

approach his cage. It is "Harry," the captain's goldfinch—"the *captain's male*," as the sailors term him. This pretty creature has made no fewer than twelve voyages in the *Laurel*. "It is all one to him whether his cage is at sea or on land; he is still at home," said the captain, regarding his little favourite with an air of great affection, and evidently gratified by the attention I bestowed on his bird.

I have already formed a friendship with the little captive. He neyer fails to greet my approach with one of his sweetest songs, and will take from my fingers a bit of biscuit, which he holds in his claws till he has thanked me with a few of his clearest notes. This mark of acknowledgment is termed by the steward, "saying grace."