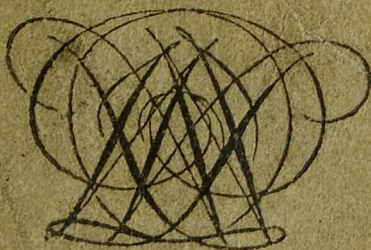


THE  
**AVIARY:**  
OR,  
AN AGREEABLE VISIT.  
INTENDED FOR CHILDREN.

—♦—  
BY THE AUTHOR OF  
*"Rosetta's Birth-Day," "The Moss House," &c.*  
ACCOMPANIED WITH PLATES.



LONDON:  
WILLIAM DARTON, 58, HOLBORN HILL.

Price One Shilling.

Wesley Collett.

Wm. Rufus Remond

May 1830

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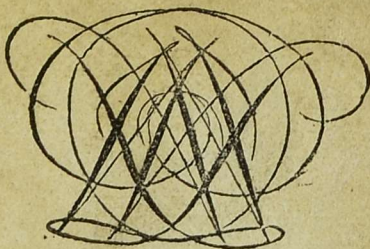


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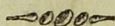






## THE AVIARY,

&c.



“WELL, Lucy, have you enjoyed yourself to-day?” said Mr. Morgan to his little girl, as the carriage slowly descended a long hill.

“Enjoyed myself! oh, papa! can you ask such a question? I really think this has been one of the happiest days of my life. There was so much to amuse—so much to interest me; the green-

house, you know, papa, and the picture-gallery in the castle, and the pond of gold-fish, and the beautiful flower-gardens. Oh, papa, I am extremely sorry that this delightful day is gone: it is gone! gone for ever!"

"How melancholy!" exclaimed Mr. Morgan, laughing at the disconsolate tone in which his little daughter spoke, "I do not know but that it would be as well for us to stay at home as to go out, if we cannot refrain from regret when our visit is past. I think, my dear," continued he, turning to Mrs. Morgan, "that the next time we spend a day at Rad-

ley Park, we had better leave Lucy at home ; if she does not enjoy the pleasure attendant upon such an excursion, she will not, of course, have any reason to lament its hasty termination."

"I see, papa, that it is wrong to repine—that it is very foolish to be sorry for what cannot be helped," said Lucy, taking hold of her father's hand; "but, indeed, I could not help feeling rather mournful when the carriage came to the door, and you said that it was really seven o'clock. I had depended on the pleasure I should enjoy in this visit for so long a time ; I had thought of it the



first thing when I got up in the morning, and the last thing before I went to sleep: now that it is actually over, I can anticipate it no longer."

"Think of it no longer, Lucy," exclaimed Jane, "you have hitherto thought of it as a thing to come; and surely no one will prevent your thinking of it now as a thing that is past."

"Ah! but I can no longer regard it as a pleasure to come, I mean," said Lucy.

"I am sorry that my little girl is so unwise," said Mr. Morgan. "Hitherto, my love, you have enjoyed the pleasures of Hope, now

you may assuredly enjoy those of Memory. Hope refers to what is to come, to something that is to happen at some future day ; Memory relates only to what is past, to what *has* happened. Suppose, instead of indulging in useless regrets because your long-wished-for delightful day is over, we recal some of the pleasures of which it has been productive. Now, tell me what has gratified you most?"

Before we enter upon Lucy's answer it seems necessary to give some little explanation of the preceding conversation. Mr. Morgan and his family had been to spend the day at a gentleman's

seat, called Radley Park, a delightful situation, in Surrey, about twenty miles from London. The children had never been there before; and, as their walks had generally been confined to the park, or to the garden of the square in which they lived, almost every object they saw during this little excursion was rendered interesting from its very novelty; for, to the youthful mind, novelty presents charms as endless as itself. The house was large and commodious, and situated in the midst of extensive and beautiful pleasure-grounds: the greenhouse, the conservatory, the grotto, and the



fish-ponds, were all re-visited again and again; but the aviary still seemed to offer the chief attraction to each of our young party. It was a large and elegant building, extending the whole length of one side of the house, and forming a sort of boundary to the lawn, and was divided into various compartments, each of which, fronted with cross-barred wire, was inhabited by birds of a peculiar species. There were parrots from the warm climate of the East; scarlet curlews from Guiana; the yellow lory, with its never-ceasing *yo, yo, yo*; the tall and majestic ostrich, from the

sandy shores of Africa ; and the ash-colored and scarlet grosbeaks ; as well as many others of the feathered tribe. These gave rise to Lucy's answer.

“ I liked the greenhouse very much, papa, because there was such a number of beautiful plants in it, which I had never before seen, the coffee-tree, for one, resembling a laurel, with white blossoms and red berries, which they tell me turn brown in baking, and the orange and lemon-trees, and chocolate and tea-trees ; and a great many other elegant shrubs and plants ; but

the birds, papa, the birds are my favourites! oh, how brilliant was the color of some of their feathers! and how dazzling they appeared when the sun shone upon them! I should never have been tired with looking at the birds in that great cage.”—

“Not a great cage, my love,—an *aviary*!” said her mother.

“Oh yes, mamma! so the gardener called it. Well, I saw nothing at Radley Park that pleased me half so well as this aviary, though I cannot tell which I liked best of the birds that were in it, unless it was a parrot with a fine white tuft of



feathers on its head, calling out *Cockatoo ! Cockatoo !* which the gardener told me was its name. Some of the parrots were very beautiful,—of such fine colours ! and some of them talked so fast : —I did not admire them on that account though, (you may laugh as much as you please, Edward,) for papa says that they talk without knowing or minding what they say, as some people do. I hope I shall never be told that I am like a parrot !”

