



K I D D ' S

POPULAR "TREATISES ON SONG-BIRDS:"



THE CANARY

BY THE EDITOR OF
KIDD'S JOURNAL & BOOK OF NATURE

E T C.

KIDD'S
POPULAR TREATISES ON SONG-BIRDS.

THE CANARY.

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THE CANARY; A CAGE AND CHAMBER BIRD.

BY WILLIAM KIDD, OF HAMMERSMITH.

ILLUSTRATED BY N. WHITTOCK.

There is in life no blessing like AFFECTION ;
Life hath nought else that may supply its place.

L. E. L.



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KIDD'S SONG-BIRDS, ILLUSTRATED.

(From the Weekly Chronicle.)

MR. KIDD'S "TREATISES ON SONG-BIRDS,"

Originally published in the Gardeners' Chronicle,

and since materially added to in the columns of his Own delightful JOURNAL, must not for one moment be confounded with the compiled books on Birds which have heretofore held sway with the public. They are perfectly original, both in style and manner. Being the practical result of some thirty years' experience, they must be regarded as first-rate authority—quite upsetting many of the received rules and regulations for the treatment of the feathered tribes, which have been so blindly followed for the last half century. We should add, that there is a freshness about Mr. Kidd's writings which invests them with a perpetual interest.

VOL. I.—THE CANARY.

To be followed by

THE NIGHTINGALE.
THE BLACKCAP.
THE THRUSH.
THE BLACKBIRD.
THE SKYLARK.

THE WOODLARK.
THE TITLARK.
THE LINNET.
THE GOLDFINCH.
THE BULLFINCH.

And other of our Choicest Songsters.

THE AVIARY AND ITS OCCUPANTS,

Will form one of the early Volumes.



TO THE READER.

WE HARDLY NEED REMARK, that this is *not* our first appearance before the Public as a Writer, or as an historian of the feathered race. We do not therefore feel the *mauvaise honte* peculiar to a young author, uncertain of what reception he may meet with from the World at large.

It was in the pages of the *Gardeners'*

Chronicle that our "Treatises on Song-Birds and Natural History" first saw the light. Week after week we continued to write; and finding the subject more than usually attractive—the Public Press sounding our fame in all lands—the papers from our pen extended,—not over weeks and months, but over years. And yet how short the whole time appeared!

During this interval, much attention both at home and abroad was directed to the mass of curious information and anecdotal facts—connected with birds in particular, that had thus accumulated; and inquiries out of number were made as to whether the "Treatises on Song-Birds" would be issued in a separate form.

It was not possible at the time, to decide

on the expediency of this measure. The Proprietors of the *Gardeners' Chronicle* had retained our services for their Paper; and a point of honor was involved in the performance of our compact. When, however, the demand for our Treatises on "The Canary," "Nightingale," "Blackcap," &c., became so urgent as to warrant the step, we addressed the Proprietors strongly on the subject. *They* were not in a position to supply copies of the newspapers containing our Essays (they were soon out of print); and we were without a letter of license to republish them on our own account.

The negotiation we had opened lasted some little time, and it terminated in our favor. The copyright of our voluminous contributions to the *Gardeners' Chronicle*

became ours by purchase ; and we re-issued some of them, at an early day, at a cheap rate. Very many thousands of them found their way all over the world, and the demand is still great as ever.

We should here mention in what form the republication alluded to took place. It was suggested to us, that, as we had become so popular a writer on Natural History, we should be fully justified in bringing forward an independent WEEKLY Journal bearing our own name. This was a speculation that somewhat appalled us. Indeed the veteran, CHARLES WATERTON, to whom we confided our little secret, kindly warned us of our danger. Highly complimenting us on our ability, and acknowledging our qualifications for the task, yet did he ominously

point to the horrors of Paper and Print, the Scylla and Charybdis of literature; the one a fearful rock, the other a remorseless whirlpool. His friendly "Beware!" yet rings in our ears. Boldly, notwithstanding, did we rush on to our fate; anxious to *create* refined sentiments and pure taste where none existed, and to *make* people love Nature in spite of their prejudices against her sweet laws. Herculean task! Charles Waterton has had a fair laugh at our expense. Years of unceasing labor and toil have taught us, at a heavy cost, a lesson that we shall not soon forget. We know *now* (and deplore it) that the "mind" is the very last thing people care about!

KIDD'S JOURNAL and BOOK OF NATURE was launched in the first week of January,

1852; and in its pages were reprinted, shortly afterwards, many of our contributions to the *Gardeners' Chronicle*.

Process of time revealed to us that we had acted unwisely in issuing our periodical in a cheap weekly form.* The multitude purchased it ONLY for our papers on Song-Birds; it had not the appearance of a *book*; the "continuation" of articles from week to week was objected to; refined sentiment and pure taste were voted "a bore;" and we found a change to be expedient.

* It was printed uniform in size and price with *Chambers' Journal*, and similar publications; and the bookselling trade *hating* all these cheap Weeklies, did their very utmost to annihilate us. Our shallow purse could not resist their power; we therefore yielded to necessity.

On the first of January, 1853, KIDD'S JOURNAL assumed a more important character; taking thenceforward the position of a MONTHLY Periodical. So odd is the world we live in, that from this very period we were regarded with higher favor than ever. Our pen was considered more powerful; our mind more vigorous; our contributions from all parts of the world more interesting; and our Journal the *only* one entitled to be called "The" Journal of Natural History *par excellence*.

But the difficulty of obtaining our Treatises on Song-Birds still exists. The demand for them on their republication in weekly numbers was such, that the supply speedily became exhausted; nor did we deem it politic to reprint them, for the reasons

already assigned. They can now only be obtained in the five volumes of our JOURNAL.

All persons who love birds will, we believe, give a hearty welcome to our remarks on THE CANARY. Much as we have said about it, there yet remains much more to be known of its habits, amiabilities, and peculiarities.* In the pages of KIDD'S JOURNAL, the most pleasing anecdotes have been recorded by Correspondents. There are also frequent discussions therein, on the practicability of breeding and rearing Canaries

* As this Treatise on the Canary will no doubt run through many editions, such persons as may have any interesting particulars to communicate about the CANARY, are requested to forward them (*free*), to the Author, at Hammersmith. They will then be assigned a place in a future edition.

in the open air,—in parks, shrubberies, and gardens. There is little doubt that we shall, ere long, see numbers of these pretty creatures, in gay plumage, flying and roaming at large in many places throughout England. We have alluded to this in another part of the book.

Until the introduction of KIDD'S JOURNAL, no periodical for Intercommunications and Consultations on Natural History existed; and it is with a view to make it more widely known that we have determined on the re-issue of our Writings on Song-Birds in a cheap and popular form. Where the one is found, we confess we are *most* desirous that the other should be found also.*

* The vast mass of original matter connected with Birds, Animals, and Natural History generally, that

Of the general tendency of our writings (universally diffused), we believe little needs be said. We pen nothing for the public eye, without having some moral purpose in view; for we regard the lower world (so-called) as monitors, from whom, if we be willing, a world of wisdom is to be learnt. Thus do we become, although not professionally so, an Educational Preceptor. We get at the heart, through the eye and the ear.

We do not pretend, like Bechstein and other modern writers on Birds, to show how our poor, confined little prisoners can be

is contained in the FIVE VOLUMES already published, can hardly be credited. All parts of the world have contributed to them; so that, as books of reference, their value will ever be great.



INNOCENCE AND HAPPINESS.



starved and tortured into tameness. Neither do we (like them) particularise with savage delight how they may be snared, trapped, and inveigled into prisons of iron and wood; there to pine in misery, and reflect (for birds have very retentive memories) on the happiness of earlier days.* Far other is our object; we would rule by love *only*. Fear is a tyrannical oppressor.

From our very childhood we have been accustomed to make "friends and companions" of our birds and other pet animals; loving them as ourself, treating them with familiarity and fondness, studying their

* We are sorry to see H. G. ADAMS, once an avowed *friend* of the feathered race, now their open enemy. He has published a book, with the most minute instructions how to trap and ensnare them!

habits, dispositions, and tempers,—thus rendering all conducive to some good purpose. How we have succeeded in this, and the many playful experiments we have made with our amiable and innocent little friends, stand recorded in the columns of OUR JOURNAL. We refer to them with feelings of pure delight.

With regard to the arrangement of the *materiel* in the following pages, we have been requested *not* to alter the original features of the respective Papers; but to let them commence regularly, and form (as before) separate chapters. There can be no possible objection to this; indeed we prefer it. As we *at first* won the public ear and heart, *so* let us hope to keep up the reciprocal feeling of friendship, so dear to

us. These Papers have led to many intimacies, which will ever be fondly cherished.

By general desire, we include in this volume an account of the total destruction of our much-loved Aviary, by RATS; a loss that cannot be made good in our lifetime. It was many years in the formation, and its inmates were of the very choicest kind. Their tameness and endearments never could be described in words.

We have one or two Canaries yet living. When *these* are no more, farewell, for ever, to all birds in confinement!

Our pleasure now consists in viewing our little friends, "happy" in the garden,—tamely feeding from our hand, and following us in doors; or tapping at the window, to be admitted at all hours, welcome guests.

Ours is a garden of delights, sacred to ourself and our feathered friends. They love us, and we love them. They lead a happy life; and we rejoice in beholding their confidence in us as being A FRIEND to their race. Our pen shall ever be devoted to their service. We well know that we cannot prevent their being imprisoned (the human heart cannot be regenerated by *us*); but we will strive hard to make their sorrows sit lightly as may be, under existing circumstances.





THE CANARY.

INTRODUCTORY CHAPTER.

Give me but
Something whereunto I may bind my heart,
Something to LOVE, to rest upon,—to clasp
AFFECTION'S tendrils round.

MRS. HEMANS.

IT IS PLEASING TO KNOW, that the very extensive Series of Papers which we have undertaken to write on this most popular and prolific subject, are looked forward to with great anxiety; and when we consider the many thousands of individuals to whom

such matters are of every-day moment, the task is an important one.

It must not be imagined, that because we instruct persons how to select their birds, and how to treat them when in confinement—we are therefore advocates for their imprisonment. No; this we repudiate altogether. The whole tenor of our remarks in the columns of the *Gardeners' Chronicle* (and other channels), for many years past, will prove the contrary. We would not, were it in our power to prevent it, have *any* bird (excepting the Canary which is a lawful and happy captive) deprived of its liberty, and doomed to pine in captivity. But as people *will* keep birds, be it our grateful task to bring our experience to bear on an amelioration of their captivity.



CARELESSNESS AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.

We are a true WATERTON at heart, and love to see every one of the feathered tribe in the full enjoyment of that liberty which is their native right. Then are their songs, songs of joy,—their tameness in our gardens is a mark of confidence; their residence in our grounds a proof of affection; their companionship a matter of inexpressible delight. All these enjoyments have been ours; they will continue to be ours. Excepting a few choice canaries—perhaps unrivalled for the excellence of their music, not a bird of any kind have we, immured within prison walls. Our Aviary*—of its kind one of the World's Wonders—was long since dismantled, and nought now remains to us but the pleasant

* Its entire destruction by rats will be found chronicled in subsequent pages.

memory of the past. We loved our birds, and they loved us.

It will hardly be surmised that we could have written so many years for the *Gardeners' Chronicle*, without receiving during that time, from all quarters of the world, information of the most valuable kind connected with Natural History. This we have treasured up carefully, and we shall place the whole at the disposal of our readers; interweaving it, as we go on, in our general remarks.

By Naturalists generally, we have been highly complimented on the extent of our practical knowledge; and we have received a universal vote of thanks from them, for having put down and silenced certain visionary theorists, who are opposed to all new dis-

coveries connected with the feathered tribes, —simply because they are beyond their own shallow comprehension. This mode of action we shall still pursue; for science is progressive, and every successive day brings something novel and interesting before our view.

As every eye has been on us and our writings for so long a period, and many cavillers have been ready to pounce upon us the moment we committed any error of speech—it is a cause of rejoicing with us that we have achieved so signal a triumph. Moreover, it gives the public confidence in us as their future Guide.

We bring to the subject we have undertaken to discuss, a long and very interesting experience; and, as we travel onwards, we shall be able to introduce a multitude of

anecdotes that will prove of no little interest to our readers.

We have placed on record more than once, the opinion, that people who love dumb animals are seldom unworthy members of society; whereas cruelty or indifference to their little winning ways, argues a disposition anything but amiable and all-but universally repulsive. A naturally affectionate disposition is our delight. Where we find it, we feel "at home" in an instant. Such are our sentiments, which we glory in making public.





CONFIDENCE AND AFFECTION.



CHAPTER II.

AN ADDRESS TO ALL WHO KEEP BIRDS.

BEFORE ENTERING REGULARLY INTO OUR SUBJECT, we consider it essentially necessary to offer a few preliminary observations which concern *all* who keep birds.



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It is worthy of note, that there is scarcely a family, high or low, rich or poor, whether residing in town or country, in which some one species of our feathered songsters is not to be found domiciled. From boyhood, nay, almost from infancy upwards, there exists in most of us an innate propensity to keep a bird. There is companionship in the very thought—a feeling of comfort, essentially English. How very many of us there are who can vouch for this fact!

