

everything is still, no other bird-life is awake, this beautiful songster has it all to himself; no chirp or twitter of any other bird's coarse or grating note mingles with or spoils his; he has the whole field to himself. What with the indescribable loveliness of the English twilight, and the beauty of his song, I have never from that moment heard any bird that I would think for a second of placing before him. No doubt the surroundings and the death-like stillness of the twilight, served to impress on my mind his notes in all their loveliness.

Speaking of the twilight, I might be allowed to digress here a little from my topic, and say something about it. I would describe it if I could; that is impossible. It does not resemble our beautiful Indian summer; it does not resemble our light, clear atmosphere either by day or by night; we have nothing that we can compare it with. It is that state of the atmosphere which in the British islands comes between daylight and dark—it is not dark, it is not light; it is a balmy, quiet, lovely stillness; it is as if day were falling asleep and night not yet ready to take its place; it is one thing I can't describe, and I don't think any other pen can. It is *twilight* and has no other name. In summer it lasts all night. It is something every American should see; it can never be realized without.

Returning to our singing birds: I have placed the skylark second. No doubt many will disagree with me in placing him before the mockingbird. I cannot say that I altogether place the mockingbird as strictly speaking, on the list of singing birds proper. He is truly a grand singer, but you can't tell the instant he may drop a sweet note, half finished, and commence cat-calling, cawing, or making some other hideous noise. He is just what his name calls him, a mocking bird; whereas the skylark, as he tosses heavenward, is all song, and his own song, none borrowed, which he pitches forth till the eye can no longer see him in the sky, only as a speck or a bee; till he pitches to the earth again it is a continued volume of sweet unbroken music. How he continues so long and loud in one uninterrupted strain is to me a mystery. Truly he is a lovely songster, and I fancy I have placed him in his correct place, next to the nightingale.

To those who never saw a nightingale, perhaps I could best describe him by imagining our mockingbird one size smaller, the color (barring all specks) of the song sparrow, and you have the nightingale as near as I can describe; him a quiet, unassuming bird both in plumage and actions.

No doubt if the writer of this article in the *Nineteenth Century* reads this he will disagree with me in the places I have given to my feathered friends,

but he wrote, no doubt according to his tastes for bird music, I write according to my own; both may be correct for all we differ; it is like a fondness for instrumental music, one prefers the violin, while another would much rather sit and listen to the music of a piano forte.

In plumage there is no room for argument, the American birds are superior to the European, many of the former being of very brilliant colors whereas, all the best English singing birds are of very unpretending, quiet colors.

× ROADS.

My Poultry Account.

Editor Review,

DEAR SIR,—I took the trouble to keep an account with my chickens for the year 1881, and I enclose you the result, thinking that the figures may be of use in helping some to decide as to whether it is best to keep a few chickens or not.

I keep two kinds—white Leghorns and Plymouth Rocks. The former are the better layers; the latter are excellent for the table and good layers as well. I have a garden, and consequently have to keep the hens shut up the greater part of the summer. My enclosure contains about one-fifth of an acre. This I have planted with thirty-five plum trees, from which—after they come into bearing—I expect to reap a small fortune annually, as I feel satisfied that the hens will destroy the curculio, which is about all that stands between us and good crops of plums in this section.

1881.	Hens, Dr.	
Jan'y. 1st, On hand, 46 hens and 4 roosters		
@ 25c each,	\$12 50	
Cost of feed during the year ...	32 29	
		\$44 79
	Cr.	
By cash received for eggs,	\$33 06	
43 doz. eggs used, @ 12½c.	11 62	
12 doz. eggs, laid down on hand, @ 20c	2 40	
Killed and eat 16 hens and chicks, value	3 60	
" sold 26 " " for ..	7 20	
Sold alive 63 hens and chickens	14 25	
Decr. 31st. 14 hens and 2 roosters, @ 25c.	4 00	
		\$76 13
	Dr.....	44 79

Balance to credit,

I keep no pigs nor cow, and of course the hens get all the scraps from the table.

Yours truly,

A. W. GRAHAM.

St. Thomas, January 6th, 1882.

Save the droppings from your fowls and pigeons. Tanners are always willing to purchase all they can get at 50 cents per bushel, and it is worth more than that amount as a manure for the garden.