At this wise conclusion, as he termed it, Edward laughed outright. “As the colors of the parrots seemed to please you

Lucy," said he, "I think the peacocks must have afforded you some amusement."

"Oh yes, indeed they did, what beautiful creatures! how graceful they looked when pacing backwards and forwards on the lawn, sometimes sweeping their long tails along the smooth grass, and sometimes spreading them as though they wished to be admired."

"How richly they shone in the sun, glittering with all the colours of the rainbow! what splendour! what plumage, so gaily spangled with diamonds! and with what an elegant tuft were their heads

adorned," said Lucy's mother ; but did you, my love, think that the note of this noble bird corresponded with its appearance ?"

" Oh no, no, mamma, nothing could be more disagreeable than the dismal screeching noise it made every now and then. I could not believe, till papa said it was really true, that so beautiful a bird could have so discordant a voice."

" Nature you see," said Mrs. Morgan, "distributes her gifts ; she does not accumulate them on the same individual ; those who are destitute of personal beauty are often compensated by the



possession of gentle and amiable qualities, or superior talents, which, in point of real worth, are far, very far, preferable to any outward show ; whilst others who possess a pleasing exterior are, as in the case of the peacock, sometimes totally devoid of inward graces.”

“ I observed a *white* peacock in the aviary, papa,” said Edward.

“ True, my dear, there was one; it came from Sweden, and its singular appearance was no doubt owing to the influence of a cold climate.”

“ How so, papa ?”

“ In those countries where the

climate is extremely cold, and where the ground, for the greatest part of the year, is covered with one vast sheet of snow," said Mr. Morgan, "various animals, the hare, the ermine, the fox, the bear, &c. turn white, as if to elude the pursuit of those who are in search of them."

"This is a very curious fact indeed," said Edward; "but, papa, are all peacocks natives of Sweden?"

"Oh no; I think this must have been one transported there accidentally. They are found wild in many islands of the East Indies, as well as in many parts of

Africa ; the usual mode of catching them is by carrying lights to the trees where they roost, and having painted representations of the bird presented to them at the same time ; when they put out their necks to look at the figure, the sportsman slips a noose over the head, and secures his game. You see there are many modes of taking birds."

"Peacocks are of no use, I think," said Edward ; "but there was one useful bird in the aviary, papa,—useful, at least, to the poor fishermen of China, who, I am told, teach it to catch little fish, by placing a ring round its neck,



to prevent it from swallowing them."

"You refer to the cormorant," said his father; "and his mode of fishing is very clever and ingenious: he is a very voracious bird, and, when he darts upon a pond, makes more devastation among the fish than a hawk would do by pouncing upon a whole flock of little birds. When a cormorant seizes a fish, I mean for his own food, in his hooked bill, as he cannot very well manage to swallow it tail foremost, on account of the fins and scales, which would prevent it from entering his throat, he throws it up

into the air, in such a manner as for its head to fall first, and then receives it again with much dexterity. In China these birds are, as you say, trained up for fishing, as dogs are prepared for hunting in Europe. Some fishermen have as many as eighty or a hundred of them, and they lead them in troops to the destined spot, near the sea-shore, as a pack of hounds are taken to the chace. Their proprietors then place them round the boat, upon the sides of which they each individually perch, and, with their rings prepared, on a given signal they set off, and disperse themselves over the water

in various directions. They plunge and dive, and beat about, and never return till they have found their prey, which they seize and bring to their masters. So much for the cormorant. Now, Jane, my dear, tell me what bird you liked best of those assembled in the aviary at Radley Park."

"There was a little bird, not much larger than a sparrow, papa," said she, "which I admired very much, on account of the ingenuity with which it had constructed its nest and suspended it to the end of the twig of an orange-tree. I forget the right name of the bird, but it was of a



yellow and brown color, with a stripe of green over the back of its head."

"Ah! it was the pensile grosbeak," said her father, "a native of Madagascar. I do not wonder that its curious nest excited your attention, for it is most conveniently composed of straw and reeds, in the form of a bag with an opening underneath. The bird does not form its nest in a fresh place every year, but fastens a new one to the end of the last, and often as many as five in number, one hanging from another. In their native country these birds build in societies like rooks, often

five or six hundred being seen in one tree ; but there is another sort of grosbeak, which I did not see in the aviary at Radley Park, a native of the interior country at the Cape of Good Hope.”

“ Is it like the grosbeak in that aviary—in colour I mean ? ” enquired Edward.

“ It is about the size of a common bulfinch,” said his father, “ and of a brown and yellow colour. These birds likewise live together in large societies, and their mode of constructing their nests is still more singular than that already alluded to. They build generally in a species of

mimosa, a tall and elegant tree, not very unlike a laburnum in its form. A friend of mine, who was once in that country, described one to me, in which he said, there could be no less a number than eight hundred or one thousand residing under the same roof. He called it a roof because it so very much resembled that of a thatched house, the ridge of which formed a sort of projection or porch over the entrance of the nest below, so that it was impossible for any reptile to approach them. The industry of these little birds, he told me, seemed to be almost equal to that of the bee.



