



LITTLE
STORIES
ABOUT
PRETTY
LITTLE BIRDS

LONDON
THOMAS DEAN & SON
THREADNEEDLE STREET

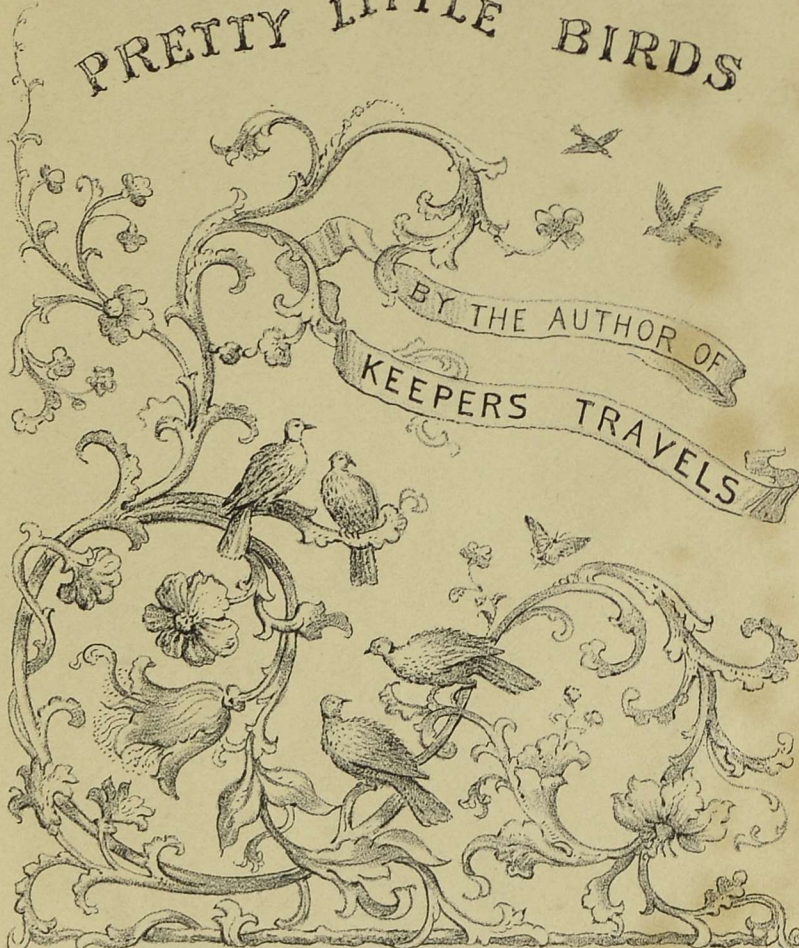
Margaret Taylor
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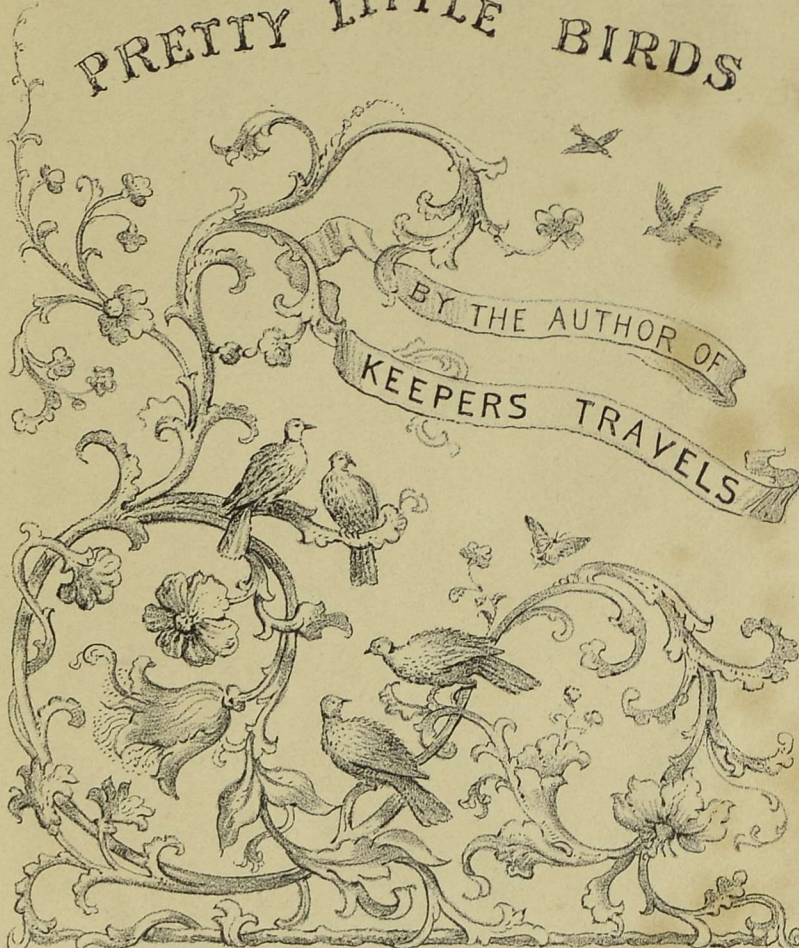


LITTLE STORIES
OF

PRETTY LITTLE BIRDS



BY THE AUTHOR OF
KEEPERS TRAVELS



LONDON

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Preface.

BIRDS are, perhaps, that class of creatures in the natural world, in the contemplation of which all persons, especially the young, take the highest degree of delight; and, if this remark is just, then it may follow, that STORIES OF BIRDS, because they are the most agreeable, will also be among the foremost of the vehicles of entertainment for young readers: that which most pleases, will the most readily allure.

So large a proportion of Birds are remarkable for the elegance of their figure, the beauty of their plumage, the grace and liveliness of their motions, and, more than all, for the sweetness of their song, that the charm which this department of creation exercises over the human mind

is easily understood; and that, at the same time, it is one of those which most invites us to the general study of creation, and to the general worship of the Creator.

This little volume is devoted, not to the drier, or, at least, to the more scientific details of the Natural History of Birds, but, exclusively, LITTLE STORIES, Anecdotes, or Traits of the Habits and Manners, of different members of the Feathered Race. These, besides the pleasure and the knowledge afforded by themselves, may happen to invite to further and a future curiosity as to their Natural History at large; and, it is no doubt true that an acquaintance with BIRDS, whether we pursue to the utmost that we are able, or stop almost at the threshold, opens to us a proportionable knowledge of Nature throughout.

The different COUNTRIES to which we find them belonging; the MIGRATIONS of so many of the species; the SEASONS in which they appear, or are most attractive; the peculiar SCENES which each frequents; the food they respectively eat; and

various other distinctions; all in addition to their HABITS and MANNERS; insensibly tend to inquiries and acquaintance with the Geography of the Globe; with the changes of winter and summer; with recollections of land and water; with the clouds and the sky; with the phenomena of day and night; with rivers, lakes, and seas; with rocks, hills, valleys, and mountains; with fields, groves, and gardens; with seeds, flowers, and fruits; with fishes, insects, and quadrupeds; with MAN himself; the history, the occupations, and the enjoyments of whom, are so much connected with the History of BIRDS; in fine, with that general knowledge of NATURE; or, in other words, of all the wonderful works of GOD, to which we began with referring.

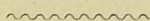
Another recommendation of such books as this "LITTLE STORIES OF PRETTY LITTLE BIRDS," consists in their unavoidable influence upon the disposition to be kind and tender toward these and all other living things, through the admiration, and, therefore, the love, which it is their immediate effect to excite.

The child is born with an eager curiosity concerning all the objects of the material world. “He desires,” says a contemporary writer, “and very naturally desires, to know what the *Moon* is?—What are the *Stars*?—Where the *rain*, the *wind*, and the *storm*, come from? With innocent simplicity, he asks, what becomes of the *light of the candle*, when it is blown out;” and he asks, it may be added, similar questions concerning all natural things whatever;—and the whole of this is what has been called, by the celebrated William Penn, “The Genius of Children to Physical and Natural Knowledge, which has the Stamp and Voice of a Deity every where, and in every thing, to the observing.”

