long the stranger was back again, bringing with him a companion, and in spite of the protestations of the guard they persisted in lounging around the palace gates, and at last even tried to effect an entrance.

The guard promptly called a brother officer, and drove the intruders away; but now it was very evident that mischief was intended, and the officer of the guard was informed of the stranger's visit.

He at once put a double guard around the castle, and made preparations for instantly despatching the offenders in case of a return, but for a time it seemed that the caution was needless, for everything remained quiet, and the guards searched the horizon in vain for the appearance of an enemy.

But one beautiful day, when the sky was so unusually bright, and the flowers so unusually lovely that a large number of inhabitants had been tempted out in the fields, the watchman at the gate saw what seemed to him a large black cloud dimming the distant horizon, and sweeping rapidly toward the palace; he thought at first that there was a shower coming up,

but in a few moments he saw that the cloud was simply a multitude of foreign soldiers, and that they were sweeping toward the palace with the speed of the wind.

In a moment he had sounded the alarm, and the garrison rushed to their places, but before even these preparations were complete, the vanguard of the enemy was down upon them, surrounding the palace with shrill cries of defiance and threatening instant destruction to the besieged.

Honey Dew trembled as the hoarse trumpet of their leader fell upon her ear, for she well knew that her crown and kingdom, and even her life was at stake, and that even if her loyal subjects succeeded in repulsing the invaders it would be at a terrible sacrifice of life.

To add to her distress, a messenger rushed in saying that the besieging army was composed of the subjects of her own cousin, a rival queen, who had heretofore shown her nothing but friendliness, and knowing their warlike disposition she feared that the conflict could only end with the total destruction of one of the armies.

True to their usual mode of warfare, the besiegers tried at once to force an entrance into the royal apartments and murder the queen, knowing that by this means they would utterly dishearten their enemy, and after gaining an easy victory could plunder the palace at leisure.

But the Queen's guards drove them back again and again, and forced them to confine the conflict to the open air, for they well knew that if they once allowed them to gain an entrance it would be impossible to drive them out again since the small number left to guard the interior made anything like fair fighting an impossibility.

Angered by their inability to force the entrance, the besiegers rushed upon their foe with redoubled fury. The trumpets sounded loud and shrill and the robbers

massed themselves together to carry the place by assault.

But Honey Dew's brave subjects were not to be disheartened, and prepared to defend their queen and their wealth with their lives; their trumpeters roared back defiance to the enemy, and the veterans arranged themselves in solid phalanxes to meet the assault, while even the youths were pressed into service.

The gates were held by the royal guard, which consisted of the flower of the army, and here the enemy made the most determined onslaught, trusting in the skill of their bold leader, who had won for them many a bloody victory. Thrice they tried to force the guard, and thrice they were repulsed, and then giving over that portion of the castle for the time they turned their attention to the walls.

Here they were more successful. One party after another scaled the lofty battlements, and breach after breach was made in the wall, while the robbers cheered one another with shouts of victory, and reveled in the thought of the spoil.

But the Queen's brave defenders did not lose heart. The old soldiers still held their places unmoved, and encouraged the younger with words of cheer and wise advice. Those who had lost their weapons and could not fight were told to throw themselves upon the enemy, and hinder their progress by the weight of their bodies, and harass them in every possible way.

At last admission to the palace was gained, and the battle waxed fiercer than before. In a few moments order and discipline were lost sight of, and there began a desperate hand to hand fight. No quarter was given or asked, and as the combatants surged to and fro in the halls of the palace it seemed impossible to guess whether the victory would be with friend or foe.

The enemy outside, encouraged by the successes of their comrades, now prepared for a final onslaught, and again the trum-

pets sounded for an attack, and as Honey Dew heard the harsh notes ring out above the noise of the battle her heart sank, for she knew that those inside had already all they could do to keep the enemy at bay, and that further exertion would be impossible.

But in the midst of the confusion a sudden lull in the tempest outside gave her a little courage. In another moment a messenger entered with the announcement that the absent subjects had returned from the field. The tide turned instantly; the robbers outside the palace had now all they could do to defend themselves from the fresh troops, while those inside, knowing that they could no longer look for reinforcements from without, ceased their mad struggle to reach the queen, and thought only of retreating. A few moments later the fate of the battle was decided; the enemy had been utterly routed, and retired in the utmost confusion, not even lingering to care for the wounded and dying.

The dead had nearly all disappeared before the battle ended, having been carried off by a regiment of giants who lived not far away, and whose custom it was to frequent such scenes of bloodshed, and secure the slain for their ghastly feasts.

Within the palace the scene was indescribable. The dead and dying lay in heaps along the corridors, and the piles of legs and heads scattered everywhere around showed how deadly the carnage had been. Not an enemy remained alive in the palace an hour after the battle, for the wounded had been speedily dispatched, and not one who entered succeeded in escaping.

After the strife was over the palace was quickly cleared of all signs of the conflict, the dead bodies being carried off to a distance from the royal domain where they were decently buried.

The victors then returned to the palace, and all set about repairing the damage that had been inflicted. The shattered

walls and battlements were repaired, the gates strengthened by additional masonry, and the defaced corridors restored to their original order.

When all was finished the officers of the realm waited upon Honey Dew and tendered their congratulations upon the success of her troops, and she in return delivered a long oration in which she bestowed great praise upon the generals and soldiers who had fought so bravely in her defense.

And then, being of such a practical turn that they could not bear to have their usual work longer interrupted, most of the survivors returned to the fields, and spent the remaining two hours of daylight in making up for lost time.

And when the shades of evening gathered around the castle, the groups of veterans drawn together at the gates, discussing the exciting day, were the only signs of the late battle.

The veterans shook their heads and talked over the event in loud tones, praising the young troops for their fortitude, and the older ones for their discipline, and all agreeing that it was they themselves that had decided the victory. And no one contradicted this, for no one was there to do it, and the veterans chuckled joyfully over their great deeds without one dissenting voice.

But Honey Dew did not get over the terrors of that day for a long time, for it had given a great shock to her trusting disposition to find such treachery among her relations. However, as time passed on, and she grew more accustomed to the vicissitudes of life, she was able to take a little pride in the event which was long celebrated in the annals of Beedom, and it was said that if she had any favorites at court they were sure to be found among the number that had fought so bravely for her in the first year of her reign.

But although this toleration for war became possible, it was well known among all

the neighboring tribes that Honey Dew loved peace above all things; and through her influence her kingdom became renowned for its wisdom and wealth, her treasure houses containing such riches as

were never dreamed of by neighboring sovereigns.

And so she lived and reigned through many happy years, the greatest and most beloved queen in all the Land of Summer.

HENRIETTA CHRISTIAN WRIGHT.

#### SINGULAR BIRDS.

THE true cuckoos are celebrated for the singular habit of depositing their eggs in the nests of insectivorous as well as granivorous birds, and what is not less extraordinary, the foster parents, often of species much inferior in size, bestow as much care on the young cuckoo as upon their own proper nestlings, although the deposition of the strange egg is generally succeeded by the destruction of whatever others may have been in the nest. If other eggs be subsequently laid, and hatched with the young cuckoo, the latter ejects its helpless companions by insinuating itself under them, and then by a jerk casting them successively over the rim of the nest. This it does when about eight days old.

The cause of this unusual phenomenon is yet unknown, but appears to be immediately connected with the structure of the reproductive organs, and to be necessitated by the fact that the female cuckoo lays only at intervals of several days, and laying five or six eggs could not well incubate her own. Certain it is, that although a great proportion of the young cuckoos are not hatched till after their parents have migrated southward, the female has been often seen to loiter about in the vicinity of her offspring, which she has been known to entice away when it took flight. Herissant attributed the phenomenon to the position of the gizzard, which in fact is placed further backward in the abdomen, and is less protected by the sternum, than that of birds in general, as is also the case with the moth-hunters, which the cuckoos closely resemble in their

internal structure. Their young are very slow in learning to take their own food, and are fed by their foster parents till their feathers have nearly attained their full growth.

Africa, and the islands of the Indian Ocean, produce several small species of cuckoo, the plumage of which is more or less gilded, brilliant emerald-green, bronzed, or purple. A crested, spotted species is occasionally found in southern Europe, the cry of which is very sonorous.

The colies are birds of Africa and India, which climb somewhat in the manner of parrots, live in troops, and even breed in society, constructing numerous nests in the same bushes. They sleep suspended on a branch with the head downward, many of them together, and subsist on fruits, buds of trees, and tender sprouts of vegetables.

These very curious birds are closely allied by affinity to the plantain-eaters and touracos. They sail from bush to bush in a long row one after another, alighting always near the ground, and clambering to the topmost twigs with the assistance of the beak and long stiff tail, picking off the buds or berries, and do not pass to the next until the whole flock are ready, when they again sail in the same regular succession. They are very mischievous in gardens in the Cape Colony, devouring the young plants of vegetables as fast as they spring up, and are there known by the term *huysvogel*, or house-bird. Their cry is monotonous (having but one pair of vocal muscles), and in the largest species closely resembles the bleating of a lamb. G. B. G.



## ARKANSAS BIRD NOTES.

BY A LOCAL SECRETARY.

AT the first announcement by the newspapers of the new crusade against the destroyers of birds and the wearers of their dead bodies, our little family, white and colored, resolved unanimously, "No bird or wing of one shall ever disfigure hat or bonnet for us."

For years we have waged war with the small boy and his sling-shot, and have saved many a little warbler by a timely interference. We scolded, threatened and entreated; but how much better were we? He killed. We remonstrated, yet wore the fruits of his thoughtlessness in our bonnets. All in all, did not the boy have the better excuse?

We are more pleased than we can express at the appearance of the AUDUBON MAGAZINE, and hope for it success commensurate with the importance of its undertaking.

There is a broad field here for earnest and industrious labor. Your northern red-breasts, meadowlarks and kindred birds of passage have a dangerous gauntlet to run in going to and from their winter resorts. Great strings of robins and larks are offered for sale on our streets as articles of food every autumn and spring. Nor are the birds who summer with us exempt. The mockingbird, prince of our song birds, becomes a source of revenue. Relentlessly and industriously is his nest plundered, his little ones taken captive to be reared for a foreign market. Will Madame, who "so wishes to have a mockingbird," remember that to gratify her wish at least four nests must be taken? These birds it should be understood do not breed in captivity. They must be taken when young from their nest and wild mother, and at least half of those taken are not singers; of the remainder scarcely a tenth survives the unnatural con-

ditions. This, then, my lady friend, is the price of your beautiful singer.

We already begin to note with concern that mockingbirds are becoming scarce, and are told by some that the advent of the English sparrow is driving them away, where? If the Audubon Society can prevent the traffic in these birds they will return in spite of the sparrow who, poor little ragged, persistent chatterer that he is, finds himself the scapegoat for many a worse marauder. He is said to drive other birds away, and do no end of other misdeeds, besides making of himself a nuisance generally. Let me ask my Southern friends why it is that since his appearance in force we have escaped the annual plague of the caterpillar. Has he "driven" them away also? If so, welcome little nuisance.

I have been in the habit of noting down a few little items to me interesting in spring, but up to the last month have given but a line or so to them in my housebook amid bills of butcher and baker. Since reading an article in the April *Chautauquan*, by our friend John Burroughs, I have been led to try something more extended, and am already more than repaid for outlay in time by my note on the oriole.

I quote from them, hoping they may not be uninteresting to the readers of the AUDUBON:

First week in February, 1886.—"The robins are here in great numbers, and how disappointed they must be, it is so cold. There are numbers of the cardinal red-bird also, and a little gray-breasted, brown-backed and brown-winged fellow that we call a sparrow, not knowing his real name. I have scattered millet, oatmeal and cracker crumbs for them, but so far as I can see all of them prefer the little hard cedar berry."

March 15.—“The martins are here.”

March 17.—“The little house built for the martins was scarcely in position ere it was occupied; not without investigation, however, on the part of Mr. and Mrs. Martin.”

April 12.—“Strawberries in full bloom, and we have heard frogs.”

April 18.—“The long, clear notes of the oriole.”

May 3.—“Picked strawberries three weeks from full bloom, and just one year from date of last year’s first picking.”

May 6.—“Had peas from our garden.”

May 27.—“Used potatoes, not quite ripe.”

February, 1887.—“The robins and bluebirds are here the very first of the month, but I am sure there are not as many as last year. Do they remember the treatment they received last year and before?”

February 7.—“Heard frogs last night.”

March 2.—“The martins are here.”

March 4.—“We were awakened this morning by loud chatterings and calls, and cries from martin and sparrow, and were amused spectators of a short, yet spirited conflict between them. The little house built for and occupied by the martins had been appropriated by the little sparrows during the winter, and now came the martins to claim previous occupancy. It is needless to tell that the martins came off victorious, yet so it is, but the eviction was not accomplished without much goings off for reinforcements on both sides. Now the martin sits on his roof gurgling out defiance to all the sparrow tribe.”

April 14.—“The oriole is here four days earlier than last year.”

April 15.—“Amid the chatter of the martins, the fiddling of the blackbirds, whose coming I failed to note, we heard a new song. After some search our patience was rewarded by a sight of the singer, who proved to be our friend the oriole with a new note.”

April 16.—“The redbird seems to be here after all, for I heard him to day in a sort of duet with the oriole.”

April 18.—“I am surprised indeed, for the redbird, which I was sure I heard, proves to be the oriole again. I have watched him so closely that I am sure there can be no mistake. It seems strange there is not more said of his varied gifts as a singer. He has his own peculiar trill or rolling song; the robins call, and now the redbirds whistle.”

April 23.—“The new magazine called the AUDUBON, published in the interest of the Protective Association, whose April number we saw at the printing office, and at once sent for, has arrived, and we are much pleased with it, particularly so with the February number containing a nice article on the oriole. The writer says that Nuttall speaks of an oriole ‘which imitated the whistle of the cardinal redbird, the call of the Wilson’s thrush, and the song of the robin.’ Just what I had noted, and I am delighted to be able to corroborate so fully the testimony of so well known an observer, and perhaps spread the news of a fact not yet well established.”

April 26.—“I thought I heard our little yellowbird to-day. Must listen for him.”

April 27.—“Heard a new singer in the already full orchestra. From a pretty fair look at the little warbler I think he may be the fallowfinch or wheatear from the description we have of that bird.”

May 1.—“Have just noticed the presence of the woodpecker, though I suppose he has been here all the time, but as we had no peas or plums as yet he had no business with us, and we no interest for him.”

May 2.—“Magnolias in full bloom, roses and honeysuckle past their first prime. Peas for dinner.”

Perhaps this is enough to suggest a line of action to the most casual observer who may read these simple notes. L. M. S.

## SHORE BIRDS.

THIS is a term popularly employed to include many of those birds which frequent the sea coast at certain seasons of the year. They are for the most part members of the family Limicolæ, of which plovers and sandpipers may be accepted as general types.

Familiar as they are to residents along the Atlantic seaboard, they are in no sense of the word exclusively marine. They are simply migratory birds, which, following the line of coast in their migrations, have learned that a living is to be picked up upon the sands and rocks that bound the ocean, and that the salt marshes supply a rich and varied bill of fare. A considerable proportion, but by no means the whole, of the birds of this order take the coast route in their passage north and south, and constitute a familiar feature of the landscape at certain seasons; some of these build their nests and rear their young along the Atlantic seaboard, being either non-migratory or confining their migrations within the limits of the United States.

But as regards those birds of the order whose range of migration extends from the tropics to the Arctic region, a great many of them make the passage inland, the valley of the Mississippi being a well defined route, and perhaps the one inland route capable of affording a continuous and adequate supply of food for large numbers.

The salt marshes and sands of the seashore, moreover, not only furnish an abundant food supply, but food of a class entirely different from what the birds have been living on either north or south, and there is no room for reasonable doubt that these birds look forward to spending a few weeks or months at the seaside with pleasurable anticipations akin to our own, and enjoy the change of diet with the same keen zest.

Birds are compelled to migrate both by the influence of climate on their own constitution and its effect upon their food supply, and while some of our familiar shore birds winter far down in South America, where it is then summer, and spend the summer well within the Arctic circle, there are others, like the purple sandpiper, who winter upon the bleak New England coast, and start for the north as soon as the icy grip of winter has been relaxed, but only to make room for the visitors from the south, among others the well-known piping plover and the ringneck, whose notes herald the approach of spring. The piping plover has come to stay, and soon makes himself at home, but abundant as is his food supply it consists of sand fleas and other small insects, and the energy with which he pursues it shows that all his faculties are called into continuous activity for the maintenance of his existence.

By the middle of April, or from that to the close of the month, the winter yellow-leg puts in his appearance on the New England coasts, and does his best to maintain his established reputation as a voracious feeder. Their usual feeding ground is the low marshes, where they find innumerable small minnows and other forms of marine life left by the subsidence of the tide.

These birds are stigmatized by gunners as "tell-tales," for the "yellowshank" is not only extremely vigilant, but on the first approach of danger he gives vent to a loud, shrill whistle, which serves as a warning to all the birds in the neighborhood.

Another early visitant is the winter snipe or red-backed sandpiper, who goes no further south than Virginia, where he puts off his black summer waistcoat, and is hardly recognizable as the same bird. These birds are not so numerous on our shores in

spring as they are in the fall, a circumstance due apparently to the fact that a great many of them migrate northward by an inland course over the Great Lakes, on whose shores they are plentiful in early summer.

Early in May the least sandpipers or sandpeeps are with us, graceful, musical, restless little creatures, devoting themselves unceasingly to the great business of life, following the tide out with its ebb, and retreating before it when it flows. There are two or three varieties of these, and along with them is found the sanderling, feeding like them along the edges of tide water.

By May 20 the red-breasted sandpiper puts in his appearance, and announces himself with his dual whistling note, but he does not come to stay; he has taken his ticket for the great, lone northern land, and simply stops for food and rest, but flock succeeds flock until by the first week of June they have all disappeared.

These birds scratch like a hen in pursuit of horseshoe eggs. Turnstones, too, join with them in the pursuit, and when a find is made there is frequently some free fighting over its appropriation. They are abundant all the way from the Great Lakes to Cape Breton, and are supposed to breed very far north. They are back again in August, the adult males reaching us the last week in July, but young birds do not make their appearance until later, and it is not until the first week in October that they have all come and gone.

Another familiar visitor is the black-breasted plover, which reaches the New England seaboard about the middle of May. This is the largest of the plovers, and has been hunted until it is almost exterminated. Besides these there are willets, curlew and snipe of several species, some of which are with us all summer, not only on the coast, but wherever there are suitable feeding grounds throughout the whole country.

The birds of this family, in common with ducks and geese, have a very wide migratory range, penetrating into the desolate stillness of the marsh and lake region of the Arctic North, where the short summer stimulates a most prolific insect and vegetable life.

All the Arctic navigators report birds more or less abundant in high latitudes. Red phalaropes, ring plover, golden plover, ptarmigan, sanderlings, snow buntings, sandpipers and snipe are common above seventy degrees north latitude; here they build their nests and rear their young in the solitudes of the northern extremity of Hudson's Bay, as do also ducks, geese, brant and innumerable other water fowl.

But the summer season in the great lone land is a very short one. Life starts into activity with a bound, and is arrested with equal suddenness; but emerging from the Arctic circle the shores of Labrador enjoy a summer almost tropical, in which its short-lived vegetation is forced with energy. There are hundreds of miles of low land along these coasts stocked with heathery, berry-bearing shrubs, which afford a favorite food for birds migrating southward at the close of summer. The principal berry is a deep purple color—almost black—not unlike our blue berries, and described as bear berries or curlew berries.

Dr. Coues, writing of a noticeable effect of feeding on these berries, observes that after emerging from these regions the birds have the "whole intestines, the vent, the legs, the bill, the throat and even the plumage more or less stained with the deep purple juice." These marks are not even obliterated at the time of their return southward to Cape Cod.

Fishermen and shipmasters who have visited the coasts of Labrador describe the birds as stringing down from the mountains to the feeding grounds in myriads, but the food supply is practically inex-

haustible. The native fishermen kill and salt them in barrels.

On the return journey in the fall of the year many of the *Limicolæ* strike out on a due southerly course from Nova Scotia, reaching the West India Islands, and as they never winter there, it is assumed that they cross the tropics, and finding the seasons reversed, winter in the warm region of tropical South America, passing southward as spring advances, reaching Patagonia in December or January. There is abundant evidence that precisely the same birds are common to South America, and many of the observed facts point to the conclusion that a great number of our shore birds make the American grand tour annually, securing for themselves a tolerably equable climate throughout the year.

It is observed that they never cross Barbadoes on their return journey in spring, and this fact is attributed to the prevalence of the trade winds which drive them toward the Mexican highlands, and it is perhaps due to the prevalence of these winds at this season that only the most powerful winged of the shore birds beat their way up the Atlantic seaboard, the birds of heavier flight preferring the course of the Mississippi.

What a restless, wandering life! extending annually over a hundred and twenty degrees of latitude, or seven thousand miles, exposed at every stage to dangers, not the least of which is that of being carried so far out to sea by storms that there is no hope of return. In such cases the struggle for life must be a desperate one, for instances have occurred of American birds reaching the coast of Europe.

East India abounds with birds of this family, as well as with ducks, geese and waders of every kind. They are only winter visitors, reaching northern India in October and remaining until February, and there is no record of their going thence southward to the tropics, but on their re-

turn northward to Siberia they spread out in the same latitudes as our own, and it is at least very possible that birds of both hemispheres are brought into immediate contact during the nesting season. When we consider, too, that the old birds start first on their southward tour, leaving the young to follow, it might be expected that the young of one hemisphere would sometimes accompany flights of kindred birds southward over the other hemisphere; but until the distinguishing marks of nearly allied species shall have been carefully studied, and the knowledge rendered popular it will be very difficult to collect evidence on this point.

The following are the principal birds frequenting our eastern coasts, which are included by gunners in the one general term, "bay snipe:"

Long-billed curlew—popularly known as sickle-bill or sabre-bill.

Hudsonian curlew—the jack, or short-billed curlew.

Esquimaux curlew—the fute, doe-bird or little curlew, as he is termed locally.

Black-bellied plover—the blackbreast, bullhead, beetlehead, bottlehead, oxeye, pilot, are among the numerous aliases conferred on this bird in various localities.

Golden plover—the golden back, green-back, frostbird, whistling plover.

The marble godwit—humility or marlin. Hudsonian godwit or ring-tailed marlin. Semipalmated snipe or marbled willet.

Tell-tale tattler, or great yellowshanks.

Little tell-tale or common yellowshanks.

The red-breasted snipe known as quail-snipe and dowitch.

The turnstone—calico back or brant bird.

Red-breasted sandpiper or robin snipe.

The pectoral—The red-backed and long-legged sandpipers.

These birds have all numerous aliases, and to identify any of them by local names it is necessary to consult *Guirdon Trumbull's* new work "Bird Names and Portraits."

# THE AUDUBON NOTE BOOK.

## MEMBERSHIP RETURNS.

THE registered membership of the Society on Aug. 1 was 47,415, showing an increase of 319 for the month, due to the following sources:

New York.....	50	Minnesota.....	19
Massachusetts.....	29	Dakota.....	1
New Jersey.....	16	Nebraska.....	2
New Hampshire.....	2	Missouri.....	9
Connecticut.....	90	Texas.....	16
Vermont.....	2	Tennessee.....	2
Rhode Island.....	3	California.....	2
Pennsylvania.....	7	North Carolina.....	4
Indiana.....	2	Georgia.....	10
Michigan.....	15	Virginia.....	17
Illinois.....	12	Ontario.....	4
Ohio.....	2	England.....	2
Iowa.....	1		

319

C. F. AMERY, General Secretary.

## BIRD LANGUAGE.

THE indigo bird I mentioned in my last letter was in the woods near our house. He was so high in the tree that at first I could not tell whether he was red, blue or green, so I sat down and waited for him to show himself. For a while he pecked about among the leaves, uttering all the time an important little *Chip! Chip!* I thought I would follow Miss Merriam's example and imitate him. He stopped his work instantly and came down a little. I "chipped" again, and he came down still further. Then he changed his note and cried *Chee* in the most endearing tone. I took the hint and "chee-ed" also, whereupon he became violently excited. He flew from the tree to a bramble bush, and from there to a tuft of grass, "cheeing" and fluttering his beautiful blue wings. Then he flew around and around me in circles so close that two or three times he almost brushed my shoulder. I never had a wild bird so close to me before, and I could have caught him had I tried. When I came away he followed me all the way to the meadow. Can you explain his strange conduct? There was no nest in the vicinity.

Yours very truly, ETHELDRED B. BARRY.

*Note by Editor.*—Olive Thorne Miller, in "Nesting Time," writes of "calming anxious parent birds by addressing them in their own language," while admitting that she does not know the import of the sounds she utters, and Miss Barry's little adventure with the indigo bird lends confirmation to the view that it is possible to acquire a greater or less command of bird language. Birds have probably utterances capable of giving expression to every emotion which they experience, and it requires a person of

delicate ear and good vocal organs to reproduce any of these sounds with such measure of fidelity as the parrot attains to in the utterance of words. But so much achieved, the presumption is that certain favored people may surpass the parrots, and by careful observation be able to determine the sentiments conveyed by the sounds they employ, and actually engage in conversation with birds. Miss Barry is one of the most earnest workers of the Audubon Society, and now that her attention has been directed to the study of bird language, we may hope that even if she do not acquire "Charley's" facility of discourse, she will, nevertheless, acquire a good, practical knowledge, and afford us an opportunity some day of publishing her translations of avian dialogues.

## CLEVER BIRDS.

ONE morning when my little sister was walking with mamma, she found a lettuce bird in the path. It had evidently fallen from the nest, but they could not see where it was, and fearing the bird would be killed if it were left in the road, mamma told Bessie she might bring it home, and, as it was a seed-eating bird, they hoped to be able to raise it in the cage with the canary bird.

She carried the little thing home and put it in the canary's cage, which hung in the shady front porch. In a little while we heard a commotion among the birds, and hurrying into the porch we saw a pretty sight. Two full grown lettuce birds, evidently the parents of the one in the cage, were fluttering about the bars with some food for their baby. He was standing on the perch, and seemed afraid to try to fly down; so the canary flew down, took the seeds from the old birds, and carried them to the little one. They did this several times.

The next day Bessie met a small boy who had another yellow bird, about the size of the one she had found the day before, apparently one of the same brood. She bought it from him for five cents, and carried the frightened birdling tenderly home and put it with the caged birds. After that for two days the parent birds came at daylight and flew in and out until dark, feeding the two young ones.

On the third day the male bird came alone, and we feared the little mother had been killed. After about a week, however, she came again, bringing with her a third bird about the size of our two pets. It seemed clear that, after trying to care for the divided family together, the intelligent birds had agreed that the father should take care of the caged

birds, while the mother tended the lonely birdling in the nest until it was able to fly, when she brought it to visit its brother and sister. They were all by this time old enough to fly, so, although we grieved to part from our little friends, we determined to reward the wise and loving parents by giving their children the freedom all birds love so well. We opened the cage door, and after a few timid twitters and flutters, the young birds flew out, and the re-united family flew away in the sweet summer air. As for the canary, virtue had to be its own reward, but it seemed to satisfy him, for he followed his departing guests with a beautiful burst of song.—*H. H. Daingerfield in the Swiss Cross.*

#### PREDATORY BIRDS.

EVERY disciple of Audubon knows how much the birds about country houses are usually frightened by the discharge of a gun, but probably there are a good many of those disciples who never saw a bird show real pleasure when a gun was fired. The nests of three robins can be found within five rods of my house, besides a number of nests of swallows, bluebirds, ground birds, etc., and I have in consequence been very careful about doing anything that would tend to frighten the old birds. That they appreciate kindly attentions has been amply demonstrated by their freedom in approaching not only members of my own family, but neighbors and strangers also who have called on us.

But the other day a crow blackbird came into a maple where one of my robins had a nest, determined, I suppose, to destroy the eggs. The black rascal had been there before, but he had been driven away by the robins every time. This time he avoided attack by hopping from limb to limb instead of leaving the tree. The robins were in great distress. They flew hither and thither, screaming with anxiety and anger, and dashed at the enemy with a courage and vigor that ought to have whipped him quickly but did not. Seeing that the nest of a song bird was in danger, my boy, a lad of eleven, ran for his rifle, and by a lucky shot brought the blackbird to the ground. The projectile cut across the backbone of the bird and "tumbled," making a terrible screaming noise as it flew off over the field beyond.

Did the robins fly away in alarm at all that noise? Not at all. On the contrary. The mother bird went at once to the nest, while the male began such a cheerful song that it would have been a dull ear indeed that did not hear words of thanks in it.

Was it wrong to kill the blackbird? I do not think so. Every one knows that there is a deadly war between different sorts of birds, although one may scarcely call it a war when the aggression is all on one side. On the one side we find crows, crow

blackbirds, bluejays, owls and hawks; on the other side song birds. I do not care for the purpose of this argument, whether the predatory birds do the farmers any good by killing vermin or not. I do know the song birds are destroyed, both while in the egg and afterward, by the predatory birds. Suppose a crow does eat insect eggs on the meadow, would not the song birds which one crow destroys in a season do the farmer much more good? Surely to remain neutral is to encourage the destruction of song birds.

I do not wish to advocate the indiscriminate slaughter of any sort of predatory birds, but having read so many appeals for the lives of predatory birds I cannot help urging bird lovers to exercise their chivalrous instincts if not their common sense, and occasionally take the side of the weak against the strong.

JOHN R. SPEARS.

*Note by Editor.*—Every effort on man's part to defend the weak against the strong is an interference with the conditions by which the existing balance of life is maintained, and may possibly have results widely different from what were anticipated. Nature is regardless of the individual but careful of the species, and as regards singing birds which tend to multiply rapidly, the checks imposed on that tendency by predatory birds is necessary to save them from constantly increasing beyond the limits of their food supply, a condition of things which would entail far more suffering, and render life far less tolerable and happy for them than it is under existing conditions. Predatory birds enjoy life themselves, and contribute to the sum of its enjoyment by those on which they prey. At the same time these general considerations need not always influence our conduct in individual cases. The existing balance of life is being constantly modified by the progress of settlement, which favors some families at the expense of others, and it is only when organized and systematic efforts are taken for the eradication of particular species or genera of birds that we may anticipate grave evils from the disturbance of the machinery by which the balance of life is re-adjusted to new conditions.

SONG OF THE PRAIRIE LARK.—In a recent number of the *American Magazine* appears an interesting article under the above title from the pen of Mr. Ernest E. Thompson. The western meadowlark has hitherto had scant justice done to his powers of song, but Mr. Thompson not only fully describes this liquid melody but has written it out in musical notation so that any one may reproduce it on an instrument. The article is illustrated by two figures from Mr. Thompson's pencil.

## EMINENT PEOPLE ON BIRD PROTECTION.

OAK KNOLL, Danvers, Mass., }  
2nd mo., 20, 1886. }

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

I heartily approve of the proposed AUDUBON SOCIETY. We are in a way to destroy both our forests and our birds. A society for the preservation of the latter has long been needed, and I hope it is not too late for the accomplishment of its objects.

I could almost wish that the shooters of the birds, the taxidermists who prepare their skins, and the fashionable wearers of their feathers might share the penalty which was visited upon the Ancient Mariner who shot the Albatross. Thy friend,

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Feb. 20, 1886.

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

I am heartily in sympathy with your purposes for the protection of birds, and should be glad to contribute any influence that I can to that end.

If there were no purchasers there would be no demand, and no reason for slaughtering these winged gems. But as only women create a demand, it rests upon them to stay this wanton destruction. I am sure that it is only necessary to bring before American women the cruelty of this "slaughter of the innocents" that fashion is carrying on, to secure a renunciation of this ornament and the salvation of birds.

On this subject the kind feelings, the taste, and æsthetic sympathy of the whole community are on your side, and if you persevere you will surely win.

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

CORNWALL-ON-HUDSON, N. Y., }  
Feb. 22, 1886. }

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

You have indeed my hearty sympathy in every effort to prevent the slaughter of my innocent little neighbors and friends, the birds. In the destruction of forests and birds, the people of this land are inflicting very great evils and inflicting wrongs on posterity which scarcely can be measured. The press should render it impossible for women to sin thoughtlessly and ignorantly in demanding little birds for their adornment. The evil should be brought home so fully to the knowledge of all, that the continued wearing of our useful little birds should become the badge and indication of a callous, vulgar nature. You are doing a humane and patriotic work in exciting public aversion to one of the most cruel and stupid wrongs of the age.

Respectfully yours,

EDWARD P. ROE.

WEST PARK, N. Y., Feb. 20, 1886.

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

I scarcely need assure you that your undertaking to form a society for the protection of our wild birds against the ravages of the milliners and the sham scientific collectors has my warmest sympathy and approval. It is a barbarous taste which prompts our women and girls to appear upon the street with their head gear adorned with the scalps of our songsters; and it is mere vanity and affectation which prompts so many persons to make up cabinets of the nests and eggs of the same. The destruction of our birds from their natural enemies is immense, and this craze of the collectors, and folly of the milliners and their customers in addition, threatens their serious diminution.

I hope you may succeed in creating so strong a public sentiment upon the subject that the collectors of skins and eggs for the unworthy purposes of fashion or to indulge the vanity of pseudo-naturalists may suddenly find their occupation gone.

Please add my name to the list of the members of the AUDUBON SOCIETY. Very sincerely,

JOHN BURROUGHS.

160 W. 59TH STREET, }  
NEW YORK, Feb. 20, 1886. }

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

No one who will take the trouble to give the matter a few moments' serious consideration can be in doubt, I think, as to the wisdom of organizing the AUDUBON SOCIETY, and I am thankful that such a step is contemplated. There is an element of savagery in the use of birds for personal decoration, which is in grotesque contrast with our boasts of civilization. But even the savage stops short, as a rule, with the feathers. It is only Christian people who think it worth while to butcher a whole bird to adorn their head gear. I am sure, however, that this is largely from that unreflecting habit which is a leading vice in people who follow the fashions. But it is a vice; as Hood sang, when he wrote—

For evil is wrought  
By want of thought  
As well as by want of heart.

If the AUDUBON SOCIETY can teach men, and especially women, to think on this subject, half of the battle will have been won. HENRY C. POTTER.

ANDOVER, Mass., Feb. 21, 1886.

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

I am in earnest and indignant sympathy with the motive of any society organized to prevent the murder of birds for decorative purposes.

E. S. PHELPS.



# The Audubon Society.

## THE AUDUBON SOCIETY FOR THE PROTECTION OF BIRDS.

THE AUDUBON SOCIETY was founded in New York city in February, 1886. Its purpose is the protection of American birds, not used for food, from destruction for mercantile purposes. The magnitude of the evil with which the Society will cope, and the imperative need of the work which it proposes to accomplish, are outlined in the following statement concerning

### THE DESTRUCTION OF BIRDS.

Within the last few years, the destruction of our birds has increased at a rate which is alarming. This destruction now takes place on such a large scale as to seriously threaten the existence of a number of our most useful species. It is carried on chiefly by men and boys who sell the skins or plumage to be used for ornamental purposes—principally for the trimming of women's hats, bonnets and clothing. These men kill everything that wears feathers. The birds of the woods, the birds of the field, the birds of the marsh and those of the sea are alike slain, at all times and at all seasons. It matters not if the bird be a useful one which devours the hurtful insects which destroy the farmer's crops, or a bright-plumaged songster whose advent has been welcomed in spring, and which has reared its brood in the door yard during the summer, or a swift-winged sea swallow whose flight along the shore has often with unerring certainty led the fisherman to his finny prey—whatever it be, it must be sacrificed to the bird butcher's lust for slaughter and for gain. Besides the actual destruction of the birds, their numbers are still further diminished by the practice of robbing their nests in the breeding season.

Although it is impossible to get at the number of birds killed each year, some figures have been published which give an idea of what the slaughter must be. We know that a single local taxidermist handles 30,000 bird skins in one year; that a single collector brought back from a three months trip 11,000 skins; that from one small district on Long Island about 70,000 birds were brought to New York in four months time. In New York one firm had on hand February 1, 1886, 200,000 skins. The supply is not limited by domestic consumption. American bird skins are sent abroad. The great European markets draw their supplies from all over the world. In London there were sold in three months from one auction room, 404,464 West Indian and Brazilian bird skins, and 356,389 East Indian birds. In Paris 100,000 African birds have been sold by one dealer in one year. One New York firm recently had a contract to supply 40,000 skins of American birds to one Paris firm. These figures tell their own story—but it is a story which might be known even without them; we may read it plainly enough in the silent hedges, once vocal with the morning songs of birds, and in the deserted fields where once bright plumage flashed in the sunlight.

### BIRDS, INSECTS AND CROPS.

The food of our small birds consists very largely of the insects which feed on the plants grown by the farmer. These insects multiply with such astounding rapidity that a single pair may in the course of one season be the progenitors of six billions of their kind. All through the season at which this insect life is most active, the birds are constantly at work destroying for their young and for themselves, tens of thousands of hurtful creatures, which, but for them, would swarm upon the farmer's crops and lessen the results of his labors.

A painstaking and ardent naturalist not very long ago watched the nest of a pair of martins for sixteen hours, from 4 A. M. till 8 P. M., just to see how many visits the parent birds made to their young. He found that in that time 312 visits to the four young were made, 119 by the male and 193 by the female. If we suppose only six insects to have been brought at each visit, this pair of birds would have destroyed, for their young alone, in this one summer's day, not far from 2,000 insects. The important relations which our birds bear to the agricultural interests and so to the general welfare, are recognized by the governments of all our States. Laws exist for their protection, but these laws are rendered inoperative by the lack of an intelligent public sentiment to support them. They are nowhere enforced. It is for the interest of every one that such a public sentiment should be created.

It is time that this destruction were stopped.

### PURPOSE OF THE AUDUBON SOCIETY.

To secure the protection of our birds by awakening a better sentiment, the Audubon Society, named after the greatest of American ornithologists, has been founded. The objects sought to be accomplished by this Society are to prevent as far as possible

- (1) The killing of any wild bird not used for food.
- (2) The taking or destroying of the eggs or nests of any wild birds.
- (3) The wearing of the feathers of wild birds. Ostrich feathers, whether from wild or tame birds, and those of domestic fowls, are specially exempted.

The Audubon Society aims especially to preserve those

birds which are now practically without protection. Our game birds are already protected by law, and in large measure by public sentiment, and their care may be left to the sportsman. The great aim of the Society is the protection of American non-game birds. The English sparrow is not included in our lists.

### PLAN OF THE WORK.

Obviously the Society cannot supply any machinery of compulsion to lead individuals and communities to a higher regard for bird life and to efforts for its protection. Nor are compulsory measures thought necessary. The wrong is tolerated now only because of thoughtlessness and indifference. The birds are killed for millinery purposes. So long as fashion demands bird feathers, the birds will be slaughtered. The remedy is to be found in the awakening of a healthy public sentiment on the subject. If this enormous destruction of birds can once be put in its true light before the eyes of men and women and young folks, if interest be aroused and sentiment created, the great wrong must cease. To so present the case to the people as to awaken this corrective sentiment is the special work contemplated by the Audubon Society. The methods adopted are very simple. Pledges are furnished, subscription to which constitutes membership, annual certificates are issued to members.

### TERMS OF MEMBERSHIP.

The signing of any of the pledges will qualify one for membership in the Society. It is earnestly desired that each member may sign all three of the pledges. Beyond the promise contained in the pledge no obligation nor responsibility is incurred. There are no fees, no dues, nor any expenses of any kind. There are no conditions as to age. The boys and girls are invited to take part in the work, for they can often do more than others to practically protect the nesting birds. All who are interested in the subject are invited to become members, and to urge their friends to join the Society. If each man, woman or child who reads this circular will exert his or her influence, it will not take long to enlist in the good work a great number of people actively concerned in the protection of our birds. It is desired that members may be enrolled in every town and village throughout the land, so that by the moral weight of its influence this Society may check the slaughter of our beautiful songsters. The beneficent influence of the Audubon Society should be exerted in every remotest by-way where the songs of birds fill the air, and in every crowded city where the plumes of slain songsters are worn as an article of dress.

### ASSOCIATE MEMBERS.

As there are a very great number of people in full sympathy with the Audubon movement, and ready to lend it their moral support, but who refrain from joining the Society simply because they find it distasteful to sign a pledge, it has been determined to form a class of Associate Members. Any one expressing his or her sympathy with the objects of the Audubon Society and submitting a written request for membership to any local secretary, will be enrolled on the list of Associate Members. All such applications for membership received by local secretaries of the Society should be forwarded to the General Secretary for registration.

