

escape the gun at shooting-grounds. The whole of these pigeons are rocks; and if a stray tumbler, beard, bald-head or other pigeon, temporarily locates among them, they are beaten off by the rocks. It is estimated that there are upwards of seven hundred pairs of stray pigeons domiciled in London.

AN EAGLE SWOOPING ON ITS PREY.—The eagle was hovering so high in the air that she looked like a speck, when suddenly she distinguished a grouse on the heather even at that immense distance. The height was too great to make a direct swoop, so the noble bird, instead of coming down straight at the grouse, almost closed her wings, and wheeled with rapid circles downwards from her first height, till she was within a more moderate distance from the ground. The grouse seemed then to have hidden itself, for the eagle remained hovering for a few minutes, turning her head in every direction, as if she had lost sight of her victim when suddenly catching a glimpse of the poor bird, down she came with extended legs, and without seeming to more than touch the heather with her talons, she caught the grouse, and the next moment was flying rapidly away towards the highest cliff of the mountains with her prey.—*St. John's Tour in Sutherlandshire.*

The Eagle's intrepidity of character may be illustrated by the following fact, which occurred a few years ago, near Great Egg Harbour, New Jersey. A woman, who happened to be weeding in the garden, had set her child down near, to amuse itself while she was at work; when a sudden and extraordinary rushing sound, and a scream from her child, alarmed her, and, starting up, she beheld the infant thrown down, and dragged some few feet, and a large Bald Eagle bearing off a fragment of its frock, which being the only part seized, and giving way, providentially saved the life of the infant.—*Wilson and Bonaparte's American Ornithology.*

A DINNER LOST.—Captain M'Clintock, in his work published upon his voyage to the Arctic Seas in search of Sir John Franklin, relates the following adventure of an Esquimaux Indian:

“A native of Upernivik, one dark winter's day, was out visiting his seal-nets. He found a seal entangled, and, whilst kneeling down over it upon the ice to get it clear, he received a slap on the back—from his companion as he supposed; but a second and heavier blow made him look smartly round. He was horror-stricken to see a peculiarly grim old bear instead of his comrade! Without deigning further notice of the man, Bruin tore the seal out of the net, and commenced his supper. He was not interrupted, nor did the man wait to see the meal finished.”