



"HEAVEN HELP ME, BUT I WANTED TO GO DOWN BEFORE HER IN A LOUIS QUATORZE SALAAM."

A CASE OF DISCIPLINE.

BY ONE OF THE D. D., LL.DS.



I AM past fifty years of age, (no matter how much,) am President of a small college for women, and love my work. The limited resources of our badly endowed institution render it necessary for me to teach as well as

to govern; and I meet the Senior class several times a week. This is to my liking, for I love my brave girls; and to challenge their keen eager minds, on themes that interest me profoundly, is a rare mental exhilaration.

Indeed the students of Hypatia College are a perpetual delight to me, within the lecture room or without. Their sweet, all too pale, young faces and flashing,

thoughtful eyes fascinate me. Doubtless they lack in voluptuous charms; and I seldom see them in dress adapted to display to utmost advantage the physical graces they really possess: as a rule, I meet them book in hand in simple gowns a little negligée. But they please me beyond description. They are "selected" by our severe entrance examinations from a multitude of less intellectual young women, and their average mentality is remarkable. High aims and gentle motives have spiritualized the lines of their faces. Some have great talent; in a few the rudiments of genius are discernible; and nearly all have luminous countenances. The holiest moment of the day is the brief chapel service, when the hard benches suddenly, at ringing of the bell, blossom forth into girls; and when many a sweet presence is "quiet as a nun, breathless with adoration." The happiest hours of the week are my seances with the Senior Class.

And then my study, it is perfumed and illuminated by maidens. A little tap on my door, and immediately there glides in a bright slip of womanhood, with dainty aspect, airy tread, and manner all grace. Perhaps it is a committee, two, three, or more, a white-winged flock,—and then such bewitching flutterings and chatter. An excuse wanted, a permission which none but the President may dare grant, a weighty message from home, a holiday begged, a grievance,—but always a flash of light, as though a sunbeam had entered my study through clouds. And when the pretty children are gone, there remains a perfume of heavenly essence, as though the gates of Paradise had opened a little for just a moment, and a breath of Eden's fragrance had come through.

The reader must not misunderstand

me? My love for the girls is Platonic and paternal: they are my pets, my daughters: I would cut off my right hand ere it should rest in unholy touch upon one of them. I am not like my predecessor, a comparatively young man and a bachelor, who confided to me this extraordinary confession.

"When I came to Hypatia College," said that impressible and cynical gentleman, "I fell in love with all the girls! The first year I longed to marry all of them! The second year, my ardor cooling in presence of chilly facts, I wanted still to marry most of them. The third year, I was willing notwithstanding to marry some of them. The fourth, I prayed for deliverance from all! And the fifth year I resigned!"

He is yet a bachelor. Now I do not feel justified in condemning this excellent gentleman, but I see with other eyes. Perhaps this is because I have French blood in my veins, blue, noble blood, that long ago leaped under the flash of woman's smile and that easily blushed in shame at thought of dishonor.

Still, I too have a very big and noisome fly in my delicious pot of ointment. I allude to discipline. Deportment, thank Heaven! does not fall to my lot; but discipline, woe is me, does. I am between the Devil and the deep sea,—naughty girls on the one side and a grim faculty, mostly of elderly unmarried ladies, on the other. Not very naughty young women either,—bless them! Hypatia students do not know how to be real naughty. But they are human and have red blood, aye and sometimes hot blood; and there are young men in Cedar City. Little indiscretions, nothing more! trifling in my coarse masculine sight, but of awful heinousness in the eyes of our chaste lady professors.

If I could only be left quite alone, my efforts would be very efficacious. A

summons of somewhat peremptory character, of the culprit to the President's study,—a frightened response, with luminousness and fragrance a little abated,—a brief sermon, with emphasis on the practical application,—an outburst of tears, promises amid sobs, never, never to do so any more,—instantaneous reformation, normal light and perfume, departure under benediction and a fugitive tear in the President's eye! But alas!

One night I was lingering at my office, buried in a profound metaphysical study, and the ten o'clock bell had rung for the extinguishing of lights. Reluctantly leaving my meditations, I carefully closed behind me the great hall door, and strolling out into the moonlight, took a turn through the beautiful Campus to cool my brain and compose myself for sleep, before retiring to the presidential mansion.