### LOCAL SECRETARIES.

The Society has local secretaries in cities, towns and villages. The local secretary will furnish this circular of information and pledge forms; will receive the signed pledges, keep a list of the members, forward a duplicate list with the pledges for enrollment and file at the Society's office; and will receive in return certificates of membership, to be filled out and signed by the local secretary and given to the members. No certificate of membership will be issued to any person except upon the receipt of a signed pledge at the office of the Society. Where no local secretary has yet been appointed, individual applicants for membership may address the Society at its office, No. 318 Broadway, New York.

If there is no local secretary in your town, you are invited to act as such yourself, or to hand this to some other person who will accept the office. Upon application we will supply copies of this circular and pledge forms.

### THE AUDUBON SOCIETY CERTIFICATE.

The Society furnishes to each member a handsome certificate of membership. This bears a portrait of the great naturalist, John James Audubon, after whom the Society very appropriately takes its name.

The office of the Society is at 318 Broadway, New York city. All communications should be addressed

THE AUDUBON SOCIETY,  
No. 318 Broadway, New York.



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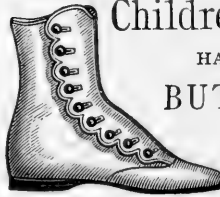
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THE FORK-TAILED FLYCATCHER.

( *Mikoulus tyrannus* (LINN.) )

# THE AUDUBON MAGAZINE.

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OCTOBER, 1888.

No. 9.

## THE FORK-TAILED FLYCATCHER.

YOU will readily see if you glance at the plate on the opposite page whence this bird derives its name. It is by no means a familiar bird, and probably few of our readers, except those who live in the extreme Southwest, have ever seen one. There, however, they are abundant enough, and have much the same habits as our well-known kingbird. It is really a bird of the tropics, and is found in Mexico, but only accidentally north of that Republic, although Audubon reports having observed it in Louisiana and Kentucky, and both he and Bonaparte speak of specimens taken in New Jersey.

The Fork-tailed Flycatcher belongs to the family *Tyrannidæ*, a large group of birds found only in America, and most abundant near the equator. The name is taken from the Greek word *τυραννος*, which means a ruler or sovereign. It is the same word that gives us our English word tyrant, but the original has no bad sense, while tyrant, as we use it, always conveys the idea of oppression. If we remember the habits of our own little kingbird, which is also one of the *Tyrannidæ*, we can see how applicable the family name is to some members of this group. There are over four hundred current species, of which, probably, two-thirds are valid, the others being either slight varieties or else mere synonyms.

The Tyrant Flycatchers of the United States have ten primaries or quill feathers on the outer joint of the wing. The tail consists of twelve feathers usually nearly even, but sometimes, as in the case in the present species, deeply forked. The feet are small and weak, only fitted for perching. The bill is broad, much flattened at the base and turned down at its tip, and there is usually a notch just behind this hook. The nostrils are small, circular in shape and placed at the base of the bill, and are overhung by bristles. The mouth is large, opening back nearly or quite to the eyes, and bordered by long hairs or bristles. The bill is extensively hollow, and very light and resonant, and when snapped makes quite a loud, clicking noise. As has been often remarked, this large, light bill and capacious mouth bordered by bristles is admirably adapted for the capture of flying insects. Besides the Tyrant Flycatchers are swift of wing, and active enough in pursuit to follow each twist and turn of the insects that are seeking to escape them. They may be readily recognized by their flight, and above all by their habit of perching to await the approach of their prey, and then darting out, seizing it and returning to the same perch again. The snapping of the bill can often be heard while they are doing this.

As the Flycatchers are dependent altogether upon insect food they are in these latitudes always migratory, disappearing early in the autumn and returning with the first warm weather of spring. The Pewee, so common about every farmhouse, is the first of the Flycatchers to make its appearance, often reaching Connecticut by the middle of March, when the snow is on the ground. They have no powers of song, their calls being for the most part limited to a harsh scream or twitter, yet one species has a very soft and plaintive note.

The sexes are usually alike in color, though in one species found along our southwestern border, the male is brilliantly colored while the female is quite dull.

Although the Tyrant Flycatchers are as a rule plain and sober in the colors of their plumage, there are some exceptions to this rule, among which may be noted the so-called "bird of paradise" of Texas, a bird which in shape and size resembles the Fork-tailed Flycatcher, but which is much more beautiful in color. It has the same long, forked tail, which is sometimes ten inches long, and is hoary gray above and pure white beneath, while the flanks are washed with delicate salmon pink, which extends to the lower tail coverts and the tail feathers themselves. The crown patch and the feathers at the insertion of the wings are bright scarlet. This brilliant bird is common in Texas and to the southward in Mexico and in Central America.

So much may be said by way of introduction to a very interesting group of birds of which some examples must be familiar to every one of us, for to it belongs the kingbird, famed for his courage, the phoebe, builder of mud nests in caves, under rock ledge and in barns, and the smaller Flycatchers, who dwell more in the woods, and so are less well known to those who do not

make a study of our birds. Miss Florence A. Merriam, in her series of charming sketches, entitled "Fifty Common Birds and How to Know Them," published in earlier numbers of this magazine, has brought out many of the characteristic habits of the *Tyrannidæ*.

The Fork-tailed Flycatcher reminds us in many of its habits of our own well-known kingbird. Like it, and, indeed, like all members of this group, it is very courageous, and does not hesitate to attack birds of prey which may venture to approach its nest. In its flight when in pursuit of insects it uses its long tail as a rudder to aid it in making quick turns, and like other Flycatchers it frequently vibrates the tail when it alights.

Although its food consists chiefly of insects, it does not altogether disdain fruits and berries, but like the kingbird seems to enjoy a varied fare. The stomach of the specimen secured by Bonaparte in New Jersey was found to be full of pone berries.

The actual bulk of the Fork-Tailed Flycatcher is only about that of the kingbird, but the great length of its tail feathers make its measurements very different. It is fourteen and a quarter inches long, and has a spread of wings of fourteen inches. The outer tail feathers are sometimes ten inches long, while the middle ones measure but two and a half. The head and cheeks are black, the feathers of the crown being yellow at the base, but this patch is concealed, except when the crest is erected. The back is ash gray, becoming darker toward the rump. The wings are blackish brown, the feathers being margined with gray, and the tail is of the same color, except the outer web of the long feather on each side, which for half its length from the body is white. The under parts are white, the bill and feet black, and the eye brown. The male and female are alike in plumage.

## ALEXANDER WILSON.

v.

WILSON having found a publisher for his long contemplated work, threw all his energies into the enterprise, devoting to it every moment that he could spare from his duties as editor of the Cyclopaedia; and his friend Lawson, who had previously thrown so much cold water on the enterprise, saw the matter in quite a different light now that Mr. Bradford had assumed the risks and employed him as printer. Two thousand five hundred copies were to be thrown off as a first edition, and a prospectus having been composed it was given to the press, and Wilson in his enthusiasm already contemplated the establishment of an agent "in almost every town of the Union."

The hard work of preparation, added to his daily routine duties, impaired his health, compelling him to occasional periods of relaxation. These he utilized by excursions to the country, which he enjoyed the more that his professional duties were sedentary and exhausting, "immersed," as he describes himself "among musty books, and compelled to forego the harmony of the woods."

"At length," writes Mr. Ord, "in the month of September, 1808, the first volume of the 'American Ornithology' made its appearance. From the date of the arrangement with the publisher a prospectus had been issued wherein the nature and intended execution of the work were specified. But yet no one appeared to entertain an adequate idea of the treat which was about to be afforded to the lovers of the fine arts, and of elegant literature; and when the superb volume was presented to the public their delight was equalled only by their astonishment that America, as yet in its infancy, should produce an original work in science which could vie in its essentials

with the proudest productions of a similar nature of the European world."

It was a proud moment for Wilson when the first volume issued from the press, and met with a reception which his biographer tells us "was far beyond his hopes." It was, perhaps, far beyond the hopes which he ventured to express openly, but a man of Wilson's sanguine temperament could not have failed to have indulged in the most extravagant hopes; at the same time indulgence in hopes does not necessarily involve confidence in their realization, and the favor with which the first volume was received created a pleasurable excitement which stimulated him to most exhaustive efforts for the creditable performance of his undertaking. He thought he could increase subscriptions at a distance by his presence and personal exertions, and decided to make a first tour of the New England States in pursuit of subscribers and birds, with which object he set out on the 21st of September, 1808, going by Boston to Maine, and back through the State of Vermont.

The records of this and of his numerous later journeys are best preserved in his correspondence, in which he embodied the most careful observations of all he saw, interspersed with his reflections, thus affording an insight not only into the progress of the work, but into his own character and moods. We shall draw freely on these letters, as it would be impossible to present him in a more natural light than he presents himself in them, but as they are for the most part spun out to great length we will content ourselves with giving extracts from them.

The first letter of the series was dated Boston, October 12, 1808, and addressed to Mr. Miller. It reads as follows:

"Dear Sir: I arrived here on Sunday last after various adventures, the particulars of

which, and the observations I have had leisure to make upon the passing scenery around me, I shall endeavor as far as possible to compress into this letter for your own satisfaction and that of my friends who may be interested for my welfare. At Princeton I bade my fellow travelers goodbye, as I had to wait upon the reverend doctors of the college.

"I took my book under my arm, put several copies of the prospectus into my pocket, and walked up to this spacious sanctuary of literature. Dr. Smith, the President, and Dr. McLean, Professor of Natural History, were the only two I found at home. The latter invited me to tea, and both were much surprised and pleased at the appearance of the work. I expected to receive some valuable information from Mr. McLean on the ornithology of the country, but I soon found to my astonishment that he scarcely knew a sparrow from a woodpecker. I visited several other literary characters, and about half-past eight the Pilot coming up I took my passage in it to New Brunswick, which we reached about midnight.

"The next morning was spent in visiting the few gentlemen who were likely to patronize my undertaking. I had another task of the same kind at Elizabethtown; and without tiring you with details that would fill a volume, I shall only say that I reached Newark that day, having gratified the curiosity and feasted the eyes of a great number of people, who repaid me with the most extravagant compliments, which I would have very willingly exchanged for a few simple subscriptions. I spent nearly the whole of Saturday in Newark, where my book attracted as many stagers as a bear or a mammoth would have done, and I arrived in New York the same evening. The next day I wrote a number of letters, inclosing copies of the prospectus to different gentlemen in town, and on the afternoon of Tuesday I took my book, and waited on each of these gentlemen to whom I had

written the preceding day. Among these I found some friends, but more admirers. The professors of Columbia College expressed much esteem for my performance. The professor of languages being a Scotchman and also a Wilson, seemed to feel all the pride of national partiality so common to his countrymen, and would have done me every favor in his power. I spent the whole of this week traversing the streets from one particular house to another, till, I believe, I became almost as well known as the public cryer, or the clerk of the market; for I frequently could perceive gentlemen point me out to others as I passed with my book under my arm.

"On Sunday morning, October 2, I went aboard a packet for New Haven, distant about ninety miles. The wind was favorable. The Sound here between Long Island and the main is narrowed to less than half a mile, and filled with small islands and numerous rocks under water, among which the tide roars and boils violently, and has proved fatal to many a seaman. At high water it is nearly as smooth as any other flow, and can then be safely passed. The country on the New York side is ornamented with handsome villas painted white and surrounded by great numbers of Lombardy poplars. The breeze increasing to a gale, in eight hours from the time we set sail the high, red-fronted mountain of New Haven rose to our view. In two hours more we landed, and by the stillness and solemnity of the streets recollected we were in New England, and that it was Sunday, which latter circumstance had been almost forgotten on board the packet boat. \* \* \*

"The literati of New Haven received me with politeness and respect; and after making my usual rounds which occupied a day and a half, I set off for Middletown, twenty-two miles distant. \* \* \* I waited on Mr. A. of this town, and by him was introduced to several others. He also furnished me with a good deal of information about the



birds of New England. He is a great sportsman, a man of fortune and education, and has a considerable number of stuffed birds, some of which he gave me, besides letters to several persons of influence in Boston. On reaching Hartford I waited on Mr. G., a member of Congress, who recommended me to several others, particularly a Mr. W., a gentleman of taste and fortune, who was extremely obliging. The publisher of a newspaper here expressed the highest admiration of the work, and has since paid many handsome compliments to it in his publication, as three other editors did in New York. This is a species of currency that will neither purchase plates nor pay the printer, but, nevertheless, it is gratifying to the vanity of an author when nothing better can be got. \* \* \* It was dark when I entered Boston, of which I shall give you some account in my next. I have visited the celebrated Bunker's Hill, and no devout pilgrim ever approached the sacred tomb of his holy prophet with more awful enthusiasm and profound veneration than I felt in tracing the grass-grown intrenchments of this hallowed spot made immortal by the bravery of those heroes who defended it—whose ashes are now mingled with its soil, and of whom a mean, beggarly pillar of bricks is all the memento."

His next letter to the same gentleman is dated Windsor, Vermont, October 26. He remained nearly a week in Boston journeying through the streets with his book, and visiting all the literary characters he could meet with. Thence he traveled on through New Hampshire, stopping at every place where he thought it was likely he would do any business, going as far as Portland, Maine, where he staid three days. Here he directed his course across country "among dreary savage glens, and mountains covered with pines and hemlocks, amid whose black and half burnt trunks the everlasting rocks and stones grinned horribly." A journey of one hundred and fifty-seven

miles brought him to Dartmouth College, New Hampshire, on the Vermont line, here he paid his addresses to the reverend fathers of literature, and appears to have been very well received. "Dr. Wheelock, the President of the college," he tells us, "made me eat at his table, and the professors vied with each other to oblige me."

"I expect," he continued, "to be in Albany in five days, and if the Legislature be sitting I shall be detained perhaps three days there. In eight days more I hope to be in Philadelphia. I have labored with the zeal of a knight-errant in exhibiting this book of mine, wherever I went, traveling with it, like a beggar with his bantling, from town to town, and from one country to another. I have been loaded with praises, with compliments and with kindnesses; shaken almost to pieces in stage coaches; I have wandered among strangers hearing the same oh's and ah's, and telling the same story a thousand times over, and for what? Aye, that's it! You are very anxious to know, and shall know the whole when I reach Philadelphia."

In a letter to Mr. Alexander Lawson, written during this visit to Albany, he writes: "And in the first place I ought to thank you for the thousands of compliments I have received for my birds from persons of all descriptions, which were chiefly due to the tact and skill of the engravers. In short the book in all its parts so far exceeds the ideas and expectations of the first literary characters in the eastern sections of the United States as to command their admiration and respect. The only objection has been the price of one hundred and twenty dollars, which in innumerable instances has risen like an evil genius between me and my hopes. Yet, I doubt not, but when those copies subscribed for are delivered, and the book a little better known, the whole number will be disposed of; and perhaps encouragement given to go on with the rest. To effect this, to me, most desirable

object, I have encountered the fatigues of a long, circuitous and expensive journey, with a zeal which has increased with increasing difficulties; and sorry I am to say that the whole number of subscribers which I have obtained amounts only to forty-one."

Wilson remained at home only a few days when he again set off on a journey through the South, visiting every town of importance as far as Savannah in the State of Georgia, during which journey he suffered considerably from the inclemency of the weather,

and from the fatigue of the journey, but he was gratified by it, having, as we find from a letter to Mr. Bartram, written on the eve of his departure from Savannah, gained his point in procuring two hundred and fifty subscribers in all for his Ornithology, and a great mass of information respecting the birds that winter in the Southern States, and some that never visit the Middle States; "information," he adds, "which I have derived personally, and can, therefore, the more certainly depend upon it."

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## CHARLEY'S WONDERFUL JOURNEYS.

### JOURNEY X.

"Here he comes," said one of the little Bears. "Now keep quiet, and he'll walk right into the trap."

And sure enough poor Charley walked right into it. There was nothing unusual looking with the grass, but as soon as Charley got his foot into it he was tripped up and fell forward on his hands. The next moment the two little Bears pounced on him from behind and caught him one by each arm.

"See if he has any guns or knives," said one of them excitedly, as they raised Charley to a standing posture.

"I haven't any guns or knives," said Charley. "I wouldn't kill anybody, and I don't want to hurt you, but I wish you would let me go, please."

The Bears looked at each other, delighted at hearing that Charley could talk. "Can you dance, too?" asked one of them.

"Yes," said Charley, "I went to a Bear party once, but, please don't hold my arms so tight, you hurt me."

"But won't you run away if we let go?" asked one of the Bears.

"I'll tell you," said the other, "let's make a rope, and tie him round the waist, and then he can't run away."

So one of the Bears held Charley, while the other made a grass rope, and tied it round his waist. "Now let us see you dance," said he.

"If you dance nicely," said the other, "you shall have a whole can of blackberries by and by."

So Charley began to dance, and the Bears held their sides and laughed till the tears ran down.

Then one of them asked him to show how he ran on all fours, and Charley did his best, he didn't think he did it very well, but the Bears laughed and shouted and fairly rolled over and over with delight.

"Oh, isn't this fun," said one, "we'll take him all through the woods and exhibit him everywhere, and make lots of money; let's take him home first and show him to the old folks."

"Oh, let him ride on me," said the other, "we'll go home with Charley riding on my back, and won't the old folks be astonished when they see us!"

When they got to the cave, the old dad Bear was lazily stretched on a rock sunning himself, and you may imagine his surprise when he saw his two cubs coming home with Charley riding one of them.

"Whatever have you got there?" said he, springing to his feet.

"Call mam," said the cubs; "we set a trap in the grass and caught a little man cub."

"Take him away," said the old she Bear, when she came out, "you shan't bring him in here, they are dangerous creatures to have anything to do with."

"Oh, this one isn't dangerous," said they, "he can talk and dance, and he's

go and show him to our cousins in the big elm. Jump up, Charley."

Away they went up the hill, scrambling over rock and fallen trees, down the other side, and across the brook, and then up into the forest where the big elm was.

When they got near, they saw two of the young Bears playing outside, and as soon as these saw the two Bears coming with Charley, they rushed for the hole at the root of the old elm, shouting "Mam—dad."



THE TWO LITTLE BEARS CAUGHT HIM ONE BY EACH ARM.

quite tame, and we're going to exhibit him all through the woods and make lots of money. "Get down, Charley, and let them see how you can dance."

Charley did as he was told, and the old Bears couldn't help laughing, and when Charley went down on all fours and began to run the old folks enjoyed it as much as anybody and declared they had never seen anything like it.

"I won't have him come in the cave," said the she Bear, "but you may take him round and exhibit him if you like, but be careful you don't get into any mischief."

"Come on," said one of the cubs, "we'll

The elm was big, but it was only an old hollow trunk with all the branches broken off, and the next moment Charley looked up and there were the two old Bears, who had climbed to the top, and were looking down on them.

"Don't be frightened," said Charley, "they are only exhibiting me on a dancing tour."

"Come down, aunty," said his companions and keepers, we've caught a young Man cub and he's quite tame, and he can talk, and dance and go on all fours beautifully."

At this the old ones scrambled down

and came out from the lower hole, followed by five young ones, and the story of the capture was told all over again, and Charley said "he didn't mind."

Then Charley began to dance, and old and young shook their sides with laughter, the old ones laughed till the tears ran down their cheeks, and the young ones rolled over and turned somersaults and cheered until they were out of breath.

At last Charley was fairly out of breath, too, and sat down on a log, and his captors asked the audience for a supply of Bear's grease to take home with them.

"We are rather short of Bear's grease now," said the old mam, "and don't expect to have much until after harvest, but you young ones can all take the pails, and go raspberrying up in the clearing."

The young ones shouted with glee, and ran off and fetched the pails, and brought two for their cousins, and one for Charley, and every one wanted to have Charley ride on his back, but Charley's captor wouldn't trust him with any of them, so he jumped up on his former seat and away they trotted to the clearing, jingling their pails and laughing and talking.

The raspberries were very plentiful, and the Bears rushed here and there wherever they saw them thickest, and Charley was soon left alone. He had nearly half filled his pail, besides eating a great many, when he heard a fearful yell, and one of the Bears shouting, "Help, help, I'm caught in a trap."

"Run, run," shouted the others, and the next moment they dashed off in all directions without thinking of Charley.

The captured Bear was still howling, and Charley went toward him to try if he could help, but when he came to the top of the hill, to the place where he heard the howling, he saw the Bear with his fore paw in a big trap, rushing down toward the brook, and dragging after him a big log which was tied to the trap, and as Charley looked

he saw the log jump up and knock the bear over, and both together go rolling one over the other down toward the brook, and the Bear yelling savagely.

"He appears to have lost his temper," said Charley, "but perhaps I may as well go down; he may like to have somebody to talk to."

"You've been and put your foot in it now," said the Fox as Charley reached the scene; "you should be more careful. It's better to walk twice round a trap than once into it."

"Oh, stop your confounded moralizing," said the Bear. "I wish it was your head in it instead of my foot. Boo-o-o-o."

"Of two evils I always choose the least," said the Fox; "and if you won't listen to good advice, you must just grin and bear it, but if you'd listen to me, you'd have your foot out in no time. It's very painful, isn't it?"

"Oh, it's dreadful," said the Bear, "and if you would help me get my foot out, I'd be your friend for life. Come now, I know you're a clever little fellow."

"Oh, yes," said the Fox, "you're ready enough to make promises, but very likely if I showed you how to get your foot out, you'd be ready to snap my nose off the next minute."

"Oh, no, Cousin Reynard," said the bear. "I'm not that sort of fellow at all. Only show me how to get my paw out and I'll be eternally obliged to you."

"Nothing more simple," said the Fox, "just push in your nose as far as you can, then open your jaws and pry the trap open, and your foot will come out quite easily."

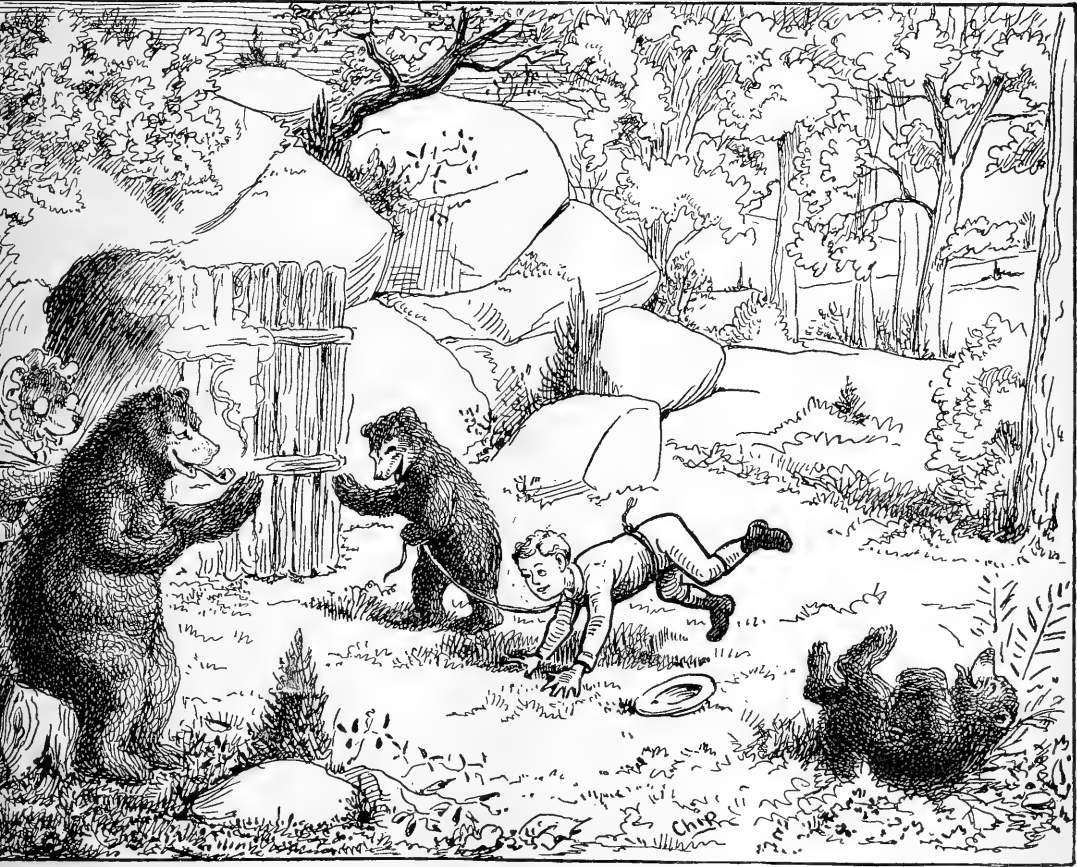
The Bear did as he was told and drew out his paw with a sigh of relief, but when he tried to pull his nose out, he found he was in a worse fix than ever and howled and danced about with rage.

"Oh, you wretch," said he to the Fox, "let me only once get hold of you."

"Fine gratitude that for showing you how to get your paw out, and it would only serve you right if I were to go off and leave you in your present fix for the trapper to help you out at the price of your skin," said the Fox; "but it's wrong to bear malice," continued he, "and now that

glad of anything for a change, and all you've got to do is to open your jaws wide, put in both paws as far as they'll go, then shut your mouth and your head will come out easily."

The Bear knew now that the Fox was laughing at him, and, setting both paws



CHARLEY WENT DOWN ON ALL FOURS AND BEGAN TO RUN.

you've got your paw out, it's just as easy to get your nose out, if you'll only do as I tell you."

"Oh, do tell me," said the Bear; "I didn't mean what I said; but it hurts so. I only wish you had your head in it for a minute and then you'd know."

"Yes," said the Fox, with a sly wink at Charley; "I can well believe that you'd be

upon the trap, he determined to pull his nose out even if he pulled all the skin off, but, more by good luck than judgment, he got the trap upright, and placed both paws upon the springs; to the astonishment of everybody the jaws of the trap flew open, and the released Bear went for the grinning Fox with a bound.

The Fox turned tail like lightning; but,

alas, he was not quite quick enough; in turning, he whisked his tail into the mouth of the Bear, who snapped on it so viciously, that he bit it off close to the stump, and away went the Fox as fast as his legs could carry him; the Bear dropped the brush and followed at best speed, and Charley picked it up and trotted after them to see what would happen next.

Alas for the uncertainty of mundane affairs! The Fox knew every trap on the run, but in his hurry to get away from the Bear, he never thought where he was going until he put his foot into a trap, and rolled over with a sharp howl.

"Well," said the Bear, as he sat down and contemplated the Fox with a grin of satisfaction, "of two evils it's always wise to choose the least."

"Oh, Cousin Bruin," said the Fox, "help me out like a good fellow. You never would have got out if it hadn't been for my advice, and now if you will only put your paws upon the springs, and let me get my foot out, I'll never forget it."

"I won't be beaten by a Fox in generosity," said the Bear. "It was very foolish of you to put your foot in it. 'Twould have been wiser to walk twice round it than once into it; still I must admit that you were in a hurry, and you are welcome to the advice I got from a very clever fellow when I was there myself. Just push your nose into the trap and pry open the jaws, and your foot will come out quite easily."

The Fox groaned; then, suddenly be-thinking himself of a ruse, he said: "I know of a bee's nest full of honey not far off, and if you'll only help me out I'll take you there at once, and you can have it all."

"So it is up a tree?" asked the Bear.

"Yes, up in a big hollow elm tree," said the Fox, who now began to hope; "you can get it quite easily."

"All right," said the Bear; "I'll go off in the woods and hide till you come. Here

comes the trapper with his Dog, and he understands these darned traps better than I do, and you'll be glad of anything for a change. Good-by, Cousin Reynard. Tell me how you got along when we meet again. By the way, how are skins selling?" and with this parting shot away scampered the Bear.

Charley thought it time to go too; but he wanted to see what would happen next, so he went and hid behind a tree.

When the trapper came up, the Fox was lying as still as dead. The Dog ran in and seized him and began to shake him, but the Fox made no sign.

"Durn that Dog," said the trapper, "he'll spoil the skin. Down, Pincher. Dead!"

The trapper came up and lifted the Fox by one ear, and then let him drop; the Fox fell all in a heap, but the dog kept stern watch with his nose close to the Fox's throat.

The trapper then opened the trap and released his leg, turned him over with his foot, and, concluding that he was quite dead, set the trap again, seized the Fox by the hindlegs, swung him over his shoulder, and strode off to the next trap, the one the Bear had been caught in. The Fox opened his eyes, but the Dog was following close behind, ready to seize him at the first move.

When they reached the place, the trap was gone, and, as they passed over it, the Dog smelt bear's blood, and the hair on the back of his neck bristled with anger; he got another sniff, and, for a moment forgetting everything else, he ran off on the Bear's trail.

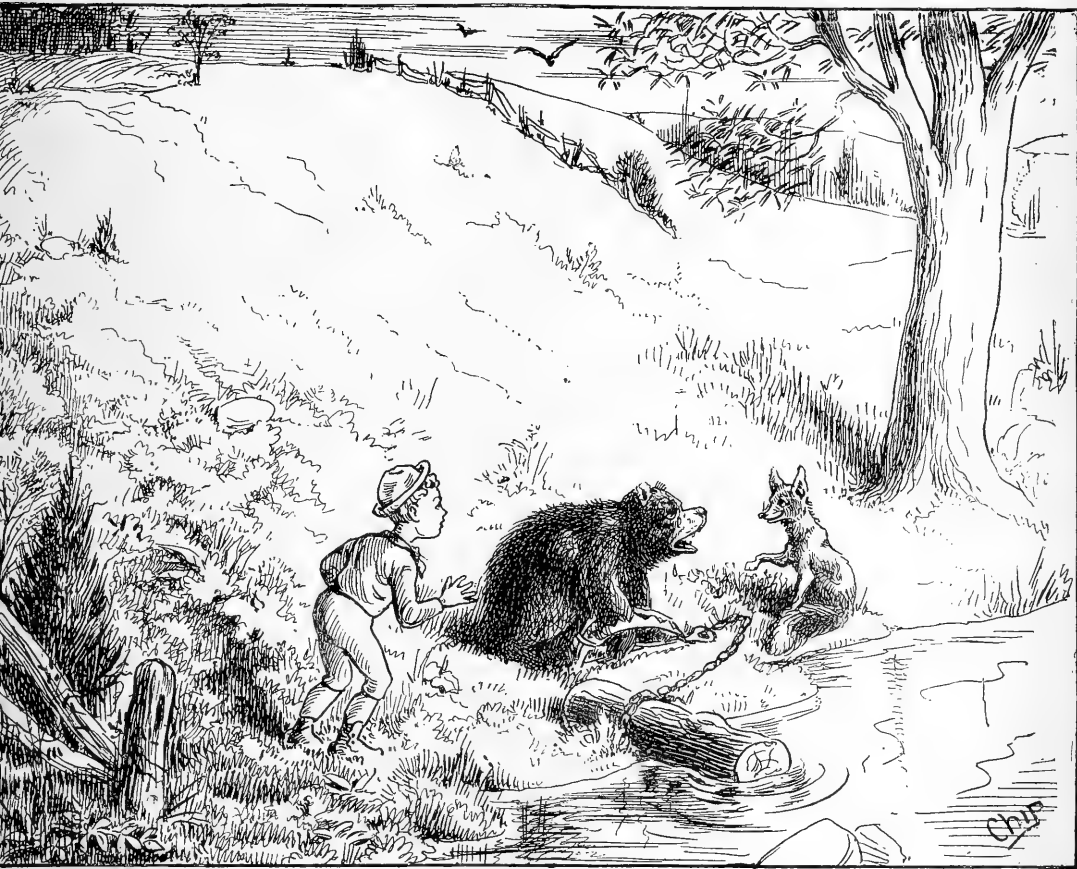
Now was the Fox's opportunity! He closed his jaws on the broadest part of the trapper's back, and sampled it with such a sudden snap, that the trapper yelled, and flung him off as suddenly.

Away went the Fox as fast as he could limp, and the Dog, recalled to duty, was

soon after him. The Dog was gaining, but the sly Fox went for the nearest trap, keeping his eyes wide open. When he came to it, he put down his wounded leg with a groan, and jumped over the trap. The next moment the Dog plunged into it, and rolled over with a howl.

and tore with all his might, until, seeing the trapper running toward him, he thought it prudent to decamp, and went off with such mingled emotions as you may imagine.

The Dog was soon released, but he had no more appetite for Fox hunting that day.



“YOU’VE BEEN AND PUT YOUR FOOT IN IT,” SAID THE FOX.

“Now, cousin,” said the Fox, “the tables are turned. You little thought when you saw me in the trap just now, that our positions would be so soon changed, but such is life. It is laughable when you come to think of it, but I suppose I must try to help you out.”

With that he sprang on the helpless Dog and gripped him by the ham and tugged

“Will you give me your beautiful bunch of flowers?” asked the little girl of Charley, as he wandered off.

Charley raised his hand, and seeing that it was a beautiful bouquet of sweet scented flowers that he held up, he said: “I will give them to you with pleasure if you will show me the way home.”

“I cannot go home with you,” said the

girl, "because you live on the other side of the river now, but I will go with you to the river's bank, and give you a kiss which will put you to sleep here, and then you will wake again directly at home."

So Charley gave her the flowers and placed his hand in hers, and they wandered off together toward the river, through meadows in which flowers of the most beautiful colors and richest perfume were as thick as the green grass which formed a setting for them. Their feet hardly seemed to touch the rich carpet as they glided over it.

At last they came to the river, a broad bright shining river, and sat down on the green bank where the murmur of the water soothed Charley's senses, and made him feel as if it would be so nice to go to sleep there, with the girl's hand in his

"Let me kiss you now, Charley," said she, and as she bent over him, and he looked into her blue eyes, and felt the

tresses upon his cheek, he knew her again. "It is Ethel," he said. "Ethel with the golden locks, shall I ever see you again?"

He fell asleep before she could reply, but he woke again in an instant, and was sure he heard her retreating footsteps, but when he opened his eyes, he was at home in bed, and the sound he heard was his mother's footsteps outside the door.

"Oh, mother," said he, "I've seen Ethel again! Ethel with the golden locks, and I didn't know her until she put her arms about me and was going to give me a kiss, and then I asked her if I should ever see her again, and before she had time to answer I fell asleep."

"Perhaps some day," said his mother, "you will see her on this side the river, and when she puts her arms around you and gives you a kiss, you will know her again, and be able to keep her always with you."

"I wish she went to my school," said Charley.

C. F. AMERY.

#### MAN'S DEPENDENCE ON THE LOWER ANIMALS.

IN the AUDUBON MAGAZINE for May, 1887, in an article under the title of "The Earth Builders," we took up the position that man could never have lived upon the earth but for the pre-existence of the lower types of life that preceded him, the general tenor of the argument employed being that the soil on which man is dependent for his food owes its fertility, and in great part its substance, to the decomposed animal and vegetable remains of past ages; that in the absence of such animal and vegetable remains in the soil, there could be no grasses, nor cereals, nor forest, growing on its surface, and no food for man or beast.

The earth was no doubt fitted for man's residence long before his first appearance, but notwithstanding that man is so far su-

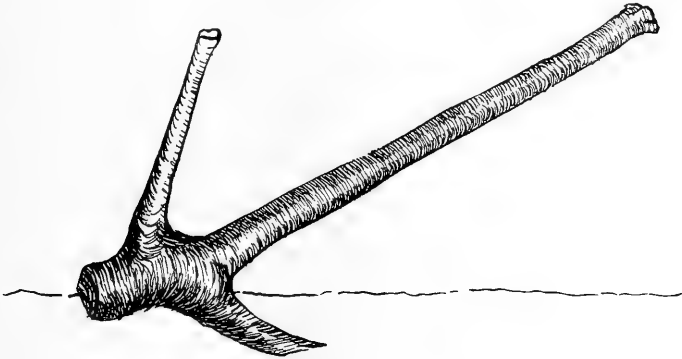
perior to all other animals in intelligence, he was less fitted to supply his most pressing needs than almost any other animal. Even as a hunter he would have had a very sorry time, unless the dog had come to his assistance, and attached itself to him. But the purpose of the present article is to point out that man could not only never have reached any very high stage of civilization without the aid of the ox, the ass, the horse, or some other powerful animal, but what to many will appear still less credible, that we Americans of the nineteenth century, having risen to our present high stage of civilization and industrial development by the aid of the ox and horse, are still so dependent on them, that in spite of the enormous resources at our command, our civilization would not sur-



vive their annihilation; that with the disappearance of domestic cattle the great civilizations of the world would disappear, and existing society disintegrate into tribes which would sink to a very low level, from which they would again emerge to achieve a civilization comparable with that of the Incas of Peru at the date of the Spanish invasion.

Yes! it is a big debt that man owes to the domesticated animals! and especially to the ox, and if we could only justly estimate the extent of the obligation, we should see that it was not without good reason

though the sowing of rice may have originated with broadcast sowings over areas liable to inundations, the tilling of the soil commenced by dropping each grain separately in a little hole made with a stick, from which an advance was made to the pick-shaped branch as a more effective implement, which may have been in use for centuries before it suggested itself to any one to take a much larger branch and drag it through the soil by means of oxen. Civilization may be said to rest on the practical application of this idea, for as long as man was dependent for his crops



A PRIMITIVE PLOW.

that the ancient Egyptians elevated the bull to the rank of a divinity, and that the Hindoos regarded the slaughter of an ox as an offense heinous as that of murder.

The plowing of the earliest agricultural people was with very rude implements. The Hindoo plow of to-day has retained its primitive form; the Egyptian is not appreciably modified; the same simple primitive plow may even still be seen in some parts of Germany, and a very little study of it will suffice to show that both it and the pick originated in the branch of a tree trimmed of all its secondary branches but two spurs which were left, one to penetrate and loosen the soil, the other to hold and guide it by.

There is little room for doubt that al-

on the work of his own hands, the labor exacted of him would have been so exhausting that there would have been no leisure for devotion to the useful arts, and under such conditions population could never become dense or highly civilized. The people of Europe and Asia, unaided by domestic cattle, would never have achieved a higher civilization than the people of America. It is generally supposed that native American races are of lower type, but there is a great mass of evidence in support of the view that in some remote past a colony from the old world (perhaps of men only) established itself about the northern coast of South America, giving origin to the semi-civilizations of Mexico and Peru, and by intermixture with aboriginal races, perhaps in-

fluencing the social condition of the whole continent North and South, and of all the facts that have been advanced in support of this theory I do not think that any one is so conclusive as the fact that the Peruvians dragged their plough through the soil instead of using it as a pick. They could not do nearly as effective work in this way as by digging, and such a method of loosening the soil would never have suggested itself to any people who had not grown familiar with it as the one recognized method of tillage.

Europe, like America, had its aboriginal savage races over its whole area before the Aryans effected settlements, and in every country in Europe the Aryan race has been modified by intermixture, and the difference between the civilization of Europe and that of Central America at the time of the Spanish invasion was no more than—on the assumption of equal aptitude for civilization—might be fairly attributed to the fact that the former people had domesticated the ox and the horse, while the latter had not. The history of the world affords no instance of a higher civilization than that of early America having been achieved by any people who had not the ox under domestication. These are truths that would be readily accepted by any one giving the subject even a very slight consideration, but it does appear almost incredible at first glance, that Christendom deprived of its domestic cattle, would sink into barbarism in a generation; that in spite of our command of steam, and control of the forces of nature, we are not yet so far advanced that we dare kick away the ladder by which we have mounted.

The first idea to suggest itself is that the loss of our draught cattle which would be most felt by the farmers would be promptly replaced by steam ploughs and implements of all kinds, that we could run light railways in all directions to get the engines and implements to the farms, and

bring the products away, but a very little calculation will serve to upset that delusion. The whole manual labor of the country would be inadequate to the construction and maintenance of the necessary railways, and this of course would involve an utter suspension of manufactures and arts, and the desertion of the cities, which would render the railways useless; this would be followed by the establishment of local communities, cessation of all intercourse between people at a distance, and the rapid lapse into a simple agricultural community, attended with enormous loss of life from starvation unless at the outset strenuous and well organized measures were adopted for cutting up the arable land into small farms of one or two acres, transporting the city population to them and providing for the proper distribution of food and seed.

It is just possible that the social organization could be maintained over the crisis, provided the effects of the calamity were foreseen and intelligently provided for, but this achieved, the organism would be disintegrated into a thousand separate communities with individual and opposing interests; and perhaps generations of anarchy would have to be passed through before any enduring system of social organization would be again achieved. Nineteenth of the population would have to be devoted exclusively to agriculture, the other tenth being employed in mining and the ruder arts; and as existing stocks of manufactured articles got worn out they would be replaced by ruder ones. Letters would be forgotten in a generation or two, in fact, all the energies of the people would be required to raise the necessary food supply, and a few centuries later the civilization of the nineteenth century would be a dim tradition of the past.

