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(*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.

THIS 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. Yatile.....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

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 incrusted 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.

BREAKFAST 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.

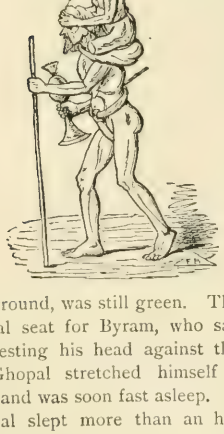
During the first mile, not a word was spoken on either side. Byram was lost in calm reflection, and Ghopal was speculating on his chances of being able to claim the three rupees at eventide. It was difficult to refrain from broaching a subject of so much interest, but he was a shrewd fellow, and remembering 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 Gophal, "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."

IN 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 "bloated 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 Zealand, 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 "bloated 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, chippering 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, fly-catchers, 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-lă-rĕe′*, *tril-lă-răh′; tril-lă-rĕe′*, *tril-lă-răh′*. 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 unpleasing 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.

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 boquets.

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	831	District of Columbia	42
Pennsylvania	460	Kansas	71
Illinois	223	Arkansas	23
New Jersey	230	Minnesota	21
Ohio	238	Iowa	11
Indiana	111	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 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 dell 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 guard 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 on 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 such 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 of 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.

THE SCHOOL OF HOME.

Let the school of home be a good one. Let the reading at home be such as to quicken the mind for better reading still; for the school at home is progressive.

The baby is to be read to. What shall mother and sister and father and brother read to the baby?

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.

BABYLAND, mother's monthly picture-and-jingle primer for baby's diversion, and baby's mother-help.

Babies are near enough alike. One BABYLAND fits them all; 50 cents a year. Send to D. Lothrop Company, Boston.

What, when baby begins to read for herself? Why *her*self and not *him*self? Turn about is fair play—If man means man and woman too, why shouldn't little girls include the boys?

OUR LITTLE MEN AND WOMEN is another monthly made to go on with. BABYLAND forms the reading habit. Think of a baby with the reading habit! After a little she picks up the letters and wants to know what they mean. The jingles are jingles still; but the tales that lie below the jingles begin to ask questions.

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.

You may send a dollar to D. Lothrop Company, Boston, for such a school as that for one year.

Then comes THE PANSY with stories of child-life, tales of travel at home and abroad, adventure, history, old and new religion at home and over the seas, and roundabout tales on the International Sunday School Lesson.

Pansy the editor; THE PANSY the magazine. There are thousands and thousands of children and children of larger growth all over the country who know about Pansy the writer, and THE PANSY the magazine. There are thousands and thousands more who will be glad to know.

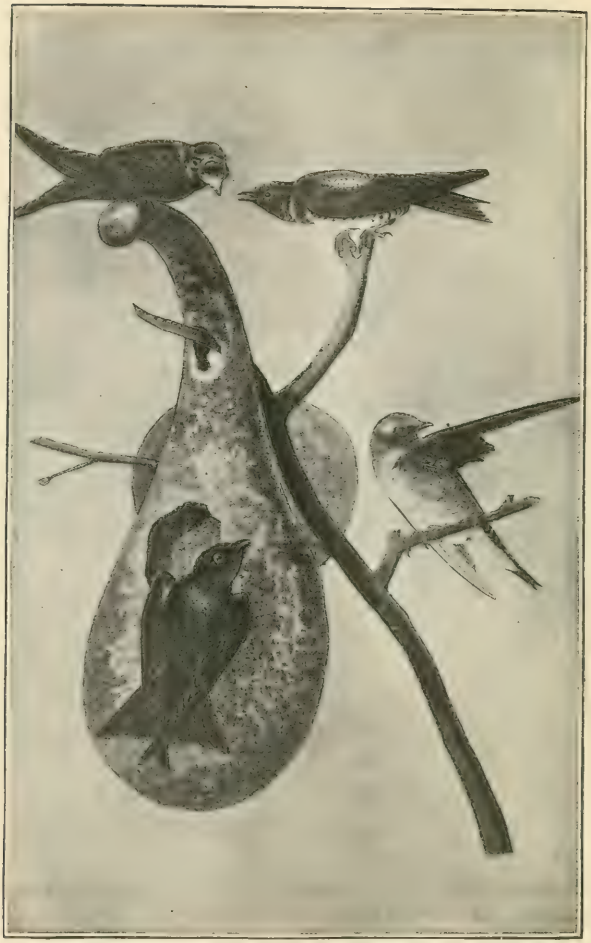
Send to D. Lothrop Company, Boston, a dollar a year for THE PANSY.