A murmur attracted me into the shades,—silvery sounds, low and musical,—the warbling of a water ouzel mingling with the splash and gurgle of a mountain brook. I supposed this to be the natural music of the fountain of Sappho, which formed the choicest work of art in our college grounds; and I drew near that classic masterpiece. Approach lent perception, and I now heard voices quite other than those of the leaping jet and elfish spray.

As I drew near, a duet of bass and tuneful soprano was distinguishable. They were not exactly singing, these two voices, but in very melodious cadence. Steps warned me that the murmurers were strolling toward me by a shady path, into which the moonbeams penetrated to play upon the gravel. Before I decided what I ought to do, a young couple sauntered into sight, a youth holding a maiden's hand and both talking at once. Instinctively

and with no purpose of espionage, which I detest,—I never so much as turn my head to play the spy upon my brave girls,—but from a dread of intruding upon holy ground,—though why I should have deemed it holy, I don't know,—I shrunk back into the gloom. Indeed it was not very gloomy, and I might easily have been seen, had the two at that moment been able to perceive anything but one another.

They paused at the fountain of Sappho, quite near me; and the girl lifted her face to the full moon. I recognized the beautiful features of one of our noblest, a Sophomore, the leader of her class, a natural leader, of excellent family, the only daughter of a wealthy and refined widow, a young thing every way admirable and exemplary. She was in evident ecstasy; and I never saw such ethereal loveliness before as appeared in that rapt face, glorified by moonlight and youthful passion.

I was stunned and motionless. There was a pause in the torrent of low melody; and then he bade her goodnight, and folding her to his heart, tenderly kissed her lips.

She disengaged herself,—not too soon,—and ran to the great Dormitory,—for our main building is a sort of immense caravanserai, combining chapel, halls, recitation rooms, museums, bedrooms, and what not,—which was near at hand. I saw her tap lightly on a window pane in the basement and vault through a low casement, the sash of which opened and closed mysteriously. It was the bedroom of my messenger maid, Polly, who is wont to answer the call of my study bell. The youth hurried away, but not before I recognized him as the son of one of the best citizens and most solid men in Cedar City.

Meanwhile I did nothing, because I am not quickwitted and nothing in the line

of action sufficiently brilliant occurred to me: besides, I was overwhelmed. Slowly retiring to the presidential mansion, for long I courted sleep in vain. One thing I was grateful for: the culprit was not a Senior, not one who had breathed in the atmosphere of my own ethical and metaphysical teachings. That would have crushed me; but then that would have been absolutely impossible.

All things considered, this was the worst breach of deportment, since the wild girl from Arkansas, whom consideration for her unfortunate family forbids me to name, threw a crust of bread in playfulness, at a no less frivolous roommate, during that august repast, for which alas! we have no better name in the language than the vulgar word *dinner*,—yes, at that dainty symposium of propriety, fine manners, and personal stateliness; where a word of slang is considered vice, and rudeness a crime; where even wit and humor must be chastened and where mirth is rightly felt to be far beneath the dignity of the occasion. Even I myself, the President, find a shadow upon my naturally festive disposition, when I sit down, as I do once in a while, at this stately and portentous meal. In the case referred to, aroused by the enormity of the offense, I banished the wild girl at once and forever.

Surely this case was nearly as bad.

What distressed me most was the kiss. But there was a foil to my dismay in a pretty memory. More than a year previous, just before the Christmas vacation, the girls had arranged one of their fêtes in anticipation. As was their wont on such occasions they had brought to our great assembly and play hall, their easy chairs, lounges, cushions, draperies, fans, easels, and what not, and had given to the usually bare-looking apartment a delightfully cosy aspect.

They themselves were all very daintily arrayed, some in silks and some in mere extemporized gowns of delicately tinted cheesecloth,—some as Grecian maidens, some as peasant girls, and some as the girl of the period, but every one mirthful and picturesque. I never failed to drop in on these innocent festivities, to enjoy the music and the dancing, and to say a cheering word; and the young women always made me welcome.

On the particular night in question, as I approached one of the doors of ingress, I observed my youngest son Louis on a stepladder in a doorway, hanging overhead a sprig of mistletoe. Louis was a lad of ten, the child of my age and the darling torment of my life, the terror of the college cats, the pet of the kitchen maids (who overfed him with dainties), and the assistant of the students in all their decorative activities. I stopped and gazed at him with some anxiety, indeed I never gazed at him in any other mood. Not perceiving me, he descended from the ladder, laid it aside, and placed himself, arms akimbo, under the mistletoe. His musical boyish voice rang through the hall, clear above the din of piano and waltz: "If anybody wants to be kissed, let 'em come right on, and away she goes!"

