

surface of the water, which was before smooth as glass, appeared marked with innumerable dimples, occasioned by the dropping of their dung, resembling the commencement of a shower of large drops of rain or hail.

"Happening to go ashore, one charming afternoon, to purchase some milk at a house that stood near the river, and while talking with the people within doors, I was suddenly struck with astonishment at a loud rushing roar, succeeded by instant darkness, which, on the first moment, I took for a tornado, about to overwhelm the house and every thing around in destruction. The people, observing my surprise, coolly said, "It is only the Pigeons;" and, on running out, I beheld a flock, thirty or forty yards in width, sweeping along very low, between the house and the mountain, or height, that formed the second bank of the river. These continued passing for more than a quarter of an hour, and at length varied their bearing so as to pass over the mountain, behind which they disappeared before the rear came up.

"In the Atlantic States, though they never appear in such unparalleled multitudes, they are sometimes very numerous; and great havoc is then made amongst them with the gun, and clap net, and various other implements of destruction. As soon as it is ascertained in a town that the Pigeons are flying numerously in the neighborhood, the gunners rise *en masse*; the clap nets are spread out on suitable situations, commonly on an open height in an old buckwheat field; four or five live Pigeons, with their eyelids sewed up, are fastened on a movable stick—a small hut of branches is fitted up for the fowler, at the distance of forty or fifty yards—by the pulling of a string, the stick on which the Pigeons rest, is alternately elevated and depressed, which produces a fluttering of their wings similar to that of birds just alighting; this being perceived by the passing flocks, they descend with great rapidity, and, finding corn, buckwheat, &c., strewed about, begin to feed, and are instantly, by the pulling of a cord, covered by the net. In this manner, ten, twenty, and even thirty dozen, have been caught at one sweep. Meantime, the air is darkened with large bodies of them, moving in various directions; the woods also swarm with them in search of acorns; and the thundering of musketry is perpetual on all sides, from morning to night.—Wagon loads of them are poured into market, where they sell from fifty to twenty-five, and even twelve cents per dozen; and Pigeons become the order of the day at dinner, breakfast, and supper, until the very name becomes sickening. When they have been kept alive, and fed for some time on corn and buckwheat, their flesh acquires great superiority; but, in their common state, they are dry and blackish, and far inferior to the full grown young ones, or Squabs.

"The nest of the Wild Pigeon is formed of a few dry slender twigs, carelessly put together, and with so little concavity, that the young one, when half grown, can easily be seen from below. The eggs are pure white. Great numbers of Hawks, and sometimes the Bald Eagle himself, hover about those breeding places, and seize the old or the young from the nest, amidst the rising multitudes, and with the most daring effrontery. The young, when beginning to fly, confine themselves to the under part of the