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as we may suppose they did in the Golden Age, before his hand was raised against them.

The farmer has not asked them to yield him a percentage of their increase for his food or clothing, yet his shy friends enter his very dwelling. Some make it their home in his garden and door-yard; and some are drawn within a charmed circle and haunt the enclosed fields at a further distance.

No one unfamiliar with the woods is aware of how few birds and quadrupeds of the farm are to be found there; and he is surprised to find that the wild and unimproved tracts support a much less population than the farm. Despite the warfare waged against nearly every kind, the farms are the game-preserves of the country. We come forth from the primitive forests, which we had imagined populous with numberless wild species, into our pastures and gardens, and find we have stepped from a region very sparsely inhabited into one teeming with life. No glade is so toothsome to the woodchuck as our succulent fields of exotic clover. A friend of mine declares that his dream of perfect happiness can only be realized in being free a whole, sunny June day, to lie and roll in a field of clover, like a horse just loosed from the harness, with no thought nor occupation but to watch the inevitable woodchuck in the straggling stone-wall, without whom his Paradise would lack its perfect enchantment. He, in his turn, plays the spy on this lawless trespasser on his allodial domain, and is continually thrusting his brown nose and jealous eyes out of numberless loopholes, now between a mullen-stalk and horsethistle near the ground, and now under the sides to command a wider outlook. The practical old farmer is apt to be somewhat obtuse to this artistic arrangement; and, to say nothing of the idle fellow who recklessly mats down his lush clover just ready for the scythe, glumly avers that it costs more to feed each vermin of a woodchuck than a ewe with a bouncing lamb at her side.

Even the fox—of disposition so in-

ordinately distrustful—is wont to bring out her young broods, for greater safety, into the cultivated fields. I watched, the other day, concealed in a near position, one of the little families playing around the mouth of the hole, while the dam was away scouring the village henroosts, or, more provident still, was leading off by strategic windings and labyrinthine trails some stray hound that chanced to wander into dangerous vicinity. There is something strikingly beautiful in the appearance of a brood of young foxes. They are covered with soft, exquisitely tinted fur, and their eyes, while as gentle and lustrous as those of a gazelle, have a remarkable cunning and archness in their glance; and this, with their ways in the mimic encounters with each other, which were their constant sport, seemed to me, as I watched them, to express a singular mingling of the utmost wildness with a Mephistophelean intelligence no domestic training could have added to, and gave the impression that there was no diplomatic subtlety nor wood-craft that they were not equal to.

A pair of red squirrels occasionally venture on excursions into my garret; having discovered the hoard of butter-nuts and hickory nuts which I had stolen from their fields during the autumn. But they never become much at their ease in such unfamiliar surroundings. The farmery is quite too noisy and populous for them. Going to and from their treasure, they scamper over the shingles and clap-boards in a paroxysm of nervous excitement, keeping a furtive eye in mortal terror on the cat in the yard below. They move only by jerks with a clicking sound, as if their vital apparatus were driven by a small galvanic battery, and they were the instruments of important telegrams from the seat of war. What toothsome tid-bit the cat expects to find in their anatomy passes my comprehension. I should expect to see the dissection of one of them show nothing inside the skin but steel springs and wire!

The infrequent visits of such shy, vivacious friends are very welcome;