

it back triumphantly to land. Its left pinion still adorns the inkstand into which I dip my pen to write this narrative.

As for my friend Whitehead, thanks to his splendid ebon-hued wig, he escaped without a scratch. But he afterwards died, while hunting, of a stroke of apoplexy.

The eagle of the United States, like its European congener, rarely lives alone, and, according to Audubon,—the illustrious naturalist, whose premature death is to be regretted,—the mutual attachment of the male and female seems to last from their first union down to the death of one or the other. Eagles hunt for their food, like a couple of piratical confederates, and eat their prey together. Their love-season commences in the month of December, and thenceforth both male and female become very noisy. You may see them flying in company, whirling in the azure space, crying with their uttermost force, playing and even fighting with one another (but in perfect good temper), and finally retiring to rest on the dry branches of a tree, where the two have prepared the first layer of their nest. Or, perhaps, they have contented themselves with repairing that of the last incubation. The incubation begins, I may add, early in January. The nest is composed of sticks about three and a quarter feet in length, of fragments of turf and shreds of lichen; and it measures, when completed, about five to six feet in circumference. The eggs deposited by the female in this shapeless thicket are two, three, and sometimes—though rarely—four in number, are of a greenish white, equally rounded at the two extremities. Incubation occupies from three to four weeks.