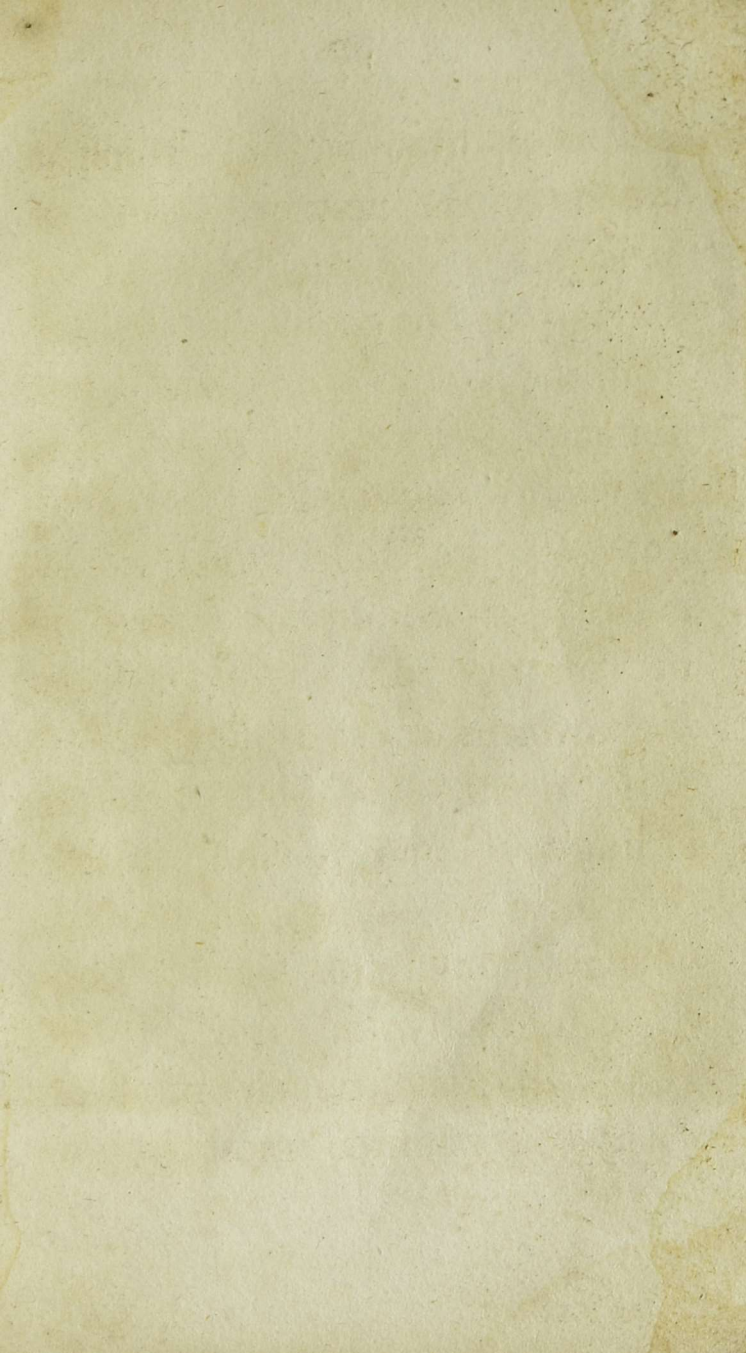
throughout the day they appeared to be busily employed in collecting and carrying home a fine species of grass, which is the principal material they employ for erecting this extraordinary work, as well as for additions and repairs. Sometimes the boughs of the mimosa, which are fragile and delicate, are completely covered over and bowed down with the weight of the nests, and the poor little birds are, of course, obliged to forsake their comfortable homes and resort to the necessity of rebuilding in other trees. My friend found one of these deserted nests, and had the

curiosity to break it down, in order to examine its internal structure, and found it equally ingenious with that of the external. There were many entrances, each of which formed a regular street, with nests on both sides, about two inches distant from each other. But, of all the curious contrivances of little birds, I have seldom heard of one more ingenious than that of a certain species of sparrow which is found in Hindoostan : its nest is divided into two apartments, each of which is softly lined, and possesses every comfort that its little inmates can require, and at night the old-one lights

it up with glow-worms, which it fastens to the nest by means of little bits of a peculiar sort of clay,—thus protecting its young from the attacks of bats and other animals, and at the same time brilliantly illuminating its snug retreat, a contrivance which would excite our admiration, were it not for the pain the poor little glow-worms must suffer, whose very brightness subjects them to a lingering and painful death ; they form an emblem of beauty, which so often misleads its possessor into folly and error.”

“ Well, Jane, now let me hear what you admired most in the







"There were some little Austrian partridges, papa, that quite delighted me, because they were so tame, and would eat grated crumbs from my hand. Oh, how they ran first to this side of the cage and then to that."

— see page 27.

*London: William Darton, 58, Holborn Hill, Linc. 30.1824.*

aviary, which afforded so much gratification to Edward and Lucy."

"There were some little Austrian partridges, papa, that quite delighted me, because they were so tame, and would eat grated crumbs from my hand. Oh, how they ran first to this side of the cage and then to that; but I was disappointed, mamma, in not seeing any humming-birds, for I quite expected to find some when I heard you say there was an aviary; they must be such beautiful little creatures!"

