

THE ROCKWOOD REVIEW.

solved by Mr. Robin coming to perch on a tree near to where I was posted, and clearly voiced the unfamiliar syllables appended by his own well recognized ditty. The interposed notes were very much like "tee titty too" (De Capo.) There can be no doubt that all the sounds emitted from the lingual organs of birds express ornithic sentiments, moods and emotions, and are intelligible to their bird congeners, and more or less so to observant human beings. In listening to the voice of owls, jays, crows and numerous other familiar birds, the following ideas seem clearly expressed at various times: "All's well," "Come on," "Beware," "Sauve qui peut," "Oh pshaw," "Murder," "Fire," "To arms," "Charge, charge," "All pitch in," (crows mobbing an enemy), the derisive "jeers" of the tyrant flycatcher in pursuit of a crow or hawk. The expression of annoyance indicates when the catbird "squalls," and this is repeated (or a synonymoussound) by the little warbling Vireos, when their sanctum is approached or intruded upon by unwelcome visitants, and what harrowing notes of distress are uttered by many species of small birds (a single but oft repeated note or wail,) when a snake, or weasel, or cat is in threatening proximity to their nest and collow young, and the appeal for pity "O misericorde mei," of the Chicadee or Sparrow, when seized by the claws of Hawk or Shirke.

A few nights ago I lodged at the house of a relative near hear, and in a barberry bush in his garden, and close to the house door, a catbird had a nest and eggs. At five minutes to 3 a. m., the bird began to sing ecstatically, but stopped when two clocks in the house struck three, as thinking he had inadvertently begun to sing too soon. It seemed quite or nearly dark (a small

morning room), but at six minutes past three, the bird resumed its charming song, and continued without intermission, until the hour of 6 a. m. My relative mentioned that the bird had three singing spells every day, of one or two hours duration each. They allow no cats to live around them. The Catbird sings marvellously like our English Al. or Blackbird, which I used to own as a cage bird, (T. Merula).

Yours sincerely,
W. YATES.

FLORA.

A MEMORIAL.

A gentle flower opened in the shade,
That might have bloomed rejoicing in the sun,
Yet, with its sweetness, and its patience, made
Lovely the shady spot it smiled upon.

The Master Gardener, passing, saw
How slight
It's hold upon this earthly soil
Of ours,
And raised it from the shadow to
The light,
To bloom among His own immortal flowers.

No clouds may gather in the sunny land,
Nor pain be felt, nor any tears
Be shed,
And there she walks with angels,
Hand in hand,
The gentle child we wept for,
Who is dead.