

stuff my birds, and, consequently, to get hold of them without injuring their form or plumage. I succeeded beyond all expectation; and see," said my interlocutor, throwing open the door of his dining-room, "here are the two feathered murderers of the Mississippi, stuffed and prepared by one of our most skilful naturalists."

I could not but admire the beauty of these two specimens of the great species of eagles, vulgarly called, in the United States, the *Bald-headed Eagle*, although the head is garnished with feathers; white, it is true, which, at a certain distance, gives it the appearance of baldness. I had never seen such enormous wings. From tip to tip they measured, when expanded, upwards of eight feet.

The first time I myself came in sight of one of these North American *lummergeiers* was on the border of Eagle Lake, in Adirondack County, at the foot of the Catskill Mountains, in the State of New York. Let my readers figure to themselves a sheet of water three times as broad as the Lake of Enghien, and as round as a crown-piece, encircled by precipitous rocks, and bearing a close resemblance to a funnel about two-thirds full of water. On one of the wave-washed rocks had flourished for centuries, to judge from its girth, a venerable oak, whose roots had obtruded themselves into every fissure and cavity, whose bark had flowed like lava over the wall of stone, where it adhered as if it had been rivetted with iron bands. This oak was some ninety feet high, and planted on the very edge of the abyss.

I found myself in this romantic scene one morning, with a celebrated English hunter, an enthusiast, named Whitehead, who, probably as a satirical antithesis to his