

three faulty feathers on the left side of his neck, and the fourth tail-feather has a bad quill; it's chalky; it hasn't oil enough in it to keep it supple; just you look at his tail of a cold, damp day: he folds in every feather but that: he can't do nothin' with it."

"Now, look o' here, Johnny, you're always abusing that bird. I say he's as good a throated bird as you ever saw. Did you ever hear him mew like a cat? Can a bad-throated bird do *that*? Did you ever see him coming down on the lower perch? *That's* the time to see if his tail-feathers are perfect. Why, he '*fans*' beautiful. Now here, Johnny, don't let us quarrel about that bird; your mind is set about that bird, and there is no use tryin' to get you right. How is your new canary?"

"Well, he's first-rate, all except one note. You know the note that comes out of that bird-organ of mine when the handle gets just up by the hinge? Well, that note bothers him a little, but I think he'll get it after a while. He's the best-coloured bird I ever knew; and every other way he's good, except that hinge-note."

Here the mugs would be lifted, Johnny's in compliment to himself for his eulogy on his canary, and Jemmy's to wash his throat, to facilitate his anticipated attack on Johnny's bird.

"Look here, Johnny, I used to think that you knew something about birds, but when I hear you talk about that lame canary of yours, it makes me sick. You don't seem to know what ails that bird; you don't know why he can't sing that note. Now, I'll tell you: you see you always use your cuttle-fish bone too sharp; and one side of your bird's bill is so worn off, that he can't clean his seed; and when he sings, the wind slips out that side of his bill, and he can't make a good note. When a bird can't clean his seed, you see he always gets stuffed full of these indigestible shells, and can't get on: besides, his small spur on the left foot ain't good. He has to stand on the big perch; he can't hold on to the small perch; he is too weak in the left foot for that; it won't contract enough to grip it."

"Look here, Jemmy Bessonnet!" (and here Johnny would lift his mug and empty it, Jemmy following suit,) "look here, Jemmy, you and I have been here every night for twenty years, and ever since I had that canary you've had a spite ag'in' him, just as you had ag'in' that Java sparrow three years ago; and as soon as we get a-talking, you always begin a-talking ag'in' that bird. He's a