It becomes, however, a matter for serious consideration how these little prisoners are treated, when placed in confinement, and committed to our tender care and keeping without the possibility of assisting themselves. With some, indeed, it is a question whether it be strictly lawful to keep birds

at all in confinement. The question certainly does admit of argument ; but allowing it to be lawful, there is at least entailed on us a serious and indispensable duty to make them forget, so far as kindness can do so, their privation of liberty. This we have ever studied to do ; and in most instances, we would fain believe, successfully. We regret, however, to say that our observation has led to the discovery of many acts of barbarous cruelty practised on these innocent creatures ; arising, let us hope, not so much from an unfeeling heart, as from a culpable want of due consideration of their necessities.

Many people are apt to imagine, while viewing the occasional activity and sprightliness of their little caged favorites, and

while listening to the melody of their tiny voices, that they are necessarily in the enjoyment of perfect health and happiness. They take this for granted. Some birds, however, though they sing, are still very far from being happy. In all, there is a plaintive note as well as a joyous note. Our ear could detect either, in an instant. Other birds convey the state of their feelings by a remarkably singular note, a note which is totally different at other times. We have known a bird warble delightfully, but ominously, a few minutes only before his decease. Like the swan, he has sung most sweetly at his death. As the strain ceased, he fell lifeless from his perch. His heart had burst! On looking into the cage, we found our suspicions verified. From neglect, either Dicky's food had



TRUST TO A SERVANT, AND LOSE YOUR BIRD—OF COURSE.

been exhausted, or his water, from carelessness, had been inaccessible. That "last" eloquent song of his was a bitter reproach to his hard-hearted master or mistress!

We cannot help thinking, and we wish to be very emphatic on the point, that no persons should ever attempt to keep birds, or allow their children to do so, unless they are naturally "fond" of them, and, at the same time, themselves of a kindly disposition. To trust birds to the care of a thoughtless child, a callous servant, or an indifferent person, in one's absence from home, unless under very particular circumstances, is to yield them up to almost certain destruction. Hard-hearted servants either cram their troughs full of food (sufficient to last a week) with a view to save trouble, or, by never

changing their water, they allow it to become corrupt. In the former case, the hull of the seed which is eaten, falling on the top of the residue, prevents the birds obtaining a fresh supply; whilst in the latter, the birds become poisoned by putridity.

We are sorry to say, adults are frequently quite as much in fault as children, in this matter; too often more so—for birds are not unfrequently killed by children through an excess of attention, having many things ministered unto them quite unsuited to their animal economy. They are also taken out of their cages to be nursed and “petted”—a horrible practice; when the heat of the hand and undue pressure on their body cause their death.* Why, let us ask, should

* A few months since, while making some pur-



“ KILLING WITH KINDNESS ”—A WARNING VOICE.

we be thus thoughtlessly, and continually cruel, when five minutes of our time every morning would, in many cases, be amply sufficient to make our favorites both comfortable and happy?

These little creatures, if we would nar-

chases at the shop of a bird-fancier, a ragged urchin rushed in and asked for a "penny bird." In exchange for his penny, he received a cock sparrow. Shortly afterwards, a little girl entered, with scarcely sufficient clothes on to cover her person; her demand was for a "half-penny bird." There was handed to her a *hen* sparrow. From the exquisitely-savage feeling of delight with which both birds were clutched by their respective purchasers, it would require little of the spirit of divination to enable one to predict their fate—torment, doubtless, and starvation; but the consoling reflection presents itself that,—they were "only sparrows!"

rowly watch them, possess the most singular attractions, exhibit the most romantic attachments. Not a movement of their master or their mistress escapes their observation. They may be taught, easily taught, by affectionate care, to come out of their cages when called for ; or to sit on the finger, and sing when requested. A simple movement of the head, or expression of the eye, will accomplish this ; whilst the reward of a bit of hard-boiled egg, or a morsel of loaf sugar, will speedily cement an intimacy terminable only by death : the attachment of some birds knows no other limit. We have verified this, times out of number ; and have by us, at the present moment, a little army of "pets," who, having paid the debt of Nature, are now carefully and lovingly embalmed in



ANIMAL MAGNETISM.

glass cases—mementoes of many by-gone happy hours.

We have rarely found, during a long experience of nearly thirty years, any great difficulty in taming a bird, or indeed an animal of any kind. Instinct, on some occasions very closely bordering on reason, unerringly teaches the lower order of animals to discriminate who are their friends, and who are their enemies. This is demonstrable by the extraordinary familiarity, apart from all fear, which some birds and other animals exhibit when in the presence of their masters and mistresses, on whose fingers we have known birds to sit and sing with the most perfect confidence.

We were much struck one evening, whilst visiting the Cyclorama, to observe,

mounted on a stand, a large and very ferocious macaw; who, having been evidently subjected to a succession of annoyances from tormenting visitors, was ever on the alert to fasten on the first victim that should fall in his power. Unlucky wight! The ferocity of the animal was the subject of general remark. Whilst passing through the same room, in the after part of the evening, we saw the macaw caressing the face of a gentleman with the fondest marks of affection, insinuating his head inside the gentleman's waistcoat, and giving other most extravagant tokens of regard. That gentleman was his master!

Apropos of these little endearments. We remember, some years since, holding an argument with an "unbeliever" about the

power we possessed of taming animals. We pretended indeed to no particular gift or mode of fascination; simply kindness. Mesmerism at that time slumbered; and we were in the habit of recognising effects without being able accurately to divine their causes. Science has since rapidly progressed; and we now view matters through a different, a clearer glass. *Mais révenons à nos oiseaux*—or rather, *à nos poissons*.

We offered our sceptical friend to procure a glass bowl, and to place in it a number of fish; undertaking to tame every one of them so effectually, within a fortnight, that they should one and all recognise us. This satisfied him; and he promised, if we succeeded, he would acknowledge our power. That was kind of him—very.

To work we went. Thirteen sprightly minnows were introduced into a glass bowl, and we changed the water regularly every morning; removing them in a closely-meshed net, and tenderly replacing them when the bowl was again ready for their reception. It is not necessary to enter into particulars here, as to how we accomplished our purpose. A second Cæsar, we exclaimed—“*Veni, vidi, vici!*” We were indeed “a Triton among the minnows.”

Within the prescribed time, every one of our finny friends had made our acquaintance; coming to the top of the water whenever we placed our head over the bowl, leaping some distance out of the water in the exuberance of their delight, and positively listening to us attentively whilst we whistled to them a

lively air. Many people, now living, witnessed these exploits.

More than this: when we placed one of our fingers in the bowl, each graceful inhabitant swam affectionately round it; rubbing his sides against it, and evidencing a degree of pleasure hardly credible unless witnessed.

We converted the infidel, it is true; but we shortly afterwards lost the society of our little friends. They perished during the heat of that same summer.

Our readers must not marvel at anything "curious," wrought by the talisman of kindness. A long life of observation has brought under our eye some very pleasing endearments amongst creatures of the most opposite habits. Contact affects every living

animal. If we ill-treat them, or neglect them, we sour their dispositions, and make them morose. They shun us, and hate our company. Our habits of life, and want of sociability, are infectious; and diffuse their influence on all around. When, however, we notice them, and show ourselves pleased with their little tricks and endeavors to win our love,—they become familiar and playful with every member of the family.





DELICATE ATTENTION.



CHAPTER III.

NERE A FITTING OPPORTUNITY offers for saying a word or two about some little matters, generally held in light esteem.

We have of late been writing of birds in a state of freedom—rambling through the woods and the fields, and listening to their voices with delight. This subject we shall continue to pursue, as usual, in our MONTHLY JOURNAL; but here we are pledged to a lower flight.

“A change, then, now comes o’er the spirit of our dream—”

We turn from the land of liberty, and have henceforward to speak of those little prisoners *only* whose fate, "for better for worse" is more immediately in the hands of a master, a mistress, a servant, or a thoughtless, giddy child. Before proceeding one step further, we beg again most earnestly to protest against any song-bird being entrusted to the tender mercies of the two latter. Servants, in particular, are notoriously thoughtless, careless, and indifferent; children (as we all know but too well) are, in addition, too often remorselessly cruel.

Most of our pet birds owe their immediate death to neglect. To speak within compass, one-third of them, at least, perish from starvation. Herein lies a great moral evil,



CRUELTY AND STARVATION.

which cannot be too loudly nor too frequently spoken against. If people would but reflect for a moment, they surely would never be guilty of such a *sin*—for sin it is. *Verbum sat.*

In the first place, we would suggest that, before purchasing any cages, due regard should be paid to their being of a proper size (of which more hereafter), and in every respect adapted to the comfort and convenience of the intended occupant. This is a most important consideration. We have very frequently seen birds hung outside a window, with an open top, and with open sides to their cages—admitting not only the scorching rays of a meridian sun, but strong eddies of wind, and drenching showers. Many a bird falls sick

from such gross neglect; and however fine his song may have been, it will, if he be thus exposed, soon be for ever silenced or ruined.*

* The evils of this extreme folly and thoughtless cruelty, have been visible for years past in the court leading directly from Parliament Street to the foot of Westminster Bridge. Here we have frequently stopped to listen to the voices of the larks, robins, and other birds, which have been exposed during all weathers and all seasons. We hardly need remark, that these poor creatures, some of them originally of first-rate excellence, have from time to time fearfully degenerated in value,—their voices being husky, and their so-called song (or rather, shrieking) positively disagreeable to listen to. How often have we beheld them shivering before the bitter blasts of winter; trembling in the wind, and exciting the pity of passers-by! And how often have we felt a wish to see their cruel master suspended in their stead!

In no one instance is this unpardonable neglect more observable than in the case of the sky-lark—the very prince of our songsters, and about whom we shall, in a future volume, be truly eloquent. He, unfortunately, has the reputation of being a “hardy” bird, and therefore is hung out of the window, as we may see daily, the first time the sun shines; and in a cage with open wires on both sides! The currents of air passing the live-long day through the cage, over his head, and against his breast (the pressure of which he frequently cannot withstand), are enough to ruin his constitution and his song for ever. The natural consequence of this exposure is, the bird gets puffy, and his voice becomes wiry, husky, and hoarse. He may rather be said

to shriek than to sing; melody there is none. It is truly wonderful to observe the almost universal practice prevailing in this matter. It is not less impolitic than it is cruel.

Nothing can be more easy than to obviate all this. If one side of the cage were of wood, projecting the entire length of the front, and the other of wire—the birds would get plenty of air, and be snugly protected from the wind. If it were considered necessary to make them “hardy,” by leaving them out in all weathers—a hideous fallacy—they would then find a sheltered corner in which to take refuge from the storm.

We have had sky-larks in full song for fourteen years; and we have always treated

them in this way. People have said, they could not possibly imagine how we got our birds to live so long. The fact is, they would not take any trouble about their birds; nor would they think how best they might contrive to keep them well, and make them happy in their confinement. When they died, as the saying is, "there was an end of them," and their places were quickly supplied with others. Miserable bird-fanciers, these!

Nor is due attention to the proper sizes of your cages the only thing required. The birds' perches must be well arranged, and so fixed as not to interfere one with the other. By no other method can you keep them, and consequently your birds' feet, clean. The water, too, must be changed in summer

twice daily; and the seed looked to every morning. The gravelly sand, also, must be changed thrice weekly, and the birds' claws kept neatly cut.

In the matter of food, we should recommend a constant variety, in addition to the regular diet—such as egg, boiled hard; lettuce, chickweed, groundsel, &c.; but *no loaf sugar*. A little CLIFFORD'S German paste, now and then, mixed with grated stale bun, is an agreeable change for your canaries, goldfinches, and linnets.

Au reste,—let your good sense be in active exercise day by day. Observation will tell you what your birds like, and what deranges their stomach. They are easily pleased, and as readily tamed. If you study *them*, they will study *you*. Above all, re-

member to keep them in every respect as clean, and give them as much change of air and scene as you would your own children. They will render you in return the affection of a child.

Few of us are aware of the many "little things"—quite inexpensive—which contribute towards making life happy, and home enjoyable.





CHAPTER IV.

DOUBTLESS, OF ALL CAGE BIRDS, THE CANARY is the general favorite. There are very few families, comparatively speaking, in which he is not to be found domesticated. Nor can it be wondered at; for his natural disposition is to be friendly and affectionate, and he will sing *anywhere*.

Although originally a native of the Canary Islands, the canary has been so long naturalised in this country, that he may truly be pronounced an English bird. When first introduced here, he was very tender, deli-

cate, and difficult to rear ; but the race are now robust, and among the heartiest of the feathered tribe, if properly tended. They will even live in our gardens, and breed in the open air, as we propose to show presently. This is a most important feature in the natural history of the canary, one in which we feel greatly interested.