A shout of laughter greeted this appalling outburst, and a young girl, airy as an orchid blossom, with rosy cheeks and laughing eyes, tried in sport to dart by him, only to be imprisoned deftly in his strong little arms. As his red lips could not reach up higher than her chin, she goodnaturedly stooped and kissed him. It was a pretty sight, I must confess. Then his papa was perceived, there was another shout, the girl escaped, and Louis, fearing paternal vengeance, darted to a side door and was gone in a moment. The child afterward acknowledged to me: "Papa, I hung up it there

just for Evelyn Wood: she's a freshman and pretty green, but oh, she's a lark!"

But this second kissing of Miss Evelyn Wood was quite another matter.

The next morning I received a telegram, calling me off on important business for the entire day; but as the train did not leave until ten, I hoped to secure a word with the culprit before departing. My first thought had been to lay the whole matter before the Lady Principal, but my heart forbade: better warn and save the dear child without publicity and without disgrace,—for she certainly was not a wild girl, like the Arkansas creature; moreover, my method of admonition and penitent tears was wiser far than the drastic measures women resort to under such circumstances. Hence after chapel I was about to ring for Polly, (below stairs they called her the Lady Messenger,—and why not?—we had lady laundresses, a Lady Principal, and lady professors, why in Heaven's name not a Lady Messenger?—thank God, however, we are a WOMAN'S college,) when suddenly there was a melodious voice singing not far away.

It was late in May, the windows were open, and with the fragrant air of spring was wafted in the cadences of a marvelously sweet voice, singing a Spanish love ditty. I recognized at once Miss Evelyn's soprano, and remembered that her room was quite near my own study, on the floor above. She possessed the finest of many superb voices among our two hundred and fifty girls, and she was the pride of the college in our amateur concerts. I am an enthusiastic lover of music, and Evelyn's soprano is one that always enraptures and melts me. I am good for nothing but ecstasy when she sings. She was carolling at her window a wild, joyous song, full of Spanish passion and sunshine, instead of study-

ing hard as was her wont and manifestly her duty. Never skylark made the air quiver against the blue heavens with such jubilant gladness. Ah! the child was supremely happy; and why had Fate put into my hands the agony of her discipline? I listened, forgot, time fled, opportunity departed; and I barely caught my train.

"I will rebuke the culprit tonight," I said to myself in excuse.

But my return was late, and the matter of discipline was necessarily delayed. On the morrow there was no singing, and promptly after Chapel I set myself to the difficult task. I rang for my maid, and she responded all too quickly, in sobbing and tears, with a little note from the Lady Principal in her hand. It read as follows:—

DR. CYRUS WOLCOTT, D. D., LL. D.

Dear Sir:—It is my painful duty to inform you that the fair fame of Hypatia College has been tarnished. Miss Evelyn Wood was detected last night by the watchman, entering the casement of the maid Polly's room after eleven o'clock and having been absent from her own room during the entire evening. Is it not justly presumable that she has been guilty of a clandestine interview? and am I verging on the brink of slander if I suggest that the disturber of our peace is a young man? Let me add that some previous observations, sharpened by well grounded suspicions, aroused by a peculiar state of mind in the unfortunate young woman, and which the plain duties of my office compelled me to make, despite your known and permit me to say regrettable aversion to even a necessary circumspection, justify presumptions as to the personality of the offender. Feeling unequal and indeed powerless to deal with so grave an offense, I beg to refer the whole matter to the President, asking you in the name of the Faculty, and of our innocent students,—of our Fame and of our Future,—to take prompt and signal action.

Very truly yours,

THE LADY PRINCIPAL.

I read this with as keen a pain as ever went through the heart of an old gentleman, for well I knew what it portended

for the Skylark. Under my predecessors girls had been sent to their homes from Hypatia College, with but twelve hours' notice, forever disgraced, for less transgression.

"Can you forgive me, sir?" said Polly, sobbing.

Oh, yes, Polly: I had forgotten her.

Now I could easily have forced this maid to tell me all she knew,—for she was not over strong-minded,—but could not bring myself to do so.

"Polly," said I sadly, "you are referred to the Matron: go to her, make a frank confession, and receive her sentence. You come under her jurisdiction, and you have put enough on my hands for the present. But stop, Polly, if she is very hard on you, possibly I may say a word for you. Meanwhile send me Miss Evelyn."