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.

Send D. Lothrop Company, Boston, $2.40 a year for WIDE AWAKE.

Specimen copies of all the Lothrop magazines for fifteen cents; any one for five—in postage stamps.



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 possession 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 suppiying 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 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.

Weather Conditions.	Time.	No. 7	No. 12	No. 17	No. 5	No. 11	No. 10	No. 24	No. 25	No. 22	No. 16	No. 30	No. 1	No. 14	No. 20	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	18	12	10	8	4	6	5	217
92°, storm approaching, wind shifting to W.	P. M. 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 81°, 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

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 begun 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 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 brought. When four weeks old, large dragon-flies, 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 7½ 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.

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), preeminently 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.

WHEN 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 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 *phœ-bē'*, *phœ-bē'*, 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 *phœ-rēē'*, *phœ-rēē'*, 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.

[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.]

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 industrious, 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 mewing 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 fighted 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	103	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 lounger, 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 excrescence 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 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 time 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 feathered 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.

THE SCHOOL OF HOME.

Let the school of home be a good one. Let the reading at home be such as to quicken the mind for better reading still; for the school at home is progressive.

The baby is to be read to. What shall mother and sister and father and brother read to the baby?

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.

BABYLAND, mother's monthly picture-and-jingle primer for baby's diversion, and baby's mother-help.

Babies are near enough alike. One BABYLAND fits them all; 50 cents a year. Send to D. Lothrop Company, Boston.

What, when baby begins to read for herself? Why *her*self and not *him*self? Turn about is fair play—If man means man and woman too, why shouldn't little girls include the boys?

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THE WOOD THRUSH

(*Turdus mustelinus* GMEL.)

The Audubon Magazine.

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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.

BY 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.

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. "*Bobolinkum-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

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 *whee'he, whee'he, whee'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-BREASTED GROSBEAK.

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.

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."

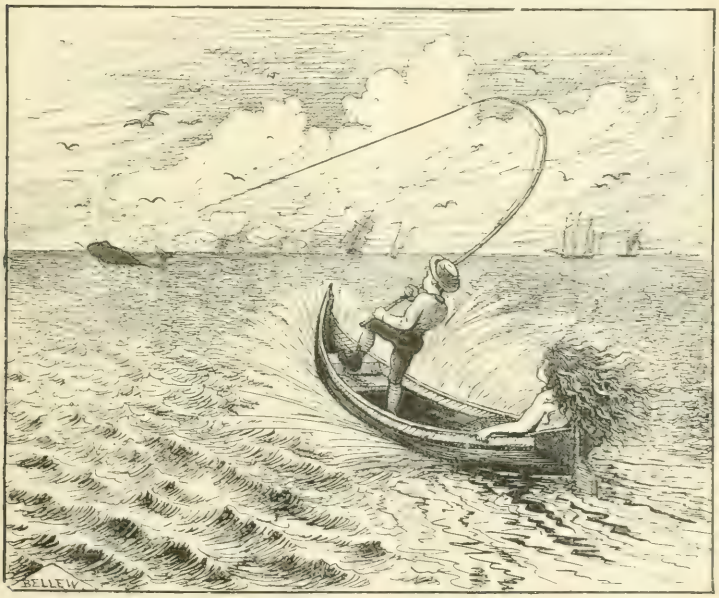
Charley did as she told him, and the boat began to glide through the water like an arrow.