The great marts which supply London and the provinces with canaries, are—Norfolk, and some parts of Yorkshire. The Norwich birds are celebrated for their high color, and freeness of song ; also for their liveliness and trim plumage. They are, however, very tender, and apt to fall sick. The Yorkshire birds are splendid songsters ; but they are not handsome, either in form or plumage, and their colors are bad ; neither are they

so lively as the Norwich birds. However, their voices are infinitely finer, they sing more steadily, and with more harmony; whilst their constitution is wonderfully strong.

These birds arrive in considerable numbers—very many thousands of them in one week, immediately before the season of Christmas. They are sent to the written order of the various dealers in London, who await their arrival at the railway stations, and attend to their little wants immediately they are delivered into their safe custody. The principal dealers reside at Clerkenwell and Shoreditch; also in Great St. Andrew Street, Holborn, and its immediate vicinity. All persons who are anxious to secure *good* birds, should pay an early visit here; but we must advise *great caution* as to where and

with whom they deal. We shall speak more of this hereafter.

The best time to select your birds is by gaslight. They will all be found ranged in cages round a large square room. To keep them in a state of excitement, a quantity of peas are placed in a wooden box, which is then rattled violently backwards and forwards. This noise,—for it is nothing better, puts the birds on their highest mettle; and every one of them, resolved on not being outdone, sings bravely against his fellow. This is the time to test your judgment. If you have a fine ear and a quick eye, you will readily detect the best songster of the lot. Do not be in a hurry, but show a state of the utmost repose; neither let the dealer know where your heart is set. Take at least

half-an-hour before you finally decide. Sometimes a very extraordinary song-bird has a damaged tail, and an otherwise defective plumage. This is *nothing*, if he be in other respects perfect. By drawing his feathers, you can quickly reinstate his beauty. Three short weeks will suffice to regenerate him entirely. By proper management, you may pick out a good bird at a cost not exceeding a crown-piece. If we might advise, we should say, sacrifice color to accomplishments—you will never repent it. Nature seldom gives us rare beauty and great accomplishments united.

When you have selected your birds, one or more, and looked to their legs and feet to see that they are healthy and perfect, *on no account allow the dealer to touch them, or*

remove them from their cages. Pay him a deposit on the cages, and take the birds away in your hand. You should previously have a local habitation prepared for them at home, well furnished with seed and water ; and have nothing to wait for on your arrival. When introducing them into their new residences, do not remove them with your hand, but open the door of the new cage, placing the old one *dos-à-dos* against it. Station a lighted candle in front, and your little prisoners will hop in cheerfully, well pleased at the change—for their late cramped and ill-savored abode will have had little charms for them. We shall speak of the proper-sized cages, &c., anon.

It will be desirable to hang them up at once, in the place you intend them to occupy.

If purchased at the season we have spoken of, the chances are—they will sing within ten minutes after they have been caged off. The best trait in the character of a canary is—he will sing, place him where you may. These birds very seldom show a sulkiness of disposition; and even if they should occasionally do so, a single hemp-seed, or a morsel of chickweed, would set all to rights in a moment. An amiability of disposition is herein shown, which should put some of us to the blush. Intellect does not always confer wisdom.





FRIENDSHIP'S OFFERING.



CHAPTER V.

BY PURCHASING YOUR BIRDS in the manner we have recommended, you will not, cannot be deceived as to their sex. But more than this must be regarded in the purchase. All the canaries sent up from the country are young birds; brought up under good tutors (such as the titlark and the nightingale), but apt to degenerate in song if not properly taken care of. To keep them, therefore, steady to their acquired song, do not hang them with any other

noisy, rackety birds; but in a room by themselves. A few months' drilling will cause them to be staunch. They may then be suspended anywhere, and associated with any other songsters.

Those birds are considered most valuable which lead off with the nightingale's note, concluding with that of the titlark. The jug-jug, swelling slur, and water-bubble of the former, blended with the "chewing" and "wisking" of the latter, kept up in a long-continued strain, are, when observable in any of these birds, certain signs of excellence.

There are a vast variety of tastes, and a vast number of opinions, with respect to a fine bird. With some—a large number!—noise, shrillness, and a rapid execution carry the palm. Others are pleased with a lengthy

song, whether musical or not—its duration being regarded as the test of value. *Chacun à son gout.*

For our own part, now that our ear is more attuned to real music, we infinitely prefer the German canary before all others. Not that all, or a twentieth part of those that are brought over here from Germany are a whit better than those of our own rearing. Some few, however, are placed by canary breeders under first-rate tutors; and they sing with so much melody, so much pathos,—so *con espressione*, that their value can hardly be over-rated. The birds we speak of, will cost from three to four guineas each. They cannot be had everywhere. The age to purchase them at, is in their second year. They are then true to their song. To listen

to these birds by candle-light, is a treat perfectly indescribable. Theirs is the "music of the spheres."

Canaries are of various colors. Those most in request are the Jonque, or bright orange. These are very tender. Some prefer the bright orange, with an admixture of black spots. These should have no white feathers whatever. Then there are the mealy, the mottled, the buff, and the grey. It must be borne in mind, as we have before remarked, that many birds, despised for their color, are in reality the finest songsters of any. Plumage therefore should be a secondary consideration, if you want a good song-bird.

A bird in good health should be thin and trim, and very sprightly in his cage. If ever you see a bird with his head behind his

wing, in the day-time, conclude that his days are numbered. His sickness is unto death. Be very careful, when purchasing, to bear this remark in mind. Keep a close eye, also, when any bird is performing a call of nature, on the movement of his tail. If he "bolt" it, like the nightingale, he is in very bad health. We speak of course, now, of seed-birds. If what is voided be of a darkish hue in the middle, and quickly dry, the bird is in robust health. Previous to dissolution, what passes will be white and slimy, having no black in it. A few hours more, and the curtain will close on *his* career for ever.

Young birds, as we have already mentioned, are apt to be unsteady in their song. All undue excitement therefore must be

avoided. Never, under any circumstances, keep HEN canaries in their vicinity. Although they may not see them, yet they can hear them twitter; and they will answer each other from morning till night. Thus is the serenity of their minds unduly disturbed, and their strains of melody are interrupted. *Hen* birds should only be kept for "breeding" purposes, and in a room far remote from the males.

The male bird may be easily recognised from the hen by his "dare-devil" sprightliness and vigor. He will be found to sit bolt upright on his perch, and to stretch out his neck at full length, to see all that is going forward. He is also taller, and more vivacious about the eye; the eye of the hen being tame, and her movements lackadaisi-

cally measured. The larynx of the throat is also more fully developed in the male. He opens his mouth to good effect, and every note tells. The hen, on the contrary, jabbars, and makes "much ado about nothing."

Canaries, when young, are most assuredly imitative; if therefore you associate them with other birds, let it be with a first-rate linnet, woodlark, or titlark. Whatever strains they may borrow from these, they are unobjectionable. They all discourse most eloquent music.

By the way, all lovers of *candle-light songsters* (and these beat *all* others hollow) should associate the four last-named birds in one room,—arranged so as they may not see each other, but listen to each other's song.

The effect produced by such a choir is enchantingly beautiful.

As a rule—to keep your birds in continual song, hang them up in situations where they cannot by possibility get a sight of each other. We have often heard people express surprise at their canaries not singing; and we have frequently been consulted as to the cause. It has arisen, in nearly every instance, from the manner in which their cages have been suspended in the room. Immediately after the arrangement has been altered, and the birds have been kept out of each other's sight, they have commenced singing in all the joyousness of their nature. The reason is obvious. Their attention, when thus separated, is not diverted from their song; and a spirit of rivalry indu-

ces them to do their utmost not to be surpassed.

If you particularly wish your birds to sing by candle-light, darken their cages in the day-time, so as to prevent their over-luxuriance in song. Also, keep them scantily supplied with food. When the candles are lighted, when the fire is seen to blaze upon the hearth, and when the cups and saucers are heard to rattle on the table—then you will be treated to something worth listening to. The whole household, too, will feel happy.





CHAPTER VI.



GENERALLY SPEAKING, the average duration of a Canary's life, in the hands of a kind master, is from sixteen to twenty years. With us, the "oldest inhabitant" lived fifteen and a half years. Not long since, there was one to be seen at Wood Lane, Shepherd's Bush, strong and vigorous in his eighteenth year. He was even then rich in song; but about the middle of that year, his legs were getting gouty, and his sight was beginning to fail. He died before he had attained the age of twenty. We

never remember to have seen a finer bird, in every respect. His affection towards his master and mistress was, as is usual with these birds, firm to the last.

In order to secure longevity for your birds, be careful in the selection of your cages. Herein lies the grand secret. The cages generally in use are altogether ill-adapted to comfort; being open to the air at every point, and admitting a succession of draughts from morning till night. Hence the cause of so much sickness, and of so many deaths. Birds so attended to speedily become asthmatic, and seldom live for any great length of time, as daily experience shows.*

* A "Naturalist" asks us, why we consider the Canary, when first brought over to this country, was "tender and difficult to rear." In addition to its

Above all things, studiously avoid the circular, open-barred brass cages, with sliding doors, now so much in vogue. We mean those resembling a parrot's cage, on a reduced scale.* They are frightful in-

being recorded as an "historical fact," we imagine that, though these birds love hot climates, the cause might proceed, in no small degree, from the ignorance and want of skill exhibited in his care and culture. It is of late years more particularly, that he has been fully studied; and that his inherent excellencies have been duly appreciated. Now, in fact, he may said to be acclimated. He is indeed one of the hardiest of our song birds, and will live in a state of perfect liberty in an open garden, all through a severe winter, as will be seen in a future chapter.

* Our artist has introduced them in his illustrations, because, he says, "they look genteel," and much more "fanciful" than the proper cages!



NEVER FORGET TO SHUT THE DOOR.

struments of destruction ; bringing full many an innocent songster prematurely to his place of final rest. The brass, we need hardly observe, when water lodges on it, presents verdigris ; and this, when tasted, produces sometimes a lingering, sometimes sudden death. All manner of "cheap" cages, too, must be discarded as inadmissible. They are made of dry deal, and invariably harbour vermin. Of these latter, we shall ere long have to tell a pretty tale. As a rule, buy no cages whatever excepting those made of mahogany.

The proper description of tenement for a canary is a mahogany cage, 13 inches long,

That may be ; but let us protest against their *use* with all the eloquence we are master of. WE introduce them, to condemn them utterly :—once, and for ever.

11 inches high, and 8 inches deep. The top, back, and one of the sides, should be of wood; the other side should be of stout wire-work (also the front), so as to admit the air, and at the same time exclude a thorough draught. Just above this wire-work should be a glass or wooden slide, running in a groove. It might then be withdrawn or not, as occasion might require. The cage inside should be painted white. This, if your bird were of a fine bright orange color, would show him off to advantage.

A long, square, but narrow perch should run from end to end, about the centre of the cage; and a second, of a similar kind, directly behind the two tin pans inserted at the front of the cage (one on either side) to hold the seed. In the middle of the wire-work, at

the front, let there be a hole sufficiently large to admit the bird's head while drinking. Never use glasses or fountains for holding water; but receptacles of tin, suspended by bent wires. Glasses and glass fountains are apt to get displaced; and many a prisoner dies for want of water thus unthinkingly removed beyond his reach. By having these two perches only, the bird's feet will be kept clean (a point we must insist upon); and he will have plenty of room for exercise, without injuring his plumage.

A bird thus lodged may be placed anywhere, or hung out of any window. He will never know what fear is, and he will be steady to his song. It is quite a mistake (irrespective of its being cruel) to place *any*

bird in an open cage, if you wish him to sing well. By allowing him to gaze about, his attention becomes distraught, and his thoughts are divided. So well do the Germans know this, that they frequently pass a piece of *red-hot metal* before the eyes of their choicest birds, with a view to keep them "intent upon their song alone." The intensity of the pain inflicted by the heated metal, causes the tears of the poor victims to flow out. They close their eyelids; and when the heat has done its duty, their eyes have become sealed *for ever!* These foreign fiends, habited in the garb of humanity, rarely have the temerity to send any of their birds, so mutilated, over here. All honor be to our nation for setting their faces resolutely against any such frightful atrocities!

The proper food for this tribe is canary, flax, and a small quantity of rape-seed. All these should be old, and of the very best quality. It is miserable economy to purchase "cheap" seed. It will assuredly injure, if it do not kill your birds. Every morning the seed should be carefully examined, the husk removed, and the tins replenished. The bottoms of your cages should be well cleansed, thrice weekly; and be kept well covered with red gravelly sand. It is also desirable to have a small quantity of old mortar, well bruised, mixed with it. In addition to the water supplied in the tin, it is always expedient to have a square earthenware bath, fitted in a mahogany frame, ready for daily use. These are so made as to be easily suspended on the doors of the

cages, when the latter are opened. They are over-arched with wire, to prevent the birds escaping; and are obtainable of almost any dealer. Never let a day pass in the summer season without administering the bath. It is a grand secret of health, and assists wonderfully in keeping your birds in fine feather. In the winter and early spring, forbid its use altogether.

