

ground, in its circling course through the air, as it approaches the observer, a sound may be observed resembling the distant tone of the French horn, entirely distinct from the dyssyllabic scream from which it derives its provincial name. A perforation in the lower mandible of the birds of sweetest song, and the aid perhaps of air passages along the bones of the wing, and the tubes set in them, like a shepherd's reed of oaten straw or pipe of Pan, may account for the singular variety, melody, regular scale of sound, and untiring performance of some. Campbell's "Gertrude of Wyoming" has a note relating to our favourite bird of song—the mocking-bird—in which he ascribes to it greater powers as a vocalist than the nightingale—the sweet Philomel proverbial for its compass, tone, and flexibility of voice. Its power of imitation is amazing.

BIRDS.—Don't allow your boys, or your neighbours' boys, or any biped who calls himself a man, to be strolling about your fields or orchards with a gup, popping away at the beautiful little birds that are such effectual aids in exterminating or checking the evils that commit such depredations on the farmers. These little birds are the farmers' best friends. True they occasionally take as a reward for their labour some of the fruit or seed they have been so active in preserving, but this is no more than equal and exact justice. The person who could dispense with the early carol of the song sparrow, the merry song of the bobolink, or the sweet notes of the brown thrush, may possibly be an honest man, but he has no ear for the melodies of nature.—*Cultivator.*

ROOKS.—In "A Familiar History of Birds," a most amusing and instructive work by the Bishop of Norwich, the following passage occurs:—"As some persons may wish to establish a rookery in their own immediate neighbourhood, it has been said that by looking out for a magpie's nest near the wished-for spot, and exchanging her eggs for those of a rook, the desirable point may be accomplished, the young rooks having no other associations than those of the tree in which they were bred, and being sure of a harsh reception should they venture to join a neighbouring rookery in which they have no family connexions. The two or three pairs thus located would form the nucleus of a future rookery, and some idea may be formed of the ratio in which these birds increase from an instance mentioned in the same chapter from which is taken the foregoing extract."

TO DRIVE AWAY RATS.—Boil a strong decoction of tobacco, and pour it hot on the places where they are at work. The rats will not eat wood saturated with tobacco juice.

Miscellaneous.

From an Oration before the American Institute, by Rev. Mr. Choule.

GARDENS, &c.

How many places do we know that are almost without gardens, and quite without flowers. It is the part of wisdom to make our habitations the home of as many joys and pleasures as possible, and there ought to be a thousand sweet attractions in and around the sacred spots we call our homes.

This feeling is perfectly philosophical. The fragrance of the rose that is plucked at the door of the cottage, is sweeter in odour to the poor man, who has assiduously reared it there amid difficulties and discouragements, than if it were culled from the "parterre" of the palace; and the root which he has dug from his own little garden is more grateful to his palate than if it were the purchased product of unknown hands; and this argument, if it be true when applied to individuals, is equally true on the broad principle of nations.

O, we greatly need something more of the sweet and beautiful about our homes and cottages, that shall make childhood, youth and age all cry out, "There is no place like home." In your summer rambles away from the hot city, you go to the farm-houses of this and other States; now just think how differently memory calls up the various houses at which you have sojourned. You can think of spots like paradise, and there are others that you recollect, and *there* are only the capabilities for improvement and fine opportunities for the hand of industry and good taste. How well we recall to mind the pretty white cottage, the deep green blinds, the painted trellis, the climbing shrub, the neat garden fence, the sweetly scented flowers, the entire air of comfort, and how we long to enjoy the bliss of quietness and repose.

I believe a garden spot exerts a salutary influence, not only in early life, but in the advanced periods of human existence. "O, how much sweeter it is to me," said Madame De Genlis, "to recall to my mind the walks and sports of my childhood, than the pomp and splendour of the places I have since inhabited. All these courts, once so splendid and brilliant, are now faded; the projects which were then built with so much confidence are become chimeras. The impenetrable future has cheated alike the security of princes and the ambition of courtiers. Versailles is dropping into ruins. I should look in vain for the vestiges of the feeble-grandeur