

### MY AVIARY.

BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

Through my north window, in the wintry weather—  
My birds are safe, though the snow flies fast,  
I watch the soft snow as they flock together,  
While late the boatman floundered his dripping car.

The gull, high floating, like a sloop unladen,  
Lets the loose water wash it as it will;

The duck, round-breasted, like a swan,

The teal, the teal, both busy still.

I see the sooty gulls in council sitting

On some broad ice-floe, pondering long and late,

While overhead the home-bound ducks are fitting

And leave the tardy conclave in debate.

The wedge quiver, the wedge quiver, the wedge quiver,

Whose deep, mysterious science never learns,

Until at some reverend Elder's look dislocating,

The speechless senates silently adjourn.

But when along the waves the shrill northeaster

Shrikes through the laboring coaster's shrouds

The pale bird, kindling like a Christmas feather

When some wild chukor shuns the violet air,

Flaps from the leaden wave in fierce rejoicing,

Feels as the gull's dumb lightning thins his torpid

nerve.

Now on the blust'res whistling plume poising,

Now wheeling, whirling in frosty curves,

Such is our gull; a gentleman of leisure,

Less is his feathered; bagged, you'll find

His virtuous silence; his employed pleasure;

Not bad to look at, and not good for much.

What of our duck? He has some high-bred com-

posure.

His Grace the Canvass-hawk, My Lord the Brank-

And Auser—both served up by dozans,

With a quiver, a quiver, a quiver,

As for himself, he seems about and thrivin'—

Grabs up a living somehow—what, who knows?

Crabs? mu se? what?—Look quick! There's

one just drivin'.

Flop! Slop! his white breast glistens—down

he goes!

And while he's under—just about a minute—

He takes advantage of the fact to say

He's a duck, he's a duck, he's a duck.

The running idiot's worthless hire to pay.

He knows you!—apartmen't' from suborn aerea,

Stretched under seaweed in the treacherous

punt—

Knows the lay, shuffles lout that calls

forth to waste power—ah says to, "Hunt."

I watch you with a patient satisfaction,

Well pleased to discount your predestined luck;

What if you're a goose, but for me?

Shout your brash!—I'm not fit for it!

Sharp is the cut-throat of those pin-heads—

Still, he is mortal and a shot may hit him.

One cannot always miss him if tries.

Look! there's a young one, dreaming not of dan-

Sees a fat log come floating down the stream,

Stares undismayed upon the harmless stranger;

Ah! well all strangers harmless as these seem!

Ho! ho! a lauder shows his breast has shattered;

Ho! ho! a lauder shows his breast has shattered;

Ho! ho! white plumes along the waves are seat-

ered;

Ho! ho! the wing that braved the tempest lies,

He now his comr's lies high above him flying.

To seek their nests along the land results;

Strong is their flight; all lonely he is flying;

Washed by the circling world as he does.

Or there's the hawk for the falling—

Can that the hawk for the falling—

Or is the thred account-book's page so narrow?

One long column scores Thy creature's debt?

Poor gentle quail, by nature kindly cherished,

A world grows dark with thee in blight death;

Only the hawk for the falling—

Wrecked by the little thief who stole thy breath;

Is this the whoo! whoo! of story creation;

Lived by its breath; no myrads over and over—

One glimpse of day, then black annihilation—

A flight past a sunless sea?

Or there's the vulture, winging with the cross and heads?

Ho! ho! the wing gazing wistfully the tide,

Ho! ho! myself in strange metempsychosis;

Ho! ho! a seal a few feet in a sea-towl's side.

From rain, rain, ho! in, featherly mantle muffled,

Clear-eyed, strong-limbed, with keenest eye to

My mate ro'd, marmuring, who with plumes un-

ruled, who's still nexting near;

The great lone home like a gannet's nest;

Spots all unmeasured, uncurled time;

While seen with inward eye moves on before me;

Ho! ho! the pictorial train in wordless pantomime,

—A wretched pastime—From the wing to wing turning—

No beat, no claws, no sign of wings like mine—

In fact, with nothing bird-like but my quill.

### THE TRUMPETER'S HORSE.

I was nearly 40 years of age, and felt myself so safely anchored in the peaceful haven of a bachelor's life that nothing could move me to leave it, except disturbing it by marriage. But that was reckoned without the trumpeter's horse.