To make your pets familiar, give them every now and then a small quantity of yolk of egg, boiled hard; and a small quantity of "Clifford's German Paste," mixed with a stale sponge-cake. Put this, lovingly, into a little "exclusive" tin pan, fitted in a sly corner of the cage, and the treat will have a double charm. These innocent little creatures love to flirt with any nice pickings



PROFITABLE INVESTMENT—LOVE RETURNED IN SONG.

thus mysteriously conveyed to them; and they will keep on chattering to you in a language of their own, for many minutes, while viewing the operations in which you are actively engaged for their particular benefit.

When hanging your birds out in the garden, or at an open window, avoid as much as possible exposing them to the intense heat of a scorching sun. Although protected from its baneful influence by the covered roof of their cages, to a certain extent, they yet run a considerable risk of being killed by a *coup de soleil*—the fate of many a noble songster. The bough of a tree, well covered with foliage, is what they delight in. This should be allowed to depend from the top of their cages. So protected, they will not be

annoyed either by the sight of a cat or dog, or any other noxious animal—indeed, they will be strangers to fear of any kind.

Neglect these precautions,— the “consequences” will make you wise too late. No person can justly affirm that we do not illustrate all we say.





CHAPTER VII.

WHEN A BIRD IS ABOUT TWO YEARS OLD, he is considered "steady" (if he have been carefully educated), and he may be allowed to hang in the company of any others—however loud they may be. Each successive year tends to his improvement; for, if he be at all given to imitation, he will copy no notes save those which are sweet and essentially musical. No better tutor could be found to instruct young canaries, than a staunch bird in his second

or third year. They very quickly forget, in the sweet strains of his melodious voice, the gibberish they have learnt while keeping promiscuous and "loose" company elsewhere. Always let them be much together, if you value a fine songster. When you really do become possessed of a rare bird, make much of him. Such are not to be met with every day.

We have before given sufficient reasons for not allowing any of your birds to see each other. Only let them *hear* each other, and you will have unceasing music from "morn till noon; from noon till dewy eve." Such is the rivalry among birds that, not unfrequently, the one who is outdone falls lifeless from his perch. His heart has been broken from the magnitude of his efforts

to stand his ground! In some cases, if death do not ensue from over-exertion, the bird's *spirit* (courage) will have fled for ever. He may exist for years, but he will never be heard to sing from that day forward. Of this, we have had oft-repeated proofs.

In this variable climate, you must take special care never to leave your birds in a cold room, or in a room without a fire. Keep them at one equable warmth, and they will thrive—neglect them in this matter, and their feathers will become ruffled; their head will find its way behind their wing; and their dissolution will be speedy. In an aviary, this precaution is unnecessary. No birds “winter” better in an aviary than canaries; but this is owing to their never

being used to a fire, and also to their being gradually inured to the succession of the seasons. This we shall speak of more at large, in our "AVIARY COMPANION."

The habits of the Canary are no less remarkable than they are diverting, and his natural disposition is truly amiable. He bears no malice—entertains no resentments that cannot be coaxed away by a single hemp-seed. "*Semper idem*" (always alike) is his family motto; and it is well chosen. He is never so happy as when he is in your company, and he will chatter to you by the hour together. It is no punishment for him to be in his cage; though he loves occasionally to hop on the table, and help himself to a morsel of sweet cake. He is of all birds the least shy, and the least



A TRIO OF PLAYFUL PETS.

suspicious—so thoroughly does he confide in the good faith of his master and mistress. Would that such confidence were never misplaced!

If you feel inclined to humor him in his little visits to you on the table, provide him regularly every morning with a square china bath, half filled with water; first placing it within a deep basin, to prevent damage to your furniture by his splashing. An invite of this nature is irresistible, and he will soon be seen immersed to his very throat. On his return from the bath, his appearance will be found ludicrously comic. His sly look of self-satisfaction and assumption of importance, whilst nearly drenched, and in a state of utter helplessness withal—are “as good as a play.”

Touch him—if you dare! With extended wings and unrestrained fury, he will resent the indignity by pecking fiercely at you with his open beak; and he will often give you, in addition, striking proofs of his anger. These “airs of state” are very frequently practised. We merely throw out a hint for our readers to improve upon, for you may teach these majestic birds anything.

In our early days, we were never without the company of some half-dozen canaries. They were allowed free liberty during the day, and they would fly after us from room to room all over the house,—perching on our head or shoulder with the familiarity of a pet child. Whilst making our toilet—a grand “study” with a gay young man—



SYMPATHETIC ENDEARMENTS.

one or other of these little fellows would sit on our forehead; and seeing himself reflected in the glass, he would incontinently dance a hornpipe there—his little throat the while distended with song, and his trembling wings describing the arc of a circle.

How often, too, have we taken up a book to read, and found one of our little friends speedily perched on the summit thereof—bidding us defiance to say him “Nay!” All our remonstrances have been silenced by a flood of harmony, and in every instance we have gone to the wall.

Were we to go on thus leisurely particularising the many little tricks we have witnessed, as practised by our winged minstrels, we should exceed the bounds of propriety.

One, however, of our joint performances, we must, through favor, record; enforcing, at the same time, the necessity for extreme care on all who may hereafter try the experiment. It is not quite free from danger.

Aware of the perfect understanding existing between ourself and little family, we were in the constant habit of playing them off some "practical joke," rewarding them afterwards with a hemp-seed, by way of compromise. The sight of a hemp-seed, therefore (of which our mules and canaries were inordinately fond), was a signal for some favor to be granted—some game to come off. Taking up four or five duodecimo volumes of printed books, we opened each in the middle; and placing them in a line on their front edges, in a slanting

position, there was formed beneath, an avenue throughout their entire length. It was like a railway tunnel on a small scale. In this opening we placed some half-dozen birds, one by one; gently forcing them in the first instance to travel onwards, *pari passu*, until they emerged from the tunnel. As each successively made his appearance, we presented him lovingly with one of his favorite hemp-seeds, as a "reward of merit." Shall we be credited when we affirm that, before we had thrice repeated this little experiment, our pupils thoroughly comprehended the *fun* of the thing? It is indeed strange, but positively true.

Day by day we extended the range of volumes; till by degrees we formed a small circle round the room. Here and there

we left small loop-holes, just to give the travellers a "birds-eye view" of the surrounding neighborhood—occasionally exhibiting the magical hemp-seed; a sight of which quickened their pace amazingly. When their journey was a very long and tedious one, their looks, as they pattered past the loop-holes, were most imploringly expressive. However, an encouraging "*Allons, Messieurs!*" kept them up to their work bravely. Arrived at the terminus, the strut of triumph as each came forward and claimed his reward, can only be faintly imagined. We can see the little rogues now!





CHAPTER VIII.

LET US NOW PROCEED to speak of the various kinds of birds which should be selected for the purposes of breeding; and afterwards pursue the inquiry of rearing, feeding, &c., in all its ramifications; so that he who runs may read, and he who reads may understand.

We have before noticed the GERMAN Canaries, as songsters; and confirmed the fact of there being some well-taught musicians amongst them. Beyond this, nothing

can be said. They are not long-lived; and soon fall victims to the countless changes in this our variable climate. They are tender in constitution, and seldom live more than from two to three years in England. Such birds, therefore, will not do for breeding stock. Some English bird-fanciers (amateurs more particularly) have a great fancy for the Belgian canary. These birds are of gaunt proportions, and have a commanding presence. Their length is remarkable, and their spirits are exuberant. Their song, too, is musical, though not equal to that of many of our native birds. They are bred pure in Belgium, and the race is there kept up *in perpetuo*, to insure a healthy stock. *Suum cuique*: they are good nursing fathers and nursing mothers; and attend well to the wants of their offspring.

A very old friend of ours, some ten years since, associated one of these *Jonque* birds (a male) with one of our Norwich mealy hen canaries. They took kindly to each other, and in a few short weeks became the happy parents of five remarkably healthy children, of an undeniably beautiful plumage. The males turned out first-rate songsters; and being placed from their tender infancy under an eminent tutor,—the full meaning of which expressive word we shall have occasion to explain hereafter—they caused the heart of our good friend to rejoice. He was *then* past “the age of man.” Soon afterwards, he died, as he lived, surrounded by his pets. His *requiem* was chanted by nightingales, woodlarks, black-caps, and canaries. Oh, how often have we both been

“rapt,” while listening to *that* minstrel choir!

We must not be understood as speaking in praise of the *beauty* of the Belgian canaries. They are not of fair, symmetrical proportions, by any means; but their colossal size, and herculean constitutions, impart increased vigor to any young birds that may proceed from their family connections.

We have stated the average duration of a canary's life at from sixteen to twenty years. This has reference *only* to a state of celibacy. Those birds, on whom devolve the cares inseparable from large and rapidly-increasing families, rarely live half that number of years; and it must be borne in mind that the song of a canary, in wedded life, degenerates from the day of his espousals. He

never afterwards sings so long together, nor so sweetly. In sober truth, his value as a "songster" is altogether lost. Hence the necessity, or rather the prudence, of selecting a male bird for his fair proportions, color, and health,—principally. As for song, never fear his progeny being found deficient in *this* matter. There are infallible methods of making them *all* first-rate, as we shall show.

One very great "vulgar error" that exists among the million about the rearing of birds, requires removing. We mean their recognition of "February 14" as being the "pairing time" for birds, and the signal for putting them up in cages to breed. In such a climate as England, what is the necessary consequence of such a step? Why this: the hens

build their nests, lay their eggs, sit their thirteen days, hatch their young; and when the latter come forth, the chilliness of the weather either kills them at once, or compels them to be reared, like hothouse plants, in the close vicinity of a blazing fire. This fact sufficiently accounts for the puny apologies for birds which we see from time to time in the families where we visit.

The earliest period that common prudence would sanction for birds being put up, is—the latter end of April. If perchance the month of May *should* prove fine and warm—we just remember such an occasional treat—why then your birds will thrive nobly; and you will not deplore your want of success. Nothing can be more galling to a lover of birds, after all his wariness, watchfulness,

and anxiety—than to find his expectations cut off, and the whole process of incubation to have again to be gone through. Get everything in readiness if you will. Buy your birds, prepare your cages, and scald your nest-bags. But remember, “there is a time for all things ;” and nestling canaries are *very* tender.

We want to establish a *rational* mode of proceeding; and we trust our readers will kindly bear with us while we so earnestly urge its adoption.





CHAPTER IX.

UNEXPERIENCED PEOPLE ARE very apt to meet with repeated vexations, either in losing their young birds when hatched, or in having the eggs forsaken by the parent birds during the process of incubation. We will very plainly show the reason, and provide the remedy.

Any person who will take the trouble of thinking and reasoning on the subject, must be struck with the folly sometimes exhibited in putting up birds to breed from, themselves

not a year old! That the hens do lay, and that their eggs are sometimes fruitful, we grant; but the giddiness of the parents, their inattention to the young, and want of experience generally—are constant causes of their first and second broods dying in their infancy.

No birds should be paired until they are at least a year old. After that period they may be said to be in full vigor, and instinctively qualified for the perpetuation of their race. You will find the hens daily grow less fickle in their attachments, and more devotedly affectionate to the husband of their choice. There will be but one common feeling between them; they will share jointly the solicitude attendant on the hatching and rearing of a family, and the male will be con-

stant in feeding his partner as she sits on the nest. All these points are essentially to be regarded.

The next consideration will be, how to breed your birds perfectly pure. Having once procured a good "stock," your anxiety for the future will be removed. If you wish to have birds of a brilliant or "gay" plumage, let both parents be of a clear and uniform orange, free from all foul feathers. If any of the latter be visible, the breed will be *im*-pure. If you select a Belgian canary, let it be a Jonque *male* bird only, and associate with him a Norwich or Yorkshire hen. The Belgian hens, although good mothers, are yet of so large and so long a body that they sit awkwardly upon the nest, and find great difficulty in hatching their eggs. This re-

mark applies, however, more particularly to a breeding-cage. If the birds are in a room, and build in a tree, the objection we make will be overruled.

Such persons as are not particular with regard to color, will find the grey canaries breed as well, or perhaps better than most others. They are assuredly the best nurses. But whatever color you may choose, take special care to select birds of the largest and longest feathers you can get, and let them be in robust health. A sickly parent, father or mother, will produce a puny, degenerate offspring. In selecting a pair of English canaries, let the hen be the larger of the two, so that her eggs may be the better covered. The heat imparted from the body of the mother is twice as great as that from the father.

When a pair of canaries have the misfortune to "addle" their first nest of eggs, which, notwithstanding the attention on their part, will sometimes be the case, you will find that it will teach them a practical lesson. They will speedily go to nest a second time, and most probably, on this occasion, hatch every egg, and rear every one of their offspring. *Some* males are steady and good to breed from, when a year old; but hens, if put up the first year, should be descended from *good* nursing-mothers. This is essential.

