

attentions apprised him that his company was not desired or acceptable; and, much amused at the excessive boldness of the dauntless little owner of the exquisite nest he had been contemplating, Sir C—— moved off, anxious not to disturb or irritate further this valiant minute mother, who displayed such intrepidity and cool determination. As to V—— and me, the darling little pet did not mind us in the least; she allowed us to watch her to our hearts' content during the uninterrupted progress of all her little household and domestic arrangements, and rather appeared to like our society than not, and to have the air of saying, 'Do you think I manage it well? eh?'

"I cannot quit the subject," says the Reverend Lansdown Guilding, "without speaking of the delight that was afforded me, in Jamaica, by seeing Humming-Birds feeding on honey in the florets of the great Aloe (*Agave Americana*, Linn.). On the side of a hill upon Sutton's Estate (the property of Henry Dawkins, Esq.) were a considerable number of aloe-plants, of which about a dozen were in full blossom. They were spread over a space of about twenty yards square. The spikes, bearing bunches of flowers in a thyrsus, were from twelve to fifteen feet high; on each spike were many hundred flowers of a bright yellow colour, each floret of a tubular shape and containing a good-sized drop of honey. Such an assemblage of floral splendour was in itself most magnificent and striking; but it may be imagined how much the interest caused by this beautiful exhibition was increased by vast numbers of Humming-Birds, of various species, fluttering at the opening of the flowers, and dipping their bills first into one floret and then into another,—the sun, as usual, shining bright upon their varied and beautiful plumage. The long-tailed or Bird-of-Paradise Humming-Bird was particularly striking, its long feathers waving as it darted from one flower to another. I was so much delighted with this sight, that I visited the spot again in the afternoon, after a very long and fatiguing day's ride, accompanied by my wife, on horseback, when we enjoyed the scene before us for more than half-an-hour."

"The pugnacity of the Humming-Birds," remarks Mr. Gosse, "has been often spoken of: two of one species can rarely suck flowers from the same bush without a rencontre. I once witnessed a combat between two, which was prosecuted with much pertinacity and protracted to an unusual length. It was in the month of April, when I was spending a few days at Phoenix Park, near Savannah la Mar, the residence of my kind friend Aaron Deleon, Esq. In the garden were two trees, of the kind called Malay Apple (*Eugenia Malaccensis*), one of which was but a yard or two from my window. The genial influence of the spring rains had covered them with a profusion of beautiful blossoms, each consisting of a multitude of crimson stamens, with very minute petals, like bunches of crimson tassels; but the leaf-buds were only beginning to open. A Humming-Bird had every day and all day long been paying his devoirs to these charming blossoms. On the morning to which I allude, another came, and the manœuvres of these two tiny creatures became very interesting. They chased each other through the labyrinths of twigs and flowers, till, an opportunity occurring, the one would dart with seeming fury upon the other, and then, with a loud rustling of their wings, they would twirl together round and round, till they nearly came to the earth. It was some time before I could see, with any distinctness, what took place in these tussles; their twirlings were so rapid as to baffle all attempts at discrimination. At length an encounter took place pretty close to me, and I perceived that the beak of the one grasped the beak of the other, and thus fastened both whirled round and round in their perpendicular descent, the point of contact being the centre of the gyrations, till, when another second would have brought them both on the ground, they separated, and the one chased the other for about a hundred yards and then returned in triumph to the tree, where, perched on a lofty twig, he chirped monotonously and pertinaciously for some time—I could not help thinking, in defiance. In a few minutes, however, the banished one returned and began chirping no less provokingly, which soon brought