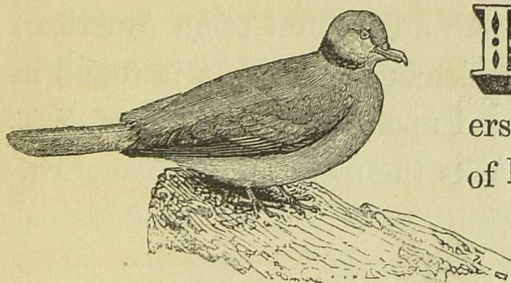
LITTLE STORIES

OF

PRETTY LITTLE BIRDS.



ABOUT DOVES.



I AM going to tell my little readers a great number of little stories about pretty little birds, and I begin by

talking of Doves. All kinds of doves have so much delighted every body, in all times and countries, that I am sure it will please my little readers to hear about them; first, because they are general favourites; and, next, because they are such pleasing creatures in themselves.

There are doves that are sometimes called pigeons, and others, doves, that are never spoken of by any other name. But we can call every pigeon a dove, though not every dove a pigeon.

For this cause, pigeon-house and dove-cote are two names for the same thing; and in North America, where certain spots, half sand-banks and half islands, in the sea, are designated by the name of keys; "*Dove keys*," and "*Pigeon keys*," are names alternately used for the same "keys;" both names implying that they abound in doves or pigeons.

There are different species of doves both in the old world and in the new; that is, not only in Europe, Asia, and Africa, but in America also; and I shall begin with an account of an American species, called the Zenaida dove. It is found in the West Indies, and upon the dove keys of East Florida. It now visits the main land of America.

THE ZENAIDA DOVE.

I HAVE already reminded my little readers of the universal favour in which all kinds of doves are held by all mankind; and I shall borrow a proof of this in the words employed by the naturalist, from whom I borrow an account of the Zenaida Dove, as a preface to his story.

"The impressions," says he, "made on the mind of youth, are frequently stronger than those at a more advanced period of life, and are generally

retained. My father often told me, that when yet a child, my first attempt at drawing was from a preserved specimen of a dove; and many times repeated to me, that birds of the dove kind are usually remarkable for the gentleness of their disposition, and that the manner in which they prove their affection, and feed their offspring, was undoubtedly intended, in part, to teach other beings a lesson of connubial and parental attachment.

“Be this,” continues my author, “as it may, I have always been especially fond of doves. The timidity and anxiety which they all manifest, on being disturbed while sitting upon their eggs, or while nursing their hatched young ones, and the continuance of the mutual attachment of the parent birds for years, are distinguishing traits in their character. Who can approach a sitting dove, hear its notes of remonstrance, or feel the feeble strokes of its wings, without being sensible that he is committing a wrong act?”

STORY OF A PIRATE RECLAIMED BY THE COOINGS
OF ZENAIDA DOVES.

“THE cooing of the Zenaida Dove,” says my author, “is so peculiar, that one who hears it for the first time, naturally stops to ask, ‘What bird is that?’”

A man, who was once a pirate, assured me, that several times, while at certain wells dug in the burning shelly sands of a well-known key, the soft and melancholy cry of the doves awoke in his breast feelings that had long slumbered, melted his heart to repentance, and caused him to linger at the spot in a state of mind which he, only, who compares the wretchedness of guilt within him with the happiness of former innocence, can truly feel. He said he never left the place without increased fears of futurity, associated, as he was, though I believe by force, with a band of the most desperate villains that ever annoyed the navigation of the Florida coasts. So deeply moved was he by the notes of any bird, and especially by those of a dove, (the only soothing sounds he ever heard during his life of horrors,) that through these plaintive notes, and them alone, he was induced to make his escape from his vessel, abandon his turbulent companions, and return to a family deploring his absence.

After paying a passing visit to those wells, and listening once more to the cooings of the Zenaida Doves, he poured out his soul in supplications for mercy, and became again—what one has said to be the “noblest work of God”—an honest man!

His escape was effected amidst difficulties and



dangers; but no danger seemed to him to be compared with the danger of one living in the violation of divine and human laws; and now, as the reward of his resolute departure from crime, he lives in peace, in the midst of his friends.*

THE GROUND DOVES.

I SHALL tell you more about the little Zenaida Doves; but before I say anything of them further, I will give you some account of the Ground Doves, another American species; but the countries inhabited by which are at least as far to the southward, as the countries of the former; and which, in size, is the smallest of all doves. Its length is only six inches and three quarters, and the breadth of its wings eleven inches; but that of the Zenaida Dove, is eleven inches and a half, and the breadth of its wings a little more than eighteen inches. In both species, however, the female is least, by about an inch in length.

Ground Doves are found in Jamaica and in the other West India Islands; and they visit the islands and mainland of the south-eastern parts of North America.

* See "Andubon's Ornithological Biography."

My author is as eloquent and as tender when he writes about the Ground Doves, as in what he tells us of the Zenaida Doves. "If," says he to a friend residing in North America, "the different species of pigeons and doves which I have described, have interested you sufficiently to make you desirous of holding further converse with that pleasing family, you may, perhaps, visit the islands which, like so many bastions, protect the shores of South Carolina, Georgia, and the Floridas; those spots where, in the calm of every spring morning, the air is rendered balmy by the effluvia of thousands of flowers, each of which rivals its neighbour in the brilliancy of its hues.*

"Stop there," he proceeds, "kind reader, and seat yourself beneath the broadly-extended arms of the thickly-leaved evergreen oak; and at that joyous moment when the first beams of the sun reach your eyes, see the Owl passing low and swiftly over the ground, in haste to reach his diurnal retreat, before the increasing light renders all things dim to his sight. Observe the leathern-winged Bat pursuing his undulating course through

* My little readers will see all these countries marked upon the map; and they will recollect that the Floridas are so called as being florid or flowery.

the dewy air; now bending downwards to seize the retiring nocturnal insect; now, upwards, to pursue another species, as it rises to meet the genial warmth emitted by the orb of day. Listen, (for at such a moment your soul will be touched by sounds) to the soft, the mellow, the melting accents which one might suppose inspired by nature's self; and which she has taught the Ground Dove to employ in conveying the expression of his love to his mate, who is hearing them with delight." *

The plumage of the Ground Dove is soft and blended, but without glossiness. The iris is orange red; the bill, pale red, inclining to orange; the feet, flesh-coloured. A purplish red prevails upon the forehead, neck, breast, and sides; but the back of the head and the front of the neck are of a pale blue, the feathers edged with dark grey. The back, and points of the wings, and tail, are of a brownish grey; and in other parts appear red and purplish blue, and green.

The flight of the Ground Dove is low, easy, and accompanied with a whistling sound, produced by the action of the wings. When the bird is surprised, and forced to fly, it seldom flies more than a

* Audubon.

hundred yards at a time, and is extremely attached to the spot which it has selected for the season. You may drive it to the opposite end of a large field; and yet, in a few hours after, it may be found in the place from which you drove it. Although it sometimes alights upon trees, on the branches of which it walks with ease, and on which its nest is most frequently placed, the ground is its most frequent resort; and it is from this circumstance that it has its name of Ground Dove. Upon the ground it runs with facility, but keeps its tail considerably elevated, as if to save it from being soiled. It is also fond of alighting upon fences, where it is easily observed, and where it may be heard cooing for half an hour at a time.