It is well within the range of possibility that with the progress of man's control over the forces of nature, and the advance

of chemical science, man may achieve a position of complete independence of any aid that the lower animals may be able to render him. The day may possibly come when man will people the earth so densely that the beast must go to make room for him. These are speculations only, mean-

time it is a substantial fact, and a wholesome one to meditate upon, when we meet an ox or a horse in the street, that they are our powerful auxiliaries in the rude contest with nature, and stand between us and a condition but little removed from barbarism.

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## THE SONG SPARROW.

### AN INVESTIGATION OF HIS LIFE HISTORY.

WITH a view to suggesting lines of investigation to those would-be workers who do not go the length of styling themselves ornithologists, these notes containing the subject matter of an address recently delivered at the Canadian Institute, were put in their present shape.

The rapid advance of ornithological science in our country during the last few years, and the systematic organization of the great body of working ornithologists of America, have had the satisfactory effect not only of stimulating the interest felt in the subject by that snowball process of increment that is a property of all knowledge, but also of demonstrating clearly to the lay following that all who have eyes may be of use, and all who would be of great use must keep their eyes in one direction.

Now, with any one who for the first time sees a new or unknown object, the three questions that naturally arise are: What is it? Where did you get it? and What is it for? *i. e.*, we are asked its name, native place and nature; and it is the whole province of each branch of zoological science to answer these three questions with regard to its individual subjects. Or to illustrate to the point, ornithology treats of birds and is supposed to supply the student, first, with the name of each bird; second with information about its country or habitat; third

with information of its nature, which includes two very wide fields, the physical and the metaphysical, or anatomy and life history. The first of these questions, the which?, can be answered only by authorities profoundly versed in the subject, and the Check List of the American Ornithologist's Union contains the united opinions of the competent authorities of America.

The second question, the where?, comprising the whole subject of geographical distribution and migration, is partly answered already with regard to most of our birds. As it can be properly treated only by persons who have large collections of material at hand, and have given a great deal of time and study to the subject, here also it is better for the lay bird man to refrain from "rushing in."

But the last question, the what?, is the greatest of all. It naturally divides itself into two branches, anatomy and life history. With regard to the first, much the same remarks apply as in the preceding paragraph, but the second, the life history, is the most important, and affords the proper field for those who simply love nature for her own sake, and desire only to know the wild birds in their wildness. "The real history of a bird is its life history. The deepest interest attaches to everything that reveals the little mind, however feebly it may be developed,

which lies behind the feathers." So says the English ornithologist Seeborn, in his History of British Birds, and I am very sure that there is no lack of bird lovers to re-echo the sentiment. The first two questions are of very great importance, and of such a nature that they insist on first notice, but having settled them as we now have, sufficiently for the purposes of the ordinary observer of Eastern America, we are brought face to face with what is, after all, of chief interest, the great question of the "little mind."

The almost absolute ignorance that exists with regard to the life history of our birds is only beginning to be appreciated. We have, in fact, as a result of great labors during the last few years, only just succeeded in obtaining enough light to make the darkness visible. To show our utter nescience with regard to even the best known species, I would take for example the bird of all others we are supposed to be perfectly familiar with, the common barn fowl. How many of us can prove or disprove the simplest statements that can be made concerning it? How many can decide on the theory that a hen beginning to lay, lays on the first day early in the morning, next day an hour later, and so on until afternoon is reached, then a day is missed, and on the next day the bird begins again early in the morning? How many of us can contradict the statement that the hen is capable of real and faithful attachment to one particular male, even though several be in the yard? Which of us can say when and why the hen turns her eggs, or whether she knowingly turns them at all? It would be easy to go on exposing our ignorance, but sufficient has been said for my purpose, and I would now follow with the remark, if we know so little of our familiar domestic fowls, how insignificant must be our knowledge of the wild birds. I am so satisfied that a harvest of knowledge and pleasure awaits those who will venture into this

almost virgin field, that I have determined to spend one season at least in investigating the life history of a single species, and to the end that I may approach the subject systematically, I have tabulated the lines of investigation under seventeen heads. These heads, be it noticed, are naturally limited by the knowledge and theories of the writer, but I believe that in working them out one will most assuredly stumble on clues which, properly followed, will lead to light most unexpected, and to ideas of startling newness that have not even been guessed at by the preliminary schedule, for such has ever been the experience of those who have blindly but earnestly groped after the truth.

For numerous reasons, more or less evident, I have selected the song sparrow (*Melospiza fasciata*) as the species for study, and propose collecting all possible evidence on the following items:

1. *Spring Migration*.—Give earliest appearance, etc.; state whether in flocks or singly; males in advance or both sexes together; by day or by night; crossing the lake or skirting its shores; flying high or low; recording in full the weather at the time of observation, also date, locality, etc. Does it hide or return southward during the late spring storms? Do individuals that come early differ from those that come late? If so, are both found breeding here?
2. *Habitat*.—Is it found in dry uplands, dense forests or marshes, or does it manifest a preference for the vicinity of water, or especially of running water? Can any reason be assigned for its choice of locality?
3. *Voice of the Male*.—Song and the variations of the same; height from ground when singing; time of day; alarm notes, song periods, song flight, song by night; influence of the weather.
4. *Voice of the Female*.—Song, if any, and full particulars as above.

5. *Habits*.—What are its peculiar tricks of attitude, motion and expression? Does it hop or run? Is its flight ever undulatory, like that of its relatives? Is it nocturnal or aquatic at all? Does it ever wade for food or swim to escape its enemies? Does it feed on the wing? Does it regurgitate pellets of indigestible matter? Does it indulge in any sort of play, especially in a social way? Does it enter holes or burrows? Does it distinguish poisonous plants or insects? How do individuals communicate with each other?
  6. *Condition of each Specimen*.—Give full notes *re* genitalia watching for cases of sterility, hermaphroditism or disease, counting if possible the number of ova, especially of those enlarged; giving the general condition of the specimen; stating whether fat or lean, diseased or healthy, parasitized or not, internally or externally, and to what extent.
  7. *Food*.—Give in full—contents of mouth, gullet and gizzard, and preserve the same in labeled phials.
  8. *Plumage*.—Particularize each specimen in form, color and measurement, noting differences of sex, season, age, moult and locality.
  9. *Mating*.—Note fully any courtship observed, with manoeuvres of both birds, or competitions of rivals; is it ever polygamous? do the same birds remain paired throughout the season, or for more than a season?
  10. *Nesting*.—Give full particulars of construction, materials, proximity to the ground and to the water of each nest, preserving, photographing or sketching the same, and observing whether covered over or approached by a covered way; giving details of laying, time between each oviposition, variation of the eggs in size and color, stating whether those first laid are larger or more heavily marked than those laid later; are the eggs turned daily, and if so by which bird.
  11. *Broods*.—Number per season; average of each. Are later broods less? How long is each cared for by the parents? Is the female first to desert her charge?
  12. *Cowbird Parasitism*.—Is the song sparrow ever imposed upon by the cowbird? Particularize each case observed.
  13. *Young*.—Give in full their habits, food, plumage, comparing them with their parents and with their near congeners. Are they ever fed from the crop of the parents? Is there any evidence of a late summer northward migration among them?
  14. *Relatives*.—What are their nearest congeners? Compare them in range, local habitat, changes of plumage, etc.
  15. *Competitors*.—With what species do they most actively come into competition in the struggle for life?
  16. *Natural Enemies*.—Enumerate predatory birds, mammals, reptiles, etc. Also meteorological phenomena, and means employed to combat, elude or withstand in each case.
  17. *Fall Migration*.—Particularize as in spring ditto, giving latest appearance. Does it arrive in the spring singly and go in the fall in flocks? Is it ever a winter resident here?
- Of course no one would expect to elucidate many of these points in a single season, but it is believed that enough may be gathered to form a valuable contribution to ornithological literature, and to decide whether or not the investigation may ultimately be made a complete success.—*Ernest E. Thompson in Forest and Stream.*

## BIRD LEGENDS.

THE cuckoo is universally regarded as a soothsayer. It is believed that he foretells the number of years a person will live, according to his cries of "cuckoo." Swedish maidens inquire of him how long they will remain unmarried, but if he responds more than ten times, they say he is sitting on a bewitched bough, and no longer heed his prophecies. It is very important to note the direction whence his call is first heard, for if it be the north, the auditor will have woe and mourning in the course of the year; the east and west signify happiness; and the south, prosperity. A German legend relates that the cuckoo is an enchanted baker, or miller, which accounts for the dusty hue of his plumage. When times were hard he stole the dough belonging to poor people; and when the dough rose up in the oven, he took it out, and plucked off a large piece, exclaiming: "Gukuk!" "Oh, look!" God punished him for his theft by transforming him into a bird of prey, incessantly repeating his cry. In Servia the cuckoo is believed to be a maiden, who mourned the death of her brother until she was changed into this bird. The Russians have a similar legend.

In olden times the first day on which the call of the prophetic bird was heard, was kept as a festival in Westphalia. Whoever brought the joyful intelligence was rewarded with an egg, which he at once proceeded to fry and eat. He then greeted all he met with the words: "The cuckoo has called!" instead of bidding "Good-day." At Hilchenbach, in Westphalia, the fortunate person rolled on the grass, and this ceremony prevented back-ache during the ensuing year.

At Pill, in Tyrol, there is a strange theory that the cuckoo is hatched by robin-red-breasts, and begins by being a cuckoo for the first twelvemonth; then he becomes a hawk, during which period he devours his

foster-brothers; and finally, the third year, a sparrow-hawk.

The plover, the jay, the snipe, and the woodpecker are all weather prophets, particularly as regards thunderstorms. Plovers go by the name of "Our Lady's Doves." Their heads were used as a talisman against sorcery, and their eggs as a cure for witchcraft.

An old tradition declares that the jay falls into a trance during a thunderstorm. His flesh was considered beneficial in consumption, while his wings were believed to be the ornaments worn by witches at their diabolical gatherings. According to village tales, the jay is always the jester among the birds, and his appearance is a good omen.

The snipe is sometimes called "the thunder goat," and his head is likewise used as a charm.

The speckled woodpecker was considered sacred by other nations, as well as the Germans. Virgil and Ovid say that Picus, the son of Saturn, and father of Faunus, was transformed into a woodpecker. The Romans told how he assisted the wolf in feeding Romulus and Remus, and they believed him to be the favorite and companion of the God of War, which belief was shared by the Teutonic race. His tapping reminded them of Thor's hammer, whence he derives his peasant name of "the carpenter," and his incessant screaming before a storm naturally connected him with the Thunderer.

The flesh of the green woodpecker was good to eat, and was reckoned to be a remedy against epilepsy, and his gay plumage was evidently considered an especial distinction. He appears in popular tales and traditions as the heavenly messenger, and the fairies were wont to assume his form. Formerly the gray woodpecker was laid beneath the pillow of a child suffering from convulsions.

# THE AUDUBON NOTE BOOK.

## MEMBERSHIP RETURNS.

THE number of new members registered during the month of August was 229, bringing the grand total of registered members up to 47,644 at the close of the month. The increase of the month is due to the following sources:

New York.....	80	Ohio.....	3
Massachusetts.....	63	Colorado.....	2
Pennsylvania.....	3	Dist. Columbia.....	1
New Jersey.....	7	Delaware.....	5
Vermont.....	7	Maryland.....	9
Connecticut.....	11	North Carolina.....	1
Michigan.....	4	Florida.....	4
Minnesota.....	7	Kentucky.....	11
Illinois.....	4	Japan.....	1
Missouri.....	6		
			229

C. F. AMERY, General Secretary.

## NOTES FROM PENNSYLVANIA.

*Editor Audubon Magazine:*

I send you these few notes which I have jotted down from time to time. The first day of haying (in July) Willie brought in a tiny bird. It was found where the mowing machine had passed, and it was supposed the nest was destroyed. No trace, however, of that or the parent birds could be found. We could not tell what kind of a bird it was, although nearly feathered. The upright tail suggested a wren, but we hardly thought it one. The poor little waif cried continuously. Finally, after several attempts, we succeeded in getting it to take a little bread and milk from the point of a wooden toothpick. It then became quiet and was put in a small covered wicker basket. Toward evening it tucked its tiny head under its mite of a wing like any old bird and seemed quite comfortable. The basket was hung out of the reach of cats and we heard no more from him. The next morning he was very weak, would eat no more, and died before noon. This was probably all for the best, although we were glad to do all we could for it.

In another part of the meadow, after the machine and horse-rake had both passed, my husband found a meadow lark's nest. It was about the size of a robin's, although much more neat and trim. It was close to the ground and must have been low enough for the cutter bar of the mowing machine to pass over it. The teeth, too, of the rake must have passed closely on either side; yet it was entirely unharmed. Although tipped a little on one side, not one of the six dainty eggs were spilled out. They were the size of a robin's, white speckled with brown. Contrary to our expectations, the mother bird did

not desert her nest, although the teams were obliged to pass quite near in going to and coming from another meadow, several times a day. My husband placed a stake in the ground near, so no one would disturb it. Only part of the eggs hatched and soon after the young birds were fledged they all flew away.

The kingbirds in the pear tree were all able to fly about the tree the second day after they began to climb out on the edge of the nest. They then left the pear tree entirely, and although we often saw them all (the old birds and four young) on smaller trees quite close to the house, they never returned to the nest that we could find. A week or two after in a hard shower the limb with the nest was broken off and thrown to the ground. We were all glad that the birds were safely out of it.

LUCY LYMAN PEEK.

## A DUCK IN A CHIMNEY.

SHERBROOKE, Que.—One day last June the household of one of our city residents were astonished at what they supposed was the unusual amount of noise made by swallows in one of the chimneys. As it continued at intervals for three days, the lady of the house investigated the chimney-opening in the cellar and thence extracted a live wild duck. Knowing I would be interested, she sent it to me. Its primaries were badly broken, but otherwise it was uninjured, as when I set it free on the river a mile or so from town, it had no difficulty in getting out of the way of a farmer's dog that had followed me unnoticed from the road. How did it get there? Down the chimney, of course. But what induced it to make such a mistake? I did not recognize the species, but it was not a wood-duck, or it would not have been so surprising. Is there any other kind that nests in trees and which might have made the mistake of thinking the chimney was a tree.—*Jos. G. Walton, in Forest and Stream.*

DURING the spring of this year we learn from reliable authority that in the one small town of Myers, Florida, the sales of white egret plumes amounted to \$14,000. The birds are not wholly exterminated but the old haunts are almost wholly deserted.

The general relaxation of Audubon work during the hottest months of the year as indicated by our registration list, leave it to be inferred that the higher moral sentiments do not flourish with the thermometer over ninety degrees Fahrenheit.

## EMINENT PEOPLE ON BIRD PROTECTION.

OAK KNOLL, Danvers, Mass., }  
2nd mo., 20, 1886. }

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

I heartily approve of the proposed AUDUBON SOCIETY. We are in a way to destroy both our forests and our birds. A society for the preservation of the latter has long been needed, and I hope it is not too late for the accomplishment of its objects.

I could almost wish that the shooters of the birds, the taxidermists who prepare their skins, and the fashionable wearers of their feathers might share the penalty which was visited upon the Ancient Mariner who shot the Albatross. Thy friend,

JOHN G. WHITIER.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Feb. 20, 1886.

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

I am heartily in sympathy with your purposes for the protection of birds, and should be glad to contribute any influence that I can to that end.

If there were no purchasers there would be no demand, and no reason for slaughtering these winged gems. But as only women create a demand, it rests upon them to stay this wanton destruction. I am sure that it is only necessary to bring before American women the cruelty of this "slaughter of the innocents" that fashion is carrying on, to secure a renunciation of this ornament and the salvation of birds.

On this subject the kind feelings, the taste, and æsthetic sympathy of the whole community are on your side, and if you persevere you will surely win.

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

CORNWALL-ON-HUDSON, N. Y., }  
Feb. 22, 1886. }

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

You have indeed my hearty sympathy in every effort to prevent the slaughter of my innocent little neighbors and friends, the birds. In the destruction of forests and birds, the people of this land are inviting very great evils and inflicting wrongs on posterity which scarcely can be measured. The press should render it impossible for women to sin thoughtlessly and ignorantly in demanding little birds for their adornment. The evil should be brought home so fully to the knowledge of all, that the continued wearing of our useful little birds should become the badge and indication of a callous, vulgar nature. You are doing a humane and patriotic work in exciting public aversion to one of the most cruel and stupid wrongs of the age.

Respectfully yours,

EDWARD P. ROE.

WEST PARK, N. Y., Feb. 20, 1886.

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

I scarcely need assure you that your undertaking to form a society for the protection of our wild birds against the ravages of the milliners and the sham scientific collectors has my warmest sympathy and approval. It is a barbarous taste which prompts our women and girls to appear upon the street with their head gear adorned with the scalps of our songsters; and it is mere vanity and affectation which prompts so many persons to make up cabinets of the nests and eggs of the same. The destruction of our birds from their natural enemies is immense, and this craze of the collectors, and folly of the milliners and their customers in addition, threatens their serious diminution.

I hope you may succeed in creating so strong a public sentiment upon the subject that the collectors of skins and eggs for the unworthy purposes of fashion or to indulge the vanity of pseudo-naturalists may suddenly find their occupation gone.

Please add my name to the list of the members of the AUDUBON SOCIETY. Very sincerely,

JOHN BURROUGHS.

160 W. 59TH STREET, }  
NEW YORK, Feb. 20, 1886. }

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

No one who will take the trouble to give the matter a few moments' serious consideration can be in doubt, I think, as to the wisdom of organizing the AUDUBON SOCIETY, and I am thankful that such a step is contemplated. There is an element of savagery in the use of birds for personal decoration, which is in grotesque contrast with our boasts of civilization. But even the savage stops short, as a rule, with the feathers. It is only Christian people who think it worth while to butcher a whole bird to adorn their head gear. I am sure, however, that this is largely from that unreflecting habit which is a leading vice in people who follow the fashions. But it is a vice; as Hood sang, when he wrote—

For evil is wrought  
By want of thought  
As well as by want of heart.

If the AUDUBON SOCIETY can teach men, and especially women, to think on this subject, half of the battle will have been won. HENRY C. POTTER.

ANDOVER, Mass., Feb. 21, 1886.

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

I am in earnest and indignant sympathy with the motive of any society organized to prevent the murder of birds for decorative purposes.

E. S. PHELPS.



# The Audubon Society.

## THE AUDUBON SOCIETY FOR THE PROTECTION OF BIRDS.

THE AUDUBON SOCIETY was founded in New York City in February, 1886. Its purpose is the protection of American birds, not used for food, from destruction for mercantile purposes. The magnitude of the evil with which the Society will cope, and the imperative need of the work which it proposes to accomplish, are outlined in the following statement concerning

### THE DESTRUCTION OF BIRDS.

Within the last few years, the destruction of our birds has increased at a rate which is alarming. This destruction now takes place on such a large scale as to seriously threaten the existence of a number of our most useful species. It is carried on chiefly by men and boys who sell the skins or plumage to be used for ornamental purposes—principally for the trimming of women's hats, bonnets and clothing. These men kill everything that wears feathers. The birds of the woods, the birds of the field, the birds of the marsh and those of the sea are alike slain, at all times and at all seasons. It matters not if the bird be a useful one which devours the hurtful insects which destroy the farmer's crops, or a bright-plumaged songster whose advent has been welcomed in spring, and which has reared its brood in the door yard during the summer, or a swift-winged sea swallow whose flight along the shore has often with unerring certainty led the fisherman to his finny prey—whatever it be, it must be sacrificed to the bird butcher's lust for slaughter and for gain. Besides the actual destruction of the birds, their numbers are still further diminished by the practice of robbing their nests in the breeding season.

Although it is impossible to get at the number of birds killed each year, some figures have been published which give an idea of what the slaughter must be. We know that a single local taxidermist handles 30,000 bird skins in one year; that a single collector brought back from a three months trip 11,000 skins; that from one small district on Long Island about 70,000 birds were brought to New York in four months time. In New York one firm had on hand February 1, 1886, 200,000 skins. The supply is not limited by domestic consumption. American bird skins are sent abroad. The great European markets draw their supplies from all over the world. In London there were sold in three months from one auction room, 404,464 West Indian and Brazilian bird skins, and 356,389 East Indian birds. In Paris 100,000 African birds have been sold by one dealer in one year. One New York firm recently had a contract to supply 40,000 skins of American birds to one Paris firm. These figures tell their own story—but it is a story which might be known even without them; we may read it plainly enough in the silent hedges, once vocal with the morning songs of birds, and in the deserted fields where once bright plumage flashed in the sunlight.

### BIRDS, INSECTS AND CROPS.

The food of our small birds consists very largely of the insects which feed on the plants grown by the farmer. These insects multiply with such astounding rapidity that a single pair may in the course of one season be the progenitors of six billions of their kind. All through the season at which this insect life is most active, the birds are constantly at work destroying for their young and for themselves, tens of thousands of hurtful creatures, which, but for them, would swarm upon the farmer's crops and lessen the results of his labors.

A painstaking and ardent naturalist not very long ago watched the nest of a pair of martins for sixteen hours, from 4 A. M. till 8 P. M., just to see how many visits the parent birds made to their young. He found that in that time 312 visits to the four young were made, 119 by the male and 193 by the female. If we suppose only six insects to have been brought at each visit, this pair of birds would have destroyed, for their young alone, in this one summer's day, not far from 2,000 insects. The important relations which our birds bear to the agricultural interests and so to the general welfare, are recognized by the governments of all our States. Laws exist for their protection, but these laws are rendered inoperative by the lack of an intelligent public sentiment to support them. They are nowhere enforced. It is for the interest of every one that such a public sentiment should be created.

It is time that this destruction were stopped.

### PURPOSE OF THE AUDUBON SOCIETY.

To secure the protection of our birds by awakening a better sentiment, the Audubon Society, named after the greatest of American ornithologists, has been founded. The objects sought to be accomplished by this Society are to prevent as far as possible—

- (1) The killing of any wild bird not used for food.
- (2) The taking or destroying of the eggs or nests of any wild birds.
- (3) The wearing of the feathers of wild birds. Ostrich feathers, whether from wild or tame birds, and those of domestic fowls, are specially exempted.

The Audubon Society aims especially to preserve those

birds which are now practically without protection. Our game birds are already protected by law, and in large measure by public sentiment, and their care may be left to the sportsman. The great aim of the Society is the protection of American non-game birds. The English sparrow is not included in our lists.

### PLAN OF THE WORK.

Obviously the Society cannot supply any machinery of compulsion to lead individuals and communities to a higher regard for bird life and to efforts for its protection. Nor are compulsory measures thought necessary. The wrong is tolerated now only because of thoughtlessness and indifference. The birds are killed for millinery purposes. So long as fashion demands bird feathers, the birds will be slaughtered. The remedy is to be found in the awakening of a healthy public sentiment on the subject. If this enormous destruction of birds can once be put in its true light before the eyes of men and women and young folks, if interest be aroused and sentiment created, the great wrong must cease. To so present the case to the people as to awaken this corrective sentiment is the special work contemplated by the Audubon Society. The methods adopted are very simple. Pledges are furnished, subscription to which constitutes membership, and certificates are issued to members.

### TERMS OF MEMBERSHIP.

The signing of any of the pledges will qualify one for membership in the Society. It is earnestly desired that each member may sign all three of the pledges. Beyond the promise contained in the pledge no obligation nor responsibility is incurred. There are no fees, nor dues, nor any expenses of any kind. There are no conditions as to age. The boys and girls are invited to take part in the work, for they can often do more than others to practically protect the nesting birds. All who are interested in the subject are invited to become members, and to urge their friends to join the Society. If each man, woman or child who reads this circular will exert his or her influence, it will not take long to enlist in the good work a great number of people actively concerned in the protection of our birds. It is desired that members may be enrolled in every town and village throughout the land, so that by the moral weight of its influence this Society may check the slaughter of our beautiful songsters. The beneficent influence of the Audubon Society should be exerted in every remotest by-way where the songs of birds fill the air, and in every crowded city where the plumes of slain songsters are worn as an article of dress.

### ASSOCIATE MEMBERS.

As there are a very great number of people in full sympathy with the Audubon movement, and ready to lend it their moral support, but who refrain from joining the Society simply because they find it distasteful to sign a pledge, it has been determined to form a class of Associate Members. Any one expressing his or her sympathy with the objects of the Audubon Society and submitting a written request for membership to any local secretary, will be enrolled on the list of Associate Members. All such applications for membership received by local secretaries of the Society should be forwarded to the General Secretary for registration.

### LOCAL SECRETARIES.

The Society has local secretaries in cities, towns and villages. The local secretary will furnish this circular of information and pledge forms; will receive the signed pledges, keep a list of the members, forward a duplicate list with the pledges for enrollment and file at the Society's office; and will receive in return certificates of membership, to be filled out and signed by the local secretary and given to the members. No certificate of membership will be issued to any person except upon the receipt of a signed pledge at the office of the Society. Where no local secretary has yet been appointed, individual applicants for membership may address the Society at its office, No. 318 Broadway, New York.

If there is no local secretary in your town, you are invited to act as such yourself, or to hand this to some other person who will accept the office. Upon application we will supply copies of this circular and pledge forms.

### THE AUDUBON SOCIETY CERTIFICATE.

The Society furnishes to each member a handsome certificate of membership. This bears a portrait of the great naturalist, John James Audubon, after whom the Society very appropriately takes its name.

The office of the Society is at 318 Broadway, New York city. All communications should be addressed

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THE KINGBIRD.

( *Tyrannus tyrannus* (LINN.) )

# THE AUDUBON MAGAZINE.

VOL. II.

NOVEMBER, 1888.

No. 10.

## THE KINGBIRD.

FEW birds are better known to the children than the Kingbird. The eagle is commonly spoken of as the king of birds, but how empty is such a title when this little flycatcher appears upon the scene. For all his great size, for all his marvellous powers of flight, for all his keen curved beak and his great sharp-crooked talons, the little Kingbird, which is scarcely larger than the eagle's bill, drives the great bird before him and makes him put forth all his speed to escape the constant attacks of his petty pursuer. There are many small birds which are possessed of sufficient courage to attack hawks, crows and other birds of prey, in the breeding season, when the latter approach their nests or threaten danger to their new fledged young, but the Kingbird never needs an excuse of this kind. As soon as a rapacious bird comes anywhere near him, he sallies forth to the battle, which indeed is always a very onesided one, and from which the tiny assailant always comes forth the conqueror. It is commonly supposed that this characteristic of the Kingbird is wholly a noble one, and deserving of nothing but praise, but we are not altogether sure that this is the case. It has occurred to us that perhaps the Kingbird is a captious petulant fellow, quarrelsome by nature and always on the lookout for somebody that he can bully and hector. The smaller birds, ready at

any moment, if attacked, to take refuge in a clump of bushes or among the thick branches of a tree, would not give him what he looks for—a fight, but the slow-winged hawks and crows offer him exactly the opportunity that he is in search of, and he can pester them to his heart's content. Their clumsy efforts to seize him, or to avoid his attacks, are all in vain. He easily evades the first and laughs at the last, and darting down on his victim from above he pecks and buffets him until weary of the sport. Perhaps this view of the Kingbird's character does him injustice. Certainly it is wholly opposed to the general idea which makes of this gray-coated little warrior a hero, a knight errant, *sans peur*, who is always fighting battles for others. We can hardly hope to learn what the truth is.

The Kingbird passes the winter in the South and on his return journey toward his breeding grounds reaches Louisiana, according to Audubon, by the middle of March, and the New England States about the first of May. During the summer they are scattered over almost the whole continent from the Gulf of Mexico to the 57th parallel of north latitude, where it was observed by Sir John Richardson. Common along the Atlantic seaboard, it is also abundant on the great plains and in the foothills of the Rocky Mountains, and passing west of these, occurs in some numbers

in Idaho, Oregon and Washington Territory and sparingly in California.

When the Kingbird reaches the Northern States, it seems for a while rather subdued, as if fatigued by its long journey, but it soon recovers its spirits and becomes the sprightly vivacious bird we know so well. The birds now choose their mates and soon the pleasing toil of nest-building begins. The site chosen varies indefinitely. Often it is in an apple tree in the orchard, or in a pear tree in the garden close to the house, but in our experience a favorite tree is the so-called buttonball, or sycamore, tree (*Platanus occidentalis*). The nest is usually so placed as to be supported at the bottom by the branch on which it rests and at the sides by one or more twigs rising from that branch so that it is doubly secure against accident from storms. The outside of the nest is composed of small twigs and weed stalks, roughly woven together; upon this are placed locks of wool, tufts of cotton or cow hair, and the whole is neatly lined with fine roots, grasses and horse hair. In this warm nest are deposited the eggs, which are usually four in number, but sometimes six. They are large for the size of the bird, and when fresh are of delicate creamy hue, thickly spotted with large dots of bright brown. The creamy tint of the fresh egg is due to the yellow yolk which shows through the shell, for when the contents are removed, the color of the egg is a dead white. Two broods are often hatched and reared in a season.

The nest of the Kingbird is often built in the garden or in some tree quite close to the house, and the birds render an important service to man by driving away the predatory species which, but for them, might destroy the farmers' poultry. Moreover, their food, during the greater part of their sojourn with us, consists wholly of insects, of which they destroy vast numbers. In some parts of the country there is a prejudice against them from the fact

that they feed to some extent on honey bees, and this habit has given them the name of Bee Martin, and sometimes leads to their being killed, but as a rule every one has the friendliest feeling for the Kingbird, and desires his protection.

Toward autumn when the birds are making their preparations for their flight southward, the Kingbird eats various wild fruits, such as blackberries, pokeberries, and those of the dogwood, sassafras, red cedar, elder and Virginia creeper. Nuttall, who had an opportunity of observing one of these birds in confinement, made some observations on it which are sufficiently interesting to be quoted at length. He says: "Raisins, foreign currants, grapes, cherries, peaches, pears, and apples were never even tasted, when offered to a bird of this kind, which I had many months as my pensioner; of the last, when roasted, sometimes however a few mouthfuls were relished in the absence of other more agreeable diet. Berries he always swallowed whole, grasshoppers, if too large, were pounded and broken on the floor, as he held them in his bill. To manage the larger beetles was not so easy; these he struck repeatedly against the ground, and then turned them from side to side by throwing them dexterously into the air, after the manner of the toucan, and the insect was uniformly caught reversed as it descended, with the agility of a practiced cup-and-ball-player. At length the pieces of the beetle were swallowed, and he remained still to digest his morsel, tasting it distinctly, soon after it entered the stomach, as became obvious by the ruminating motion of his mandibles. When the soluble portion was taken up, large pellets of the indigestible wings, legs, and shells, as likewise the skins and seeds of berries, were, in half an hour or less, brought up and ejected from the mouth in the manner of the hawks and owls. When other food failed, he appeared very well satisfied with fresh minced meat, and drank

water frequently, even during the severe frosts of January, which he endured without much difficulty; basking, like Diogenes, in the feeble beams of the sun, which he followed round the room of his confinement, well satisfied when no intruder or companion threw him into the shade! Some very cold evenings he had the sagacity to retire under the shelter of a defending bed quilt; was very much pleased with the warmth and brilliancy of lamplight, and would eat freely at any hour of the night. Unacquainted with the deceptive nature of shadows, he sometimes snatched at them for the substances they resembled. Unlike the *Vieros* [*sic*] he retired to rest without hiding his head in the wing, and was extremely watchful though not abroad till after sunrise. His taciturnity and disinclination to friendship and familiarity in confinement, were striking traits. His restless, quick, and sidelong eye enabled him to follow the motions of his flying prey, and to ascertain precisely the infallible instant of attack. He readily caught morsels of food in his bill before they reached the ground, when thrown across the room; and, on these occasions, seemed pleased with making the necessary exertion. He had also a practice of cautiously stretching out his neck, like a snake, and peeping about, either to obtain sight of his food, to watch any approach of danger, or to examine anything that appeared strange. At length we became so well acquainted, that when very hungry, he would express his gratitude on being fed, by a shrill twitter, and a lively look, which was the more remarkable as at nearly all other times he was entirely silent."

The Kingbird is swift of wing and very expert in the capture of winged insects, which he espies from his perch on a leafless branch, or the top of a tall mullein stalk, or a fence post, and pursues with almost unvarying success. He is rather a noisy bird and rarely leaves or returns to

his perch without uttering the shrill twittering cry so characteristic of this bird.

The southward migration of this species takes place much earlier than in most birds and generally all the Kingbirds have disappeared from New England by the early part of September. When migrating in August the flight of this species is quite different from the ordinary rapid fluttering so noticeable during the summer. It is now long and swinging, and not unlike that of a swallow, very easy and very rapid. The birds at this time travel in loose flocks of twenty-five or thirty, and are for the most part silent. The Kingbird passes the winter in the tropics.

It has been suggested that the bright orange patch on the Kingbird's crown is useful to the bird by attracting insects toward it. Thus Giraud, speaking of its habit of standing motionless on its perch for minutes at a time, says: "Many suppose it adopts this quiet attitude for the purpose of attracting passing insects, they mistaking the bright vermilion patch on its crown for a blossom, and in their eagerness to partake of the supposed nectar, the fatal error is not discovered until within reach of the beguiler's grasp." In a note on the same point, Mr. Chas. W. Brekham says: "Several years ago, in May, I saw one of these birds occupying an exposed perch on a pear tree in bloom, about which many bees were darting. Several times I observed that the bird caught the insects without leaving his perch by quickly turning his head and 'grabbing them.' My attention being thoroughly aroused, I noticed that many seemed to fly directly toward him; the majority appearing to 'shy off' a short distance and change their course, but very few that came within reach escaped him. The question naturally suggesting itself: Did the thrifty *Hymenoptera* [bees] mistake the fully displayed orange red crown (I could see that the crest was erected) for a flower? Once

since I have observed the same phenomenon, but not as well as upon this occasion. Mr. C. C. Nutty, who has spent considerable time in studying the birds of Costa Rica and Nicaragua in their native haunts, states that he has seen *Muscivora mexicana* perched upon a twig, and waving its curious and fanshaped crest after the manner of a flower swayed by a gentle breeze, and thus attracting insects within reach."

The Kingbird is a little over 8 inches long and measures more than 14 inches across

the extended wings. The general color of the upper part is damask or slate color, the head darker, being often nearly black. A small patch on the crown, concealed when the crest is not erected, is bright orange, bordered with yellow. The wings and tail are brownish black, the latter broadly tipped with white. There is a line of white across the wing. The lower parts are white, the feathers on the breast being tinged with ash color. The eye is brown and the bill and feet black.

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#### ALEXANDER WILSON.

##### VI.

WILSON'S first journey South, having resulted in raising the subscription list to his first volume to two hundred and fifty, it was thought expedient to throw off three hundred copies in addition to the first two hundred. The second volume, published in January, 1810, started with an impression of five hundred, and a fair proportion of subscribers, the work gaining fresh applause and support as it advanced. Simultaneously with the publication of his second volume, Wilson set out alone on another of his ornithological pilgrimages, and as very little record is left of the man beyond what is to be found in his correspondence, and as this is most complete, chronicling all the daily events of his life, with his unreserved comments and reflections on men and things, we will continue to let him speak for himself.

The first stage of his journey brought him to Pittsburgh, whence, on the 22d of February, 1810, he wrote to Mr. Alexander Lawson in the following strain:

"DEAR SIR: From this stage of my ornithological pilgrimage I sit down with pleasure to give you some account of my adventures since we parted. On arriving at Lancaster I waited on the Governor, Secretary of State, and such other great

folk as were likely to be useful to me. The Governor received me with civility, passed some good-natured compliments on the volumes, and readily added his name to my list. He seems an active man of plain good sense and little ceremony. By Mr. L—— I was introduced to many members of both houses; but I found them in general such a pitiful, squabbling, political mob—so split up and justling [*sic*] about the mere formalities of legislation without knowing anything of its realities—that I abandoned them in disgust. I must, however, except from the censure a few intelligent individuals, friends to science, and possessed of taste, who treated me with great kindness. I crossed the Susquehanna on Sunday forenoon, with some difficulty having to cut our way through the ice for several hundred yards; and passing on to York paid my respects to all the literati of that place without success. Five miles north of this town lives a very extraordinary character, between eighty and ninety years of age, who has lived by trapping birds and quadrupeds these thirty years. Dr. F—— carried me out in a sleigh to see him; he has also promised to transmit to me such a collection of facts relating to this singular original, as will



enable me to draw up an interesting narrative of him for the *Portfolio*. I carried him half a pound of snuff of which he is insatiably fond, taking it by handfuls. I was much diverted with the astonishment he expressed on looking at the plates of my work; he could tell me anecdotes of the greater part of the subjects of the first volume, and some of the second. One of his traps, which he says he invented himself, is remarkable for ingenuity and extremely simple.

“Having a letter from Dr. Muhlenberg to a clergyman in Hanover, I passed on through a well-cultivated country chiefly inhabited by Germans to that place, where a certain judge took upon himself to say, that such a book as mine ought not to be encouraged, as it was not within the reach of the commonalty, and therefore inconsistent with our republican institutions! By the same mode of reasoning which I did not dispute, I undertook to prove him a greater culprit than myself in erecting a large, elegant, three-story brick house, so much beyond the reach of the commonalty as he called them, and consequently grossly contrary to our republican institutions. I harangued this Solomon of the bench more seriously afterward, pointing out to him the great influence of science on a young rising nation like ours, and particularly the science of natural history, till he began to show such symptoms of intellect, as to seem ashamed of what he had said.

“From Hanover I passed through a thinly inhabited country, and crossing the North Mountain at a pass called Newman’s Leap, arrived at Chambersburgh, whence I next morning returned to Carlisle, to visit the reverend doctors of the college.

“The towns of Chambersburgh and Shippensburg produced me nothing. On Sunday the 11th I left the former of these places in a stage coach, and in fifteen miles began to ascend the alpine regions of the Alleghany mountains, where above,

around and below us, nothing appeared but prodigious declivities covered with woods; and the weather being fine, such a profound silence prevailed among these aerial solitudes, as impressed the soul with awe and a kind of fearful sublimity. Something of this arose from my being alone, having left the coach several miles below. These high ranges continued for more than one hundred miles to Greensburgh, thirty-two miles from Pittsburgh. Thence the country is nothing but an assemblage of steep hills and deep valleys, descending rapidly till you reach within seven miles of this place, where I arrived on the 15th inst. We were within two miles of Pittsburgh when suddenly the road descends a very long and steep hill, where the Alleghany River is seen at hand, on the right, stretching along a rich bottom, and bounded by a high ridge of hills on the west. After following this road parallel with the river, and about a quarter of a mile from it, through a rich low valley, a cloud of black smoke at its extremity announced the town of Pittsburgh. On arriving at the town which stands on a low flat, and looks like a collection of blacksmiths’ shops, glass-houses, breweries, forgeries, and furnaces, the Monongahela opened to the view, on the left running along the bottom of the range of hills, so high that the sun at this season sets to the town of Pittsburgh at a little past four. This range continues along the Ohio as far as the view reaches. The ice had just begun to give way in Monongahela and came down in vast bodies for the three following days. It has now begun in the Alleghany and at the moment I write the river presents a white mass of rushing ice.

“The country beyond the Ohio to the west appears a monotonous and hilly region. The Monongahela is lined with arks usually called Kentucky boats, waiting for the rising of the river, and the absence of ice to descend.

"A perspective view of the town of Pittsburgh at this season with the numerous arks and covered keelboats, preparing to descend the Ohio—its hills, its great rivers, the pillars of smoke rising from its furnaces and glass works—would make a noble picture. I began a very diligent search in this place the day after my arrival for subscribers, and continued it for four days. I succeeded beyond expectation, having got nineteen names of the most wealthy and respectable part of the inhabitants. The industry of Pittsburgh is remarkable; everybody you see is busy; and as a proof of the prosperity of the place an eminent lawyer told me there has not been one suit instituted against a merchant of the town these three years.

"Gentlemen here assure me that the road to Chilocothee is impassable on foot by reason of the freshets. I have therefore resolved to navigate myself in a small skiff, which I have bought and named the 'Ornithologist' down to Cincinnati, a distance of five hundred and twenty-eight miles, intending to visit five or six towns that lie in my way. From Cincinnati I will cross over to the opposite shore, and, abandoning my boat, make my way to Lexington, where I expect to be ere your letter can reach that place. Were I to go by Chilocothee, I should miss five towns as large as it.