She buried her face in her apron and turned to go, but before she was out of the room paused to say with many sobs: "Oh, don't be hard on poor Evelyn, sir. She meant no harm,—'deed, 'deed she did n't. She's such an angel, sir, and she has been so kind to me,—and when the others trod—trod—on me, she trea—treated me like a hu—hu—man being and I love her, and the poor child is in lo—lo—love, hor—hor—ribly in love; and I'm to blame as had n't ought to let her gone out."

A humble little tap announced the culprit,—I always know girl wrongdoers by the humility of the tap. Now when Louis is in fault he acts on the principle that he will not resign while he is under fire, like the politicians; but the Hypatia girls, they kiss the rod. When I opened the door and drew back the portière, Miss Wood walked in slowly, pale, mournful, penitent, but calm. She stood facing me, her eyes on the carpet. I gazed musingly at her for a moment. What a pity that so superb a creature, a nightingale, a rosebud, a lyric, nay any-

thing you please that is tuneful and fair, should be caught in a folly! Alas, poor human nature!

"Miss Evelyn, be so good as to peruse this note from the Lady Principal."

She read it, flushed, and trembled; and a frightened look came into her eyes, which did not leave them for weeks. She nervously dropped the paper, picked it up again and read a second time: then her eyes filled with tears, and she said with an effort at dignity, "I may have been foolish with my midnight strolling, but the fame of Hypatia College is safe in my hands."

Heavens, how it cuts me to the heart to see a young girl weep!

"No, no, Evelyn, you have been guilty only of astonishing thoughtlessness, and have not tarnished our fame, but surely have endangered it. Confess to me, my child, that you were sauntering in the moonlight, thinking no evil of course, hand in hand with some friend,—m—m—thoughtless as your giddy little self."

She looked me in the eyes,—such clear blue eyes searched mine,—and she said more quietly: "No, I was alone: it is an old trick of mine to stroll in the moonlight and dream, and last night the building seemed stuffy to me and the girls humdrum."

Ah, woman! emancipated, but not yet free from the bondage of guile! And who but we men are responsible for it? I was not surprised, only pained that my Skylark should not have proved an exception. So many sweet, gentle girls, before this, had looked me in the eyes and with perfect candor of manner told me what I knew to be false, thinking that they were successfully deceiving me, while I was reading their inmost thoughts.

"And the night before last, by the Fountain of Sappho,—also a lonely stroll

and no farewell kiss? Only a soliloquy on Life and the Moonbeam?"

Her woman's wit discerned my thought at once and her lovely head fell,—the fire all went out of her eyes and the color in her cheeks was there for shame.

"You saw me? oh! oh! Forgive me, forgive me, but Doctor Wolcott, I could not help it!"

"Could not help it, my child?"

She looked up with an intensity of passion that frightened me, and clasping her hands, exclaimed,—

"I love him!"

I felt it time to address myself to my little homily: "Her extreme youth,—only nineteen,—her inexperience,—her poor widowed mother,—the extreme indiscretion of it,—the relentlessness of gossip,—the fair fame of the dear old college, the Alma Mater, and the rest of it." Finally I asked her if she would solemnly promise, if I condoned the offense, not to do so any more. Judging from experience, she ought to have answered "yes" eagerly. But she looked up mournfully, the little face utterly wobegone, and responded slowly:—

"No, Doctor, I love and respect you,—and I want to please you,—but it is of no use: I should only lie again, to my bitter shame. If he shall ask me to meet him, I will go to meet him, though I die for it; for oh! I love him,—Doctor,—I love him."

She had clasped her hands again, letting the letter drop; and out of her great teary eyes flashed a strange fire. Again there came into her face that rapturous look I had observed in the moonlight. She had again become radiant and beautiful as an angel.

Heaven help me, but I wanted to go down before her in a Louis Quatorze salaam,—my French blood again,—I adored this young girl. But then I was

President, I had a duty to perform and meant to do it.

I was a little dashed, however, by a wistful question, which anticipated my severities.

"Did n't—did n't—you ever—Doctor—did n't you ever love?"