"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 cocoanuts 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 cocoanuts," 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."

You call them thieves 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.

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	38
Massachusetts	712	Nebraska	20
Pennsylvania	222	Vermont	20
New Jersey	97	Indiana	13
Michigan	93	Iowa	13
Illinois	87	Minnesota	8
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	55
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.
Bluebird.
Crow Blackbird.
Song Sparrow.
Chipping Sparrow.
Field Sparrow.
Fox Sparrow.
Swamp Sparrow.
White-throated Sparrow.
Tree Sparrow.
White-crowned Sparrow.
Savannah Sparrow.
Phœbe.
Least Flycatcher.
Great-crested Flycatcher.
Wood Pewee.
Meadowlark.
Chickadee.
Butcherbird.
Bluejay.
Chimney Swift.
Oriole.
Catbird.
Cuckoo.
Chewink.
Barn Swallow.
Eave Swallow.
Bank Swallow.
Kinglet.
Wood Thrush.
Wilson's Thrush.
Hermit Thrush.
Ovenbird.
Thrasher.
Cowbird.
Kingbird.
Bobolink.
Scarlet Tanager.
Rose-breasted Grosbeak.
Pine Bullfinch.
Purple Finch.
Goldfinch.
Red-winged Blackbird.
Red-headed Woodpecker.
Yellow-bellied Woodpecker.
Hairy Woodpecker.
Downy Woodpecker.
Nuthatch.
Indigo Bird.
Red-eyed Vireo.
White-eyed Vireo.
Warbling Vireo.
Yellow-bellied Vireo.
Yellow-throated Vireo.
Maryland Yellowthroat.
Redstart.
Mourning Warbler.
Blackburnian Warbler.
Yellow-rumped Warbler.
Yellow redpoll Warbler.
Black-throated blue Warbler.
Blue yellow-backed Warbler.
Chestnut-sided Warbler.
Black-throated Green Warbler
Brown Creeper.
Black and white Creeper.
Summer Yellowbird.
Junco.
Crow.
Crossbill.
Purple Martin.
Hummingbird.
Waxwing.
Partridge.
Woodcock.
Horned Lark.
Orchard Oriole.
Marsh Hawk.
Goshawk.
Pigeon Hawk.
Snow Bunting.
Whippoorwill.

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; 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, 100,000 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.

THE SCHOOL OF HOME.

Let the school of home be a good one. Let the reading at home be such as to quicken the mind for better reading still; for the school at home is progressive.

The baby is to be read to. What shall mother and sister and father and brother read to the baby?

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.

BABYLAND, mother's monthly picture-and-jingle primer for baby's diversion, and baby's mother-help.

Babies are near enough alike. One BABYLAND fits them all; 50 cents a year. Send to D. Lothrop Company, Boston.

What, when baby begins to read for herself? Why *her*self and not *him*self? Turn about is fair play—If man means man and woman too, why shouldn't little girls include the boys?

OUR LITTLE MEN AND WOMEN is another monthly made to go on with. BABYLAND forms the reading habit. Think of a baby with the reading habit! After a little she picks up the letters and wants to know what they mean. The jingles are jingles still; but the tales that lie below the jingles begin to ask questions.

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.

You may send a dollar to D. Lothrop Company, Boston, for such a school as that for one year.

Then comes THE PANSY with stories of child-life, tales of travel at home and abroad, adventure, history, old and new religion at home and over the seas, and roundabout tales on the International Sunday School Lesson.

Pansy the editor; THE PANSY the magazine. There are thousands and thousands of children and children of larger growth all over the country who know about Pansy the writer, and THE PANSY the magazine. There are thousands and thousands more who will be glad to know.

Send to D. Lothrop Company, Boston, a dollar a year for THE PANSY.

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.

Send D. Lothrop Company, Boston, $2.40 a year for WIDE AWAKE.

Specimen copies of all the Lothrop magazines for fifteen cents; any one for five—in postage stamps.

SPOTTED SANDPIPER.

