

[Continued from first page.]

we fancy we hear its song—the "Song of Spring." And what is its song? Comstock says, "The song of the Robin, although not complicated and brilliant, is pleasant and agreeable, from its simplicity and the well-known good character of the performer. But the red breast may be educated so as to excel nearly all other performers. When within hearing of the mockingbird, he not only catches many of the notes of that songster, but even improves upon them; so that we have heard robins sing in a style and with an effect, which we have never heard surpassed, or perhaps equalled by any other bird."

Minot, in his "Land and Game Birds of New England," says, "The Robins have, beside their song, a very faint whistle, like the Cedar-bird's liep; but one note, which is constantly varied, usually being in the winter, early spring and fall, more dreary than in the summer, when it is sometimes merely a chirp, though at other times it is uttered in a tone of excitement or vehemence, and rapidly repeated. The cry of the young is somewhat harsher than that of the mature bird, who are very pleasant singers, and often warble a cheerful and energetic song, consisting of a few monotonous notes, which are repeated with some little varieties, chiefly in the morning and at dusk, in spring or summer." We think the song of the Robin a mixture of pleasant "jingle-jangle," inclined to be monotonous when listened to for a length of time. Its song is particularly vehement or energetic during the spring months in Canada; but for a long period during the summer months the bird is comparatively silent. The Robin does a great deal of good and some harm. It is very fond of insects of all sorts, and grubs, but like many of ourselves, has a great liking for a desert of fruits, just when they are ripe and luscious. The latter characteristic or trait in the Robin's habits has brought down upon him a good deal of censure and ill feeling, but this is mainly amongst niggardly and uneducated people, who see no good in any object in Nature, unless this subserves their own interests.

The range of the Robin is wide-spread. It is found in all parts of North America, Greenland, on islands on Behring's sea, on several of the West India Islands (as Bermuda, Cuba, and Tobago) and through Mexico to Guatemala; also occasionally observed in Europe. The extremes of its range (reached only by a few individuals) are Greenland, the West Indies or Central America.

We could say or write a great deal more about this Spring bird, but space does not permit, and we would merely remark in conclusion, that its flight southward in the fall is entirely influenced by the sort of weather we are having—not going to have, for the birds know less about than ourselves; and there are but few winters in which one may not meet with it, in but a comparatively short journey to the south or west of Montreal. We have many paragraphs in our scrap-book relative to "Robins wintering at Toronto, Belleville, Ham-

ilton and other points west," but as regards Ottawa, Montreal and Quebec, the wintering of the birds is an exceptional feature.

We have seen *Albino* (White) Robins, but they have not pink eyes as many conjecture. These and "White Swallows" are occasionally met with in every section of country, but they may be looked upon as very exceptional and forms of disease, rather than anything else.

April Items.

260,000 EASTER EGGS.

Torontonians consumed on Easter-day, according to the computations of the *Globe* and *Mail*, about 260,000 eggs—good, bad and indifferent. What a fearful egg-sample to other cities. It reminds us of a piece of poetry we have in our BULLETIN SCRAP BOOK, and here it is:—

AN EASTER EGG.

BY H. C. DODGE.

A man, like eggs, is "soft," they say,
And when he is, he writes a "lay."
His "yolk" is always "hard" to beat.
And he is sometimes "crushed" with care.
When he is "fresh" his "yolks" are "stale;"
He's "addled" when egg-nogs prevail.
A broken egg will stand alone;
A man that's "broke," too, stands a loan.
You "beat" a man when he is "bad,"
But not an egg—if you'd be glad.
An egg is on nest; man is not—
And both quite often "go to pot."
Both eggs and men in "shells" may float,
And both, too, have an ora-coat.
Eggs will hatch fowls; men foul things hatch,
And both make "cheek-us" hard to catch.
An egg will "poach;" so will a man;
And then he "scrambles" all he can.
In bowls of eggs some men take pride,
And yet their bowl-eggs they will hide.
Both eggs and men have "boils," and they
Are "set upon" and "laid" away.
Some men sell eggs, and some eggs sell,
And some, when "egged," egg-hen will smell.
And some who are egg-salted high
As bad egg-amples often die.
But man is like an egg in fact,
When he is "hen-pecked" and is "cracked."

Spring "Poetry in Prose."

April, sunshine, birds in tune; backyard rubbish in full bloom; frequent showers, colds and gloom; dogs and cats and brilliant moon; lovers strolling out at eve—spoony fantasies to weave; torn up homes to regulate; urchins swinging on the gate; marbles on the sidewalks—boys, quite hilarious with their noise;—the same old season reproduced, when nature's winter bonds are loosed.

—April entered at Cincinnati and vicinity very warm and summer-like, the thermometer ranging on the 3rd from 61 to 79—a higher record than for a number of years.

New York, April 7.—Nominally the spring has come. The spring trade has opened vigorously, the merchants say twenty per cent. better than last year, but the weather is still wintry, and March very coolly continues herself along into April. Forgetfulness, no doubt. According to all precedents there ought to be a backward spring in order to make up for the exceeding mildness of the winter, and it looks as if that was to be the programme.

Something that answers for grass is bursting through the ground, and the long leafless shrubs and trees are preparing spring styles or buds in a very small way indeed.

—The thermometer recorded within 5° of zero at St. John, N.B., at the entry of the month, with a snow-storm.

A VIOLENT WIND STORM.

OCEAN BEACH, April 3.—A wind storm, yesterday, badly damaged a large number of cottages here. George Kisner's house was moved from its foundations and almost wrecked. Several barns were twisted out of shape. Four cottages in course of erection at Ocean Grove and five new cottages at Point Pleasant were blown down. The Baptist church at Tom's river, which was being enlarged, was blown over. The storm only lasted a few minutes.

DISASTROUS WIND STORMS.

A Reservoir blown down—Three persons killed and three injured—Considerable damage done.

READING, Pa., April 2.—This place was visited by a furious wind and rain storm this afternoon. George Shelborne and two children, Rose and Charles, aged nine and twelve respectively, were decapitated by the shock.

PHILADELPHIA, April 2.—At Girard college this afternoon, the wind blew the roof off a shed on a number of boys. Three were knocked insensible and one was dangerously hurt.

—A wind storm played considerable havoc in British Columbia on the 3th.

—The State of Michigan suffered severely from a cyclone which swept over the country on the night of the 5th April. Great destruction of both life and property.

—On the 8th a similar disturbance struck Kansas and Iowa.

Singular for April.

EARTHQUAKES.

AMSTERDAM, N. Y., April 3.—Two shocks of earthquake were felt here yesterday morning. Houses were considerably shaken and many persons badly frightened. The shock was more severe at other points than here. The earthquake seemed to cover an area of ten and a half square miles. It was felt at Fonda.

STRUCK BY LIGHTNING.

Last Saturday night the barn of a farmer named Stoskopf, about seven miles from here, was struck by lightning and consumed by fire. A number of sheep and some other live stock were consumed.

MILVILLE, N. J., April 3.—Newton Allen, aged twenty-one, was killed by lightning, yesterday. Two children in the same house were badly shocked.

BUFFALO, April 2.—The Main street station of the New York, Lake Erie & Western railway was struck by lightning, to-day, and burned. Loss \$500.

SPIRE STRUCK BY LIGHTNING.

BELLEVILLE, April 3.—The spire of St. Michael's Church was struck by lightning during a storm yesterday. The only damage done was to the cross, which was split in several places.

—A sharp thunder storm along the Hudson, N. Y., on Good Friday morning.