The Ground Doves are met with in groups of four or five; and it is seldom that more than a dozen are seen together. They prefer the thinly-grassed sandy portions of pea-patches, cotton fields, and such places. In East Florida, they are seen in the villages, and resort to the orange groves about there, where they frequently breed. They readily become domesticated; and, indeed, so very gentle are they, that a pair, taken along with their nest, at a time when their young ones were quite small, and placed in an aviary, at once covered the little ones, and continued to nourish

them until full grown. They afterwards raised a second brood in the same nest; and showed great spirit in keeping the jays and starlings from their charge.

M. Audubon met with a pair of Ground Doves on one of the keys resorted to by the Zenaida Dove. They were so gentle as to allow him to approach within less than two yards. Their nest was placed upon the top of a cactus-plant, at not more than two feet from the ground, and he had the pleasure of delivering them from a pair of Fish Crows, great ravenous birds, which were waiting for an opportunity to seize upon their young.

MORE OF THE ZENAIDA DOVE.

LET us now return to the Zenaida Dove. Its flight resembles that of the Ground Dove, more than any other. It seldom flies higher than the tops of the mangrove trees, or to any considerable distance at a time, after it has made choice of an island to breed upon. "Indeed," says Audubon, "this species may be called a Ground-Dove too; for, although it alights on trees with ease, and walks well on branches, it spends the greater portion of its time on the ground, walking and running upon it, in search of food, with celerity, car-

rying its tail higher than even the Ground Dove, and invariably roosting there.”

When crossing the sea, or going from one key to another, they fly near the surface of the water; and, when unexpectedly startled from the ground, they remove to a short distance and alight among the thickest grasses, or in the heart of the low bushes.

So gentle are they in general, that some have been approached near enough to be touched with the gun, while they stood gazing intently upon the gunner, as if he were an object not at all to be dreaded.

The Zenaida Dove, like the Ground Dove, migrates between the West India Islands and the American islands, keys, &c. I have described it to you as much larger than the Ground Dove, and it is also of a much gayer plumage. The feet and bill are of a deep carmine purple. The general colour of the plumage is a light yellowish brown, tinged with grey, but intermixed with bars, spots, and edges of white, brown, black and bluish grey, light blue, and other tints. There is a small spot of deep blue immediately behind the eye, and a larger one a little below, on the side of the neck; and a band of resplendent feathers extends over the back and the sides of the neck, adorned with

bright purple and greenish reflections. The male, as I have said, is larger than the female, and he is also deeper in the colour of his plumage. In other respects, the one is scarcely to be distinguished from the other. It is a peculiarity in the feathers of these birds, that they fall off at the slightest touch.

The flesh of the Zenaida Dove is an excellent food; but in this, as in other countries, it is observable that they themselves sometimes feed upon what, though wholesome and fattening to them, is poisonous to mankind. In the beginning of October, the time when they are about returning to the West India Islands, they find upon the keys a kind of berry growing upon a tree, extremely poisonous to the human stomach, and of which the juice, if it falls upon the skin of a man, corrodes it like aqua fortis. Yet these berries do not injure the health of the bird, although they render their flesh bitter and unpalatable for a time. For this reason, the fishermen and wreckers, when they kill these doves at the season I have mentioned, are in the habit of examining their crops before they cook them.

These Doves resort to certain wells, which are said to have been dug by pirates at a remote period. There, these and other birds are to be

seen, morning and evening. The loose sand thrown about these wells suit them for dusting themselves in, and cleansing their apparel.

During midday, when the heat is almost insupportable in the central parts of the keys resorted to by the Zenaida Doves, they are concealed and mute. The total silence of such a place, and stillness, as is uniformly at noon, is awful. Not a breath of air is felt, nor an insect seen, and the scorching rays of the sun force every animated being to seek for shelter and repose.

NESTS AND YOUNG ONES OF THE ZENAIDA DOVE.

THE Zenaida Dove always places her nest on the ground, sometimes artlessly, at the foot of a low bush, and so exposed that it is easily discovered by any one seeking for it.

Sometimes, however, it uses great discrimination, placing it between two or more tufts of grass, the tops of which it manages to bend over, so as completely to conceal it. The sand is slightly scooped out, and the nest is composed of slender dried blades of grass, matted in a circular form, and imbedded among dry leaves and twigs.

The eggs are two, pure white, and transparent. When sitting upon them, or when her young are



Pages 15, 18, 19, 22 & 24.

still small, the mother scarcely moves from them, unless an attempt be made to catch her, from which, however, she escapes with great dexterity.

“On several occasions of this kind,” says the naturalist, whose account we follow, “I have thought that the next moment would render me the possessor of one of these Doves alive. Her beautiful eye was steadily bent on mine, in which she must have discovered my intention. As my hand drew nearer to her, her body was made to retire gently sidewise to the further edge of the nest; and just as I thought I had hold of her, off she glided, with the quickness of thought, taking to wing at once.

“She would then alight within a few yards of me, and watch my motions with so much sorrow, that her wings drooped, and her whole frame trembled as if suffering from severe cold. Who could hold out against such a scene of despair? I have left the mother to her eggs and offspring.

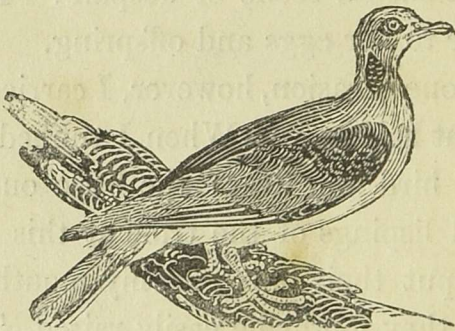
“Upon one occasion, however, I carried off some doves, about half-grown. When I robbed this nest, no parent bird was near; the little ones uttered their usual lispings of the tribe at this age; and, even as I put their bills into my mouth, I discovered that they might be easily raised. They were afterwards fed from the mouth with Indian corn

meal, which they received with avidity, until placed under the care of a pair of common tame pigeons, which at once fostered them.”

COOINGS OF THE ZENAIDA DOVE.

MY story of the reclaimed Pirate will have taught my little readers to believe how sweet and tender is the sound of the cooing of the Zenaida Dove. Morning is the time when it repeats its tales of love, while perched on the low large branch of some tree, but never when seated or moving upon the ground. Heard in wild and solitary spots, its notes never fail to remind us that we are in the presence, and under the protection of, the Almighty Creator.*

By and by I shall talk to you of other doves.



* See Audubon's description.

ABOUT



BIRDS.

THE CRESTED TIT.

THE Crested Tit is a pretty little bird, found in some parts of Germany, and sometimes, though rarely, in the woods of fir-trees, in the north of Scotland. It is four inches and a half in length, but one-third of this small measure belongs entirely to its tail.

The principal colours of the Crested Tit are black and grey, but with a slight mixture of white and reddish white. Its back is rusty grey, and the wings and tails are greyish brown. A broad streak of reddish white extended from the corners of the beak to the nape of the neck, on which there is a black spot, which stretches round the neck, like a collar, and which unites on the breast with the black of the throat.

But the head of this little bird is adorned, as

its name has taught you to suppose, with a crest, which is somewhat conspicuous. This is composed of feathers that are nearly an inch long, and which the bird can erect at pleasure in a conical or pointed form. This crest is black, but tipped with white.

I believe that I am indebted to Professor Rennie for the substance of the following anecdotes of a tame Crested Tit.

“ After passing the winter in a cage, it refused its liberty in the spring. It was taken one morning out of the cage and placed in the garden, near the house, where it remained till evening, having hopped about all day, uttering restless anxious cries. Its mistress, fearing that some accident might befall it during the night, now held the cage toward it, and it sprung into it with pleasure. Since then the Crested Tit has been allowed to range through three adjoining rooms. It is always lively, comes to its mistress when she calls it, perches upon her finger, and seeks, in her half-closed hands, the flies which he thinks she may be holding for it.

“ It had made a nest in a window curtain, into which it glides secretly in the evening, but will never go there while any eye is looking in that direction. It seizes the favourable moment so

quickly, that, for some time, nobody knew where it was that it had retired; but, the discovery having at length been made, the curtain is now never touched."