"What are humming-birds, mamma?" interrupted Lucy;



“ and why are there none at Radley Park ? ”

“ The humming-bird, my love,” said her mother, “ is the smallest and most beautiful of all birds ; there are several varieties of this charming little creature, the largest of which does not exceed the size of a small wren, and the smallest that of a hazel-nut : they would delight you, who are so fond of brilliant colors, exceedingly, for they are of the gayest hues imaginable, and fly from flower to flower over the vast plains of South America (extracting honey from them with their long slender bills) with as much

rapidity as the butterfly darts from shrub to shrub in our gardens. The feathers on the wings and tail of the humming-bird are black ; but those on its body and under its wings are softer than the finest velvet, and of a greenish brown, with a fine red gloss upon it : a little crest adorns its head, green at the bottom, and, as it were, gilded at the top ; and this little crest sparkles when the sun shines, in the middle of its forehead, like a little crown of gold ; its bill is straight, slender, and about the size of a fine needle, and it darts it first into the tube of one flower and then into that of

another, so quickly, that you might think it was just giving a kiss to each, instead of extracting honey ; the rapid motion of its wings produces a humming sound as it flies through the air, which has given rise to its name."

"What sort of nests do they build, mamma?" said Edward.

"Curious little abodes, indeed, my dear!" replied his mother, "and not much larger than the half of a hen's egg ; they suspend them, as the grosbeak does, to the point of the twig of an orange or citron tree, and construct them of cotton, fine moss, and the fibres of plants, and line them



with any warm materials they can find."

"Now, will you answer my question, mamma," said Lucy, "and tell me why there were none of these delightful little creatures at Radley?"

"Because," said her mother, "the climate of England would be too cold for them. South America is a very warm country, and the birds that are used to live there, especially if they be delicate birds, would be unable to live here. This is the case as it regards the humming-bird—it cannot live in England; but I have somewhere read an account

of a gentleman in America, who found the nest of a humming-bird, suspended, as usual, to the twig of a pomegranate, near his house ; the young ones were at this time about fifteen or twenty days old. He cut off the end of the pomegranate branch and fixed it in a pendant position in a large cage, which he placed at his chamber-window, in order to be amused with the sportive flutterings of the little creatures ; and, to his great astonishment, soon found that the old ones came and fed their brood regularly every hour in the day. By this means they themselves grew so tame that

they seldom quitted the chamber, and came at last voluntarily to live with their young ones."

"How much delighted that gentleman must have been!" said Jane.

"He was, indeed," said her mother, "and his kind attentions to his little charge were well repaid; for in the course of a very short time they all four learnt to perch upon their master's hand, chirping as merrily as though they had been among the gardens and fields around his house. He fed them with a very fine clear paste, made of wine and biscuit and sugar; and how do you think



he managed to make them eat it?"

The children guessed in vain. "With a good deal of ingenuity," said Mrs. Morgan, "he made some artificial flowers, such as a rose and convolvulus, the *nectaries*, or honey-cups, of which he filled with the paste; these he hung about the room round the cage, and had soon the gratification of seeing his little pets thrust their long slender bills into the flowers, and extract the food, until they were perfectly satisfied, when they would flutter and chirp about the room as if desirous of expressing their gratitude. In this manner they lived with him

about six months, when, alas! he one night forgot to tie up their cage to the ceiling at night, and found, in the morning, to his great surprise and grief, that they had all been devoured by some rats\*."

"How vexed, how sorry, he must have been!" said Edward; "and how he must have reproached himself for his carelessness. What affectionate little creatures those humming-birds must have been, mamma. I like affectionate birds!"

"Then Cowper's goldfinches would please you exactly," said Mr. Morgan, "for they were

\* Goldsmith.

very affectionately attached to each other."

"Oh, do, papa, tell us something about them."

"Cowper," said Mr. Morgan, "had two goldfinches, which, in the summer, usually occupied a favourite resort of their master, called his greenhouse. One day, after having been employed in cleaning out their cages, he placed that which he had in hand upon the table, while the other hung against the wall; the windows and the doors stood wide open. He went to fill the water-glass at the pump, and on his return perceived to his astonishment that



there was a goldfinch sitting on the top of the cage he had been cleaning, and singing to the goldfinch within, putting its beak to that of its friend, and showing its joy by every demonstration in its power. Cowper went up to him, but he evinced no signs of fear, nor did he offer to retreat on a still nearer approach; he then advanced his hand towards him, but he took no notice of it. He seized him, in the supposition that he had caught a new bird, but, turning round and casting his eye upon the other cage, in a moment perceived his mistake.

Its inhabitant, while he was gone for the water, had contrived to find an opening where the wire had been a little bent, and instead of flying away as he might easily have done, the greenhouse windows being open, had made no other use of the escape it afforded him than to visit his friend, and to converse with him more intimately than he had done before. Cowper returned him to his proper mansion, but in vain. In less than a minute he had thrust himself through the aperture again, and again perched upon his neighbour's cage, kissing him

as before, and singing more loudly than usual, as if quite delighted with the fortunate adventure. Cowper was so much gratified with this friendship between his feathered favourites, that he determined one cage should for the future hold both.—But we have been talking about humming-birds and goldfinches till I had really almost forgotten our original subject—the aviary at Radley Park. Edward, my dear, what other birds excited your curiosity?”

“There was a very large bird, papa,” replied Edward, “about the size of one of the swans we saw in the fish-pond,



which had an enormous bag fastened under its beak—its beak, I should think, must be more than one foot in length.”

“ Ah, you refer to the pelican : this singular bird is an inhabitant of Africa, and also of the sandy coasts of Arabia and Persia, where it is known by the name of the water-carrier.”

“ The water-carrier ! why so, papa ?”