I know that I colored up to the roots of my hair,—and the roots of my hair are now considerably back of my upper forehead. And there came a scene of my youth to mind,—yes, a succession of scenes,—ah me! just such a sweet blue-eyed girl, and just such moonlight, and just such a forbidden stroll,—to be quite truthful, several of them,—hand in hand,—both innocent as babes of any evil thought,—only it was a female seminary then,—before the days of pretentious Colleges for Women,—and we were not found out!

When I collected myself, Evelyn was looking up through her tears in a radiant smile; and I decided that enough had been done in the line of discipline for the first infliction, and gave the fair culprit leave to withdraw to her room and to penitence.

The next morning I noticed in Chapel service that there was a pallor of Evelyn's face, and thence onward it became more apparent, while the frightened look which the Lady Principal's letter had occasioned was intensified. Poor child, she suffered bitter penalty for her offense. She had been a leader, universally admired and beloved; but she was now dropped, suppressed, and left alone. The chaste lady professors froze her with their silent disapproval; and even the dear girls, true to their feminine instincts, drew away their spotless skirts from contact.

I concluded to call in the young man to our help: he was a good-hearted fellow: he was the real culprit: let him heal the wound. A dispatch by a mes-

senger boy brought him to my study almost precipitately. The moment he entered, I perceived that he knew all.

He gave me no time to come to speech, but approaching, in an excited and almost violent manner broke out: "I'm to blame, sir, only I. I tempted her to stroll with me. It was thoughtless and selfish, but I meant no harm. Hate me, curse me, sue me for damages, shoot me, anything you please, only don't let her suffer. Poor child! the girls are making life a hell for her, and she's worth them all. All my fault. Strike me, but spare her; and oh! sir, help her! They say you are kind and good, don't crush a sweet, innocent child like that: she's wild with despair. I was a fool, selfish, mad. And here I am to receive any penalty,—maledictions, blows, anything, if only you will let her go free and save her from those professor fiends!"

When I could come to speech with this excited youth, I said quietly: "Curses, blows, suits for damages, and pistol balls, will avail nothing except to get this miserable affair into the daily press,—which God forbid,—and which would only so much more hurt this noble young girl whom you have so seriously compromised. You were indeed thoughtless and foolish. You did not mention, my dear boy, the only proper thing to do."

"What, sir, what is that? I will do all things, anything to extricate her."

"Very well then, little need be said. Go to her mother: tell all: claim the child. I will give you a letter of recommendation and explanation. Arrange this as you can with your own family, but this is your clear duty, and you never will secure a better mate nor they a kinswoman more worthy of them."

He seized my hand, comprehended, almost shouted for joy, and catching up his hat, said, "I will take this afternoon's train and come here in two hours

for the letter, with my father's consent. He knows her family well and has seen and spoken highly of Evelyn."

He was out of my sight in a whirlwind. I don't know how it was, but I liked this young man, notwithstanding his offense against us: he was tempestuous but honorable, and meant well: he reminded me of my French ancestry and I gave him flattering credentials.

Meanwhile the Faculty sulked and I was in disgrace.

Let me say here that I consider myself far from unamiable; and yet that I must confess to dislike for two classes of mankind: I refer to the theological theologian and the pedagogical pedagogue. To be sure my office forces upon me something of both the theologian and the teacher; but I trust that in my own case the office does not master the man. Now the Lady Principal and several of her "lady" associates in the Faculty are pedagogical pedagogues, and this I have found to be the fault of many woman teachers. They are "school-marms" before they are women: the office has mastered them. They love young girls not with what theologians call the love of complacency but with what they name the love of benevolence: that is somewhat as a cat with full stomach loves mice.

Well, the Lady Principal in this case eyed me with indignant query and her manner was so frigidly dignified that I was constantly reminded of "the immortal" Siddons stabbing her potatoes. And the meek-eyed professoresses, none too high-spirited as a rule, but always unmerciful toward indiscretions of a kind, gazed at me reproachfully. To be sure, I held the key of the situation, as the By Laws of the College, gave to the President the final word in matters of grave offense involving severe punishment; but one old gentleman of mild

disposition in a great caravanserai full of more or less charming and witty women is not enough to sustain a prolonged warfare, especially when questions of womanly propriety are supposed to be at stake; and my position was undeniably very weak and I keenly felt its insecurity.

One bright morning, early in June, a refined, fair lady called at my study and announced herself as Evelyn's mother; and a long confidential interview resulted. Her woman's wit had comprehended the situation perfectly, both her daughter's entanglement and my own perplexities. She saw through me as though I had been glass, and had discerned a way of escape for each and all.