THE WILLOW-WREN,

WILLOW - WARBLER, OR HAY - BIRD.

THE Willow-Wren is a bird of passage, which comes to us in numbers at the latter end of March, or early in April, but which is rarely met with far in the western parts of England, particularly in Cornwall. In Dorsetshire, it is called the Hay-Bird. It quits us at the end of September, or in the beginning of October. Its length is five inches and a quarter, and it weighs about two drachms and three quarters. On its first arrival, it fills the woods and groves with its lively piercing song, and it is full of gaiety in its movements; flying about from tree to tree, to catch the small gnats and flies. It builds its nest on the ground, in the midst of a thicket, and among dead leaves and moss, with a covering upon the top, of the same materials that lie around, so that it is impossible to find it without watching one of the old ones as it goes to it. The young brood is usually six or seven in number.

“A Willow-Wren,” says Mr. Sweet, “which I caught in September, was, in three days afterwards, let out of the aviary into the room, to catch flies, that were numerous at that season; after amusing itself for some time in catching flies, it began singing, and it did the same several other times when it was let out; and, in a few days, began to sing in the aviary. It soon became so familiar that it would take flies out of the hand; and, when in the room, if a fly was held towards it, it would fly up and take it immediately.”

Though the Willow-Wren is so small a bird, it is very courageous, and will generally be the master of the other birds in the aviary.

It is a fine songster, and almost continually in song. Its note, when in full song, is so loud and shrill, as to make itself plainly heard above the nightingale's, even when both birds are in their prime.

The whole upper parts of the plumage of the Willow-Wren are of a greenish yellow brown. The under parts are white, tinged with yellow; and on the breasts are a few yellow streaks.

The note of the Willow-Wren, or Willow-Warbler, is easily distinguished from that of the Wood Wren, or Wood-Warbler. It is sweet and varied, not unlike that of the Redbreast, but nothing near

so powerful. It is a murmuring note, while the note of the Wood-Warbler sounds querulously.

All the Warblers, for there are several species, (and this, as well as some others, are, perhaps, erroneously called Wrens,) when their song has ceased for the season, have a peculiarly soft chirp, which they utter as they fly about, either on the wing, or from spray to spray; and, though they resemble each other more in their chirp than in their songs, yet an attentive ear may distinguish them even by their chirp.

Those that have a varied song, generally close their single chirp, as if with a consonant; while those that sing with but one note, close their note with the sound of a vowel, unless the single note of the song itself is closed with a consonant.

Thus, the single note of the song of the Willow-Wren, or Willow-Warbler, or Hay-Bird, is *tweet*, and that of the Wood-Warbler, or Wood-Wren, is *twee*; and in the single note of the finer warblers, there is a shake.

The substance of these latter acute remarks is by Mr. Mudie; and I bring it forward to my little readers, both to show them how much there is to be learned in nature, beyond all that is generally thought of, and also to make them think of cultivating their sense of hearing, or giving *attention* to what they hear.

THE WOOD-WREN,

WOOD-WARBLER, OR COMMON CHIFF-CHAFF.

THE Wood-Wren and the Willow-Wren are often mistaken for each other; and they have so many points of resemblance, that we may well be convinced about Mr. Mudie's distinction between their chirps *tweet* and *twee*. According to Dr. Latham, it is this bird, and not the Willow-Warbler, which is called, in Dorsetshire, the Hay-Bird.

The Wood-Warbler seems to be the hardiest, and the most widely spread, of all our summer visitants. It is found, in the season, in all parts of the island, where wood or hedges can afford it shelter and food.

“One,” says Mr. Sweet, “which I caught, began to feed directly; and, in three or four days, became so familiar, that it would take a fly out of my hand. It also learned to take milk out of a tea-spoon, and was so fond of it as to fly all round the room, and perch upon the hand that held it, without showing the least symptom of fear. It would also fly up to the ceiling, and bring down, every time, a fly in its mouth.



“ Soon after, it got so very tame, that it would sit and sleep by the fire on its master’s knee ; and, when the windows were open, it never attempted, nor seemed to have the least inclination, to fly out ; so that, at length, he ventured to entice it into the garden, to see whether it would come back into the house. But it was only with difficulty, and by the help of a spoonful of milk, that its master could prevail upon it to come so far as even the door. Twice it returned into the room. The third time it ventured into a little tree, then flew back again, perched upon its master’s hand, and drank milk out of the spoon.

“ After this, it flew to the ground, alighted upon some chickweed, in the dewy leaves of which it washed itself, and then got into a holly-bush to dry. Hidden here among the leaves, its master saw no more of it, but several times heard it call. Its master supposed, that, after getting quite dry in the holly-bush, it immediately left the country, for, at this time, it was the end of November, when the generality of its species were gone.”

Professor Rennie, however, is of opinion, that some proportion of the Wood-Wrens, or common Chiff-Chaffs, remain with us all the year, but are wholly silent in winter.

“ It is a busy, restless bird,” says he, “ always

active among the trees and bushes, in search of insects. From its early cry in our neighbourhood, we long suspected it would be found that this hardy little bird did not wholly quit us, and in this opinion we were at length confirmed, by seeing one in the garden about Christmas. In the following January, we observed two of the little creatures busied in catching the small insects which a bright day had roused in great abundance about some fir-trees, by springing upon them from the end of the branches. The earliest that we ever heard utter its cry was on the 14th of March, when the vegetation was peculiarly forward.

Like most of our early feathered visitants, the Wood-Warblers come in small flocks, but they separate soon after their arrival, and commence building their nests, which is rather a laborious work. If the weather proves kind, they go on well, but if a frost sets in upon our eastern coast, as it often does in the first or second week in April, they suffer severely from the cold, and, probably, also from hunger. Several are usually found dead, if weather of this sort continues, and the song of the remainder ceases for the time.



THE CAT - BIRD.

THE people of the United States of North America seem to have a very ill taste in names, as often appears from those which they bestow upon their towns, and even upon birds, beasts, and fishes.

Cats are very good and pretty creatures in themselves, but it is far from pleasant to think of a *Cat-Bird*, or a *Cat-Fish*; and yet both of these are names in the natural history of the United States. So, again, there is another fish in those countries which it is thought proper to distinguish by the beautiful name of *Sheep's-Head*. Another example is the *Cow-Bird*. What increases the absurdity, or the regret, is, that the name is often derived from some very trifling particular, as compared with the entire description of the creature.

The *Cat-Bird*, so called, is a species of *Thrush*; and that it is not to English ears alone that the denomination sounds disagreeably, is plain from the remarks of M. Audubon, half an American himself.

“The vulgar name,” says this admirable naturalist, “which this species bears, has probably rendered it more conspicuous than it would other-

wise be, and has also served to bring it into some degree of contempt, with persons not the best judges of the benefits it confers on the husbandman in the early spring; when, with industrious care, it cleanses his fruit-trees of thousands of larvæ and insects, which, in a single day, would destroy, while yet in the bud, far more of his fruit than the Cat-Bird in a whole season.

“ But, alas! selfishness, the usual attendant upon ignorance, not only heaps maledictions on the harmless bird, but dooms it to destruction! The naughty boys pelt the poor Thrush with stones, and destroy its nest whenever an opportunity presents. The farmer shoots it, to save a pear; and the gardener, to save a raspberry; some hate it, not knowing why. In a word, except the poor and nearly-extirpated Crow, I know no bird more generally despised and tormented than this charming songster.”

But, now, let us see, among other things, to how small a part of its history this American Thrush owes its odious, vulgar, and unfortunate name of Cat-Bird.