“ Because it is said that it builds its nest in the desert, where no water is to be found, (or, at least, if there are any springs, all the water is procured by poor weary travellers who are crossing

the desert,) and that it carries fresh water a long way in its pouch to its little ones. I will not vouch for the truth of this account, but certain it is that the pelican feeds her young with fish, macerated for some time in her bag, and, when they cry, flies off for a new supply. The same gentleman who kept the humming-birds, tells us that he took two of these when very young, and tied them by the leg to a post stuck in the ground, where he had the pleasure of seeing the old one for several days come to feed them, remaining with them the greatest part of the day, and

spending the night on the branch of a tree that hung over them. By these means they all three became so familiar that they suffered themselves to be handled, and the young ones very willingly accepted whatever fish he offered them. These they always put first into their bag, and then swallowed at their leisure."

"I did not notice the pelican particularly," said Jane, "but surely this pouch, that you talk about, could not hold any great number of fish."

"It is said that the bag of the pelican is capable of holding fifteen quarts of water!" said Mr.



Morgan, “ and that it will contain as many fish as will serve sixty hungry men at a meal ! so you may imagine of what an astonishing size it is ; yet the animal has the power of wrinkling it up at pleasure. The pelicans sometimes fish in companies ; they place themselves in a long line, and, swimming together, form a large circle, which they narrow little by little, and, enclosing the fish in it, divide the prey at their ease.

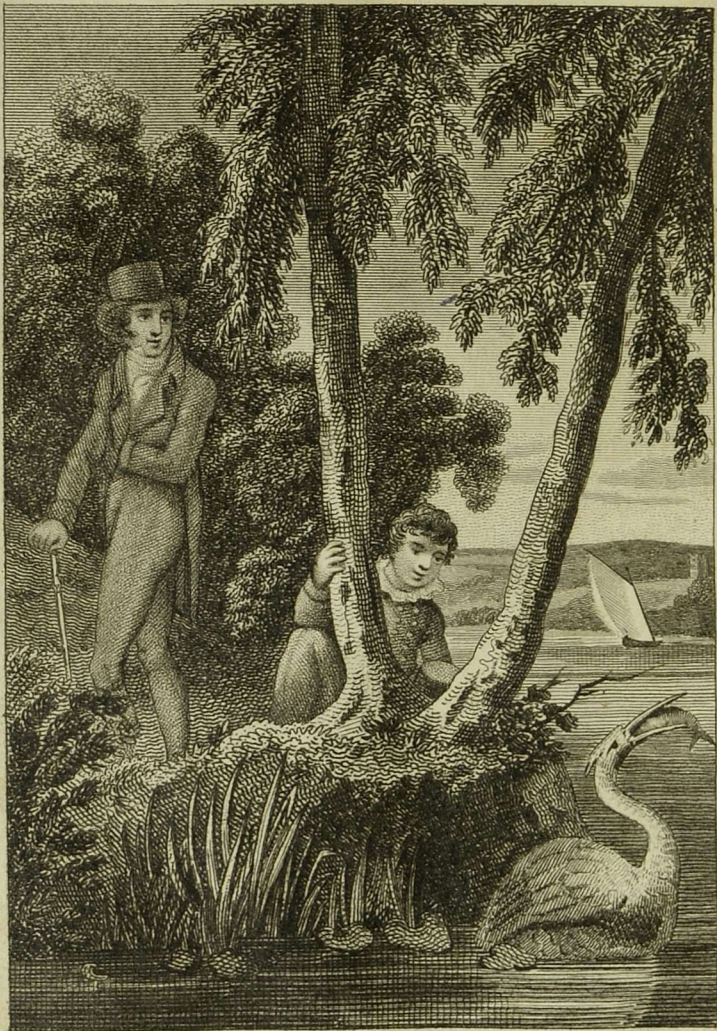
“ The North-American Indians convert the bag of the pelican into purses and tobacco-pouches ; some sailors make caps of it, and

the Spanish women adorn its skin with gold and embroidery, and use it as an article of dress."

"When I was walking one day with my uncle near the Thames, at Henley," said Edward, "I saw a bird come flying over my head, papa, with large flapping wings; my uncle said it was a heron, and desired me to creep softly behind the bank, in order to observe what it would do. He had waded into the water to as great a depth as his long legs would carry him, and was standing, with his neck drawn up, gazing upon the water. In about a moment he darted his







In about a moment he darted his long bill as quickly as possible into the stream, and drew out a fish, which he swallowed. I watched him catch another, and another, in the same manner, and at last he flew away to a wood at some distance.

*see page 45.*

*London: William Darton, 58, Holborn Hill, Lmo, 30, 1824.*

long bill as quickly as possible into the stream, and drew out a fish, which he swallowed. I watched him catch another, and another, in the same manner, and at last he flew away to a wood at some distance. I was very much amused with this heron ; it looked just as though it were mounted on stilts, and its neck was as long as its legs were slender."

" Providence has wisely ordered," said Edward's father, " that all birds that have very long legs should have a neck of proportionate length ; for, had not this been the case, how difficult would



they have found it to take and procure their food. Imagine, for instance, the heron still in possession of his slender stilt-like legs, and with a neck no longer than that of a common duck ;—would he not be very badly off ? This observation may prove to you that the wisdom of the Author of Nature is unlimited, and is exhibited in all his works. But what made you think of the heron just now ? ”

“ I was thinking of the stork we saw in the aviary, papa, which had long slender legs, like those of the heron.”