It was at the end of September, 1864, that I arrived at Paris from Borden, intending only to remain four-and-twenty hours. I had invited four or five friends to join me in Poitou for the hunting season, and as they were to arrive at the beginning of October, I had only allowed myself a week at La Roche Targe to prepare for their reception. A letter from home awaited my arrival at Paris, bringing me the disastrous intelligence that out of twelve horses five had fallen ill or lame during my stay at Baden, so that I was under the necessity of mounting my cavalry before I left Paris.

I made the round of all the horse dealers of the Champs Elysees, where I found that the horses were scarce, the average price of which was \$1200, but was neither in a humor now in cash to throw away my money upon such useless beasts. It was a Wednesday, the day of Chéri's autumn sale; I went to the Rue de Poitou, and purchased at a venture eight horses, which cost me altogether \$200. "Out of the eight," said to myself, "there will be surely one which will go well."

Among these horses there was one which, I confess, I bought principally on account of his coat. The catalogue did not assign to him any special qualifications as a hunter. All that it stated was, "Brutus, a saddle-horse, aged, well-bred." It was a large, dapple-gray horse, but never had I seen one better marked, its smooth, white skin dappled over with black spots, like a trout in a stream.

The next morning I left for La Roche Targe, and the following day my horses arrived. My first care was for Brutus. This gray horse had been running for the last forty-eight hours in my head, and I was anxious to try his paces, and see what he was good for. He had long teeth, and every mark of a respectable age, a powerful shoulder, and he carried his head well, but what I most admired in Brutus was the way in which he looked at me, following every movement with his attentive, intelligent, inquisitive eye.

"Madame de Noriois," I said, "What has happened?" I candidly confessed I had been thrown.

"But you are not much hurt?" "But I have put something out in my leg—not nothing serious, I am sure."

"And where is the horse which has played you this trick?" I called out Brutus, who was quietly grazing in the shoots of the broom.

"How! it is he, the good horse! He has amply repaid my wrongs, as I will relate to you later. But you must go home directly."

"How? I cannot move a step." "But I am going to drive you home, at the risk of compromising you."

And calling her little grom Bob, she led him gently by one arm, while Bob took her by the other, and made her into his carriage. Five minutes later we were moving in the direction of La Roche Targe, she holding the reins and driving the pony with a light hand; I looking at her, confused, embarrassed, stupid, ridiculous. Bob was charged to lead back Brutus.

"Extend your leg quite straight," said Madame de Noriois, "and I will drive you very gently to avoid jolting." And she drove me comfortably installed, "Told you," she said, "how you were thrown, and I will explain how to come to your assistance."

I began my story, but, when I spoke of the efforts of Brutus to unseat me after the two shots, "I understand it all," she exclaimed; "you have brought the trumpeter's horse!"

"Yes, that explains it all. You have seen the scenes in the Cirque de l'Empereur, the performance of the trumpeter's horse. A Chasseur d'Afrique enters the arena upon a gray horse; then

back him, to make him turn to the right or to the left, but in vain. I made him feel my riding-whip, but still he was immovable. Brutus was not to be displaced; and yet—do not smile, for mine is a true history—each time I urged him to move the horse turned his head round, and gazed upon me with an eye expressive of impatience and surprise, and then relapsed into his motionless attitude. The horse evidently some misgiving, standing between me and my horse, I saw it in his eyes. Brutus was saying as plainly as he could without speech: "I, horse, do what I ought to do; and you, horseman, do not perform your part."

I was more pleased than embarrassed. "What a strange horse Chéri has sold me! and I wish he look upon me in such a way?" I was about to proceed to the door, when I saw my horse galloped into my courtyard, where I was standing on the doorsteps, putting on my gloves and ready to get into my carriage. My grooms, seeing a horse saddled and bridled, with a hat in his mouth and without a rider, tried to catch him; but he escaped their pursuit, goes straight up to the steps, and kneels before me. The men again try to capture him; but he gallops off, stops at the gate, turns round, and goes back. I fell into my carriage and set off. The horse starts through roads not always adapted for carriages, but I follow him, and arrive where I find.

At the moment Madame de Noriois had finished these words the carriage received a fearful jolt, and we saw in the air the head of Brutus, who was standing on the back seat of the carriage, and was looking down at me. Seeing the little back seat of the carriage, he had called me, so I jumped into my carriage and set off. The horse starts through roads not always adapted for carriages, but I follow him, and arrive where I find.

