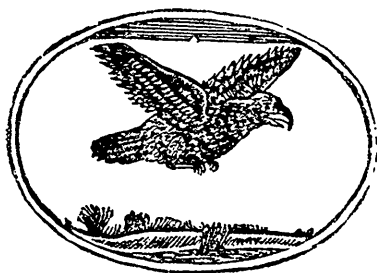


You can't come it. Didn't you think you had me? But you hadn't though. Call again to-morrow—always find me at home. Chicadee—tip, wheet! Never felt so well in my life. Don't you feel cheap? Ha, ha, ha, Ripsidady! Catch a bobalink asleep! Zitka wheet! You are the greatest fool I ever saw. Lickate splist! Give my respects to your aunt,—How's your ma. Takes me. Hip! sip! rattle bang! Ha, ha, ha! Skeet!"

After indulging in this bit of extemporaneous raillery; laughing all the time—we could fairly see him laugh—the bobalink would run and fly off to the next bush, leaving us to load, creep up, and bang away again or not, to suit our own fancy. Pert, saucy, noisy, witty fellows are these bobalinks—the Mercutios and Gossamers of the feathered tribe—but they never meddle with politics. —*Oasis.*



The Bald Eagle.

The celebrated Cataract of Niagara is a noted place of resort for the bald eagle, on account of the fish that abound there. In procuring these, he displays in a very singular manner, the genius and energy of his character, which is fierce, contemplative, daring, and tyrannical,—attributes not exerted but on particular occasions, but, when put forth, overpowering all

opposition. Elevated on the high dead limb of some gigantic tree that commands a wide view of the neighbouring place and shore, he seems calmly to contemplate the motions of the various feathered tribes that pursue their busy avocations below; the snow-white gulls slowly winnowing the air; the busy tringa coursing along the sands; trains of ducks streaming over the surface; silent and watchful cranes, intent and wading; clamorous crows; and all the winged multitudes that subsist by the bounty of this vast liquid magazine of nature. High over all these hovers one, whose action instantly arrests his whole attention. By his wide curvature of wing, and sudden suspension in air, he knows him to be the fish-hawke, settling over some devoted victim of the deep. His eyes kindles at the sight, and, balancing himself, with half opened wings, on the branch, he watches the result. Down, rapid as an arrow from heaven descends the distant object of his attention, the roar of its wings reaching the ear as it disappears in the deep, making the surges foam around! At this moment the eager looks of the eagle are all ardour; and levelling his neck for flight, he sees the fish-hawk once more emerge, struggling with his prey, and mounting in the air with screams of exultation. These are signals for our hero, who, launching into the air, instantly gives chase, and soon gains on the fish-hawk; each exerts his utmost to mount above the other, displaying in these recontres the most elegant and sublime ærial evolutions. The unencumbered eagle rapidly advances, and is just on the point of reaching his opponent, when with a sudden scream, probably of despair and honest execration, the latter drops his fish: the