“ Ah, ah, I am very glad that you noticed the stork—it is such an interesting bird.”

“ Interesting! why so, papa? Pray tell me something about it.”

“ There are more than sixty different species,” said Mr. Morgan, “ the largest of which is an inhabitant of Bengal, a country in Asia, you know. One of these, a young bird, about five feet in height, was brought up tame, and presented to one of the chiefs. Being accustomed to be fed in the great hall, it soon became familiar, regularly attending that place at dinner-time, and placing itself behind its master’s chair,

*Wonder?*

frequently before any of the guests entered. The servants were obliged to watch it narrowly, and defend the provisions with little sticks in their hands ; but, notwithstanding this precaution, it would often snatch off something or other ; and it once stole a whole boiled chicken, which it voraciously swallowed in an instant. This stork used to fly about the island, in which the chief lived, and roost very high among the cotton-trees, whence, at a great distance, it could spy the dinner carrying across the yard, when, darting from its exalted station, it would enter the hall,

among the servants who carried in the dishes, and would sometimes stand behind its master's chair for half an hour or more, after dinner, turning its head alternately, as though listening to the conversation that was going on. So, you see, storks possess some intelligence. I can, however, give you an instance of one that possessed a more amiable disposition than that exhibited in this case. The white stork is gentle and easily tamed, and will sometimes join in the sports of children, playing and leaping around them. One of these storks once joined a merry little party of children, who were



playing at blindman's-buff in a garden. It ran in turn when it was touched, and took care to keep out of the way of the child who was running after the rest, in the same manner as the other children did."

"Oh, papa, is it really possible? —You make me love the stork!"

"The stork is particularly noted," continued Mr. Morgan, "for its filial and parental affection. It is very careful of its young ones, and never leaves them till they are strong enough to defend and take care of themselves; when they begin to try their skill in flying and flutter out

of the nest, it carries them on its wings, defends them from every danger, and, in short, when unable to save them, will perish itself rather than desert them. It is said, that when Delft, a city of Holland, was burnt some years since, a stork, after having tried every means in its power to carry off its young ones, suffered itself to be burnt with them. The Dutch (by whom I mean the people of Holland,) are so fond of this bird that it is allowed to walk in their streets unmolested, and must not be destroyed under a severe penalty ; indeed, so much attached are the Dutch to the

storks, that they place boxes on the roofs of their houses, on purpose for them to build in; but perhaps this is not to be wondered at, when it is known that they are of great use in clearing the fields of serpents and other reptiles, which might otherwise be troublesome. It has been observed, that the stork will evince signs of attachment, and even of gratitude, to those from whom it has experienced a kindness. But even the parental fondness of the old birds is exceeded by the affection and tender care which the young ones show to their infirm or aged parents, for when they ap-



pear weak, and languishing, and bent down with age and infirmities, they will carry them the choicest food, and guard them from danger with the utmost vigilance. You see, my dear Edward, that even the brute creation are not destitute of what may be termed virtuous qualities : from the stork we may learn filial affection and parental fondness ; from the pelican—the pelican of the wilderness—we may also draw similar instruction ; from Cowper's goldfinches we may, if we please, acquire just notions of friendship—such friendship as will enable us to deny ourselves gratification,

in order to promote the enjoyment of others ; from the humble grosbeak we may learn industry and perseverance, and the little humming-bird will supply us with an example of the happiness arising from simple and innocent pleasures. But what is there with which *observation* will not furnish us ? It is this habit, my dear boy, to which we are indebted for most of the knowledge we possess. By observing the amiable qualities of those around us, and the esteem which those qualities obtain for their possessor, we are induced to follow their example, and to imitate it as far

as lies in our power ; by noticing the faults of others, we may, at least if we use the *habit of observation*, learn to correct our own ; —you may smile at my gravity, but it is true, that even the faults observable in the brute creation may turn our attention to our own : the peacock, for instance, —was not its pride disgusting ? it seemed to raise its discordant voice in the hope of riveting the eye of the spectator upon its superb attire ! Then the parrot is, as Lucy remarked, an example of one who talks nonsense, for the sake of talking ;—the stork of Bengal offends us by its vora-



city, and the yellow lory by its self-confidant *yo, yo, yo !*

We may, I assure you, learn something from every thing around us ; you must accustom yourself to think, to reason, and to reflect ; and I trust you will, in future years, gratify the anxious wishes of a fond father by your rapid progress in all that is good."

"Now, my dear Lucy, you may ask your question, which, at least if I may judge by your countenance, you are waiting to do."

"Are not storks birds of passage, papa ?"

"Yes, my love, they are ; but

explain to me what is meant by *birds of passage* ?”

“Indeed, papa, I cannot tell, but I heard the gardener at Radley Park say something about birds of passage, and this made me ask the question.”

“I like your candour, Lucy, and am quite willing to explain the meaning of the term. Some birds live during one part of the year in one country, in a cold country for instance, and, as winter approaches, they leave it and seek a warmer clime. This is called the migration of birds; it is a sort of instinctive feeling given them by Providence, to

enable them to make themselves comfortable and happy."

"Ah, papa, I am glad to hear you say that they are guided by an instinctive feeling, for I was just going to ask you whether they understood geography," said Lucy ; "for you know that, if it were not for geography, people would not know their way from one country to another. Well, storks are birds of passage, what other birds are called birds of passage?"

"Have you ever seen a number of swallows seated together on the roof of a house?" said Mr. Mor-



gan, without answering his little girl's question.