(*Actitis macularia* (LINN.))

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 secrets 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.

THE SPOTTED SANDPIPER.

RUNNING 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

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 unsuspicious 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.

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 chippering of the swift as it darted about overhead, or answering the questions put to him, with the simplicity and kindliness 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 conclusion. 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 (*Fregeta 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 unsuspicious 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, spoonbills, 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.

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 Caravanserai, 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 Gophal'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.

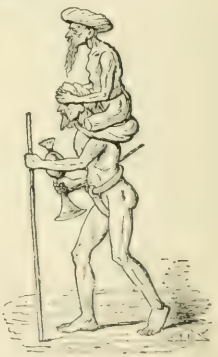
Ghopal trudged along in silence, wondering when Byram would open the dispute; and what he could possibly say to prove that the bee's sting could benefit man. Then he chuckled to himself as he thought that Byram was not bound to such extreme conditions by the contract, but having, perhaps without due 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 Atmaran, "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 understand 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 Daloora, the Faquir I met at Hyderabad, that that man is a fool who earns his bread by the sweat of his brow?"

"Daloora," 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.

MEMBERSHIP RETURNS.

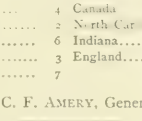
It has frequently been observed that there is a relation between ethics and climate, and certain it is that the Audubon Society does not expand at its normal ratio with the thermometer coquetting with the "nineties" in the shade. The registrations for July amounted to only 1,429, leaving the Society 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	505	Oregon	1
Massachusetts	152	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	9
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 proselyting.

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 fishermen to the game they—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 there 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.

THE SCHOOL OF HOME.

Let the school of home be a good one. Let the reading at home be such as to quicken the mind for better reading still; for the school at home is progressive.

The baby is to be read to. What shall mother and sister and father and brother read to the baby?

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.

BABYLAND, mother's monthly picture-and-jingle primer for baby's diversion, and baby's mother-help.

Babies are near enough alike. One BABYLAND fits them all; 50 cents a year. Send to D. Lothrop Company, Boston.

What, when baby begins to read for herself? Why *her*self and not *him*self? Turn about is fair play—If man means man and woman too, why shouldn't little girls include the boys?

OUR LITTLE MEN AND WOMEN is another monthly made to go on with. BABYLAND forms the reading habit. Think of a baby with the reading habit! After a little she picks up the letters and wants to know what they mean. The jingles are jingles still; but the tales that lie below the jingles begin to ask questions.

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.

You may send a dollar to D. Lothrop Company, Boston, for such a school as that for one year.

Then comes THE PANSY with stories of child-life, tales of travel at home and abroad, adventure, history, old and new religion at home and over the seas, and roundabout tales on the International Sunday School Lesson.

Pansy the editor; THE PANSY the magazine. There are thousands and thousands of children and children of larger growth all over the country who know about Pansy the writer, and THE PANSY the magazine. There are thousands and thousands more who will be glad to know.

Send to D. Lothrop Company, Boston, a dollar a year for THE PANSY.

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.

Send D. Lothrop Company, Boston, $2.40 a year for WIDE AWAKE.

Specimen copies of all the Lothrop magazines for fifteen cents; any one for five—in postage stamps.

BROWN THRASHER.

(*Harporhynchus 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 devotion, 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 journal, "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 chatacter 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 picture 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.

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. occellatus*), 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.

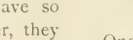
LARGER than some of the warblers, the redstart is about the size of a chippy. In habit, however, he is more like the flycatchers than the sparrows. Indeed, it is probably from his flycatcher-like way of starting up unexpectedly that he received his name; for then you see the blotches of rich salmon that 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 appearence, 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.



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 bopeep 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 horsehairs 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-witter-witter-wee, a-witter-witter-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

pu-ee

suggests all the happiness of domestic love and peace. At one moment its minor

come to me

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

dear-ie

dear-ie

dear

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.