The late Sir John Sebright, in a pamphlet on the "Instinct of Animals," maintains that "acquired habits in animals become hereditary." We incline strongly to the same opinion. Long experience goes far to confirm its truth. If this be the case—and why

not?—when you observe any bird of a particularly quiet and amiable disposition, set him aside, and provide him a mate in whom are observable equally good qualities. We can call to mind several instances in which we have witnessed noble results from this course of action. We cannot go so far as to say, that we think a bird's *vocal* powers are hereditary. That is purely apocryphal. In all other points the doctrine holds good. It is a great object gained to have lively, healthy, good-tempered, well-formed, and handsomely feathered birds; and we advise that under no circumstances should canaries be put up for breeding that are melancholy, heavy, or mopish. Sprightliness, vivacity, and joyous energy, should be the prevailing characteristics in every *good* bird.

Fancy birds, so called, are attended with much trouble in rearing, and also much disappointment. We will briefly indicate the intrinsic merits of a prize-bird, many of which are exhibited at private "clubs" in London and the provinces, once or more yearly. We would observe, that the *plumage* of these birds is the grand desideratum, their song being a minor consideration.

A good fancy bird must have a clean cap; that is, from the crown of his head to his shoulder he must be of a clean orange or gold, —in no respect broken or spotted with foul feathers. One single foul feather renders him imperfect; though it is right to acknowledge that such extreme purity is rarely met with. His wings and tail must

also be equally free from foul or white feathers. To make his beauty remarkable, he should be clean from the cap to the saddle ; his wings and tail being in all cases black.

These requirements are as essential in a hen as in the male bird. There are two names given to distinguish the color by. The one are called "mealy," and the others Jonque birds. The former have their crowns and all below their breasts of a clean orange or *pale* gold. A scientific breeder may pair two "mealy" and two Jonque birds together ; but we would not advise people generally to attempt this.

Male birds, finely marked, as those we allude to, should be paired with a "mealy" hen,—for this reason : the young of all birds

mostly take after their father in their feathers. Many of our readers will smile when we tell them, that it is a practice to have a pattern bird, drawn on card-board and highly colored, which is regarded as a specimen to breed by. Any failure in coming up to the "standard" causes a breeder infinite chagrin!

The finest collection of thorough-bred fancy canaries we ever saw, were those of MALCOLM GORDON, Esq., Canonbury Park. The long practical experience of this gentleman enables him to produce many birds of the rarest excellence. His *heart* is in the study; hence the secret of his extraordinary success. It does one good to listen to his advice about cleanliness, diet, and the many essentials for rearing first-rate birds.

His enthusiasm so delights us, that we are frequently in his company.

The wings and tail of a fancy canary are *black*,—their backs, to the saddle, being of a rich, deep orange color. As they change or “moult” their quill feathers, they become lighter. Hence, their beauty for exhibition as “prize-birds” is confined to the first season *only*, when they are from seven to nine months old. The orange color must be of the very deepest dye. Any shade of *lemon* is fatal to the “value” of a prize-bird. The hen, when selected to breed from,* should be a rich

* The breeders of first-rate fancy canaries are loud in their praises of a breeding cage four feet long, twenty inches high, and eighteen inches deep. These have a *double* set of nest boxes, one on either side. It

orange-colored "mealy;" with the wings, tail, and cap regular, and with a fine feather.

Contrast being the law of nature, like should never be matched with like,—at all events so far as canaries in particular are concerned. If one be weak, let the other be strong. If one be spotted, let the other be plain. If one be dark, let the other be fair. Thus will extremes meet, and excellence be the consequence. Also, be sure not to put up a pair of turned-crown, or tufted birds, to breed from. The offspring of such a pair would most probably be born bald; or at all events partially so, besides being in other

certainly *is* desirable to give your birds an abundance of room and air. Common sense will explain "why." However, it is not *every* room that will admit of such large cages.

respects deformed. Strange to say—the world we live in *is* strange!—the greatest harmony is produced from direct opposition.

Again, as a rule, always breed from birds of fresh or distant blood. Too close an affinity—let us all listen to this hint—produces a weakly stock, and leads to endless disappointments. This as regards birds, poultry, and indeed *all* living things.

Before quitting this subject, we would remark, that however first-rate a fancy-bird may be, no entire dependence can be placed on the offspring being equally perfect. Blemishes of some kind frequently appear. On the other hand, two birds of little comparative value often produce a very fine breed.

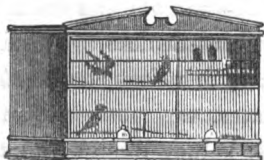
It is amusing to watch the proprietors of

these prize-birds, after the public annual exhibition of them is over. Every bird has his cage enclosed in an air-tight bag, and is carried away with as much mystery as was formerly attached to the Delphic Oracle. Their mistresses appear to have more to do with them even than their masters, and convey them away with most solemn pomp of circumstance.

We have already remarked, that these forced birds are valuable for their "beauty" *only*. They are the sport of every breath of air; and, like hothouse plants, must be vigilantly tended, or they die. Nature shakes her head at such doings, and approveth them not. So do we, being an humble follower in her ladyship's train. In the matter of a cage-bird,—give us *vox—si præterea nihil!*

This is a matter on which we feel that there is much difference of opinion. People are now, as ever, taken by outward appearances; and care very little indeed for “that *within* which passeth show.”

But as we write for the public, and not for our own individual fancy, we leave each person to his particular choice.





CHAPTER X.

BESPECIALLY CAREFUL *never* to buy your birds of men and boys in the streets. We will tell you why. These individuals—a large number—are *one and all* in the pay of the London bird-dealers, who sell them, for a *bagatelle*, their refuse stock. *They never, by any chance,* are possessed of a bird of the slightest value; the whole lot consisting of old hens, and other unsaleable fry. A song-bird they know nothing about. They never, in the whole course of their lives,

had in their possession such a rarity. If our readers be wise, they will treasure up this knowledge. We vouch for the truth of our remark.

Another caution we must here put forth. The London bird-dealers are aware that the public have a morbid fancy for what are *called* "German canaries." These latter, be it known, are imported in very small wicker cribs, allowing the birds scarce space sufficient to turn round. They are then permitted to see each other in every direction. The excitement produced thereby, naturally makes them *for a season* stout in song.

The German canaries—the *real* ones—being expensive, loads of these "German" wicker cribs, like loads of our "fine crusted

old port," are "manufactured" here—in London. Norwich and Yorkshire canaries are then put into them; and when labelled "German canaries in full song, just imported," John Bull, "hearing them sing," swallows the bait; buys them; and innocently believes them—GERMAN! There are, be it observed, *very* few London dealers in first-rate German canaries; and to deal with *these*, you had indeed need to "rise early!" "*Cavendo tutus*" must be your watchword the moment you enter *their* doors.

Birds of an uniform color, when paired together, usually produce their exact counterpart. In order, therefore, to secure an infinite variety of colors, to which, in the canary, there can be no objection—if a male grey be

united to a "mealy" hen, or *vice versa*, the issue will be more handsomely marked than their parents. By carrying out this principle, which we cordially recommend to all who can give their time to it, results may be produced of a truly interesting character. Birds of every shade and every tint may be reared; in fact, such combinations are inexhaustible.

The *lizard* canary is a beautifully-marked bird, and forms a striking variety amongst others. It resembles the fancy birds, inasmuch as it has a clean yellow cap; and its back and breast are richly spangled with black and green. It is called "lizard," from its closely resembling the color, and having the marks of that reptile. They may be reared from a pair of very

strong fancy birds, put up in a breeding-cage.

We shall now proceed to the subject of "Breeding" Canaries; and speak first of those bred in a *Room*; the treatment of these and those bred in a *Cage* will be found somewhat different.

As it would hardly be worth while to rear canaries a pair or two at a time, it will be desirable to select a good-sized room, as nearly square as possible. In fitting it up, many hints may be taken from our copious directions for the arrangement of an Aviary.*

* These popular articles on the "Aviary," &c., will be reprinted in due course; and will form a separate volume, in connection with our "Song-Birds."

It is indispensable that the aspect be suitable, and that the morning sun be freely admitted through the windows. This is a comfort which canaries, in particular, highly prize. It keeps them lively, cheerful, and in good health. The windows should be made to open; so as to admit the air, and keep the apartment sweet. To prevent the birds escaping, galvanised wire-work, closely meshed, should be fastened over each window. Let the floor be kept thoroughly clean, and nicely gravelled with small pebbly gravel. This is at all times desirable; but in a breeding-room it is more particularly so—for many obvious reasons.

In arranging your nest-boxes, which should be of mahogany, place them—some moderately low, and others in a more ele-



PLEASING AND BEING PLEASED.

number of your nest-boxes be just double the number of your birds; and place them in all corners of the room, so as to afford a "choice." Some like a dark situation; others, one opposite to the light.

Instead of giving your birds "hoppers," or seed-boxes, on the wall, use those which in form resemble an inverted Lucca-oil bottle. The mouth is turned downwards, the shoulder resting on a green earthenware cylindrical stand, about 4 inches deep, with holes in the sides to admit the birds' heads; place these on the floor. This arrangement confines the seed in a small compass; and as it is consumed, more descends to supply its place. Birds, when breeding, are dainty, and are apt to waste a great deal of their food. This is a kind of check upon such wanton extravagance.

The apartment should contain at least two windows, so as to admit plenty of light and air—those essentials to health. A tree, also, or even two trees, one at either end of the room, would be most acceptable. When the birds build in trees, however, you must see that the nests are firmly and securely constructed, or the young will be liable to fall out. 'Tis a pretty sight—to see eight or ten pairs of gay-colored birds busily occupied in rearing their tender offspring! Their anxiety, affection, forbearance, and patience, teach us, moreover, a great moral lesson well worth the learning.





CHAPTER XI.



CANARIES ARE A PERFECT PATTERN for affection, when the heart is honestly won. They love (with some few exceptions) truly and fondly, from the very moment the marriage knot is tied. In this they afford a good example to their masters and mistresses,—many of whom must “sit corrected” every now and then. But let us see about the breeding materials; for no time should be lost.

You will find that the sight of a nest-bag,

and a peep at the two nest-boxes, will soon inoculate the "happy pair" with a desire to enter upon the duties of an active and a profitable life. The chances are, that the very first day they enter a breeding-cage will see the nest-bag pulled to pieces; and the nest itself progressing far towards completion. The *hen*, be it observed, is the most alert in this matter.

Whilst cosily seated on the moss, wool, and hair, and busily arranging it for the reception of her eggs (the average number of which is from two to five), the hen will keep on giving utterance to a constant succession of very peculiar, but expressive conjugal notes. Now it is quite easy for a curious observer, to see that each one of these notes is full of the "dear"-est meaning, and per-

fectly comprehended by the male. His lordship, like a good husband, will ever be observed thoroughly attentive, tenderly affectionate, and ready, at a moment's notice, to do her ladyship's bidding. Thus, at one time, we find him feeding her while sitting on the nest; at another time, arranging the moss, hair, and wool; and, at all times, lavishing on her the most delicate attentions,—anticipating, indeed, her every wish. So passes the honeymoon. *O, si sic omnes!*

The mutual affection evinced by these sweet little creatures is most extraordinary. Nor do their tender endearments cease until the young ones are hatched. Then, however, come on the “cares of state.” The great responsibility from henceforward devolves on the male; to whose care the hen

mainly entrusts her infant brood. He has to feed them, tend them, and watch over them, while the mother flies leisurely about, and exercises herself; resolutely bent upon recruiting herself and recovering her lost strength. If she interfere in the feeding of the young, it is by courtesy more than by an assumption of right. But there are, let us add, many exceptions to this general rule.

As the young will generally be hatched on the thirteenth day after sitting, have in readiness some soft victuals in a saucer, for their parents to feed them with—such as the yolk of fresh, hard-boiled egg, stale French roll, and scalded rape-seed; the whole moistened in the first instance with boiling water, and then well squeezed with the hand. This should be given fresh, *twice*

daily. A little well-seeded chickweed, quite ripe, should also be given to the old birds at this time ; twice or thrice a-week at least.

When we gave a strict caution that your birds should be left unmolested, and quite private whilst breeding, this had reference more particularly to the early part of the process. When the young are hatched, it will be *needful* every now and then to look at them quietly. If they appear, as young birds should do, red and healthy, having their crops distended, all is well. If, on the contrary, they are of a pale sickly hue, and their crops are empty, then at once construct them, as neatly as may be, a new nest (after first scalding and drying the materials), and change the one for the other.

Change also the nest-box. This done, carefully remove the nestlings with a warm hand, and place them in their new abode.

On examining the old nest, you will find it full of minute vermin. Subject one of them to pressure under a pin's head. The blood emitted from this lurking vagabond, once ran in the veins of your innocent nestlings, who, from their very birth till this moment, have sustained these vermin in life!! *Never* neglect this act of duty. You will thereby save the lives of many a parent and many an offspring. The old birds will thoroughly understand what you are about, and will show themselves well pleased when the change has been effected. We shall speak more of these vermin by-and-by.

Before your first brood can well feed

themselves, it is more than likely that their papa and mamma will be anxious to extend the branches of their family tree. This is "why" we recommended your cage being furnished with *two* nest-boxes, in two separate divisions. Keep the cage, therefore, thoroughly cleaned and scoured, and the bottom well covered with *old* bruised mortar and powdered chalk.