At the moment Madame de Noriois had finished these words the carriage received a fearful jolt, and we saw in the air the head of Brutus, who was standing on the back seat of the carriage, and was looking down at me. Seeing the little back seat of the carriage, he had called me, so I jumped into my carriage and set off. The horse starts through roads not always adapted for carriages, but I follow him, and arrive where I find.

At the moment Madame de Noriois had finished these words the carriage received a fearful jolt, and we saw in the air the head of Brutus, who was standing on the back seat of the carriage, and was looking down at me. Seeing the little back seat of the carriage, he had called me, so I jumped into my carriage and set off. The horse starts through roads not always adapted for carriages, but I follow him, and arrive where I find.

At the moment Madame de Noriois had finished these words the carriage received a fearful jolt, and we saw in the air the head of Brutus, who was standing on the back seat of the carriage, and was looking down at me. Seeing the little back seat of the carriage, he had called me, so I jumped into my carriage and set off. The horse starts through roads not always adapted for carriages, but I follow him, and arrive where I find.

At the moment Madame de Noriois had finished these words the carriage received a fearful jolt, and we saw in the air the head of Brutus, who was standing on the back seat of the carriage, and was looking down at me. Seeing the little back seat of the carriage, he had called me, so I jumped into my carriage and set off. The horse starts through roads not always adapted for carriages, but I follow him, and arrive where I find.

At the moment Madame de Noriois had finished these words the carriage received a fearful jolt, and we saw in the air the head of Brutus, who was standing on the back seat of the carriage, and was looking down at me. Seeing the little back seat of the carriage, he had called me, so I jumped into my carriage and set off. The horse starts through roads not always adapted for carriages, but I follow him, and arrive where I find.

At the moment Madame de Noriois had finished these words the carriage received a fearful jolt, and we saw in the air the head of Brutus, who was standing on the back seat of the carriage, and was looking down at me. Seeing the little back seat of the carriage, he had called me, so I jumped into my carriage and set off. The horse starts through roads not always adapted for carriages, but I follow him, and arrive where I find.

At the moment Madame de Noriois had finished these words the carriage received a fearful jolt, and we saw in the air the head of Brutus, who was standing on the back seat of the carriage, and was looking down at me. Seeing the little back seat of the carriage, he had called me, so I jumped into my carriage and set off. The horse starts through roads not always adapted for carriages, but I follow him, and arrive where I find.

At the moment Madame de Noriois had finished these words the carriage received a fearful jolt, and we saw in the air the head of Brutus, who was standing on the back seat of the carriage, and was looking down at me. Seeing the little back seat of the carriage, he had called me, so I jumped into my carriage and set off. The horse starts through roads not always adapted for carriages, but I follow him, and arrive where I find.

At the moment Madame de Noriois had finished these words the carriage received a fearful jolt, and we saw in the air the head of Brutus, who was standing on the back seat of the carriage, and was looking down at me. Seeing the little back seat of the carriage, he had called me, so I jumped into my carriage and set off. The horse starts through roads not always adapted for carriages, but I follow him, and arrive where I find.

At the moment Madame de Noriois had finished these words the carriage received a fearful jolt, and we saw in the air the head of Brutus, who was standing on the back seat of the carriage, and was looking down at me. Seeing the little back seat of the carriage, he had called me, so I jumped into my carriage and set off. The horse starts through roads not always adapted for carriages, but I follow him, and arrive where I find.

At the moment Madame de Noriois had finished these words the carriage received a fearful jolt, and we saw in the air the head of Brutus, who was standing on the back seat of the carriage, and was looking down at me. Seeing the little back seat of the carriage, he had called me, so I jumped into my carriage and set off. The horse starts through roads not always adapted for carriages, but I follow him, and arrive where I find.

At the moment Madame de Noriois had finished these words the carriage received a fearful jolt, and we saw in the air the head of Brutus, who was standing on the back seat of the carriage, and was looking down at me. Seeing the little back seat of the carriage, he had called me, so I jumped into my carriage and set off. The horse starts through roads not always adapted for carriages, but I follow him, and arrive where I find.

At the moment Madame de Noriois had finished these words the carriage received a fearful jolt, and we saw in the air the head of Brutus, who was standing on the back seat of the carriage, and was looking down at me. Seeing the little back seat of the carriage, he had called me, so I jumped into my carriage and set off. The horse starts through roads not always adapted for carriages, but I follow him, and arrive where I find.

At the moment Madame de Noriois had finished these words the carriage received a fearful jolt, and we saw in the air the head