The manners of the species, as we learn from the same authority, are lively, and, at intervals, border upon the grotesque or droll. It is extremely sensitive, and will follow an intruder to a consider-

able distance, wailing and *mewing* as it passes from one tree to another; its tail now jerked and thrown from side to side; its wings drooping, and its breast deeply inclined. On such occasions, it would fain peck at your hand, but those exhibitions of irritated feeling seldom take place except while it has young to take care of, or after they are sufficiently grown to take care of themselves.

In some instances, as appears from our author, this bird has been known to distinguish its friend from its foe, and to suffer the former even to handle the treasure deposited in its nest, with a plain confidence that it was so far in safety, while, on the contrary, the latter had to bear with all the marks of its anger.

Though called a cat itself, it is as averse as other birds to cats. The sight of the dog seldom irritates it, while a single glance at a cat excites in it the most painful feelings of alarm. It never neglects, also, to attack a snake with fury, though the snake is often the conqueror, and the Thrush thus suffers for its boldness.

“The attachment,” says M. Audubon, “which the Cat-Bird shows towards its eggs, or young, is affecting. It even possesses a generosity and gentleness worthy of beings more elevated in the scale

of nature. It has been known to nurse, feed, and raise the young of other species, for which no room could be afforded in their parent nests. It will even sit on its eggs after the nest has been displaced, or even after it has been carried from one bush to another.

The Cat-Bird is not properly a Thrush; that is, not exactly a bird of the same genus or kind as the Thrush of the Old Continent, but is closely allied to the Fly-Catchers, and makes some approaches to Mocking-Birds of America, which are partly related to the Thrushes. Its length is nine inches, and the spread of its wings twelve. The general colour of the plumage above is a blackish grey; the head and tail, brownish black; and the cheeks and under surface, fading to a lighter hue.

The Cat-Bird is a bird of passage, and East Florida and the other southern parts of the United States, are its resort in winter; while, even in summer, it never travels very far northward.

Its migrations are performed mostly during the night, when it moves slowly from bush to bush, scarcely ever extending its flight beyond the breadth of the rivers it meets with. In a place, where not a single Cat-Bird is to be seen or heard in an afternoon in the months of April or May, a considerable number may happen to be found the

following morning; that is, they have arrived during the night; and, after this, it would be difficult to walk through an orchard or garden, along a field, or on the borders of a wood, without being saluted by their plaintive notes.

No sooner, indeed, has the Cat-Bird made its appearance in the country of its choice, than its song is heard from the topmost branches of the trees around, in the dawn of the morning. He sings again in the evening. The song is composed of many of the gentler trills and sweeter modulations of the various woodland choristers of North America, delivered with apparent caution, as if the bird were studying his imitations, and with all the attention and softness which may seem necessary to enable him to please the ear of his mate.

Each cadence passes on without faltering; and, if you are acquainted with the songs of the several birds which he so sweetly imitates, you are sure to recognize the manner of each different species; and these medleys, when heard in the calm and balmy hours of retiring day, always appear of a twofold power; and he must have a dull ear indeed, and little relish for the simple melody of nature, who can listen to them without delight.

THE RED-EYED FLY-CATCHER,

OR RED-EYED VIRES.

THE Red-eyed Fly-Catcher is an inhabitant of the whole of the forests of the southern parts of North America, including Mexico and the West India Islands. Now you hear its sweet, unaffected, loud, and free warble, from the inner top branches of a tall tree, for hours at a time, and even during the hottest part of the day. Again, you may count each note that it utters, the little vocalist resting, as it were, to enjoy the sounds of its own music. Next moment all seems hurry and bustle; it raises its voice, chants on, with great volubility, so loudly that one might think the little creature intent on drowning all other sounds.

The darker the woods, the more cloudy the day, the more unremitting its exertions. It is one of the earliest singers in spring, and among the latest in autumn. Few birds seem to enjoy life more than the Red-eyed Fly-Catcher; for, almost at every short cessation of its song, it is seen making a movement or two up or along a branch, searching with extreme diligence for food, peeping cautiously under the leaves; and examining each bud and blossom with a care peculiarly its own. It



may be seen flying from one tree to another with indefatigable industry, and this from morning till night, during its whole stay in the country where it sojourns.

The Red-eyed Fly-Catcher is an affectionate parent, generally leading about its young, like chickens, especially its second brood, which is hatched later in the year. On such occasions, the parent birds proceed through the woods with more care than usual; and, on the least appearance of danger, utter a querulous note, the meaning of which is so well understood by the little family, that they seldom fail to hide, or else to become mute, all in an instant. The young are fed for several weeks after they leave the nest; and the party moves about till dusk, and may be seen going to roost together at nightfall.

THE NESTS OF THE RED-EYED FLY-CATCHER.

THE nests of the Red-eyed Fly-Catchers are small and extremely neat in their building, but composed of very different materials, according to the productions of the country. They are usually suspended, at a moderate height, from the slender twigs, forming a fork at the end of a branch.

Some are so low, that a man, walking along, may easily look into them, while others are thirty feet above his head. The outer parts are firmly attached to the twigs, the fibres being warped around them in various directions. The materials, in the southern regions of the United States, are usually the bark of the grape vine, the silk of large cocoons, some lichens, particles of hornets' or wasps' nests, and decayed worm-eaten leaves. The lining, which is beautifully disposed, consists of fibrous roots, grasses, and, now and then, the hair of various quadrupeds, especially the grey squirrel and racoon. More northward, they are often the leaves of the pine-tree, cedar, and spruce-fir, which the birds appear to glue together with their saliva or spittle.

The eggs, are from four to six in number, of a pure white ground, and but sparingly specked, at the larger end, with reddish brown or blackish dots.

The poor male bird frequently leads his enemies to the discovery of the nest, through his great anxiety about the safety of his mate.

The *red eyes*, from which this species of Fly-Catcher has its distinguishing name, do not appear in the young bird till the spring after its birth; when, first one eye, and then the other,

appears to change from brown to red. Young birds, shot in the month of January, in Florida, had eyes still of their first umber colour, but of two, shot in the month of February succeeding, each had one red eye and one brown.

There is another species of Fly-Catcher, called the white-eyed, and both are often made to nurse the young of the Cow-Bird, which latter deposits its eggs in their nests, assured that they will be properly taken care of.

The length of the Red-eyed Fly-Catcher is five inches and a half, and the general colour of its plumage, upon the upper parts, a light yellowish olive, while the lower parts are white, and the breast and sides tinged with a pale yellow; the crown of the head of a deep grey, bordered upon each side by a blackish line, below which is another line of greyish white.*

THE BLACK-CAP.

The Black-Cap is found in all parts of Europe, at the different seasons of the year; for it is a bird of passage, and roams from north to south, and crosses seas and forests, according as it is summer or winter. It leaves us in September, and returns

* See Audubon's Ornithological Biography.

about the middle of April, to enliven our woods with its brilliant and well-supported song. It loves woods and orchards, and their neighbourhoods, and particularly our thick copses.

Its length is almost six inches; but, of this measure the tail contains almost a half. It is well-known for its *black cap*; but the cap of the hen bird, is *brown*.

At the time proper for their departure from the country, the Black-Caps in a state of confinement are much agitated, especially in the night, and most of all when there is moonlight. Their desire to rove is then so strong, that, unable to indulge in it, they often fall sick and die.

The song of the Black-Cap rivals that of the Nightingale. "If," says an amateur, "it has less volume, strength, and expression, it is more pure, easy, and flute-like in its tones. It also sings for a much longer period, both when wild and in confinement; its song lasting, by day, almost throughout the year, and being prolonged, like that of the nightingale, far into the night, though begun at dawn. The hen bird, with her brown or red head, in a limited degree, but so very much like the Robin-Redbreast, that it has sometimes been mistaken for a species of redbreast *with a red cap*.

The sudden view of an unknown object, or the arrival of eminent danger, will make a Black-Cap utter a hoarse disagreeable cry of fear, very like the cry of a cat, when hurt.

