

bereft of song, is alone with his musing. Yet some of the feathered tribes remain to give voice to the woods,—but not the jubilant voice of summer. The plaintive Bob White was heard a little time ago; and yet in September there are plenty of blackbirds, that, with their “frequent notes,” keep up the music of autumn, and with their “chatter” in “the field-side wood.”

“Blackbird and jay share with the crafty crow,”

where such as still remain “are free to glean upon the stubble.” But, when the swallow has gone, we breathe a sigh of regret with our Canadian poet:*

“In the southward sky
The late swallows fly,
The red low willows
In the river quiver;
From the beeches nigh
Russet leaves sail by,
The tawny billows
In the chill wind shiver;
The beech burs burst,
And the nuts down patter;
The red squirrels chatter
O’er the wealth disperst.

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*Roberts.