

tinuous meals of brightly colored Brazilian beetles, and revelled in the delights of renovated strength, fed by the countless hosts of winged things which make the tropical regions objectionable to man but delightful to his feathered superiors. More adventurous than my friends, and being yet a bachelor forlorn, without responsibilities, I went farther and further southward, and floated at last, in lazy flight, over the wide waters of the mighty Amazon. What a noble stream! Niagara has grandeur, the Hudson possesses beauty, the Mississippi has magnitude, but the Amazon combines the characteristics of them all. I tore myself reluctantly from this broad waste of ever-rolling flood, for a something told me that I must go North again. Gradually I worked my way from point to point, rejoined my family in Upper Brazil, skirted, with them, the Gulf of Mexico once more, and in January found myself in Louisiana, at the place where I first twittered in my garden home. Never shall I forget the strange condition which prevailed on our plantation for such I shall always term the estate upon which I was born. The Master, the Mistress, Miss Paulina and her brothers, at every meal-time conversed in excited tones, news came from Washington by every mail, the field-hands gathered in groups behind the out-buildings, and whispered in serious conclave, young men frequently came and went, and something out of the daily course of events was imminent. We heard the name of Abe Lincoln spoken with contempt, and there were matters of tyranny in the North and resistance in the South. The spring was late, and the second week of April found us going north through Carolina. We alighted one sunset upon a huge tobacco warehouse in Charleston, and saw the streets below us swarm-

ing with men who were hastening to the wharves of the city. Here were thrown up some batteries armed with cannon—we learned more of these things and their names, as time went on—and militiamen in uniform, and civilians in ordinary dress stood on guard, and were talking excitedly of to-morrow. The turmoil below kept us awake for several hours, although we were little aware of the fact that we were looking down upon the making of American history. I dozed as the night advanced, and was awakened suddenly by a booming as of thunder, and was nearly blinded by flashes as of lightning, from the guns in the batteries on the shore. Cowering by my side, and twittering in affright, was the sweetest of our race. I had little time to pay attention to her then, but remembered ever afterwards how she had clung to me for protection at a time when all were threatened. As if by common impulse, my comrades rushed from our resting place, and I and my newly found companion followed. From lofty height we looked up on the bellying clouds of smoke, the American flag fluttering upon its staff above Fort Sumter, the stir on shore and the surprised soldiery behind the walls, and then flew rapidly from a sight so terrifying, and a place so full of danger.

With extended wings we sped on our northern path. Ever by my side was Velvet Throat, my sweet partner in this flight from the horrors of war. Dressed in suit of quiet grey, peerless in retiring beauty, attractive in her modesty, graceful in her movements, unequalled in her reliance upon my superiority, another proof, were that required, of her good sense, is it to be wondered at that while she had come, I had seen and was conquered? When night arrived, and we, fairly on our way to Canada, alighted for a brief rest, she nestled