“No, papa,—yes, papa,” said Lucy, after a little consideration, “I do recollect seeing a great number of birds sitting upon the roof of one of the houses near my uncle's house when I was visiting him last autumn; I remember being told that they were swallows; there were a great number of them, and, when they had been seated on the roof for about a quarter of an hour, they all rose up in the air together, and flew away.”

“Swallows are birds of passage,” said Lucy's father, “and the

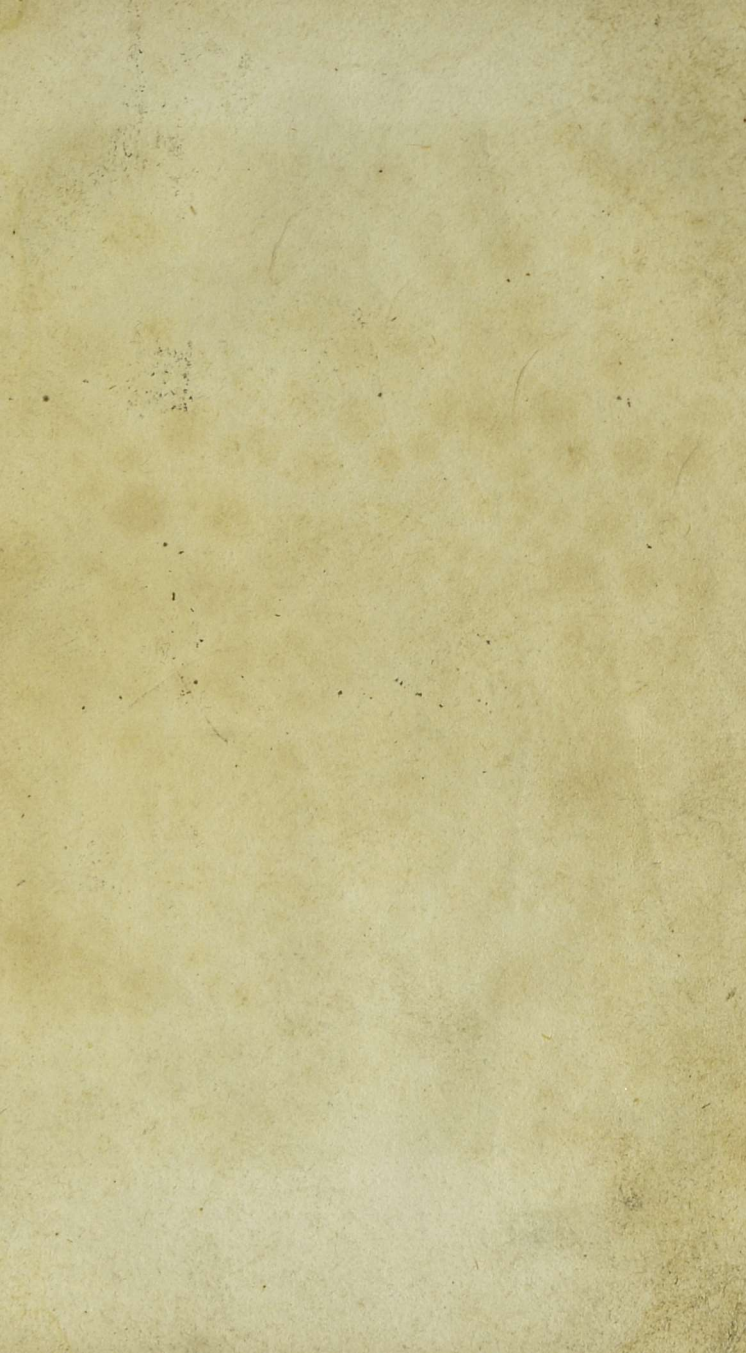
swallows you saw when you were at your uncle's, my love, were no doubt just winging their flight to the warmer regions of France or Italy, where the sky is almost always blue, without a cloud—the climate almost always warm and delightful. Jane, cannot you repeat some beautiful lines called “The Swallows?”

“I will try, papa.”

*(Jane repeats)*

### THE SWALLOWS.

“Ere yellow autumn from our plains  
retired,  
And gave to wintry storms the varied  
year,





# FRONTISPIECE TO "THE AVIARY"



"What beautiful creatures! how graceful they looked when pacing backwards and forwards on the lawn, sometimes sweeping their long tails along the smooth grass, and sometimes spreading them as though they wished to be admired."

*London: William Darton, 58, Holborn Hill, 2mo. 30, 1824.*

*see page 18.*

The swallow race, with foresight clear  
 inspired,  
 To southern climes prepared their course  
 to steer.

“On Damon’s roof a grave assembly sat ;  
 His roof a refuge to the feathered kind:  
 With serious look he marked the nice  
 debate,  
 And to his *Lucy* thus addressed his  
 mind:

“Observe yon twittering flock, my gentle  
 maid ;

Observe, and read the wondrous ways  
 of Heaven !

With us, through summer’s genial reign  
 they stayed,

And food and lodging to their wants  
 were given.

“But now, through sacred prescience,  
well they know

The near approach of elemental strife;  
The blustering tempest, and the chilly  
snow,

With every want and scourge of tender  
life.

“Thus taught, they meditate a speedy  
flight;

For this, e’en now, they prune their vi-  
gorous wing;

For this consult, advise, prepare, excite;  
And prove their strength in many an  
airy ring.

“They feel a power, an impulse all  
divine!