"Some say that I ought not to attempt going down by myself—others think I may. I am determined to make the experiment, the expense of hiring a rower being considerable. As soon as the ice clears out of the Alleghany, and the weather will permit, I shall shove off, having everything in readiness. I have ransacked the woods and fields here without finding a single bird new to me, or indeed anything but a few snowbirds and sparrows. I expect to have something interesting to communicate in my next.

"February 23. My baggage is on board; I have just to dispatch this and set

off. The weather is fine, and I have no doubt of piloting my skiff in safety to Cincinnati. Farewell, God bless you."

These solitary wanderings of Wilson as described in his letters are deeply interesting, not alone from their bearing on his own fortunes, but still more for their vivid pictures of the life of the time. His next letter from Lexington, dated April 4th, to the address of Mr. Alexander Lawson, appears to be a compilation from a well-kept diary, and takes up his adventures from the date of his leaving Pittsburgh and records them in one unbroken narrative down to the date of writing, but it is so long, that we can give only a portion of it in this number:

"MY DEAR SIR: Having now reached the second stage of my bird-catching expedition, I willingly sit down to give you some account of my adventures and remarks since leaving Pittsburgh; by the aid of a good map and your usual stock of patience you will be able to listen to my story and trace all my wanderings. Though generally dissuaded from venturing by myself on so long a voyage down the Ohio in an open skiff, I considered this mode, with all its inconveniences, as the most favorable to my researches, and the most suitable to my funds; and I determined accordingly. Two days before my departure the Alleghany River was one wide torrent of broken ice, and I calculated on experiencing considerable difficulties on this score. My stock of provisions consisted of some biscuit and cheese, and a bottle of cordial, presented me by a gentleman of Pittsburgh; my gun, trunk, and great coat occupied one end of the boat; I had a small tin occasionally to bail her and to take my beverage from the Ohio with; and, bidding adieu to the smoky confines of Pitt, I launched into the stream, and soon winded away among the hills that everywhere enclose this noble river. The weather was warm and serene, and the river like a mirror except when

floating masses of ice spotted its surface, and which required some care to steer clear off; but these to my surprise in less than a day's sailing totally disappeared. Far from being concerned at my new situation, I felt my heart expand with joy at the novelties which surrounded me; I listened with pleasure to the whistling of the red birds on the banks as I passed, and contemplated the forest scenery as it receded with increasing delight. The smoke of the numerous sugar camps rising lazily among the mountains, gave great effect to the varying landscape; and the grotesque log cabins that here and there opened from the woods, were diminished into mere dog-

houses by the sublimity of the impending mountains. If you suppose to yourself two parallel ranges of forest-covered hills, whose irregular summits are seldom more than three or four miles apart, winding through an immense extent of country, and enclosing a river half a mile wide, which alternately washes the steep declivity on one side, and leaves a rich forest-clad bottom on the other, of a mile or so in breadth, and you will have a pretty correct idea of the appearance of the Ohio. The banks of these rich flats are from twenty to sixty and eighty feet high, and even these last were within a few feet of being overflowed in December, 1808."

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#### REINTRODUCTION OF FEATHER MILLINERY.

WE learn from sources that are unfortunately but too reliable, that the Parisian mondaines or demi-mondaines, who dictate the fashions to the women of the civilized world, have decided that feathers are to be *de rigueur* this winter.

It might be interesting, but would probably be difficult to ascertain whether the movement set on foot in England and the United States for the protection of birds had in any way roused the antagonism of the leaders of fashion and provoked a determination to put forth their strength and demonstrate their omnipotence within their chosen domain; but we candidly confess we do not believe they gave the Audubon and Selbourne Societies even a passing thought. It is so much a matter of course that the lead of a certain coterie will be followed with blind obedience by all the world, that the idea that women anywhere would recognize any higher authority, or allow themselves to be influenced to reject the fashion set by the recognized leaders is one seemingly too absurd to be entertained seriously. The suggestion that the Audubon Society or the moral idea it

represents could influence the women of America to reject the Paris fashion of feather millinery while feathers were obtainable for money, would do no more than provoke an amused smile.

It is not quite a fair statement of the case to say that the demi-mondaines set the fashion, and that the average woman will follow them regardless of all considerations. Demi-mondaines frequently, perhaps generally, suggest the fashions by daring to appear in public in a costume which is some departure from the prevailing mode, but this departure must commend itself to a few leading dressmakers and leading women in society before it can become the fashion. These arbiters of fashion being essentially women of the world, realize instinctively the considerations or impulse by which the average woman is influenced and would never run counter to the popular sentiment, nor consciously endanger their imperial sway.

The proposed return to feather millinery is evidence that the leaders of fashion have either not taken the movement for the protection of birds into consideration at all, or they assume that it is confined to so incon-

siderable a minority of womankind, that its members may be regarded as more or less harmless enthusiasts, whose idiosyncracies are not deserving of consideration.

As regards the merely sentimental aspect of the question of feather millinery the woman of the world holds an apparently strong position. Man always has sacrificed life for his daily food, and for skins for warmth, comfort, convenience, luxury, and display, and she sees no difference in principle between the sacrifice of birds for millinery and the sacrifice of other animals for rugs, furs, gloves, etc. It does not occur to her that birds contribute so greatly to man's well being by their services in preying on insects and small rodents, and to his enjoyment by their beauty, vivacity, and song, that their annihilation would be a crime against humanity, but this is precisely the aspect in which a great many American women regard it; the aspect in which there is good reason to believe the women of America as a body might be brought to regard it, if means were available for enlightening them on the subject and enlisting their judgment and sympathies in behalf of bird protection.

Phenomenal as has been the growth of the Audubon Society, its fifty thousand members constitute less than one in a thousand of our population; and widely although we have advertised the movement, the Society with its methods and aims is probably not known to one in a hundred of the people of the United States. We have about a thousand Local Secretaries in as many towns; outside those towns very few people have heard of the Society, and even in the large towns in which we have the greatest number of members, the Society is wholly unknown in many cases to the great majority of the people, the Local Secretary having perhaps worked almost wholly among people of one religious denomination; and, judging from the measure of success we have achieved both with

adults and young people, there appears reasonable ground to believe, that if the whole country were thoroughly canvassed and worked up on the subject we might not perhaps get a majority in favor of bird protection, but we would secure so influential a minority that the fashion of feather millinery could not survive its opposition although all Paris were enlisted in its support.

The machinery for such an extension of the work is wanting, and while under any circumstances there are fifty thousand persons prepared to enter their protest against the wanton destruction of millions of our small birds, the question of the reintroduction of small bird adornment into this country depends neither on them nor on the women of America in the collective sense in which the expression is ordinarily used, but on a small coterie of American women, numbering at most only a few hundreds; the acknowledged social leaders in our principal cities. For them the reintroduction of feather millinery in Paris would afford an opportunity for a splendid triumph. No American woman wants to adorn herself with dead birds, excepting from a desire for conformity to those around her, and if the social leaders of the women in America were to take the law in their own hands, and decide against feather millinery, the Parisian leaders of fashion, shocked at their loss of influence in so important a province of their domain, would at once seek to rehabilitate themselves by reverting to a fashion which would be universally followed.

The aspect of the question which concerns us more nearly, is that the average American woman is amenable to good influences and that the solution of the problem of bird protection rests on the organization of adequate machinery to force her attention to the humane and economic aspects of the question and secure her support.

## THE STORK.

**K**IND reader, will you follow me for a few moments while I introduce to you that peculiar feathered sage and philosopher, the stork. I say sage and philosopher, because, to look at him and closely watch his habits, one is instinctively led to the conclusion that if any bird possesses powers akin to human wisdom and reasoning faculties, he is the one. I allude, of course, to that stork which annually makes his flight from the valley of the historic Nile to the meadows and chimney tops of the valley of the classic Rhine, there to build its nest, lay its eggs and hatch its young, spend the summer in that delightful climate, and with his increased army, marshalled in the lowlands, take his flight again to the former country in the fall.

During a stay of nine months in the grand old cathedral town of Strassburg, in Alsace, I was afforded an opportunity to study the character and peculiarities of this interesting creature, and never shall I regret it. It opened to me a new volume, as it were, on the subject of ornithology, and I studied its pages with a satisfaction and pleasure which has left a life-long impression on my mind. By daily, yea hourly, observations, I followed the doings of the different "pairs" as they commenced the work of repairing the nests of former years, generally situated on the highest chimneys of the city. After this was attended to the female deposited her eggs, and the process of incubation commenced. After a while uncouth little woolly heads, with disproportionately long bills, appeared to the gaze. In the course of time these bills and heads grew into birds with bodies, and soon showed themselves above the edge of the nest, then the first rudiments of flying were taught them by the parent birds, who by some of the most ludicrous movements in gymnastics, went through the motions

by rising above the nest a few yards, then dropping down again and anon flying from the nest to the peak of the roof and back again, until the young, seeming to understand what it was all about, finally imitated the movements and thus from day to day improved in their education until, fully fledged, they ventured out through the air with the parents, to seek their own food. But the most interesting part of the whole programme was to observe them forming their detachments preparatory to their migratory flight to Egypt in the fall of the year. Conventions, or reviews, were held in the meadows, now almost bare of vegetation. The thin ice covering the shallow waters of the lowlands in the morning was an admonition that the time for flight was near at hand, because the supply of frogs and lizards was shut off for the season, and to stay would mean to starve. The companies were mustered and formed, and the storks that were seen on the meadows yesterday were gone to-day. It is said by people living in that country, that previous to starting on their long journey, all the disabled companions are killed by the others, because such unfortunates might impede the flight, but I cannot vouch for this evidence of the forethought of the bird, because I never saw it. But if the following, which I have translated from the French, is true (and I believe it is), it leaves very little doubt on my mind as to the truth of the former, and is but another convincing proof of the extraordinary "reasoning power" of this wonderful feathered nomad.

Mons. Piton, of Strassburg, relates the following, and adds that, had it occurred in the days of Shakespeare, it might have furnished him the plot for a tragedy:

"On the western side of the Münster (Cathedral) we have annually a number of

those Egyptian emigrants (storks) settled, and it affords me unbounded pleasure to watch them in their curious habits. I have witnessed the arrival of their advance guard. I saw them select their quarters and afterward selecting their mates, build their nests, deposit their eggs, hatch their young, nursing them with parental affection, feeding, raising and teaching them to fly, to prepare them for their later long and tedious emigration.

"I frequently ascended the Münster for the purpose of sketching the beautiful landscape with the view of painting a panorama, employing a large telescope to bring the objects nearer to my eyes. It was at this time that the annual stork flocks arrived. As they arrived, each sought his mate—they separated in pairs—but one luckless stiltleg, in spite of all his amorous attentions, found it impossible to win his bride; the object of his affection bestowed her love upon another.

"The young couple were happy, while the disappointed rival, now a dreamy bachelor, sat gloomy and sad, his neck drawn in, on an adjoining chimney, looking the picture of ruined hopes, and regarding with evident hate and jealousy the happy pair near him. Melancholy was breeding vengeance; murderous thoughts filled his heart. I saw the mother patiently hatching until finally the young were prepared to emerge from the eggs. The hateful big-headed little things, clothed in yellow down, could already raise their heads and produce a shrill whistling sound, when the watching mother, with cheerful chatter, welcomed the returning father who emptied his well-filled crop of its load of frogs and lizards into the nest. The splenetic rival, hatred hatching, still sat upon the chimney, casting malicious glances down upon the happy scene.

"On a certain day, while both parents were absent, I saw a stork descending, and with relentless strokes sinking his bill into the flesh of the young ones. Through my

glass I saw the blood flow, the little heads sink and they lay cold in death. After committing the bloody deed, the murderer again perched himself upon the solitary chimney. Jealousy, insulted dignity, unreciprocated love, were the motives for the crime. Soon the mother appeared, hovering over the nest, and, seeing her little ones dead, uttered a cry of distress and hastened away to seek her lord. In a short time both returned, and, sitting upon the edge of the nest, with disconsolate looks, commenced stirring the lifeless bodies as if to satisfy themselves that they were really dead, while a suppressed sad wailing, strangely contrasting with their usual happy chatterings, escaped their breasts.

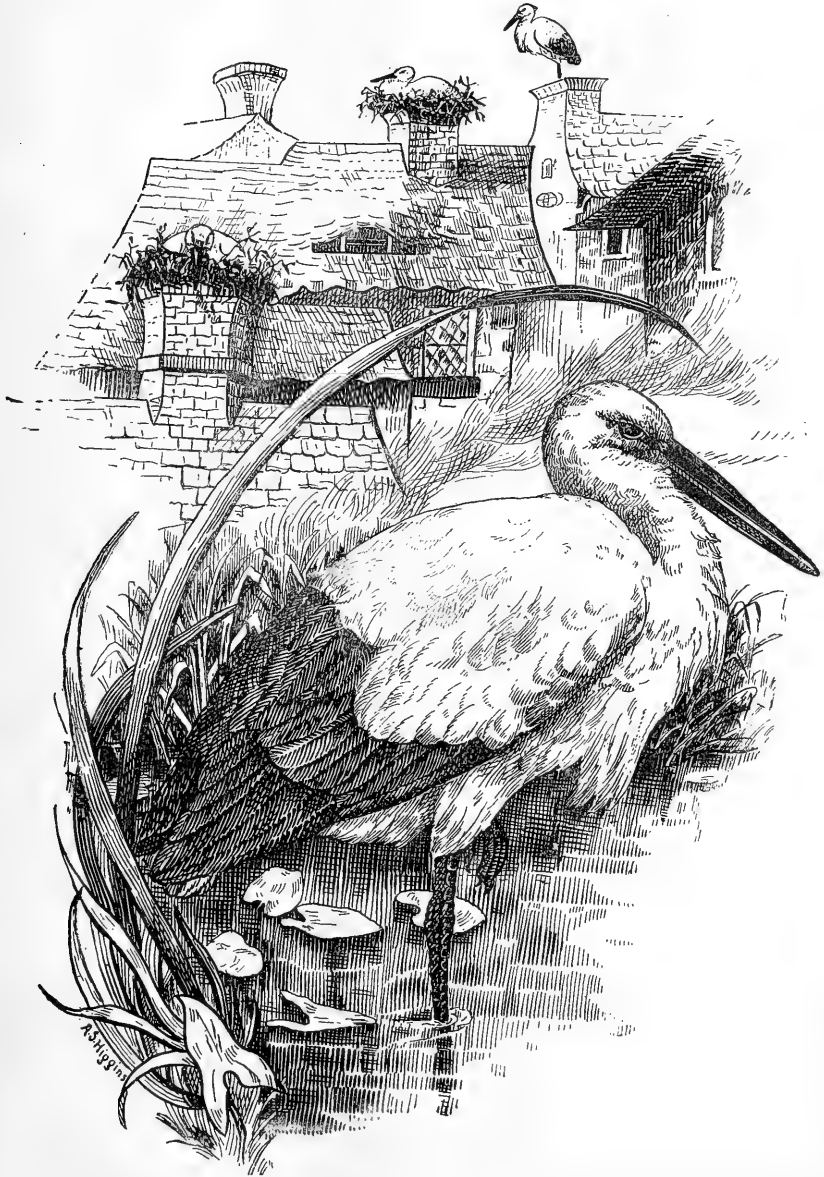
"Suddenly rising into the air, I saw them descend with relentless fury upon the murderer. My eyes alone had witnessed the bloody deed. They, however, guessed the truth. A dreadful struggle now commenced. The powerful bills were used as piercing spears and cutting swords; the long stiltlegs as clutching claws and beating war-clubs, while the heavy strokes of the long wings sounded loud and far. The feathers flew in all directions; now the combatants, driven as by a whirlwind, flew through the air; then again they would sink upon the adjacent house-tops, until finally the murderer sought safety in flight, and closely pursued by the enraged parents, they were soon out of sight.

"The sequel is soon told: Never from that hour forth did I see the solitary stork upon the chimney; he must have fallen a guilty sacrifice to the wrath of the injured parents."

Innumerable traditions and legends center in this interesting bird in Germany, in which country he is regarded, by the children at least, as something sacred. He has always been regarded as the herald of spring. A very old tradition, recorded as early as the thirteenth century, states that

the storks only adopt the form of birds when with us; but in the distant countries, whither they wend their way every autumn,

he would speak, and then he would betray everybody's secrets, because he hears and sees everything. However, as it is, he



they are human beings, and merely undergo an annual transformation into storks on visiting our northern climes. The Swabian peasantry say that if a stork had a tongue

manages to give notice of any special occurrence by chattering with his beak. These birds protect the house from lightning and must therefore never be disturbed.

There is a theory in North Germany and Swabia that when a nest is manufactured for the stork, which is occasionally done by putting up an old cartwheel with boughs twined round the spokes, he will testify his gratitude to the owner of the house by throwing down a feather the first year, an egg the second year, and the third year a young stork. Then he recommences with a feather, and so on.

The demeanor of the stork on his first appearance is very important. Should he be chattering, the spectator will break a great deal of crockery during the ensuing twelvemonth; if silent, he will be lazy; if flying, he will be diligent. Thus say the peasants of Hanover and Mecklenburg. In the Altmark, a stork on the wing signifies to a maiden that she will soon enter the bonds of wedlock; but if stationary, she will be asked to act as sponsor. Whoever has money in his pocket on first beholding the stork, will never lack during the year, nor will he suffer from toothache.

The superstition that the stork brings the children is current over all Germany. In Silesia the flight of a stork over a house denotes the speedy arrival of a baby; while in the island of Rügen they say that, unless the stork lay eggs, the house will also be childless, and, as the young storks thrive, so will the children. Nobody dare shoot a stork in Rügen, for then he weeps large tears, and each tear portends a great misfortune. The stork is very particular about domestic peace in the dwelling where he takes up his abode, and strife soon drives him away. Swabian peasants say that when the storks assemble for their winter migration, the males and females all pair off, and should there be an odd one, he or she is pecked to death by the rest. The Westphalians declare that the old storks always throw one of their brood out of the nest if the number be uneven. In Oldenburg there is a curious theory that the autumnal gatherings of the storks

are in reality Freemasons' meetings. The pious monk, Cesarius von Heisterback, remarks in an ancient chronicle, that the storks are models of conjugal fidelity; and when a female stork attempts flirtation with any other than her lawful husband, she is brought before a jury of storks, and if found guilty, they hack her to pieces with their long bills.

Many of the country folk in Holland place old cart wheels on the roofs of their houses, so that the storks may build their nests on them. A pair of these birds nesting on a house top is considered lucky. The "arrival of the stork" is as gladly hailed in the countries it visits as the coming of the cuckoo. The general plumage of the white stork is a dirty white, with the exception of the wing covers, which are black. The bird is about 42 inches long, and 86 inches across the wings. The wing measures 25 and the tail 10 inches. The great stretch of wing shows that the stork is well equipped for migratory flights. The storks migrate to Egypt and other countries in Northern Africa in winter, and in spring they return to Europe, etc., in immense flights, when they separate into pairs and commence to nest. The nests are roughly composed of sticks and twigs. The young are hatched out in a month, and are carefully fed and tended by both parents till they can fly and procure food for themselves. Many interesting stories have been told of the love, even unto death, manifested by parent storks for the safety of their helpless young. Cruel tricks, not unknown to our own schoolboys, have occasionally been played on sitting storks, such as substituting hen and goose eggs for the rightful ones. In all these cases tragical results followed the hatching out of the intruded eggs. But we had best let a well known ornithological writer tell a sad story of the same kind. "A pair of storks built a nest on one of the chimneys of a gentleman residing near Berlin, the



capital of Germany. Having a curiosity to inspect the nest, the owner climbed up and found in it one egg, which, being about the size of a goose's egg, was replaced by one belonging to that bird. The storks seemed not to notice the exchange; but no sooner was the egg hatched than the male bird, perceiving the difference, rose from the nest, and, flying round it several times with loud screams, disappeared, and was not seen again for three days, during which time the female continued to tend her offspring as usual. Early on the fourth morning, however, the inmates of the house were disturbed by loud and discordant cries, when they perceived about 500 storks assembled in a dense body, and one standing about 20 yards from the rest, haranguing his companions, who stood listening, to all appearance, with great emotion. When this bird had concluded, it retired, and another took its place and seemed to address them in

a similar manner. This proceeding was repeated by several successive birds, until about 11 o'clock in the forenoon, when the whole flock simultaneously rose in the air, uttering dismal cries. The female all this time was observed to remain on her nest, watching their motions with apparent trepidation. In a short time the body of storks made toward her headed by one bird supposed to be the male, who struck her vehemently three or four times, and knocked her out of the nest; the whole mass then followed the attack, until they had not only destroyed the female stork (who made no attempt to escape or defend herself), but the young gosling also, and utterly removed every vestige of the nest itself. Since that time, now many years ago, no stork has been known to build, or even has been seen in the neighborhood." The preserved remains of the poor stork and gosling are now in the house where this remarkable occurrence took place.

J. J. SPRENGER.



## SKETCHES OF MONTANA.

VERY few men have their powers of observation trained in more than one direction. Even those who live in the wilds, keen-eyed though they are and quick to detect whatever is of interest in the particular calling which they follow, miss a great deal of what goes on about them. The practiced hunter is ever on the watch for game, but he does not see the fossils in the rocks over which he follows his prey. The packer is intent on his animals and their loads, and notices at once the bad places in the trail over which he has to pass, but he does not see the game unless it is immediately before him. The trapper has his eye always on the ground or the water looking for beaver sign, and is blind to almost everything else. The senses of each one of these have been developed in one particular direction. He has become in a sense a specialist.

The man who goes into the mountains for the first time sees but a small portion of what goes on about him, and a long training is required before he learns to use his eyes. It is not unusual to hear those who are new to the plains and mountains remark upon the absence of life in these uninhabited regions. The silence of the forest depresses them, and they miss the bird songs, which are such a feature of our Eastern country life in summer. This only means that they do not know how and where to look for the birds and the mammals. They are there. Even in the narrow valley where the Rock Climbers were camped, walled in as it is with mountains whose ribs of rock are bound together by bands of everlasting ice, and whose summits are white with perpetual snow, there were birds, and beautiful ones, and some of them came close about camp.

The day after the ascent of the glacier, Jack and Appekunny, starting at daylight

with their saddles and bridles on their backs, crossed the head of the lake, caught two horses, and went up stream to climb the mountain and bring down the meat of the sheep. They tried to pass around the north side of the lake just below the glacier, but the way was so rough and rocky that they were obliged to abandon their horses and to perform half the journey on foot. Reaching the base of the precipice, they climbed it and reached the place where the sheep lay. They then, with great labor, brought it to the summit of the cliff, and lowering it down from shelf to shelf by means of ropes which they had provided, at length got it to the lake shore, and then carried it on their backs to the horses, which packed it into camp. It was a long and hard day's work, however, and when they reached camp that night they were thoroughly exhausted.

Yo, whose note book was somewhat behindhand, and who wished to bring it up to date, determined to remain in camp, and after finishing his task, to search with his glass for the huge male goat seen two or three days before, and if it could be discovered, to climb the mountain and try to secure it. He wrote for several hours, and then taking his glass and rifle and going out to the edge of the snowslide, swept the mountain long and carefully, but was unable to find a single goat. Somewhat discouraged, he returned to the fire and resumed his writing.

There was a good deal that was delightful in his solitary day, even though nothing very exciting happened and no blood at all was spilled. The forest, which to the casual traveler seems so silent and so destitute of life, was not without its sounds and its inhabitants, who made themselves very much at home about camp. Early in the morning a friendly little water ouzel came

feeding along the shore, and after he had finished his breakfast perched himself on a drift stick which ran out into the water, and sat there for hours practicing the thrush-like song with which next spring he was to charm his mate and lighten her labors all through the long summer days. He was a young bird, but his song, though low, was sweetly musical. And he tried it over and over again, stopping whenever he made a mistake and beginning anew, with a patience and a perseverance that was most admirable. He seemed a very humble bit of life as he stood there clad in Quaker gray, and hardly to be distinguished from the stones of the beach about him; but no one could help admiring the little fellow, or being delighted by the liquid notes, which the surrounding silence made only more sweet.

On one of the trees hung the shoulders of the sheep, and these, shining red against the dark green, soon attracted the notice of a vagrant family of gray jays which, like a troop of devil-may-care marauders, were skylarking among the pines. What amusing rascals these meat-hawks are. They are incomparably impudent, and their daring compels your admiration. If they happened to care for it they would have no hesitation in trying to steal the nose off your face. Perhaps they could succeed in doing it, who knows. At all events they would make a bold effort for it. To use an expressive Western phrase "they would steal the cross of a mule"—if they took a fancy to it. A gray jay has no hesitation in alighting within three feet of your face and winking at you in a rakish rollicking way as much as to say, "Don't you wish you could catch me?" He will stand on the legs of a deer which is hanging in a tree while you are skinning it, and will dart down to the ground after every little bit of meat or fat that drops from your knife. Sometimes two or three will stand about your feet, almost like hens about a person

who is feeding them. You can entice them almost up to your hand by judiciously tossing bits of meat to them, making each one fall a little nearer you than the last.

And yet they understand very well how to take care of themselves, do the gray jays. Talk about catching a weasel asleep, why a weasel is a fool to a gray jay! They watch you suspiciously with their keen black eyes, always on the alert, ever ready to take flight to avoid a snare. Treat them as generously as you please, they will not trust you. They have borrowed their motto from the Mantuan bard, and each one of them lives up to it most religiously, and thinks, if he does not say, *Timeo Danaos, et dona ferentes*. Still they plunge down on to your meat or close to your fire with an audacious flirt, which makes you feel that the camp really belongs to them and that you are only an intruder and ought, if you have any modesty about you at all, to withdraw and take yourself off into the timber. Then there is a flirt of wings and tail, a sort of experimental trial of the limbs to see that they are in good working order in case they should be suddenly called on to use them. The next thing is to raise themselves to full height as if standing on tiptoe to get a good look on all sides. A couple of hops bring them to the coveted morsel. If it is not too large they carry it off bodily to a neighboring branch, and then holding it under one foot, hammer and tear it until it is so divided that it can be swallowed, but if it is a large piece of meat they tear off bits and strips until they have a good beakful, and then fly to a safe distance to eat it, returning almost immediately for more. They sometimes cling and hang to a piece of meat like titmice, upside down. Usually only one will be present at a time, and the moment he leaves his position another takes his place. If two should alight together, the younger almost immediately retires, for the other holds himself very

straight indeed, slightly erects the feathers of his head and utters a low flute-like whistle, which seems to be a note of warning, and is almost always respected. They are not satisfied with taking what they want to eat, not at all. After they have satisfied their appetites, they continue to come and plunder, carrying off their booty and laying up in secret storehouses that they have far up above the earth, where it will be safe from the depredations of any but feathered thieves. More on this point will be told elsewhere.

But though the gray jays do not fear mortal man, there is one of their own kinsfolk that they hold in high respect, and for whom they at once make way. As Yo sat there with his back against a tree and with his open book on his knee lazily watching the robber brood, a dark shape flashed across an opening in the spruces and a moment later a superb Steller's jay alighted in a small tree which overlooked the camp, erected his long crest, looked about him for an instant, and then hopping from one branch to another, ascended to the topmost spray, where he hung for an instant, swinging backward and forward on the slender twig. Then he darted down and lit upon the meat, and after another glance around him, to see that all was safe, attacked it vigorously, sinking his sharp bill into the tender flesh at every stroke. He was a fine fellow, beautiful in color and shape, with dark blue wings and tail and a smoky-brown body and head, a long crest and light blue dots on his forehead; trim, graceful, alert and quick in all his motions. He remained but a little while about the camp, and then dashed away into the forest. Perhaps there was something about the motionless figure that sat within five or six feet of him, that aroused his suspicions, or perhaps he was merely too restless to stay long in one place, and having taken a bite or two, felt he must make explorations in some other direction.

At all events he went, and the camp saw him no more at that time, though later in the day he or another of his family returned, took a few bites of the meat and then hurried off as if called by pressing business. The gray jays came back again when the coast was clear, and so persistently did they attack the meat, that Yo finally drove them off and threw a coat over it to protect it.

There were other birds about the camp, and the jays, though the most conspicuous by their size and their boldness, could not monopolize the attention of the watcher. The modest little juncos, birds like the black snowbird of the East, now and then crept out of the forest, and advancing by cautious hops to the neighborhood of the fire, feasted on the bread crumbs that had been dropped on the ground. Feasted and almost fought, for, though they seem the most timid and shrinking little creatures you can imagine, they have a spirit of their own, and when one had found a choice bit of bread, and was picking it to pieces, he allowed no one of his companions to come very near to him. An approach was promptly met by a threatened attack, and the claimant of the bread, with grimly lowered head and bristling feathers, prepared to defend his rights. They never quite came to blows, though once or twice war seemed imminent, for the individual threatened declined to be bullied, and promptly threw himself into a defensive position; but after eyeing each other fiercely for a few seconds one or the other would take a little hop to one side, and then the other would move off, and presently the ruffled feathers would be smoothed down and peace would once more resume her sway.

Sometimes, from far back in the wood, there would be heard dull tappings and drummings, which told that the carpenters among birds were about, and after a while one of these dashed into camp, and alighted.

ing near the top of an old dead stub, stood there for a while as if waiting to be admired. He was handsome enough to be looked at, with his glossy black back relieved by white shoulder knots and his satin-bound cap of red. A jolly fellow, as energetic as could be while at work, but with a liking for frequent intervals of rest. He would hammer away at the wood as if his life depended on it, making the chips fly this way and that, but when he had secured the grub that his keen ear told him was concealed there, and had swallowed it, he would sit quite still for some moments as if meditating on its excellent flavor. A sudden movement of the gray jays, which still loitered about in the hope of being able to steal something more, would sometimes alarm this gentleman, and cause him to dodge round to the other side of the stub with a little shriek of alarm, but he would at once peer out from behind it again, and finding that his fears were groundless, would go to work again.

Two rather distant cousins of his also made their appearance. Banded three-toed woodpeckers they were, somewhat more modestly clad in black and white, with yellow silken caps. They worked more on the trunks of the higher trees and their larger limbs, corkscrewing about them and pecking away in a modest fashion as if anxious to escape observation. One of them ensconced himself in a hollow in the back of a great spruce, and staid there for a long time, taking a siesta, it was conjectured, before starting out for his evening meal.

Once in a while there would be heard far back in the forest a tremendous row—shouts of fury, screams of passion and volleys of oaths and bad language, as if two ruffians had had a falling out and were abusing each other with all their might, but the listener was not greatly disturbed,

for he knew that the racket only indicated that something had occurred to ruffle the temper—always somewhat uncertain—of a little pine squirrel, who was now railing against fate with all the power of his small lungs.

The day passed thus in a quiet fashion, and Yo sat about the camp and welcomed the visitors that came to it. Once or twice he went out to the snowslide and looked at the mountains, but the great goat whose head and hide he longed for could not be seen. It was not worth while to climb the hills to kill another small one, for they already had quite as much meat as they were likely to use for some time, and the mere killing of an animal is not sport.

On one of his walks to the snowslide he met two Franklin's grouse, pretty dainty little birds quite ignorant of fear. He looked at them and they looked at him for some time, and at length one of them flew up into the low branches of a spruce and ruffling up its feathers and cuddling down, seemed disposed to take a nap. Yo was tempted to try whether it would not be possible to accomplish with this bird what he had seen done in Canada with its close relative the spruce grouse. Those birds are so gentle and unsuspecting that they may be caught by means of a noose tied to the end of a pole eight or ten feet long. The noose is slipped over the bird's head as it sits on a limb and it is dragged from its perch to its captor's hand. He even got out a bit of twine from his pocket, made a loop in it and looked about for a pole, but before he had completed his preparations he thought better of it, and gave over the attempt. There was really so much that was appealing in the perfect trust and innocence of the little creature that sat sleepily there above him, that he had not the heart to disturb it, much less to compass its destruction.

*"Yo," in Forest and Stream.*

# THE AUDUBON NOTE BOOK.

## MEMBERSHIP RETURNS.

THE registered membership of the Society on October 1st was 47,841, showing an increase of 197 for the past month, drawn from the following sources:

New York.....	96	Ohio.....	12
Massachusetts.....	31	Illinois.....	1
New Jersey.....	2	Michigan.....	5
New Hampshire.....	8	Minnesota.....	1
Vermont.....	1	West Virginia.....	21
Rhode Island.....	3	Maryland.....	4
Connecticut.....	1	Ontario.....	1
Pennsylvania.....	10		

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C. F. AMERY, General Secretary.

## AN INTELLIGENT CROW.

A FAMILY named Tennant, living at Hebron, Conn., have a tame crow, which they think would be hard to beat. He takes a very lively interest in all the farming operations, seeming to regard the running of the mowing-machine as requiring his especial supervision. Whenever he hears the whirr of the machine he will immediately fly in the direction of the sound, and perch on the backs of the team or on the machine. When a stop is made for oiling he becomes very curious, sticks his inquisitive head down and takes the spout in his bill. In his flying trip he is greatly annoyed by kingbirds, who will swoop down upon him and peck him. When these annoyances become unbearable, Jocko, as he is called, flies directly to the nearest human friend and perches upon his shoulder, knowing that he is then safe from his tormentors. He has a very peculiar habit of investigating the interior of your ear with his bill when perched upon your shoulder. It is needless to say that the children of the family are greatly attached to him.—*Hartford Daily Courant.*

## A WAYWARD PET ROBIN.

ANOTHER pet bird with pretty ways went astray this week, and this time it was a fat little robin with a bright crimson breast and eyes like beads. The little fellow was so fat and plump that he had been christened Bunch. It seems that Bunch, who was the pet bird of Mrs. W. P. Hurd of 43 West Thirty-ninth street, had a way of following his mistress about from room to room, perching, as it best pleased him, on her head or shoulder. Tuesday morning he saw Mrs. Hurd go into the back yard, and he surveyed things with very curious eyes. He perched on the fence and looked at the back of St.

Ignatius's sanctuary. Mrs. Hurd tried to coax him into his cage, but he took wing for one of the sanctuary's windows. Here mysterious sounds from the organ startled him and he flew to the roof of an adjacent house. Mrs. Hurd went to the roof of the house and called him. Bunch cocked his head first on one side, then on the other, and finally flew over to the chimney of a neighbor's house. The chimney was hotter than anything Bunch had ever remembered standing on, so he gave a couple of shrill whistles, gathered himself, and flew in terror toward Sixth avenue, since which time he has not been seen by his owner.

Bunch had been a pet for the last year, and had many ways that made him dear to his owner. His chief delight was to light on the back of Pippo, a hairless Mexican dog, and keep a firm footing in spite of the efforts of Pippo to shake him off. Another favorite trick of the bird was to pick up and carry to his cage spools, needles, and even thimbles. He was a very clever bird, a good companion, and an excellent whistler, and his loss is sincerely regretted.

## BIRD STRATEGY.

A COUPLE of robins recently came to an amicable understanding, and built a nest in the fork of a low bough on a pine tree growing near the railroad station at Fair View, N. J. It was almost completed on Sunday, and, going to their new home, with the last few twigs requisite, rather for an ornate finishing than for anything else, the birds were mortified to find a large, green, ugly toad filling the nest, and hopping over the edges. Whether a toad can climb a tree or not is an unsettled question, and did not seem to interest the birds. He was there, and that was quite enough for them. Several hours were passed in strenuously trying to eject him, the birds working in a systematic manner, and, by using their combined forces at one side of the nest, endeavoring to heave the intruder out at the other. They were not strong enough, however, and they could not raise the gross body. The toad seemed to be asleep, and, as he lay with closed eyes, the respiratory heaving of his fat sides alone showing that he was not dead, neither pecking nor pushing seemed to have the slightest effect on him. Weary and discouraged, the robins flew to an adjacent bush, and, apparently, discussed the situation.

When they returned to the attack ten minutes later they had perfected a plan that made short work

of the toad. They began with great earnestness to tear away the bottom of the nest, and in a very short time the obnoxious thing came tumbling through the hole. He roused himself, and, with a hoarse, protesting croak, hopped into the long grass. Then the robins flew away to build another house. They had ousted the toad, but they had no intention of reconstructing their desecrated nest.

#### THE LOON IN CAPTIVITY.

ABOUT a week since a loon was caught in a net in the St. John River, a few miles above Fredericton, by a man who was engaged in drifting by night for shad and salmon. The bird was freed from the net and brought to Fredericton, where it was purchased by Mr. Wilmot Guion. This loon, which has a green ring around his neck, and whose black back is spotted largely with white, probably does not weigh over ten pounds. When first caught, and for some time after, he was very cross, and threatened with his long, sharp bill those who came near him, striking viciously at them with it. In front of the City Hall at Fredericton stands a fountain, the basin of which has a clear diameter of fourteen feet, exclusive of the pedestal in the center; in this the loon was placed. The water falls into the basin from a series of small jets, and he is very fond of taking up his position under the dropping spray. Since he has been placed in this basin he has become very tame and allows himself to be handled and caressed in the most confiding manner. He likes to have the back of his head and neck scratched by the visitor's hand. When there is a crowd looking at him he comes to the side of the basin where they are. He seems not to care about being in the water for more than an hour at a time; then he wants to be taken out and placed upon the grass; when he is anxious to be removed from the water he utters a low cry and readily allows himself to be removed, coming, indeed, up to the person who is ready to do him this kind turn. As soon as he is out of the basin he begins pluming his feathers.

After having been out of the water for a length of time he is frantic when he is returned to it. The other day, when replaced, he went three times around the basin without ever coming to the surface. He is very voracious, and yet dainty, as he will eat chub only when just freshly killed, if at all stale he at once rejects them. A few days ago three small chub swimming around in a pail of water were brought to him; he drew himself up, his eyes all the while glittering as he looked at his finny food, and uttering a low note, somewhat similar to that of the wild goose, just as the fish were being poured out into the basin he caught one before it reached

the surface of the pond. The other two went, one to the right, the other to the left; that which headed to the right got but the loon's own length before he was caught, that to the left got no further than six feet before he shared a similar fate.

Last evening an eel eighteen inches long was put into the basin, and this, having concealed itself, the loon failed to catch it. This morning, however, while he was diving he brought the eel up, which twisted itself all around his neck, but he held it tightly in his bill, moving it slowly around until he got to its head; he then succeeded in swallowing, head first, about half of its length without difficulty, but was seven or eight minutes getting the rest of it down, the tail meanwhile twisting about his bill in a most singular manner. At the time the loon was put in the basin there was a sturgeon about eighteen inches long in it; this has disappeared and it is presumed that the bird has made away with it. When not otherwise engaged the loon occupies its time in snapping at the flies which hover around the edge of the basin or surface of the water.—*Edward Jack in Forest and Stream.*

#### ALBINO BOBOLINK.

*Editor Audubon Magazine:*

SQUARETOP, Wyoming Co., Pa., August 15.—To-day I saw a large flock of female bobolinks (or perhaps male also in their winter plumage), and with them one perfect albino, and it was the most beautiful creature flitting about, and to me it appeared to be embodied happiness. I never saw anything that suggested a happy creature more than that pure white bird. It was not persecuted by the others, as I have read they sometimes are, but seemed to be an honored member of the flock, a sort of princess among them with a lady in waiting always near.

How I longed to keep it always near, although I would not have made it a captive for the world! and what a pang went through me as I thought that the same longing for possession would animate others, who would shoot it recklessly to gratify the craving.

MAY A. WALTER.

WE are indebted to the courtesy of Dr. C. Hart Merriam of the special branch of the Agricultural Department at Washington, for his report on economic ornithology for 1887, but our notice of it has been crowded out of the present number.

WHO SENT THE MONEY?—On Sept. 2 we received a letter from Atlanta, Georgia, containing postage stamps to the value of thirty-four cents, but no line to indicate who sent it, or the purpose for which it was sent.

## EMINENT PEOPLE ON BIRD PROTECTION.

OAK KNOLL, Danvers, Mass., }  
2nd mo., 20, 1886. }

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

I heartily approve of the proposed AUDUBON SOCIETY. We are in a way to destroy both our forests and our birds. A society for the preservation of the latter has long been needed, and I hope it is not too late for the accomplishment of its objects.

I could almost wish that the shooters of the birds, the taxidermists who prepare their skins, and the fashionable wearers of their feathers might share the penalty which was visited upon the Ancient Mariner who shot the Albatross. Thy friend,

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Feb. 20, 1886.

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

I am heartily in sympathy with your purposes for the protection of birds, and should be glad to contribute any influence that I can to that end.