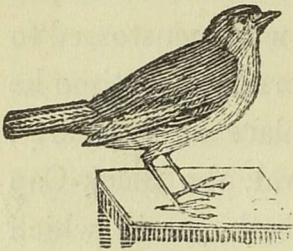
A Black-Cap, in confinement, is seen to show a striking warmth of affection for his mistress. He utters a particular sound to welcome her; at her approach he darts against the wires of his cage; and, by a continual fluttering, accompanied with little cries, he seems to express his eagerness and gratitude.

A young Black-Cap, which a gentleman had put into a hot-house for the winter, was accustomed to receive from his hand a meal-worm, every time he entered; and this had taken place so regularly, that, immediately upon his arrival, the Black-Cap would place himself near the little jar in which the worms were kept. If the gentleman pretended not to take notice of this signal, the Black-Cap would presently take flight, and passing close under his nose, immediately return to the jar; and this he would repeat, sometimes even striking his master with his wings, till the latter had satisfied his wishes and impatience.

The Black-Cap is a great eater, and when at liberty in the aviary, partakes of every thing. He is fond of bathing, and must always be well supplied with fresh water.

While free, he is very suspicious of danger; if he perceives any thing unusual, he will remain for hours without approaching it; and will pass twenty times by currants which are hung up as a bait without touching them, though very greedy of this food; but if it sees another bird more bold, it takes courage itself, and soon falls into the trap.

THE ROBIN REDBREAST.



My little readers are well acquainted with the appearance and manners of the Robin Redbreast. As far as belongs to its appearance at our windows, and even in our parlours and kitchens, there is little new to tell; but the Robin Redbreast, though at certain seasons peculiar familiar, is, at other seasons, remarkably shy and distant; and less, perhaps, is generally known about it than usual, as an inhabitant of the woods, and as frequenting our gardens.

Redbreasts build their nests on the ground, at the roots of trees, and in other concealed places,

using the same materials as the Wren, but not putting them so neatly together, and especially not covering it with a dome, as is the practice with that other little bird. But if the Redbreast finds no natural concealment of foliage, it contrives to form an artificial one of dry leaves, under which they may reach the nest without the precise spot being known; and when the mother leaves her eggs, she covers them in the same manner; so that the strewing of leaves, which is described in the ballad of the Babes in the Wood, is true to the habits of the bird. Redbreasts, like Wrens, often build their nests near houses; but from the caution with which they approach and leave them, they are rarely seen, in proportion to their numbers. At times, however, the Redbreast builds near and about houses, and in very exposed situations.

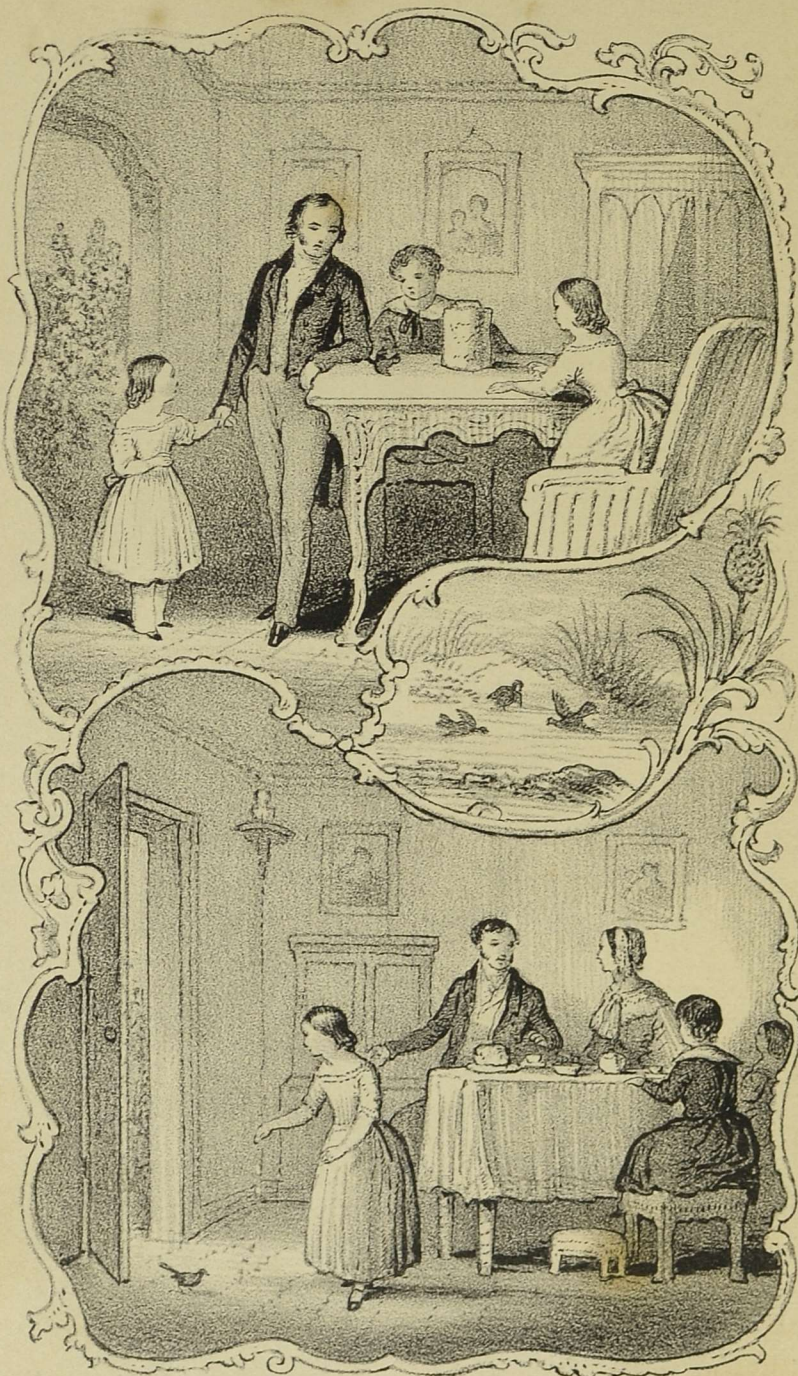
“The pretty plumage, tricks, and sociability of the Redbreast,” says Dr. Bechstein, “would be enough, in themselves alone, to make him charming, and is sometimes so as to come upon the table, and to eat from a plate or from the hand. His cheerfulness and agility must likewise give pleasure, for he is always in motion, bowing after every hop, and calling *Sisri*. But he is particularly valued on account of his song. The Red-

breast sings throughout the year, but in the spring, his voice is the most brilliant and his melody the most enchanting. At a country residence it is very easy to teach this bird to go and come.

“In confinement, (he adds,) the inhabitants of my neighbourhood like to see Redbreasts hopping about the room; and they make a roost for them, of oak or elm branches. They find that these birds destroy flies, and even bugs.”

“The Redbreast,” says another writer, “is not only a very interesting bird, but it is also an exceedingly useful one about gardens, orchards, and shrubberies, and in plantations near houses generally. The young ones of the preceding year arrive in these situations early enough in the spring to capture myriads of insects, when these latter are about to deposit their eggs in the opening buds, and they continue this labour as long as there is a fly to be found. When, too, the flies are gone, they attack the eggs. It is highly probable that the common house-fly is the first object that attracts them so near to houses; though when the severe weather sets in, they come for crumbs, or for anything eatable that they can pick up.

“Redbreasts also deliver us from great numbers of earth-worms, the young of which, in the warm



and moist days of spring, come to the surface in vast numbers, and are carefully watched for by the Redbreasts. These birds approach a worm, and, indeed, all other prey that is on the ground, by very light and rapid hops; and when they have got within their distance, they pounce upon it with certainty. They seize the worm by the head, and then beat it against a stone, or upon the hard ground, till, after cleansing it of all earthy matter, they swallow it.

