

The Nightingale Heard in Adelaide.

The following is taken from the column "Out Among the People," edited by "Rufus," in "The Register News-Pictorial" of Saturday, 1st June, 1929:—

"J. H. Chinner writes from Parkside 'South:—'Dear Rufus—Knowing your keen delight in bird life, the following may interest you and your readers. A few mornings since, when listening to the 5 SW, Chelmsford, England, modern dance music was being broadcast from the Hotel Savoy, London, a few minutes before midnight, and coming through in good loud-speaker volume. Suddenly the discordant man-made music ceased, and clear as the sound of bells over many waters came the indescribably beautiful God-made song of a nightingale, singing in Surrey Wood. The glamour, noise, and excitement of a fashionable dance saloon in London conjured up in the imagination immediately gave place to the peace and quiet of a moonlit wood of old England, and what a contrast! For some minutes we listened entranced, until the boom of Big Ben brought us to earth again, but the little bird had unconsciously sent its message to the uttermost parts of the earth. Quoting from Keats:—

"'Adieu! Adieu! Thy plaintive anthem fades
Past the near meadows, over the still stream,
Up the hillside; and now 'tis buried deep
In the next valley glades.
Was it a vision, or a waking dream?
Fled is that music—Do I wake or sleep?'"