When the nestlings are about a month old, their parents have an odd way of getting rid of them—viz., by pecking at them, and hunting them about all over the cage. They look at them as if they were interlopers, and quite able to get their own living. This is therefore the proper time for removing them into separate habitations.

Place them in mahogany cages, made pre-

cisely as we have already recommended, and hang them up in a warm situation. In a few days the males will freely "record" their song, and give full evidence of the pleasure they feel in being possessed of a house of their own. As young canaries are very imitative, and copy all they hear, let us again advise their being made the associates of none but first-rate songsters from their very infancy. It is far more difficult to *un*-learn than it is to teach. We have *proved* this, whilst conducting OUR MONTHLY JOURNAL. As for the hen birds, unless you retain a few of the strongest for the purpose of breeding from them at a future time, they should be got rid of with all convenient haste. They are perfectly useless.

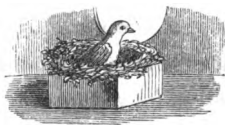
With respect to hybrids—we have taken

no notice of these under this head. Goldfinch mules and linnet mules, being bred in a different manner, will receive full notice in a future volume, under the respective *Treatises*—the “Goldfinch” and the “Linnet.” These birds may be reared to immense advantage; and if well taught in their infancy, their value can hardly be stated. They will live to a “green old age.”

We should here remark that the change of diet, from soft to hard food, should not be too sudden. Place some of each kind in the cages of the young birds, and withdraw the “nursery diet” by degrees. Be sparing with your green meat, and also any little luxuries that may act too violently on the internal machinery of your pets. Avoid also sugar, and hemp-seed; giving them

occasionally a little maw-seed, CLIFFORD'S German paste, sponge-biscuit, and stale sweet bun.

Thus instructed, you have it in your own power to rear some of the finest song-birds that were ever known. You may, moreover, live perfectly independent of the whole tribe of bird-dealers—with whom, *entre nous*, the FEWER dealings you have the BETTER.





CHAPTER XII.

HAVING DISCUSSED ALL ESSENTIAL POINTS connected with the Breeding of Canaries in a ROOM, we will now speak of the various ceremonies, rules, regulations, and orders to be observed whilst incubation is going forward in CAGES.

The rearing of young canaries in cages, is a study not only "amusing," so to speak, but very instructive—for young ladies who are in their teens in particular. From birds

as from the "ant," we may learn many practical lessons of wisdom. Indeed the minutest insect, as well as the smallest animal, affords much cause for admiration, and teaches us, if we be apt scholars, very much worth knowing. Full many a time and oft, has an attentive consideration of the domestic economy of animals *forced* us to "think;" and the thoughts induced have never failed to prove profitable.

In a pair of canaries well matched, you will find much to admire, from the very day of their nuptials. There will be between them only one heart, one mind, one voice. No pulling two ways, no dissensions, no quarrels. At all events there will be no sulkiness, or bearing of malice. The sun never goes down upon their wrath. A dark

cloud one moment, is followed by a streak of cerulean blue the next ; and so on, till the advent of their infant progeny. And let us here remark, to the honor of the "papa apparent," that he will, for the most part, be found fairly and affectionately to have shared with his *cara sposa* all the onerous duties inseparable from incubation.

Then again must we carefully note the tenderness and anxiety of the parents, and the obedience of their children. Not one sound is uttered by the former without having some meaning in it ; and this meaning is instinctively recognised by the nestlings, who never once venture to quit their cradles until called forth to see the world. Then are they carefully fed, protected, and warned until they "come of age." *Here* Nature halts. It

is now time that they should set about getting *their own livelihood*. Another loud knock at some of *our* doors! A—hem!

In choosing your birds an appropriate dwelling, study their happiness in every possible respect; and be sure their cages are manufactured of mahogany. These not only last longer than any others, but they let their inmates live in comfort and cleanliness. Vermin are, comparatively speaking, seldom found in mahogany cages.

The proper dimensions for a breeding-cage are as follows:--Length, 2 feet 6 inches; depth, 16 inches; height, 22 inches. The top and sides should be of wood, the front of strong tin wire. Three or four perches should run across the cage, and a little chamber, or rather one large chamber divided

into two, should be made immediately under the top of the cage, to hold the nest-boxes.

In the front of these compartments should be circular holes, sufficiently large to give the birds ingress and egress to their nests. In these divisions they will build, and also rear their young.

To enable you, when occasion requires, to get access to these nest-boxes, have square doors made in the side of the cage, opening outward. You can then quietly make your observations, and avoid disturbing your birds. In the front of the cage, there should be two large tin pans inserted, one on either side, to hold the seed; also a circular hole in the centre, to admit the birds' heads while drinking. A receptacle of tin should be provided to hold the water, sus-

pended by bent wires. To enable your birds to get at their food the more readily, a long, narrow perch should run immediately behind these tins, from one end of the cage to the other. Let the inside be painted thrice in oil, white.

Some people assist their birds in the construction of their nests ; and we see no objection to it. Let the two nest-boxes be half filled with the building material ; their labors will then be considerably lightened. The hen will soon model a nest to her mind. The nest-bags must be well scalded previous to use, as we have before remarked, in order to kill the indwelling vermin. Hang them in front of the cage, outside ; and carefully collect any building material that may be found dropped inside the cage. Extreme cleanliness must be

observed; and in the tray there must be kept an abundant supply of small, red gravel, mixed with a little powdered chalk.

Before turning your birds into a breeding-cage, see that they be well "paired." When you have selected such colors as you approve (according to the instructions previously given), put the male into one cage, and the hen into another. Hang them up *dos-à-dos*; just so that the eye of each can come into contact, through the hole made to admit the nail. This, while it effectually works out the intended purpose, will keep you in a constant state of merriment. The antics of the birds whilst "pairing," and the vain schemes they concoct to break out of prison, are exceedingly diverting. You will often perceive their heads, or one half of their heads, pro-

truded through the hole; their one unceasing aim, being that of "casting sheeps'-eyes" at each other. Then, listen to their voices! What persuasive eloquence falls from the oily tongue of the male! What affectionate tenderness lies in the languishing responsive l-i-s-t-h-p of the bride-elect!

Thus are reciprocated vows of eternal fidelity, which it gives us pleasure to record are, for the most part, preserved inviolate. A week's dalliance brings matters to a crisis. An explanation is asked, and given. The question is popped; the lover accepted; romantic sentimentality gives way to the sterner realities of every-day life, and the "sublime" sinks at once into the "ridiculous."

This reminds us, by the way, that the

distance between the two is said to be “one step”—“stride” we would suggest as being a more proper word than “step;” for poetry and prose do *not* live exactly next door to each other.





CHAPTER XIII.

WHEN YOU REMOVE YOUR NEST-LINGS for the purpose of bringing them up by hand, mind and take the nest with them. They are used to it; and for the short time they will remain in it (being eight days old when you take them away), it will answer well enough for your purpose. Remember and be kind to your young charge; for you stand towards these innocents *in loco parentis*. If you carefully attend to them, they will amply repay you for your trouble. Neglect them, and they will perish!

If you place a water-fountain in the breeding-room, it should be of zinc, and made precisely similar to, though of a less size than, the one described under our observation on an Aviary (before referred to). As, however, it is objectionable for birds, when sitting, to wash themselves all over, it will be needful to have a circular cover of open wire-work, fitted on the top of the fountain. The holes must be sufficiently large to admit free entrance for the birds' heads. Let the water be always fresh and clean; and the fountain clean also.

We have remarked on a former occasion, that good song-birds lose much of their song when put up for breeding purposes in a cage. This remark may be somewhat qualified, when the sexes are associated in a

room. By having more freedom allowed them, and by being kept in one constant round of cheerful excitement, while looking out of their windows, &c., they sometimes continue to sing throughout the season.

Some people turn a number of canaries indiscriminately into a room, and leave them to pair as they will. This is kind—very. But it is not wise. By properly pairing them, or at least *some* of them, in small, separate cages; and when paired allowing them to come together,—each swain then vows eternal fidelity, and is “true,” with some few exceptions, to his lawful spouse. Thus alone can the peculiarity of feather and *caste* be properly preserved. Some few pairs of “odd fellows” may perhaps be allowed to intermarry. It

will certainly give every possible variety of color and plumage to your stock; and is so far admissible.*

At no time should greater care be taken, than in the breeding season, to give your birds good and proper food. Let the canary-seed be old, large, and glossy; and the rape-

* We are constantly being asked by private correspondents, *where* they can obtain cages for canaries, goldfinches, linnets, larks, and nightingales, *made according to our own model*, and fitted up with suitable baths, &c. We are now prepared to refer all such parties to Mr. CLIFFORD, 24, Great St. Andrew Street, Holborn, who has offered to undertake the speedy execution of any orders entrusted to him, either for cages or for birds. He is one of the very few who deal honestly in the matter of a *good* "song-bird," and may be safely confided in. We have had dealings with him for many years.

seed all of the best. The same remark applies to the flax. These three seeds well mixed together (the two last in smaller proportions), are the proper food for a canary. Bruised hemp-seed, in very small quantities, may be occasionally given. As birds, whilst performing the duties of incubation, are very frequently subject to constipation, boiled milk, with crumb of bread soaked in it, should be placed in the room at least twice a week. Also some moist sugar; it will do all the birds good. A saucer is the best vehicle for its introduction.

If ever you perceive any of the male canaries to be of a depraved disposition (as they too often are), abusing and persecuting their "better-halves;" and showing other

anti-conjugal tendencies—mark such transgressors. The cares and anxieties attendant upon the hatching and rearing of a family, are alone sufficiently heavy, without the hen being in addition subjected to cruel treatment. Check, therefore, all these innate bad propensities the moment you perceive them; and get rid of the offender summarily. Other suitors will take his place; and her ladyship will feel herself lawfully divorced, “under the circumstances.”

When the nests are made, the hens will speedily commence laying. Do not, as many silly simpletons do, trouble yourselves about looking at the eggs, or about removing them—substituting ivory “imitation eggs,” until the whole batch of eggs shall have been laid. Nature *abhors* any interference

of this kind. It is desirable that the eggs should *not* be hatched all at once. The mother can feed her progeny all the better for their appearing one by one. Besides, more warmth is thereby generated for the next forthcoming stranger.

Believe us, all officious solicitude about assisting Nature at such seasons, either with birds or with ourselves, is morbid affectation. Nature wants no such aid. Leave the birds to manage their own affairs, and let common-sense preside in the sick chamber; then all will be well. Birds hate to be subject to prying curiosity when breeding; so do *all* animals. Some when thus impertinently watched—the cat, the rabbit, and others—make a point, very frequently, of devouring their offspring the instant they

come into the world ! This fact speaks with a loud voice.

A canary lays, on the average, from two to five eggs ; occasionally as many as seven. The time of sitting, as we have before observed, is thirteen days. The duties are shared, during this period, by both parents ; but, near the time for hatching, the female seldom quits the nest. The male, if a kind, affectionate husband, is most assiduous in feeding his " ladye love " as she sits on the nest ; and, excepting for water, she seldom quits her post for an instant. If, in her momentary absence, the expectant papa *should* occupy her place, he will most assuredly " nap " it. On her return he will, by an action of ejection, have the shortest possible notice to quit ; and woe be to him if

he resist! *Madame* will enforce her demands by pecks and blows. Her commands are—"Stand not on the order of thy going—but go!"

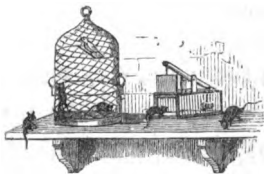
If you carefully noted the time when your birds began to sit, you may very nearly anticipate the due time of hatching. On the thirteenth day, the inmate of the first-laid egg will make its appearance. If after three days *any* of the eggs remain *in statu quo*, you had better remove them with a warm hand, and place them gently on warm water in a basin. By their irregular movement, or otherwise, you may pronounce their contents. If alive, they will give evidence of it; if there be no embryo, the egg will be fresh as when first laid. In the former case, carefully replace the eggs in

the nest; in the latter, destroy them at once.

Here let us give a friendly caution about MICE, which, in a room or aviary, are sure to do great mischief. It is next to impossible to keep them out; and be it known that they *poison* all they touch. The seed to which they have access once moistened by them, your birds' days are numbered. The poison may be *slow*, but it is *sure* to work fatally.

Examine, therefore, very narrowly, every corner of the room; and whenever you see a hole, nail over it a piece of tin or zinc. So cunning are these vermin that they conceal themselves in the most unsuspected situations. We have actually found them secreted in the food "hoppers." They have

raised the lid, and artfully ensconced themselves behind the seed until our back was turned! We hardly need tell our readers *what* was their fate when so discovered. Suffice it to say, they *were* "tried and cast;" and that we ourself personated the witnesses, judge, jury, and executioner. What followed, was soon over!





CHAPTER XIV.

DUTY COMPELS US TO RAISE A warning voice, so that the public may not be defrauded whilst making their purchases. They may pay *too* dearly for their “whistle.”