She had intended to send her child to college for at most only a year more, did not propose to make a professional student out of her,—she hated bluestockings,—had indeed wanted to travel abroad with her the coming fall and winter, but had given up the plan owing to the failure of a masculine protector; but now she had quite fallen in love with Harry Winsted,—was n't he a superb, handsome, ardent young man? who could blame Evelyn for liking such a splendid youth?—had found his social position excellent, his education as complete as graduation at Yale and a year of practical contact with men in business could make it, his financial ability in his own name something, his business prospects unusual. She was herself rich, Evelyn her only child and darling: the children should be married at Commencement,—she did not approve of long engagements, and thought young people happiest when married young,—and she and they would go abroad after all, and Harry would do very well as masculine protector, and Evelyn should enjoy music and art and enjoy her honeymoon all at

the same time. Thus the maiden would withdraw at once from College and the institution be relieved from all accountability.

My French blood almost betrayed me into a shrug over some features of this plan,—for though I do not share in the popular prejudice against mothers in law,—especially seeing that mine has long since gone to her rest, peace to her ashes!—a mother in law surely does not appear to the best advantage in the honeymoon-light, and moreover, there is a little proverb about three; but I remembered a saying of Chanfort, whom I delight to count among my French ancestors, to the effect that while love is romance, marriage is history; and I felt that I must be content to accept the fact that history necessarily has its gloomy passages. On the whole the plan was wise, and to me a merciful providence; and so I acquiesced without protest.

That same evening I announced at one of our very formal Faculty meetings that Miss Evelyn Wood would withdraw from the institution at close of the semester, now quite near at hand. This gave limited satisfaction, it was better than nothing. The verdict was known almost immediately throughout the building; and the culprit fell to the lowest point yet reached in the estimation of all concerned. She was a social pariah. But somehow the frightened, hunted look had left her blue eyes, and the color had come back to her velvety cheeks. No one could understand why she no longer moped and wept by herself in her deserted room, which was shunned even by her old friends; nor why her voice in lark-like gladness though in subdued cadences was again heard carolling, much as of old. Some attributed this to moral insensibility, and concluded that their former estimate of this young girl had been wholly incorrect.

A surprise was in store for all.

Suddenly the disgraced appeared with an engagement ring, and the society column of one of the dailies of Cedar City announced her near at hand marriage and the subsequent proposed Continental tour, speaking also warmly of her talents, graces of character, and beauty of person, as well as of the manliness, intelligence, and high social character, of her affianced.

Young women are excitable, overquick to condemn their mates, but soon repentant of injustice. A great revulsion in sentiment occurred. Evelyn became a heroine, her indiscretion was condoned, and her moonlight escapades actually seemed the envy of scores of equally emotional but less fortunate maidens, who only lacked opportunity to do the same. Friends flocked back: congratulations were many:

oh! it was a horrid pity she had to leave College and a burning shame,— but such a splendid bridegroom, and such a gay honeymoon, such romance in store, and such art and divine music in fair Italy! Only the lady professors with one or two exceptions refused to melt.

Commencement hurried on, and its sweetest memory to me,— sweeter even than my tearful farewell to the Senior Class, on the great day of the feast,— was the wedding of Evelyn in the College Chapel after the exercises, the President officiating amid a cloud of waving lawn ribbons, and before two hundred as sweet faces as ever smiled and cried all at once.

And Evelyn Wood was dropped from the list of students.

And yet they say I have no discipline!

Charles Van Norden.

AN ALIEN SINGER.¹

DEEP in our woods a modest alien sings,
 A blithe newcomer from a foreign strand,
 An emigrant from the far father-land.
 No pauper he; but one of Nature's kings,
 And lavishly his wealth away he flings.
 His soulful song a child can understand.
 Art cannot make a melody so grand,
 With all her sounding brass and vibrant strings.
 The singer loves our fir-embowered vales,
 His heart is in his song; his nest is near;
 At early dawn and when the daylight fails
 We hear his trilling, tender, brave, and clear.
 With orient glee the occident he hails,
 Sweet German song-thrush, thou art welcome here.

W. I. Cottel.

¹In 1889, the German citizens of Portland, noting the dearth of song-birds in the mist-hung valleys, imported and liberated near that city over five hundred German song-birds, linnets, nightingales, song-sparrows, and thrushes. The song-thrush, at least, of these has made conquest of a permanent place in his new home.