

THE BIRDS OF A GARDEN

By A. C. TYNDALL.

The garden is a tangle of evergreens, forest trees, and ornamental shrubs grown wild ; with a few sturdy perennials which grow in the sod beneath them with, apparently, the fixed determination not to be overcome by difficulties. Lest anyone take exception to the term "garden" as applied to such a wilderness, I may say here, that in the bygone time when the name was given to the half acre or so of ground it covers, the perennials were not as now the neglected children of the soil, but the pride and joy of their careful owners.

Garden or wilderness, as you will, it is a favorite place of resort and residence with the lesser fowls of the air, and while there is a bird to be found in the neighborhood it is to be found here. Here may be seen the tiny kinglet, with his voice like the note of an elfin horn ; here the scarlet tanager flashes his military looking figure across the open spaces ; and in the silence of the night it has been my privilege to hear an owl of some species unknown to me, holding forth in a manner impressively suggestive of a prediction of all kinds of woe and misfortune for the inmates of the darkness enveloped abode close by.

Chief among the birds who spend their summers in the garden, however, as a bird almost always to be found when he is looked for, is the catbird, whose longtailed, blue-drab figure is to be seen in the mulberry thickets any hour in the day. The catbird comes of good family, numbering among other connections scarcely less desirable, the famous mocking-bird as first cousin. He is a fair songster himself, but he might be better, if he would give up the mistaken idea that he is gifted in the same way as his farfamed kinsbird. The great songster of the south