If there were no purchasers there would be no demand, and no reason for slaughtering these winged gems. But as only women create a demand, it rests upon them to stay this wanton destruction. I am sure that it is only necessary to bring before American women the cruelty of this "slaughter of the innocents" that fashion is carrying on, to secure a renunciation of this ornament and the salvation of birds.

On this subject the kind feelings, the taste, and æsthetic sympathy of the whole community are on your side, and if you persevere you will surely win.

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

CORNWALL-ON-HUDSON, N. Y., }  
Feb. 22, 1886. }

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

You have indeed my hearty sympathy in every effort to prevent the slaughter of my innocent little neighbors and friends, the birds. In the destruction of forests and birds, the people of this land are inviting very great evils and inflicting wrongs on posterity which scarcely can be measured. The press should render it impossible for women to sin thoughtlessly and ignorantly in demanding little birds for their adornment. The evil should be brought home so fully to the knowledge of all, that the continued wearing of our useful little birds should become the badge and indication of a callous, vulgar nature. You are doing a humane and patriotic work in exciting public aversion to one of the most cruel and stupid wrongs of the age.

Respectfully yours,

EDWARD P. ROE.

WEST PARK, N. Y., Feb. 20, 1886.

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

I scarcely need assure you that your undertaking to form a society for the protection of our wild birds against the ravages of the milliners and the sham scientific collectors has my warmest sympathy and approval. It is a barbarous taste which prompts our women and girls to appear upon the street with their head gear adorned with the scalps of our songsters; and it is mere vanity and affectation which prompts so many persons to make up cabinets of the nests and eggs of the same. The destruction of our birds from their natural enemies is immense, and this craze of the collectors, and folly of the milliners and their customers in addition, threatens their serious diminution.

I hope you may succeed in creating so strong a public sentiment upon the subject that the collectors of skins and eggs for the unworthy purposes of fashion or to indulge the vanity of pseudo-naturalists may suddenly find their occupation gone.

Please add my name to the list of the members of the AUDUBON SOCIETY. Very sincerely,

JOHN BURROUGHS.

160 W. 59TH STREET, }  
NEW YORK, Feb. 20, 1886. }

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

No one who will take the trouble to give the matter a few moments' serious consideration can be in doubt, I think, as to the wisdom of organizing the AUDUBON SOCIETY, and I am thankful that such a step is contemplated. There is an element of savagery in the use of birds for personal decoration, which is in grotesque contrast with our boasts of civilization. But even the savage stops short, as a rule, with the feathers. It is only Christian people who think it worth while to butcher a whole bird to adorn their head gear. I am sure, however, that this is largely from that unreflecting habit which is a leading vice in people who follow the fashions. But it is a vice; as Hood sang, when he wrote—

For evil is wrought  
By want of thought  
As well as by want of heart.

If the AUDUBON SOCIETY can teach men, and especially women, to think on this subject, half of the battle will have been won. HENRY C. POTTER.

ANDOVER, Mass., Feb. 21, 1886.

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

I am in earnest and indignant sympathy with the motive of any society organized to prevent the murder of birds for decorative purposes.

E. S. PHELPS.



# The Audubon Society.

## THE AUDUBON SOCIETY FOR THE PROTECTION OF BIRDS.

THE AUDUBON SOCIETY was founded in New York city in February, 1886. Its purpose is the protection of American birds, not used for food, from destruction for mercantile purposes. The magnitude of the evil with which the Society will cope, and the imperative need of the work which it proposes to accomplish, are outlined in the following statement concerning

### THE DESTRUCTION OF BIRDS.

Within the last few years, the destruction of our birds has increased at a rate which is alarming. This destruction now takes place on such a large scale as to seriously threaten the existence of a number of our most useful species. It is carried on chiefly by men and boys who sell the skins or plumage to be used for ornamental purposes—principally for the trimming of women's hats, bonnets and clothing. These men kill everything that wears feathers. The birds of the woods, the birds of the field, the birds of the marsh and those of the sea are alike slain, at all times and at all seasons. It matters not if the bird be a useful one which devours the hurtful insects which destroy the farmer's crops, or a bright-plumaged songster whose advent has been welcomed in spring, and which has reared its brood in the door yard during the summer, or a swift-winged sea swallow whose flight along the shore has often with unerring certainty led the fisherman to his finny prey—whatever it be, it must be sacrificed to the bird butcher's lust for slaughter and for gain. Besides the actual destruction of the birds, their numbers are still further diminished by the practice of robbing their nests in the breeding season.

Although it is impossible to get at the number of birds killed each year, some figures have been published which give an idea of what the slaughter must be. We know that a single local taxidermist handles 30,000 bird skins in one year; that a single collector brought back from a three months trip 11,000 skins; that from one small district on Long Island about 70,000 birds were brought to New York in four months time. In New York one firm had on hand February 1, 1886, 200,000 skins. The supply is not limited by domestic consumption. American bird skins are sent abroad. The great European markets draw their supplies from all over the world. In London there were sold in three months from one auction room, 404,464 West Indian and Brazilian bird skins, and 356,389 East Indian birds. In Paris 100,000 African birds have been sold by one dealer in one year. One New York firm recently had a contract to supply 40,000 skins of American birds to one Paris firm. These figures tell their own story—but it is a story which might be known even without them; we may read it plainly enough in the silent hedges, once vocal with the morning songs of birds, and in the deserted fields where once bright plumage flashed in the sunlight.

### BIRDS, INSECTS AND CROPS.

The food of our small birds consists very largely of the insects which feed on the plants grown by the farmer. These insects multiply with such astounding rapidity that a single pair may in the course of one season be the progenitors of six billions of their kind. All through the season at which this insect life is most active, the birds are constantly at work destroying for their young and for themselves, tens of thousands of hurtful creatures, which, but for them, would swarm upon the farmer's crops and lessen the results of his labors.

A painstaking and ardent naturalist not very long ago watched the nest of a pair of martins for sixteen hours, from 4 A. M. till 8 P. M., just to see how many visits the parent birds made to their young. He found that in that time 312 visits to the four young were made, 119 by the male and 193 by the female. If we suppose only six insects to have been brought at each visit, this pair of birds would have destroyed, for their young alone, in this one summer's day, not far from 2,000 insects. The important relations which our birds bear to the agricultural interests and so to the general welfare, are recognized by the governments of all our States. Laws exist for their protection, but these laws are rendered inoperative by the lack of an intelligent public sentiment to support them. They are nowhere enforced. It is for the interest of every one that such a public sentiment should be created.

It is time that this destruction were stopped.

### PURPOSE OF THE AUDUBON SOCIETY.

To secure the protection of our birds by awakening a better sentiment, the Audubon Society, named after the greatest of American ornithologists, has been founded. The objects sought to be accomplished by this Society are to prevent as far as possible—

- (1) The killing of any wild bird not used for food.
- (2) The taking or destroying of the eggs or nests of any wild birds.
- (3) The wearing of the feathers of wild birds. Ostrich feathers, whether from wild or tame birds, and those of domestic fowls, are specially exempted.

The Audubon Society aims especially to preserve those

birds which are now practically without protection. Our game birds are already protected by law, and in large measure by public sentiment, and their care may be left to the sportsman. The great aim of the Society is the protection of American non-game birds. The English sparrow is not included in our lists.

### PLAN OF THE WORK.

Obviously the Society cannot supply any machinery of compulsion to lead individuals and communities to a higher regard for bird life and to efforts for its protection. Nor are compulsory measures thought necessary. The wrong is tolerated now only because of thoughtlessness and indifference. The birds are killed for millinery purposes. So long as fashion demands bird feathers, the birds will be slaughtered. The remedy is to be found in the awakening of a healthy public sentiment on the subject. If this enormous destruction of birds can once be put in its true light before the eyes of men and women and young folks, if interest be aroused and sentiment created, the great wrong must cease. To so present the case to the people as to awaken this corrective sentiment is the special work contemplated by the Audubon Society. The methods adopted are very simple. Pledges are furnished, subscription to which constitutes membership, and certificates are issued to members.

### TERMS OF MEMBERSHIP.

The signing of any of the pledges will qualify one for membership in the Society. It is earnestly desired that each member may sign all three of the pledges. Beyond the promise contained in the pledge no obligation nor responsibility is incurred. There are no fees, nor dues, nor any expenses of any kind. There are no conditions as to age. The boys and girls are invited to take part in the work, for they can often do more than others to practically protect the nesting birds. All who are interested in the subject are invited to become members, and to urge their friends to join the Society. If each man, woman or child who reads this circular will exert his or her influence, it will not take long to enlist in the good work a great number of people actively concerned in the protection of our birds. It is desired that members may be enrolled in every town and village throughout the land, so that by the moral weight of its influence this Society may check the slaughter of our beautiful songsters. The beneficent influence of the Audubon Society should be exerted in every remotest by-way where the songs of birds fill the air, and in every crowded city where the plumes of slain songsters are worn as an article of dress.

### ASSOCIATE MEMBERS.

As there are a very great number of people in full sympathy with the Audubon movement, and ready to lend it their moral support, but who refrain from joining the Society simply because they find it distasteful to sign a pledge, it has been determined to form a class of Associate Members. Any one expressing his or her sympathy with the objects of the Audubon Society and submitting a written request for membership to any local secretary, will be enrolled on the list of Associate Members. All such applications for membership received by local secretaries of the Society should be forwarded to the General Secretary for registration.

### LOCAL SECRETARIES.

The Society has local secretaries in cities, towns and villages. The local secretary will furnish this circular of information and pledge forms; will receive the signed pledges, keep a list of the members, forward a duplicate list with the pledges for enrollment and file at the Society's office; and will receive in return certificates of membership, to be filled out and signed by the local secretary and given to the members. No certificate of membership will be issued to any person except upon the receipt of a signed pledge at the office of the Society. Where no local secretary has yet been appointed, individual applicants for membership may address the Society at its office, No. 318 Broadway, New York.

If there is no local secretary in your town, you are invited to act as such yourself, or to hand this to some other person who will accept the office. Upon application we will supply copies of this circular and pledge forms.

### THE AUDUBON SOCIETY CERTIFICATE.

The Society furnishes to each member a handsome certificate of membership. This bears a portrait of the great naturalist, John James Audubon, after whom the Society very appropriately takes its name.

The office of the Society is at 318 Broadway, New York city. All communications should be addressed

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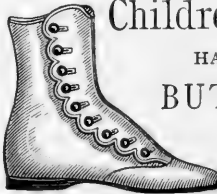
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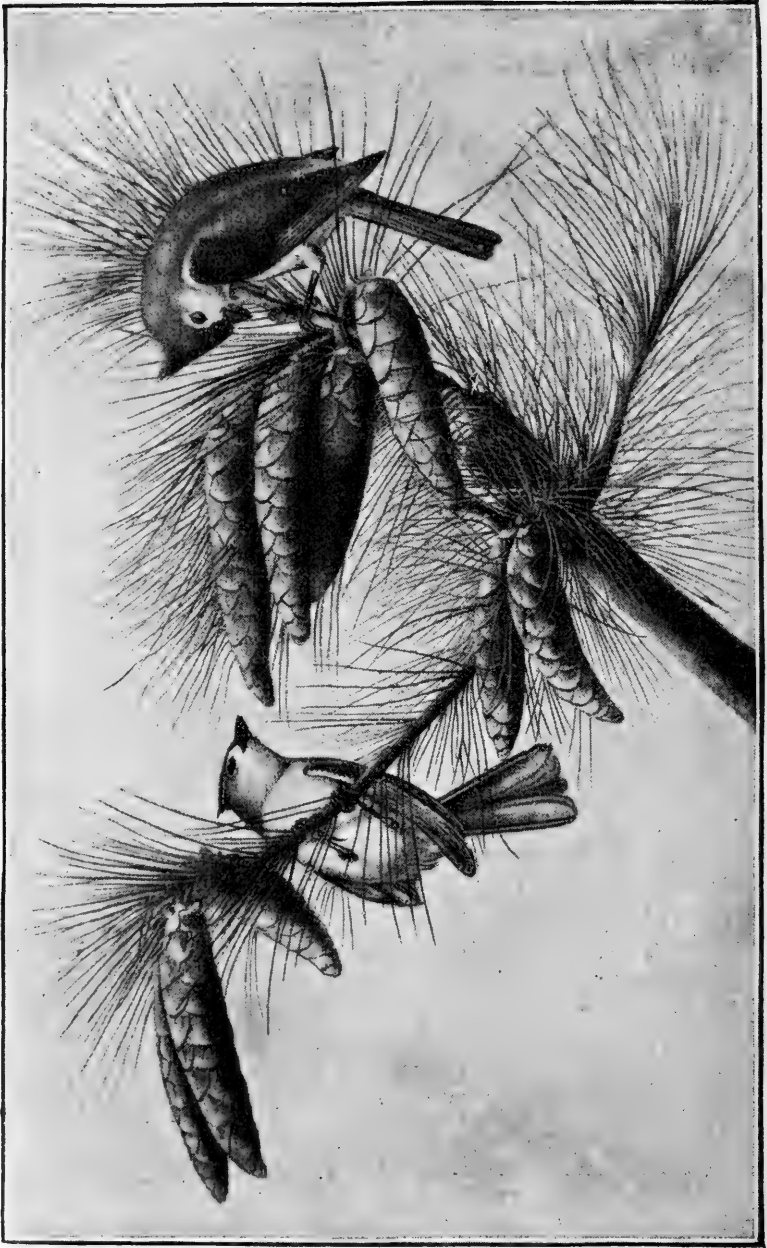
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THE TUFTED TITMOUSE.

( *Parus bicolor* (LINN.) )

# THE AUDUBON MAGAZINE.

VOL. II.

DECEMBER, 1888.

No. 11.

## THE TUFTED TITMOUSE.

THE Titmice, to which family this species belongs, are all small birds, bearing a curious resemblance in all external points of structure to the jay. Like them they have a short, strong, straight, conical bill, rounded nostrils at its base, covered by tufts of thick, forward directed bristly feathers. As in the jays, the wings have ten feathers on the first joint and are shorter than the tail. Their feet, too, are much like those of the jays, and, so far as their looks go, there is little to distinguish them from the group, except their size. All our Titmice are under seven inches long, while all our jays are much larger than this.

The Titmice are distributed over the whole of North America; those found in the East and North are without crests and for the most part have the top of the head black or sooty brown. The Tufted Titmice are rather Southern birds and all but the subject of the present sketch are found in the Southwest. Mr. Sennett has recently described some new species from Texas.

Many of our Titmice are hardy birds, remaining with us through the winter, and seeming to endure without trouble the coldest weather of Canada and New England. They are all active, sprightly birds, plain in color, but with pleasing vivacious ways, and a neat, trim appearance. Nuttall sums up their characters in the following language. He says: "These are familiar,

active, restless birds of a peevish and courageous disposition, and great enemies to insects. They move by short, sudden leaps and flights from branch to branch, suspending themselves readily in all attitudes. They live in families, in woods or marshes, and approach gardens and orchards in autumn and winter. They are strictly omnivorous, feeding on grain, fruits, insects and larvæ, which they dislodge from every retreat, and in this pursuit sometimes injure in some degree the buds of trees. They perforate seed vessels, hard seeds, and even nuts and almonds, to obtain their contents; they likewise feed on flesh, and are fond of fat. Sometimes they carry their depredations so far as to pursue and attack sickly birds, even of their own species, commencing like jays by piercing the skull and devouring the brain. They are of a quarrelsome disposition, and often attack larger birds, killing the weaker, and are very resolute in defense of their young. They breed once a year, lay many eggs, in some species 18 or 20. Their voice is commonly unpleasant, and their chatter monotonous. Their flesh is scarcely better than that of the rook and crow. They are readily tamed, and may be fed with cheese, nuts, and oily seeds."

To our mind this account of the Tits is hardly fair to them. They are, we think, very attractive little birds, and, being seen at a time when bird life is scarce in our

*The Tufted Titmouse.*

orchards and forests, form a delightful feature of the bleak winter landscape. We have never observed in them any of the traits of ferocity noted by Nuttall, and it is certain that they associate in perfect amity with other birds of similar habits, such as the nuthatches and kinglets. We regard their voices as cheerful and merry if not always musical. Moreover, they seem to have little fear of man, and if not companionable are at least familiar little birds.

The Tufted Titmouse is a bird of rather Southern distribution, and on the Atlantic coast is not commonly found much north of New Jersey. The earlier writers reported this bird as having a much more northern distribution, and even as being found in Greenland, but this is now known to be erroneous. Specimens have been taken in New York and Connecticut, but they are quite unusual here and can only be regarded as accidental. This Titmouse breeds in the Southern States and as far north as New Jersey, and it is quite possible that we may sometimes learn of its nesting in New England.

It digs a hole in the tree much after the manner of the woodpeckers, but instead of being content to deposit its eggs on the fine chips at the bottom, it makes a warm nest by filling the hole with various soft materials on which the eggs are deposited. These are from six to eight in number, pure white except for a circle of brown dots about the larger end. In New Jersey the eggs are laid toward the end of May, but further south the nesting time is somewhat earlier. As soon as the young are able to leave the nest they follow the parents, and, Audubon says, continue with them until the following spring.

The food of the Tufted Titmouse consists chiefly of insects and their eggs and larvæ. In spring and summer he chases flying insects and captures them very adroitly, but during the greater part of the year his time is spent going over the trunks

and branches of trees, peering into each crack and cranny of the bark, in search of the hidden stores of insect food which are to be found in such situations. In the autumn this bird also feeds upon the seeds of weeds and on soft nuts. Like the jays the Titmice are accustomed, when they secure any bit of food that is too large to be readily swallowed, to hold it under the foot, and hammer at it with the bill until it is broken into pieces small enough to be devoured. In this way it breaks up the larger hard seeds, acorns and other nuts. One which Wilson had in confinement was fed on hemp seed, cherry stones, apple seeds and hickory nuts, which were broken up and placed in its cage. This bird, though at first restless and making its way out of its wicker cage by repeated blows of its strong bill against the wood, soon became familiar in confinement.

The Tufted Titmouse is more musical than most of its kind. Nuttall compares its more common call or whistle to the clear ringing notes of the Baltimore oriole, and devotes a good deal of space to attempts to convey an idea of its various notes by syllables, but, as might be imagined, these efforts at reproduction are not very successful. Any attempt to reproduce musical sounds by other sounds which have in them no music at all must necessarily fail. The most that can be done by this method is to convey an impression of the relative times which the different notes bear to one another. Some different system of notation must be devised before our birds' songs can be reproduced so as to give any just notion of them to one who is unfamiliar with them. No one understood this better than Nuttall.

The flight of the Tufted Titmouse is short and hurried, and its rounded concave wings make a perceptible noise as it passes one. It is much more at home in the branches of a tree, where like all the other Titmice it assumes all imaginable at-

titudes. Some one has spoken of the nut-hatches as the harlequins among birds, and the figure is a happy one, but we are inclined to think it almost as applicable to the Titmice. They are much given to swinging head downward on a limb, and will twist themselves around a twig, as readily as an expert gymnast over a horizontal bar.

In winter these birds roost in old woodpecker holes or in crevices in the trees,

which afford them some protection from the weather.

The Tufted Titmouse is about  $6\frac{1}{2}$  inches long and measures 9 inches across the extended wings. The general color of the upper parts is dark bluish-ash. The forehead is black, sometimes tinged with reddish. The under parts are grayish-white and the sides pale reddish-brown, the iris is brown, the bill black, and the feet lead color.

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ALEXANDER WILSON.

VII.

WE left Wilson at the outset of his description of his voyage down the Ohio, and will take up the narrative in his own words, still preserved to us in his letter to Mr. Alexander Lawson:

"I now stripped," he says, "with alacrity to my new avocation. The current went about two and a half miles an hour, and I added about three and a half miles more to the boat's way with my oars. In the course of the day I passed a number of arks, or, as they are usually called, Kentucky boats, loaded with what, it must be acknowledged, are the most valuable commodities of a country, viz., men, women and children, horses and ploughs, flour, millstones, etc. Several of these floating caravans were laden with store goods for the supply of the settlements through which they passed, having a counter erected, shawls, muslins, etc., displayed, and everything ready for transacting business. On approaching a settlement they blow a horn or tin trumpet which announces to the inhabitants their arrival. I boarded many of these arks, and felt much interested at the sight of so many human beings migrating like birds of passage to the luxuriant regions of the South and West. The arks are built in the form of a parallelogram,

being from twelve to fourteen feet wide, and from forty to seventy feet long, covered above, rowed only occasionally by two oars before, and steered by a long and powerful one fixed above. \* \* \*

"I rowed twenty odd miles the first spell, and found I should be able to stand it perfectly well. About an hour after night I put up at a miserable cabin, fifty-two miles from Pittsburgh, where I slept on what I supposed to be cornstalks or something worse; so preferring the smooth bosom of the Ohio to this brush heap. I got up long before day, and, being under no apprehension of losing my way, I again pushed out into the stream. The landscape on each side lay in one mass of shade; but the grandeur of the projecting headlands and vanishing points, or lines was charmingly reflected in the smooth glassy surface below. I could only discover when I was passing a clearing by the crowing of cocks, and now and then in more solitary places, the big horned owl made a most hideous hollowing that echoed among the mountains. In this lonesome manner, with full leisure for observation and reflection, exposed to hardships all day and hard berths all night, to storms of rain, hail and snow, for it froze severely

almost every night, I persevered from February 24th to Sunday evening March 17th, when I moored my skiff safely in Bear Grass Creek at the rapids of the Ohio after a voyage of seven hundred and twenty miles. My hands suffered the most and it will be some weeks yet before they recover their former feeling and flexibility. It would be the task of a month to detail all the particulars of my numerous excursions in every direction from the river. In Steubenville, Charlestown and Wheeling I found some friends. At Marietta I visited the celebrated remains of Indian fortifications, as they are improperly called, which cover a large space of ground on the banks of the Muskingum. Seventy miles above this at a place called Big Grave Creek I examined some extraordinary remains of the same kind there. The Big Grave is three hundred paces round at the base, seventy feet perpendicular, and the top, which is about fifty feet over, has sunk in, forming a regular concavity three or four feet deep. This tumulus is in the form of a cone, and the whole as well as its immediate neighborhood is covered with a venerable growth of forest four or five hundred years old, which gives it a most singular appearance. In clambering around its steep sides I found a place where a large white oak had been lately blown down, and had torn up the earth to the depth of five or six feet. In this place I commenced digging, and continued to labor for about an hour examining every handful of earth with great care; but except some shreds of earthenware, made of a coarse kind of clay, and considerable pieces of charcoal I found nothing else; but a person of the neighborhood presented me with some beads fashioned out of a kind of white stone which were found by digging on the opposite side of this gigantic mound, where I found the hole still remaining. The whole of an extensive plain a short distance from this, is marked out with squares, oblongs

and circles, one of which comprehends several acres. The embankments by which they are distinguished are still two or three feet above the common level of the field. The Big Grave is the property of a Mr. Tomlinson or Tumblestone who lives near, and who would not expend three cents to see the whole sifted before his face. I endeavored to work on his avarice, by representing the probability that it might contain valuable matters, and suggested to him a mode by which a passage might be cut into it level with the bottom, and by excavation and arching, a most noble cellar might be formed for keeping his turnips and potatoes. 'All the turnips and potatoes I should raise this dozen years,' said he, 'would not pay the expense!' This man is no antiquary or theoretical farmer, nor much of a practical one either I fear; he has about two thousand acres of the best land and just makes out to live. \* \* \*

"On Monday, March 5th, about ten miles below the mouth of the Great Scotin, where I saw the first flock of parroquets, I encountered a violent storm of wind and rain, which changed to hail and snow, blowing down trees and limbs in all directions, so that, for immediate preservation, I was obliged to steer out into the river which rolled and foamed like a sea, and filled my boat nearly half full of water, and it was with the greatest difficulty I could make the least headway. It continued to snow violently until dusk, when I at length made good my landing, at a place on the Kentucky shore, where I had perceived a cabin, and here I spent an evening in learning the art and mystery of bear-treeing, wolf-trapping and wildcat-hunting from an old professor. But notwithstanding the skill of this great master, the country here is swarming with wolves, and wildcats, black and brown. According to this hunter's own confession, he had lost sixty pigs from Christmas last, and all night long the distant howling of the wolves kept the dogs



in a perpetual uproar of barking. This man was one of those people called squatters, who neither pay rent nor own land, but keep roving on the frontiers, advancing as the tide of civilization approaches. They are the immediate successors of the savages, and far below them in good sense and good manners as well as comfortable accommodations. \* \* \*

"In the afternoon of the 15th I entered Big Bone Creek, which, passable only about a quarter of mile, I secured my boat, and left my baggage under the care of a decent family near and set out on foot five miles through the woods for the Big Bone Lick, that great antediluvian rendezvous of the American elephants. This place, which lies 'far in the windings of a sheltered vale,' afforded me a fund of amusement in shooting ducks and parroquets (of which last I skinned twelve, and brought off two slightly wounded), and in examining the ancient buffalo roads to this great licking place.

"McColquhoun, the proprietor, was not at home, but his agent and manager entertained me as well as he was able, and was much amused with my enthusiasm. The place is a low valley everywhere surrounded by high hills; in the center, by the side of the creek, is a quagmire of near an acre, from which, and another small one below, the chief part of these large bones have been taken; at the latter place I found numerous fragments of large bone, lying scattered about. In pursuing a wounded duck across this quagmire, I had nearly deposited my carcass among the grand congregation of mammals below, having sunk up to the middle, and had hard struggling to get out. \* \* \*

"A number of turkeys which I observed from time to time on the Indiana shore made me lose half the morning in search of them. On the Kentucky shore I was also decoyed by the same temptations, but never could approach near enough to shoot

one of them. These affairs detained me so, that I was dubious whether I should be able to reach Louisville that night. Night came on and I could hear nothing of the falls. About night I heard the first roaring of the rapids, and as it increased I was every moment in hopes of seeing the lights of Louisville; but no lights appeared and the noise seemed now within less than half a mile of me. Seriously alarmed lest I might be drawn into the suction of the falls I cautiously coasted along shore which was full of snags and sawyers, and at length with great satisfaction opened Bear Grass Creek, when I secured my skiff to a Kentucky boat, and loading myself with my baggage, I groped my way through a swamp up to the town. The next day I sold my skiff for exactly half what it cost me; and the man who bought it wondered why I gave it such a droll Indian name (The Ornithologist). 'Some old chief or warrior I suppose?' said he."

Wilson examined the falls by daylight and found them by no means so formidable as he had imagined, he saw two arks and a barge shoot them with ease, and felt quite confident of his own ability to negotiate them with his skiff. He describes the country around Louisville as swampy and unhealthy, with every facility for draining the swamps, redeeming their fertile soil, and rendering the location as healthy as any on the river.

From Louisville he set out on foot for Lexington, seventy-two miles distant, and saw very little to commend. The soil, he says, is of the richest, but the log houses are described as of the meanest, and a general air of slovenliness characterizes the homestead and its surroundings. Want of bridges was in those days a serious inconvenience to the foot traveler, and Wilson tells us that between Shelbyville and Frankfort, having gone out of his way to see a pigeon roost, he waded a deep creek called Benson nine or ten times.

In a later letter to Mr. Alexander Lawson, written from Nashville, he refers more particularly to one of these pigeon roosts, or breeding places which, he says, continued for three miles, and from information exceeded in length more than forty miles. "The timbers," he says, "were chiefly beech—every tree loaded with nests, and I counted in different places more than ninety nests in a single tree."

From Nashville Wilson traveled through the wilderness on horseback to Natchez, Mississippi Territory, safely overcoming every obstacle, but undergoing very severe exposure, and in June he reached New Orleans and sailed thence to New York, and again entered Philadelphia after a long and arduous but fairly successful journey, during which he experienced many difficulties from the season and climate, the wildness of the paths and from a sickness which nearly proved fatal, but which his good constitution, and the simple prescription of an Indian bore him safely through. He nevertheless procured much information and new materials for his work, besides keeping up an extensive correspondence with his friends, and regularly entering in a diary the events of each day. From this diary, and the corresponding account of Audubon, we learn that these ornithologists first met at Louisville, and have to regret, says his biographer, that their intimacy and acquaintance had not a longer existence. Before this meeting neither seemed to have had any idea of the other's existence, though both were eagerly

pursuing the same object, but in spite of the kindred nature of their pursuits their natures were too diverse for the existence of any bonds of sympathy. Audubon had already at that time a better collection of birds than Wilson, his drawings were better, and yet he was to all appearance a well-to-do storekeeper pursuing ornithology only as an amateur for the diversion of his leisure, admitting that he had never thought of publishing the results of his labors. He received Wilson with easy but indifferent courtesy and politeness, and made himself helpful to him in small ways, but he neither felt nor made any display of enthusiasm, and Wilson's sensitive nature appears to have been wounded to the quick, while on Audubon his visit appears to have made but little impression.

The following entries in Wilson's diary of his avocations in Louisville display a measure of reserve, which serves to indicate the feelings they were intended to draw a veil over:

"March 19th. Rambling round the town with my gun. Examined Mr. ——'s drawings in crayon—very good. Saw two new birds he had—both *Motacilla*.

"March 20th. Set out this afternoon with the gun; killed nothing new. People in taverns here devour their meals. Many shopkeepers board in taverns—also boatmen, land speculators, merchants, etc. *No naturalist to keep me company.* And apparently getting no subscriptions in Louisville he closes with the bitter remark, "Science and literature has not a friend in this place."

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#### THE WOUNDED REDSTART.

THERE are certain days in every season of the year so exceedingly beautiful that we feel it is a sin to stay in the house, and to ignore the wind and the sunshine, and the perfume of flowers where they come laughing in at the windows to

us as it were seems like giving the cold shoulder to our best friends.

One of these perfect days occurred in the latter part of August, so I put on my things and prepared to sally forth.

As I passed out of the house my atten-

tion was attracted by a little bird which ran before me down the pathway, occasionally looking back to see if I were following, I thought, and making a note or call which I can only compare to the sound of a kiss.

I saw at a glance it was not one of my sparrow friends by the yellow tail, but I could not approach close enough to note the less clearly defined peculiarities of plumage, and by this time the little sprite had neared a tree which he would fly into, of course, and be lost to view.

To my surprise, however, he did not fly into the tree, but darted behind it instead. This was such an unbirdlike proceeding that I hastened forward to see what was the matter, and soon found the object of my search in the long grass, where I easily secured him.

Such a minute body! and, oh! sad to relate, a broken wing, probably the work of a stone, or bean snapper, in the hands of some heartless boy.

Poor little victim, standing helpless in the pathway, deprived of his only means of escape from his many enemies! I understood now the pretty timid devices to attract my attention, and conciliate my good will.

How glad I was I had not delayed coming out just to do this, or to finish that! And before the cat next door had made her matutinal exploration of that identical long grass.

"But you're safe now, my birdie!" I cried, "so calm your fluttering little breast," and I really think that the feeling of my hands round the little fellow gave him a sense of security, for he made no effort to escape, and looked up at me most confidently.

As I hastened back to the house, I encountered my sister, who had promised to overtake me in my walk.

"I've got a wounded bird," I exclaimed, "run, and get something to put it into," and by the time I had reached my room, a

basket with some soft clothes laid in the bottom was ready to receive the little sufferer. Not knowing what food to feed him, I scattered some rape seed in the basket, and tied a piece of coarse white net over the top. Then I darkened the room, and set out again to resume my walk.

As soon as I returned I hurried up-stairs to my bird; he had not eaten the seed, and was flitting about in a very restless manner.

As I looked at the slender bill, I saw it was not adapted for cracking seed, but for insect food.

Acting on this surmise, I ran down to the kitchen, took away the fly-blinds from the windows, put a towel in the hands of the Swedish girl, and pointing to a fly said, "Smite, and spare not."

"Spare not," she reiterated, thinking she had learnt the name of a fly.

I nodded assent. It was no time to discuss the niceties of the English language, when my bird was probably starving.

Then I went into the garden, determined to catch something.

First I examined a rosebush, but there was no sign of a grub or a worm, so I got on my knees and looked upward through the branches, when, oh joy! a luscious green caterpillar on the under side of a leaf, just above my head. I detached the leaf, and, judging from the brisk cannonade which had been going on in the kitchen, that a liberal supply of flies awaited me, was considerably disappointed to find that the number of killed and wounded only amounted to six, all told. But half a loaf is better than none, so I flew up-stairs, and had no sooner introduced the caterpillar into the basket, than the sufferer darted upon it with an avidity which left no doubt in my mind as to the kind of food he was accustomed to.

The flies were received with even more favor, and discussed in the same appreciative spirit.

I knew now what food to feed him—but

what could I do with the poor wing! Nature works wonders sometimes, but even she could not knit those fragile bones together, while the owner kept bobbing up and down like a daddy-longlegs.

From my experience of birds, I have observed that they are much tamer when they are allowed the freedom of a room, than when confined in a cage. So I took the little feather-weight out of the basket and placed a shallow dish of water on the floor before him. So thirsty! one, two, three times has he darted his slender bill in the dish, and now he is standing in it to cool his feet, and kissing at me for more flies.

Fortunately at this juncture my Swedish maid appeared with a fresh supply, and I fed them to him one by one, until he was satisfied—until, at last, I saw “balmy sleep, nature’s sweet restorer,” settle down upon my little bird, when I left the room on tip-toe.

I was unwilling, however, to leave him at large during the night, so the basket was again brought into requisition. But I regret to say, he was not one of those good little birdies that go to bed at sundown, for he was afoot while there was the faintest gleam of light, so I left him to get his head behind his wing before I transferred him to the basket.

Then I began to cast about as to what I could get for his breakfast, and hit upon the expedient of a hard boiled egg made into a paste with pounded cracker. So when I assisted my friend to rise the next morning, I told him that while he remained with me, I should provide egg paste for the staff of life, and that flies and such delicacies would be served for dessert.

He expressed himself perfectly satisfied with this arrangement by every inflection of which a kiss is capable, and fell to work on the paste with a will. Afterward he took his bath, and made his toilet for the day. But my pleasure in watching this dainty operation was greatly marred by the

evident signs of pain it gave the little creature. Still, the wing did not hang down quite so helplessly as on the previous day, so it might not be broken after all.

By this time our acquaintance had ripened into a permanent friendship, and I had leisure to study the dress and appointments of my little friend. Surely I had read the description in “Hints to Audubon Workers.” But I could not call to mind whether it was a May hint or a December one. So I took them in order and found the description at last: “The Female Redstart.”

And I had been addressing my friend as he! However, it was no use to take the matter seriously, so I laughingly apologized to Mrs. Redstart, for having mistaken her for one of the sterner sex.

She turned her pretty head aside with a quizzical look, and I thought she was laughing at me under her feathers.

There was a little awkwardness at first on both sides, but our friendship rested on too firm a basis to be easily shaken, and whenever I entered my friend’s apartment, she would come running up toward me, spreading out her pretty tail like a fan, and kissing at me for the coveted fly which she knew I had brought for her.

The only point of difference between us was my friend’s predilection for late hours, but as she frequently indulged in forty winks during the day (more particularly after a surfeit of flies) it was not to be expected that she was ready to go to bed as early as other folks.

On the third morning of Mrs. Redstart’s sojourn with me, I noticed a marked improvement in her wing—but it was powerless for flight as yet. So as she could not reach the windows, I threw open the blinds, and let the sunshine stream in, and the flies too. It was a day of unparalleled happiness; the staff of life was left untasted, and flies could be had for the asking, or rather, the catching. I never saw such restless

activity, and I really thought Mrs. Redstart was going mad.

As the room was covered with light matting, she could see a fly on the floor at several yards distance, and no character impersonator ever changed his appearance with more celerity than my little friend, as she darted like a streak at the intruder.

The effect of all this exercise and excitement had a most beneficial effect on Mrs. Redstart, for she took a bath early in the evening, and I found her asleep soon after on top of a roll of paper, but how she got up so high I could not imagine. As she nestled in the paper with her face turned upward, I could not but think of a little child saying its prayers, and I was a great mind to leave her there for the night. But it is always the unexpected that happens, so I gathered her up in my hands, kissed her pretty head, and placed her gently in the basket where I knew she was safe.

I felt now that I should not have my little friend with me much longer, for as soon as she could use her wing she would want to set off on her southward journey, and I loved her too well to detain her against her will, so I resolved to devote as much of my time to her as possible, while she remained with me.

As I knew she liked to get up as soon as she awoke, I took an early peep at her next morning, but was glad to find she was still asleep, and it was not till the clock had struck seven, that she opened her eyes.

"Oh, you little sleepy-head," I exclaimed, "your breakfast has been waiting an hour."

At the mention of breakfast, Mrs. Redstart was wide awake in a moment, and expressed her readiness to get up at once.

We passed a very happy day together, and, as I did not wish my friend to feel that I regarded her as company, I got some light sewing, and sat down on a low stool, quite in an informal way. Presently I noticed a fly on my shoe, and, although Mrs. Redstart was a considerable distance from

me, she saw it too, and before I could be aware of her intention she had darted up my foot, caught the fly, and was off again in the twinkling of an eye.

Seeing my friend was in such a merry mood, I slid off my stool to the floor, and asked her to give me a lesson in fly-catching. So as to be able to run up your foot, too, said I. At the sound of my voice she came dancing toward me like a little fairy, and I was greatly amused at the curiosity with which she regarded me. But she had an eye to business, and, as she had the faculty of turning herself round without apparently using her feet, she seemed to be looking at every point of the compass at once. Nothing escaped her, and woe to the unfortunate fly that lit upon my dress, or buzzed past me. He had no time to say his prayers. Perhaps she thought in her little bird way that I had a lame wing too, for as long as I remained in a recumbent position she never left me.

As the day drew to a close, she began looking about for a resting place, and essayed a short flight, so I was not surprised next morning to see her sweep out of the basket and circle round and round the room, looking down and calling to me from the top of the doors and pictures. But I thought I would give her wing the benefit of one more day's rest, and "to-morrow morning," said I, "I will take you to a beautiful spot that I know of, just fit for a little bird-angel."

Before the day was over, however, I came near having cause to regret that I had not let my little friend go, there and then. I had been absent from the room a short time, and on my return found her posing on the pin-cushion before the looking-glass, and spreading out her tail in the most approved fashion. Then she drew herself up, and the interest and complacency with which she looked down and contemplated her minute black feet was exceedingly amusing to witness, when her

innocent vanity suddenly received a check, and I saw that she had become entangled in the lace on the cushion. I held my breath. If she got frightened and attempted to fly away, she would break her legs, but I did not move, nor even speak, she must free herself, and I could not but admire the coolness and dexterity with which she extricated first one dainty foot, and then the other; when she flew down to me, for a fly if you please.

As she had recovered the use of her wings, she made up her mind to go to bed where she liked, and not where I liked, so I was obliged to call my sister to the rescue, who swooped down on my friend and hustled her into the basket before she knew where she was. As soon, however, as Mrs. Redstart could recover herself, she resented the indignity with becoming spirit, and sprang upward on the netting almost before it could be scrambled over her, where she persisted in remaining in an upside down position till I thought she would dislocate her neck. But she ultimately yielded to my entreaties to reverse herself and go to sleep with her feet downward.

True to my promise, I carried my little

friend the next morning to the spot I had told her about; she understood it all, and was very quiet as we journeyed along.

"This is the place," I said, as I took off the objectionable netting. She flitted into a bush and began looking industriously for her breakfast. Her little heart seemed bubbling over with happiness, and she talked to me incessantly.

"I wish you would fly up into that high tree," I said. "You can be seen so plainly here by passers-by."

She turned her pretty face up to me as I bent over the bush, and it said as plainly as a face could: "You don't mean to take me away!"

"No, my darling," said I, "I don't mean to take you away, but I shall feel you are safer in that high tree."

She must have divined my meaning, for she flew into it directly. And, as she stood looking down at me in the bright sunshine, I kissed my hand to her, and could just hear her soft answering note. And so we parted. And, as I walked homeward in the stillness of the early morning, I felt that my heart had been touched to finer sympathies by my brief acquaintance with a little bird.

EMMA THORNTON.

## CHARLEY'S WONDERFUL JOURNEYS

### JOURNEY XI.

CHARLEY sat up and looked at the Hesperornis, and the Hesperornis looked at him, and it would be hard to say which was the more astonished. Neither of them spoke a word. Each waited for the other to begin.

"Are you fish, fowl or saurian?" asked the Hesperornis at length, unable to control her curiosity any longer.

"Neither, if you please, ma'am," replied Charley, courteously, and now thoroughly self-possessed; and rising to his feet he

folded his hands behind his back, and stood prepared for his examination.

"What in the name of goodness are you then if you are neither fish, fowl nor saurian?" asked the Hesperornis, curiously.