Studiously avoid, all ye who go to buy *good* song-birds, such “Babel” shops, wire-workers, Jews, and other dealers, as sell parrots, macaws, monkeys, dogs, &c. The shrieks, hideous outcries, and “unknown tongues” in which these creatures momentarily hold converse, would effectually

destroy the value of *any* "song"-bird kept for sale by such people. If you deal with them, you deserve to be cheated; and will assuredly get your deserts!

We have often remonstrated with these (so-called) bird-dealers, for keeping so heterogeneous a collection of brute beasts; but their answer has been always to the effect, that—"ladies 'cannot live' without dogs, parrots, and such like; and they will give *any* price for them." This, alas! *is* too true. We all know it but too well!

It may be said, that nearly all the bird-dealers in London have these animals on sale. We admit it, and greatly is it to be regretted. All young birds—aye, and even some older ones—*will* copy these strange noises; and the worst of it is, they invaria-

bly become stereotyped in their memory. Therefore, let us again raise a warning voice, and caution our gentle readers against *all* dealers in the above monstrosities; urgently recommending the more extensive practice of *private* breeding.*

The principal time for the arrival of canaries from Norfolk and Yorkshire, is, as

* We have already cautioned our readers emphatically against buying birds of *any* kind from people in the street. The necessity for this has received an additional confirmation. In *Bell's Messenger*, we read as follows:—"A lady in Liverpool has just purchased for five shillings, *from a man in the street*, 'a sweet little cock canary, with tail feathers radiated like a fan; and of such a deep orange color!' On examination, however, it proved that the 'cock canary' was a *hen sparrow*, dyed with saffron; and that its tail feathers were *starched and curled!*!"

we before mentioned, just before Christmas. They are then sent up in vast quantities, and are, for the most part, lively, healthy, and in good song. With the knowledge of this fact, it will be desirable to call from time to time at the dealers, and purchase your birds *before* their sweet voices shall have been contaminated by foul contact with the parrots, macaws, pugs, poodles, &c., as aforesaid. We often marvel what sort of people those can be, who select *such animals as these* for their constant associates. *Mais chacun à son gout!*

The reason why we have recommended all hens intended for the nursery to be bred from good mothers, is this:—It often happens that young, and consequently inexperienced birds, lay their eggs irregularly;

and when laid, they will sit for a few hours only, and then incontinently desert them—preferring, naturally enough, the company of their playfellows to the heavier cares inseparable from incubation. All this ends in disappointment, and therefore it is better to run no such risks.

Whenever you observe these acts of neglect, and want of motherly feeling, take it for granted that the birds are perfectly unfitted for the purpose of breeding, and remove them at once. You can then introduce others, older and less giddy, in their places. They will speedily find mates after the month of April, especially if a little bruised hemp-seed be scattered on the floor.

To enable you readily to catch any bird you may require, procure a circular hoop-

net, of strong string. This should be made deep, and fastened on a circle of stout wire ; the whole affixed to a wooden pole, three feet six inches in length. The bird may then be secured without the slightest fear of any injury to the plumage. A quick eye and a skilful movement of the hand (to be acquired by practice) will enable you to make a prisoner of any one of the inmates in a few seconds.

Canaries have, on the average, three broods a year ; some, however, will go to nest four and even five times a year, if permitted. It is unwise to be thus covetous ; for the parents are weakened by so much close confinement, and the later offspring are seldom healthy. The *first* brood is always the best.

When your canaries have laid their eggs, they are subject to constipation; and should have speedy relief.* This is best afforded by giving them some coarse brown sugar, and by the introduction of plantain and lettuce-seed, for about a couple of days. This last, however, should be given sparingly when there are any young birds in the room, as it is quite unsuited to *their* tender stomachs; as also are chickweed, and other kinds of green meat.

On the thirteenth day after sitting (in the heat of summer on the twelfth), the hen

* Hen canaries, particularly young ones, are oftentimes "*egg-bound*;" and if not carefully attended to, will die. Two drops of sweet oil, applied with a feather to the vent, will readily enable them to drop their eggs without pain.

commences the process of "hatching." It is therefore needful *always* to provide in readiness, whether wanted or not, the proper food for the young nestlings. This, as we have already said, consists of rape-seed, well scalded; a piece of French roll, dipped in cold water, and afterwards *well squeezed*; and the yolk of a new egg, boiled hard. This must form a paste, neither too solid nor too thin. It must be fresh made *twice* daily. If allowed to get sour, the nestlings will assuredly die. The male usually plays "first fiddle" in feeding the young. The mother assists only. She feels she has need of repose after her toils; and strives, reasonably enough, to enjoy the *otium cum dignitate*. She is quite to be commended.

If the young birds are not affectionately

tended by their parents, and it be deemed advisable to feed them by hand, remove them, *in the nest*, when eight days old. Dip the end of a short pointed stick into the food; and having taken up a small quantity, introduce it into each of the birds' open mouths. Continue this operation every hour, until the birds feed themselves, which they will soon do. Occasionally, hold the stick quiet, and you will observe that they recognise its use. They will peck at it; and tasting the food, they will, like the genus *homo*, be apt scholars in "finding the way to their mouth."

No young birds should ever be removed, when carefully nursed by their parents, until they are at least five weeks old, and their food should be changed very grad.

ually. They should then be placed in separate cages, and kept in a warm room, where there is a fine, steady song-bird, ready to act the part of "tutor." Even at this tender age, their little throats will be found full of music! They begin quite *piano*,—their early notes being called "recording." Like the mind of a child, they are open to the earliest impressions, and readily copy, or imitate, whatever they hear. Hence the great importance of putting them out to a good "preparatory school." These things ought now to be universally understood.





CHAPTER XV.

LET US NOW BRIEFLY COMMENT on some of the little ailments of our winged friends. "Prevention being better than cure," we will hope that by due care we shall seldom have occasion to call in the aid of a doctor—our aversion always, excepting only *in extremis*.

The *diseases* to which a canary is subject are but few; and they are, any of them, easily

got rid of. The *husk* is a "dry cough," caught from an undue exposure to cold and damp. Sometimes it is brought on by giving your birds hemp-seed; the husk or shell of which, adhering to the lining of their throat, causes inflammation. Never, therefore, give your canaries any hemp-seed without first bruising it. Half-a-dozen seeds per week, observe, are more than sufficient under any circumstances. To cure the *husk*, feed your birds on yolk of egg, boiled hard, and diluted with a few drops of cold water. Mix with it a small quantity of sponge-cake, rubbed fine. Instead of spring water to drink, give them, for a couple of days, boiled linseed-tea, flavored with liquorice-root; or (for one day only) new milk boiled. By keeping your birds warm, and

covering them over to prevent excitement, they will soon rally.

Canaries in this country are seldom long together free from colds. These might readily be prevented, by discarding those circular open cages against which we have already so loudly protested.

Hung out of doors in these cages, exposed to every draught and change of air, or nearly broiled by the sun—choice pets die by the hundred, or are ruined for life. Asthma soon does its work; and brings with it a troop of undefinable evils, all of which are incurable. *Hinc illæ lachrymæ!*

A vast number of nominal ailments are recorded in bird-books, which we consider it needless to allude to. They *all* result from one grand cause—neglect. *Extreme*

cleanliness,—a whole volume might be profitably devoted to this point alone,—careful feeding, proper cages, and affectionate attention, are all the “mysteries” of bird-keeping. Illness is of very rare occurrence with pets who are regularly attended to; and it is for this reason that we shall not puzzle our readers by a discussion of possible evils, and imaginary cures for them. Red gravelly sand, well mixed with small pebbles (to aid digestion), bruised mortar from an old wall, chickweed, groundsel (both *quite* ripe), and boiled yolk of egg,—these, and the daily use of a square bath (in summer) will keep your birds hearty and jolly. With care, they will live at least a dozen years; many kind mistresses have enjoyed the company of their pets from fifteen to twenty years.

An equable temperature, we should observe, is always desirable. A sudden transition from heat to cold, and from cold to heat, is dangerous. Good sense and a little reflection—rarities amongst us!—would determine all these matters. Birds and children had need be gifted with the longevity of a cat. “Nine lives” were barely sufficient to shield them from the dangers to which they are so thoughtlessly exposed by their protectors. We shudder, as we take our daily walks, to behold the cruelties practised both on birds *and* children,—all because people will not “think.”

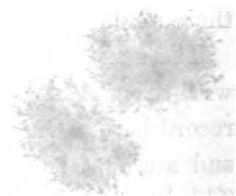
Let us now say a word or two about “moulting,”—an effort of nature to regenerate our pets, and at the same time add to their beauty. We need not here go

into the philosophy of this interesting subject.

When a canary "moults"—which is generally in July or August, according to the heat of the weather—all you need to do is, to keep him quiet and free from draughts. Being a cheerful, lively bird, there is no need to have him covered up; but do not let him be unduly excited. Give him a very small quantity of raw beef, scraped and moistened with cold water, once a week; occasionally, a little yolk of hard-boiled egg; and now and then a piece of sponge-cake, and ripe chickweed in full flower. Nature will do the rest; and present your pet with a handsome new coat that will keep him spruce, and last him a full year. Mind and trim his claws when they are too long. Use



OPERATING WITH THE SCISSORS.



sharp scissors always ; a knife, never. In handling him, let him lie passive as possible ; so that your hand may not press unduly on any part of his little body. After the first operation, he will understand all about it, and cheerfully submit to be so " trimmed." A lady's hand is a bird's delight, it being so delicately soft. But it is " dangerous" to lie there *too* long.

There are some " little secrets" connected with the welfare of your birds, that we will record here. One is,—that they delight in, and are kept in rude health, by seed called " bird-turnip." This should be specially looked to, more particularly during the breeding season ; and there should be an abundant supply of it.

Another *great* " little secret" is, the *pre-*

ention of illness among your birds. Cut a thick slice from a well-baked crumby loaf. Put this by for a fortnight, to get thoroughly stale. Then soak a portion of it in cold water, afterwards thoroughly squeezing it, to expel the superfluity of moisture. Give a little of this to your birds. If they be ailing, it will set them all right; if they be well, it will keep them so. This advice is worth a guinea. Now for a word or two about VERMIN, before alluded to. Birds are a doomed race; wherever they live in confinement, there lurk their deadliest enemies, to consume them homœopathically. Hundreds—aye, thousands—of our feathered friends die annually; and few of us guess the cause. These vermin are minutely small; nearly imperceptible to the eye, and equally impal-

pable to the touch. A microscope, however, reveals them, and all the "infernal machinery" of their hideously-disgusting creeping forms. They lie in ambush. During the day, they take refuge in the joints of your cages. At night, they come and riot in the bodies of your birds, whose blood supplies them with a perpetual feast. *All* cages are liable to these creatures, but those made of mahogany are the least so. Brass cages are the worst of all—deal come next.

To destroy these vermin, we have ascertained that nothing but camphine or naphtha can be depended upon. This must be freely applied to all the joints and crevices of the cage, with a sash-tool. No candle or fire must be allowed near the cage during the operation, so combustible are the elements

employed in this warfare. Where money is no object, we recommend in *all* cases the purchase of a new cage; the old one being immediately burnt. Where expense is a consideration, an extra cage must always be kept to remove the birds into, whilst operating for their benefit on their old infested habitation. One week, at least, must elapse before the smell and danger are removed. Your pets may then be replaced. If you "love" your birds, you will after this caution examine carefully, from week to week, whether any foes have dared to intrude. Five minutes could hardly be better bestowed; for these "Thugs" are crafty as cruel.

Nor must you be surprised, if the birds seem to understand what you are about.

Their instinct is remarkable; and the more closely you attend to them, the better able will you be to comprehend many little "hints" contained in this book.

We have already taken occasion to speak of the docility of the canary, and given several interesting anecdotes of his aptness to fall into his master or mistress's humor. To go further with our illustrations would occupy much space; and at the same time destroy the fond anticipations of pleasure which, no doubt, many of our readers feel at the thought of hereafter experimenting for themselves. Affection wants no prompting. Only let us "love" anything or anybody; no rules need then be given about how we ought to act, or what we ought to say. Nature requires no teacher. She works by

sympathetic attraction. Freedom she likes—freedom she must have. Then are all her children “happy.”

Many years have we spent in trying to convert people to this our wholesome doctrine. Fashion, however, and the usages of society, cause us to make very little progress.

Art is preferred before nature; and we see little hope of any change. This is sad.





CHAPTER XVI.

IN A FORMER CHAPTER, we have alluded to a very interesting subject,—viz., the Domestication of Canaries in the Open Air. We also promised to speak a little about its practicability, and to furnish proofs of certain experiments having been successful.

The experiment of breeding canaries in the open air has been tested at Osborne, in the Isle of Wight; and its success considered complete. But here the same attention is not (of course) paid to it as “a

study," that is shown by private individuals. HENRY WOLLASTON, Esq., of Welling, Kent, is "the" great originator of this most interesting fact. We pay that worthy gentleman many a visit, and are more and more delighted each time to note the successful progress of his much-loved birds.