That warns them hence; they feel it  
and obey:



To this direction all their cares resign,  
 Unknown their destined stage, un-  
 marked their way.

“And does no power its friendly aid  
 dispense,

Nor give us tidings of some happier  
 clime?

Find we no guide in gracious Provi-  
 dence,

Beyond the stroke of death, the verge of  
 time?

“Yes, yes, the sacred oracles we hear,

That point the path to realms of endless  
 day;

That bids our hearts nor death nor an-  
 guish fear:

This, future transport; that, to life the  
 way.

“Then let us timely for our flight pre-  
pare,

And form the soul for her divine abode;  
Obey the call, and trust the leader's care,  
To bring us safe, through virtue's paths,  
to God.

“Let no fond love for earth extract a  
sigh;

No doubt divert our steady steps aside;  
Nor let us long to live, nor dread to die:  
Heaven is our hope, and Providence  
our guide.”

“You have repeated them very  
correctly, my love,” said Mr.  
Morgan, “they are beautiful lines,  
sweetly calculated to direct our  
thoughts from this fleeting world

and all its transitory pleasures to one of ever-during delight.

“ Swallows are very seldom seen when actually on their passage, which appears singular, as they are so often observed, previous to the commencement of it, assembled upon the roof of some house or shed, as though preparing for their flight : there is generally a sort of restless activity among them, they all appear on the alert, flying round and round in many an airy ring, seemingly anxious to know that the whole congregation are collected together in proper order, and that every thing is in a state of prepa-



ration. Yet scarcely any of our most celebrated naturalists have witnessed their actual departure."

"This appears very singular," said Edward. "Are wild geese migratory birds, as well as swallows, papa?"

"Yes:" replied his father, "and it is observed that they always arrange themselves and fly in the form of a V, the foremost being the leader of the van; but the manner in which this leader relieves himself by changing his post, which may, probably, be the most arduous, is remarkable. As I was one day walking on the common, I observed a flock of

these wild geese at a great height above me in the air, though sufficiently near for me to watch their motions by means of a spy-glass I had in my pocket. To my no small surprise I found that the foremost, or leader, was perpetually changing his station, by sinking a little below the one next to him, who, consequently, gave up his place to the second, and so on, successively, until the whole flock had performed the duty of ringleader, and he who was at one time first became the last of all. Wonderful indeed is the instinct of the brute creation. Wonder-

ful indeed are all the works of God !”

“Animals are guided by instinct, and people are guided by reason ; are they not, papa.?” enquired Jane.

“Instinct is given to animals, my dear, because, as they are destitute of thought and of reflection, they would, without it, be unqualified to procure for themselves food and shelter, &c. but reason is implanted in the human breast for nobler purposes: reflection, invention, prudent foresight, knowledge, and wisdom, would be unattainable, were we destitute of reason. It commands, it



directs, it enables us to be happy. Let us so improve it as to evince that we have not received it in vain."

"Now, Lucy, we are come to Hyde-Park Corner, and are almost at home again. Tell me, do you still regret that the day is over?"

"No, papa, I hope I have become wiser than to do so. I have had as much pleasure in talking about the aviary and hearing your accounts of the curious birds it contained, as I actually enjoyed in seeing it: the 'Pleasures of Memory,' as you call them, papa, are not all over yet, for there is the greenhouse, and the hothouse,

and the picture-gallery ; I dare say you will talk to me about plants and flowers, and shrubs and pictures, some day, as you have done this evening about birds."

"Most willingly, my dear girl. I am always glad to see you anxious to store your mind with useful information, and, as a proof that this is the case, I am always ready to add to your stock of knowledge, as far as lies in my power, whether it be about flowers, shrubs, pictures, or the birds in the aviary at Radley Park !"

As Mr. Morgan spoke, the carriage stopped, and our little party

found themselves again at their own happy and comfortable home.

It is true that Lucy whispered to herself, as she ascended the hall steps, "It is all over! my visit to Radley Park is over!" but she checked the repining thought in a moment, and wisely determined to consider the *present* time as the happiest time, to look backwards upon the past with pleasure, and forwards to the future with hope and joy.

FINIS.



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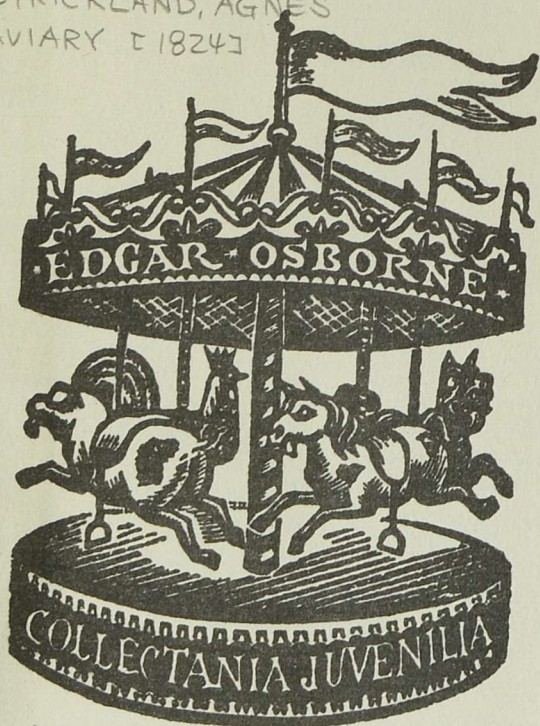
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