DHOWLUTPOOR, 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 communicate 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 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 although 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 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	420	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
			1,527

C. F. AMERY, General Secretary.

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 sicentific 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 shyer 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, 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.

THE SCHOOL OF HOME.

Let the school of home be a good one. Let the reading at home be such as to quicken the mind for better reading still; for the school at home is progressive.

The baby is to be read to. What shall mother and sister and father and brother read to the baby?

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.

BABYLAND, mother's monthly picture-and-jingle primer for baby's diversion, and baby's mother-help.

Babies are near enough alike. One BABYLAND fits them all; 50 cents a year. Send to D. Lothrop Company, Boston.

What, when baby begins to read for herself? Why *her*self and not *him*self? Turn about is fair play—If man means man and woman too, why shouldn't little girls include the boys?

OUR LITTLE MEN AND WOMEN is another monthly made to go on with. BABYLAND forms the reading habit. Think of a baby with the reading habit! After a little she picks up the letters and wants to know what they mean. The jingles are jingles still; but the tales that lie below the jingles begin to ask questions.

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.

You may send a dollar to D. Lothrop Company, Boston, for such a school as that for one year.

Then comes THE PANSY with stories of child-life, tales of travel at home and abroad, adventure, history, old and new religion at home and over the seas, and roundabout tales on the International Sunday School Lesson.

Pansy the editor; THE PANSY the magazine. There are thousands and thousands of children and children of larger growth all over the country who know about Pansy the writer, and THE PANSY the magazine. There are thousands and thousands more who will be glad to know.

Send to D. Lothrop Company, Boston, a dollar a year for THE PANSY.

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.

Send D. Lothrop Company, Boston, $2.40 a year for WIDE AWAKE.

Specimen copies of all the Lothrop magazines for fifteen cents; any one for five—in postage stamps.

THE NIGHTHAWK.

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."

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, strutting 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 9½ inches in length and 23½ inches across its outspread wings. The bill is very short and feeble, measuring only ¼ 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.

UNDER THE LIGHTHOUSE.

BENEATH 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 *south*ward
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.

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.

AN EARNEST APPEAL TO "YOUNG AMERICA."

BOYS, 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 catlike 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.

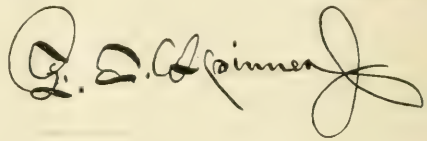
Again I say, boys, spare the birds, and above all other birds protect the wrongfully despised and hated catbird. Do him justice; don't call him by a low, vulgar nickname; he deserves the name of Orpheus, the sweetest singer of ancient Greece.

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.

THE RICE BIRD.

A CENTURY or more ago, the people of the Southern States took up arms against the rice bird; genuine firearms, 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 firearms 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	23	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
			767

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 importment 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 richesse* 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 sent 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 favor 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 milliner 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 in 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 wrens 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.

PORTRAIT OF AUDUBON.

PAINTED BY HIMSELF.

THE AUDUBON MAGAZINE.

VOL. I. JANUARY, 1888. NO. 1.

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 cork 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 evidence 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 details 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.

AMONG 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-whee* 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

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-krec-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 hummingbird, 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.

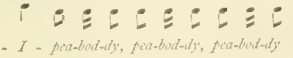
When they were both here, I used to go out and stand under the apple trees to watch them. Sometimes there must have been twenty in one tree. They were very tame, but rarely found time to look at me. Seen together, the golden is appreciably the smaller; his legs look shorter, and he is not so plump—appears 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!

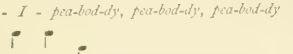
The nest of both the kinglets is often pensile, being hung from the tip of an evergreen branch. It is said to be a "ball-like mass of green moss, lined with hair and soft feathers," the eggs being dull white, finely speckled.

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."

SPARTACUS 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 beween 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.

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 expression 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 impossible 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	[illegible]
Kentucky	15	Canada	[illegible]
Texas	1		
			1462

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 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." 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 six 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, who, while ready to lend their partial 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.