Our FIRST visit to Welling was in the summer of 1851. The surprise awaiting us on our arrival, and the extraordinary impression made on our mind by what we saw, have been so fully reported in OUR JOURNAL (Vol. I., p. 289), that we will here only briefly allude to it. We have seen Mr. Wollaston many times since; and all we observed has been faithfully chronicled in our pages, as will be found on reference. He is now a man to be envied;

for he has mastered every difficulty, and can boast of one of the prettiest attractions in the kingdom. But now for a short extract or two from our "Note-book"—first premising that Mr. Wollaston is a private gentleman, and that our admission was (and is) a matter of courtesy. We consider this hint *needful* :—

“ On entering Mr. Wollaston’s mansion, we were struck by the extensive and charming view from the window. Seated, or rather embosomed in its own grounds, from the windows downwards there is a verdant lawn, extending, by a gradual slope, as far as to the very margin of a large open park—there being no single interruption to an almost unbounded prospect. Immediately contiguous to the dwelling-house is an ample

shrubbery, beautifully laid out on every side, and comprising dwarf and tall trees of all kinds. To the left, immediately beyond the flower-garden, and in a shady corner, is a sheet of water; the trees overhanging which, cause the whole to have a very picturesque effect. Let us add, briefly, that this romantic spot is 'peopled' by canaries of all hues, flying about in the full enjoyment of uncontrolled liberty; building their nests in every imaginable enticing spot, and feeding their young ones immediately under your eye—using, indeed, all the familiarity of welcome guests, which they really are. To give any adequate idea of the effect produced by this pretty,—this unusual sight, were impossible. The forms of the birds, their square and forked tails, peculiarity

of flight, and other hitherto unrecognised habits, were alike striking; indeed, the scene altogether is far beyond the power of our pen to describe. Nor are the garden, park, and shrubberies tenanted by canaries only. There are, in addition, the usual number of nightingales, blackbirds, thrushes, robins, and other tribes—all domesticated here. Such a union of happy voices was scarcely ever before listened to.

“The musical powers of the canary, heard in an open field, park, wood, or garden, are as novel as they are beautiful. When thus free, this bird is heard to perfection; for he, like every other bird in confinement, feels under some degree of restraint, and, when in a cage, sings as much from habit as from any other motive. Not so when at liberty.

“ During our stay, we examined everything. We pryed into all the nests, and counted the eggs. We also took a peep at the young callow nestlings in the trees: some of them only recently clad with the shell of the egg. Then we whistled to the sitting mothers and industrious papas—the latter busily engaged in search of food for their offspring. This, and all other convenient luxuries, are placed in a large cage at the lower end of the lawn, with a private door of entrance and exit, made so as to open or close at a minute's notice. This is an admirable contrivance.

“ In the greenhouse (on one side of the dwelling-house), a large, deep, and comparatively-narrow cage, fitted up with perches, &c., is erected close to the side window. At

the top, outside, is a small opening, like the entrance to a bee-hive, but of course larger. Immediately opposite, and parallel with this, the branch or stem of a tree has been trained from the wall. This acts as a perch. The roaming birds, when they wish to enter, alight here, and go in and out *ad libitum*. It was built for their use in case of any sudden inclement weather coming on; and is now and then used by the birds as a temporary resort under such circumstances. Young and tender nestlings or invalids, too, find this a convenient domicile; their parents coming in to, and tending them with all the affection so peculiarly their own.

“ Let us here remark, that Mr. Wollaston is a man of method withal. His birds respectively represent the alphabet. Thus we

have Mr. and Mrs. A., Mr. and Mrs. B., &c. &c. We also find a note in the 'Book of Family Annals,' signifying that Mr. A. was bred in a Magnolia; Mrs. B. in a Larch; Miss D. in a Wistaria; and Master F. in the lofty Plum-tree, &c. We observed, too, entered carefully in the same note-book,—ages, birthdays, and a host of other memorable days in the calendar.

“ Then we have stratagems and plans innumerable for the capture of any bird at will. He enters. His departure is prevented by an invisible string, closing his place of entrance. A long wand, mysteriously and suddenly introduced, causes him to escape from the top of the large cage into a narrow store-cage, annexed; beyond which, is yet *another* store-cage—all communicating. The

doors are then magically closed. Unseen pulleys let the cages descend; and thus, what would occupy a novice a whole week, is here prettily accomplished in two short minutes.

“This, and very much more; which space forbids us to enter upon. The object of this article is to show, that as Mr. Wollaston has for years kept canaries constantly in his garden and shrubberies, there can be no practical difficulty in our doing the same thing. These birds are now quite ‘hardy,’ and might easily be trained to live anywhere. As to their beauty, when trotting along upon the grass, flitting across the lawn, or mounting upwards to a tree,—the sight is charming beyond all conception.”

The above refers to the season of 1851.

Subsequently to our visit, as reported above, the birds continued to breed freely; and when we again saw the shrubberies (about the close of autumn) we found at least a dozen nests remaining in the trees.

We have been down again *this* year (1854), and enjoyed many more of these pretty, interesting sights. Our observations will assuredly be turned to a good account.





CHAPTER XVII.

WE HAVE PROMISED TO REPRINT the Letter which we addressed to the Editor of the *Gardeners' Chronicle* (and which appeared in that paper on the 12th of January, 1850,) on the subject of our AVIARY destroyed by RATS. The extraordinary punishment and annihilation of those Rats (which we confess to have very vividly, as well as minutely, described in a subsequent Letter), we shall reserve for publication in the "AVIARY AND ITS OCCUPANTS."* Those, however, who

* This will form a complete work of itself.

are too curious to wait, will find it registered in KIDD'S JOURNAL, Vol. I., p. 28, *et seq.*

The following was addressed by us to the Editor of the "Gardeners' Chronicle," on the subject of—

RATS IN AVIARIES.

"DEAR SIR,—I have very frequently read in your columns, remarks on the best and most effectual means of getting rid of those atrocious vermin—Rats; but as I have not myself been personally interested at the time in their destruction, I have only become theoretically acquainted with the subject in its general bearings. I am now about to crave the kind aid and advice of yourself and correspondents on a matter (to me) of vital import, and shall then be prepared to com-

bine practice with theory. The result shall assuredly be made known *pro bono publico*. But to my grievance.

“For some twenty years I have been an amateur or ‘fancier’ of song-birds; and very many anecdotes connected with their personal history have appeared in your paper during the last few years. I built my birds at starting, a large commodious Aviary; and I fitted it up in a style worthy of its inhabitants—the *agrémens* of well-polished looking and toilet glasses, everlasting fountains, and leafy foliage, not being wanting to render their house an ‘ornithological palace.’ My collection has been noted as one of the most select and extensive of its kind extant; comprising nightingales and other foreign song-birds, and including specimens

of nearly every chorister of the English woods and forests.

“The extreme number of birds my Aviary has contained at one and the same time, has been 366. It was a ‘weak point’ with me to boast of having more birds in my possession ‘than there were days in the year.’ Alas! I cannot say so now. *Horresco referens.*

“Built as it is on a most picturesque spot, and arched over by a number of lofty fir trees growing immediately in its rear (in Ravenscourt Park)—Nature and Art have vied with each other to render the *personnel* of my Aviary unexceptionably beautiful. I have been thus explicit, with the view to place my yet unexplained grievance in a strong light. I say grievance—for the Aviary

is now completely dismantled, my birds are reduced to the number of eleven only,—*what* a descent from poetry to prose!—and these, confined in wire cages, are kept simply as mementoes of what they once were. *Troja fuit!*

“Now, I trace all my misery to an army of rats, which, since the heavy rains of autumn, have quitted their usual haunts and unceremoniously ‘billeted’ themselves upon *me*. These murderers first made their appearance at night, through holes eaten in various parts of the floor; and every morning I as carefully nailed over the said holes flattened pieces of zinc; this, for a night or two, kept the marauders at bay. However, they very soon reappeared, until at last my flooring was almost completely

'tessellated' with zinc. Not imagining for some time that they came to prey upon the birds, I placed poisoned food in their runs; also 'Harrison's Pills,' &c., as strongly recommended by your correspondents. All these, however, remained untouched; and the frightful diminution of my feathered friends; now apparent day by day, soon convinced me of the awful extent of my misfortune.

"The climax is soon reached. On opening the Aviary door one morning, about a fortnight since, a scene of devastation presented itself which I will not—indeed cannot—attempt to describe. Suffice it to say, my eye fell instinctively on a large hole in the centre of the floor, which had been gnawed through an immensely-thick protective piece

of wood; and on counting the number of inmates, I found them—just eleven! To remove these, and in a fit of desperation to convert their late habitation into a greenhouse, was the work of a short half-hour; and thus, ‘my tale is told.’

“The cunning of these rats has been immense. They must have carried on their operations of gnawing, while mounted one on the back of another (a system of theirs I have before now heard of); for the flooring is laid on wooden sleepers, and the distance from the ground below to the flooring above, *is at least eight inches!* To exterminate these monsters is my full determination; and I shall anxiously look for instructions from you as to my best mode of procedure—the more especially, when I add

that I have in the immediate vicinity of the Aviary nearly 100 head of poultry,—many of them the choicest gold-spangled bantam breed of the late Sir John Sebright, and the finest specimens of the gold-spangled Hamburg. I am told by a knowing neighbor—by way of ‘comfort,’ that I may fully expect some morning to find the entrails of some of these torn out by the rats. What a lovely prospect! Well, at all events I shall not forget to discharge the obligation.

“*Jan. 1, 1850.*”

“WILLIAM KIDD.”





A TOO-COMMON CATASTROPHE.



CHAPTER XVIII.



GREAT RESPONSIBILITY, as we have before observed, devolves upon all who keep birds ; and to see that their happiness is as perfect as it can be, becomes a positive duty. Confined as they are, and unable to provide for their own safety, they look upon us (very properly) as their natural protectors. Let us, then, in our Concluding Chapter, enter our strong protest against keeping Cats (under any circumstances) where birds are domesticated.

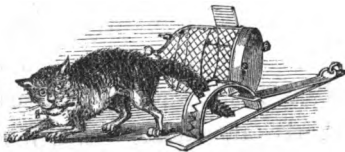
In our public capacity, as Editor of a pe-

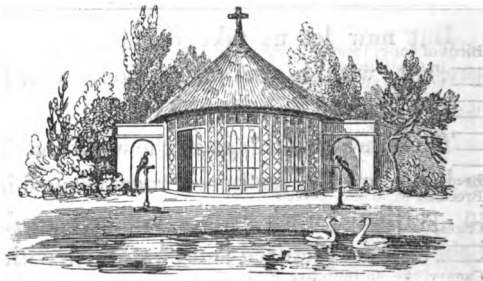
riodical on Natural History, tales of horror continually reach us. Multitudes of "pets" are for ever being torn to pieces; and "Who could have thought of such a thing!" is the invariable lamentation that attends the recital of every catastrophe.

We have dwelt much throughout this little volume on the evil of neglect, carelessness, inattention, cruelty,—thoughtlessness. *Again* we inveigh loudly against all these; and we entreat such as really love their birds to *prove* it by paying them proper homage. Nothing is lost upon a dumb animal of any kind; but *birds*, in particular, are peculiarly affectionate. They reciprocate kindly feelings in the most winning and artless manner; and if there be affection in excess, it is usually on *their* side.

But now let us take our leave for the present, with a parting caution. Our last words shall be quite to the point.

There are two things in the world, which, as lovers of the feathered race—song-birds in particular—we hate. Let our readers behold them pictured ; and fraternise with us in sentiment. Then will *open* cages of brass, and certain midnight assassins, be for ever banished from our dwellings.





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NOTICES OF "KIDD'S JOURNAL" CONTINUED.

regeneration of society. The field he has chosen is a wide one, but his energies appear fully equal to the task he has undertaken.

From the Hampshire Advertiser.

WILLIAM KIDD, of Hammersmith (from whose pages we are constantly quoting), has shown that talent, energy, and perseverance, will, in spite of the determined hostility and opposition of "the Trade," bring a new periodical fairly before the public. We compliment him on his boldness, and congratulate him on his well-merited success. But the labor, anxiety, and pecuniary sacrifice he has undergone, would have quite worn out a less enterprising man.

From the Morning Post.

The charms of the Country can only be fully set forth by one who is in the secret—one whose very heart and soul "live" in the scenes he describes. Such a one is Mr. WILLIAM KIDD, of Hammersmith, whose JOURNAL is a most delightful addition to our periodical literature.

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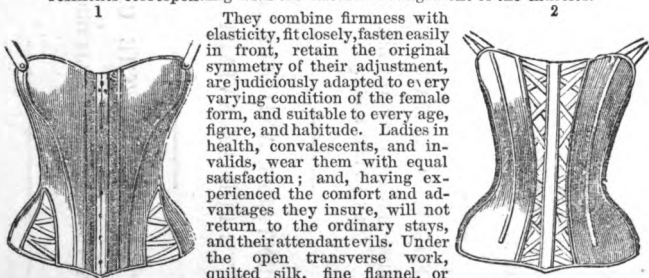
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