"If you please, ma'am," said Charley, "first came the things that hadn't any brains to speak of, nor any backbone, then came the fishes, and after them the reptiles. Then you came and the Icthyornis"—

"The what?" exclaimed the Hesperornis.

"The Ichthyornis," repeated Charley; "the other birds that have teeth, and long wings for flying, and dash down and catch the little fishes when they come near the surface."

"But all birds have teeth and catch fishes, don't they? Which one do you mean?"

"I mean the one that's got a fish's backbone, and that's why they call him Ichthyornis."

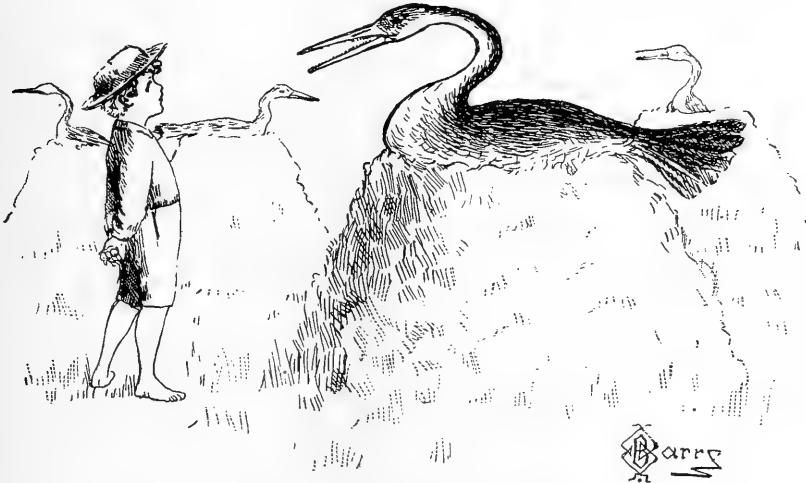
"I am sure I never heard a bird called

are young birds, they'll get teeth before they are as old as I am. Haven't you any teeth?"

"Yes'm," said Charley, showing his grinders.

"But why don't you tell me who you are?" said the Hesperornis. "I keep on asking you, and you keep on telling me about birds, but you're not a bird; now why can't you tell me who you are?"

"If you please, ma'am," said Charley, "that's what I was coming to. After the



RISING TO HIS FEET HE FOLDED HIS HANDS BEHIND HIS BACK.

Ichthyornis, and you had better not let any of them hear you call them by any such outlandish names. But what has that got to do with you? I asked you what you are."

"If you please, ma'am, that's what I was going to tell you when you asked. First came you and the Ich— I mean the other birds with the teeth, and next came the birds with beaks and no teeth."

"What became of their teeth?" asked the Hesperornis.

"That I don't know," said Charley; I only know that when you turn over the next leaf of the great stone book the birds hadn't any teeth at all."

"Oh, nonsense, that's only because they

birds came the animals that went on four legs"—

"Oh, I know," said the Hesperornis, "that's the saurians, but they were always there."

"No, ma'am, if you please, not the saurians, because they had cold blood, but four-footed animals with warm blood, like the birds."

"But how do you know that birds have warm blood," asked the Hesperornis, suspiciously.

"Because," said Charley, "if birds sit on their eggs it makes them warm, but if fishes and saurians sat on their eggs it wouldn't."

"That's quite true," said the Hesper-

ornis, "and have you warm blood like the birds?"

"Yes," said Charley.

"Well, that is lucky," said the Hesperornis; "I am sure you must be tired of standing, and you can sit on my eggs while I go fishing."

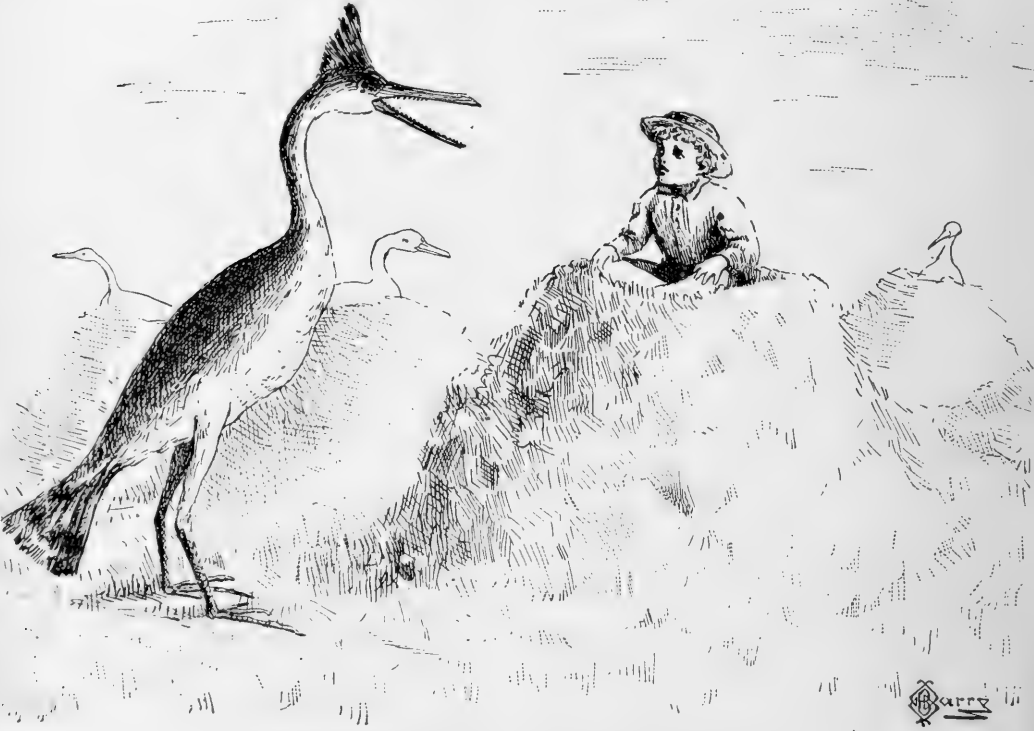
Charley thought it was a very strange thing to ask him to do, but he was always

dropped the fish and stood still with open jaws as if turned to a fossil.

Charley sat very still, waiting for the Hesperornis to speak first, and at length the astonished bird recovered himself sufficiently to say "Hallo."

"Hallo," said Charley, quietly.

"What are you doing sitting on our eggs?" asked the Hesperornis.



THE HESPERORNIS STOOD STILL WITH OPEN JAWS.

willing to oblige, so he said he would keep the eggs warm with pleasure until she came back. So he sat down very softly on the eggs, and she straddled off to the sea to go fishing.

She hadn't been gone very long before her husband came back with a big fish in his jaws, and as the island was all covered with mounds of guano, he never saw Charley until he was close to the nest, when he suddenly caught sight of him, and was so startled at the strange sight that he

"Mrs. Hesperornis, that is your wife, asked me to sit on them and keep them warm while she went fishing."

"How dare you call my wife such bad names, I won't stand it," said the Hesperornis, gnashing his teeth with rage.

"If you please, sir," I didn't mean any harm, and it isn't a bad name."

"Isn't a bad name!" screeched the Hesperornis; "what does it mean then?"

"If you please," said Charley, "it only means that you live out west."



"But we don't live out west," said the Hesperornis, "we live here. Who are you anyway, and where do you live?"

"If you please, sir," said Charley, "I'm a boy, and I live in the Nineteenth Century."

"The Nineteenth Century!" exclaimed the Hesperornis, "where's that?"

"It's a long way off in the future," said Charley, "birds with teeth never got as far as that."

"No, I'm sure they never did, nor ever saw anybody like you before," said the Hesperornis; "how did you get here?"

"I think I must have lost a great deal of time," said Charley, "I'm always losing time and getting behind hand."

There was silence for a minute or two, which was broken by the Hesperornis who, by way of changing the conversation, asked, "What sort of eggs do you lay?"

"If you please," said Charley, "folks and animals don't lay eggs."

"Don't lay eggs!" said the Hesperornis, astonished; "then where do the young ones come from?"

"I don't know," said Charley, "it's only the birds that lay eggs nowadays, the folks and the animals are young first, and then they grow up."

"Yes, and sit on birds' eggs, and hatch folks and animals! Oh, I see it all now! Whatever could my wife have been thinking of to go off and let you sit on the eggs, and get chickens with long arms and no feathers or jaws! Oh, I'll teach you."

And with that he snapped his jaws and rushed at Charley, who did not stand upon the order of his going, but sprang up and went so suddenly that he broke half the eggs; then bounding over the nearest mound he made tracks like the wind.

At this moment Mrs. Hesperornis came back with a fish in her jaws. She heard her husband's voice in angry tones, and made all the haste she could, and as she reached the nest she saw him standing

over it and looking at the eggs with speechless agony. She, too, took one glance, which was enough; the next instant she caught a glimpse of Charley bounding over a mound; she dropped the fish, and shouting "eggs," in a sharp, shrill tone, set out after Charley at top speed, followed by her husband and all her neighbors, who jumped up from their nests and joined in the pursuit, shouting "eggs" at the top of their voices.

Charley ran like the wind, clearing mound after mound in his flight. Many of these mounds had nests on the top of them, and the birds snapped at Charley's legs as he flew over them, and then got up and joined in the pursuit; but before long Charley left the nesting ground far behind him, and came out on to a broad, sandy plain with groves of palm trees in the distance. The shouting now grew fainter and fainter and finally died away altogether as Charley neared one of the groves, which he found was all of date palms; so he climbed one of the trees and collected a good supply of dates, and then climbed down and had a good feed, slaking his thirst at a crystal spring that rose in the middle of the grove; then wearied of his long journey he sat leaning his back against one of the palm trees and soon fell fast asleep.

When he awoke the Ostrich was grazing close at hand, but he looked around quickly; Charley sat up, and advanced toward him for a talk.

"If you please, can you tell me the way home?" said Charley.

"Where do you live anyway?" asked the Ostrich.

"If you please, sir," said Charley, "I live in the Nineteenth Century."

"I never heard of such a place," said the Ostrich, "but it must be somewhere on the other side of the desert, and if you like you can get up and ride as far as that."

They rode on and on through the desert,

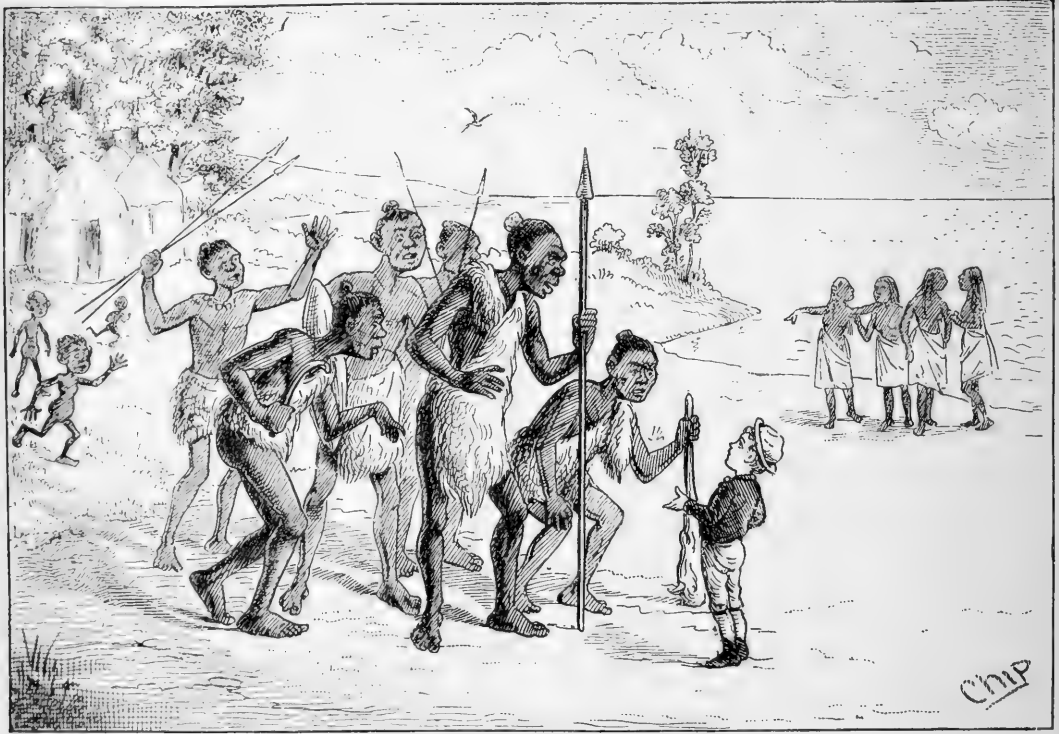
and at last it began to be very monotonous, and Charley amused himself by pulling out the finest of the ostrich feathers, and as fast as he pulled one out another grew in its place.

Then he began to grow drowsy, and when he awoke again the Ostrich was gone, and he was sitting by a stream on the other side of the desert, and by his side

"I never do anything without consulting my wife," said the chief, "but she always agrees to everything I say. I suppose you know how to begin?"

"Yes," said Charley, after a moment's thought; "the first thing to do is to make a collection."

"Quite right," said the savage; "let everybody make a collection. The men



"THE FIRST THING TO DO IS TO MAKE A COLLECTION."

were the feathers that he had pulled out of the Ostrich; quite a big bunch.

The savages were hunting at no great distance, so Charley went toward them, and asked the chief if he would be pleased to tell him the way home.

"You had better come home with us," said the chief. "I suppose you're a missionary."

"Yes, I would like to be a missionary now that I'm here," said Charley. "Would you like to be converted?"

can go to the woods and collect game, the boys can go down to the sea and collect clams, and the women and girls can go and collect fruit."

Everybody went to work with a will, they all seemed so delighted to have a missionary. The savages soon returned with lots of game, the old women set to work to cook it, and there were clams and fruit, and roast venison, and Charley enjoyed his first dinner as a missionary very much.

They all pressed him to eat more, and

he kept on eating as long as he could, and he really thought he would have a very good time, when all at once he heard something that made him drop his knife and fork and feel very queer. A party of children were whispering together in a corner, and to his horror he heard one of the little girls say as plain as possible, "We shall have roast missionary for Christmas."

Charley stole a rapid glance in the direction of the group of children, and they were all patting their stomachs, and evidently enjoying something in anticipation, but when they saw Charley looking at them, they pretended they were not thinking about anything.

You can imagine his sensations. When he went to his room he thought of nothing but how to get away, and he determined to

get up and make a run for it as soon as they should all be asleep, but they sat round the fire talking and laughing until far into the night, until Charley could keep his eyes open no longer, but overcome by exhaustion and a big supper he fell fast asleep. How long he had been asleep he didn't know, when all at once he heard footsteps coming toward his room. At first he dared not open his eyes, but as he heard the handle of the door quietly turning, he sprang up in bed determined to sell his life dearly, and then imagine his delight when he found himself at home, and his mother standing in the doorway of his room.

She laughed when he told her that the savages wanted to make missionary pie of him, but Charley looked very grave about it, for he felt it was no laughing matter.

C. F. AMERY.

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#### REPORT OF DR. MERRIAM.

**W**E are indebted to the courtesy of Dr. C. Hart Merriam, chief of the Department of Economic Ornithology at Washington, for his report for the year 1887. The report consists of two parts (1) a statement of work done during the year; and (2) special reports embodying results of investigation.

The work of the Division as usual consisted chiefly in the collection of facts showing the relation of certain birds and mammals to agriculture, horticulture and forestry, and in the preparation of two important bulletins (1) on the English sparrow, against which the department has entered on a contest designed to be a war of extermination, and (2) on bird migration in the Mississippi Valley.

Dr. Warren's valuable report on the stomach contents of hawks and owls, of which a synopsis was given in the *AUDUBON MAGAZINE*, has been embodied by Dr.

A. K. Fisher, Assistant Ornithologist, in a report of the contents of 1072 stomachs, all carefully tabulated and serving to bear out the conclusions suggested by Dr. Warren's investigations, only 57 of the 1072 stomachs affording remains of poultry in their food, while 528 contained mice, and 241 insects.

Dr. Fisher contributes further some notes on the depredations of gophers and blackbirds in northern Iowa and southern Minnesota, in which occurs the very pertinent remark "that the chief reason why blackbirds are so troublesome in this locality is that so small a proportion of land is planted to corn compared with the vast area of the surrounding prairie," and he adds that the same state of affairs existed at Storm Lake, Iowa, some years ago, before corn was so extensively raised as at present. This is the key to the whole problem; birds which prey upon the farm-

ers' crops one or two months in the year, do not tend to increase, but on the contrary to decrease with the spread of cultivation, because their numbers are limited by the available food supply at all seasons, and cultivation tends rather to contract than to increase it. Hence it follows that isolated settlers have their crops ravaged by as

many birds as would be distributed over the whole region if all were under cultivation; a conclusion that will doubtless have due consideration attached to it in the recommendations of the department. The country will want all these birds by and by, and their maintenance even at a cost will prove a solid investment.

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#### THE BIRDS OF PRINKIPO ISLAND.

WE have swallows who make their dudish toilets early in the summer. They cleave the clear air of the mountain sides, dart out of the vineyards, and flit amid the pine trees, never seeming to alight. They are quite tame and fearless. One morning, while sauntering up the mountain, I notice that two of these birds are following me. When I stop they hover about my head; sometimes within arm's length. I marvel. What does it mean? Am I near a nest? Are these the father and mother of a brood, as to whose safety the parents are apprehensive? I move on. Still they follow, darting far down into the valley, then sweeping on their electric wing to the very crown of the mountain and about the crown of my hat. I reason that they have been domesticated at the hearthstone or in the chimney, and so I solve the problem.

A month or so ago, one morning, a cloud of blackbirds, our own cornfield larcener, took possession of the woods of the isle. They are known here as petty crows and do much damage. They soon left for better foraging.

This isle is distinguished for quail. They come about the first of September in great flocks. Already some of the pioneers have heralded their approach. From the hills opposite our villa shots are heard in the morning. When the season is full it is dangerous to be about the woods, the shots

are so numerous. These birds are migrating from the grain plateaus of Russia to the balmy fields of Egypt. Their resort here reminds me of the wild pigeons in the West in Ohio in my old district in Licking county, where for years they were wont to come and roost as regularly as the seasons came. They made the air black. They covered trees and fences with their multitudes. The quail here are not so numerous; but they fill the shrubbery. Some of the rich folk of the isle are buying up preserves to limit their destruction. After a few weeks' rest, during which they are massacred by the thousands—even by boys with sticks—the survivors take flight over the sea to San Stefano, or the shores of the Hellespont, *en route* for "winter sunbeams." Antigone rises sheer 500 feet. Her sides are full of caves. What are those white flowery specks mingled with the rock and greenery? We soon ascertain, for have we not discovered and aroused the gulls and cormorants that here nestle? They come out of their nooks by the thousand and keep up such a clamor that it seems like the angry protest of a bird mob against the invasion of their haunts by our launch. These are the birds which make Marmora and the Bosphorus so full of life, even when the hot air silences all other noise and motion. They are never disturbed or killed by the inhabitants. They have a monopoly of the isle. They are gentle as

all inhabitants of the isle—which is named after the heroine of Sophocles—should be. The tameness of the birds is not limited to the Island of Prinkipo. All through the mosques and groves and walls and gardens of the old city of Stamboul you hear a universal twitter and the fluttering of wings, which indicate the life of the birds. The sparrows fly in and out of the houses. The swallows, which seem partial to my presence, fix their nests in every convenient arch in and out of the bazaars. The pigeons are maintained by many and have

a mosque of their own named after them. The gulls rival in number the turtle doves, the one having dominion of the air, and the other of the woods and cemeteries. The halcyons fly in long ranks up and down the Bosphorus, as if restlessly intent on some very earnest business; while the grave and dignified stork sits upon the towers of Anatolia and Roumelia and upon the cupolas of the grand mausoleum. The Turk never harms these birds. Every bird has a little office of trust which it executes for this wild, reckless and sanguinary Turk.

*Samuel S. Cox, in "The Isles of the Princess."*

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#### BIRD LEGENDS.

IN Norway, the woodpecker is called "Gertrude's bird," from the following legend: "One day our Lord was walking with St. Peter, when they fell in with a woman named Gertrude, who wore a red cap and was busy baking. Our Lord, being tired and hungry, begged for a piece of cake. Accordingly, the woman took a little dough and set it in the oven, but it rose up so high that it filled the whole pan. Then she thought the cake was too large for an alms, and taking less dough, she recommenced baking. Again the cake rose up to its former dimensions, and was again refused to the weary wayfarers. When the same thing happened at the third attempt, Gertrude said: 'Ye must e'en go your ways without alms, for all my cakes are too large for beggars.' Thereupon, our Lord replied: 'As thou wilt give me naught, thou shalt be punished by being changed into a little bird, thou shalt seek thy scanty food in the bark of trees, and thou shalt only drink when it rains.'"

Scarcely had these words been spoken, when the woman was transformed into the "Gertrude's bird," and flew out by the chimney. Up to the present day she wears

her red cap, but the rest of her body is black from the soot of the chimney. She is always pecking the bark of the trees and screaming for rainy weather, because she is always tormented by perpetual thirst.

The turtle dove is a sacred bird. Swabian peasants call it "God's bird," and say that the house where doves are kept cannot be struck by lightning. If there is a sick person in the house, the turtle dove grieves and will not coo. Sometimes it mourns for years over a death. People who suffer from erysipelas generally keep doves, declaring that they draw the illness to themselves, and as a proof of this the bird's feet become scarlet.

The quail has the gift of prophecy. In some parts of Tyrol the number of his calls is believed to denote the price of corn, each call signifying a gulden. In other parts, if he calls six times, the year will be a bad one; if eight times, it will be tolerably prosperous; but should he call ten times, or beyond that number, everything will flourish.

Sparrows, on the contrary, have no special virtues, and whoever eats them will have St. Vitus's dance.

# THE AUDUBON NOTE BOOK.

## AUDUBON SOCIETY.

THE total registered membership of the Society on October 31 was 48,046, showing an increase of 205 during the month, drawn from the following sources:

New York.....	72	Ohio.....	17
Maine.....	18	Indiana.....	1
Vermont.....	22	New Jersey.....	4
Connecticut.....	22	Maryland.....	2
New Hampshire.....	11	North Carolina.....	2
Massachusetts.....	10	Florida.....	2
Pennsylvania.....	20	Canada.....	2
			205

C. F. AMERY, General Secretary.

## AUDUBON MONUMENT.

THE following subscriptions on behalf of the Audubon Monument have been received in this office since last acknowledgment. Other contributions from members of the Society have, we believe, been sent direct to the Central Committee, but the contemplated fall meeting has not yet been held:

Edmund Rodman, New Bedford, Mass.....	\$1 00
Miss M. J. Coburn, Providence, R. I.....	20
Miss Mary Bartol, Manchester, Mass.....	5 00
Miss Bartol's friend.....	1 00
D. B. Williams, Irvington, N. Y.....	25
Lucy Williams, Irvington, N. Y.....	25
J. A. Williams, Irvington, N. Y.....	25
L. A. Edwards, Irvington, N. Y.....	25
Charlie Edwards, Irvington, N. Y.....	25
Harry Edwards, Irvington, N. Y.....	25
Margaret Edwards, Irvington, N. Y.....	25
Bessie Edwards, Irvington, N. Y.....	25
	\$9 20

## "CHARLEY'S WONDERFUL JOURNEYS."

THESE stories have been so cordially appreciated and have drawn forth such flattering comments from the readers of the AUDUBON MAGAZINE, that the author and publishers have been encouraged to reproduce them in book form. The book, which will be ready for issue in a few days, is a handsome imperial octavo volume of 116 pages, thick paper and large print. It contains some hitherto unpublished journeys, with a description of Charley's home in a wild romantic valley in Northern Maine; and in addition to the admirable illustrations by the elder Bellew, now deceased, and Bennett, it has been liberally embellished with drawings by Frank Bellew (Chip) and Miss Etheldred Breeze Barry. Indeed no pains have been spared to render it a charming Christmas gift book. Forest & Stream Publishing Co. Price, \$1.50.

## "BIRD PORTRAITS"

SOME NATIVE BIRDS FOR LITTLE FOLKS. By DR. W. VAN FLEET. Illustrated by Howard H. Darnell. Forest & Stream Publishing Co. Price, \$3.00.

This is the title of a tastefully got up imperial octavo volume, beautifully illustrated by photogravure portraits of the birds described, making it a pretty and most attractive book for the holiday season. Nor is the reading matter less attractive. The large clear type on thick paper makes the reading look so delightfully easy that the smallest children, knowing their letters, will confidently attempt to spell it out. The birds, too, are among the most familiar to American children, the list comprising the Robin, Chickadee, Kingfisher, Great Horned Owl, Bobolink, Blue Jay, Woodcock, Nuthatches, Meadow Lark, Ruffed Grouse, Cedar Bird, Kildeer Plover, Summer Duck and Crossbill. The descriptions are written in an entertaining style, rendering it a very pleasant task for children to familiarize themselves with the ways and habits of the birds so charmingly portrayed.

One of the prettiest and most instructive books for the holiday season.—*The Evening Post*.

A picture gallery and history of birds in one volume.—*Sandusky Register*.

## TO THE YOUNG MEMBERS OF THE AUDUBON SOCIETY.

Dear Children:

Do you know that you are living in a particularly good and interesting period of the world's history? Especially is it true that goodness is made so attractive and easy nowadays, that we are every day more readily ashamed of any cruel deed; yet thoughtless habits are still common and there is a great deal of unconscious destruction at work on our grand old earth which it is a pity to think of, and which will surely cease when all mankind shall have learned to see clearly and to think rightly.

Let us bless the Audubon Society for showing us what sad havoc we are making with the beautiful and useful gifts of the Creator, and prove our gratitude to it by taking its principles to our hearts and standing loyally to our colors, striving at the same time to bring others to a knowledge of the truth.

How I wish there had been some such society when I was young! Now I am middle-aged and find myself blushing with shame to think I ever bought a dead bird and thought my hat becoming with one on it!

But at that time we were so used to seeing rows of birds in the milliners' show cases that we looked upon them almost as manufactured articles—like ribbons and velvets, and did not realize that these birds had to be murdered before they could arrive at the dignity of becoming millinery. We city people know but little of birds, our varieties being so limited, and we imagine that those living in freer spaces, where birds abound, must love them devotedly; but it is not always so, for only last summer, when I spoke admiringly to a farmer of the lovely birds to be seen in numbers on every part of his farm, I was surprised to find that he had never noticed them particularly, knew nothing of the varieties, and marvelled at my enthusiasm.

Then I remembered Whittier's lines:

“Unto him who stands afar,  
Nature's marvels greatest are!”

—yet this is not always the case either, for the people in that vicinity value their birds highly and have made strict laws to insure their safety.

Flying around this farm where I spent the summer were robin-redbreasts, bluebirds, swallows, little brown birds who made their nests in the wheat low down on the ground, bright yellow birds and woodpeckers. These last are beautiful and interesting; the general effect of their coloring is a steel-gray, but on examination we find that some of their tiny feathers are black, some white, and many a soft mouse-color, all blending to make a harmonious whole—a sort of half mourning little creature. But though he wears the mourning livery, he does not devote himself to idle grieving, for he is very active in his particular line of business, which is to hunt and capture the insects hiding in the cracks of the tree-bark; in this search he runs very rapidly around and around the trunk of a tree, beginning at the root and working his way up, or starting above and going down, winking and blinking, pecking and picking so fast that one cannot believe a grub could escape. He is so eager and so bright and twitches and twirls at such a rate, that if you watch one a little while you will find yourself ready to laugh and will feel like asking him if he couldn't be a little more moderate, or if he never had anything to eat before.

Every one knows the graceful dip of the swallow in its happy excursions toward cloudland; could one ever tire of watching him execute his curves and angles of a joyous freedom? It was many years since I had been on a farm, so I was fresh to enjoy its delights. Often I went with the children to the field when the mowing was in progress, where we would stay for hours, lying in the hay-wagon or sit-

ting on heaps of new mown hay, and then the dear birds always came and entertained us.

Of course we sat very still so that they would hop around on the ground close to us, picking up grains and seeds or catching the worms brought into view by the mowing.

Familiarly and happily they worked and played together, the robin and the ground bird, the bluebird and the yellow.

Splendid fellow this last, with black tail and wing tips, and black on his pretty head.

What pleased us most of all was to see several of them at a time perched on the broad part of a rake as it stood upright, the handle planted in the ground. There they would gather, such pretty contrasts, hopping and twittering, balancing airily, sometimes reverently still for a moment, looking quite contemplative, as if dimly aware of subtle surrounding mysteries; now and then breaking forth into a lovely burst of song and at last flying away happily or pouncing down on some savory grub, who didn't know enough to keep out of sight.

All this time the swallows—who are not given to perching—darting out of their nests under the eaves of the barn, circled and soared, dipped and swayed, now close above our heads and then far off in the heavenly sky, doing so perfectly that which they were made to do, while quite unconscious of the vital charm their presence added to this soothing pastoral scene.

All summer long I watched these lovely creatures with an interest such as I had never felt before, and when the Audubon Society was brought to my notice soon after my return to city life I felt that I had had a special preparation for its work—the seed fell on plowed ground.

There is one thought, dear children, I want to leave with you; if you will understand it, it will help to make you reverent.

It is this: that every bird is “an expression of a thought of God.”

You have a thought in your mind and speak it, then it is a word or a sentence. God makes his thoughts into forms and they are his words and sentences. He thinks of grace in motion and makes a swallow; He thinks of sweet music on the summer air and makes a robin and a thrush; He thinks out a yellowbird and a bluebird for contrast and puts them before our eyes to show us how He loves beauty of form and color, leading us to believe He loves, therefore, beauty of heart and life.

These all tell His thoughts to us, and the more reverently we study them the more our minds will open toward heaven, and the light of His knowledge shall fall upon us as dew upon the flowers at night.

S. H. B.

## EMINENT PEOPLE ON BIRD PROTECTION.

OAK KNOLL, Danvers, Mass., }  
2nd mo., 20, 1886. }

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

I heartily approve of the proposed AUDUBON SOCIETY. We are in a way to destroy both our forests and our birds. A society for the preservation of the latter has long been needed, and I hope it is not too late for the accomplishment of its objects.

I could almost wish that the shooters of the birds, the taxidermists who prepare their skins, and the fashionable wearers of their feathers might share the penalty which was visited upon the Ancient Mariner who shot the Albatross. Thy friend,

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Feb. 20, 1886.

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

I am heartily in sympathy with your purposes for the protection of birds, and should be glad to contribute any influence that I can to that end.

If there were no purchasers there would be no demand, and no reason for slaughtering these winged gems. But as only women create a demand, it rests upon them to stay this wanton destruction. I am sure that it is only necessary to bring before American women the cruelty of this "slaughter of the innocents" that fashion is carrying on, to secure a renunciation of this ornament and the salvation of birds.

On this subject the kind feelings, the taste, and æsthetic sympathy of the whole community are on your side, and if you persevere you will surely win.

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

CORNWALL-ON-HUDSON, N. Y., }  
Feb. 22, 1886. }

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

You have indeed my hearty sympathy in every effort to prevent the slaughter of my innocent little neighbors and friends, the birds. In the destruction of forests and birds, the people of this land are inviting very great evils and inflicting wrongs on posterity which scarcely can be measured. The press should render it impossible for women to sin thoughtlessly and ignorantly in demanding little birds for their adornment. The evil should be brought home so fully to the knowledge of all, that the continued wearing of our useful little birds should become the badge and indication of a callous, vulgar nature. You are doing a humane and patriotic work in exciting public aversion to one of the most cruel and stupid wrongs of the age.

Respectfully yours,

EDWARD P. ROE.

WEST PARK, N. Y., Feb. 20, 1886.

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

I scarcely need assure you that your undertaking to form a society for the protection of our wild birds against the ravages of the milliners and the sham scientific collectors has my warmest sympathy and approval. It is a barbarous taste which prompts our women and girls to appear upon the street with their head gear adorned with the scalps of our songsters; and it is mere vanity and affectation which prompts so many persons to make up cabinets of the nests and eggs of the same. The destruction of our birds from their natural enemies is immense, and this craze of the collectors, and folly of the milliners and their customers in addition, threatens their serious diminution.

I hope you may succeed in creating so strong a public sentiment upon the subject that the collectors of skins and eggs for the unworthy purposes of fashion or to indulge the vanity of pseudo-naturalists may suddenly find their occupation gone.

Please add my name to the list of the members of the AUDUBON SOCIETY. Very sincerely,

JOHN BURROUGHS.

160 W. 59TH STREET, }  
NEW YORK, Feb. 20, 1886. }

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

No one who will take the trouble to give the matter a few moments' serious consideration can be in doubt, I think, as to the wisdom of organizing the AUDUBON SOCIETY, and I am thankful that such a step is contemplated. There is an element of savagery in the use of birds for personal decoration, which is in grotesque contrast with our boasts of civilization. But even the savage stops short, as a rule, with the feathers. It is only Christian people who think it worth while to butcher a whole bird to adorn their head gear. I am sure, however, that this is largely from that unreflecting habit which is a leading vice in people who follow the fashions. But it is a vice; as Hood sang, when he wrote—

For evil is wrought  
By want of thought  
As well as by want of heart.

If the AUDUBON SOCIETY can teach men, and especially women, to think on this subject, half of the battle will have been won. HENRY C. POTTER.

ANDOVER, Mass., Feb. 21, 1886.

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

I am in earnest and indignant sympathy with the motive of any society organized to prevent the murder of birds for decorative purposes.

E. S. PHELPS.



# The Audubon Society.

## THE AUDUBON SOCIETY FOR THE PROTECTION OF BIRDS.

THE AUDUBON SOCIETY was founded in New York city in February, 1886. Its purpose is the protection of American birds, not used for food, from destruction for mercantile purposes. The magnitude of the evil with which the Society will cope, and the imperative need of the work which it proposes to accomplish, are outlined in the following statement concerning

### THE DESTRUCTION OF BIRDS.

Within the last few years, the destruction of our birds has increased at a rate which is alarming. This destruction now takes place on such a large scale as to seriously threaten the existence of a number of our most useful species. It is carried on chiefly by men and boys who sell the skins or plumage to be used for ornamental purposes—principally for the trimming of women's hats, bonnets and clothing. These men kill everything that wears feathers. The birds of the woods, the birds of the field, the birds of the marsh and those of the sea are alike slain, at all times and at all seasons. It matters not if the bird be a useful one which devours the hurtful insects which destroy the farmer's crops, or a bright-plumaged songster whose advent has been welcomed in spring, and which has reared its brood in the door yard during the summer, or a swift-winged sea swallow whose flight along the shore has often with unerring certainty led the fisherman to his finny prey—whatever it be, it must be sacrificed to the bird butcher's lust for slaughter and for gain. Besides the actual destruction of the birds, their numbers are still further diminished by the practice of robbing their nests in the breeding season.

Although it is impossible to get at the number of birds killed each year, some figures have been published which give an idea of what the slaughter must be. We know that a single local taxidermist handles 30,000 bird skins in one year; that a single collector brought back from a three months trip 11,000 skins; that from one small district on Long Island about 70,000 birds were brought to New York in four months time. In New York one firm had on hand February 1, 1886, 200,000 skins. The supply is not limited by domestic consumption. American bird skins are sent abroad. The great European markets draw their supplies from all over the world. In London there were sold in three months from one auction room, 404,464 West Indian and Brazilian bird skins, and 356,389 East Indian birds. In Paris 100,000 African birds have been sold by one dealer in one year. One New York firm recently had a contract to supply 40,000 skins of American birds to one Paris firm. These figures tell their own story—but it is a story which might be known even without them; we may read it plainly enough in the silent hedges, once vocal with the morning songs of birds, and in the deserted fields where once bright plumage flashed in the sunlight.

### BIRDS, INSECTS AND CROPS.

The food of our small birds consists very largely of the insects which feed on the plants grown by the farmer. These insects multiply with such astounding rapidity that a single pair may in the course of one season be the progenitors of six billions of their kind. All through the season at which this insect life is most active, the birds are constantly at work destroying for their young and for themselves, tens of thousands of hurtful creatures, which, but for them, would swarm upon the farmer's crops and lessen the results of his labors.

A painstaking and ardent naturalist not very long ago watched the nest of a pair of martins for sixteen hours, from 4 A. M. till 8 P. M., just to see how many visits the parent birds made to their young. He found that in that time 312 visits to the four young were made, 129 by the male and 193 by the female. If we suppose only six insects to have been brought at each visit, this pair of birds would have destroyed, for their young alone, in this one summer's day, not far from 2,000 insects. The important relations which our birds bear to the agricultural interests and so to the general welfare, are recognized by the governments of all our States. Laws exist for their protection, but these laws are rendered inoperative by the lack of an intelligent public sentiment to support them. They are nowhere enforced. It is for the interest of every one that such a public sentiment should be created.

It is time that this destruction were stopped.

### PURPOSE OF THE AUDUBON SOCIETY.

To secure the protection of our birds by awakening a better sentiment, the Audubon Society, named after the greatest of American ornithologists, has been founded. The objects sought to be accomplished by this Society are to prevent as far as possible—

- (1) The killing of any wild bird not used for food.
- (2) The taking or destroying of the eggs or nests of any wild birds.
- (3) The wearing of the feathers of wild birds. Ostrich feathers, whether from wild or tame birds, and those of domestic fowls, are specially exempted.

The Audubon Society aims especially to preserve those

birds which are now practically without protection. Our game birds are already protected by law, and in large measure by public sentiment, and their care may be left to the sportsman. The great aim of the Society is the protection of American non-game birds. The English sparrow is not included in our lists.

### PLAN OF THE WORK.

Obviously the Society cannot supply any machinery of compulsion to lead individuals and communities to a higher regard for bird life and to efforts for its protection. Nor are compulsory measures thought necessary. The wrong is tolerated now only because of thoughtlessness and indifference. The birds are killed for millinery purposes. So long as fashion demands bird feathers, the birds will be slaughtered. The remedy is to be found in the awakening of a healthy public sentiment on the subject. If this enormous destruction of birds can once be put in its true light before the eyes of men and women and young folks, if interest be aroused and sentiment created, the great wrong must cease. To so present the case to the people as to awaken this corrective sentiment is the special work contemplated by the Audubon Society. The methods adopted are very simple. Pledges are furnished, subscription to which constitutes membership, and certificates are issued to members.

### TERMS OF MEMBERSHIP.

The signing of any of the pledges will qualify one for membership in the Society. It is earnestly desired that each member may sign all three of the pledges. Beyond the promise contained in the pledge no obligation nor responsibility is incurred. There are no fees, nor dues, nor any expenses of any kind. There are no conditions as to age. The boys and girls are invited to take part in the work, for they can often do more than others to practically protect the nesting birds. All who are interested in the subject are invited to become members, and to urge their friends to join the Society. If each man, woman or child who reads this circular will exert his or her influence, it will not take long to enlist in the good work a great number of people actively concerned in the protection of our birds. It is desired that members may be enrolled in every town and village throughout the land, so that by the moral weight of its influence this Society may check the slaughter of our beautiful songsters. The beneficent influence of the Audubon Society should be exerted in every remotest by-way where the songs of birds fill the air, and in every crowded city where the plumes of slain songsters are worn as an article of dress.

### ASSOCIATE MEMBERS.

As there are a very great number of people in full sympathy with the Audubon movement, and ready to lend it their moral support, but who refrain from joining the Society simply because they find it distasteful to sign a pledge, it has been determined to form a class of Associate Members. Any one expressing his or her sympathy with the objects of the Audubon Society and submitting a written request for membership to any local secretary, will be enrolled on the list of Associate Members. All such applications for membership received by local secretaries of the Society should be forwarded to the General Secretary for registration.

### LOCAL SECRETARIES.

The Society has local secretaries in cities, towns and villages. The local secretary will furnish this circular of information and pledge forms; will receive the signed pledges, keep a list of the members, forward a duplicate list with the pledges for enrollment and file at the Society's office; and will receive in return certificates of membership, to be filled out and signed by the local secretary and given to the members. No certificate of membership will be issued to any person except upon the receipt of a signed pledge at the office of the Society. Where no local secretary has yet been appointed, individual applicants for membership may address the Society at its office, No. 318 Broadway, New York.

If there is no local secretary in your town, you are invited to act as such yourself, or to hand this to some other person who will accept the office. Upon application we will supply copies of this circular and pledge forms.

### THE AUDUBON SOCIETY CERTIFICATE.

The Society furnishes to each member a handsome certificate of membership. This bears a portrait of the great naturalist, John James Audubon, after whom the Society very appropriately takes its name.