“By the time the Redbreasts, in autumn, come into the shrubberies and gardens, the flies have become rather dull and heavy in their flight; and thus they are able to take them almost as easily as the worms.

“In summer, the chase of the flies gives them greater trouble; and when they observe a fly upon a leaf, they hover round and round, somewhat as a butterfly round a flower, till they have come near enough to make a dart. At that time, also, the worms, as before, make a considerable part of their prey; and as the young birds are then very numerous, and growing very fast, the labour of the old ones, to provide for them, is incessant.”

I tell my little readers these things, in order that they may see how little reason there is for killing Redbreasts, as gardeners and others are

apt to do so. If they were far less pleasing than they are, still their utility should be their defence, and those who grudge Redbreasts the fruit or other products of the garden, should remember how much destruction they prevent, by eating worms and flies.

In confinement, the Redbreast, as observed by Dr. Bechstein, is so jealous and insociable, that he must not have a companion. He must be quite alone, that is, there must be no other Redbreast. A second bird of the species would be the occasion of battles, ending only with the death of one of the combatants. If, however, they are birds of equal strength, and have a large room to live in, they will divide it, each taking possession of his half, and remain in peace, unless one of the two should pass his limits. In this latter case, the war begins again, and is continued to the last extremity.

In a wild state, this habit of the Robin Redbreast is just the same. He eagerly pursues all other birds of his species, and drives them from the district he has chosen for himself. The same bush never contains two pairs of Redbreasts.

In reality, these birds live in pairs: and the Robin, though unsociable to his neighbours, is very attentive to his mate, and encourages her

with his song during the whole period that she keeps the nest.*

The Robin Redbreast lays twice a-year; the eggs are from four to six, of a yellowish white, with lines and spots joined and mixed together, of a reddish colour. The young birds are at first covered with yellow down, like chickens. Then, they become grey, and their feathers are edged with dusky yellow; and they acquire no orange red upon their breasts till they have moulted.

The Redbreast resorts greatly to water, both for drinking and bathing; and in bathing, he makes himself so wet as to hide the colours of his plumage.

THE BLUE-BREAST.

MY readers have often heard of Red-breasts, but seldom or never, perhaps, of Blue-breasts. In reality, it is a bird which is abundant in the north of Europe, but is not often found in England.

The Blue-breast has been called the link between the Redstart and the common Water Wagtail;

* See "Burford cottage, and its Robin Redbreast," by the author of "Keeper's Travels," and "The English Boy at the Cape."

and has strong points of resemblance to both. Its length is five inches and a-half, of which measure two and a quarter belong to its tail. Its plumage has many colours, such as dark-brown, reddish-brown, reddish-white, ash-grey, black, and blackish; but its throat, and half-way down its breast, is covered with a brilliant sky-blue, set off by a spot, the size of a pea, and of the most dazzling white. This spot is placed exactly over the gullet, where, enlarging and diminishing successively, through the movement of that part when the bird sings, it produces the most beautiful effect. The blue passes into a black band, and the latter into a fine orange, while the belly is dusky white, the thighs and sides reddish, the quill-feathers dark brown, the tail-feathers red at their base, and black for half the summit.

Thus the plumage of the Blue-breast is gay and varied in the extreme; but the variety and changes are yet greater. Some of the cock birds have *two* white spots upon the throat, some have even *three*, and others have *none*. As the birds grow old, the sky-blue deepens, and the orange becomes almost maroon.

It is easy to distinguish the hen; while young, she has a sky-blue tint upon the sides of the throat, but the colour deepens with age. She has

no orange band, the throat and gullet are greenish, or yellowish blue, and are edged with black lines.

The beauty, sprightliness, sociability, and song of the Blue-breast, unite to render it a delightful little bird. It runs very swiftly, raises its tail with a jerk, and extends it like a fan, keeping it and its wings in perpetual motion, and uttering the cries of "Fidy, fidy," and "tac, tac" Its song is very agreeable, sounding like two voices at once; one deep, resembling the gentle humming of a violin string; the other, the soft sound of a flute. Except, however, for the violin-like hum, its notes very much resemble the common Wagtail.

The Germans keep the Blue-breast in rooms, but its habits are by far too dirty for such a purpose. Its place is among the woods and hills, and streams, and marshy grounds, which properly belong to it. But, kept in confinement, as is the German practice, it soon grows so tame as to come, when called, and to feed from the hand. Its rapid motions and races are amusing.

When at liberty in a room, it always seeks the sunshine, and sleeps on its belly.

It is a great bather, and it is observed, both of the Blue-breast and the Redstart, that neither bathe till the afternoon.

TAME KINGFISHERS.

“BECOMING possessed, last summer,” says an English amateur, “of some young Kingfishers, we were very anxious to rear them: this we accomplished; and, to the best of my knowledge, it is the first time Kingfishers were ever reared by hand. To accomplish this object, we had a wire cage constructed, about ten feet long, and four broad. The back of the cage was made to imitate, as nearly as possible, the banks of a river. Through this cage a small stream of water was conducted, in which the birds received their food, &c. When the young birds were first taken from their nest, minnows and bull-heads were their principal food. They have since been fed on almost every species of fresh-water fish, although they evince a marked preference for trout. Immediately on a quantity of small fish being put into the stream of water, they commence killing them, regardless of whom may be near; and so surely do they strike, that although we have repeatedly observed them, we never yet saw them miss their prey. As soon as they have caught a fish, they kill it, by knocking its head against any thing that may be near them. The quantity of

fish consumed by each bird is almost incredible: we should think, on the average, not less than six ounces a day each. They could not exist twenty-four hours without food, they so quickly digest it. There can be no doubt that the sole reason for the Kingfishers migrating to the sea-side on the approach of severe weather, is the voracity of its appetite.

“Our birds are quite tame and domesticated, frequently sitting on the head or shoulder of the person who is in the habit of cleaning out their little dwelling. They are also very cleanly. We have observed them dive into the water as many as forty times incessantly, for the purpose of washing. This is generally done in the evening.

“Although they appear satisfied with their confinement, they are far from friendly with each other. They fight with their wings, something after the manner of swans; and this is rather surprising, as they are very dextrous with their bills, when seizing their prey.

“We have tried to rear other Kingfishers in a common cage, feeding them partly on flesh, but never succeeded.”*

* English translation of Bechstein's Cage Birds.

THE MAGPIE.

“I HAVE reared a Magpie, which comes, like a cat, to rub itself against me, until I caress it. It has learnt to fly into the country and return. It follows me every where, so that I have much trouble to get rid of it; and when I do not wish its company in my walks and visits, I am obliged to shut it up. Though wild with every other person, it remarks in my eyes the least change in the temper.* It will sometimes fly away with other magpies, to a great distance; without, however, connecting itself with them.†”

CHUCK WILL'S WIDOW.

EARLY one morning, while I was admiring the beauties of nature, as the vegetable world lay embalmed in dew, I heard the cry of a bird which I mistook for that of a Pewee Flycatcher. It was prolonged, as I thought, as if uttered in distress. After looking for the bird a long time in

* See a singular remark upon the *HOPOPE*, male and female, in the account of those birds.

† Correspondent of Bechstein.

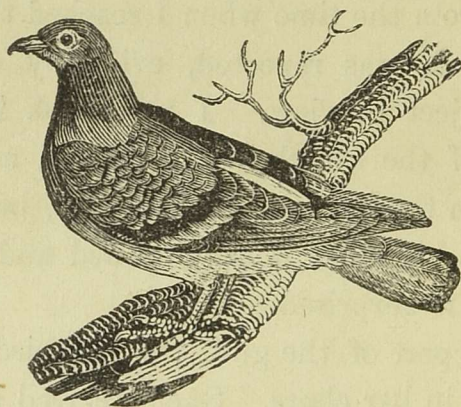


vain, an object, which I had at first supposed to be something that had accidentally lodged in a branch, attracted by attention, as I now thought that I perceived it moving.