The office of the Society is at 318 Broadway, New York city. All communications should be addressed

### THE AUDUBON SOCIETY,

No. 318 Broadway, New York.



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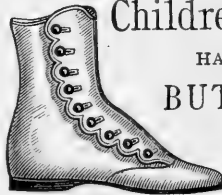
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THE HERMIT THRUSH.

( *Turdus aonalaschke pathasii* (CAR.) )

# THE AUDUBON MAGAZINE.

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NO. 12.

## THE HERMIT THRUSH.

ONE of our most abundant birds during the seasons of migration, and only at those times, is the Hermit Thrush. It comes to us in New York and New England every spring during the month of April, lingers for perhaps a month, and in May takes its flight for its summer home, leaving us as unobtrusively as it came. But when the harvest has been gathered and the barns are full, when the ripened leaves are turning golden and red and brown, and the shorn stubble lies yellow in the slanting sunshine, when the nights have become cool and sometimes in the early morning the grass of the meadows sparkles with white hoar frost, then the Hermit Thrush is seen again hopping silently about at the edge of the wood or taking short flights from bush to bush along the hedgerows. In the autumn this bird stays with us longer than in spring, and sometimes lingers into December, but it is in October that they are most abundant in our woods. The southern migration is performed slowly in loitering fashion, the birds seeming to move singly and never gathering in flocks.

The Hermit Thrush is a shy, solitary bird, fond of the deep woods and usually shunning the fields and open spots. Curiously enough, both Wilson and Audubon considered this species as almost voiceless. Wilson supposed it mute, and Audubon speaks only of its single plaintive note, while as a matter of fact it is one of our

sweetest songsters. Nuttall, however, alludes to it as scarcely inferior to the nightingale in its powers of song, and says that it "greatly exceeds the wood thrush in the melody and sweetness of its lays." Its song has indeed been commented on by all later writers. As remarked by Dr. Coues, however, "it may be questioned whether a comparison unfavorable to the wood thrush is a perfectly just discrimination. The weird associations of the spot where the Hermit triumphs, the mystery inseparable from the voice of an unseen musician, conspire to heighten the effect of the sweet, silvery, bell-like notes, which beginning soft, low, and tinkling, rise higher and higher, to end abruptly with a clear, ringing intonation. It is the reverse of the lay of the wood thrush, which swells at once into powerful and sustained effort, then gradually dies away, as though the bird were receding from us; for the song of the Hermit first steals upon us from afar, then seems to draw nearer, as if the timid recluse were weary of solitude, and craved recognition of its conscious power to please. Yet it is but a momentary indecision; true to a vow of seclusion the anchorite is gone again to its inviolate grotto in the fastnesses of the swamp, where a world of melody is wasted in its pathetic song of life."

Most of the Hermit Thrushes pass the winter in the Southern States, and indeed it is not certain that this bird goes south of

the United States during its winter migration. At all events we know that great numbers of them spend the cold months in the swamps of Florida, Louisiana and Mississippi. Its summer home is to the northward. A few, perhaps, rear their young in northern Massachusetts, but most of them proceed still further north, and find a congenial resting place in the dark and lonely forests which clothe the almost uninhabited region between the River St. Lawrence and Hudson's Bay.

The nest of the Hermit Thrush is built on or near the ground, and all the earlier descriptions of it are at fault. Wilson, Audubon and Nuttall all speak of it as being placed in the branches of a tree at some distance from the ground, and in a latitude far south of where it is now known to breed. There can be little doubt that they mistook the nests of a closely allied species, the olive-backed thrush, for those of the Hermit Thrush. Dr. Coues's description of the nest is as follows:

"The manner in which the nest of the Hermit Thrush is built, its situation, and the eggs, are all so similar to the Veery's [or Wilson's thrush] that one must detect the shy parents themselves before being sure which has been found. The nest is built on the ground or near it, generally in some low secluded spot; no mud is used in its composition, the whole fabric being a rather rude and inartistic matting of withered leaves, weed stalks, bark strips, and grasses, the coarser and stiffer substances outside, the finer fibres within. The cup is small in comparison with the whole size, owing to the thickness of the walls and of the base. The eggs are like those of the robin or wood thrush, in their uniform greenish blue color, but smaller, measuring about nine-tenths of an inch in length by five-eighths in breadth; being thus not distinguishable from those of the Veery."

The food of the Hermit Thrush consists for the most part of insects, though in the

autumn they feed to some extent on berries as do most of the thrushes. A good portion of its time is spent on the ground, where it hops about in search of its food among the dead leaves and twigs, flying when disturbed into the low branches of the trees or bushes, uttering a plaintive note of alarm.

The true Hermit Thrush is confined to Eastern North America, but two near relatives of this species are found on the West. One of these, the Dwarf Hermit Thrush, occurs chiefly along the Pacific Coast, from Alaska to Lower California; the other, Audubon's Hermit Thrush, inhabits the Rocky Mountain Region. Both of these races resemble closely the Hermit Thrush and can only be distinguished from it by an ornithologist, but besides some trifling differences in color the Dwarf is slightly smaller and Audubon's a little larger than the Eastern bird. The habits of all of these birds are essentially the same and one account will do for all of them.

The illustration is reproduced from Audubon's plate of this species and represents two of these birds on the branches of a bush called "robin wood," on the berries of which these birds and many others feed in autumn.

The Hermit Thrush in general appearance is closely like the familiar wood thrush, but is much smaller, and the color of the upper parts is a dull olive brown very different from the bright rufous tint of the feathers of that bird. Its length is seven inches, and across its extended wings it measures ten and one-half. Above it is deep olive brown in color, below dull white, the neck and breast spotted with dark brown. The secondary wing coverts are marked with concealed spots of yellow. The bill is blackish brown above and yellowish below. The iris is dark brown and the feet and legs white. The female is a little larger and a little darker than the male.

ALEXANDER WILSON.

VIII.

**D**URING the next two or three years Wilson resided principally at Philadelphia, writing and superintending the bringing out of his work, varying these sedentary occupations with extensive excursions into the neighboring country. The coloring of the plates gave him a great deal of trouble, this branch of the art being but little understood in this country, and, in his desire to make his illustrations as true to nature as possible, he endeavored to master its difficulties, and with fair success, for his biographer tells us that he wrought at this department himself.

In 1812 Wilson set out on an expedition into the Eastern States, ostensibly for the purpose of visiting his subscribers and settling accounts with his agents, but from a short letter written to Mr. George Ord, giving an account of his excursion, it is evident that if he attended to his business as author, he managed to mingle with his business the pleasures of his pursuits as a naturalist. As this letter is the last of the series from which his biography was compiled, and of no great length, we give it in full.

“BOSTON, October 13, 1812.

“*To Mr. George Ord:*

“DEAR SIR: It is not in my power at present to give you anything more than a slight sketch of my ramble since leaving Philadelphia. My route up the Hudson afforded great pleasure mingled with frequent regret that you were not along with me to share the enjoyment. About thirty miles south of Albany we passed within ten miles of the celebrated Catskil Mountains, a gigantic group clothed with forest to the summits. In the river here I found our common reed (*Tizania aquatica*) growing in great abundance in shoals extending across the middle of the river. I saw flocks

of redwings and some black ducks, but no rail or reed birds. From this place my journey led me over a rugged mountainous country to Lake Champlain, along which I coasted as far as Burlington in Vermont. Here I found the little coot-footed tringa or phalarope that you sent to Mr. Peale; a new and elegantly marked hawk; and observed some black ducks. The shores are alternate sandy bays and rocky headlands running into the lake. Every tavern was crowded with officers, soldiers and travelers. Eight of us were left without a bed; but having an excellent great coat I laid myself down in a corner with a determination of sleeping in defiance of the uproar of the house and the rage of my companions who would not disgrace themselves by a prostration of this sort. From Lake Champlain I traversed a rude mountainous region to Connecticut River, a hundred miles above Dartmouth College. I spent several days with the gun in Grafton and Ryegate townships, and made some discoveries. From this I coasted along the Connecticut to a place called Haverhill, ten miles from the foot of Moose hill, one of the highest of the White Mountains of New Hampshire. I spent the greater part of a day in ascending to the peak of one of these majestic mountains; whence I had the most sublime and astonishing view that was ever afforded me. The immensity of forest lay below, extending on all sides to the furthest verge of the horizon; while the only prominent objects were the columns of smoke from burning woods that rose from various parts of the earth beneath to the heavens; for the day was beautiful and serene. Hence I traveled to Dartmouth and thence in a direct course to Boston. From Boston I passed through Portsmouth to Portland and got some

things new. My return was by a different route. I have procured three new and beautiful hawks; and have gleaned up a stock of materials that will be useful to me hereafter.

"I hope, my dear sir, that you have been well since I left you. I have myself been several times afflicted with a violent palpitation of the heart, and want to try whether a short voyage by sea will be beneficial or not.

"In New England the rage of war, the virulence of politics, and the pursuit of commercial speculations engross every faculty. The voice of science and the charms of nature, unless these last present themselves in prize sugars, coffee or rum, are treated with contempt."

There are few additional records of the short remaining term of Wilson's life. The seventh part of the "Ornithology" was far advanced and soon after its publication Wilson set out accompanied by Mr. Ord on an expedition to Egg Harbor to procure materials for the eighth volume which would principally have contained the marine waterfowl. This was his last expedition and occupied nearly four months. On returning to Philadelphia the anxiety to perfect the forthcoming volume, which he thought would bring his labors nearly to a conclusion, and show him the end of a work to which he looked for the achievement of a lasting reputation, brought on an attack of his old complaints, which had gradually become more frequent when his mind or body was harassed or agitated for the accomplishment of any favorite project. His last illness is said to have been caused by a cold contracted during a long chase after some much desired bird, in the course of which and when much overheated he swam several rivers and small creeks; the immediate cause of his death was dysentery to which he had acquired a chronic tendency by previous exposure, and to this last and fatal attack he succumbed after an

illness of ten days at the early age of forty-seven years, leaving the task he had allotted himself in some measure incomplete, but not before he had fairly earned the reputation for which he had so ardently craved. As a poet he still enjoys a local reputation in his birthplace, but his claim to our recognition rests on his labors as an ornithologist. He is the pioneer ornithologist of the United States, a man who traveled far, observed carefully, and scrupulously refrained from making any statements which were not of his knowledge, thus establishing a knowledge of the birds of America upon a sound foundation which became the starting point for future observers.

C. W. Webber closes his resume of Wilson's career with the following critical remarks:

"We will not add to the gloom which followed the illustrious life of poor Wilson to his grave by any officious comments upon the tenor of this short narrative. I will add, though, that it should be remembered, in forming any judgment of that strange moody man, that he had bitter woes enough to contend with, not only in his friendless early days, but in the harsh isolation of his weary wanderings and unappreciated after-life, to have grown a gall beneath an angel's wing.

"Withal, the bursts of sunshine and exultation which shone through his eloquent writings often show that his inner self had fed healthfully sometimes upon the pure and peaceful teaching of his gentle pursuits. He was a man whose profound genius, darkened by misfortune, was sombrely illuminated by a noble enthusiasm. He, too, may be accepted as a hunter-naturalist, but not as first among them all. To J. J. Audubon, undoubtedly, that high place belongs, though this has been disputed by many, and even Christopher North has been found to assert them as 'equals.'

"When the noble work of Wilson, the



unknown Scotchman, began to make its appearance, ornithology among us was in its infancy, and the freshness of his hardy original genius was promptly recognized and keenly relished abroad, in contrast with the stale, unprofitable treatment of the predominant schools of the technicists. It was at once perceived how much the attractiveness of his object was heightened by the circumstances of his personal intimacy and association with the creatures described in many of the conditions of natural freedom. His fine descriptions had the flavor of the wilderness about them. His birds were living things, and led out the heart in yearning through the scenes of a primeval earth to recognize them in their own wild homes, singing to the solitude from some chosen spray, or plying with careless grace, on busy wing, their curious sports and labors."

\* \* \*

"While the biographies of Wilson were full of natural spirit, of grace and power, greatly beyond all his predecessors, yet those of Audubon are far more minute and carefully detailed, introducing us, one after

another, to a more intimate fellowship with each individual of the wide family of his love, through every piquant and distinctive trait of gesture, air, and movement, characterizing all the phases of their nature—without the faults of generalization, and too much credence to hearsay, or a gloomy and unphilosophic spirit, since the mild and loving geniality of childhood breathes through every line."

But in instituting a comparison between the result of the labors of Alexander Wilson and those of his great contemporary John James Audubon, it should always be borne in mind that the latter were the fruits of a long life time, while Wilson's labors were concentrated into the little space of seven years.

His private life was irreproachable, his character estimable, and many of those with whom his literary labors brought him in contact became warmly attached friends.

He was buried in the burial ground of the old Swedes Church at Philadelphia, and the account of a recent visit to his grave by Mrs. Helen V. Austin in this present number will be read with interest.

---

## OUR WINTER BIRDS

IN THE VICINITY OF DUNSTABLE, MIDDLESEX CO., MASS.

HOW many birds have we got in winter? I do not know of any! say some. I never saw but two or three birds, say others, that perhaps have lived in the country all their lives.

But here is a boy that says: "I know, there's the jay bird and chickadee, sometimes crows, and one winter I saw an owl." That's right, my boy, now just keep your eyes and ears open, and soon you may get sight of a number of other varieties. On cloudy or stormy days you may especially look out for owls. You may see one on a tree by a meadow or perhaps you see one flying, with a flight similar to the hawks,

only the period of sailing is much smaller. Although thirteen species of owls are given by Prof. W. A. Stearns as occurring in New England, but few observers would be likely to be fortunate enough to observe much more than one-half that number, alive, in a lifetime.

Whenever we are in the vicinity of woods or meadows, even near villages, the watchful eye may get a glimpse of a great horned owl (*Bubo virginianus*) also called "bat owl," "hoot owl," or "hooter." This bird may be known by its large size and dark color. On rare occasions we may possibly see the snowy owl (*Nyctea scandiaca*) or

the still more rare great gray owl (*Strix cinerea*). Both these are of very large size and light color.

Sometimes we may also get sight of the barred owl or smooth head (*Strix nebulosa*). This species is a little smaller than the great horned and can be distinguished if near, by the absence of ear tufts and a much more ashy shade than the great horned. A specimen of the screech owl (*Scops asio*) may possibly be found in some barn loft, outhouse or hollow tree. This little owl is very similar to the great horned except in size, being only about nine inches long. A peculiarity of this species is their two styles of dress, the red and gray plumage. Why this freak of coloration (without apparent relation to sex, age or season) I do not think has been fully explained.

We may also look for the longear owl (*Asio wilsonianus*), the shortear owl (*Asio accipitrinus*) and the little saw whet owl (*Nyctala acadica*), the latter being smaller than the screecher, and resembling the barred in form and color.

As this family are all nocturnal in their habits, and are trapped extensively, they are not likely to be observed very frequently.

The bluejay (*Cyanocitta cristata*) and black-capped chickadee (*Parus atricapillus*) are probably our best known, as well as our most common winter birds.

Perhaps the tree sparrow (*Spizella monticola*) is our next most common bird, as it is often seen in this section in quite large flocks. This bird resembles our chipping sparrow, or hair bird of summer, very much, but is a larger and stouter bird.

The quail or Bob-White (*Ortyx virginiana*) and partridge, or ruffed grouse (*Bonasa umbella*), may often be seen quite near buildings, or by the roadside, as we drive by. A bird of the latter species flew against the side of our house, a few years ago, with sufficient force to kill it. At a neighbor's one flew through a glass window into their

pantry, and made sad havoc among the dishes, etc.

A few specimens of the crow (*Corvus frugivorus*) usually remain with us all winter in certain localities. The great northern shrike or butcher bird (*Lanius borealis*) visits us occasionally, from the north. This bird is a little less in size than our common jay, has a smooth head and toothed bill, is of a slaty gray color, with black (or dark) wings, white tipped, and light breast with very fine wavy lines of slate.

The Canada jay (*Perisoreus canadensis*) may occur here rarely. I remember of a specimen being shot some years ago a few miles from here. Size somewhat smaller than common jay, marked similar, with slate in place of blue. Has no crest on head.

We may be on the watch at any time for one of the two varieties of woodpeckers that remain here all winter, the hairy (*Picus villosus*) or the downy (*Picus pubescens*). Or for either of the nuthatches, with their peculiar *quank* note, and their interesting gymnastics about tree trunks.

The white-bellied nuthatch (*Sitta carolinensis*) and red-bellied (*Sitta canadensis*) are sometimes seen through the winter.

The linnets of the finch family, especially the redpoll linnnet (*Aegithus linaria*), and pine linnnet (*Chrysomitris pinus*) are common through the winter. They may be seen frequently on birch trees, feeding on the seeds.

A peculiar, and somewhat common, winter visitor and resident is the red crossbill (*Loxia curvirostra americana*). This bird has a strong hooked bill, the upper mandible crossing over the under. They feed largely on pine seeds.

I will also mention the snow bunting or snowflake (*Plectrophanes nivalis*), which, when seen flying over, looks much like a snowflake in color. Specimens vary much,

but usually have black or dark on back and wings. Size somewhat less than robin redbreast.

As this locality is some distance from the coast, and most of our water is frozen over during the winter, we do not get many visits from the water birds except now and then a few merganser ducks or an occasional grebe.

In a list from memory of birds that we

may expect through the winter, I have thirty-six. Divided as follows: common winter residents twelve, rare residents or common visitors eight, rare or accidental visitors sixteen.

So, although we may be out days, without seeing anything but jays, we can feel assured that there are birds around, and perhaps the next time we will see many species in a short time.

C. W. SWALLOW.

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#### THE GRAVE OF ALEXANDER WILSON.

IT was a breezy day in spring when I set out to visit the grave of Alexander Wilson, a day "when all the world gives promise of something sweet to come." The fragrance of tender grass and swelling buds filled the air. After the city was reached the horse cars conveyed me within a short distance of the sacred spot.

The grave of Wilson is in the burial ground of Gloria Dei, more familiarly known as the old Swedes' church, at Philadelphia. It is in that part of the city which is frequently spoken of as old Philadelphia. Many of the names of the old Swedish settlers are still attached to the locality, Swanson street being one of the old landmarks. The place was called Wiccaco by the Indians, meaning a pleasant place, and this name still lives as marking certain points in the neighborhood. The primitive log church, or "Swedes' House," was also called the Wiccaco Church, and there was originally attached to it twenty-seven acres. The present church was built in 1700. The square black and gray bricks of which it is built were brought from England. The church has passed from the original owners, the Lutherans, and is now owned by the Episcopalians.

The historian tells us that Alexander Wilson desired to be laid at rest where birds amid the trees, might sing over his

grave. It was a pleasant place in days of old, but now, alas! the place is changed. The church yard is surrounded with humanity and traffic. It is true the broad Delaware flows on majestic to the sea, just beyond the church and its precinct; but a street, with a railroad track in the center, over which pass unsightly freight trains, bounds the wall of the grounds, and beyond the street grain elevators and warehouses shut out the river view. There is no hint of the river except the tall masts of ships that tower above the buildings. In old times the church stood on an elevated river bank, but now the street is cut down and the river is pushed back, as it were, by filling in, and instead of the entrance to the grounds being on Swanson street, it is on Oswego street, on its west side. Here is an iron fence, and over the arched gateways the legend "Gloria Dei." A stone walk leads through the silent city of the dead to the church. The quaint old church is of the utmost interest, but we pass it by at this time, and examine the still more quaint tablets that mark the graves of those who were first laid to rest in this historic spot. Many of the inscriptions have been obliterated by time. Passing along the narrow walk between the mounds with their unpretending tablets, it is easy to discern the grave of Wilson. It is marked by an in-

closed white marble tomb, rising about three feet above the ground, without carving except the inscription on the slab, which is as follows:

THIS MONUMENT  
covers the remains of  
ALEXANDER WILSON,  
Author of the  
AMERICAN ORNITHOLOGY.  
He was born in Renfrewshire, Scotland,  
On the 6 July, 1766,  
Emigrated to the United States  
In the year 1794,  
And died in Philadelphia  
On the 23 August, 1813.  
Aged 47.  
*Ingenio stat sine morte decus.*

There are some venerable deciduous trees and a few arbor vitæ growing here, and the place has an air of restful sanctity about it, but there is no deep shade nor tangle of vines nor seclusion; nothing of the rural cemetery aspect which Wilson would have loved, or that would invite the birds to build

their nests and sing above his grave. The European sparrows clustered about the adjoining buildings, uttering their discordant, complaining notes, which was more like a mockery of the wishes of the great ornithologist than silence would have been.

Commerce, merchandise, and the dwellings of the uncultivated and illiterate bound this little cemetery on every side. The old church with its sacred associations and historic record is visited by hundreds annually, and this will always be a remembered spot, never to fall into neglect. But no song birds wake the silence with their sweet minstrelsy above Wilson's grave to-day.

But what matters it? His genius has made the world better. Somewhere his thrushes are singing in woodland and meadow, and the bluebirds will not forget their old haunts. Somewhere "the robin's breast of golden brown is trembling with an ancient tune." Somewhere an oriole is swinging in her nest, and somewhere at sunset the wood larks will say "Good night."

HELEN V. AUSTIN.

#### EVA'S EQUESTRIANISM.

EVA'S home is a modern farmhouse surrounded by orchards and groves of forest trees. Within its doors hospitality and goodwill abound. Eva is a sturdy little maiden of twelve years, a born naturalist, who knows from observation the habits of birds and bees, of crabs and frogs, and of all animals, whether aerial, creeping, aquatic or amphibious, that are to be found within the limits of her father's farm. In her "hunting expeditions," as she calls them, she discovers many thing both interesting and amusing, and the encyclopedia in the library decides for her all vexed questions. She does not disdain the usual occupations of maidens of her age, such as learning lessons, practicing music and "helping mamma," but in addition to these

accomplishments she can construct wonderful cottages of moss; she can catch crabs, searching them out in their homes by the brookside with unerring eye; she can tell you where to find birdnests innumerable, how many eggs are in each, their difference of color and marking, and the habits of the parent birds; the metamorphosis of wrigglers and polliwogs and caterpillars are familiar facts which observation has demonstrated. Snakes have no horrors for her. If she wishes to call upon the neighbors on a dark summer evening (the nearest one being one-eighth of a mile distant) her torch is a branch of the cat-tail willow dipped in kerosene. Indeed the girls who are pent up in crowded cities can form a very inadequate conception of

the delights encompassed within a farm through which runs a babbling stream; and I am sure many of them would delight in the natural unrestrained expansion of faculties that gives to Eva her sturdy frame, her bright eyes and eager searching mind.

But Eva's chief exploit is her horseback riding. She cannot remember the time when she did not delight to visit the stables, and when her papa or the "hired man" would put her upon the back of the most venerable equine and walk solemnly by her side as the trusty steed made his circuit of the barnyard, her cup of happiness was full. Of late, however, she has done considerable riding without the service of a groom, but the only horse which she is permitted to use is Jim—old and slow and sure. Equestrianism is a curious art which cannot be readily mastered, and though Jim is sure, *i. e.*, sure not to run away, he is equally sure to do whatever he pleases when there is no stronger hand than Eva's upon the rein. And why should he not? Has not Eva petted him and fed him sugar since she was a wee toddling mite that he could have crushed with his foot, and is he now to give up his will and go cantering over the country when it pleases him to go to the stable and eat oats? Ah no! Jim is too wise for that, and when he chooses to turn his head toward home Eva's ride is at an end.

It so happened that on a particular morning Eva was required to take a message to the nearest neighbor's, and throwing a blanket upon Jim (her riding is done without a side-saddle and therefore at great disadvantage) she started off. It was a bright summer morning and Jim was disposed to take suitable exercise. Eva drew up to the door, delivered her message to

Mrs. H——, and, as she was leaving the yard, decided to go on to the next house and speak with her friend Hattie. She therefore pulled Jim's head to the left, but he, having exercised sufficiently, turned obstinately to the right. Evidently he meant to keep his head toward home, and Eva was apparently powerless. The discomfited midget, poised upon the broad back of the powerful animal, called a halt to enable her to consider matters. She was a maiden of many resources, and, knowing that from years of training, Jim would not fail to obey the word of command, however he might disregard her slight grasp of the bridle-rein, she determined to make him back down the road until she reached her friend's home. No doubt Jim was somewhat puzzled, but he slowly backed himself down that long stretch of country road, guided by Eva's persistent voice, until finally the coveted council with Hattie was held. This being over, Eva, delighted at the success of her strategy, and disgusted with the obstinacy of her charger, chirruped "get up," and they proceeded at a moderately rapid pace toward home, the horse's head now being first in order of advance, as is the normal manner of equine locomotion.

Eva and the few friends who know of this exploit indulge in considerable laughter over her unique method of progressing backward. She will soon be the happy possessor of a side-saddle, and no doubt will become, in future years, an accomplished equestrienne.

It is proper to say in closing that Eva is an enthusiastic member of the Audubon Society, and her name is on the subscription list of this magazine. It is easy to conjecture her astonishment as she reads this sketch.

MARY E. SHULTS.

## CHARLEY'S WONDERFUL JOURNEYS.

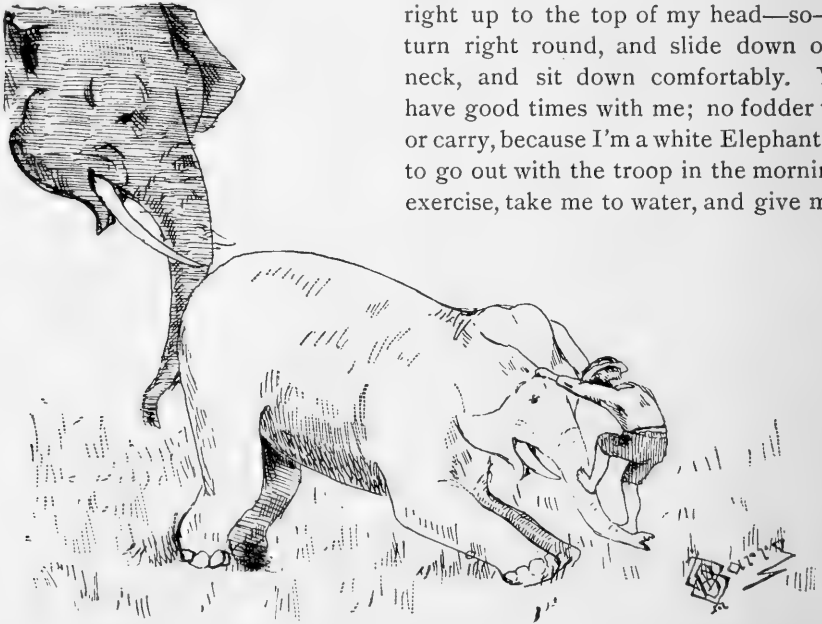
### JOURNEY XII.

"JUST look," said the leading Elephant, as the whole troop came to a halt within a stone's throw of Charley, "there's a white or pinkish-colored boy, and if we manage carefully we shall be able to catch him, and break him in to attend to the little white Elephant."

"If you please," said Charley, stepping

"Yes, if you please," said Charley, "I should like to try it very much."

"This is capital," said the little white Elephant, "I never would let one of those black fellows ride me, but I don't mind you. Do you know how to mount? Just put one foot on the end of my trunk now I bend it—you may step on my foot first, I have no corns—take one ear in each hand, walk right up to the top of my head—so—now turn right round, and slide down on my neck, and sit down comfortably. You'll have good times with me; no fodder to cut or carry, because I'm a white Elephant; only to go out with the troop in the morning for exercise, take me to water, and give me my



"JUST PUT ONE FOOT ON THE END OF MY TRUNK AND TAKE ONE EAR IN EACH HAND."

forward, and raising his hat, "I should like very much to have the little white Elephant to ride and attend to."

"Just listen to him," said the first speaker, as a grunt of approval ran through the whole troop. "Why, he talks as rationally as an Elephant. He maybe able to teach all our men servants to talk, and if they are too stupid, he might help us learn their language. Are you willing to enter our service, and ride the white Elephant?" he asked of Charley.

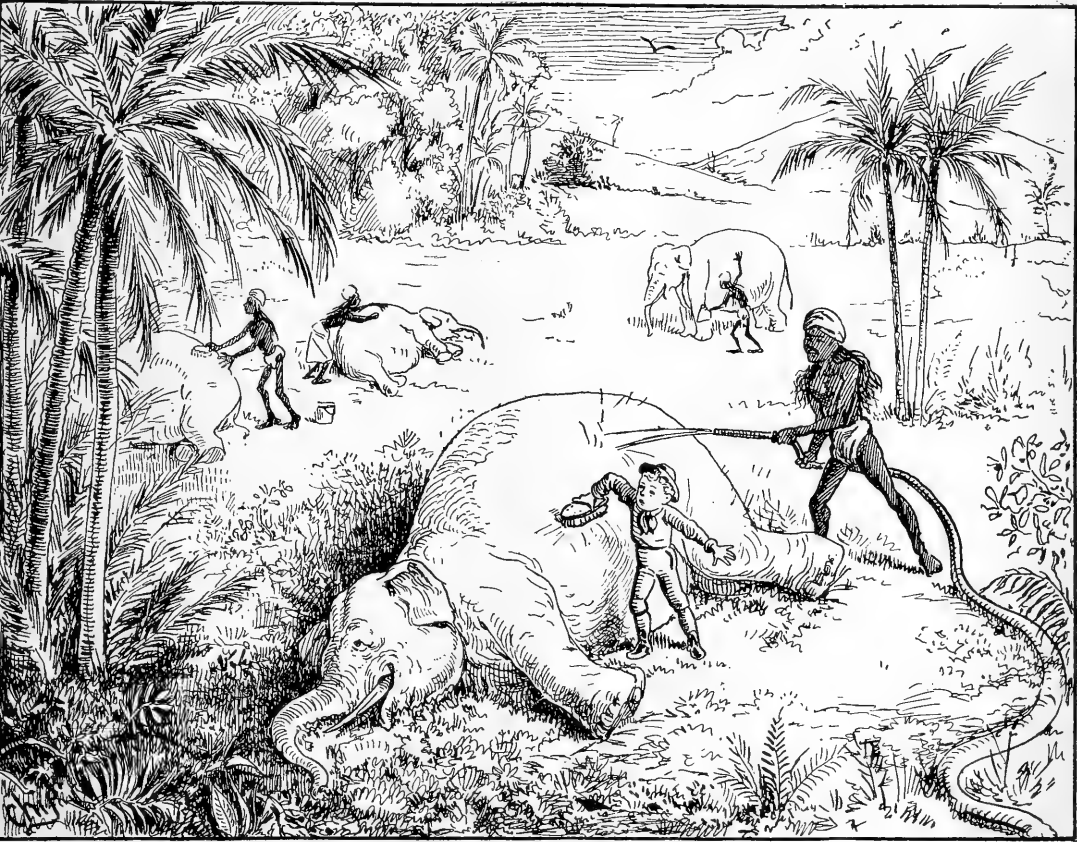
bath, and then keep the flies off the rest of the day. You needn't make any bread—need he? (this to the chief Elephant). The man that bakes my cakes, can bake yours also."

Charley conceived a dim idea that the possession of a white Elephant might prove monotonous after a while, and that to be possessed by a white Elephant might be something still worse, and as the men kept silent all this time, the remarks made by the Elephants left Charley a little in doubt as

to whether they or the men were the masters, so he kept his mouth shut and his ears open.

The chief Elephant observing his silence attempted to range up alongside of him for conversation, but was checked by his rider, who misunderstood his intentions. "You

very intelligent, of course; men are intelligent beyond question. We can send them up to cut branches of the fig tree far out of our reach; they have a knack, too, of loading a day's supply on our backs so that we can carry it without its falling off; they plow the ground, too, and raise grain, and grind



"YES, THAT'S NICE," SAID HE, AS CHARLEY USED THE STIFF SCRUBBING BRUSH VIGOROSLY.

stupid brute," roared the Elephant, "can't you keep still? I've a good mind to pull you down and trample you under foot for digging that nasty iron into my raw spot."

The rider sat stupidly stolid, for he didn't understand a word of what was said.

"If we could only make them understand us," said the Elephant to Charley, "we could do something with them. They are

it, and bake the flour into cakes; and they know how to draw water, and to wash and scrub us. In fact, without man we could never have reached our present state of civilization. But they try one's temper dreadfully sometimes, and if it wasn't that we can't do without them, I should sometimes be tempted to run amuck, trample the whole village under foot, and go back

to the jungles again. If we could only make them understand our language we could easily keep them in awe."

These remarks were received by a general grunt of approval.

"Didn't you always keep men to do things for you?" asked Charley.

"Oh, no," replied the Elephant, "we used to run wild in the woods, and do the best we could, and, of course, had nothing but trees to browse on; but we came to a sort of understanding with the men, that if we would come and protect them from the big cats, which they are so much afraid of, they would render us faithful service, but they are always trying to encroach, and assuming to be masters, or shirking their duties, but worst of all is their inability to learn our language. If we didn't learn something of their language there could be no communication whatever between us, and the aggravating thing is, that the more we learn the more we have to give in to their way of doing things, and with all their intelligence they are dreadfully self-willed creatures."

"There's a mosquito just behind you, boring into my shoulder," said the white Elephant to Charley, "I wish you'd flatten him. Here, this will make a nice whisk," he continued, as he pulled up a small sapling and drew it through his trunk to strip off all the leaves but the crown tuft, then biting off the root, he handed, or rather trunked it up to Charley, and instructed him to keep it going vigorously before and behind, as the flies were getting troublesome.

They soon arrived at a fig tree grove, and the men, knowing their duty, went up to chop branches while the Elephants browsed under the trees, picked up the fallen limbs, and placed them on their backs.

The white Elephant, having no load to carry, strolled from tree to tree, picking up the juiciest shoots, and occasionally reminding Charley of his duty, which, although not heavy, began at length to feel irksome.

The loading came to an end, the troop started for home, stopping to take in a liberal supply of water at a creek which they crossed on the way, went home and munched away at the fig branches while their cakes were being got ready and baked; the white Elephant got his daily ration or tribute of raw sugar, the cakes were all disposed of, Charley getting his ration with the rest, and after dinner the Elephants began to call loudly and impatiently for their bath.

"This is what I call the pleasantest hour of the day," remarked the white Elephant to Charley as he lay on his side with outstretched limbs after the first jet of water had been splashed over him. "I must teach you to handle the scrubbing brush nicely, for the worst of these black fellows is that if I tell them where it itches they don't understand. I may as well tell them my knee as my elbow. Yesterday it was itching inside my ear, and I kept telling the fellow, but it was no good. Then I flapped my ear until at last he understood; but really, you know, it looks so ridiculous, and signs are not like speech; how can you make signs to a man that you want him to scratch you between the toes?"

"Yes, that's nice," said he as Charley used the stiff scrubbing brush vigorously. "Now scrub the insides of my arms, and look carefully if there is any scurf in the folds of the skin at the armpits."

And so he went on giving his orders, and rolling over, and having more water spurted upon him until Charley was ready to drop. He made up his mind that he had had quite enough of white Elephants, and determined to escape as soon as night set in.

Perhaps the white Elephant had his suspicions, for while Charley was fanning him later in the day, he cautioned him to lie very close to him at night, because of the big cats which were prowling around all night, and which were big enough to eat him almost at a mouthful.

Charley shuddered, but all the same he



determined to escape, and when evening came and the white Elephant lay down, Charley pretended to be asleep and lay quite still until he heard him snore, then rising quietly he stole through the jungle to a clump of tall trees with dense foliage in which he might lie concealed and pass the night.

He gained the clump, selected one of the slenderest trees, and just commenced the ascent when he heard a rushing and a shouting from the direction of the camp; he began to climb as rapidly as possible, but before he could get far the white Elephant was upon him, and just succeeded in grasp-

ing him firmly by the ankle with the end of his trunk.

Charley clung to the tree with desperation, and the Elephant tugged with all his might, until Charley felt his strength giving way. Whatever put it into his head he does not know to this day, but at the critical moment, when his strength was giving way, he shouted, "Mother! mother!" with all the strength of his lungs.

"Charley, Charley, my darling boy!" came the prompt response, and Charley sprang up in bed with the pillow tightly clutched in his arms, and dropped it quickly to be folded in the embrace of his mother.

C. F. AMERY.

#### BIRD MIGRATION IN THE MISSISSIPPI VALLEY.

THIS interesting report, prepared by Prof. W. W. Cooke, with the assistance of Mr. Otto Widman and Prof. D. E. Lang, and edited by Dr. C. Hart Merriam, is the first fruit of the co-operative labors of the Division of Economic Ornithology of the Department of Agriculture and the Committee on Bird Migration of the American Ornithologists' Union. Every observer of nature is acquainted with the fact that although we have some birds native to the soil, birds that are always with us, and others which sojourn with us only in summer or winter, a great many of our familiar birds are only spring and fall visitors, birds of passage, which pause but a while for rest and refreshment on their long journey to and from their breeding grounds in the far North, and their winter feeding grounds in the tropics; but until now very little has been known of their rate of flight, the measure of its continuity, or of the relation of waves of migration to barometric pressure and temperature, on all of which points the systematic measures recorded in the present report have thrown clear light. One hundred and seventy observers, more

or less familiar with ornithology, were stationed at various points along the line of flight, and their recorded observations of the first and last appearance of each species, and of the flight of great waves of birds, afforded, on careful comparison with each other, fairly reliable data for determining the rate of flight of each species, and a vast number of facts in connection with the interesting phenomenon of bird migration. The report consists of two parts, (1) an introductory portion treating of the history and methods of the work, together with a general study of the subject of bird migration, including the influence of the weather upon the movements of birds, the progression of bird waves, and causes affecting the same, the influence of topography and altitude upon migration, and the rates of flight in the various species; and (2) a systematic portion in which the five hundred and sixty species of birds known to occur in the Mississippi Valley are treated serially, the movements of each during the seasons of 1884 and 1885 being traced with as much exactness as the records of the one hundred and seventy ob-

servers admitted of. Some of these observers had but an indifferent knowledge of ornithology, and as their records dealt wholly with questions of fact their returns were criticised closely before being accepted as facts. On this subject the editor, Dr. C. Hart Merriam, in his prefatory report says, "Here the editor has deemed it his duty to make the subject matter conform to the present state of knowledge on the subject. With this end in view changes have been made freely, and the portion relating to the geographical distribution of the various species and subspecies have been largely rewritten." This revision he tells us in a foot note "consisted in rewriting the *habitats* of most of the species and subspecies; in casting out some forms which had been included upon erroneous identification or insufficient evidence, in correcting statements of fact, in transferring (in a few cases) the notes sent under a stated species or subspecies to a nearly related species or subspecies," and a variety of other matter involving a vast amount of labor in which he acknowledges having received valuable assistance from Mr. Robert Ridgway, Curator of Birds in the U. S. National Museum. Indeed, as Dr. Merriam observes in his prefatory letter, there need be no hesitancy in expressing the belief that the present report is the most valuable contribution ever made to the subject of bird migration. It is only natural that a man of Professor Cooke's attainments while engaged in recording the facts of bird migration, should be tempted to speculate upon the causes of this remarkable phenomenon, and give the world the benefit of his conclusions. On this subject he says: "Without entering into a discussion of the causes which long ago started birds on their periodical change of habitation, we shall not be far out of the way in considering their present migrations the result of inherited experience. To be more explicit, the first migrations were doubtless very limited in extent, and prob-

ably were intelligent movements which, through repetition, became habitual, and the habit was transmitted from parent to offspring until it has become as we see it now, the governing impulse of the bird's life. It is undoubtedly true that love of the nesting ground, which is to them their home, is the foundation of the desire for migration; and year after year they find their way thousands of miles back to the same box or tree by the exercise of memory. Not always the memory of the individual, but the memory inherited from numberless preceding generations which have passed and repassed over the same route. \* \* \* The return movement is obviously the result of two causes—the approach of winter and the failure of the food supply. \* \* \* Nevertheless it is as yet unexplained why some birds, notably many of the warblers, retire in winter to such a great distance south, some even crossing the equator and passing several hundred miles beyond. Certainly neither cold nor hunger can be the cause of such wanderings."

Dr. Merriam in his prefatory letter expresses himself as dissenting generally from Professor Cooke's theories, and one point in the theories above enunciated is so opposed to his views, that he has no hesitation in criticising it sharply in a foot note.

"I cannot concur," he writes "with Professor Cooke in the belief that love of the nesting ground \* \* \* is the foundation of the desire for migration. In a lecture on Bird Migration which it was my privilege to deliver in the U. S. National Museum, April 3, 1886, I said "Some ornithologists of note have laid special stress upon the strong home affection which prompts birds to leave the south and return to their breeding grounds. To me this explanation is forced and unnecessary. Birds desert their winter homes because their food supply fails; because the climatic conditions become unsuited to their need, because

the approach of the breeding season gives rise to physiological restlessness and because they inherit an irresistible impulse to move at this particular time of the year."

There appears no ground whatever for the theory that love of the nesting ground is the foundation of the desire for migration—migration originated from the nesting ground, not to it—but there is no reason to doubt that birds are subject to a play of varied sentiments, and that along with the recognized necessity of migration on account of food supply and anticipated climatic changes, there is a pleasurable excitement such as we ourselves experience from anticipated change of scene and climate, whether those anticipations are based on old associations, as with the old birds, or are aroused in young birds by actual information, or by sympathy with the excitement of their elders, and the mere revisiting the nesting ground has probably a share in the pleasurable excitement aroused; but when Dr. Cooke theorizes about "inherited memory" we must confess ourselves at a loss to understand him. When he says that the memory which enables migrating birds to find their way to and from their summer feeding grounds "is not the

memory of the individual, but the memory inherited from numberless preceding generations which have passed and repassed over the same road," he entrenches himself in depths in which we cannot venture to follow him. The faculty of memory is inherited, and may be strengthened from generation to generation by exercise, but the incidents or experiences of the birds of one age cannot be remembered by their descendants, by an effort of their own memory. At least there is nothing in human experience to warrant such a belief.

In fact, although some acts of both man and the lower animals must be characterized as instinctive, the old creed that the lower animals perform all their actions instinctively is steadily being replaced by the view that the lives of the lower animals are regulated by mental processes akin to our; and that although their reflective powers may be vastly more contracted, their faculties of observation are so immeasurably superior, that it appears safer to conclude that their mental faculties are equal to the apprehension of the conditions necessary to self-preservation, than to attribute their actions to so obscure and little understood a force as instinct.

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## BIRD LEGENDS.

**A**MONGST birds of good omen, the swallow occupies the most prominent position, and fully shares the popularity of the stork. In Swabia, swallows are called "God's birds," and in Silesia, "Our Lady's birds," because at break of day they twitter a song in her praise; while in the Ober Inn Valley, in the Tyrol, it is said that the swallows assisted the Almighty to construct heaven. At Maran they time their arrival and departure by the festivals of the Blessed Virgin. They appear at the

Feast of the Annunciation, and on the Eighth of September:

"At Mary's birth,  
The swallows fly off."

There is a general belief throughout Germany, that the house where they built their nests is blessed and protected from all evil. In the Ober Inn Valley people say there is no strife where swallows build, and in the Oetz Valley their presence makes a village wealthy, and prosperity departs with them. It is customary in

some parts of Westphalia to leave the windows open day and night in summer, in order that the birds may have undisturbed access.

In olden days, at the time when the swallows were expected, a solemn procession was formed by the whole household to the gate of the farm; then, at the first glimpse of the welcome visitors, the barn door was joyfully thrown open for them. It was believed that the swallows took a great interest in domestic affairs, and examined everything closely on their arrival. If they found untidiness and mismanagement; they sang:

"Boxes and chests were full when away we went,  
Now we are back, they are empty; all is spent."

Various ceremonies must be performed the first time of beholding a swallow. In the Neu Mark, the person must wash his face, to preserve it from sunburn during the year. In Tyrol, he must stop directly, and dig with his knife below his left foot; he will then find a coal in the ground which will cure ague. When the swallows have been constant to one nest for seven years, they leave behind them a small stone of great healing properties, especially for diseases of the eyes.

Tyrolese peasants of the Unter Valley say that the wondrous magic root which opens all doors and fastenings, may be obtained as follows: A swallow's nest is bound round with strong string, so as effectually to close the opening. Then the old swallow comes with the root, opens the nest, and lets the root fall. In another part of Tyrol the same story is told of the woodpecker.

The natives of Lippe Detmold have not quite such a favorable opinion of the swallows as their neighbors. They hold that no calves can be reared where swallows build; and in Westphalian villages one sometimes hears that a cow gives blood instead of milk, if a swallow chances to fly under her.

Killing a swallow is a crime which brings its own punishment; but the penalty varies. In the Pusterthal, Swabia, and the Lech-rarian, the slayer will have misfortunes with his cattle, for the cows will give red milk. At Nauders, in Tyrol, the criminal will lose his father or mother, and in the neighboring Telfs, "the heavens will open," *i. e.*, it will lighten. In the Ober Inn Valley, the murderer's house will be burned down; and at Sarsans, in the Oetz Valley, the destruction or removal of a swallow's nest will cost the life of the best cow of the herd. The Westphalians say that the slaughter of a swallow causes four weeks' rain; and, if they are driven away, all the vegetables in the garden will be cut off by the frost.

Whoever bids farewell to the swallows at their autumnal departure will be free from chilblains through the winter.

Swallows also have the gift of prophecy. In some parts of Westphalia, the peasants tell you to look under your feet on the appearance of the first swallow, for if there should chance to be a hair, it will be of the same color as that of your future wife. A flight of swallows over a house in the Unter Inn Valley signifies a death.

The crossbill and the robin are likewise looked on as lucky birds. Everybody knows the pretty legends concerning both birds, and how the one is supposed to have crossed his bill, and the other reddened his breast, by endeavoring to pluck out the nails which fastened our Lord to the Cross. In Spain a somewhat similar act of piety is attributed to the nightingale and goldfinch:

"When Christ for us on Golgotha,  
Gave us His latest breath,  
The nightingale and goldfinch sang  
The mournful song of death."

In the Harz Mountains, and in Tyrol, the crossbill is highly valued, as it is believed that this bird will take to itself diseases which would otherwise befall the family. He has possessed this virtue ever

since his efforts to release Our Lord from the Cross. The presence of a crossbill drives away gout and rheumatism, and even the water which he drinks, or in which he bathes, is used as a remedy for these complaints. Moreover, the Tyrolese crossbill counteracts witchcraft, and protects a home from evil spells and lightning.

The robin is likewise a protection against lightning, but woe betide the rash person who ventures to molest the robin or its nest. He will either be struck by lightning, or, as in the Zillerthal, he will become epileptic, or, in the Ober Inn Thal, his cattle will all give red milk, and even the water in his house will assume a ruddy hue. The despoiler of a robin's nest will lose as many relations in the course of the year as the number of young birds stolen. Absam and Schwaz are the only Tyrolese exceptions to the universal estimation in which this bird is held. At Absam it is said that the nest attracts lightning, and at Schwaz a robin flying over a house foretells a death.

The bullfinch also possesses good qualities. At Schwaz the water in which a bullfinch has bathed is reckoned a cure for epilepsy, and at Lienz nobody will suffer from erysipelas in the house where a bullfinch is kept.

In the valleys of the Unter Inn and the Lech the siskins are believed to have stones in their nests which render the owner invisible. It can therefore only be discovered by means of placing a pail of water beneath the tree where the nest is supposed to be located, and then the water will reflect it. According to the Bavarian peasantry the eggs and nest of the siskin have the same qualifications as the stone.

The tiny titmice were held in great estimation by our forefathers, and heavy penalties fell on any one who entrapped or otherwise injured them.

Starlings and other small birds often ap-

pear in legends as messengers of the deities, and prophesy accordingly. They speak a language of their own, and discuss the affairs of mankind; so that whoever understands their tongue hears many wonderful things. The starlings were especially considered to be the companions and messengers of the elves.

Among our chief songsters tradition relates the following superstitions regarding the lark, the blackbird, and the nightingale. The former is under the peculiar patronage of the Blessed Virgin. The lark commences singing at Candlemas, the Feast of the Purification. In former times it was considered a crime to kill a lark; but, on the other hand, if a child eats as his first meat the flesh of a roast lark, it will make him virtuous and pious. A rising lark is a good omen to the peasant as he enters the meadow and he calls it "the pious lark," because it never omits to praise and thank God before and after a meal. He who points at a lark is sure to be punished for his want of respect by a gathering on the offending finger.

The blackbird is sometimes called "Gottling," or "little god." It preserves the house from lightning, and also possesses soothsaying powers. If it sings before March, corn will be dear. Much information may be gained from its first spring carol by those who are learned in such matters. The Good Samaritans who feed the blackbirds through the winter months will be rewarded with prosperity in all their undertakings, and will never suffer from fever.

The Westphalian chaffinch at Iserlohn sings:

"Sük, Sük, Sük !

In the two and twentieth year,

In the two and twentieth year,

The Prussian soldiers will be here."

Probably this refers to some ancient prophecy.

# THE AUDUBON NOTE BOOK.

## AUDUBON SOCIETY.

THE registered membership of the Society at the close of November was 48,518, showing an increase of 472 during the month. These were drawn from the following sources:

New York.....	220	Maryland.....	3
New Jersey.....	24	Illinois.....	3
Massachusetts.....	53	South Carolina.....	1
Maine.....	3	Texas.....	4
Vermont.....	2	Indiana.....	1
Connecticut.....	17	Ohio.....	1
Rhode Island.....	6	Germany.....	2
New Hampshire.....	1	Switzerland.....	1
Pennsylvania.....	37	West Indies.....	76
Missouri.....	77		472

C. F. AMERY, General Secretary.

## DISCONTINUANCE OF THE "AUDUBON MAGAZINE."

THE publication of the AUDUBON MAGAZINE will cease with this issue, which completes the second annual volume. The AUDUBON MAGAZINE was started in the hope that by spreading a knowledge of birds and of their economic importance we should materially further the objects of the Audubon Society, but while the Society was established on philanthropic grounds and with the clear understanding that it would involve some cost to its promoters, it was hoped that the MAGAZINE would have been in such demand as to render it self-supporting. But after two years of effort in which we have been earnestly supported by a great many of the Local Secretaries of the Society, and notably by Mr. J. L. Davison, of Lockport, N. Y.; Miss Mary Bartol, of South Boston, Mass.; Dr. R. L. Walker, of Mansfield Valley, Pa., and Miss E. B. Barry, of Germantown, Pa., we have no such subscription list as is fairly remunerative for the trouble and expense involved in the publication of the magazine; we have consequently decided to suspend its issue with the close of the second volume. Our friends will bear in mind that we have maintained the Audubon movement at our own cost, and we shall gladly take all necessary measures for its continuance and spread, until the people are thoroughly aroused on the subject, but the MAGAZINE, although it has done some good, is not essential to the progress of the movement, and as its preparation calls for a great deal more labor than our busy staff can well devote to it, we have decided to discontinue it. We believe this decision will carry a feeling of relief to our many local secretaries who have exerted themselves to procure subscriptions, an uncongenial task at the best.

For all good offices in this direction we desire to express our cordial thanks.

In all other respects the work of the Society will be conducted as heretofore, and printed supplies furnished free of cost as at present. The first and second volumes of the AUDUBON MAGAZINE, neatly bound in cloth, are for sale for one dollar each. The second volume will be ready this month. Subscribers who have kept their copies in good condition, can send them in and have them bound for fifty cents a volume. These two volumes include complete biographies of John James Audubon and Alexander Wilson, the two great pioneer naturalists of America; each monthly number has a bird portrait, reproduced from Audubon's world renowned plates, and the chapters on descriptive and economic ornithology contain an amount of interesting and instructive information about birds and their importance in the economy of nature, such as would be sought in vain in any other popular work on natural history.

We have received some advance subscriptions, which will be refunded as soon as we have leisure to go over the books.

## MEMBERSHIP FOR DECEMBER.

THE membership of the Society reached 48,862 at close of December, 1888, and as the Society was inaugurated the 14th of February, 1886, we have still six weeks in which to attain to a membership of 50,000.

## THE WOOD PEWEE.

THE wood pewee, (*Contopus virens*) is a common bird, and is a good representative of its class, the flycatchers. Its color is grayish-yellow beneath, and a rather dark olive-green above. The length of the bird is about six inches. In many ways it is a very interesting bird, and its soft musical call note makes it conspicuous among others. The note is very melancholy, and from it the pewee takes its name, for it sounds like *pee-weee*, drawn out in a plaintive tone, which renders it very pleasing. The nest is a pretty affair, and is placed in the forks of a limb, and covered with lichens, so that it looks very much like the wood and bark and often it is a hard matter to find it. It is composed of bark, dried grasses, and small twigs, held together with silk of cocoons, spiders' webs and fibers of plants. It is lined with dried grass, thistle down and small bits of bark, the whole being as nice a cradle as one could wish for. It resembles the hummingbird's nest, and, with its complement of three, sometimes four or five eggs, it

is quite as pretty as the delicate nest of that bird. The eggs measure .70X.54 inch, and are cream color, dotted, especially at the larger end, with dark brown spots, some of which appear to be on and some under the egg shell. They are very pretty. The wood pewee is a very pugnacious bird, and I have seen him drive away numbers of goldfinches, and he will fight with the robin, though he invariably gets beaten in a combat with the latter.

#### AUDUBON MONUMENT COMMITTEE.

At a meeting of this committee held on Wednesday evening, Dec. 2, at the house of Prof. Thomas Egleston, chairman of the joint committee, a very handsome memorial portrait of Audubon was exhibited, and a resolution passed to send out a copy to all subscribers of a dollar and upward to the



*John J. Audubon*

monument fund. This portrait is from Turnure's steel engraving of Cruikshank's painting, which is considered the best portrait of Audubon extant. Its issue will be confined solely to subscribers to the monument. Our readers will judge of the portrait from the reduced cut given.

#### PENNSYLVANIA BIRD NOTES.

In October there came to the old pear tree before the door, three or four strange birds. They were probably travelers pausing for rest and refreshment. They were larger than a bluebird but not so large as a robin, but their breasts were just the color of a robin's breast. Their backs were black or nearly so. It was toward evening when they came, so we could not tell exactly the color of their backs. We used the glass, but they flitted about so we could not study them as closely as we wished. Their voices were like a blackbird's. They only uttered one note that we heard, a harsh *chack chack*. They flew away in a few minutes, and although we watched, hoping to see them again, they did not return.

In the latter part of August we saw a pretty sight. We were driving through a lonely wood road. As we ascended a rise of ground, there was a long low stone pile of a tumble-down rail fence. This fence was overgrown with bushes, and above all rose the forest trees. As we were driving slowly, we heard low sounds on the left, and looking toward the loose stones under the bushes, saw four full-grown partridges. Such pretty timid creatures! They had been sitting down, but rose as we looked. They moved a little very quietly, as if in doubt what to do. We were very close to them, and stopped the horse to see them more plainly. We could see the beautiful markings on their wings distinctly. They all spread their tails in the prettiest way, very much after the manner of fan-tailed pigeons. After moving about in this way a little while they all spread their wings and flew off among the trees. Whether they had young and were waiting for them to conceal themselves before securing their own safety, we could not tell. It may have been the reason.

I well remember the first partridge I ever saw. When quite a young girl I was walking through quite a piece of woods alone, when suddenly—from the solid ground it seemed to me—there sprang a creature, I hardly knew what. It flew around and around me, making a curious whirring noise, and it seemed to me that every feather was in motion. I stood speechless with astonishment and terror, when as suddenly the creature took flight and I was left to pursue my way unmolested. On relating my adventure at home, my father told me it was a mother partridge, who had made this demonstration to attract my attention while her young concealed themselves.

Sabbath morn a week ago, as we rose from the breakfast table, a great cawing was heard. On going to the outer door we saw a strange sight. There were hundreds of crows covering the large fields below the house. They were walking about rather quietly the greater part of them; but on top of a small tree close to the fence was perched one crow, occasionally flapping his wings. Three or four crows would arise from those in the fields, fly a short distance above this one cawing loudly, then return and others take their place. We watched them for some time. Whether it was a convention of crows or a court they were holding we had no means of knowing. Finally they rose in a great cloud and settled in two other fields near the road. Driving past soon after we saw them plainly. The bright sun shone on them and some appeared perfectly white and others a lovely silver gray as they stood in certain lights, but the most looked like black satin.

UPLANDS, PA.

LUCY LYMAN PECK.

## THE ENGLISH PRESS ON FEATHER MILLINERY.

WOMEN AND THEIR VICTIMS.—It was hoped some time ago that the fashion of wearing the dead bodies as trimmings for bonnets and hats was going out. Such a hope, apparently, is doomed to disappointment. Perhaps the day may come when people who have a little regard for such helpless creatures as birds will give them up to their fate. It really seems of no use to try to protect them. The loafer from the East End of London goes forth with his cages and his lime, and catches them. He, however, mostly retains the male. The other bird murderer also goes forth on his cruel errand, and, by preference, catches and retains the female. \* \* What matters it to him that his victim is often the mother of a nest full of helpless young, and that they are left in the nest to die of starvation; to die while piteously crying out hour after hour for the mother that never comes? The mother birds are killed, and the young left to die of starvation, because certain women insist that it shall be so. Yet how gentle, and sympathetic, and tender those very women can pretend to be, when it suits their convenience. How correct and nice is their taste in everything that relates to good manners. How shocked they are by vulgarity; how horrified by coarseness. If they could see themselves exactly as some men see them; could have it once driven in upon their consciences, that, in the estimation of all rational and right-feeling men, they are incomparably inferior to many costermongers, crossing-sweepers, and untaught African negroes, they might for one moment pause and reflect upon their worthlessness. Is it really, then, come to this: That a nineteenth century woman is so utterly selfish, so hopelessly without brains or feeling, and so incapable of learning even the very elements of humanity, that she must and will have birds to adorn herself with at whatever cost? At bottom it really is want of intellect. The idle modern woman is so self-indulgent, pampered and spoilt, that she can no longer be counted upon to exercise a reasoning faculty. Impulses, whims and poutings alternate with fits of sulkiness or rage; and so she spends her life. The movement in favor of the emancipation of women, it may be hoped,

will not only give enlargement, but a sense of responsibility and duty. No man can contemplate without the deepest anxiety the gradually increasing mental weakness among the prosperous. If the stern necessities of the poorer class of ladies develop in them true strength of mind and sternness of moral fibre, most people will think poverty and necessity blessings, though in disguise. Hardly any price is too great to pay for brains and a moral faculty.—*The Hospital.*

RIBBONS and flowers are nearly the only trimming on hats and bonnets, according to our latest fashion books. It is pleasing to notice that few—in fact, scarcely any—birds are shown in them. Those ladies who keep up to fashion will therefore not have to wear birds and wings. In the hats and bonnets given in the following publications there is scarcely a bird to be seen: *The Queen, Woman's World, Sylvia's Journal, Girls' Own Paper, Myra's Journal, Mrs. Weldon's Journal.*—*Newcastle Chronicle.*

IT is only fair to ladies to state that according to an observation at the West End, the wearing of bird skins is this winter almost entirely confined to shop girls and to servant maids, and from the tattered appearance of the skins it is obvious that they are only the "remnants" of the milliners' old stock, or the cast-off finery of mistresses. This spread of the fashion to the lower grades of society ought to surprise no one, and we have already anticipated its occurrence. Ladies should destroy their bird skins and not give them to their servants, or allow them to be sold to old clothes' collectors, who, of course, immediately put them in the market again—not, however, until they may have passed through an East End fever den, or become infested with parasites. The pity of it is that ladies introduced the fashion and we hope they are now beginning to see the cruelty and bad taste they have themselves been guilty of, and have caused in others, and feel thoroughly ashamed of themselves for allowing mere fashion to overcome their strongest instinct, which is for the preservation of life in every form.—*Selbourne Magazine.*



## The Audubon Society.

### THE AUDUBON SOCIETY FOR THE PROTECTION OF BIRDS.

THE AUDUBON SOCIETY was founded in New York city in February, 1886. Its purpose is the protection of American birds, not used for food, from destruction for mercantile purposes. The magnitude of the evil with which the Society will cope, and the imperative need of the work which it proposes to accomplish, are outlined in the following statement concerning

#### THE DESTRUCTION OF BIRDS.

Within the last few years, the destruction of our birds has increased at a rate which is alarming. This destruction now takes place on such a large scale as to seriously threaten the existence of a number of our most useful species. It is carried on chiefly by men and boys who sell the skins or plumage to be used for ornamental purposes—principally for the trimming of women's hats, bonnets and clothing. These men kill everything that wears feathers. The birds of the woods, the birds of the field, the birds of the marsh and those of the sea are alike slain, at all times and at all seasons. It matters not if the bird be a useful one which devours the hurtful insects which destroy the farmer's crops, or a bright-plumaged songster whose advent has been welcomed in spring, and which has reared its brood in the door yard during the summer, or a swift-winged sea swallow whose flight along the shore has often with unerring certainty led the fisherman to his finny prey—whatever it be, it must be sacrificed to the bird butcher's lust for slaughter and for gain. Besides the actual destruction of the birds, their numbers are still further diminished by the practice of robbing their nests in the breeding season.

Although it is impossible to get at the number of birds killed each year, some figures have been published which give an idea of what the slaughter must be. We know that a single local taxidermist handles 30,000 bird skins in one year; that a single collector brought back from a three months' trip 11,000 skins; that from one small district on Long Island about 70,000 birds were brought to New York in four months time. In New York one firm had on hand February 1, 1886, 200,000 skins. The supply is not limited by domestic consumption. American bird skins are sent abroad. The great European markets draw their supplies from all over the world. In London there were sold in three months from one auction room, 404,464 West Indian and Brazilian bird skins, and 356,389 East Indian birds. In Paris 100,000 African birds have been sold by one dealer in one year. One New York firm recently had a contract to supply 40,000 skins of American birds to one Paris firm. These figures tell their own story—but it is a story which might be known even without them; we may read it plainly enough in the silent hedges, once vocal with the morning songs of birds, and in the deserted fields where once bright plumage flashed in the sunlight.

#### BIRDS, INSECTS AND CROPS.

The food of our small birds consists very largely of the insects which feed on the plants grown by the farmer. These insects multiply with such astounding rapidity that a single pair may in the course of one season be the progenitors of six billions of their kind. All through the season at which this insect life is most active, the birds are constantly at work destroying for their young and for themselves, tens of thousands of hurtful creatures, which, but for them, would swarm upon the farmer's crops and lessen the results of his labors.

A painstaking and ardent naturalist not very long ago watched the nest of a pair of martins for sixteen hours, from 4 A. M. till 8 P. M., just to see how many visits the parent birds made to their young. He found that in that time 312 visits to the four young were made, 119 by the male and 193 by the female. If we suppose only six insects to have been brought at each visit, this pair of birds would have destroyed, for their young alone, in this one summer's day, not far from 2,000 insects. The important relations which our birds bear to the agricultural interests and so to the general welfare, are recognized by the governments of all our States. Laws exist for their protection, but these laws are rendered inoperative by the lack of an intelligent public sentiment to support them. They are nowhere enforced. It is for the interest of every one that such a public sentiment should be created.

It is time that this destruction were stopped.

#### PURPOSE OF THE AUDUBON SOCIETY.

To secure the protection of our birds by awakening a better sentiment, the Audubon Society, named after the greatest of American ornithologists, has been founded. The objects sought to be accomplished by this Society are to prevent as far as possible—

- (1) The killing of any wild bird not used for food.
- (2) The taking or destroying of the eggs or nests of any wild birds.
- (3) The wearing of the feathers of wild birds. Ostrich feathers, whether from wild or tame birds, and those of domestic fowls, are specially exempted.

The Audubon Society aims especially to preserve those

birds which are now practically without protection. Our game birds are already protected by law, and in large measure by public sentiment, and their care may be left to the sportsman. The great aim of the Society is the protection of American non-game birds. The English sparrow is not included in our lists.

#### PLAN OF THE WORK.

Obviously the Society cannot supply any machinery of compulsion to lead individuals and communities to a higher regard for bird life and to efforts for its protection. Nor are compulsory measures thought necessary. The wrong is tolerated now only because of thoughtlessness and indifference. The birds are killed for millinery purposes. So long as fashion demands bird feathers, the birds will be slaughtered. The remedy is to be found in the awakening of a healthy public sentiment on the subject. If this enormous destruction of birds can once be put in its true light before the eyes of men and women and young folks, if interest be aroused and sentiment created, the great wrong must cease. To so present the case to the people as to awaken this corrective sentiment is the special work contemplated by the Audubon Society. The methods adopted are very simple. Pledges are furnished, subscription to which constitutes membership, 2000 certificates are issued to members.

#### TERMS OF MEMBERSHIP.

The signing of any of the pledges will qualify one for membership in the Society. It is earnestly desired that each member may sign all three of the pledges. Beyond the promise contained in the pledge no obligation nor responsibility is incurred. There are no fees, nor dues, nor any expenses of any kind. There are no conditions as to age. The boys and girls are invited to take part in the work, for they can often do more than others to practically protect the nesting birds. All who are interested in the subject are invited to become members, and to urge their friends to join the Society. If each man, woman or child who reads this circular will exert his or her influence, it will not take long to enlist in the great work a great number of people actively concerned in the protection of our birds. It is desired that members may be enrolled in every town and village throughout the land, so that by the moral weight of its influence this Society may check the slaughter of our beautiful songsters. The beneficent influence of the Audubon Society should be exerted in every remotest by-way where the songs of birds fill the air, and in every crowded city where the plumes of slain songsters are worn as an article of dress.

#### ASSOCIATE MEMBERS.

As there are a very great number of people in full sympathy with the Audubon movement, and ready to lend it their moral support, but who refrain from joining the Society simply because they find it distasteful to sign a pledge, it has been determined to form a class of Associate Members. Any one expressing his or her sympathy with the objects of the Audubon Society and submitting a written request for membership to any local secretary, will be enrolled on the list of Associate Members. All such applications for membership received by local secretaries of the Society should be forwarded to the General Secretary for registration.

#### LOCAL SECRETARIES.

The Society has local secretaries in cities, towns and villages. The local secretary will furnish this circular of information and pledge forms; will receive the signed pledges, keep a list of the members, forward a duplicate list with the pledges for enrollment and file at the Society's office; and will receive in return certificates of membership, to be filled out and signed by the local secretary and given to the members. No certificate of membership will be issued to any person except upon the receipt of a signed pledge at the office of the Society. Where no local secretary has yet been appointed, individual applicants for membership may address the Society at its office, No. 318 Broadway, New York.

If there is no local secretary in your town, you are invited to act as such yourself, or to hand this to some other person who will accept the office. Upon application we will supply copies of this circular and pledge forms.

#### THE AUDUBON SOCIETY CERTIFICATE.

The Society furnishes to each member a handsome certificate of membership. This bears a portrait of the great naturalist, John James Audubon, after whom the Society very appropriately takes its name.

The office of the Society is at 318 Broadway, New York city. All communications should be addressed

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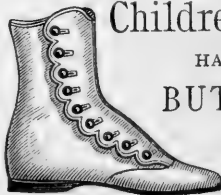
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# THE AUDUBON

## MAGAZINE



*J. J. Audubon*

Published in the Interests of The

# AUDUBON SOCIETY

*for the*

# PROTECTION OF BIRDS

FOREST AND STREAM PUBLISHING COMPANY.  
NEW YORK.

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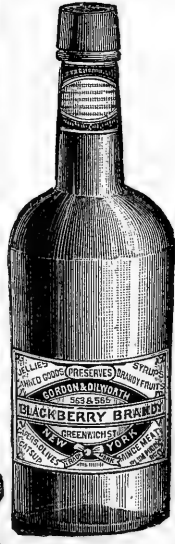
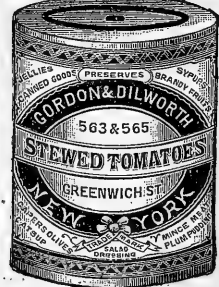
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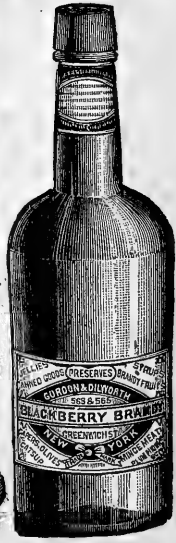
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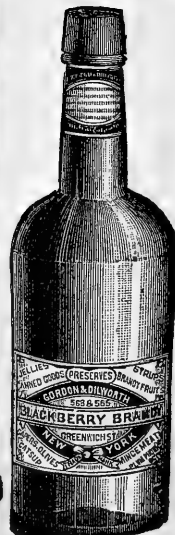
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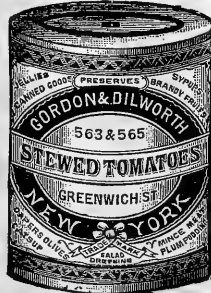
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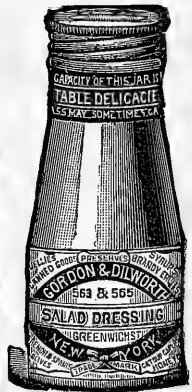
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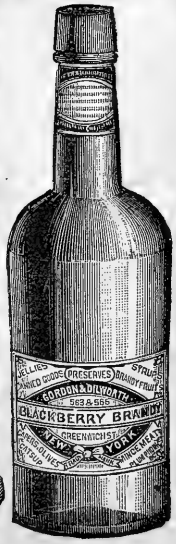
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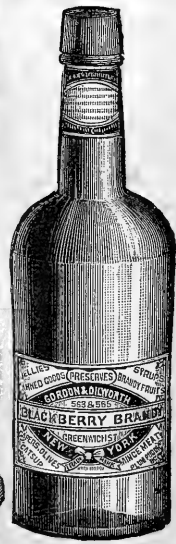
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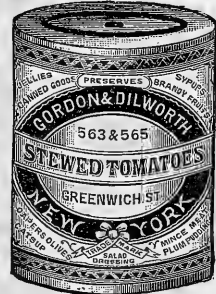
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## MAGAZINE



*J. J. Audubon*

Published in the Interests of The

### AUDUBON SOCIETY

*for the*

## PROTECTION OF BIRDS

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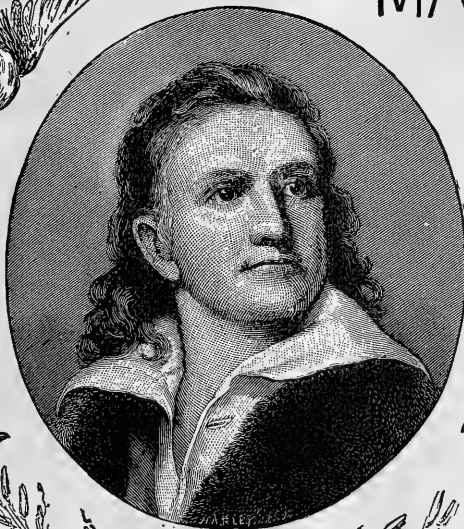




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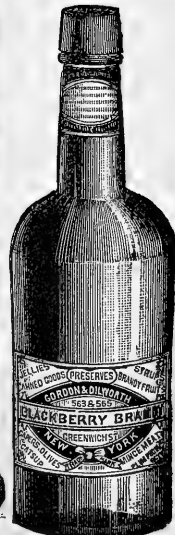
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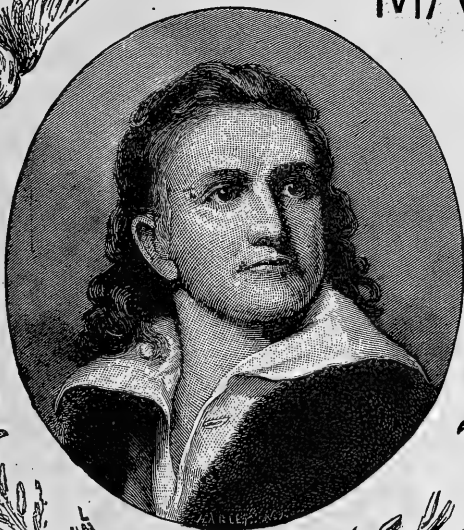
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*J. J. Audubon*

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## MAGAZINE



*J. J. Audubon*

Published in the Interests of The

### AUDUBON SOCIETY

*for the*

## PROTECTION OF BIRDS

FOREST AND STREAM PUBLISHING COMPANY.  
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**D**URING the past year we have had a great deal of valuable assistance from young members in canvassing for subscribers for the AUDUBON MAGAZINE, and although Audubon boys and girls are enthusiastic in the cause of bird protection, and of course know that virtue is its own reward, we have no doubt they will be just as pleased as other boys and girls to get some substantial token in proof that their efforts have been appreciated. We have accordingly determined to present every member who has sent us ten subscriptions and upward during the past year, with a free copy of the AUDUBON MAGAZINE for a year, or the Society's silver badge, or any book in List I. below, as they may elect. Collectors of twenty subscriptions are entitled to select any book in List II., or they may select a book from List I., together with a badge or a free copy of the AUDUBON. Collectors of thirty subscriptions are entitled to select any book in List III.; of forty subscriptions any book in List IV., and the collector of fifty subscriptions any book in List V. This system of giving prizes having been initiated, will be permanently continued. Any member sending in ten subscriptions during the coming year, may claim a prize immediately, or may let the account go on until entitled to a book in the second or any higher class. The subscriptions may be sent in at any time during the year, but with the first installment the canvasser must advise us that he is trying for a prize.

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## EMINENT PEOPLE ON BIRD PROTECTION.

OAK KNOLL, Danvers, Mass., }  
2nd mo., 20, 1886. }

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

I heartily approve of the proposed AUDUBON SOCIETY. We are in a way to destroy both our forests and our birds. A society for the preservation of the latter has long been needed, and I hope it is not too late for the accomplishment of its objects.

I could almost wish that the shooters of the birds, the taxidermists who prepare their skins, and the fashionable wearers of their feathers might share the penalty which was visited upon the Ancient Mariner who shot the Albatross. Thy friend,

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Feb. 20, 1886.

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

I am heartily in sympathy with your purposes for the protection of birds, and should be glad to contribute any influence that I can to that end.

If there were no purchasers there would be no demand, and no reason for slaughtering these winged gems. But as only women create a demand, it rests upon them to stay this wanton destruction. I am sure that it is only necessary to bring before American women the cruelty of this "slaughter of the innocents" that fashion is carrying on, to secure a renunciation of this ornament and the salvation of birds.

On this subject the kind feelings, the taste, and æsthetic sympathy of the whole community are on your side, and if you persevere you will surely win.

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

CORNWALL-ON-HUDSON, N. Y., }  
Feb. 22, 1886. }

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

You have indeed my hearty sympathy in every effort to prevent the slaughter of my innocent little neighbors and friends, the birds. In the destruction of forests and birds, the people of this land are inviting very great evils and inflicting wrongs on posterity which scarcely can be measured. The press should render it impossible for women to sin thoughtlessly and ignorantly in demanding little birds for their adornment. The evil should be brought home so fully to the knowledge of all, that the continued wearing of our useful little birds should become the badge and indication of a callous, vulgar nature. You are doing a humane and patriotic work in exciting public aversion to one of the most cruel and stupid wrongs of the age.

Respectfully yours,

EDWARD P. ROE.

WEST PARK, N. Y., Feb. 20, 1886.

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

I scarcely need assure you that your undertaking to form a society for the protection of our wild birds against the ravages of the milliners and the sham scientific collectors has my warmest sympathy and approval. It is a barbarous taste which prompts our women and girls to appear upon the street with their head gear adorned with the scalps of our songsters; and it is mere vanity and affectation which prompts so many persons to make up cabinets of the nests and eggs of the same. The destruction of our birds from their natural enemies is immense, and this craze of the collectors, and folly of the milliners and their customers in addition, threatens their serious diminution.

I hope you may succeed in creating so strong a public sentiment upon the subject that the collectors of skins and eggs for the unworthy purposes of fashion or to indulge the vanity of pseudo-naturalists may suddenly find their occupation gone.

Please add my name to the list of the members of the AUDUBON SOCIETY. Very sincerely,  
JOHN BURROUGHS.

160 W. 59TH STREET, }  
NEW YORK, Feb. 20, 1886. }

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

No one who will take the trouble to give the matter a few moments' serious consideration can be in doubt, I think, as to the wisdom of organizing the AUDUBON SOCIETY, and I am thankful that such a step is contemplated. There is an element of savagery in the use of birds for personal decoration, which is in grotesque contrast with our boasts of civilization. But even the savage stops short, as a rule, with the feathers. It is only Christian people who think it worth while to butcher a whole bird to adorn their head gear. I am sure, however, that this is largely from that unreflecting habit which is a leading vice in people who follow the fashions. But it is a vice; as Hood sang, when he wrote—

For evil is wrought  
By want of thought  
As well as by want of heart.

If the AUDUBON SOCIETY can teach men, and especially women, to think on this subject, half of the battle will have been won. HENRY C. POTTER.

ANDOVER, Mass., Feb. 21, 1886.

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

I am in earnest and indignant sympathy with the motive of any society organized to prevent the murder of birds for decorative purposes.

E. S. PHELPS.

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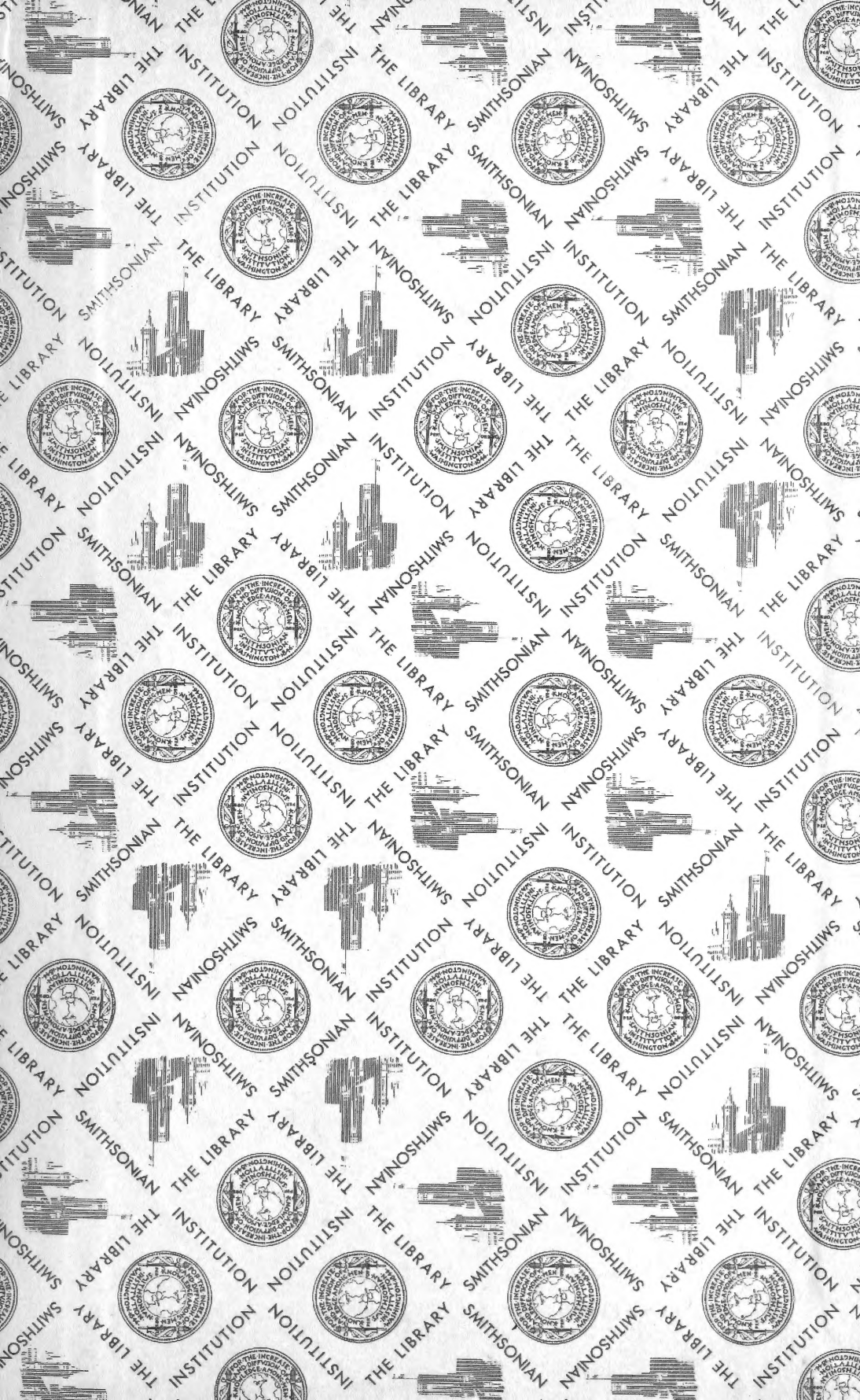












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