“It did not move distinctly; and the cry, that had ceased from the time when I reached the spot where I stood, was repeated, evidently coming from the object in view. I now took it for a young one of the Chuck Will’s Widow, as it sat lengthwise on the branch. I shot at it, but, perhaps, did not hit it, as it only opened and closed its wings, as if surprised.

“At the report of the gun, the old bird came, holding food in her claws. She perceived me, but alighted, and fed her young with great kindness. I shot at both, and again missed, or at least did not succeed, which might have happened from my having only small shot in my gun. The mother flew, in silence, sailed over head, just long enough to afford me time to re-load, returned, and to my great surprise, gently lifted her young, and sailing with it to another tree, about thirty yards distant, deposited it there. My feelings, at that moment, I cannot express. I wished I had not discovered the poor bird; for who could have witnessed, without emotion, so striking an example of that devotion which none but a mother can feel; so daring

an act, performed in the midst of the smoke of my gun, and in the presence of a dangerous and dreaded enemy?*"’



MORE ABOUT DOVES.

I PROMISED to tell you more about Doves, and I return to that sweet family of birds, before I conclude my book.

The doves that I told you about before, such as the Ground Dove and the Zenaida Dove, are American species; but I will now talk of those of Europe and Asia.

* Andubon.

THE RING - DOVE,

OR CUSHAT.

THIS is the largest of the European wild pigeons. The species is common in Europe, and even in Asia, within the temperate zone. Its length is seventeen inches and a-half. It frequents groves and thickets, builds in trees, and forms a nest of dry branches. Its general colour is ash-grey, mingled with purple; and what is called the *ring*, is almost a crescent-shaped white streak, which adorns the sides of the neck, towards its base, but without entirely surrounding it.

Some persons suppose this dove to be the stock of our domestic pigeons, but its habits are so different from those of these birds, that we must believe the usual, or original, stock of the latter to be, what is commonly called

THE STOCK DOVE.

THE length of this lesser species is thirteen inches. It migrates only in great flights, whereas the Ring dove migrates only in small flights. It is evidently the stock from which all the different varieties of domestic pigeons have sprung. It will

associate with them in their pigeon-houses, come to see them, live with them all the winter, and even form its nest along with them. A bluish ash-grey, and the beautiful rainbow colour, called pigeon's purple, distinguish the greater part of its plumage. The throat is a beautiful mixture of red-grey, and red-purple.

The Stock Dove, as my little readers will see, is what we commonly call the Wild Pigeon; and the domestic varieties of this dove are, all the birds that are usually called Pigeons. The two species that follow, as well as the Ring Dove, or Cushat, are always called doves, and never pigeons; and the common Turtle Dove, and Collared Turtle Dove, (the latter often called the Ring Dove,) are birds of southerly climates, and never kept in Europe but for pleasure.

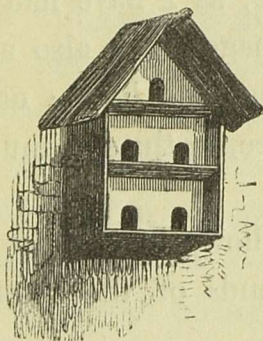
THE TURTLE DOVE,

Is ten or twelve inches in length. Its general colour is blue, but it has a black spot upon each side of the neck, striped with three or four crescent-shaped white lines, the whole producing a pretty effect. In its wild state, it is found throughout Europe and Asia, including many of

the South Sea islands. It reaches our English woods at the end of April, or beginning of May, and leaves them again in September.

THE COLLARED TURTLE DOVE

Is twelve inches in length; and is the bird to whose white and reddish plumage, to which we refer, when we talk of a *dove colour*. The *ring*, or *collar*, of this bird, has a resemblance, in *figure*, to the *ring* of the Ring Dove, but it is black instead of white. It is a black crescent, which adorns the back of the neck, the points turning forward, and its lower parts edged with white. It is a native of India and China, whence it has been brought to Europe. This is the dove which is to be seen in cages, and which is too tender to live in the common pigeon-house, or dove-cote.



General Observations.

ALL DOVES—as, indeed, my little readers have scarcely needed that I should remind them,—are admired and loved for the beauty of their forms of plumage, for their engaging manners, for the gentleness of their dispositions, bearing with almost every wrong, as regarding themselves, and hardly to be roused to any act of warmth or fierceness, except to prevent injury to their mates, or to their young; traits so lovely and so invariable, that a well-known modern English poet, wishing to describe a human anger, equally unusual in the individual, equally amiable in its only motive, and equally short-lived, has no simile but to that of the anger of the dove, to which to make resort—

“ ’Tis but the *tender fierceness* of the dove,
Glowing with anger for its injured mate.”

But the dove, as I have had occasion to show amply in my pages, has also another charm for every human ear and heart; namely, in its mild and mellow voice, in the soft music of its fond and gentle cooings.

I have told how, in at least one recorded instance, the sounds of the voices of doves have

softened the bosom of a man leading a life of wickedness, and restored him to a life of virtue; and there is no danger of our believing too much, if we should think that so sweet a music may have increased influences as sweet, and as successful, in any other, though unknown examples.

In short, doves, every where and always, have been held among mankind as emblems of gentleness, holiness, and peace; and I should make a book ten times as large as this which I am finishing, if I were only to mention a few of the circumstances of human veneration and love, which, now, as well as heretofore, not individuals only, but nations, bestow upon these birds, through love and admiration.

Two things, however, I must add, because it will be a delight to me if I can make my readers remember them whenever they see or think of my doves, if not much oftener still.

I would have them remember, in the first place, how many amiable things men and women, and boys and girls, may learn, for their own imitation, among things in nature, so inferior in other respects to themselves; and in the second, how much love and admiration everybody is always ready to bestow upon what is good and gentle in disposition, and mild and pleasing in manners and appearance.

CONCLUSION.

And now, much to my regret, I must bring my pages to their conclusion. I should like to have added many other little stories of these and other Pretty Little Birds, for I have abundance of them in store.

But I leave my young friends for the present. It will be better if they make a good use of a small book, than if I were to run the chance of fatiguing them with a larger one.

Perhaps, they may meet with me again, and then be willing to hear more of my stories, both of Birds and other things; but be this as it may, I hope they will now promise me to learn and practice what I have shown them good, amiable, and pleasing, among my pretty little birds in general, as well as among my doves particularly; and set at least as much value upon the good lessons of my book, as upon the agreeable thoughts, the liberal and useful knowledge, and the cheerful amusement, which they have found it everywhere afford them.

THE END.

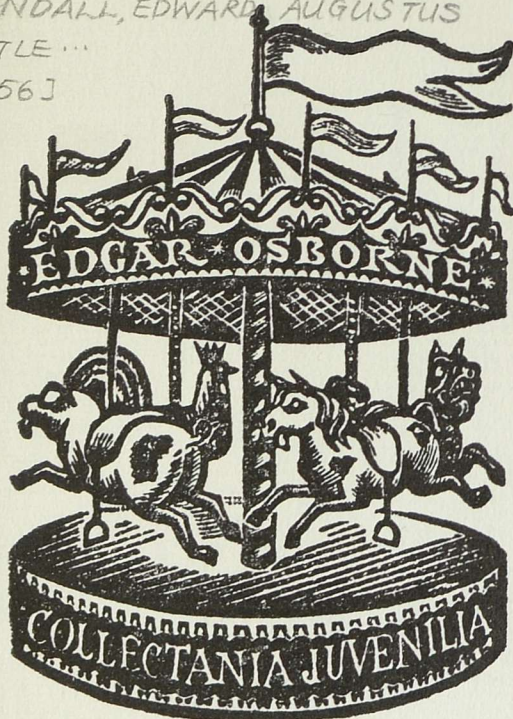
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